

Travels with U.G.

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Author's Note

I met U.G. in California in 1989. By happenstance, a book by U.G., or rather a book about him, *Mind is a Myth*, was in the window of a Carmel bookstore, Pilgrim's Way, the very day I went looking for a copy of *The Mystique of Enlightenment*, an earlier collection of U.G.'s conversations, a book I had come across and been astonished by a few months earlier.

I raced into the store, opened *Mind is a Myth*, and found a card tucked into it, as if a bookmark. It was a note by Dr. Narayana Moorthy, a philosophy professor from Monterey Community College. He gave his telephone number in case the reader was interested in knowing more about U.G.

I called Dr. Moorthy right away, and he invited me over to his house to talk and to borrow some audio tapes. U.G., he said, might appear in Seaside any day and he would let me know when he heard from him.

Sure enough, the next day the phone rang and Moorthy told me U.G. had called from Mill Valley. He had just arrived in the Bay Area, and he would be in Seaside in ten days time for a flying visit.

Moorthy asked me if I would like to meet U.G.; without hesitation, I said yes! And so it came to pass that on April 30, 1989 I went to lunch at Moorthy's house in Seaside, California along with ten or fifteen others, and made the acquaintance of the man who was to play the most remarkable role in my life from that moment on.

My first impression of U.G. was of a small cat-like man with a disarming way about him, utterly lacking in pretension or guile. Yet an immense power emanated from him as he talked. I heard him as from a great distance, as though my brain had suddenly ceased to function. The only thing I remember thinking was that I want to spend more time with this man.

He told me, when I said I was from New York, that it was his favorite city, that he particularly liked the energy around Times Square. I went to see him a few times in Mill Valley and broke all ties with my spiritual teacher after the first visit. When U.G. said surrendering to a teacher was surrendering your self-reliance, and that not one of them had anything to impart, it somehow resonated.

I returned to the East Coast and spent the summer in Maine; from there I phoned U.G. in Switzerland and offered him the use of my apartment in New York if he should come in the fall.

At first he said no thank you. But on his arrival in New York in September, amazingly, his rented studio apartment having fallen through, he took me up on my offer, insisting only that I not move out (which I had intended to do), and that I give him the maid's room as he only felt comfortable in small spaces.

It was my 49th birthday. Strangely, it did not strike me as unusual that he would arrive at my door with his small bag and minimal possessions and simply move in with someone he barely knew.

I began keeping a journal from the first day. Somehow I felt his visit was going to be unusual, perhaps epic, and I wanted to remember details as they presented themselves. The journal continues somewhat sporadically to this day and it depicts a story that seems to have no definitive end.

I have taken journal excerpts from the first year, the year I went twice around the world with U.G. I have not changed anything, though things look different to me now, over ten years later. Many of the photographs are extracted from video footage, thus their grainy, fuzzy quality—the others are original photographs.

To say U.G. is unknowable is an understatement. He doesn't even know himself. I can only tell what happened to me, someone who unexpectedly fell into close contact with the most inscrutable, extraordinary of men.

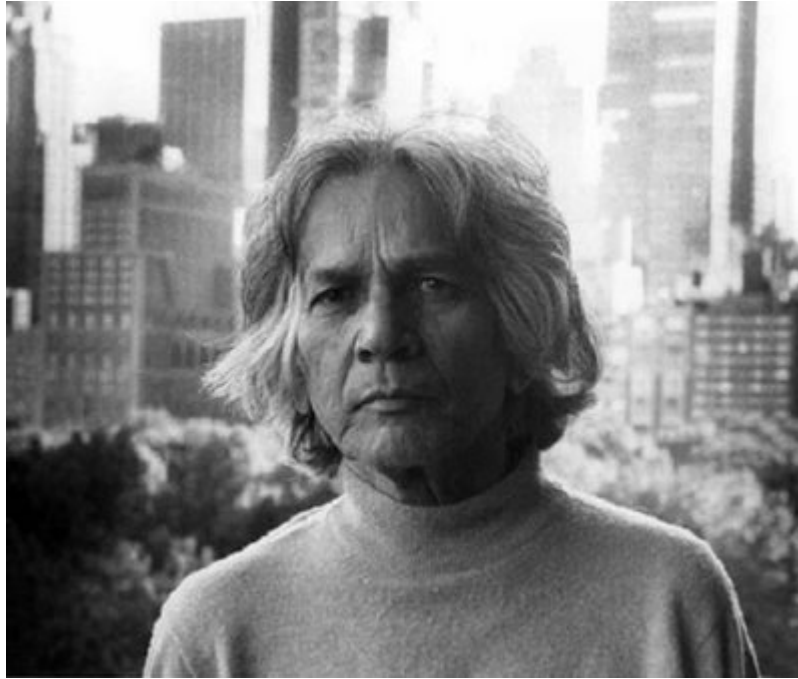
My thanks to all the people who have helped me so faithfully with this book.

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New York

September 18

The first thing U.G. said when he entered my apartment in New York was that he had come to stay for forty days and forty nights. (It had been raining heavily for several days and the air is still humid and overcast.)

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U.G. told me that he had been pickpocketed outside his hotel and someone took \$95 out of his front pocket. He didn't seem upset, only impressed by the finesse of the thief, he wondered if the thief had x-ray eyes to see where the money was. He said it was the oddest sensation to feel a hand in his pocket, then look down at his own two hands and ask himself whose hand was in his pocket. He said the thief needed the money more than he did and he wished he could have taken him to lunch at a five-star restaurant to express his admiration. He said he likes people to use their talents and that the thief was a master at thieving and deserved what he got. U.G. says, "Steal, but don't get caught!"

~ ~

He went on to say there would be no starvation in the world if people who had money only kept what they needed and didn't hoard the rest.

U.G. asked me about the noise he had heard from his room and I said it was the air conditioner across the courtyard. I asked if its intermittent going off and on bothered him and he said not at all. All sound is the same

for him. For U.G., the droning of the air conditioner is the same as Beethoven's "Ninth". Sound is not outside of him, but within.

At night he curls up in a fetal position and goes into a deep sleep, and then awakens a few minutes later; this pattern repeats itself all night. He sleeps very little and goes into a deep deathlike state once a day, which is particularly intense on the full and new moon.

~ ~

A visitor asked him "Who am I?" U.G.'s answer: "Why do you think you are anything other than who you already know you are—your body, your name? Why do you assume there is anything else to discover, to become?" He was amiable but made short shrift of every question about prayer: "Who are you praying to? God is just an idea." On food: "We think about food, what to eat, when we have given up all hope." Exercise: "Jogging, karate do violence to the body, are not necessary." Meditation: "Meditation is evil—only evil thoughts arise."

U.G. says illusion creates the idea of truth to perpetuate illusion. I told him I had taken down all the guru pictures in his room (my office), all my ex-teachers, Zen masters and a photo of him as well. He laughed and said there would therefore be less lizards on the walls. He has no patience with the devotional aspects of the guru-student relationship. He doesn't consider himself a teacher because, he says again and again, there is nothing to teach. I hope he can live with all my astrological books, but I don't know that he pays much attention to these things. He says he doesn't see the way we do, or as he did before his calamity. He sees movement, reflection of light, but without thought, without naming. He would not look at the shelves, for example, and say, "Books."

After the visitors left last night, U.G. told me more about his meeting with Ramana Maharshi and how his biographers had misunderstood the interchange. He had asked Ramana if what he had—enlightenment—he could give to him, U.G., and Ramana said yes, he could give it to him, but asked could he, U.G., take it? This interchange, according to the reports, sent U.G. off on an intense search, culminating in his 'Calamity' (when everything that mankind had thought felt and experienced was flushed out of his system leaving behind a smoothly functioning mechanism, devoid of thought). What U.G. really meant was that he was so shocked by the unblinking arrogance of that bastard, Ramana, telling him he had something to give him, but questioning his ability to take it, that it blasted the notion of transmission of enlightenment for him, ended it once and for all.

U.G. said if there was anybody who could take it, if it was there to be taken, it was him. Calling the great saint Ramana a bastard seems to be typical of U.G. He says Buddha was a crackpot, Jesus a misguided Jew, Freud a fraud, and so forth. He explodes all these myths of sanctity and sacredness. Andrew used to emphasize, over and over, respect for the teacher, the high-holiness of his teaching, and it began to feel false.

Outrageous as U.G. is, he is refreshing. Ingmar Bergman talked about killing the darlings, and this seems to be what U.G. is after, killing all hope of salvation or guidance from outside, killing, ultimately, even the attachment to him. Astrologically U.G. is a triple Cancer, ruled by the Moon, and nearly all his planets are in his twelfth and first houses.

While making coffee this morning, I found myself in a conversation with U.G. He was talking about Kim becoming a Jehovah's Witness, he who has been so close to U.G. for so many years. (U.G. told Kim the Bible is Communism yesterday. Kim is, according to U.G., a saint—not necessarily a compliment, coming from U.G.—and his parents were card-carrying Communists so the remark was well-aimed.) He made the point that you are your conditioning, that Kim is a do-gooder and that is his true nature. He said the desire to change your conditioning only creates another conditioning, and it is not freedom or enlightenment.

To U.G. all psychology is religion, justifying dogma is theology, and exchanging one value system for another is futile. The people around him just go on with their lives, doing whatever they do and being whoever they are. There is nothing he can give them in the way of solace or hope, there is no permanent state of bliss or happiness.

He said this kind of dialogue, standing in the middle of the kitchen floor, is the way he likes to relate to people. Something comes up, spontaneously, and then it's over. No lectures, no formal dialogues, no interviews. This is a unique situation for me to be in and I can't understand how or why it's happening. U.G. would say there is no reason, except practicality, that there is no further meaning, no meaning to anything. He is so easy to talk to

and non-judgemental that I feel a singular lack of self-consciousness, of my habitual sense of unworthiness, fear of asking dumb questions. This in itself is freeing.

U.G. likes to go out on the balcony and read the Hitachi sign that looms above Central Park South. There is another sign too, behind it, and the times and temperatures never agree. He laughs about this and comments on the weather report being wrong. He goes out to have a look at least a dozen times a day. He says he has never worn a watch in his life, nor owned one.

September 22

I told U.G. that I would be happy to put any of his clothes in the washing machine if he wanted. He said he likes to wash them himself by hand, a holdover from his spiritual days. Occult training! He said he washed his clothes even when he had four servants (when he was growing up). His grandmother told him the story of the man who was so afraid of thieves that he trained a dog to bark and the dog was as big as a horse, and when the thief actually came the dog didn't bark, and the man had to bark himself.

~ ~

Here's what struck me most about this morning's conversation in the kitchen: You must accept yourself and others as you and they are because they cannot and will not change, nor can you.

September 25

U.G. asked me to give him a computer lesson. He mastered it instantly and proceeded to write a letter to friends in Australia and Italy. The only hitch was when the screen went dark, he flicked the power off and on again and all his writing was erased. I said how sorry I was and he just shrugged it off and replied it didn't matter at all, he'd just write it again.

I enjoyed helping him with the letter as there are so few things he will let me do for him. He barely permits me to prepare him a cup of coffee and if I wash the pot in which he has made couscous and has left to soak, he says that he was going to wash it, a slight reproach. Fiercely independent, I think he doesn't want anyone to get too attached to him, and one does become attached if one is allowed to serve, particularly in a spiritual relationship, whatever that is. He would say it doesn't exist, that there is no difference between any aspects of human experience, they are all the same.

U.G.'s letter was impersonal and concerned mostly travel plans and comments on his finances. There is really no one there. He has nothing to hide, no secrets, nothing personal because there is simply no person to protect or represent. He says there is no original thought about anything.

I dropped U.G. off at Macy's so he could walk home. When he returned he said he didn't know where he had gone or what he had seen. He seemed very far off. I wondered if the upcoming new moon might be affecting his energy. He says he becomes dull and stupid at the new and full moon.

~ ~

U.G. said communication is impossible between two people and that a relationship based on sex is doomed. Leslie asked if being together for companionship would work. U.G. said that was alright, but that nothing is permanent and that each person is alone in his own world, that the two worlds cannot become a third world, the relationship, our world, that you cannot try to change the other person to turn them into the culturally implanted vision of perfection, what you think the person should be like for you to be happy.

Last night U.G. and I made dinner after a group of people had left, a naturopath from Seattle, his wife and a Rajneesh divorcee (U.G.'s expression for defectors) who had met U.G. in Bombay. I expressed my awe at the sheer volume of his talk with people, the tireless repetition of his message. He laughed at the thought of how much space would be filled with these billions of words. And he says it's all for nothing. He talks because people come to him, but he has nothing to say that can help.

I asked U.G. how he felt last night sitting around the living room with my daughter and her friends. They had posed polite questions for a while and then out of shyness proceeded to talk between themselves about people

they knew, but U.G. and I didn't. Normally I would have felt this was somewhat rude and as he looked a little bored I was curious, even though he has said many times that he doesn't know whether he is bored or happy or unhappy. He emphasized this again in response to my question. He said he was listening to them talk and was interested in what they were saying, in the sense that it was sound and that what is outside of himself he experiences as inside, so there is no external conversation. It is all the same for him. When the conversation was over and they left, he said, he went to his room. As there was no further stimulus, he went to sleep. There is nothing personal about any of this, just a response to stimulus or lack of it.

It is not possible to imagine what it would be like to live this way, in the natural state, as he calls it, devoid of feelings, thoughts. Sometimes it is also not so easy to relate to someone who is in this state if you are not. Maybe you just have to learn to trust what you see and not second-guess motives nor look for hidden meaning. There is nothing hidden about U.G., or is there? I don't know.

In A&S department store, U.G. was interested in everything, checking fabrics and prices, but he wandered off in a disconcerting way or lagged behind. I found it hard to relate to him. This is the thing: There is no responsive personality there. Silence is a natural state for him even though he also likes to talk. So if one is habitually used to social convention, response and confirmation, one is left with a discomforting feeling of no-ground.

I am more used to him and his ways now, and am therefore more relaxed. I don't see him as a high holy man who requires special treatment. I am struck at how odd it is that I can feel such complete ease and simplicity with him. This is because of the way he is.

In the evening Kim and I made a combined dinner of rice and pasta with tomato sauces. Kim tried to explain to me where he is coming from in his devotion to the Bible, why he feels it speaks the truth. He cited the passage from Corinthians, "I bring not peace but a sword," to explain why the world is constantly at war or on the verge thereof, saying there is a day of judgement principle at work, that it is God's way of dealing with Evil.

U.G. was in his room for part of this conversation, then came out and leaned against the wall in the kitchen listening with a glum look on his face. Finally he exploded, "Kim, what do you think? Don't quote me the Bible and other old opinions, what is your truth?"

Rene arrived at 10 a.m., full of energy, here for a day or two. Also full of questions about U.G.'s chart. We talked a little bit about his Pluto-Mars square and he said he had been violently self-critical, harsh on himself when he was a young man, and that this harshness was reflected in his relations with his family and others. I told him Andrew had called him a cynic with a broken heart and he shrugged it off as he does all aspersions, he is so used to them. Also there is no one there to be hurt or insulted. Or is there?

With some visitors the subject arose again of this natural state and how much energy is released when you give up the hopeless and useless effort to become someone other than who you are, to improve yourself. The frustration at trying to do the impossible, whether striving for enlightenment or social or personal betterment or whatever, uses all your strength.

How handsome and graceful U.G. is, and how spare. He is generous with his time and utterly focused on his guests, uncompromising in his answers, leaving them no ground on which to rest and yet knowing the exact moment when their dialogue must come to an end. Then he says, "Thank you very much for coming," shakes hands and the interview is over. Nothing sloppy or indefinite.

~ ~

U.G. seems very well now. He is adversely affected by hot weather, particularly in India. He said he gets sick easily and often but recovers almost immediately. His organism is extraordinarily sensitive. How he survives on his diet is amazing! He has consumed six pints of heavy cream in less than four days. Everything he eats is white—cereal (oatmeal), pasta, couscous, cream, sugar!

~ ~

U.G. told me his body generates so much electricity he has to wear 100% cotton socks because synthetics generate static. He shops mostly at J.C. Penney or K Mart. He said Parveen Babi, the Indian movie star who used to spend a lot of time with him, bought him clothes, and he still wears the Gucci loafers she insisted he have. Someone else bought him clothes in Italy and he immediately gave away those what he had in his small suitcase.

Yesterday I drove U.G. and Kim up to Mt. Washington to see the leaves. Perhaps it was too long a drive because it was the day of the new moon and U.G. was feeling washed out. When we arrived at the summit, I said there was a wonderful view from the top and he agreed to go. It became apparent that it was a struggle for him, walking over the rocks in his leather-soled loafers, but he was, as always, charming and at ease. We never made it completely to the summit, but paused to see the whole of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

I took some photographs of him, U.G. looking very serious. He mentioned how many thousands of photos have been taken of him over the years, how he is still waiting for the photo, whatever that means. I mentioned later how serious he had looked posing for the photos, and he said, "One thing is sure, the photo will not be smiling. I don't know what a smile is. When I look in the mirror I never smile."

We stopped in Sharon, Connecticut at a shopping center to buy a few things for a snack as U.G. doesn't like going into restaurants. We had a picnic on the hood of the car right in the parking lot, standing up, in front of the supermarket. I suggested finding a more picturesque location for our picnic, and U.G. said emphatically that this was picturesque enough.

~ ~

I felt he was in an odd mood anyway yesterday, certainly having to do with the moon. He was mostly silent, except to blast at Kim regarding his attachment to the Bible. He was quite heated about that stinking God, and the damned Bible that was the cause of all the misery in the world.

Yesterday was odd and U.G. seemed a bit withdrawn. He was gone for hours and returned with his travel reservations made for California, Singapore, Hong Kong and Madras. He is leaving here on the 29th and will then spend three weeks in California. He will have been here, he says, forty days and forty nights, as he had promised on arriving.

In the evening, late, a young man showed up who U.G. said was a cocaine addict, or had been, that he was very hopped up. He came bearing halvah and a chocolate cake from Zabar's, which U.G. turned over to me and I will use for my daughter's birthday this weekend.

~ ~

I mentioned to U.G. just before we turned in, in response to Rene's comments about his big toe being unusual, that Terry had said he had the thirty-two signs of the Buddha. U.G. laughed and said Terry is crazy.

Today he was wearing a white L.L. Bean type fatigue sweater and his chinos from Italy. Aiden bought some flowers (though U.G. says if you want flowers, go outside and look at them in the field, why should they be cut down for your pleasure?) and we left him waiting for some other visitors in good spirits.

All Thursday morning was spent in dialogue with Rene and U.G. about his past life. Hugely interesting, both astrologically and as background to his present condition. For instance, U.G. said that when he was seven he decided that praying to an outside God (he had heretofore made coconut offerings to the monkey god Hanuman) was unnecessary, that the power to affect the outcome of a situation, e.g. whether his grandparents would travel with him to a Theosophical meeting away from home, was dependent on his own will. If he wanted something to happen enough, it would, without Hanuman, and after that the gods and goddesses went out of his system.

U.G. talked about the year of madness that he spent on the streets of London, prior to meeting Valentine. No, he said, it was not some sort of dark night of the soul. It was just a perverse time in his life and he had realized one day he simply would not live that way for another minute. That is when he sought temporary shelter and editing work at the Ramakrishna Center in London.

~ ~

S. met U.G. before he and I went out to lunch yesterday. He told him about his trips to India, all six or seven of them, always covering wars or funerals, Shastri's and Nehru's. U.G. asked him if he thought I would like India. I have been making vague plans to go this winter as U.G. invited me to visit him in Bangalore. I said, "He doesn't know me anymore," and U.G. said, "He knows you well enough to know whether you would like India or not." S. said it all depends on the reason for going and we all agreed there was so much to see how could you not like

it.

U.G. is endlessly patient and relaxed with people. He comes and goes but sits and listens if he has nothing to say and seems content just to be present. He answers questions about the origin of life and the universe with counter-questions, "Why do you want to know?" and "What difference does it make?"

I am increasingly attached to U.G. which I know is useless as he is leaving in two weeks but it probably won't be out of sight out of mind. I don't know what it is about him, except that there is just a certain charm and graciousness, the most extraordinary smile. He says he is not smiling, that it is in reaction to you, that you draw everything out of him, he is a kind of mirror.

I do not know what I believe. Sometimes I think I don't have any beliefs of my own. U.G. might say this is true of everyone, that no one has an original thought. For myself I can only say that I feel that behind the nihilism in U.G.'s message is the very immensity that he denies. I can feel this in his presence and cannot even put words to it. Projection or not on my part, I feel this is right. He says he has no devotees, only friends, and that his friends just feel better around him. This is true. Everything seems simpler, clearer. I am not necessarily happy, but I enjoy being busy and helping him by copying tapes and the like.

~ ~

U.G. is an iconoclast, a debunker. He is even debunking the myths that have grown up in his own case, like the dark night of the soul. Terry seems to be responsible for much of this myth-making. I see in myself my tendency to deify U.G., to create a hero. Because to be housing a hero, a great man, would be more exciting, more worthwhile than just an ordinary man, which is what he claims he is. To see this is to let things be simple.

Rene left in the morning and tried to kiss U.G. goodbye. He sidestepped her and dodged away. Part of his background, no doubt. Once again I was struck by his utter ease and gracefulness at handling any situation that comes along.

Sunday night U.G. had sat up quite late with Luna and me, talking about the physical nature of his condition, his Calamity. He said, as he has said before, that it is absolutely and categorically impossible for a person who has gone through the enlightenment process to have sex, that there is simply one and no other and therefore no way, that making love requires two. There is no build-up, no tension. The ending of thought ends the whole thing. Also he talked about there being no one home behind the eyes, that the eyes do not focus on you.

This latter point was particularly noticeable to me as I sat next to U.G. in the car, waiting for Kim to make deliveries. We chatted away about this and that, but as he looked at me, I felt again and again the utter impersonality of his regard. As he looks me in the eyes, it is as if he does not really see me at all, or rather sees through me. Nothing registers, yet he is completely there and not there at the same time, if that makes any sense. I feel both completely at ease and at the same time slightly unnerved, exuberant and tired. Paradox.

At one point driving through Times Square, U.G. looked up at the grey assortment of skyscrapers looming from the window and said, "New York City is breathtaking," and went on to elaborate that when you look at it, you take a deep breath.

~ ~

U.G.'s Calamity centered around the reactivation of the thymus gland, the gland which is active in childhood in everybody but becomes dormant at puberty. When reactivated in this way in his case, it is where real feeling and response to life reside.

I dropped U.G. off at a travel agency on Thirty-Eighth Street and drove uptown via Madison Avenue. In front of Timberland I saw a parking place and feeling it was a sign, an omen, I took it. With Ed's encouragement about shoes for the guru ringing in my ears, I went in and bought a pair of soft moccasins for U.G., guessing at the size—his feet looked to be about the size of my own, though wider and more beautifully formed.

When he arrived home I showed him the shoes, hoping he wouldn't be offended at a gift from me. But not at all, he was very matter of fact, trying them on (a size too small) and not sure about the laces being an annoyance. We postponed a visit from a Jungian analyst for a half hour and took a taxi across the park. U.G. looked at all the various models of moccasins and loafers and finally decided he liked the model I had bought, but in a larger size. I noticed a particular gentleness in the salesman as he treated U.G. with kindness and attention. It was as

if he felt there was something unique about this small man with his definite ideas about what he liked and what he didn't.

We left the store and decided to walk home through Central Park, U.G. wearing his new shoes and carrying the Gucci loafers in a Timberland shopping bag. As we reached the zoo, U.G. impulsively dumped the shopping bag containing the Guccis in the trash can, saying, "The right person will find these—I don't need them anymore now that I have new ones."

He elaborated further as we walked home that whenever he gets something new, he gets rid of something old. And since he is always being given new things, he is always giving away perfectly good, practically new clothes. He said he only likes to travel with one pair of shoes, the one on his feet because he doesn't want to carry shoes in his suitcase. He also said he liked the pair I had bought him because they were comfortable and soft ("How I've been torturing myself in those Guccis!") and because they weren't the most expensive, wouldn't last too long, a reminder to me of his stance on impermanence. I was very glad he accepted the shoes and was charmed by the disposal of the Guccis.

Suzanne S. came to see U.G. in the evening. While we were waiting for him, she told me about James Hillman in Paris saying the time had come for therapists to go out into the world and not stay isolated in consulting rooms. A few minutes later, U.G. came into the room saying the same thing, that the time for analysis is over, it is no longer appropriate. He also told Suzanne, in answer to her query about how he found Jung when he met him years ago in Switzerland, that Jung was a crazy mixed up kid! She took it all with equanimity and seemed to enjoy the dialogue.

The night of the San Francisco earthquake U.G. was glued to the television. We watched together for several hours. I was struck by the impassive nature of his watching, detached interest, no comments, no opinions, no emotions. He said if he had been there, he would have just been one with the earthquake. The next day and subsequent days there have been endless calls from all over the world, making sure that he, U.G., wasn't somehow out there and perhaps affected adversely by the earthquake. He had talked to all his friends in Marin County and it appears no one was particularly bothered one way or the other. He will go to California after Chicago to check out the rubble and see his friends.

U.G. mentioned that living with someone is really living their life, not your own and I saw immediately what he meant. So much energy went into concern with A.'s needs and desires, trying to please him, to keep him happy and therefore here (so I wouldn't have to be alone), that I lost touch with my own rhythms and needs. Not that I didn't like being with him, but I see that the small things like waking up and reading in bed, or talking on the phone in privacy, or not eating meals on a schedule were simply denied me during those months together. And I never questioned it. The truth is, as I drove away from the airport after dropping him off, I was suddenly filled with an glorious sense of freedom and lightness, relief, not sad at all.

U.G. asked me point blank the other day what I was doing in this big house with the children grown up and gone away. I kept trying to push the question into the future, but I see that he was showing me that I fill the house in an attempt to fill the abyss of loneliness, rather than facing it. He sees, obviously, that there is constant coming and going here, that I am never alone. He points things out to me in subtle ways and I am able to process the suggestion later on.

For example, when Jerry Gould came from Chicago to see U.G., he ended up inviting both of us, U.G. and me, to his home so he could introduce U.G. to some people in Chicago. We both accepted. The next day, I started to question whether I should go, going into my usual ambivalent mental routine regarding trips. He just put the issue to sleep for me by saying I had made the spontaneous decision to go, why question it, just go. So simple.

~ ~

U.G. likes certain metaphors, particularly now he likens the natural human energy, unencumbered by thought, to Hurricane Hugo, the most recent of autumn storms. Hugo is in fashion with him, as is the simile of hearing your own voice echoing on a trans-Atlantic call being the same as thought reflecting back on itself through relationship to others, something which is in fact, according to U.G., impossible. He says we all live in our own conditioned worlds of ideas and cannot communicate with anyone else about anything.

Last night Werner Engel, an eighty-eight year-old gentleman who lives in my building and was the first Jungian analyst in New York, came to visit U.G. He is a friend of Irena Tweedie's, the Sufi teacher in London and we had exchanged brief interchanges over the years about the Jung Foundation (of which I was a trustee),

flying saucers, his health, the weather, and other items. But really I never had any idea he was as erudite or brilliant as he turned out to be. He had no preparation for U.G., nor U.G. for him.

The two polar opposite positions—Werner representing the possibility of growth, transformation, self-knowledge, appreciation of pleasure and joy, and U.G. denying all that, including not only the unconscious but consciousness itself, the Self, and the psyche—were presented with the precision and beauty of a perfect ballet (or tennis match, as Werner called it). They treated each other with the utmost respect and deference, and truly it seemed as if there was a kind of glow. U.G. would debunk everything I have said. But he did say that Werner was a most extraordinary man for his age, such a perfect memory, so interesting. And the humility of both of them, saying what an honor it had been and how much they had each learned from the other. Incredible.

I saw a new dimension to U.G., as I do nearly every day now. I felt sure that he could have destroyed Werner's position, but U.G. ended the dialogue at a point where Werner still had ground on which to stand, that is his belief structure, that he, Werner, preferred his place to U.G.'s defended fortress. But U.G. said there is no fortress, as there is nothing to defend or define. At the elevator door as he was leaving, Werner admitted to me that U.G. was right, but that he, Werner, had to believe in the possibility of transformation or his whole life's work would have been of no value. I was touched by the encounter.

When I said last night after Werner left that it would be wonderful to recreate the interview on videotape, U.G. said shortly, "Why recreate anything?" And I felt chastened and a bit silly. I'm always trying to hold onto things, to not let go. U.G. says it is hopeless, that we are incapable of throwing away old clothes let alone our opinions and thoughts and ideas.

~ ~

U.G. has seemed to be ambivalent about leaving New York, but he tells me it is not as it appears, that he's not undecided, but merely that the computer hasn't made a final printout on his plans yet. He says there is often a rogue factor that pushes the final decision into focus.

Last days in New York before Chicago. U.G. reminds me of an advertisement for The Accidental Tourist. This morning he brought out his new suitcase to show me what he says he could travel around the world with. Very small, with neat compartments. He bought it yesterday (very expensive, \$159 reduced to \$79) with Harry's combined birthday and Christmas (in advance) checks. He and Kim sent off cartons to Switzerland and California with books, tapes and extra clothes. I suggested U.G. leave some of his clothes here so he would have them next time he came to New York, and said this also might insure his return. "I wouldn't come back for clothes," he rejoined. But admitted that he hadn't got New York out of his system as yet, maybe he will return in the spring.

Attention to detail: He carries just three pair of pants, three shirts and a pair of white Calvin Klein long underwear which he uses as pajamas but says he will have copied in India. One pair of shoes, the Timberlands which now are without laces. U.G. says he will have some leather put on in California to cover the brass holes where the laces were. He says he never puts shoes in his suitcase, so one pair is all he ever allows himself. Oh, to be able to live in such a light manner, to be so unattached. So unencumbered.

A group of people came last night to see U.G., among them B who seemed pretty whacked out to me. This morning U.G. told me, "Your friend is finished. She needs medication, not therapy." He referred to Suzanne's comments about the side effects of drug therapy and added that it's better to have the side effects than suicide. He seems to see right into people.

~ ~

U.G. answers questions about the origin of life and the universe with counter-questions, "Why do you want to know?" and "What difference does it make?"

~ ~

My mother came to meet U.G. for a night and a day. She beat a hasty retreat, I think, saying she felt uneasy around him, charming and unique though he is. Clearly, her strategies for communicating don't work with him because he doesn't operate on a personal level. "Are you an animal lover?" she asked U.G. in an attempt to engage him in conversation. "I myself am an animal," he answered her. "I don't even love human pets!"

He said to me after she left, "Your mother is a very tough cookie!" This is the truth. He also said it was very good that she is as independent of me as she is, my being an only child and all. I was glad to hear this because I sometimes think her fierce independence is her undoing, her inability to relate except on the most superficial level.

The cats are going wild with the impending departures. U.G emphasized again this morning how psychic they are and how much they know, not in any spiritual sense.

Chicago was momentous. I loved traveling on the plane with U.G. Part of the time, it was as if we didn't even know each other, very detached. And yet I felt safe and excited to be with him.

Jerry and Katharine met us at the airport and took us to their apartment overlooking the lake and Lincoln Park. The three days went by very quickly. One day U.G.'s granddaughter, Kusuma, who lives in Waukegan came with her husband and the three of us drove around Chicago and later she made poori bread and showed us how to do it.

~ ~

U.G. and I were walking past a camera store when I saw a sign saying video cameras for rent. Suddenly the idea to rent one popped into my head and I acted on it, with U.G. looking on. I realized I have been missing something incredible. Why didn't I get one in New York while he was there? The range is fantastic after stills and it opens a whole new world.

Two episodes with U.G. particularly stand out. On the way in from the airport we were talking about driving across the country and I said, "I would love to drive you!" and he took my hand and said, "Thank you!" Then he qualified the moment, explaining that had been an emotion in a frame, and then it was over.

The same thing happened as we were walking around Chicago. We went all the way to his old apartment building on South Michigan Avenue one day where he had lived married when his children were young. He was full of memories and anecdotes, about Mr. Dixon the old man who came to see him every day and gave him some of his retirement income to live on, and the woman with whom he had the infamous one night stand, and his marriage, and emotional non-existent emotional life. We walked and walked and at one point he said he was having a good time in Chicago and I was helping make it that way. It was almost personal, but just as he said, the moment passed and the emotion was erased, forgotten.

U.G. said he wished I could travel around the world with him with a video camera and that immediately planted the thought in my head that this is just what I would like to do.

~ ~

U.G. let me cook for him, something he has not let happen before. A few of Jerry's friends came to see him, and a couple of mine. I realized I had no time to see anyone else, I was completely focused on him, much more so than I was in New York. I also kept dropping things, breaking Jerry's favorite cup and a plate, very strange.

Something has shifted. I got sick the last day, coming down with the flu, sore throat and fever. On the flight back to New York, U.G. read my palm and told me I don't know my own heart and that I am level headed and creative. When we reached New York, I thought it would be easier for him to go back into the city and wait for his San Francisco flight there, rather than at Kennedy. I drove him back to the airport three hours later.

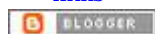
~ ~

He said goodbye, shook hands and was off. I asked U.G. whether I would need to get shots for India. "Oh no," he said. "We're not worried about your germs there!"

~ ~

I had already decided to go see him in California. The next morning at 6, U.G. called from Mill Valley, to say he had arrived, was fine, and to find out how I was. He said he had talked to Moorty and had told him that as far as he is capable of being sentimental, he was, which of course is not at all. I felt very touched. That week I called him or he called me nearly every day. I decided to go once I got over the flu and bought my ticket.

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Travels with U.G.

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Mill Valley

November 12

Strange to be back in Mill Valley, exactly seven months from my last arrival here. How things change! I thought I was moving here for a year to be with Andrew, only to meet U.G., leave Andrew and return East. And now I am spending all this time with U.G. Why? Who knows. It can only be fatal attraction.

Minutes after getting to the house Terry called asking me if I wanted to have lunch at Marvin Gardens with U.G. and the others. Did I! I was over there in a flash and drove to Larkspur with U.G., Moorty—here from Seaside for the weekend—and Douglas Rosestone. Very good to see U.G. again and I thought he looked well, more rested than in New York. The restaurant, owned by U.G.'s friends Bob and Paul, had a closed sign in the window, and U.G. just walked in and turned the sign around.

We had a big lunch with U.G. holding court. I'm reminded anew each time how graceful he is. Yet all the while he was going for people, Terry and Douglas particularly. He chides Terry unmercifully about his opinions, his socialist political views, teasing him about his hero, economist Edward Bellamy who U.G. calls Edward Baloney, and Douglas for being miserly and withholding. Terry barbs right back that if he had been born a Brahmin with a silver spoon in his mouth like U.G. his views would be different, complains about being asked out to lunch only to be criticized! Still, I see affection as the underlying fabric of these relationships.

At no time was the little apartment, the Crow's Nest, devoid of visitors. U.G. says this is the way it is most of the time, particularly in India. It is a peaceful scene, people milling in and out, talking with U.G., or off in the kitchen drinking coffee amongst themselves. U.G. is always the center of attention and energy but the atmosphere is relaxed yet charged with life. Many of the people around him here have known U.G. for 20 years or so, often predating the 'Calamity'. They have an easy, bantering relationship with him, respectful always, but at ease. I feel very much at home with all of them and increasingly, almost completely with U.G.

Utterly immersed in U.G., lost in a delicious way in his presence and the group energy around him. I felt no conflict or pull towards anything other than being with him. I don't understand it and don't care. With U.G. there are none of the sadhanas nor observations of Andrew, just him. He doesn't know who or what he is or what effect he is having on others, nor even if he is enlightened. He says if you are enlightened, you can't know it. I think I am beginning to understand his desire to demonstrate to the world, or to whoever is interested, that what happened to him, his return to the natural state has no religious content at all, has nothing to do with holiness or holy men, or the great vastness, or anything. It is just his body functioning in its perfect, unique way, doing what comes naturally to it.

This is a major message, as most people are so obsessed with becoming, self-improvement, seeking salvation and the like, always with the assumption that there is something wrong. U.G. says there is nothing wrong except our idea that something is wrong. On the other hand, he says the world, or at least human life is probably doomed, that its annihilation is practically assured. But that the process might be slowed down by the recognition of mutual terror, that killing one's neighbor is killing oneself. This might seem to imply that there is something wrong, but to the contrary, there is no way for us to know what Nature intends. The human mind may be in itself, in its very evolution towards inappropriate usage, a self-destruct mechanism reflecting the larger picture that what is born must die. Including, ultimately, a species.

I am fatally attracted. U.G. has mentioned my dream about suicide several times and incorporated potassium cyanide into his speech. I know the me that I think I am is mortally threatened, but I don't seem to care. I don't even feel that frightened. I feel, to the contrary, at one with and energized by whatever is unraveling moment to moment. I experience U.G., as most people do once you get past his rejecting, negative first impression to seekers, as compassionate and loving, yet impersonal. He would slash out those adjectives, but then I would be left with the realization that there are no words to describe this man adequately. The words are only pointers to what he is, to his impact.

Terry described him as a Colossus and that sounds about right. Whatever it is, it is immense and volcanic and silent and Plutonic, destructive and tender and delicate—he is a beautiful man with no pretenses or affectations. His speech and repetition of stories and metaphors are the manifestations of his energy, his way of responding to the stimulus of human life. He gives endlessly of himself and it is touching yet overwhelming to be around him. I feel fortunate indeed and thank God my neurosis didn't keep me from making the moves I did to be with him, like offering my apartment, coming out here.

Moorty also mentioned in the car that the very quality that U.G. emphasizes about you is the quality that will become unraveled, and in my case it is perhaps his saying over and over again, "She's so efficient...."

~ ~

I'm spending these days in Mill Valley, but it might be anywhere in the world. Engrossed with U.G., I have no inclination to do anything else, walk on Mt. Tamalpais, shop, see people. All I want to do is be with him. What is it?

U.G. called at 7:30 yesterday morning. I was in the shower and when I called him back right after, he apologized for disturbing me! These manners are so impeccable and simplicity so striking in a man with such fire and power. He asked me what my plans were and asked me if I could go with him to the Michael Toms radio taping. I was delighted to be asked, but then it turned out that Terry and Larry were also there at the Crow's Nest and the person driving him over seemed hesitant. U.G. immediately sized up the situation and said Larry and I could go for a walk while he went to the studio. He seems to know instantly what is appropriate in any occasion, vini yoga according to Terry, and act on it. No conflict, no explanation.

The interview went well and when U.G. returned, he wanted to go to Larkspur for lunch. When Leslie and I reminded him some people were coming at three, he immediately canceled the Larkspur plans saying he would never keep anyone waiting or not show up, he had too much respect for other people.

A large group came and U.G. was very animated and eloquent. He seemed fiery yet gentle, amazing. Many more people came in the evening with just time for a little spaghetti in between groups. I taped some good conversations between U.G. and Terry on sex and Bob and U.G. on J. Krishnamurti, on the mind and why we have it if it is against nature. U.G. says it is perhaps part of nature's self-destruct, realigning principal.

The two days in Seaside were intense and amazing. Friday U.G., Douglas, Moorty and I went malling and I videotaped U.G. at K Mart, in a health food store (a first?) and around the Moorty's house.

In the afternoon Douglas, who was with U.G. in Switzerland when he had his Calamity in 1967, began describing this time from memory. How he had been with U.G. when he went to hear the J. Krishnamurti lecture in Saanan that seemed to set things off, U.G.'s realization that he was already in the state J.K. was describing. How Valentine thought U.G. was dying and called Douglas, panicked, and how Douglas went into U.G.'s room and found him rigid, bent like a bow, but past the point of dying. He said the siddhi, the spiritual power in the room, was so intense it nearly knocked him over.

U.G. went on, then, to talk about his days in Italy when he had to get away from Valentine, from everyone and underwent the hormonal mutation, one side of his body making love to the other, male and female combined, Shiva and Parvati commingled in Tantric sex. At the end of this nearly unbearable time, the sex drive was burned out, finished for ever. Then began the series of visitations of animals and manifestations of enlightened consciousness, Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, the rishis. He was one with each one, experiencing the consciousness, seeing it was one and the same as his own.

It is impossible to write about this. The intensity of this recollection was overwhelming. Finally, almost collapsed with the impact of this dialogue, I grabbed the video camera and began taping. I had missed these memories, but U.G. was in a mellow and reflective mood. I felt lost in a kind of reverie, barely able to hold the camera, feeling I was melting, leaving my body myself. I felt love and utter helplessness in the presence of this extraordinary man, yet I was able to tape him and later drive to the grocery store with him and Moorty.

Once again, there in the parking lot, I was faced with a remarkable interchange between U.G. and Moorty. U.G. used the excuse of asking Moorty his spiritual advice about his desire to talk to the media about enlightenment having no religious content, to make contact with Moorty, to draw him out and meet him on the deepest of levels. Again, impossible to describe this, even the thick atmosphere in the car, suffocatingly beautiful.

Moorty and I sat up late talking, he describing what happened with U.G. and me trying to take it all in. I can, like everyone else who knows him, talk about him for hours and hours on end, endlessly and passionately.

Sunday U.G. and I went out shopping for the lunch early and drove around Pacific Grove a bit. A large group came for lunch and to hear U.G. and ask questions. I videotaped it, and not fully recovered from the previous day, again had to struggle to sustain consciousness. Looking through the video camera at his face offers no relief from this powerful energy. I am being consumed.

~ ~

U.G. and I drove back to San Francisco at the end of the event. We talked in the car about travel plans, more precisely whether I would be able to go with him now, stay with him and go to India via Switzerland in the next few days. I want to do this, with all my heart. And I think I will.

The last day in Mill Valley was intense. I saw U.G.'s teaching quite clearly for the first time, how he works with people. Terry and Douglas were bickering and competing with each other. So U.G. just refused to let either of them come to the "Last Supper" at Robert's and Paul's. Completely unemotional and detached, he said, "I don't want to talk to him or see him" about Douglas, and told Terry to stay home and not come. Terry was hurt and angry, and passed the West Coast archives, (his collection of U.G. memorabilia, book material and so forth) on to me, asking me to take them to New York. I said I would only do this if he informed U.G., which he did. Terry was in obvious pain.

It was only yesterday, back in New York, after the interview with Omni, that Terry called to see how it went. He and U.G. had a beautiful interchange, full of love on U.G.'s part, and assurances to Terry that he was #1 devotee, tongue in cheek to be sure, but still re-establishing contact. He says he never holds onto any feeling or emotion, once something has passed it is finished. Terry, apparently, said he had benefitted from U.G.'s action, that he understood it had been just what he needed. U.G. assured him also that he, U.G., had told Douglas he didn't want to see him either, that last day.

The Omni interview was good. She (Joan Greenberg) seemed fascinated with U.G.'s message and ended the interview bursting out, "I just have to tell you that you're so incredibly handsome!" U.G. laughed and said it was because he eats foods with preservatives, no health foods, no vegetables, doesn't exercise, rarely sleeps.

Pushing myself to get ready to leave with U.G. How long will he wait for me? I want to go with him, rather than meeting him in India. He is ready to move on. But it's Thanksgiving, my mother is having a cataract operation next week, the kids are all here, I'm waiting for a camera from Mill Valley, etc. Feel a little pressured, but realize it will all work out for the best.

Thanksgiving has come and gone and so has U.G. He was restless and left, Thanksgiving afternoon. My family was omnipresent, as were friends, and I was torn between my sense of obligation to all of them and my desire to be with him. U.G. made the decision, sensing that I needed the extra week to organize equipment, my apartment, and to be present at my mother's cataract operation. When he told me he wanted to go and went to Swissair to confirm his ticket, I said I felt sad to be left behind. He said the sadness was the other side of being excited, perfectly normal. When Kim and I drove him to the airport Thanksgiving afternoon, he told me to buy a one-way economy ticket to Bombay, that luxury would begin in India!

Two mornings later he called from Bombay, he said he had only stayed one day in Zurich and had bought me a tube of Roc crème vitaminée at the pharmacy (I had asked him to, since I wasn't going to Switzerland, and then immediately felt perhaps I shouldn't have imposed on him). He was going immediately to Bangalore for a week and would return to Bombay to meet me this next Sunday. He would arrange help for me passing through customs.

U.G. just called again—8 p.m. in India, 10:00 a.m. here. I could hear my own voice echoing itself, disconcerting. He said that's what the mind does habitually, it parrots itself. He said we are going to spend ten days in Bombay, ten days in Delhi, a few days in Hyderabad and then back to Bangalore.

Mostly I am thrilled and excited. I feel the pull of the anxiety of my mother and daughter, but know they'll be fine once I'm gone. I have never been as sure of any decision. It is utterly choiceless and I can't wait to be on my way. This is it!

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Bombay

December 5

I have felt frightened off and on at night with odd dreams and sensations of U.G. being in the apartment in some sort of disquieting way. When I told him this on the phone, he said, "Good." When I told him I heard via Bob in California that Ram Dass would like to see him again next visit and considered him a sweet dear who wouldn't hurt a fly, U.G. asked me if I agreed and I said emphatically, "No!" And again he said, "Good!" It's true, that he wouldn't hurt a fly, just our sacred cows.

So I am in this mysterious position. He has a profound effect on me, and I'm sure he has all kinds of powers, but he disclaims everything. I feel attracted to him in a deep and strange way and yet I am also somewhat afraid. Still I am committed and drawn to whatever process is under way. He would say all that is between us is the practical process of traveling, photographing and seeing the world, that I am ascribing a spiritual process that is not happening except in my own mind. But what is there besides my own mind?!

The last two times I talked on the phone to U.G. he was sick with the flu. He said it would only last 48 hours. I was sorry to hear his weak, rasping voice on the other end of the phone. He was leaving Bangalore yesterday (Saturday) to be in Bombay to meet me. To be in India now with U.G. is miraculous. I can't believe it. I don't think it will be all easy, that's for sure. But there is nothing in the world I want other than to be here now. It is 11 p.m. The plane is due in at midnight—one more hour. Bombay! When I emerged from customs, U.G. and Mahesh, U.G.'s movie director friend, were waiting, 3 a.m. Though coughing, U.G. was in good form, Mahesh utterly charming, full of vitality.

U.G. and I were driven to the home of Mr. Parikh where we were to stay. I was surprised at first to see someone sleeping on the floor in the hall at the top of the stairs just outside his apartment, to notice the bathroom was

Indian style, that is a hole in the floor with a faucet and a cup nearby for flushing and, I think, washing because the Indians don't use toilet paper. My room was nearby with a fan and a cot surrounded by mosquito netting suspended from lines going across the ceiling.

Parikh and U.G. were kind and hospitable, showing me my upper sheet under the pillow, and where I could brush my teeth, wash my hands, and so forth. The bathing facilities were across the hall but looked complex, too complex for 5 a.m. We said goodnight and I tried to sleep but was too excited, and perhaps had had enough sleep on the plane. I just lay there in a delicious state, listening to the street sounds, basking in the exotic atmosphere in which I found myself.

After a while, I got up and unpacked and tried to organize what I suddenly see as an inordinate amount of stuff. Soon U.G. and Parikh were up and about too, seemingly minutes after going to bed. I had a shower, which turned out to be wonderfully refreshing, one hot water faucet and two cooler ones, at different heights. A delicious breakfast of grains and fruit juice and soup. Later on, U.G. and I went for a walk around the neighborhood; it was vibrant with life and local color, and also quite warm. I enjoyed walking through the streets with U.G., India's equivalent of malling. But I see that he is still weak with the flu.

~ ~

Outside Mahesh's screening room, we talked about all of us being school drop-outs, U.G. included. On the way home, driving through the slums, U.G. asked of no one in particular, "Does it ever occur to you that in the richest country in the world, America, the slums in the cities are the worst anywhere?" It is true that the infamous poverty here in India is not in such stark contrast to wealth as it is at home.

I am relaxed and at home in my room, the door open to the terrace overlooking the busy street. I was up at 3 this morning, reading and resting and just being here, listening to the sounds of the night. Parikh and U.G. materialized at around 5, as did Parikh's wife Kaushelya, back from a wedding north of Bombay. Feeling suddenly exhausted by jet lag, I went into a deep sleep in the late afternoon. Dreamt I went through a red light and as a result caused an automobile accident in which numbers of people were killed. Spurred by the street sounds, perhaps. What is the meaning? Or is there none?

The arrival of Kaushelya has mobilized this household. She directs her houseman and other servant non-stop in Gujarati, her native dialect. A large, older woman, she is full of energy, efficiency and warmth, the ultimate mother figure. Parikh, a retired engineer, taught Vipassana meditation (Goenka) here and in the States, but after meeting U.G. he gave up teaching and meditation. He is quiet and serene, dresses always in white and he is a lovely presence. While his wife was away, he did all the cooking and kept this place running with beautiful efficiency. Now that she is back, the floors get scrubbed with new vigor, my room has been cleaned and rearranged to perfection, as has the rest of the house. And it is only 9 a.m.! U.G. refers to all this activity as the cleaning squad.

Many people, all men, come to see U.G. in the afternoon, at least fifteen. He is treated with great respect and deference. Almost everyone wears white. I did some video taping and have not yet quite got the hang of it. I still feel I am intruding somehow. But then, that is why I am here.

U.G. and I spent most of the next day at Mahesh's apartment. An actor friend of Mahesh's, Anupam Kher, was there as was Mahesh's wife, Soni, and their baby. We sat on mats and U.G. and Mahesh talked, U.G. verbalizing his need to go public with his message for mankind. Earlier in the morning, before leaving for Mahesh's, U.G. told me again about his Calamity and the events surrounding it, his time spent in Madras with a yoga teacher, Desikachar, who set his enlightenment into the context of the traditions. As always, when he talks about this time of his life, I feel that familiar intense energy and I am blown away by what I am hearing.

U.G. and Mahesh lay about, positioning themselves among pillows and mats. To me it was a ballet of freedom and love, undulating talk and interpenetrating silences. At one point, both of them were lying on their backs in silence, heads to feet, and then U.G. said, "This is a funny way to conduct an interview!" We had lunch at the apartment, then returned to Parikh's where an old friend of U.G.'s was waiting for him, a wealthy man who lives between Poona and Bombay. These Indians in their white kurtas are handsome and elegant, old and upright, full of intelligence and courtliness.

I am lost in the gentle graciousness of this life. Though we go non-stop from dawn to dark, the consideration and generosity of the Indians overwhelms me. And running throughout is the fiery energy of U.G.

~ ~

Pratap expressed the doubt and disturbance aroused in him the previous evening at Kirin's dinner. How, he asked, can a holy man condone ambition, going for it, and be at home in a worldly atmosphere where women smoke and a seventeen year old girl says she feels she could kill someone who stood in the way of her career. He said the vibes were so worldly and antithetical to what he believes in that he felt utterly out of place. He said I was the only spiritual person in the room because I was outside the conversation and smiled serenely. I said this was jet lag, not spirituality.

It was an interesting example of U.G.'s teaching. In no way did he defend himself, but lit right into Pratap (Pratapji, he calls him), telling him Pratap's disgust at the worldliness around him was a reflection of his envy because of their success and disgust at his own failure.

We had to be at Mahesh's by 10 because a photographer from the Bombay Post was coming to photograph U.G. in color for the article Mahesh is writing on him, on the change that is taking place in U.G., the story that must be told and that nobody wants to hear.

Intense meetings. U.G. was aflame with passion, indicting Pratap (who he invited to come along) for his pretension of goodness, for his belief in the possibility of healing through faith, miracles of Jesus and the like. He called him a jealous, envious bastard, burning that somebody else has what he doesn't, then covering it up with high-sounding phrases. He was pushing him to use his talents, to recognize what a failure he is.

On and on he raged against the state of the world and how it got that way. He says we have come to a point where there is no chance of any new political ideology or system coming into being. The autocratic system is that of the world. He says it's too bad that the two superpowers get together, these two gangsters, and bully the rest of the world—and then preach non-violence! Gorbachev is a traitor to communism and people are only interested in opening up new markets there, not in detente.

U.G. says that it is worthwhile for India, for example, just as for the individual, to go through chaos, that the only way anything new can come up is to lose all moorings. The basic question which mankind has to pose is what kind of human being is wanted on the planet. The concept that man can be adjusted to the value structure is just that, a concept, and this value structure is the cause of all neurosis and misery. What they, it (the value structure) wants us to be is false, cannot be, and so what we're left with is suffering. What they want us to be is dictated by the godmen, the Christs and Buddhas who set us up for this miserable existence by holding out hope for being something we cannot be.

U.G. says we cannot prune, the world cannot be pruned, but has to be cut down to the roots, let what falls rot and fertilize the new that will come. What messages. Those who knew him before, like Mahesh, say this is a new U.G. speaking, speaking with a new tone, a new urgency. And this is the motive behind his desire to go public. He does not want to see disillusioned seekers, only to speak to the unseen public, to sing his song and go. He doesn't care if nobody listens, he just has to express himself.

I have taped much of the dialogues between U.G. and Mahesh, and listening brings them back. The taping goes well. I find it natural to be behind the camera, watching and listening. I feel a strange kind of love as I follow him through the lens, jolted by the mood swings, the humor, the rage, the passion. I am learning how to use the camera, so different from stills. I need to still myself, slow down, let timing happen to me rather than to impose myself on the situation. I feel very free to film, no need to ask permission. U.G. always paves the way with new people saying, "You're being immortalized for posterity," so I don't have to explain.

There is such ease in this life with him. No time to sightsee, but the landscape of reality as he presents it is infinitely more compelling than anything from the dead past.

Another early morning. I wake around 3 a.m. and then am drawn into watching the remains of the clean-up in the open hall across the street from my room where weddings go on nearly every night. I go to sleep with the dancing and music and am not in any way disturbed by the noise. I enjoy its vibrancy and life. I have moved into another dimension, deep short naps in the afternoon, relaxed yet high energy waking hours, and a sense of ease and well being.

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After breakfast, suddenly the noise from Chinese firecrackers in the street celebrating yet another wedding was like a machine gun and deafening. When it was over, U.G. said, "That's just how that marriage is going to end—with fireworks!"

In the car U.G. helped Mahesh formulate his article, telling him to start directly with the question of why U.G. was going public, what had changed for him. At the Swiss Embassy, U.G. and Mahesh went up to obtain Valentine's visa and I went for a walk with Lalu Bhai. He told me about his spiritual search ending with meeting U.G. and that he was now in the place of no mind and utterly at one with U.G., no separation. Very much the way Moorty had described his experience. Lalu Bhai is a sweet, gentle man and he seems to be at peace.

Then to the travel agent, Asgar Ali, an old friend of Mahesh's. U.G. was in a jocular mood, perhaps having to do with traveling which he claims he doesn't like yet is endlessly compelled to do for no reason he can fathom. We now have tickets taking us from Bombay to Hong Kong, then all over Australia, New Zealand and to the West Coast and to New York via Chicago. Scheduled to leave India February fourteenth—over two months from now!

U.G. was tired, and yet just after dinner Vijay Anand, known as 'Goldie' arrived, another Bombay movie director. Likable, and an appealing directness and intensity about him. I taped him talking about U.G. He says that contrary to U.G.'s statement that he doesn't want to see religious buffs, it is just those religious buffs who are going to hear his message. U.G. must be placed in a religious context or his message and existence are meaningless to the world. In direct contrast to U.G.'s words, Goldie says U.G. has to be approached by the religious. He was eloquent and articulate. He said seekers must have done their homework or they would be unable to understand U.G. U.G. agreed, said he had always said that J. Krishnamurti laid the groundwork for his, U.G.'s, teaching, that one thing always comes out of the previous and burns it up, annihilates it.

Goldie was helpful to me about the documentary. Not that I feel I have full responsibility for it, but I must merely get good footage. He suggested I interview people who know U.G., a good idea. We're going to his place tomorrow and I'll start there.

One thing that Goldie said struck me particularly, that the first impulse with U.G. is to be near him, not to leave him. But that this is a danger. You must come very close to him, he said, and then go very far away and in his absence you start understanding what he says. This will probably be true for me too, though the idea of leaving him is unthinkable. I am hooked, there's no question about it. Kim said in New York that my (pre-departure problem) was that I was attached to U.G. and the idea of not being able to be with him was causing my suffering. True, true enough, but what to do about that?

U.G. now jokes about my automobile accident dream. Before I signed for my airline ticket, he said, "It's not too late to back out." It is not a joke. I think we all know that. All in all quite a day. My mind was reeling and I fell into a deep sleep.

~ ~

Early morning dialogues with U.G. At 6 he came by the kitchen (next to my room) and said he saw that I'd been up working since 3 a.m. So he was up too. He said he hadn't wanted to disturb me.

I said I had been very moved by the Goldie interview, listening to it again this morning. He asked me what he had said about his, U.G.'s life, and I had noted it down myself, oddly enough. It was that there is no gap between U.G.'s life and what he says, unlike most gurus. He said U.G.'s life had been disappointingly mundane. U.G. seemed to like that description, repeating it several times.

We sat in the living room, U.G., Parikh and I and had coffee and talked about this idea of trying to fit U.G. into a religious context. No, he says, it just can't be done. If he was fit into any context at all, he would be destroyed. He really doesn't know who or what he is, or what anything is.

Mahesh suggested filming U.G. during his nap, asleep. I said it felt intrusive to me, so Mahesh did the shooting. In the middle of it U.G. woke up and immediately lay down again and demonstrated the fetal position in which he sleeps. He holds onto his toes to keep himself in his body, he said, to hold the energy in. Otherwise if he lay stretched out, he would just take off, disappear, perhaps die.

More Goldie: "There can be no familiarity with U.G. because you know what he is. This kind of a distance with U.G. is very very deep. There is a kind of reverence that I have for him which I will not express. I would probably touch Rajneesh's feet. I wouldn't do that to U.G. because it would be insulting. But the reverence of mine does touch his feet. I am very grateful for him to have come into this world and for him to have made himself available to me at the time when I think I needed him most."

December 10

I woke up at 2 a.m. Before long I'll be sleeping U.G. hours, an hour or two a night. This morning I asked him what he did while he was waiting for something to happen, waiting for morning. I've asked him this question about his nights before, can't seem to get it. And he asked, "What is happening now?" As if there were some value I had given to the morning hours as opposed to night hours. On top of this time itself is just an illusion, an arbitrary measurement. Boy.

U.G., Mahesh and others have warned me about living the life of another, of living with 'Shiva'. What to do? Nothing, but to go with it and see what happens. I have been here one week and it feels like my whole life. Everything is at once familiar and utterly foreign and without bearings. I see clearly how being in relationship with U.G. (from my standpoint, not his—he is in relationship with no one) is a kind of death. You are thrown back onto yourself again and again, with nothing to hold onto, nothing to aspire to, no goals, just living, moment to moment.

The past fades, the hold of family loosens. Terrifying. I can conceive of never going home in the same sense, of realizing that there is no longer any home.

In the afternoon people came to see U.G. as usual, including Pushkar and Pratap. Among the many other new faces was an odd little gnome of a man known as the Ambassador of God, who allegedly sat on the lap of Gandhi as a boy. Covered with medals and amulets, with messages of holiness stitched onto his shirt, his presence enhances the paradox of U.G.

I am struck by the respect all who come show for U.G., by the physical beauty and graciousness of those around him. He draws fine people like a magnet, and they listen to his diatribes with reverence and openness.

Last night I was so tired I kept falling asleep in my chair. There seems to be a link between his body and my own. When he coughs I cough, when he scratches his foot against the table (a sign of impending travel, he says), I scratch mine, when he is withdrawn I feel withdrawn as well. What is it? My enthusiasm seems at a low ebb, though the energy is still there. My sense of purpose feels shattered.

U.G. talked about Sankara and Advaita and told me he wasn't as much of an illiterate as he claims to be, as if I didn't know. I felt at ease listening to him, not needing to know or measure up to anything. What a relief! He said a serpent can be expected to live for a thousand years, but at any moment it can be cut down, killed... is this like enlightenment? How things change from moment to moment. It is truly a mystery.

We had lunch at Woodlands restaurant, Mahesh, Soni, U.G., Lalu Bhai and I. We ate outside on the terrace. U.G. kept giving me things to try. As we were leaving, they bought a bunch of pans, digestive herbs and nuts wrapped in a leaf and U.G. said to eat it, chew it and swallow it. Weird though the taste was, I persevered. U.G. said it makes you high and is addictive. Mostly it just sat at the bottom of my throat in a strange mass.

Soni had complained about the car being almost out of gas and as the driver stopped to fill the tank on the way home, U.G. commented on appropriate action, or response to a situation. He said that when you see the car is nearly out of gas, you just go fill it, right away, without blaming others or wasting energy being upset about it. Do what is necessary, be practical. You must take action.

One of U.G.'s current themes is Alzheimer's Disease which now is striking, he says, one out of two people over eighty and more and more middle-aged and younger people. He says nature takes its toll in a very strange way. That this all stems from the misuse of memory, using the mind for purposes other than what it was intended, that Alzheimer's will reveal itself to be far deadlier than Cancer or AIDS. Radhakrishna, renowned for his memory, Kant, Annie Besant, all died knowing nothing. We now have a new name for senile dementia.

No need, he says, to keep the movement of knowing going. But we do, and are burning out our collective minds. U.G. says his friend Bramachari says U.G. stands for 'Useless Guy', that he has no use for anyone and is himself of no use either.

The good company the Buddhists talk about is evident in the people surrounding U.G. For me to be with these philosophical, wise, accepting people is an education in itself. I feel no sense of culture or age separation. Perhaps it has to do with not being too personal, simply at ease.

U.G. is beautiful. I can't stop watching him, his constantly changing expressions and bodily positioning. Totally unconscious of his movements, he is always graceful, more graceful than a ballet dancer. A perfect being. His hands fall into amazing positions, mudras, constantly in action, never still. They are an integral part of his expression, delicate and perfect, alive with his unique vitality. I am so hooked!

U.G. said, "Let's go on an outing, drop off some tapes at Goldie's, do some mallng." We took an autorickshaw, a three-wheel cab, from Parikh's. On the way a beggar woman came up to me and asked for money, bare-breasted and pathetic. I resisted because I have been told to, but she kept squeezing my feet, very weird. After leaving Goldie's, we were heading for the shopping street on foot, when I tripped on a board and cut my toe. Wearing sandals, it bled profusely. I told U.G. and we walked to a pharmacy where he bought me some alcohol and cotton. I was feeling kind of awkward and spaced out. I asked him if the body would heal itself if I didn't clean the cut. He said he didn't know what he would do if it was his foot. We went home afterwards because it was so hot.

Later with Mahesh, talking about gurus' feet, and toes in particular, Mahesh reminded U.G. of the time U.G. told Parveen she could hold his toe for energy, for healing when she was in one of her downs. U.G. said it had just been a suggestion, that it might have helped. I asked about the link between the beggar woman and my cutting my toe and he said they were two unrelated events, like all other events.

This morning over coffee we talked about medicine. Kaushelya is taking Aruvedic medicine for her cough now because the allopathic remedy was giving her side effects. U.G.'s view is that you should try Aruvedic or homeopathic or no remedies first, and then go to allopathic as a last resort. Rather than the other way around. But he says we still have no cures for any of the major diseases. He would want real proof, not just the claims of the various schools of healing. He said he has no patience with homeopathy and the length of time it takes to "take a case." He said he would just walk out.

I realize as I write this down how difficult it is to repeat conversations with U.G. At the time, they are riveting. I feel sure there is something in them to repeat, to impart to others. Then I try to remember, and write them down. They are illusive in their very nature, slippery, full of paradoxes and negations. To try to understand, to get a message to live by is not possible. Each situation is unique and he cannot know, I cannot know, no one can know what the response will be at the time it comes up. There is no way to plan ahead, to hold onto anything.

Those Jungians say you have to listen to the voice of the wound, of the sickness, see what it is telling you, and only by this listening can you find the way to healing. U.G. doesn't know himself what he will do if he falls sick, just as he said he doesn't know what he would do about a cut toe until he cut his toe.

We always want assurances of how things will be, guarantees. And yet life does nothing but offer up proof that this is impossible, out of the question. Culture wants permanence and we are programmed to seek it, stockpile our security. Thus we live in this neurosis of our own making—wardens and inmates of self-made prisons. And we can't even accept our neurosis according to U.G. because that would be utter madness, utter psychosis.

All afternoon people were here seeing U.G., Pratap, Mahesh, the Ambassador, and four or five others. U.G. was very worked up, despite the moon, or perhaps because of it, going for Pratap once again. His recriminations against Buddha, the first of the proselytizers, the one who set the stage for all religious paths, by holding out the hope of duplication of his condition, seem to be having an effect on the usually stoic Parikh. He seems edgy, a little withdrawn. U.G. hits hard, relentlessly, his attacks finding their way to the deepest, most hidden recesses of any remaining belief system.

Then, just as we were about to go to bed last night, as a parting shot at Mahesh (and me too, no doubt), he emphasized once again that believing U.G. is just another belief system, that that too, ultimately, has to go, he has got to go. I felt the resistance welling up in me. No, I know he is right, and believing that is my life line in his brutal attacks on everything I or anyone has ever thought. It is exhausting listening to him demolish the

sacred cows, again and again, yet it becomes a way of life, a calling of sorts. I seem to get energy from it. Therefore I see the writing on the wall: I must ultimately leave him. As I feel this tremendously strong, strange, intense attachment to him, this knowledge utterly terrifies me.

The last day in Bombay was hectic. Pushkar and a friend came up in the morning to see U.G. and leave him his chart. Then Mahesh arrived and we were suddenly mobilized into the car and off to downtown Bombay and the travel agent to get our tickets, an hour in traffic, an hour in the travel office. Then to the set of the movie Mahesh is shooting, U.G. greeted Vinod Khanna, the movie star who used to be with Rajneesh, along with Mahesh and Goldie and the rest of the Bombay movie industry.

Then the four of us went to lunch in the Oberoi Hotel, in central Bombay. While I was videotaping and arranging the microphone, I knocked over a rose vase in front of U.G., spilling water all over the table. He immediately mopped it up, and as the camera rolled on, he said this was appropriate behavior, not criticizing or commenting on someone's awkwardness, just doing what is necessary, quietly and quickly.

Then, clumsy again, I dropped money under the table in the restaurant and Mahesh pointed it out to me. I accept that whatever tendencies of mine need to come out, will. If I am not going to be efficient for a while, so be it. U.G. notices everything, but usually says nothing. Perhaps he will not entrust his tickets to me to carry anymore.

I am struck by his incredible attention to detail. Just as we were leaving, he remembered that Goldie still had the tape from Carmel, and was insistent on stopping at his house to retrieve it on the way to the airport. Time was short and traffic intense. But, as it turned out, Sushma had dropped it off at Parikh's. As usual, we did everything we wanted to do, got everything out of the way, with no time to spare but no sense of pressure either.

We got to the airport at 3:30 to find the flight delayed. No goodbyes to Lalu Bhai and Mahesh, we'll see them in Bangalore in a few days. We went into the terminal to check in, and when we came back outside, they had left thinking our plane was leaving. We waited at the airport for two hours. I got into a conversation with a man from Atlanta who had just left Gurumai's ashram. I could feel his doubts and how he was nonetheless clinging to his beliefs because he felt his life had improved since getting into spiritual life. At the same time he expressed questions about the financial aspects of the ashram, how he felt ripped off. He didn't seem to think the guru has to take responsibility for all that goes on in his or her name.

I found myself expressing U.G.'s point of view vehemently and with certainty, something Mahesh said happened to him the other day, that it was as if U.G. was speaking through him, that it was U.G.'s voice, not his own that was expressing itself in response to a given situation. I felt, somehow, at the end of this conversation that something had shifted for this man, that it wouldn't be the same for him. All this while U.G. was wandering about the airport while I sat with the bags. Sometimes he's like a wild animal, pacing and prowling, illusive.

[links](#)



Travels with U.G.

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New Delhi

December 14

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

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

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

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

And then the saga of the bad back which has plagued Frank for years. On U.G.'s last visit to Delhi, Gita had dreamt of a car accident the morning of U.G.'s arrival. An old man with one suitcase and a tall man were in the back seat, a third in the front. The tall man had a bleeding finger, nothing else was hurt. When U.G. and Frank

arrived at the house three hours late coming home from the airport, she knew immediately they had been in an accident, and they had, and Frank's finger had been cut. The extraordinary thing was that after the impact of the accident, in which no one was hurt, only the taxi crushed, Frank's back, which had been incapacitatingly painful, was suddenly better.

It still bothers him, from time to time, and I noticed yesterday at the bazaar that when Frank mentioned it, U.G. just ran his hand over his back. Frank referred to this gesture later to me and I said I had seen him do it. Frank said he had immediately felt relieved of the pain. U.G. insists he has no healing powers.

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

We have a car at our disposal, provided by Mahesh and U.G. wants it used, not wasted. In the morning we took the car and went mulling in Delhi and did a little sightseeing from the car. Then to pick up Gita, and to the convent school to retrieve Sneha. Later on, Gita and I and the doctor went out, at U.G.'s urging, putting the car to use to see some sights. We went to see Gandhi's ashes and the Red Fort. U.G. seems insistent that I get to Agra, and I suppose I will, though any sightseeing apart from him seems colorless and not compelling at all.

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

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

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

I love the cows walking everywhere and the birds flying in and out of the living room windows. Even in winter there is something bucolic and serene about this place, this, the capital of India. I haven't noted down much of the political comments flying about regarding the replacement of Rajiv Gandhi by V.P. Singh, all of which has been taking place since our arrival in India. U.G. apparently predicted two years ago that Gandhi, 'Mr. Clean', would become 'Mr. Filthy' within a year or two, and that is what happened. He said it was inevitable. "The actors are different, the play is the same; the players are different, the game is the same." The culture is corrupt and anyone who comes to power has to be corrupt, or become corrupt. We are corrupt, as part of that culture.

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

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

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

December 19

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

I hope he gets well soon.

December 20

U.G. is better and now I am flirting with the flu. I seem to get whatever he gets. Frank has been giving me homeopathic medicines, but since I am still drinking coffee, it's not really working. Gita and I went to the market yesterday afternoon and I bought a wool dress, lightweight, but it gives some warmth. Amazing to think how hot I was in Bombay, less than two hours away by plane. Here it is damp and a cold chill settles in around 4 p.m.

The people who come to see U.G. here, aside from the parade of journalists who come and go trying to get what he's saying, are for the most part serious and knowledgeable about U.G.'s teaching. Last night, Sharma, an old man known to have said in response to U.G.'s comments about not wanting to see Krishnamurti 'widows', "Sir, widows can always remarry!" came to see U.G., bowed down to him trying to touch his feet, and then sat on the floor as there were no more seats. U.G. quickly moved his feet away from him and then immediately sat down on the floor right next to him. It was a lively dialogue, the man having known U.G. for years.

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

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

At breakfast, Frank banged a stick on the table asking, "*What* are you, U.G.?" And U.G. responded, "That noise. And before that, the stick."

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

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

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

Tonight Chandrashekhara returned with his wife and two sons, one of whom sang for U.G. The other was retarded and just sat and watched, never taking his eyes off U.G. When they were leaving and as he was struggling to get up out of his chair, U.G. went over and helped lift him, to give him support. I didn't think much of it until later, when we were all having dinner. U.G. casually mentioned that he had "given him, the boy, a jab," touched the back of his neck lightly with his hand, and that he (U.G.) had received a tremendous shock

to his finger, a shock that registered as a burn. His finger had turned red. What mysteries! U.G. said the line between the condition U.G. is in and that of the boy is a very tenuous one.

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

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

Gita asked U.G. if he had any laundry. He was aware that her help situation is terrible, and asked if she, Gita, was going to be doing it herself, and if so, no, he would wait until Bangalore. Later when we returned, he came out of his room saying, "That's not fair, I had hidden my laundry and you found it." She had, in fact, found it under his pillow and had washed his clothes.

We went up to the roof and there were his things hanging on the line. U.G. remonstrated with Gita, as he moved the clothes on their hangers together. He said if they had been dry, he would have taken them downstairs himself. Hard to convey this scene, U.G. floating about amidst the drying clothes.

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

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

~ ~

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

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

~ ~

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

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

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

I'm horrified. It's like what he says about meditation. When you try to still your mind, the most ugly, gross thoughts come flooding in.

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

~ ~

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

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

~ ~

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

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

~ ~

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

~ ~

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

December 27

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

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

~ ~

I found myself thinking of U.G. the whole time I was gone, focusing on him, missing him, and when the bug struck, I asked him what to do, how to survive the long bus trip home, freezing cold and sick to my stomach.

And as if he heard me, I mercifully fell into a deep sleep. When we arrived in Delhi and Frank's apartment, well after midnight, U.G. met us at the door. He said, "You went to the Taj to get it out of your system, and instead got something into your system."

~ ~

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

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

~ ~

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

December 28

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

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

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

~ ~

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

~ ~

I always feel he touches people when and if it is appropriate, that there is no wasted motion or gesture. One of the most significant comments that U.G. has made during this stay was that at any moment you must be ready to throw out the tub, the bathwater and the baby. That is what characterizes his teaching. We are all vehicles for him, fully expendable, nothing special about any of us.

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

~ ~

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

[links](#)



Travels with U.G.

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Bangalore

December 30

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

~ ~

Bangalore was much warmer than Delhi and I immediately shed longjohns and stockings in the airport ladies room. Arriving at Poornakutee, Chandrasekhar's house at 40 K. R. Road, we were met by an array of people—Suguna (Chandrasekhar's wife), 'Cedella', a friendly woman from Ceylon who has known U.G. for only a little over a year, two nurses, and assorted other kurta-clad men. Too many faces to take in at once, I just sat, watched and listened. Soon I was settled in a lovely room adjacent to the upstairs living room, with its own toilet (a Western one, though still a faucet rather than toilet paper), mosquito netting, and plenty of room for all my equipment. Shortly after we arrived, Valentine woke up and we all went down to see her. U.G. talked to her in French, "Valentine! C'est qui? C'est U.G.? Ca va?" and she finally met his eyes and seemed to really recognize him, held his hand and put his hand on her heart. The interchange was touching, and tears came to my eyes. (U.G. says tears are only to keep the eyes moist, otherwise we would go blind.) Though he shows no emotion, he is adorable with her, loving in a way I have never seen before. He is devoted to her, and she to him. You have the feeling that she is fully conscious in some way, trying hard to express herself.

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

U.G. says Valentine is fearless about death and other human concerns, no anxiety at all. The only fear she feels is a kind of animal response, a fear of moving from one place to another, hot things, etc. He says this fear is good for her, a stimulation, and appropriate for physical survival. U.G. told Valentine he talks about her all over the world, that he tells everyone that Valentine is the end-product of human culture.

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

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

December 31

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

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

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

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

~ ~

Yesterday morning Suguna, Cedella, U.G. and I walked to the post office and mailed letters and articles. Bangalore is a delight: relatively clean, uncrowded, with a kind of relaxed graciousness. Can't quite figure out the dynamic between U.G. and Cedella. I find her intelligent and easy to talk to, free-wheeling, though she rather pushes herself on U.G. and he repudiates her with vigor, calling her a "bitch" and telling her to go away. She says she would like to go away, but can't, asking him to send her away. But she won't leave. She has only known him a year herself, has come to see him four or five times.

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

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

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

should be returned to photographers, keeping only a few. Don't know what to make of it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cedella did appear and U.G. tried once again to explain to her about the absurdity of her incessant questioning and remarks. Then the four of us, U.G., Suguna, Cedella and I, went out to look for a rug for U.G.'s room. He knew just what he wanted and when we didn't find it in a shop near the house, we took a taxi across town to the commercial center and found the one he wanted in a market there. \$20 for a rose cotton rug. Cedella, under U.G.'s orders, carried it back to the taxi. As we got there, U.G. went to the right front passenger door, rather than the left, because we're in India, and said to me, "The computer made a mistake because it hasn't had a chance to reprogram." He was merely explaining how his mechanism operates. Cedella immediately wanted to know the details of how the computer could go wrong, and then launched into a series of questions about how the ideal life would manifest, no cars, a return to nature and so forth. It was such a compulsion, all those questions, and U.G. told her to shut up several times.

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

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

with a correction factor, dating back 2600 years—"to the birth of that bastard Buddha," snorted U.G.

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

January 2

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

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

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

~ ~

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Another early morning call. Chandrasekhar had put on some music taped last year in Madras and U.G. said he couldn't tell where the sound was coming from as he woke up, inside or outside himself. We talked about enlightenment at 5:30 a.m. I thought: I just can't believe I'm sitting here in the dark of dawn in my bathrobe, watching U.G. swing on the swing, listening to him talk about the dropping of a leaf being able to cause the separate self to come to a crashing halt. No it's just not possible.

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

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

Cedella stayed downstairs for a while and continued to argue with Suguna, insisting that she felt graced that he had touched her, that he had transmitted incredible energy to her touching her on the back of the neck. She was holding onto the hope that U.G. was using skillful means, that this expulsion was a teaching device, that he really had her interests at heart and wanted her around. Eventually, however, she conceded that this wasn't the case. She agreed to leave. But when U.G., Suguna and I went out to take some film to the lab and go for a walk, she was sitting on the front steps. No words were exchanged since everyone had said goodbye a few minutes earlier. When we returned, she was gone.

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

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

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

~ ~

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

This (early) morning U.G. said he was through with India, didn't think India would ever be able to help the world, to be an influence. He still holds out some hope for America, though he thinks he may be the last one to feel that way. He told Chandrasekhar he, personally, doesn't need anything. "Drop me in a desert," he said, "and something will grow around me." He emphasized that he did not want to leave behind an organization nor a teaching. He said he is a blaze that leaves no smoke.

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

U.G. said we would only be spending a day in Bombay before leaving for Hong Kong. Arhat said he thought U.G. had said he would be there for three or four days. "My saying something," laughed U.G., "is like writing on water."

Then an older man came by with his son-in-law, both of them wealthy Bangalore tycoons, money lenders, U.G. told me later. The man asked if he could ask U.G. one question. "I may be mistaken....," he prefaced. "You are mistaken," cut in U.G., ending any further questioning. The men folded their hands in appreciation and left.

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

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

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

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

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

Nartaki arrived, an old friend. She used to run the ashram at Tiruvannamalai for Chandrasekhar's old guru, Sowris, just outside Ramanashram. U.G. characterizes her as a woman of "aggressive kindness." She is a

workhorse and a do-gooder, like Kim. Devoted to U.G., she plunges right into the household work, helping with Valentine and cooking. I feel somewhat slothful, not sure what I can do to help. I try, but I am unskilled at their work, being a product of appliances and simplified living. I don't want to be treated like a guest. I always eat with U.G. and Suguna always eats afterwards with the women of the house, and the children. I guess if it should be otherwise, U.G. would let me know.

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

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

~ ~

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

U.G. likes to quote my son's remark when U.G. was looking at his palm: "If you see something bad, lie!" There are other remarks and phrases that he picks up on, then asks to be reminded of, who knows why. One is skeeting or skeet shooting, a remark Ram Dass made in Mill Valley in reference to U.G.'s uncanny ability to shoot down anything thrown at him. Another is Goldie's description of U.G.'s life as disappointingly mundane. He seems particularly delighted by this. He'll ask me the name of a person, at random. Sometimes I think it is to see if I'm paying attention, to cure me of my wandering mind. I noticed yesterday I was reading charts and twice he started to tell a story to the assembled people, and said, somewhat sharply to me, "Story!" to get my attention.

~ ~

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

January 7

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

The house has suddenly become full. U.G.'s 43-year-old daughter, Usha, known as Bulbul, arrived from Hyderabad, as well as Shyamalama, Suguna's sister. I'm not sure where they are all sleeping. I offered to share my room, or move to a hotel, but U.G. said no. Suguna said they are all used to living together, sharing space, the women all cook, help with Valentine and serve the men as well as each other. When I heard that six of them are living in one room, I said to U.G. that I just didn't understand why I was alone in this big room and they were all crowded together. "Never mind," he said. "You don't have to understand." That was that.

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

About madness. A young man has been coming to see U.G. regularly, showing up at odd times in a prayerful

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

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

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

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

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

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

~ ~

Shylaja, a retired postmistress, visited with her husband tonight to sing for U.G. She has been making up songs and poems about him for over twenty years. I didn't understand a word, as they were in Telugu but the music was beautiful. U.G. asked her about one song in particular, which lasted exactly seven minutes and was in Sanskrit, a language she doesn't even speak. It was a sloka in praise of the Goddess and Nature and U.G. seemed to be in samadhi while she was singing. He asked her if she had written it herself and about some of the Sanskrit words. When she said yes, he said, "Take my hand." He held it in his and said, "All your other songs I don't care about. For this one you will be remembered. It caused a great upsurge of energy in this body and I commend you for the perfection of the song." Shylaja was pleased, touched her head to his hands, and continued to sing.

~ ~

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

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

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

January 10

Early morning meeting, a monologue by U.G. on why he doesn't want his teaching translated into Telugu or

Tamil or other Indian languages, because they would perforce have to utilize Sanskrit to express self-consciousness, atman, jnani, and other words. He explained that Sanskrit was an elitist language created by the priests to express the ineffable, the religious, to create a schism between themselves and others, duality, and the root of all our problems.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everything we want, U.G. says, is what they (the godmen, Jesus, Buddha, the culture) want us to want. Even not wanting what they want us to want is still leaving the reference point with them and it is dead. There is no

way out but to die to the known and we cannot do that. He said we are not afraid of the unknown, but of the ending of the known. That is to say, us. If the known goes, we go. That is death and we don't want it. But he emphasized that what he had meant was a surrender to what is inside, not to any path or outside person or idea. Just giving up. But we can't do it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This provoked, with the urging of Mahesh, conversations with U.G. whereby he said I have too many problems and attachments to be with him. Again I was devastated, but glad it was out in the open. Ultimately, he said, he was going to be alone. But then he also said even with Valentine his being with her was from day to day, that he

always said he would be alone. The message: It is impossible to know, one can't plan or count on anything, anything is possible. Also I realize in the Vedanta sense, U.G. is alone, one with no other, hence always alone even with others.

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

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

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

~ ~

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

Mahesh said he wanted to know whether to look for just U.G. at the airport when he goes to meet him, or U.G. and another person. U.G. said, "Just me. Alone." That hurt. Later Mahesh asked me what I want with U.G. and I said, nothing, just to be with him. I don't even know what enlightenment is, don't want it, and don't want to go back to my old life, but don't know what life with U.G. would be like either. Mahesh asked me about sex, and I said I no longer wanted relationships, I was fed up and finished with them. I've seen it and done it all and can't imagine going back to that boring, sordid romantic stuff. He pointed out I don't know how I will feel about it in the future. I admitted that this also is true.

We'll see. My involvement is strictly temporary and whatever is going to evolve, will. I am not in control.

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

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

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

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

Mahesh orchestrated a trip to the Nadi astrologer in Bangalore, a reader of palm leaves. He said he was doing

this for me, that he had already been. Everyone seemed reluctant but in the end consented to go, all because of the force of Mahesh's persuasiveness. In the end Brahmachari, U.G., Chandrasekhar, Mahesh and I went, bringing Hindu charts from my computer which we verified at Satya Narayana's house on the way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The reading of the leaves took a half hour and I felt it was happening in slow motion, as if in a dream. The soft light and the chanting voice and sitting close to U.G. on the mat created a mysterious and unreal atmosphere. He translated those incredible words to me, his eyes burning into mine, opaquely, impersonally, unseeingly. I could barely breathe.

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

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

The idea of being in collusion with Mahesh was healing, though I still felt hurt and attacked, especially when U.G. said he had a conference with Mahesh, Chandrasekhar, and Valentine and everyone had said no to the idea of my being with U.G.—but the Nadi reader had said yes. I understand the play of it all, but still feel somewhat threatened. U.G. will do what he wants in the end. Mahesh told me that U.G. had asked him what my responses were each time we had a conversation, so some test of some kind was going on, though for what I

don't know, and I probably never will. I may never know whether Mahesh was just doing U.G.'s bidding, or whether he had some agenda of his own.

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

January 23

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

I felt such well-being and comfort with him after these past days. It lasted all day yesterday and today. I needed another meter of cloth, so headed back and I returned to the tailor alone. On the way home I ran into SanJeeva on the street and stopped for coffee at his house. Passing the Anjaneya temple, monkeys were cavorting around outside, mating, eating, playing, dozens of them, it was like being in a zoo. I felt such love for India, for U.G., for everyone in the world. I was walking in a dream, like there was not any person behind the eyes, just walking, just walking.

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

January 26

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I felt chastised, conscious of my awkwardness, but unsure how to rectify things. Perhaps I can't. U.G. is just helping me to become aware of my effect on others, to see that I am officious in some way, pushy. I don't know. It's not easy to be in this situation either. I'm trying to be a little gentle on myself, clobbering myself for my conditioning is not going to help.

~ ~

Yesterday morning Suguna, U.G. and I walked to Gandhi Bazaar to buy mosquito netting for the other bed now installed in my old room, into which the girls have moved. She wanted to exchange a metal box she had bought for U.G.'s dentures as a present. U.G. was browsing across the street. She gave me a larger box and asked me to show it to him to see if he thought it was the right size, so I took it across to him. He looked it over, seemed unsure, then just removed his dentures, slipped them into the box, said it is fine and returned his dentures to his mouth, all in a flash, very practical solution. No artifice, no pride, nothing.

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

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Bombay

February 2

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

When we got to Bombay, U.G. went out to meet Mahesh and I waited over a half hour for the bags. When they came and I finally extricated myself, U.G. was standing there impatiently. The car was jammed to overflowing, and the back even popped open on the way to Bombay. Quite a different ride from the last one, at 3 in the morning with U.G. and Mahesh so friendly and welcoming. I said I would be happy to dispose of the camera or the computer or the clothes. U.G. said no, that wasn't what had to go.

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

U.G. went into what looked like deep samadhi in the car on the way home this afternoon, after we dropped off Mahesh, not stirring while Lalu Bhai and I went into several shops trying to find heavy cream. He looked dead from outside the car, people peering in and staring at him. But when we arrived at Parikh's apartment, he came to life and made it upstairs, staggering a bit and looking like death personified. I feel responsible somehow.

They have convinced me that I am poison, anathema. I'm on the verge of telling U.G. just to tell me if he wants me to leave, to return to New York.

But I don't really feel that way. I'm only angry in fits and starts. Otherwise I feel deep love for U.G., and even deeper trust. There is no reason why he would hurt me unless I needed it for some reason. I'm keeping my distance now. He is in the living room with a few people and I'm in my room, the same one where I began my Indian odyssey two months ago. I'll see if I can talk with him tomorrow. The heat is on for all of us now. According to Mahesh, U.G. is becoming even more ruthless and harsh than ever, and the closer you are to him, the harsher.

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

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

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

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

February 3

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

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

He said he felt I was not a very firm or committed person, a repeat of his taxi lecture, that I had other interests and responsibilities at home. I asked if one's nature can be changed and he said no, there's nothing to do. This ties in with his message of hopelessness. Throwing in the sponge and making the best of life, this moment, this could be the last day, this is the only reality, there is no hereafter, better present or anything else to aspire to. Mankind is doomed, is completely useless to nature except for recycling atoms, we are redundant, superfluous.

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

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

~ ~

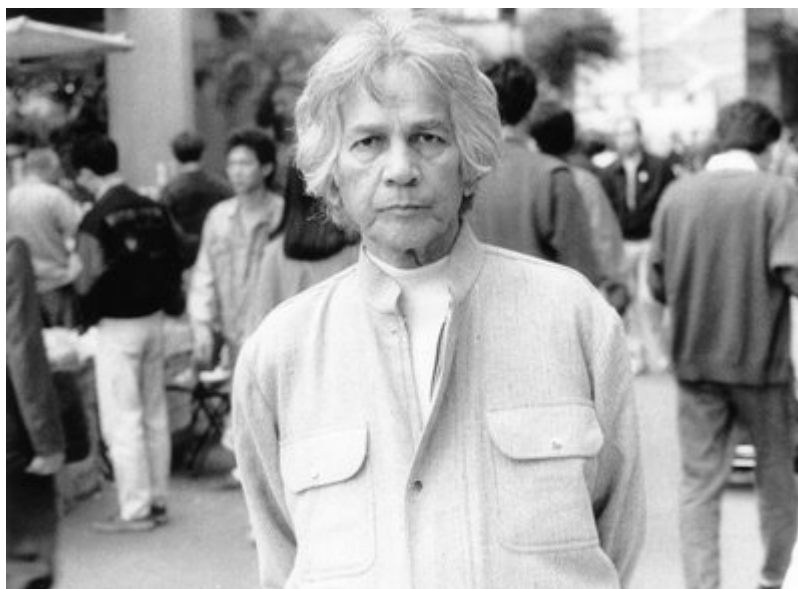
I burned my finger on a pot in the morning and U.G. came in just as I was dousing it in cold water. He laughed. I felt he had orchestrated this wound in his mysterious way, something about a warning about staying away from the fire if you don't want to get burned. Or is this my imagination? Goodbye India!

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Hong Kong

February 5

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

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

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

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

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

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

We met Michael Lee at his studio, where he makes Chinese dolls, and the four of us went to lunch at a

vegetarian Chinese restaurant. I made a gaff by eating out of the main plate with my chopsticks. I noticed nobody ate anything from it. I commented, like an imbecile, to U.G. about the difference between India and Hong Kong in that regard, and he said that was why he wasn't eating anything. Gauche, on my part.

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

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

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

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

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

February 6

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

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

U.G. told me a couple in the room between us is fighting. One is Chinese and one is American. Now why don't I hear them? And if he hears them, what else does he hear? I said something about, "That's marriage for you," and he alluded to his own marriage, that it was like that, not quite so violent. Mine was worse. We're going out at 10 a.m., to do what I don't know.

~ ~

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

February 7

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

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

In the morning we milled around the Japanese section, through several Japanese department stores. He seems to be relenting on the Lumberland shoes, but we have not yet found his size. I promised to carry the extra pair in my suitcase, if we find them.

February 8

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

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

~ ~

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

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

Being with U.G. is like living in front of a well-lit mirror. Every thought and tendency, dishonesty, prurient thought—everything—is bounced back. I don't know how it works, not a clue. He is impassive, remote, yet there is not one breath I take that I feel he doesn't know about. Disconcerting. In one way it is difficult being with him, in another it's easy because of the lack of charge—no demands, no emotions (on his side)—just living, peacefully, efficiently, intensely. I'm trying to describe the indescribable.

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

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

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

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

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

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

~ ~

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

~ ~

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

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

February 9

The introduction to Parsifal was playing on the radio when U.G. came in for breakfast this morning. I said it was my favorite opera and that they say if you listen in the right way you can get enlightened by it. He wanted to know what 'listening in the right way' meant. Feeling stupid I said being open in some way. How absurd. As if the mind can ever be open! How many times has U.G. said there is no such thing as an open mind. That by its very nature it is closed, programmed by culture to ensure its own continuity. Also that there is no way to listen, really, to anything or anyone, because of this same separative mechanism. He didn't say these things this time, but he doesn't need to anymore. I hear them inside myself, in response to my ignorance.

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

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

After dinner we strolled along Temple Street and U.G. really came to life, loving the array of merchandise, particularly its cheapness, and the milling throngs. He bought another set of grey sweat pants/sweatshirt, a long sleeved t-shirt, a electronic key-chain calculator, a small leather pouch for his wrist watch (from which he has removed the band, and which had been residing in the plastic Concorde sewing case he found in my sewing basket in New York, the one that announces the time every hour on the hour, and wakes you up at an appointed hour with messages every five minutes). He looked at bags, but did not buy. He told me earlier the reason he

doesn't like leather is the smell bothers him; it has nothing to do with religious, ecological or any other content.

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

~ ~

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

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

I don't care what happens to me anymore.

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

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

He seemed bemused, afterwards, that he had participated in the puja in any way and that the devotional type of Indians who were there seemed so drawn to him and open to what he had to say. There was a buffet dinner, and U.G. spoke to and answered questions from about forty assembled people, an enthusiastic and positive crowd. One man wanted to touch U.G.'s feet at the end, convinced he so clearly was a holy man, despite U.G.'s protestations to the contrary. U.G. insisted that the same dust clung to his feet as to that man's, there was no difference between them.

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

Sarala: "I want to flow with the intelligence of the organism."

U.G.: "There is somebody there trying to flow with the flow of things. That is separating you."

Sarala: "Is there an eternal me?"

U.G.: "No. The answer is no. You don't have to do a thing. Whatever you do is separating you from the flow of things."

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

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

~ ~

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

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

February 10

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

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

It is the first time it has come up so openly. He acknowledged that he needed to be with someone because of his advancing age. That was something. He didn't say anything against it being me. I felt open about my children and my mother and as if I could tell him anything. Definitely a change. Will I be able to sustain it? But it is not me who sustains anything. I keep forgetting. I have nothing to do with any of this. U.G. alluded to my tendency to leave gurus or for that matter, men. How could I ever leave him? No way.

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

~ ~

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

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

February 11

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

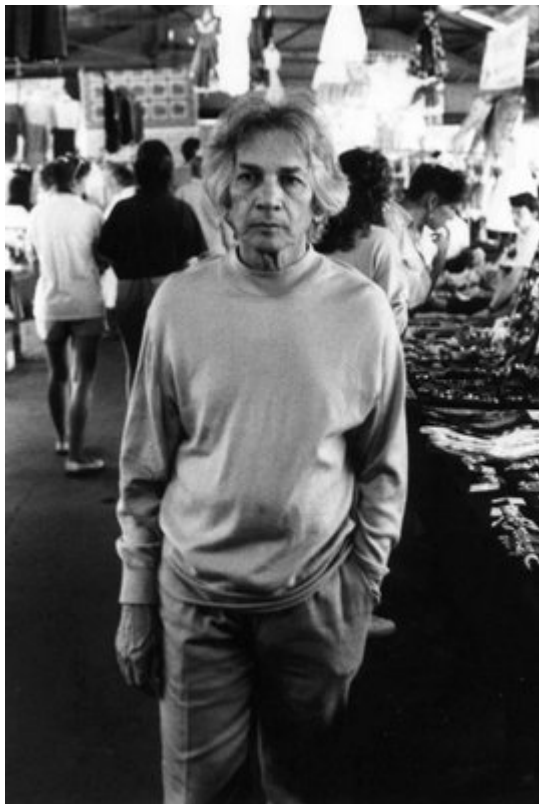
I felt very close to Mariana and Michael, pieces of U.G., pieces you can miss, feel sad leaving, hug.

[links](#)



Travels with U.G.

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Melbourne

February 13

U.G. and I are settled in the City of Garden Apartments, in two studios, half a block from each other. It's a rather large complex, quiet, convenient. Both studios have kitchens and we are using his for cooking and eating, and mine for computers and electronics. My computer and printer are spread out on the kitchen counter, neat and organized at last.

We arrived yesterday morning at 8 a.m. from Hong Kong, but couldn't check in until noon. So we left the bags and walked to the center of Melbourne, dropping off a role of film to be developed and shopping for food essentials in a large department store. We bought couscous, vermicelli pasta, several varieties of heavy cream and cheese (U.G. had told me in advance about the double and triple cream cheeses the Australians make), lime pickle, curry powder, cereal, rolls, instant coffee and the like.

Then we checked in, settling first in his room as it was ready, making lunch and sorting through luggage. Then at two, I checked into mine. U.G. likes his room best because it is darker, on the street near the action, such as it is. And I like mine because it is lighter, hidden off in the gardens, more private. Perfect. I did three loads of laundry, a relief after all this traveling. U.G. did one. I put his things in for him, got the machine running (after getting help from the Canadian maintenance man) and when I returned an hour later to put his wash in the dryer, it was already nearly finished. He is very independent, I'm never sure how much help he needs, though

he has made it very clear to me that he will let me know what he wants, and does not want, done for him.

Melbourne seems clean and quiet, people are friendly and bland. The city seems bland as well, but restful. We are to stay here a week, then on to Sydney.

Here I am really alone with U.G. He knows nobody, nor do I, so we are thrown together. I counted up how many pages I had written about my time with him last night and there were 160 of them. I told him this at dinner and he commented on our having been together for five months already. That is really something when you think about it. Five months with a man like U.G., in this unique relationship.

What is strange to me is that in some ways I feel utterly at home with him, as if I had always known him, and in other ways terrified, awed and constantly on edge. I can take nothing for granted, at any moment I may be out on my own, sent away from him. He does nothing to make me feel secure, yet in a sense I do because I know he cannot do me (or anyone) any harm. This pull toward him is intense and total. Impersonal, I suppose, and yet there is something intimate about it as well. U.G. says not to name anything, not to try to understand.

Driving in from the airport in the taxi yesterday I realized that my thoughts are constantly in the past or the future, thus I am not seeing the present, not living. My mind is always scheming, plotting, rueing, evaluating, describing, naming. Never at peace, never one with what is happening. I see this but am helpless to change it.

On the trolley, on the way downtown, I told U.G. I had enjoyed listening to the interchange on the tape last night with Sarala, the one about, "If I am in the flow," and his saying, "Be the flow." U.G. said he couldn't have said, "Be the flow," because that implies becoming again, not what is. Just as I get attached to an idea, a phrase, he knocks it out.

He told me I could not listen to him, nor understand, no matter how hard I tried. Herein lies the hopelessness: I am with this sage who could tell me everything, yet I cannot hear him. I told him last night that I was getting used to the silences between us, that I didn't feel responsible for them anymore, as if they implied something wrong with me. I said I felt comfortable just being with him without talking.

He said that in his dialogues with people, one phrase, one sentence, one word should do it, no need for all this chatter.

Today was intense and there was something different between us. U.G. was in a jolly mood, much more forthcoming than usual, friendly and conversational. Perhaps it is being on vacation, not seeing people. I almost felt we were friends, easily chatting and joking about this and that. Almost. From time to time he would touch my arm in an amiable, light-hearted way, for emphasis, something he does easily with many people, but heretofore not with me. I felt there was some physical aversion to me on his part, but I don't feel it now, here. If there is some light physical contact, it seems natural.

We got into a strange dialogue in the street in Melbourne. Heading to Qantas to make travel reservations, I stopped in a travel agency to ask where the nearest Qantas office was. They gave me a number on Williams Street, running parallel to Elizabeth Street where we had gotten off the trolley. We walked across two blocks and then down Williams towards our destination. U.G. said we hadn't needed to double back, we could have stayed on Elizabeth and then cut over. I couldn't understand what he was talking about for the life of me, and kept insisting it was the same thing. He said he wasn't annoyed at me, nor criticizing me, just making a point.

I knew he wasn't criticizing me, but I just couldn't get his point, yet I wanted desperately to understand. I finally did, while we were sitting in Qantas. He showed me on the map, that if we had stayed on Elizabeth and crossed over later, we wouldn't have had to double back to Elizabeth after doing our business at Qantas! I saw his point, finally. We both agreed that if the travel agency had said Bourke and Williams, rather than the number on Williams we could have gone directly there.

It's impossible to explain this scenario. But there was great energy in the interchange, no ill will or fear on my part, just the desire to get it straight.

Afterwards we went to the post office and sent photos to Mariana and Bangalore and then returned to the hotel for lunch. The girl in the corner pharmacy who printed the pictures told me she is from Bangalore and she recognized U.G. from the photos. Just then he came into the store, so I introduced them. She asked him if he would come to their home, and he said he would.

I reheated the couscous and undercooked the peas. Last night U.G. had told me my pasta was perfect. Today he said he doesn't even like vegetables, but if he's going to eat them he would like to have the green cooked right out of them, till they turn yellow. Then he said he didn't think I'd be able to stand his diet, it was too repetitive. He said if he needed varieties of food, he would also need varieties of girls, it was the same thing. And he needs neither.

Living with him this closely makes me see just how precise his habits are. He eats just the amount and what he wants, no more no less, no deviation.

I said I thought I could live on his diet. That I would probably just eat more than he eats. We weighed ourselves on the street today and he was sixty-two kilos, I was fifty-eight. He said he had lost weight, probably in Hong Kong, all that eating! An old lady supervised our weighing and commented on my being too thin. U.G. said (to me) she was a do-gooder.

U.G. now makes his own breakfast and I come over around 8 for coffee, though that may stop. I don't know exactly how much he wants to see of me. He said today it was good to have me here to lock the door, carry things in my purse, things like that. What an effusive compliment! The slightest warmth or kindness melts my heart.

Am I completely crazy? As soon as dinner was over, I said goodnight and left. U.G. didn't even say goodnight (he thinks it's a ridiculous formality, like saying, "Excuse me," when you sneeze). Sometimes he says, "Nightie-night," if he's in a particularly cozy mood. But tonight, dead silence.

How easy it is to have expectations of continuity, of things being the same. I was already attached to the idea of being at ease with U.G., of having a different kind of relationship. But this is a beautiful example of how things change. He is like a will-o'-the-wisp, full of mood shifts, surprises. It is this that intrigues, fascinates, causes me to love him, yet also causes me frustration, fear and confusion.

We went back to Melbourne center after a rest and coffee. We had to wait over a half hour for the trolley for which we had each bought a ten-ride ticket. I asked U.G. if he ever feels impatient, restless and he said, "No. Why?" There is as much activity going on standing on the street corner as on the trolley or anywhere else. Wherever he is, he is occupied with seeing, hearing, he is perfectly content.

On the trolley he asked me if I was enjoying the trip, and he said that I was seeing more of the world than I had ever thought I would, that things happen this way, surprisingly. I said I was having a great time, that there was nowhere else in the world I wanted to be. I wanted to say, here with you, but held back. Why?

I said if I hadn't rented that video camera in Chicago none of this would have happened. Yes, he agreed and told me again that he had known over a year ago that someone would come along and take pictures, that Terry had tried to organize it, to raise money to do it himself, but U.G. had vetoed it.

U.G. should not travel alone and I would like to be with him as long as he'll let me be, camera work aside. I asked him about the static electricity on the plane and he said it was coming from me as much as from him.

Tonight I went over and cooked dinner, noodles and spaghetti sauce again. This time we ate in silence, the intimacy and camaraderie of the afternoon gone. I felt unsure again, de trop, like I was intruding. He asked me to help him select photos to send to various people, and he read me a letter to Bob and Paul in California, suggesting he may change travel plans and bypass the U.S. this spring, go to South America instead and the States in the fall. I am totally up for whatever he decides to do, as long as I am included in the plans! I said I didn't care if I ever went home.

I went to U.G.'s at 8:15 a.m. and the curtains were drawn, so I went to the corner store, bought papers and cream and worked a little in my room. Just before nine I went to his door again, and still the curtains were drawn. I knocked but there was no response. At ten I went again and this time the curtains were open and he was just finishing his cereal. He said he had been awakened by a call at 4 a.m. from India and had not been able to get back to sleep until 7.

I said I had been worried about him, not knowing whether he was sick or dead or what. He said he was in a deep sleep and had not heard me. I told him about a dream I had but he seemed disinterested. On the trolley to town he said we just dream to amuse ourselves, there is no meaning (he does not dream at all). I asked him again about coincidence, synchronicity and he said our minds create the connection, the meaning. There is no

meaning in anything. This takes care of dreams, astrology, the *I Ching*, everything. I am being weaned from all my oracles and signs and portents. This is sort of like the reverse of Jungian therapy! Every concurrence there was "honored" and seen as a gift from the goddess. Here with U.G. it is seen as mere bunk, rubbish, refuse from a non-existent unconscious.

Last night he sank into samadhi the minute we arrived back at the apartment, or maybe he was just tired from the walk. I made dinner, potatoes and tomato sauce. He told me I was good at cooking for him and that pleased me. I am used to cooking quickly and repetitively, making the same thing over and over, so I guess I am well prepared for this routine. He said he won't bother cooking because I'm doing it so well.

He also said my messiness must be having an impact on him, that he is feeling lazy and his things are in disorder.

We shopped in stores around the center. I looked for shoes for U.G. to no avail but at least bought some white chocolate at one of the department stores. Also incense at an Indian shop. We went home for lunch, eating leftovers. Then a rest until four, during which time I redid my address book and offered to do his. I suggested renting a car and driving around the ocean and the mountains, but he was unenthusiastic and said maybe I should go sightseeing by myself. He asked me how I was driving on the left and I said it would not be a problem.

U.G. said Sydney is his kind of town, that he likes it more than Melbourne. I asked him why he came to Melbourne and he said for me, so I could see it. I was touched that he would create travel plans for my benefit. I am enjoying this time alone with him, though sometimes it is torturous. But that comes from my own mind trying to understand, trying to imbue the present with permanence. As we walked back downtown yesterday evening, I thought once again how I mar the present with worries about the future, with evaluations of the past. Now that I am seeing this fact, regularly and with clarity, will anything change?

We wandered for about two hours. All stores were closed but we looked in windows. U.G. seemed most interested in travel agencies, comparing air fares. I think he is mulling over the possibility of changing plans, but he hasn't said so. We walked to the bottom of Elizabeth Street and then took the tram home.

January 15

Went back to sleep for an hour before getting up. Dreamt that a wreck of a car was hovering, suspended, just overhead from where I was standing in a big city somewhere. It was going to fall and I was running, running towards shelter, wondering whether it would fall on me, whether I was going to die.

When I went to U.G.'s room this morning, he told me there had been an airplane crash in Bangalore yesterday, he had heard about it last night. Ninety people killed on an airbus from Bombay. And I distinctly felt when I woke up at 2 a.m. that he was awake and sending me some kind of message. He told me he had gotten up at 2 himself. But, according to U.G., this is all coincidence and has no meaning.

We had a sincere but awkward (from my position) talk this morning. He asked me once again, "What do you want?" I said I don't know, but not enlightenment. He asked, "Are you sure of that?" God, I'm not sure of anything. I don't know who is talking or what is being said. I said I just wanted to be with him. I understood my misery came from clinging, trying to plot the future to guarantee against change, impermanence. I knew it was hopeless that I would ever go beyond this.

He said concerning detachment (vis-a-vis children and obligations) that you want to be detached because you are attached, it's as simple as that.

U.G. said I should eat what I want, buy olive oil and what I like to eat, that I need to eat more than he eats, I'm tall and a growing girl! I asked him why he said in Bangalore the person he would travel with would have to be sixty-four. He said that was Valentine's age and that he hadn't directed that towards me.

After dinner we went for a walk around the block. It was windy and we picked the least picturesque streets imaginable, typically! A great scene, walking through Melbourne's drab back streets talking about enlightenment, or more precisely what he came into. Is there no way out of fear, if fear is all we are, I asked. The way out of fear is death was the answer.

As we went by a man sanding in the street, a deafening noise, U.G. commented, "That's the Silence." I knew that.

I know what he is saying, I have heard it all. I just can't hear him, understand him. If I were to understand, I would die. If I were to become truly selfish (stop trying to be selfless), the one who is trying to be selfless would die as well. There is only the one death, no gradations. It's all or nothing.

What do I understand? Nothing.

I pointed out the sunset as we reached the last corner, knowing full well he would shrug with indifference. He did. I feel so much love for him.

February 18

I told U.G. Pluto goes retrograde tomorrow, in his fourth house, the home. He received this news in a friendly fashion. I told him I had dreamed about him last night, a continuation of the day, no separation between waking and sleeping.

He motioned me over to the chair next to him and taking my hand said he was giving me energy for courage. I accepted this gratefully and happily, no fear, no conflict. We talked a bit about palmistry, he showing me the lines of the mission on his hand, the death at age forty-nine, and explaining that, according to the traditions, if he didn't have a mission he would die within seventy-two hours.

My line showing a bad heart is, he said, even worse than having a butcher's heart. I am about to go back to pick him up, to put his things in the washing machine, deliver the paper and we're going briefly to Victoria Market.

It's a beautiful, cool and sunny morning and I am intensely alive. Last evening, we leave tomorrow. The market was interesting, though after two hours U.G. had enough and wanted to go home. I realized how tired he was, suddenly, and suggested we take a taxi. He rested for an hour before lunch and afterwards Peter and Kalyani Lawry, Bud's friends from yesterday afternoon, came with their two children and brought another couple and a psychotherapist, David Barthgate. In the evening Bud's ex-wife and a friend, a Naturopath, came as well. So the afternoon was full, and U.G. eloquent and impassioned.

I found myself asking him questions while they were there, questions I have heard the answers to before, but which provoke a response in him. It happened naturally, I guess it is fine. I have noticed others do this around him, Mahesh, Terry, for example. I used to think my questions too naive, banal to ask, was afraid of showing up my ignorance. But perhaps U.G. gave me courage this morning.

Speaking of courage, he mentioned that this transmission of energy is as bogus as the passing on of enlightenment. There is no way, he says, that he can pass on the life energy of which I am already a manifestation, as is everyone else in the world, and everything. So if there is any change of courage on my part it is merely the power of his suggestion, activating my own mind. This is what he says, and next moment he will negate this.

I am packing and doing laundry. This week has seemed long, not because it has been in any way boring, but because of the intensity of the time with U.G. I'm not sure things are any different than they were on arrival, except that various subjects have been brought up again and again and if not dealt with, at least explored. I feel easier with him, more natural, not so anxious to please. Therefore perhaps I am less paranoid about being abandoned, unwanted, not measuring up in some way.

To be able to help U.G. is my greatest desire, whatever it takes. I feel I am encountering all my tendencies in this regard, looking at them fully if not transcending them. All we are is fear, and if fear comes to an end we die, this is the message. So all this talk of courage is sentimental twaddle, that's what U.G. says. And I would have to agree.

I've enjoyed this time, though being alone with U.G. is far from easy. It's like being in front of a glaring, overly-lit mirror which enlarges every pore of illusion, every tendency flooding to the surface. Sometimes I feel like a floundering infant trying to make myself understood, only to understand there is no person there to understand me, and that non-person tells me there is no person in me either, only the ideas the culture has put there that I mistake for I.

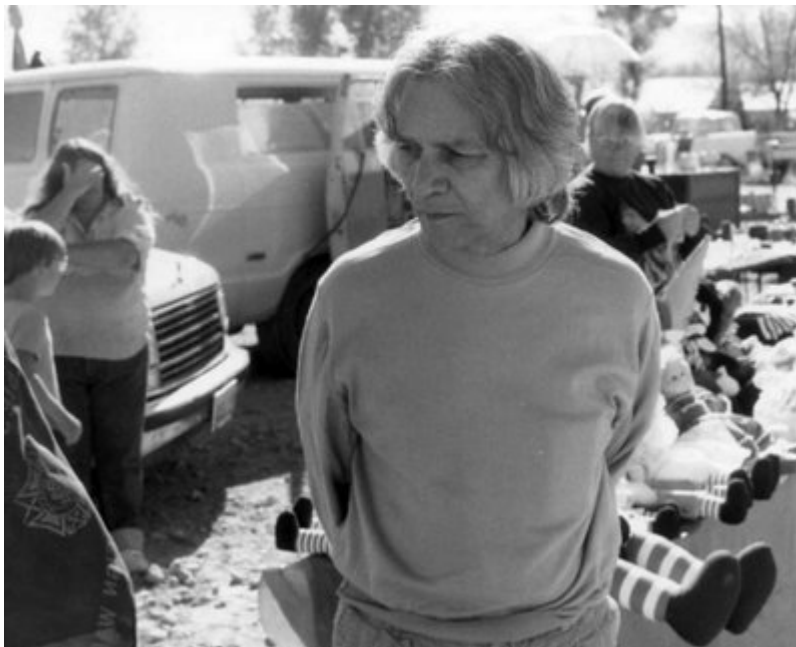
We have eaten most of the leftovers. U.G. hates wasting food, and remains of it will be carried to Sydney. I would like to pay his hotel bill—either from the money I owe him, or anyway, just because I have more money than he does. But we'll see tomorrow.

[links](#)



Travels with U.G.

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Sydney

February 19

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

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.

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.

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.

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)! My daughter 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. Mike is finishing school, doing his auditions and sounds strong and happy. My son 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. My daughter 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.

My son 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. My son 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. 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.

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 Woolworths 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? 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.

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? 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.

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.

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.

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."

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? What about your salad?" Oddly, I have no taste for salad now. I don't seem to care.

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.

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.

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 Guccis.

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.

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.

A quiet day. This morning we went out to look for pants at Woolworths. 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 Woolworths 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.

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 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.

"What have you to offer?" he asks. 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.

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.

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. Okay.

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.

Yesterday afternoon I forgot to flush the toilet, leaving (gasp) a tampon 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 worst case 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.

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. 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."

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.

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.

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 Gopala 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?

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!"

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 risotto, 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 a while 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.

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.

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.

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.

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. As most of the assembled group were Rajneesh sannyasins 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 Woolworths 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.

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 lines from Kabir: "If you find someone who criticizes you and is harsh, make a home for him, stay with him always."

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.

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.

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.

March 14

Because of not caring so much, everything seemed to have relaxed. 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, "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 1960s, 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 Cedella 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 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 J.K. talks given in Sydney in the 1950s.

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.

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.

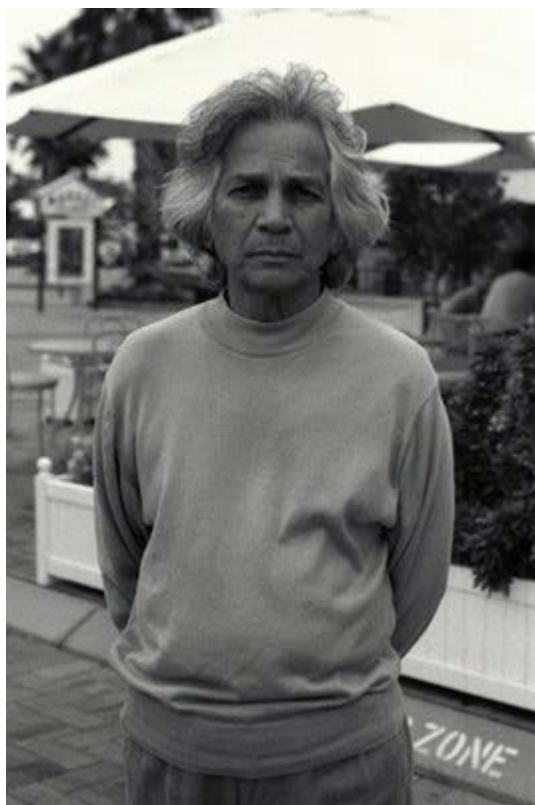
Angela brought Burnam Burnham, an Aboriginal leader, a political activist, to meet U.G. in the late morning. He wore animal skins and carried a stuffed platypus to show U.G. They had a respectful, quiet conversation together.

[links](#)



Travels with U.G.

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Stapylton

March 19

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', 'Jed' and 'Malcolm' at the airport. They rented a car for us and I drove with Ronald, and U.G. with Malcolm and Jed. 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.

Jed 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 Malcolm, and a young boy in his twenties named Daniel, adopted by the family, in addition to Malcolm, Ronald and Jed. 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, Jed 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.

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 Max. But U.G. is not welcoming. He told Chandrasekhar and Suguna I'm worse than Celeste. 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 Cedella 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 Malcolm 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.

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 Jed 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. Jed pays no mind to me at all, except to stay clear of me as much as possible, perhaps of my bad vibes.

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.

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Jed and Malcolm 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 Jed 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.

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 Jed) 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 and yet detached.

One day we went to a new shopping center nearby, the one 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 are 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.

I told U.G. that Jed and Malcolm 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.

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.

Jed and Malcolm 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, Malcolm and I in the rental car, and U.G., Malcolm, and Jed in theirs. U.G. was open and loving to me, startlingly so in fact. Malcolm 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, Malcolm gave him a handful of macadamia nuts, and again he gave me half.

All the while Malcolm and Jed 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 Malcolm handed U.G. an herbal, fruit drink, opened. U.G. handed it immediately to me, and I drank it.

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Malcolm 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.

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 Jed 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.

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. 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.

Jed 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?

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 Jed 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.

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 Malcolm and Jed 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.

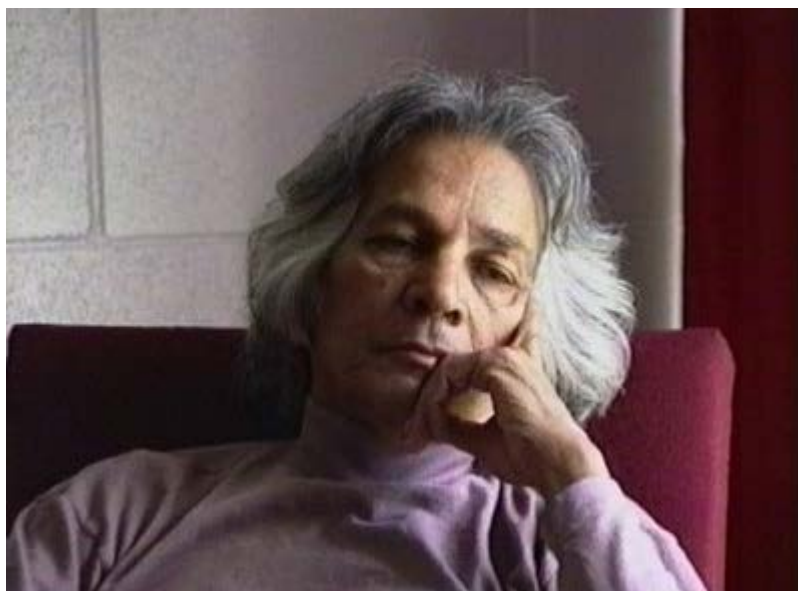
And I am aware that his mood may have already shifted, that today could bring a complete reversal of intimacy, flow, access. Every day is the last day of your life.

[links](#)



Travels with U.G.

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Auckland

March 27

We "took our leave" of Australia yesterday morning and flew to Auckland, departing in a torrential downpour and arriving in cool, autumn sunshine. On the flight U.G. and I got down to a real heart-to-heart. The Stapylton visit changed something, or so it seems.

He is suddenly more affectionate, less harsh. I am openly in touch with my love for him, less fearful of his disapproval. He said I can only be myself when I am not terrorized, not afraid of losing him. So perhaps he is being less terrifying. He said he had to be able to completely trust the person he is with, to be completely open with, say anything to. Yet it must go no further than him or her. I ask myself if I could be up to this kind of discretion, dependability? Things just pop out of me sometimes, as if my need to expose myself is greater than any good sense.

We talked a little bit about money and U.G. said that of course he doesn't want 'the world's richest woman', as all the predictions have indicated would come to him, wouldn't have any use for the money anyway. He even said if I didn't have any money at all, he would share what he has with me! I just dissolved. Several times he took my hand and held it. I asked him whether I was still giving off the bad vibes or whatever was burning him in Bangalore and he said, "You have changed since then."

I was completely enmeshed in the intimacy of that flight, relaxed and at one with U.G., almost like the conspiratorial closeness one feels with a lover. Yet this person is not a lover, and will never be, at least not in a human sense. And any relationship that appears to exist is reborn and dies each day, each moment with no continuity. What transpires in the evening has no bearing on what will transpire the next morning. One moment there is a casual, carefree camaraderie, the next intense awe and devotion, the next dismay over a criticism, the next confusion and disorientation at not being able to make any sense out of what he is talking

about.

U.G.'s friend Ronald came over in the morning and the three of us went off in his Land Rover to rent a monitor and two vcrs to make tape copies for people in Sydney. Then to Auckland to Qantas Airlines to confirm our flights to America, to an Indian store for lime pickle, coriander and dal and a few other errands. U.G. made lunch for the three of us, couscous, while I worked on the tapes. He was on my case all afternoon about my inefficiency, my not listening to him, not wanting to do things his way. But I just worked away at what I was doing, trying to suspend my own opinions, my thinking processes. I never felt in any way disconnected or estranged from U.G. Only devoted to him.

Ronald left after dinner. I finished the tapes and U.G. asked me to put his RAGE recording on the VCR to copy it to another tape. I filmed him listening to my two favorite songs, and I was bathed in the glow of love.

Afterwards he showed me that his toe had healed. I asked him if he had a nail scissors and he said no. I said I would like to give him manicures and pedicures and he scoffed at the suggestion. I said I wanted to become indispensable to him, and he emphasized that no one had ever been or would ever be indispensable to him.

But we launched into an amazing, humorous conversation about the nature of our relationship that I cannot recapture. He said he wants someone with him who is able to do things quickly and efficiently, his way. He said he had never been with anyone in such an intimate way except Valentine, no one had ever had this kind of closeness to him and that with it came the obligation for discretion.

We stayed up until midnight talking, laughing. It seemed at times like a conventional discussion about a relationship, about the pros and cons of living together. Yet when you think that it is an enlightened man and a devotee having this discussion, that there is really no relationship there to discuss, that by its very nature it must dissolve from one moment to the next, it takes on a strange twist. Strange and curious and perplexing and amazing.

Yesterday was a completely mellow day. When Ronald arrived, we went to the post office to send the video tapes to India and Australia and the audio tapes to Sweden. I filmed the whole process of packing and taping and addressing the packages. U.G. was friendly and funny, even complementing me on the efficient way I made the tapes last night.

Then to the sea where I took more footage of the Auckland Bay, U.G. wading in the water near a Maori canoe, and the view of Auckland from a lookout point. The weather is perfect, sunny and warm but crisp—no bugs, glistening autumn light. U.G. launched into a description of the way we see beauty versus the way he sees, period. For him, the light sparkling on the water draws his eye, his attention, that is all. He doesn't name it or label it as beautiful or ugly.

Maybe his seeming aversion to nature, to going out to the country to see beautiful sights is his way of reconditioning us to just see. A carving away at the extremes, good and bad, that we create with our thinking.

We had lunch in town at an Indian restaurant with a poster of the Taj Mahal hanging over our table, a reminder of my day away from U.G. back in December. Later I bought a hand-knit New Zealand sweater though it cost \$220 New Zealand dollars. U.G. encouraged me to buy it and said over and over again, "It really looks good on you," whatever that means for him.

And after dinner I thought he had gone to the kitchen to throw out—throw up—the potatoes and tomato sauce I had made, but it was only to rinse his mouth, the water in his glass being too hot. Twice he said he really enjoyed dinner, that the sauce was really good. These compliments are so unusual that they make me suspicious.

What is he trying to show me? That I am attached to the compliments and disturbed by the criticisms, or to help me get to the point where neither affect me, one way or the other?

After Ronald left we watched Goldie Hawn in Overboard on the motel video. U.G. went to bed halfway through saying he was tired. I was, too, and went to bed at 9:30.

March 30

This morning U.G., Ronald and I set out towards the western beaches, after cataloguing the last of the Bangalore tapes. We stopped once at a health food store, looking for couscous, and again at an information center for the Waitakere Range.

There I walked up to a lookout point and took some videos of the panoramic view, and again of U.G. down below in the parking lot. He was talking about ecology and the environment. Apropos of a sign describing details of the view, U.G. commented: "It's the sign that's blocking the view."

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We piled back into the car and just a kilometer or so along the way, only a third of the way from Auckland, U.G. said he wanted to return to Auckland, he had no interest in beaches or scenery or sightseeing.

"Is this an order from the Dictator?" asked Ronald. And he commented that it's lucky for U.G. he has such loyal troops. U.G. mentioned later that Ronald and I were welcome to go sightseeing on our own, that we could just drop U.G. off at the nearest bus stop and he would find his way back to the motel on his own! As if we would. Oddly enough, the reversal in our plans didn't affect me at all. I realized that I didn't care much, one way or the other.

We went to a few more stores looking for couscous, including the Asian market in Auckland, but to no avail. I bought some fortune cookies which we opened in the parking lot. U.G.'s said he liked horses and gambling! Though he scoffs at portents like fortune cookies, astrology, palm reading, I Ching, tarot, etc., he participates with enthusiasm nonetheless.

Suddenly U.G. wanted to go to Qantas. "There are two questions and two questions only that I want answered," he said. "One is are we obligated to stay at the motel until the fourth? The other is when is the next available flight out of New Zealand?" So we found from Qantas that we can leave this Sunday night instead of Wednesday, and there was no problem at the motel at all.

I did U.G.'s laundry first, in the motel laundry room, and pressed his clothes with a faulty iron, and then did my own wash. I have taken to washing, ironing and mending his clothes, very satisfying. It is an undertaking that can be begun and finished, one I dedicate to him in love without his being aware of it (or is he?), and one where my mind is less raucous than usual. I have never devoted myself to anybody in my life before, not with this kind of consistency.

On the phone, my mother came up with the expected (from her) question about why don't I let U.G. do some of these things for me, instead of me for him. I couldn't even respond to the question, understandable though it is for her. How to explain this relationship to anyone who just doesn't understand it? Not possible. My life with U.G. is totally beyond her experience.

After lunch we went out to take videos of sheep with the Lone Tree of Auckland in the background, then a few feet of U.G. and Ronald talking after lunch with the roar of the superhighway in the background. "The silence is there," said U.G., "not in your meditation. What you want, the ending of your thoughts, is that thunder of trucks."

"That traffic is the one that is silencing your thoughts and if you condemn that you have destroyed the possibility of that doing the job. The noise of the trucks, that will do the job. Not the gurus and not the spiritual teachers, and the meditation techniques and yoga. Don't listen to all these jokers telling you that loud noise will destroy your nervous system and all that. Not at all. The body knows it and cuts out the sound if it cannot take a certain amount of decibels, that's all, it cuts out. Like looking at the sun, the body closes its eyes, it's that's simple. Wearing dark glasses in the sun is ridiculous."

Ronald told me a little of his days in India with U.G., his dependence on U.G. in those days, and his experience of U.G.'s acting as the perfect mirror. He said that if indeed any change has taken place in him, it has been so subtle and so deep that he isn't even aware of it. I find him a lovely man, gentle, sensitive and real. He says in a way he is still dependent on U.G., that U.G.'s visit is the highlight of his year, and that his early departure is a disappointment, but he is prepared for it because it happens every visit.

A phone call from Bob in California. They are taking a one-bedroom apartment for U.G. which means I will probably stay with Leslie and Jerry. I feel a resistance to leaving this intimacy with him, but perhaps it is necessary, or coming at a good time. What is needed will happen.

Will I continue to travel with him? Who knows. I would say chances are fifty-fifty. The intimacy and loving response from him may be illusory, coming from my own present devotion and love, projections of my own. Can't figure it out.

I finished Donald's book on Krishnamurti, interesting and well-written. It brought home to me what U.G. has been saying about the hypocrisy of J.K.'s "There is no path to truth; no organized belief or religion can lead man to truth or salvation." The book was about J.K.'s organization and how engrossed he was in running it, participating in all its details and the complex politics of the people close to him, his devotees. I knew this, but reading a first-hand account from someone I know, love and believe, shows me the stark gap between the two men.

U.G. is utterly consistent in regard to this matter. If he is paradoxical elsewhere, here he is not. The very whiff of organizing anything other than his personal life, his travels and clothes and food, is blown away instantly. He will walk away from any demand, any suggestion of a public appearance, lecturing, even speaking to groups. He now avoids seekers almost entirely, and, of course, it is only these "seekers of truth" who make up the followers of such a man. No more books, he says, and he is against audio tapes, videotaped talks, and he doesn't care if people have no access to him.

As for his teaching, there is none. Nothing to hold onto, no poetic ramblings about nature and the observer and the observed. As Jerry exclaimed in Stapylton, "U.G., no one can understand what you are saying!" This is the absolute bottom line. U.G.'s words come from a place of no words, and no experience can touch them or make anything from them. It is the reason Moorty said many months ago, "Don't listen to the words, just listen to the sound of his voice." U.G. has no cause, no teaching, but is himself the cause and the teaching, both in his disavowal of their being one, and the pure unwavering demonstration of this by his living every waking and non-waking moment of his life. This I have seen for myself. U.G. is free in a way that is not imaginable to us. Any effort to make the world aware of this will be instantly thwarted by the culture, of which we are a part!

March 31

Yesterday morning U.G. knocked on my door to ask if he could take a shower and to tell me that he had talked to Chandrasekhar and Suguna during the night. Suddenly, it seems, they are very positive about my being with U.G., saying I have a billion dollars worth of love for him, money doesn't matter, that I must come with him in June. I was happy to hear this and curious what brought on the change of heart.

We finished the Bangalore tapes in the morning and began on Delhi. U.G. made me laugh when he suggested Ronald and I go to the beach or sightseeing or whatever we want to do, and, he said, "I'll stay home and sink. I'll be a real drag." Of course neither Ronald nor I would dream of going off without U.G. and when one thinks about it, one realizes one doesn't care at all about sightseeing or the beach.

We did go to Woolworth's looking for couscous with no success. But U.G. found some small Bic aftershave colognes which he had been searching for. These he puts in the airline travel bags they give out on long flights, and he distributes them in India as gifts!

Home to monitor videos. Ronald and I talked in the sun while U.G. rested. Tonight we leave for Los Angeles. I have kept the room for an extra half day so we can leave for the airport directly from here. U.G. seemed to go along with this, though he had originally planned that we should check out at 11:00. If I come up with a practical suggestion he will immediately embrace it.

Yesterday we went to Victoria Market, full of craft booths and food stalls. We finally found couscous and another cream-colored jersey for U.G. In the afternoon we finished the India tapes and I will copy the catalogues on the plane.

Ronald left before dinner to go to a rock concert. U.G. and I watched part of The Name of the Rose and part of The Fly on television. U.G. said, "Feel my foot" at one point, which I did. It was ice cold, the right colder than the left. He said he was 'sinking'. I wanted to bring him a blanket, but he just wanted to show me, that was all, and went to bed right after. And when I think of the mystique surrounding the guru's foot, how people long to touch them, how U.G. impatiently brushes them aside. What is he showing me? That his feet are like all others, cold sometimes? Or?

Hard to believe we will be back in the States in twenty-four hours, after exactly (almost) four months. Have I changed? Probably, but I can't say how. I have been through so much with U.G. and yet if I tried to tell someone about it, I wonder if they would understand. To wonder is to speculate, to get caught in the hypothetical—useless, useless.

Today I'll do the last laundry, pack up, perhaps make a tape (for Stapylton) of Shylaja singing before I put the camera away. Robert called last night to say the place in Sausalito is fixed for U.G. for the fourth. We have three days to kill and perhaps will rent a car and drive up to San Francisco, stopping in Ojai and Santa Barbara, neither of which I have seen. U.G. seems up for anything and I see him as a wonderful traveling companion (even though he can be a tyrant)!

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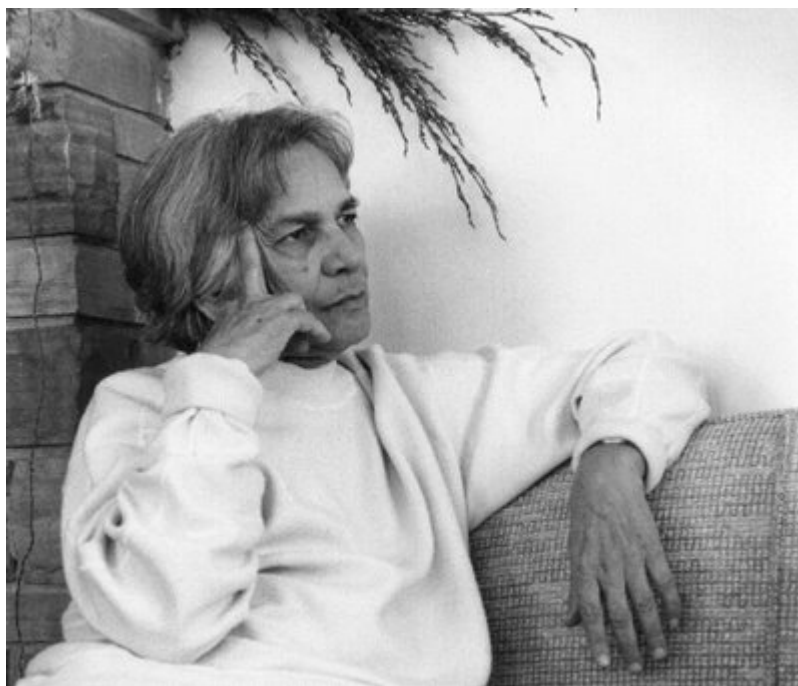
He vetoed the idea of my sending the tape to Stapylton. He said I was the guest of these people because I am his guest, and I do not need to observe the normal channels of courtesy. We returned to the Victoria Market and I bought a few aboriginal T-shirts, mentioning that they might make good gifts. U.G. assured me he would never buy a present for anyone, bring a present. Yet he gives things away all the time, when the spirit moves him. Why did I make tapes for Stapylton when he had told me not to?

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Carmel

April 2

The twelve hour flight to Los Angeles from Auckland was easy. Both U.G. and I slept much of the way, though I made it through most of Paul Newman's "Blaze". We chatted and discussed the food and talked about the trip and New Zealand. The stewardess addressed U.G. as 'Madame', I guess because of his long hair, delicate features, mauve jersey, and diminutive size. He didn't mind, he said, and I didn't feel my usual need to straighten things out, to set the record straight.

I completely messed things up in customs, getting through way before U.G. (who had to go through the immigration line). Instead of waiting for him, I cleared customs and headed up to the car rental phone. I was trying to be efficient, save time, but I ended up stranding him with his bags and no American money for a trolley (I had rented one for him but couldn't get it to him), and no help. I finally found him outside the terminal, waiting for me. A giant miscalculation on my part.

I need to be more deliberate, less impetuous, think always of U.G.'s well-being ahead of time-saving strategies, to remember that he doesn't mind waiting. But it also showed me that I can let go of something much more easily than I could a month or so ago. I was sorry, saw my error, but that was the end of it. It didn't hover over me like the eighth deadly sin. U.G. also didn't make anything out of it. Only the comment, "I might hop on the next available plane and leave you behind, if you do things like that."

We rented a car and headed north to Ventura. U.G. remembered a motel with kitchens run by an Indian. We eventually found it, but it had deteriorated and was too seedy to stay in. So we took two rooms at a Great Western motel, very comfortable. For dinner, we made couscous in cups, and I had salad in the ice bucket (we

had stopped at a super market)—an enjoyable picnic. Made phone calls all over, U.G. to India and Mill Valley and to Moorty, and I later from my room to my mother, Luna and Isabel.

In the morning we checked out early and drove up to Ojai where we spent most of the day with Scott and Ted, Julie and her friend Meg and a few others. U.G. made couscous and some others came by bringing salad and hummus. Ojai is beautiful, and has a wonderful feeling to it. Everyone was warm and friendly. All U.G.'s grace and energy.

Scott mentioned the fear he sometimes feels around U.G., that U.G. represents the absolute end of the road, the kiss of death, the specter of annihilation... The end of hope and illusion which is where healing, new life and energy are born. He described U.G. as a festering splinter.

I am charmed at the effortless way groups of old friends come together when U.G. appears, with no advance planning or notice. As natural as birth itself, the ease and camaraderie are lovely. Openness with no stress, no goals, just being together.

We left Ojai at 2 p.m. and drove through the mountains, national park, and then through the desert to the coast. Continued on up from San Luis Obispo, and decided to go all the way to Carmel, arriving at 9 p.m. I enjoyed the drive, stopping to take videos of the magnificent scenery (and U.G. sleeping in the car). At one point we stopped and got out of the car and U.G. ate a tangerine, amazing. He commented on the false advertising, that they were supposed to be seedless, and instead had seeds, which he held out triumphantly.

U.G. told me that Scott had been enthusiastic about my being with him, taking care of him, that he told U.G. it was great that someone was with him who loved him so much. Moorty said the same thing to him on the telephone, U.G. reported. Though I feel supported by his friends, U.G. is his own bottom line, the last word.

We found a nice place in Carmel, where U.G. had stayed a few years ago. It has a kitchen and a fireplace, one bedroom, but the living room has a couch and the bath is separate. Perfect. I'm staying in the bedroom with all my stuff, and U.G. was happy to take the living room with the T.V. We'll stay two days and then head to Mill Valley. Tom is going to finally meet U.G. tonight, is breaking away from his rehab activities for a few hours.

I'm so happy with my life, comfortable with U.G. and this rhythm. My love for him makes everything possible. It seems as if it was activated in some new way in Stapylton, and somewhere along the line, recently, I lost my fear of abandonment, fear of failure. I can be with him in whatever way it comes about, each moment. Curious.

April 4

In the morning U.G. and I wandered about Carmel. He was easy-going and up for anything. We looked in shops, took videos at the ocean. I asked him if he liked Carmel. "Not particularly," was his answer to my unnecessary question. Then we drove up through the valley so I could show him Tom's house, stopped at K Mart as a pilgrimage site and U.G. bought packing tape.

Then to Moorty's for lunch and the rest of the day. Good to see him, Wendy and the others who dropped by to say hello to U.G. We looked at odds and ends of videos from the trip.

Tom had a good introduction to U.G. because most of his main points were covered, but in a relaxed and friendly way. U.G. said afterwards that he really liked Tom, thought he was a very nice man—a big compliment. He doesn't usually offer opinions about people.

We came home late and U.G. said in the car that he and Moorty had talked about me while I went to Carmel. He said I wouldn't like what Moorty had said, but that he would tell me around the fire at home. Then he changed his mind, and I protested. So he said that Moorty felt U.G. was lucky to have found me, someone who loved him so much, was not interested in power and was the right person at the right time to be with him. Moorty had said that my energy was awesome.

I asked U.G. if he thought I had unusual energy and he said that he used to think it was restlessness but that everyone tells him it is energy, so it must be. What he really thinks, I'll never know. I told Tom that I couldn't imagine going back to my old life, that it didn't exist for me now. I feel my life now is with U.G. and home is wherever we are, for however long, and family are the people who come to him, his friends.

This morning it's off to Marin and the beginning of a busy time. U.G. just got up (it's 6:30 a.m.) so I'll take a shower, pack up and we'll leave as soon as possible. I feel at ease and able to cope with what is required. I hope I have enough money but that can be studied in New York and adjustments made if not. I can put my apartment to use in some way making some money, I'm sure of that. I feel U.G. should always be comfortable and stay in good places and not have to worry about money. If I am with him I will just make sure I am able to take care of this. I understand that his freedom comes from taking support from only one person, the one who is with him, and to rely only on that one. It keeps an organization from growing up, from factions and backbiting and 'inners and outers'. I see all this now, and know that he is right. I hope I am up to it, but anyway, I am here and all is well, and it will last as long as it lasts.

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Travels with U.G.

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Mill Valley

April 6

It is exactly a year to the day that I came out to California to look for a sangha house with Leslie, when I was still involved with Andrew, and unbeknownst to me about to begin this great adventure with U.G. Curious to be back staying with Leslie and Jerry.

When we arrived in Mill Valley two days ago, U.G. and I went right to Terry's house. Terry had decided he was through with U.G., that his house was not available to him any longer. Hence Robert had rented U.G. a beautiful place in Sausalito.

U.G. turned everything around by telephoning Terry on his arrival in California and asking him how he could turn out his old friend, not make his house available to him. He knew Terry had been hurt last fall. Terry immediately did an about-face, said of course U.G. could have his apartment. So when we arrived, it was decided that U.G. would stay at Terry's, I would stay at Leslie and Jerry's, and Terry would stay at the rented pad in Sausalito. "No power in the world," said U.G., "could keep me from staying in the Crow's Nest."

~ ~

U.G. was harsh and I am still confused by it two days later. And again last night, after being mellow all day long, he turned on me viciously when Jerry was there with us at The Crow's Nest, about the videos.

Maybe this just happens with U.G., an expression of energy, or maybe he is teaching me something, I don't know. I can do a million things for him, and still it is all wrong when he is in a mood like that.

Last night I had dreams of suicide once again and woke distressed. Feeling a tremendous urgency to see U.G., I

went over early to see him and tried to get to the root of my confusion. At the realization that my attachment to him is the source of my suffering I began to cry, much as I tried not to. My defenses are so high, my self-protective mechanism so in place that it is usually difficult to know what I feel. But this time I knew.

U.G. motioned me over next to him on the couch, took my hand and said he was the best friend I had, that he would never hurt me, that there is some wall in me that keeps me from understanding what he is saying to me. That he is trying to understand what it is. He said this only relates to practical matters, not to sadhana, spiritual life. He said I was as close to him as it was possible to be right now, and that that closeness also implied the ultimate distance.

~ ~

He wants the documentary to be my documentary, my story of a year with U.G. So I can't just dump the whole thing on someone else.

U.G. seems a little tired. He mentioned a hernia or something in his side. He said if it persists he will consult Paul Lynn.

Tonight it is full moon in Leo. I am full and happy with U.G., just as Jerry suggested I would be. He is incredibly powerful, yet gentle, funny yet profound. I feel the deepest love for him, and a oneness I can't describe. No fear, no separation, no distance—yet all the distance that my respect and adoration can touch...a curious paradox. So close there is the greatest distance.

~ ~

When we arrived home U.G. said he wanted to go for a haircut. I offered to do it, though I know nothing about haircutting. He took me up on it and it was an amazing scene, out on the deck, U.G. sitting on a chair with newspapers underneath, completely trusting and detached. Only asking me not to cut his ears. For me it was a gift, for him, he said, he saved \$8, poor Indian. I was able to touch him, gently, cut and comb his hair, handle it. I was not afraid of messing it up, just happy to be so close to him.

Afterwards he took a shower, washed his hair and dried it. He says the cut ends cry after they have been cut. The haircut looked fairly good, though there were a few uneven tufts of hair. He wouldn't let me even them out.

~ ~

Full moon kept me up for the second night in a row. Absolutely wired, burning up with energy. Yesterday morning U.G., Larry, Terry and I went to San Francisco to Bombay Bazaar to drop off tapes to be transferred to PAL. I bought a broom and dustpan, some Crazy Glue for my button. I named myself, inadvertently, 'Crazy Glue', comparing myself to Larry who was dubbed 'Scotch Tape' by U.G. because he sticks so close. U.G. says 'Crazy Glue' will stick as a name.

April 11

Woke up with a fierce sore throat this morning, and a marginal fever. I'm probably just tired out and my body needs a rest. I will go over to U.G.'s on schedule anyway, unless I feel worse.

Had a talk with U.G. and Moorty in the late afternoon about my stance with U.G., how to have things work between us. They said I should take no responsibility and in that is freedom, to leave everything to U.G. I know there is a fine line to walk with him between familiarity and service, neither one being appropriate. I told Moorty I knew it when I was in the right place, when I was just doing things for him in a natural, loving and simple way, not analyzing or questioning.

I hit my elbow on the wall getting onto the couch from where I was sitting on the floor. U.G. winced, and as I held my arm I could see pain in his eyes. I asked him about it and he said it is natural for him to feel what I feel as I am with him all the time. Once Valentine fell down on the beach, and U.G. developed bruises where she fell. Another time a mother was beating a child on a coffee plantation in India, and U.G. had welts on his body where the child had been struck. He says it is the natural state not to have any separation between feelings.

Roxi called and we talked about his book. My negatives sent by my daughter appear to be lost. I am trying to

feel that nothing is lost to mankind, as U.G. does, to feel there is nothing to preserve. But a sense of irritation comes up that they are missing. I suppose it is just something to note and to make other arrangements. My children are the way they are because of the way they were brought up by me. If I could really be free of remorse and attachment, life would be so grand.

Terry is being worked over by U.G. and the others. It will be interesting to see how it comes out in the end, if he appears to be lighter, gentler, less of a raving socialist.

April 13

Though I feel exhausted and went to bed late, I woke with a jolt this morning at four, as if a current was going through me. Then, instead of getting up, for the first time I lay in bed and experienced doubt and resentment. I feel somewhat sick, the sore throat has turned to a cold or flu (though I took homeopathic remedies prescribed by Moorty yesterday afternoon), and I am worn out.

U.G. lashed into me last night, in the most violent way, as usual about the documentary, and my stubborn refusal to do the transferring his way. It is literally impossible to understand what he wants. If I begin to do it one way, he demands another, or distracts me with a request to show a piece of footage to someone, thus causing me to lose the numbering system. If I do it another way, he reverts to the first.

In the end he wouldn't even let me talk, telling me to be quiet each time I tried to say something. Even Moorty didn't seem to be able to get a clear picture from U.G. about the editing. He seemed to be saying it was my documentary, my tale of around-the-world with U.G. Yet he says the footage is useless, that I have too much.

I am overwhelmed by it, don't know where to start, don't have a clear picture of what I am to do. He is no help, really. And I don't have much time, since I do all the shopping, cooking, laundry, ironing, letter-writing, cleaning, phone answering, driving.

We went to San Raphael for lunch after a drive through Tiburon. Terry had mentioned the drive as being beautiful and when we arrived in Tiburon, U.G. said to take such and such a road. I asked if it was the one that went along the coast, and he said vaguely, "It has some trees..." It turned out it was the road Terry had talked about, absolutely beautiful. U.G. said he had wanted me to be surprised.

U.G., Moorty and I drove up Mt. Tam to see the sunset. U.G. wouldn't get out of the car. He commented that the light reflecting on the flapping plastic on the top of a garbage can was attracting his eyes, was what he was looking at, not the sweeping vista of the ocean and mountains.

When we returned home, Terry came over for dinner and U.G. began to blast me. Just as I seemed to have figured things out, to be feeling somewhat secure about things, this happens. It has happened so many times before, and I feel sure he will be sweet and gentle this morning when I go over there.

I'm a little resentful of U.G.'s endless tales about Valentine and how exceptional she was—what was so exceptional I want to know? That she adopted U.G. after a month? So what? Desperate people do this all the time, marrying people, doing all kinds of things.

I don't even feel like writing this journal. Too glum and depressed. Maybe I'm just sick.

April 14

Yes, that was it. I was deeply affected by U.G.'s blast, and didn't even realize it until I got over to his place yesterday. I was numb and half-dead, like a zombie. Though I was completely out of it, I still wanted to get to him as soon as possible.

When I arrived, he quietly said he was going to take his bath—he waits until I come, so he can let me in. I began categorizing the videos the way he wanted it done, without comment or questioning, remembering Ed's words, years ago, "Always do what the guru wants, even if it seems unreasonable."

A bit later I called to him in his room, wanting advice about categories. He said, "I can't talk about it now," in a voice that seemed distant, remote, heavy. Only later did I realize that he was in deep samadhi, gone. He was

sinking all day, he said, feeling the pull to go.

Moorty came over a bit later and he and I talked a little about the night before. He said it was my resistance that caused the outburst. If I can just let it happen, let it go through me like a purifying storm, a squall, it will be better. U.G. said he did nothing, I provided the bullets and my resistance was ducking. Arguing, trying to understand, defend, rationalize.

It's mysterious, incomprehensible, beautiful. Now that it is over, I find myself amazed and touched, once again, at how his compassion causes him to hurt—wound, destroy, terrorize—that which he loves, in his way—us.

I felt increasingly peaceful and at one with him the rest of the day as the numbness began to wear off. I see that whether you let it wash through you, or resist, feel gratitude or anger and pain, it is all the same, all all right. I could never explain this to anyone who didn't already understand.

I trimmed the rest of U.G.'s hair this morning, before he had his bath. He is being nice again, telling me when people compliment my videos, or me. Most likely I am being built up for another session on the hot seat. But I can take it. I feel so close to him, yet so removed at the same time. Curious. Can't leave him for long. This life is strange and mysterious.

I bumped myself on the door again, and again U.G. winced. I asked him if it hurt him, and yes, he said, it did. Incredible.

April 15

Easter. Who cares? I am still feeling a little sick, fatigued, with a painful cold sore and heaviness in my chest. I have been recording all day, and made lunch for Bob and Paul, Terry, Krim and U.G. Later U.G. and I drove to Corte Madera to Thrifty's for tapes. He has been sleeping ever since, and I have rested and copied tapes. This evening a bunch of Andrew's followers are coming to see U.G. and tomorrow I pick up my mother at the airport.

Yesterday Krim, U.G., Paul Lynn and I went malling, and found a sweater U.G. liked on sale, Italian. Today U.G. gave Krim his jacket. He said Krim paid \$39 for the sweater and got a \$100 jacket in return. A good deal! I was high on the shopping excursion, full of U.G.'s energy, free and happy, though still a little sick.

Later Jerry came by to see U.G., to ask him his advice about whether he should go back into psychotherapy as a career, as a way to make money. U.G. seemed a bit disinterested in giving personal advice, though he said it is hard to do something like that without believing in it one hundred percent. (After all my years of failed therapy, I don't believe in it at all.)

April 16

Not sleeping much. Stayed awake last night for hours, even though I was exhausted. And woke at 4:30 this morning, trying to get back to sleep but too much energy. Instead I got up, did some laundry, and came over to U.G.'s at 6:30 to begin taping.

Something is really changing in me, perhaps my desire to please others, so extreme. I can't relate easily anymore, am just not interested in getting involved in the psychology of others, or even my own for that matter. Will see what it is like to be with my mother. She hasn't a clue what is going on with me, but seems accepting and open. But of course as U.G. says, "There is no such thing as an open mind."

We are getting to the point where we will have to make some decisions about the future, my apartment and so forth. I am curious how it will come out. I feel my fate is with U.G. but he may know otherwise.

April 19

Big gap. I have been that busy. Now I often go over to U.G.'s at 6:30 a.m. instead of 8 to have a good start on the taping before the phone starts ringing or we go somewhere. Yesterday he and I went to San Francisco to have our tickets changed to go direct to New York. (We're taking the Red Eye next Wednesday, the 25th.)

In the car en route to San Francisco, U.G. talked about my firmness which would be necessary for me to lead this life with him. I feel as if things are coming to a head with him a bit now, as if we are going to make some decisions. Luna and Leslie have recommended my taking a day off from time to time to lead my life. U.G. helped me to see, which I knew anyway, that I am already and in every moment living my life while I am with him, that there is no other life. That I have chosen this life as my own, to be with him, take care of him, and that constitutes "my life" now in its entirety, whether I go off for walks or shopping on my own or not. There is no separation between his life and my life, his way or my way.

U.G. helped me to see that I would encounter great resistance from others, particularly family, but that the only way I would be able to serve them in the way I choose to, in the appropriate fashion, is to be clear about this choice, to stand firm and be oblivious to criticism, what other people think. Not to explain or defend. I see this as obvious now and it makes things easier.

Last Monday I picked up my mother at the airport and took her to Palo Alto to visit her friend Peg. Today she is taking the train to San Francisco and I'm picking her up there and taking her to San Raphael. There is no tension. I am aware of her age and frailty, but am less guilty and worried, less controlling and opinionated. I can take her as she is, not hang out in the illusion of what I wish she was, how I wish she had been, and so forth.

I saw how horribly damaging the mind can be with its fixed ideas. Peg has cut off her step-granddaughter because she is living unmarried with a man and has had a child. Peg's ideas about this, her standards are so strict, yet she was an illegitimate child herself, that she has changed her will and is giving all her late husband's money to Brown University. She believes that those standards are her own and are in some way fixed and intractable, morally right.

I feel close to U.G. now, at one with him. I am always ready for a blast, but for the most part things are peaceful. He has decided to take over Terry's apartment in September, pay the rent all year so he can use it when he wants to be here without all the uproar over Terry. Terry will be free to go to Mexico and stay in the Mill Valley apartment when U.G. is not there. Scott will create a little cave/bedroom out of the attic for U.G. (his choice), so someone can stay there with him to look after him—he, she or it as the case may be, as U.G. puts it. I hope that someone will be me.

Scott and Ted came up from Ojai for two days. I had some good talks with Scott about U.G.'s impact on him, both originally in Switzerland and now. He gets physically sick after he has been with him, wonders what the connection is. It started when he first met him in Switzerland twenty years ago.

April 20

Picked my mother up in San Francisco yesterday, at the train station, took her on a tour of Mill Valley and lunch with U.G. in The Crow's Nest. Easy and unpressured, I was threatened neither by her repetitive questions, nor by her attitude. U.G. helped me to see that repeating questions doesn't mean senility, that we all repeat questions all the time. That is all there is, our questions, our thoughts, none of which are our own. He showed me that I should be happy that she has the courageous, independent spirit she does. It is helpful to see this. Perhaps the dependence has been mine, not hers, needing to be needed.

I made lunch for the three of us and we drove her up to the Bennetts in San Raphael. I asked U.G. if he wanted to drive up with us, for exercise, and he hesitated, and then at my urging, decided to come along. My mother commented to me that she hadn't noticed my grey hair, that it seemed to have come all at once. I said it was either because of having been with U.G., or else she is suddenly seeing me for the first time in years, with her cataracts removed, her new eyes!

In the afternoon Eddie Oliver brought an ex-Muktananda disciple to interview U.G. for a book on leadership. At the end of the interview, the man was no longer sure he was going to write the book. Later in the evening, Terry came by and he, U.G. and I had a quiet dinner and watched "Casablanca" on television.

April 21

Early yesterday morning I went over to U.G.'s and he told me abruptly that things were not going to work

between us, that he probably wouldn't stay very long in New York, probably wouldn't come at all. He has known for quite a while, he said, that I am just not free, I am answerable to and influenced by too many other people. I don't have the courage it takes to lead this life. I get too dragged down into conflict, "wanting two things," and it hampers his freedom, drags him down with me.

I was devastated, not expecting this. If anything, I had been feeling more secure, lulled into the idea that things were going to work out between us, that somehow, miraculously, I would be free from the demands of others, have the fortitude to just announce this is my life, my choice, to whoever asked. He had told me over and over again that everyone thinks I'm just perfect for him, his Mary Zimbalist. He has mentioned several times that Moorty said I was definitely not interested in power and this only causes me to wonder if I really am and that's why he keeps mentioning it.

I felt as if my heart was breaking, and that familiar "slugged in the stomach" sensation as I went out to mail books and photocopy clippings. I was choked with tears, but didn't cry. He had given me courage, taking my hand. I survived, and we went on. He asked me if I had nail clippers, which I did, and he let me clip his little toenail which had grown too long and was poking holes in his socks. I felt that was a gift, a transmission of courage.

He is basically right. I tend to translate everything that happens between us into teaching, and it is this activity of mine that causes the problem. If he is teaching, it means there is something to be taught, something to change—and that very activity is what is causing my bondage. He says over and over, "There is nothing there to be changed." What do you want? he asks over and over again. Why do you want to be with me? I just cannot satisfactorily answer the question. I am already with him. I am already leading my life, with him. So what is the problem?

He is taking over Terry's apartment as a gesture of independence from others and from me. He will not be dependent on me for New York, or Terry for here. Only in this way can the bird fly free. Over and over he emphasizes how difficult, treacherous this life is with him, the razor's edge, the cutting line. This I know. And forget. And know again.

Robert and I drove behind U.G. and Paul up to the hill overlooking San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge to take videos. Robert helped me a lot by talking about U.G.'s methods of teaching, that he is only interested in breaking through the armor that keeps us from being ourselves. That we must become vulnerable to our armor, cut through it.

When I reached The Crow's Nest, U.G. was 'falling', but came out to look at videos with me, of what I had taken in the morning. Terry came by and then Ariella and Nick, and another Nick, and some TM teacher. The other Nick took U.G. on, a brave thing to do, as well as arrogant, infantile. He was silenced easily, quickly and seemed like a happy idiot afterwards.

U.G. says if I can answer the question for myself, "Why am I with him?" the whole thing will go, will be over. It's a koan and I can't crack it. Does he mean that I am with him for enlightenment after all, not because I love him, am drawn to him in this mysterious way, and if I were to really see this, admit it, I would see how hopeless it is, and leave him? If this is the truth, I just can't get my mind around it, nor my heart. I feel I don't want anything, just the assurance of his presence. That is one thing I will never have. I have to live with the possibility of this ending in every moment, through his will, or death, or mine.

Evening. U.G. has canceled most of the people due here tonight, no patience with seekers. One person lost the address and called asking for it and was told (by U.G. through me) not to come. He is really through with seekers, he says. Nothing to give, nothing to get.

U.G. is encouraging Terry to set up a business reading palms because he has a real talent. I taped him reading U.G.'s palm this morning.

April 24

It was U.G. who did the finishing touches, he did everything in fact. I was gone for four hours, and in that time he did his packing, and made sambar and two kinds of rice flakes, enough to feed everyone. Dinner was 'The Last Supper', and oddly enough, the numbers just kept mounting, people showing up quite spontaneously, until there were thirteen. Douglas and Olivia, Jerry and Leslie, Paul and Bonnie, Paul and Robert, Terry, Tom,

Krim. Even little Paul was here briefly, listening to Tom's car stereo system.

Dinner was delicious—strong, good vibes. After everyone left, Tom, Leslie and I and Douglas, Olivia and U.G. were left. Douglas has known U.G. nearly twenty-five years, as he always likes to remind everyone in his abrasive way.

But last night he was far from abrasive. U.G. began quoting the Upanishads in Sanskrit: "Only by renouncing the search for enlightenment itself can you touch immortality." The room was so thick with 'it' here you could cut it. Douglas had tears in his eyes, murmuring "astonishing" quietly to himself. I could hardly breathe.

U.G. switched from jovial, joking, in a flash to the voice of fire itself, lying back there on his cot, eyes burning, voice quiet as the sands of time.

Who is this man?

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New York

April 27

Back in New York. Found the apartment reasonably neat and clean, though of course no soap, light bulbs, toilet paper or laundry soap. I have too many possessions, too much of everything. After the way I have been living, I see the vivid the contrast to my old way of life. I can live with far less.

The flight was easy. I took over three seats in the middle to sleep, which I did fitfully, and U.G. had our two. I was tired all day yesterday but busy getting settled.

Luna came up for lunch. Good to see her, though she is filled with doubt about my relationship to, my dependence on U.G. I felt removed from what she was saying, but not defensive.

My relationship to U.G. is whatever it is. I will never understand it, never be able to describe or define it.

April 28

I am being put to the test. Everyone wants to know what is going on, why I am doing what I'm doing. And amazingly enough, it seems easy to talk about it in a general sort of way, to emphasize that I am doing what I want to do, that this is my life now, for the present, and perhaps forever.

Have told people who call to wait a few days to see U.G. so he can rest. In the late afternoon we went up to St. Luke's hospital to see Dan who has been sick in there for over three months. We had heard about his acute illness in Melbourne from Bud Barber.

The visit seemed to mean a great deal to Dan. U.G. was quiet, but lovely, and I did most of the talking. Dan was fifty pounds thinner and actually looked good. U.G. said he was low on life energy, but would probably get better. After about fifteen minutes, U.G. motioned to me that he was ready to go, very simply, easily.

On the way home we stopped at Woolworths and bought a tray for the tapes, to keep them in order. He had seen it, on sale for \$10, on one of his walks to the post office and xerox shop. Since we have been back in New York, he has gone out several times, each for nearly four hours, once to Macy's and once to Bloomingdale's, and said he window shopped in electronic stores on the way home. He is independent and strong, in his own way.

April 29

A bad sleepless night. Wanted to take Valium or drink vodka but did neither, a triumph. Today I am exhausted and drained. But I forced myself to stand my mind's machinations, mostly about the apartment, Maine, my daughter. I feel as if I am going through death throes, as if part of me is being drowned, strangled. My past is so vivid here, the presence of my children so palpable, my friends. I am indecently detached, unable to generate any desire to see anybody, rote calling, rote calls. I make dates, then push them off to a later date, as if I just don't want to be bothered with explanations, descriptions.

All of this is so new and I am uncomfortable, fine as long as I'm with U.G., but away from him estranged and strange. Yet even so, somehow surviving.

May 3

So much paper work. My old indecisiveness sprang up, having to do with clinging to this apartment. U.G. has told me loud and clear that he doesn't want my decision about it to be influenced by him, his needs. He is making Mill Valley his base for the present time, not New York. If it is available, he will stay here, otherwise not.

I am having a hard time sleeping, night after night of restlessness. I know it is holding onto the past, trying to have all this and heaven too. This is U.G.'s basic teaching. I can't even give up a piece of clothing, let alone an apartment and a way of life, so how can I say I want freedom? How can I aspire to be with him when I also want to be with my old life in part, to continue to maintain access to the old comforts and ways of living.

The comfort and perfection of this apartment is outmoded for me now, though I lose sight of it when I am here. My life is changing, this will no longer appeal to me, no longer be enough. I tried that and didn't want it. So now I am trying this, being with U.G., giving up my life to him and it has to be 100%.

The last few days have been busy and I am still not decided about whether to go on with him to India or to return to New York after London and take care of things. Steve L., a film maker, and Stanley Cohen from ABC, have been spending time here looking at the videos and giving suggestions for the documentary. The overall opinion seems to be that the footage is good, broadcast quality, and that there is more than enough material to make several films. I am happy to hear this. Surprisingly, I have been detached from this work, doing it but not concerned with the outcome. As close to Karma yoga as I have ever been, not knowing if it is good or bad, only that I am doing my best.

U.G. has been harsh and critical, and I think this has contributed to my detachment. If he had been full of compliments, I would probably have become involved in an egoic way. But since the job had to be done, and only I could do it (only because I was there), I did it, as well as I could. And it turns out to be okay.

I am wrestling with my past, and with my loyalties and ties. I know there is no effort in this great endeavor and

all I have to do is follow my heart. U.G. encourages me to do all I can for my daughter, my mother, etc. He was all for my giving my daughter the dress. "Money should be no object," he said.

Yesterday, talking about foundations and tax free institutions (so one could give money and deduct from taxes), he said nothing will be formed in his name, but I should form one myself, he will give me all the spiritual experiences I need to set up a holy business. I know he is kidding, but I am curious whether he could transmit these experiences if he wanted to. Probably, and if so what they are like, the nature of them.

It now seems clear to me that this is what happened with all those so-called realized teachers, people, gurus. Some understanding was reached, either through the pushing of a teacher, or spontaneously and this experience was translated into enlightenment, moksha, liberation. The immediate desire when one has this experience is to share it, to pass it on to mankind, to teach.

One can only experience the known. What is not known cannot be experienced. As long as one has an experience, as long as there is an experiencer, one who is experiencing, telling about it, thinking about it, it is only an experience. What is not an experience is not known, as there is no knower. I cannot get this because I cannot grasp, with the conceptual mind, what has never been experienced, what is outside of the frame of prior experience, knowledge.

So this so-called moksha that these people are talking about is only the actual experiencing of what is known in all spiritual traditions, what is sought, striven for. What is sought and striven for is known, otherwise one could not strive for it. Clearing the mind is actually clouding the mind further, creating more delusion rather than clarity.

I have never even had an experience. All I know of these things is what I have read and been told. Spiritual teachers experienced something. They then can't wait to teach, to pass it on, but what they are striving to pass on, is not the genuine article, only a petty experience. So that explains that. Doesn't it?

What a major message this is to mankind. Everyone is striving for something that simply does not exist. If one were to become like U.G. one would die, really die, and we do not want that. He says, "If I could give you even a tiny taste of this, you would not want to touch it with a barge pole." I believe him He is so clear to me now. I cannot give up my apartment so how can I give up my life?

As for U.G., I am at one with him, completely at ease and full of respect and adoration. His patience with my agonies is boundless and I bow to him in my heart.

Being back in New York is both pleasurable and strange. I know my life is finished here, but I am clinging to it nonetheless. I make dates with friends, call them up to say hello. Then I cancel the dates because I really don't have time to be with them, don't want to be away from U.G.

May 5

U.G. pointed out to me that I ask dumb questions, 'Cedellanian thinking' he calls it. I do this in an attempt to make contact, sound bright, interested. He showed me the difference between people who ask what they really want to know, who are struggling with their burning, basic questions in an attempt to get them off their back, and my own rather lame-brained, naive ones. I instantly agreed that these were not burning questions at all. Have I ever had a burning question?

A good one at this point is why am I going through this struggle to live and travel with an enlightened master, why am I dedicating my life to him if I am not interested in enlightenment? Either I don't know what I am interested in or I am interested in having a mission (also likely). Or there is something mysterious guiding my actions.

My questioning is absurd. There is a childlike 'notice me, I'm talking' quality to it and it reminds me of my mother, asking her same old question for the millionth time, "But are we supposed to be passive, do nothing for the world, sit on our duff?"

May 7

My daughter and my mother have gone. U.G. was patient and kind to my mother. She attributes this niceness to ulterior motives, that he is doing it to "get her approval" for my life with him. Typical.

She told him she was worried about her mind, having Alzheimers. U.G. said it's not Alzheimers, losing memory is just a sign of aging, he too is losing his memory. She tried again to tell U.G. about her cats, worrying about them. U.G. said, "If not cats, we'd worry about something else. Worry is about the past, you are more interested in beneficial results."

He told her that the mere repetition of thought and action is really senility, it has nothing to do with old age, worry is always in the past and future. She said she didn't like the idea of inaction, of passivity, of being a vegetable.

U.G. said, "Am I a vegetable? I'm not a vegetable. I'm not impelled to do anything at all, so I'm doing all the time. Action is going on all the time, any action born out of thought is reaction, the action I am speaking about is response. I don't see any passivity there...What are you doing?"

Mom: "Damned if I know!"

U.G.: "You have plenty of guideposts, why do you want more? Why ask the meaning of life? If you haven't understood the meaning in 84 years, when are you going to understand?"

~ ~

I read a letter Donald wrote me to U.G. today, in which he sent me courage to deal with the difficulties associated with change and U.G. smiled. He said "Yes, Donald could be psychic, but he also knows U.G. He knows that things can never be the same, there is no going back. That being so close to U.G. is being in the fire."

May 9

Full moon in Scorpio 18, right on my ascendant! It feels that way, too. I feel as if Pluto is there too, though it is retrograde and moving back just a little. The real crossing is December of this year. And I imagine I will be in India then, with U.G.

The fact is I don't know my own mind, I don't know what I want. I see so clearly that the neurotic situation is wanting two things at once, for instance, wanting money and to be free, and wanting property and comfort here. Wanting to be independent of my children, but also wanting closeness and harmony with them. I want to be free of these conflicts, but I have to ask myself, "What am I prepared to give up for this peace?"

The decision seems to center around Maine, now. I am being called to separate from it, tell the kids if they want it to pay, and that I need to make money from it, not pay for it. It probably must be liquidated, sold. I would like to keep it. I would like to keep this place as well. But I cannot.

May 10

Celia called the other day and came up for dinner. She seemed disjointed to me, scattered. As she was leaving, she asked about a mark on my face (where Dr. Zalar froze a patch of itchy skin), and then without asking, laid on her hands. I endured the healing for a while, but was reminded of the Emperor's New Clothes quality of my Jungian analysis, not to mention Herry's deep relaxations and visualizations.

"How," asked U.G. after she left, "do you think the life energy can be manipulated by someone outside, by an 'other'? Impossible."

May 16

Agony. It is just everything. The pressure of renting my apartment, leaving in less than a week, making moves with my mother and children; it is excruciating. "You can't do it," taunts U.G., meaning, "You don't want to do it." If I wanted to, I could. If I want to I will.

Too long to go into and it has been going on for days. I make a decision about the apartment and then reverse it, regret it, feel anxious and angry. U.G. is pushing hard on me, making me sweat. I am on the brink of making the move, making the shift. I can feel it. I love him and hate him. I want to weep with gratitude and shake him with rage.

He is provoking me endlessly, insulting, teasing, telling me I have no place with him, too many attachments, obligations. He even did it in front of my mother, giving her ammunition, if she wants or needs it. What do I care? I just have to do this, to free myself. I am in bondage now, to my children, to my mother, to the world.

I am guilt-ridden, terrified.

~ ~

Karen, Mom and I drove up to Bennington for my daughter's concert. It was fantastic. She is beautiful, talented, intelligent and rich. What more could one ask?

My daughter wanted to know, last night, why I was in such a rush to leave with U.G. I said, merely, that I want to go, it is all or nothing. Either I go now, or I don't go. I'm sure this is the case. It is, in any event, the case for me. It is now that I must make the break. Not tomorrow.

Have I perhaps learned something from U.G. after all? Something has let go of me this morning. I am no longer strangled by this conflict. I see that there is no reason for conflict. I am merely leaving now with U.G. and everything will fall into place.

He said the other day you must cut the roots and let the tree fall as it will. Cutting the roots for me is taking a decision, any decision, about this apartment. It is telling Sidney and the others I want out of Maine. It is leaving now, because U.G. is leaving now, not waiting for my daughter's graduation. If my children's love for me is centered on my being available to them, at my own expense, then it is not love. If their love for me is tied up with money, it is not love.

I don't feel worried. No, to the contrary I feel delightfully free and happy. Even if U.G. were to really send me away, I would be fine. I don't know what I would do. My life is his life right now, that is all I want. That is what I want, right for me, satisfying.

Luna and Stanley are here constantly now, helping U.G. with the editing of the film. A very intense and powerful teaching is going on, subtly. We are learning to see reality in a new way, that we are only our conditioning, our ideas, our fear.

Stanley disagreed with me that this issue of leaving is "black and white." He felt there is a grey area, one which might permit me to leave later, be here for my daughter's graduation. I said no, adamantly. U.G. said there is no grey area. Nor is there a black or a white. There is only one action.

Luna asked U.G. if he'd never had the experience of anyone else 'blowing up'?

U.G. answered, "How does it interest me if there's someone else there. If he's there, he's there. The rose isn't interested in jasmine."

He said, "Self-consciousness separated us from the rest of life around us, and religious thinking was born out of that, to fill up the loneliness, separated us from the life around. God is the ultimate pleasure. All ideologies are warty outgrowths of the religious thinking of man. Anyone can hazard an opinion as to how self-consciousness began. Separation led to loneliness which we filled in with fear. There's no such thing as happiness. I really don't know what happiness is so I can't be unhappy. You know what happiness is. Naming and recognition itself is a separation."

May 18

I feel reborn. It is over, at least for now, the fear, the doubt. I plunged into lunch with S., telling him firmly and fearlessly where I stood on Maine. That I wanted out of the expenses this year and that I intended to enforce my ownership of the property, because I was entitled to it, needed it. I stood against his protestations that the intention had been for it to go to the children, I explained in detail what transpired when it was returned to me

a few years ago.

And as I stood up to him, I felt him respect and accept my position, against all odds. And as this happened, I felt flooded with good will and love towards him. My heart was open and joyful.

When I returned to the apartment after lunch, I was tingling with an ecstatic energy. I had entered a place of freedom from fear. I had seen earlier at the doctor's, waiting, that I am only fear, fear of death, fear of rejection.

This is temporary, but a sample of what it would be like to just act without fearing the outcome, thinking of ramifications, playing the odds. Take a decision and if it is wrong, pay the consequences.

U.G.'s teaching is wonderful. How clear it is that we want all this and Heaven too. Giving up the hold on this is freeing, ever so slightly, to be in that. But there is no that, and no this either.

I went on to talk to Mike, cancel Marcia out of Maine this summer because it was up to the kids to invite people, not me. Each time there was clear and positive response because I was clear and positive. Amazing.

~ ~

Summing up New York. I have not had enough time, have been rushed and scattered. But so much has happened. U.G. has done most of the editing, with the loyal and devoted help of Luna and Stanley. I in turn have been free, more or less, to tend to my apartment, my daughter and other matters. I am, after all, leaving again for four months.

The pressure I was under with U.G. was agonizing, excruciating at times, but the outcome has been amazing. I am actually leaving, with the apartment rented and Maine out in the open and under consideration by all concerned. I have focused on my dilemma with the kids, that they walk all over me because I walk all over myself, that things have to change, and in fact, have changed.

U.G. said the other days that change being the nature of things, we would be damn fools if we didn't go along with it, freely, without resistance.

He also said, asked about his traveling that, "I am myself the traveling." There is no separation, no one who is doing the traveling.

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London

May 23

Kim saw us off at Kennedy Airport. British Airways seats were roomy and comfortable and our flight to London easy. On an impulse I ordered wine with dinner, though feeling a little odd about it. But U.G. had mentioned to me yesterday in New York that Valentine used to have wine with meals, though it tapered off after a while. I felt this was an indication from him that I could be myself, be a little truer, less intent on being the perfect disciple.

But I felt uncomfortable. I asked him if he minded and he said no. I asked him if he would tell me if he minded. And he said no. So that was my answer. No answer. He is not going to tell me what to do or not do. Somehow, though, I am less fearful, less anxious about making a wrong move. There isn't quite the same desperate need to please. I would be devastated if we weren't together, but less so than before. I care, but in a different way.

Perhaps I am more honest with myself, more patient with my own ambivalence. I have lingering thoughts from time to time of leaving my daughter just before her graduation, but they pass. It was a jolt also to arrive in this dingy apartment after the comfort of New York. It is shabby and cramped, though perfectly well-equipped.

U.G. decided we should rent a studio as well as this apartment because he wanted a room of his own, apart, to sink in. I suggested we trade and I sleep in the living room as I would have my own bath and the kitchen and the phone. He agreed to try it, though he felt I would not be comfortable, and he would therefore be uncomfortable. I assured him I was happy here and then he seemed content.

Today we went shopping for the usual couscous, pasta, lime pickle, oils and other necessities at Marks and Spencer and Harrods. U.G. knows his way around London perfectly, which I do not. We bought his favorite chocolates, Belgian Leonidas, White Manons, filled with fresh cream at Harrods and devoured them

enthusiastically in the cab.

May 24

Was awakened at 5:30 a.m. by a call from Mahesh, but went back to sleep, then again at 7 by Tom calling from California. After breakfast, U.G. and I went mallng, London style, that is to Oxford Street for small towels, a pair of shoes for him (Hush Puppies), a cheese grater, and travel pharmacy items. I found some small white t-shirts at the Gap, something I was unable to do in New York. We covered Selfridges, Marks and Spencer, John Lewis and various other stores, also checking in at airlines offices. This last so U.G. will have a clear idea of what he wants to do ticket-wise when we arrive in Bombay.

Tonight I made pasta, feeling very much at home already in this apartment. The pull of New York is fading, though I feel stabs of nostalgia about my children and Maine and the past. I feel I am throwing over a whole life, everything that mattered to me for as long as I can remember.

I realize that when you give up, surrender, you have everything—I have seen this in operation over and over. But my mind and habitual response mechanism forgets, rebels. Sometimes I ask myself what I am doing, am I mad? What kind of life is this, trailing around with this odd man buying food and getting settled in new homes again and again. Is this what I want? And I think it is because I can't imagine being anywhere else. U.G.'s company is equal to none. And his message is important, though few are ready to hear it: What you want is what is keeping you from having what you want.

May 26

An old friend of U.G.'s from India, Kameshwari, spent the afternoon with us. I was oddly restless, feeling hemmed in on a beautiful day in this tiny living room. At one point I walked to the photographer's to get some air, but didn't leave the negatives because they don't print with fiber paper.

After Kameshwari left, U.G. and I went for a walk to Kensington High Street. I asked him how he could just walk away from people like Tim and this woman, tell them they couldn't come see him until such and such a time without feeling responsible for their feelings.

He said he just doesn't give a damn about anyone's feelings. He doesn't separate himself from people to feel responsible for their feelings versus his own. He just knows what he wants in a given situation and acts on it, the only action possible in that moment, and there is no conflict, no remorse. What would it be like to *know* what I want in a given situation, without obligation or conscience, and to act on it with no doubts or agony?

Drake came and visited U.G., bringing flowers and croissants. Tom called just before Drake's arrival, having given up smoking again. U.G. and Drake talked casually about Nepal and Tibet. No serious questions, no serious answers.

Afterwards U.G. and I went to Harrods to buy white chocolate and to look at computers. I bought some paper. I stopped in to say hello to Lucy Campbell in her gallery. U.G. and I had our respective haircuts after lunch on Kensington High Street. We both look much better, less wild and untamed.

May 27

Just returned from Burgess Hill, near Brighton. U.G. and I took the train from Victoria Station this morning, arriving over an hour ahead of departure. Since I was carrying the Panasonic VCR I expressed irritation that we were there so early and there was no place to sit. U.G. rejoined that he always goes early to airports and train stations, and if I don't like it, I shouldn't travel with him. I just felt pissed off and waited by myself holding the damn bag. He bought the tickets and eventually came over and held the Panasonic bag for a while.

The ride down was pleasant as was the day with Lulu and Eddie, old friends of U.G.'s. I liked just being in the sunshine and able to take my shoes off in the grass. A nice lunch, joined by an Indian woman who was very close to J.K. Eddie and Lulu's daughter committed suicide a year ago, their only daughter. Hard to grasp what they have been through, yet they go on, she laughs, is so bright. God.

A tour of Brighton and the train home. U.G. and I were silent on the way, watching a young English family care for two small children. Their attention completely on the little girls, a contained grimness about them.

I said on the way home in the taxi how glad I was not to have two small children to raise. U.G. said I had already done that, that parents end up leading the lives of their children, period. I know he is reading my thoughts and tuning into my questions about living "his" life.

May 28

In a black mood all morning. Don't know where it came from or where it went. Was claustrophobic and irritable, though not directly at U.G. He and I went out to do the laundry at the laundromat and I was annoyed that the manager of one place didn't have change, and the other hadn't shown up yet. It made me mad at the English and their apathy, their passive aggression. That too is me.

I went to the market and then took the wash back again and this time succeeded. Several trips. And finally my mood improved. What U.G. picks up from my ill-humor I don't know. Kameshwari and a friend of hers came over in the late morning, a cozy visit. And then Hank and Jerry from Holland.

I went to John Stewart's for tea and brought him back here for an hour or so. Eventually I made dinner for all and that was the end of the day. U.G. in good spirits. The guy from Holland, Jerry, hadn't met U.G. before but had read his books. He completely agrees with him, was interesting. I found the Dutch anti-Semitism a bit hard to take, unnecessary and retarded.

I'm happy again, the other just a phase I was in I guess. I know that I need to go off by myself from time to time, go for walks, see people on my own. I will not miss anything and I need to go, otherwise I won't be able to manage this life. There is too much intensity, too much repetition. I have got to take care of myself, my sanity.

May 29

Last day. I did errands all morning, took film to be developed, did some grocery shopping. U.G. went off to Credit Suisse to check his account. The Dutch arrived at lunch time and the afternoon. They all left and Tim came for dinner. To bed early, but I can't sleep. Am anxious about India, a little anxious about U.G., unsure of my feelings. John said to U.G. the other day that even crazy glue can get unstuck, that I have an uncanny ability to unglue myself (he knows from experience) when the time comes. U.G. has mentioned my leaving him from time to time—when will you abandon me, etc.?

He doesn't care what I do. When he attacks me I feel irritated, not frightened. Has something changed? I guess I'm glad I'm going to India. I need a break from Maine summers anyway and mostly I need to see where I'm at with U.G. I can't serve him unless my attitude is perfect.

U.G. sent all the tapes off with Henk and Jerry. I was not consulted. Not that I need to be as it is really his affair. I have done my part, shooting the film. I can turn it over to others now, if they want it. I had a few moments of proprietary interest in the tapes, resisting the idea of their being copied, unedited, others doing the editing, etc., possibly selling them, distributing them.

What a phony I am. I remembered that I am doing this for U.G., to further his teaching, not for my own fame and fortune. It is a harsh lesson. He encourages everyone else to make money, but I must just give everything away. He has accused me a few times of making mistakes in the taping, when it has been his mistake. He apologizes each time, but I am left with a bad feeling. I try to let things go, but of course it is not something one can force.

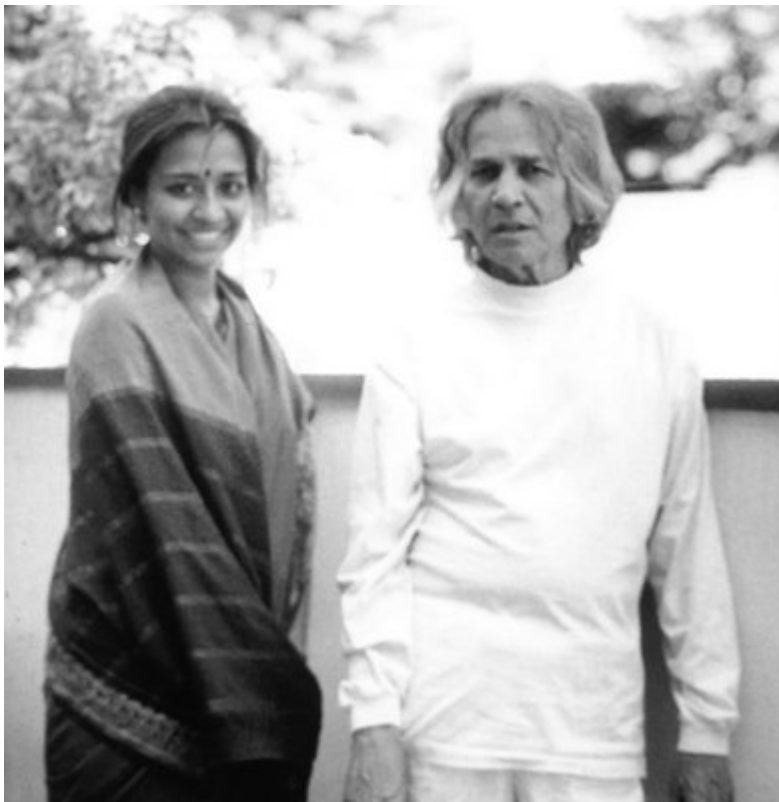
Last day in London. Checked out of the apartment at 11 and took all our bags and ourselves over to John's. From there we went to Flash to pick up my photos, printed badly but what the heck. Then to lunch at Woodlands, introducing John to idlies. Took videos of Thayer Street, right next to the restaurant. U.G. and I did a little shopping afterwards at Selfridges, then returned to John's. Watched a video on chaos, went for a walk with John while U.G. looked at John's book, I made some couscous and we left for the airport, U.G. and I, in the evening.

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Bangalore

May 30

Back in Bangalore, after only four months. I was away from New York for five, and that seemed liked nothing! So strange, this traveling. I don't really like it, yet it's all I can imagine. The packing, the flights, the carrying of luggage and equipment, the coordinating of departures, getting settled only to move again—it's not easy, yet seems completely normal.

Sometimes I think I'm dreaming this drama, and that I will wake up and find myself back in my old life, being a mother to my children, a daughter to my mother, and a friend to my friends. Enjoying a comfortable life which, though fraught, at least makes some conventional sense.

But I don't wake up. Instead I find myself halfway around the world back in India, after a night flight from London to Bombay and a late afternoon flight from Bombay to Bangalore. I am back in my original room, the one where I lived before I moved in next to U.G. It is summer now, and the fan whirls above me, though it is not at all hot. No sign of mosquitos, so have left the netting tied in a knot above my bed.

Bombay was steamy but rainy, and not the blistering heat I had imagined. U.G. had scoffed at my fears, and kept asking me why I didn't take the next available flight to New York. There were times when I asked myself the same question. I even thought of buying a little battery-operated fan at the London airport, but resisted.

U.G. loves to tell this story.

Mahesh met us at the airport and we went to his flat for lunch. He said I seemed changed to him, relaxed, no longer fearful and paranoid. He was curious about the ordeals I had endured with U.G. and I filled him in a little. I told him about Australia and the trial by fire that transpired there. I told him about sinking to the depths of despair in Sydney on the eve of our departure for Brisbane, and reaching a point where I didn't care if I lived or died, if I continued with U.G. or went back to New York, or just drifted vagrantly about. After that no pain could touch me in the same way, nor any joy. The seeming highs had gone from life, and with them, the lows, the misery. Mahesh seemed a bit ragged himself.

Evening. About to go to bed. I feel so much at home, like I have never been away. This time there is none of the uncertainty of last time, the newness. Everyone is an old friend.

A relaxed day and a good chance to slow down. Slept well last night, took a cold bath early, and coffee on and off all morning. Chandrasekhar and I went to Thomas Cook & Sons to change pounds into rupees. My old feeling of not wanting to be separated from U.G. for even a half hour is over. I'm perfectly happy to be away from him, sometimes even relieved, not paranoid or nervous.

The weather is warm but not humid. A little rain, great to be back amongst the cows and gentle, quiet ways, back in this household. U.G. is mellow but fatigued by jet lag. Valentine, after her recent sickness, seems brighter than before, full of humorous expressions in her face, playful gestures.

June 2

This morning I woke early to go to MTR restaurant with U.G. We were, as usual, guests of Narendra and Gopinal. Idlies and almond halvah for breakfast, good South Indian coffee. I found it hard to eat so early, but managed. U.G. said jet lag comes from the mind, not the body. The body has no trouble adjusting to any climate or time change quickly and easily. It is our minds that struggle and make all the problems.

This body feels tired and disoriented. But I am giving into my impulse to sleep. I am also recovering from the strain of the past weeks, allowing my system to be realigned. If I want to go lie down, I do. If I want coffee, I go to the kitchen and make it. If I want to sit and talk to Suguna, I do. I am in no fear regarding U.G.

April, the mad girl from Hyderabad, was here when we arrived. She told U.G. last night that all she wants in the world is to be with him, always. He told her it is out of the question. Now she sulks and sleeps and won't eat. Rangeranon, the other maddie also came by this morning and U.G. sent him to work, told him to give all the money to his mother that he gives to Tirupati (a holy site), let her take care of him. Stop beating his mother, stop taking tranquillizers and shock treatments, that the doctor is a charlatan.

April gives me the creeps. Her eyes are weird and unfocussed most of the time, a beatific smile crossing her face, filled with fantasies of who knows what. U.G. tolerates us all, mad and less mad and more mad, in his way. Is this not compassion? His harshness is also his compassion.

The Major, Dakshinamurti, is back today as well. Last time I saw him he was bald. Now he sports a mustache and slicked hair. He explained that on the tenth day after the death of his wife (last December), he shaved his head according to custom, but now it has grown back.

All the others have come, too, Adri, the Vedantin, and the Astrologer who had told me I must come the second time to India. (I told him this was the reason I am here!) It is warm, but bearable. And the house has fans everywhere. We don't have to go anywhere or do anything.

This evening we all walked down to Gandhi Bazaar to assist U.G. in his purchase of cotton for pants and shirts, ending up at his tailor. We were interrupted by downpours and had to take refuge in shops and overhangs along the way.

June 3

A little restless. The day goes slowly, and though time is an illusion, I am not used to having so much of it on my hands. But it is good to have the leisure again to sit and listen to U.G. My mind meanders late at night. The

month stretches long ahead of me. Yet perhaps this is just what I need, a duration of time with no responsibilities, nothing to do, time to face my restless nature. I have felt some moments of impatience with U.G.'s repetitive stories, with his commanding presence.

Watched videos, listened to U.G., and walked to Gandhi Bazaar with Aruna, only to be driven back by a rainstorm. I feel cut off from my children, but that's what I wanted. Rarely do they write to me, and if I don't pursue them, I don't hear from them. They don't need me any more and it is just this freedom from being needed that has allowed me to be on the road with U.G. So why complain? Will I die a lonely old lady, or free and independent? The choice is mine. If I depend on my children, now or later, the alternative will be the first.

Tonight we were talking about U.G.'s not watching television any longer, and I mentioned that the exception was Sydney when we watched it every night. He said, "That was to keep us from arguing," which I found charming considering what was really going on between us there, the mental massacre that transpired. Am I changed as a result?

U.G. said that, "U.G. was the man I was always looking for" in his spiritual search. But he didn't exist, he said, except as a creation of the spiritual teachers. I asked him if things would have been different if he had encountered someone like him, rather than Ramana Maharshi, J. Krishnamurti.

June 6

Evening. Awake all night, not five minutes of sleep. My daughter called at 3 a.m. waking up everyone in the house but me, as I was already awake. She is coming to Switzerland in July—I'm glad. The conversation was a little disjointed.

I was wrung out today from lack of sleep. Chandrasekhar and I stayed up late talking and exchanging U.G. stories. He told me a lot about Sawris, his first guru, and Ramana Maharshi and the Ramanashram, and U.G.'s role in so many lives. He puts things back in perspective for me, helping me to see that U.G.'s body is the form of Shiva, that he is Destruction Incarnate and that is his great contribution, razing all ideas, ideals, ideations—and leaving in the rubble that is left the seeds of new growth, new life.

"I am the river," he said today, in answer to the lawyer's questioning. He cannot be held, nor contained, nor polluted, nor purified.

Last night U.G. drew April out during dinner, encouraging her to talk about her plans for committing suicide. She responded with enthusiasm, describing how fed up she was with living, only would live if she could be with U.G. He was charming and animated with her. Then later, after dinner, he struck back with, "You should be on lithium, you should take drugs to control your manic-depression".

She was shocked, shocked at being attacked in front of others, shocked that he would suggest drugs, that he would think she was mad. In her mind, perhaps, she is on a spiritual trip, not eating out of God intoxication, about to be enlightened. She is intelligent, a trained clinical psychologist—strange. Strange, also, my aversion to her. Am I threatened by her madness or by her youth and beauty?

This morning she was up early, helping in the kitchen (she has been totally useless since she arrived, on an ego trip of self-pity), seemed to be more sane, no more talk of suicide. U.G.'s unerring thrust and timing may save her. Her excessiveness feels heavy to me, but it's possible that he will help her lighten up.

I walked to the Gandhi Bazaar with U.G. in the morning and just as I was about to ask him where the Bull Temple was, he asked me if I wanted to go there. I asked him if he had been reading my mind, and he didn't answer. He waited outside while I went in and looked at the gigantic form of the bull, studied it from all sides.

Later U.G. said that the bull had been the symbol of virility, that sex had been the highest human pleasure, the expression of life energy—until the religious thinkers came along and gave mankind new goals, new pleasure to seek (eternal peace, beatitude, etc.).

This morning Suguna said she needed to do something about cockroaches, one of which had paraded through my bathroom during the night. A bit later I saw it floating in the toilet, where it had fallen, apparently alive and struggling. Instead of fishing it out right away, or alternatively, flushing it down, I left it there and asked U.G. hypothetically what he would do in this case, asked whether he would step in and save the cockroach. He said he doesn't answer theoretical questions.

I pulled it out, but it was already dead. U.G. then used me as the example of non-action, not taking the right action, but instead thinking and weighing and asking instead of doing. Now why didn't I just save the cockroach as I normally would? I always save life whenever possible, and never kill insects unnecessarily. I got caught up in not trusting my own instincts, but instead seeking advice from the outside, from the other, reverting to infantile behavior.

U.G. said that my kind of thinking is that which murders on principal, which can commit any atrocity.

June 9

Narendra came by unexpectedly this morning to take us to breakfast at MTR restaurant. U.G. is affected by the full moon, and seemed off there somewhere. We ate in peaceful silence. He showed us the swellings on his neck which were caused by the full moon.

Adri's Findings: "At this juncture you are in a particular state of mind: That's all! Stop here!"

Yesterday morning we went to a shell astrologer at a temple near Commercial Street. Bramachari, Suguna, U.G., the lawyer, Sushil Kumar, and I—sat through a service as the astrologer is the priest (U.G. and Bramachari waited outside), then he did the readings. You take out two handfuls of shells and lay them out on a board. Then he arranges them in piles and you ask two questions each. I asked "What am I doing here?" And he responded, "You have come to be with God," and went on to say, "You are here for your good." Then my second question, about my future, was answered that I think too much, that I am too reactive, that I do not listen. True, true, so true. U.G. said if I keep on thinking and not listening, I will have no future.

This morning there was no milk. I sat with U.G. while he had his breakfast feeling somewhat glum. Suddenly he said, "This is India. If you can't take the absence of milk for one morning, you should take the next available flight to New York." I saw how ridiculous and spoiled I was being and made myself a cup of black coffee. "Now you don't have to take the next available flight," said U.G. cheerfully.

I am a creature of habit and I resist change. The idea I hang onto most vehemently is that my life needs a purpose, that I have to be useful, have something to do. This is why I am restless here. There are so many women here cleaning and cooking, my help is not needed.

Twice I went to the post office today with leisurely walks back through the temple parks. The second time, accompanied by Adri one way, the bats were awake, flying from branch to branch, making a racket. When I returned to Poornakuttee, I asked U.G. why they congregate in that one tree, next to the temple. "Why do people congregate in Bangalore?" he asked me.

Now a mad sense of possessiveness about U.G. has come up again in relation to April. If I don't try to control it, maybe it will pass. U.G. is feeding my fears in some weird way. He talks to her constantly, saying the same things over and over, bantering about his daughters, talking in Telugu so I feel excluded and awkward. I have a hard time dealing with her adoring looks and her crazy boldness as she asks to sit next to him again and again on the swing, arranging herself temptingly. She is beautiful in her way and I don't know if it's this or the unpredictability of her madness that I find disturbing.

U.G. is just as unpredictable, and to try to possess him in any way is madness in myself. Until now I have not run into another person who is determined to stay with him. Nothing can be ruled out with U.G. I have asked myself if I would want to be with him if she were there too, and I can't answer that hypothetical question.

This is surely a sadhana for me. Clinging, insecurity, possessiveness are lurking traits, and maybe this is a good chance to rout them out, cut them out, let them go. They serve no function other than to make me suffer. Whatever happens is fine and I should just lighten up and go with the flow, or better yet, "Be the flow!" My mood stiffens and sinks around her, "simply sinks" (as U.G. says), I should say, stinks. It is jealousy. When I realize that I have to laugh at my absurdity.

Midnight. U.G. is completely ignoring me. When the lawyer made some remark about U.G.'s having promised to give me spiritual experiences, U.G. remarked, "She's been tested and found wanting." Then he praised April for being a very unusual person because J. Krishnamurti had been friendly to her towards the end of his life. It was a direct move to take the attention off me and onto her. She blushed shyly in a maidenly fashion and I felt

irritated. He walked to Gandhi Bazaar with her this afternoon, pointedly leaving me behind.

I'm just not in a mood to joke around. I feel out of it, awkward and rejected. He sits with April, taking her hand during his talks as a demonstration, they lean towards each other. I have never seen him this way. I am jealous, jealous, jealous, and though it is ridiculous, it's the truth. I feel old and hurt and insecure. It doesn't matter how many times I tell myself that we only have two more weeks, then we will be traveling together again, out of here. It doesn't matter at all. My ego is wounded.

Midnight next night. Things have already changed. I gave into my fear and misery last night, let happen what will and eventually stopped trying to figure things out. I didn't sleep at all, was wide awake and on edge. At one point I realized I could not picture my children, my apartment or Maine, that if I was to leave U.G., I would have nothing to go back to. This was terrifying. It was the first taste I have had of "abiding nowhere" and it felt like a black hole.

When I told U.G. about the children this afternoon, he said, "It's a healthy sign."

My fears and paranoia are gone and in their place is cheerful acceptance. As a result everything has been easy and light. U.G. and I walked to Gandhi Bazaar in the evening and though the others came along too, I was at one with him, floating through the streets in silence, not a problem in the universe.

The April issue dried up and blew away and now I can see how it was merely a fabrication of my own thought process. U.G. played into this and I'm sure it was another test of some kind. I'm glad I didn't complain to him or make a fuss and just let things go their way. I feel detached sympathy for her now and understand her need for U.G. It's what everyone around him feels and it shows in different ways with different people.

When a friend of U.G.'s from Mysore asked him about April this afternoon, asked about their seeming intimacy, closeness on the swing (so I didn't just imagine it), U.G. said, "Closer to the church, farther from God."

"But you are God and the Church," said the man. "No," said U.G., "I am neither." He then went on to say that she, April, is misnamed ("The Undefeated"), and that she is crazy.

June 14

We went to the airport to meet Mahesh. Waiting for his flight outside the terminal, a uniformed man approached U.G. and it turned out he was the Manager of the airport. He had read *The Mystique of Enlightenment* three years ago, finding a copy at the airport bookstore and, he said, it had revolutionized his life, he had never been the same. U.G. was gracious, but said he neither expected nor wanted thanks or acknowledgement.

The man said he had never expected to see or meet U.G., that he hadn't felt the need, though he considered U.G. his guru. He invited us all into the airport waiting area, but U.G. demurred, saying all he wanted was to know the correct time of the flight from Bombay. Finally, however, he agreed to wait inside, so the four of us (U.G., Bramachari, Chandrasekhar and I) went with him to the waiting area. The man and U.G. conversed for over a half hour, in an animated and natural fashion.

This is the way U.G. operates, with spontaneity, simplicity, and generosity. It happens again and again, and I never fail to be moved by his perfect response to whatever situation arises.

I think of my children often, but with a kind of helplessness, hopelessness. There is nothing I can do for them now, they are on their own, hostages to fortune. I could have stayed available to them for another year or two, but would it have altered their fate in any way, or my own? Perhaps. But that was not the flow, the way it was to be.

Mahesh asked me yesterday if I was going to do this, travel and live with U.G., for the rest of my life. An unanswerable question. Perhaps U.G. knows. I don't and don't want to. The mystery would be gone.

We sat around Mahesh's room yesterday evening, drinking coffee. U.G. seemed concerned with the way this household is going, that it is becoming too much of an ashram, there is too much strain on the family, on Suguna. He was very clear with Chandrasekhar that he does not want him to invite people to stay here, other

than family, he doesn't want people here for meals, hanging around.

He also said to me once again that I was going to be in trouble in Switzerland with all the people expecting meals. I am just going to let U.G. tell me what to do.

He said firmly that April has to go, that she is mad. She believes she was his wife in his last life, that she is her reincarnation. She wants to marry him again. God. I'm embarrassed that I could get so caught up in paranoia and jealousy.

We went to a bookstore and I bought the Penguin edition of the Upanishads. I feel like reading this now.

June 15

Evening. Mahesh brings his usual intensity and high pitched relationship to U.G. It is unique and thrilling to be around, but draining as well. I feel under pressure with him, as if he is putting me on the spot. Perhaps he is truly U.G.'s mouthpiece and brings up things which are latent, lurking. I am less paranoid than I used to be, though I haven't forgotten four months ago and the dramas between us then.

U.G. vehemently told me to stop taping the other night, so I removed the recorder. Then as the conversation got interesting again, Mahesh from his place next to U.G. motioned for me to put on the recorder again, which I did. U.G. blew up and berated me once again. Is my lesson, once again, to follow my own impulses, not do what I'm "told" to do by someone else other than U.G.

No, it is to do what U.G. tells me to do, and not do what he tells me not to do.

I am in a somewhat awkward position in that I am with U.G. and do nearly everything he does. Yet here he is with old friends who want to have him to themselves. Shanta, for example, wants to discuss her love life with U.G. tomorrow morning, and Mahesh told U.G. she would feel inhibited in front of me.

I don't care about being there, but I don't like being excluded either.

April has been given until Sunday or Monday to go back to Hyderabad by U.G. He went as far as purchasing her ticket, making sure she does as she's told. Her resistance and hurt are high. I must share some of her madness or I wouldn't be so emotionally involved.

June 17

Shanta arrived at 7:30 a.m. and the car at 8. U.G. told me to come with them, to Mahesh's hotel room. I said I didn't want to impose myself, and U.G. said, "Nonsense, come. You've had experience in these matters—just kidding!" But as it turned out, his advice to Shanta was not about her love life, but about money. I'm glad I was there as I felt it concerned me as well. She has plenty of money, for India, and yet worries about her old age, security, her children, is afraid of making mistakes, losing her job by taking a day off from her job. U.G. pointed out that she is really independent of the whole thing. If they fire her, which they won't, she won't starve, she has money. She can, in other words, do just as she likes, about work, about sex, about anything. Nothing can bother her, because she already has what she needs. No need to save and hoard, just live.

As for the children, leave them alone, they don't want her, don't need her, they just want to be left alone. She does not need to live for them, they don't want it, need it. She was relieved and lightened, infinitely grateful to U.G.

U.G. said at lunch, back at Poorna Kutee, if I am worried about my children, trying to conjure them up (the first stage of madness, he said this time, not "a healthy sign" as he had said the other day), spending sleepless nights, I should be there, not here. Can't be split between two places. Mahesh suggested I go back and be with them and see how it is. I do not need to do this to realize I don't want that.

We all went to Mahesh's hotel room for coffee. There we watched a TV movie on Jesus, with commentaries by U.G. "Mr. Jesus is responsible for the problems of mankind, setting himself up as 'The Way,' holding up false hopes of salvation." Later he finished the lunchtime tirade about my relationship with my children, this time in a quiet, almost inaudible voice: "You don't love them, you use them." This had the ring of truth.

I use my children for my own fulfillment, to be needed by someone, and this is true of my mother as well. I feel I should love, unconditionally, but don't. I want things from them, and if these needs aren't met, I don't feel loving, though I tell myself I do, tell them I do ("I love you, I love you too!"). It's a shock, but I think it's the truth.

Later, a reporter from *The Times of India* came by, as did many other people. U.G. is ready to close shop. He is tired of seekers and religious aspirants. As he has "nothing" to give them, he sees their being here as a waste of time and a strain on the household.

In a sense this is a rest here in India. I have no responsibilities at all. U.G. made it very clear two days ago that he doesn't want me to do anything, to record, to help out. That I should just be a stone. Nearly impossible for me to do this.

I have been with U.G. nine months now, nearly every day.

Evening. Quite a day and I'm so keyed up I'm not sure I can sleep. It began with U.G. flipping a coin and letting it decide that April could stay until we leave. She had been insistent and Suguna wanted him to let her stay and so he relented. I felt thrown off balance once again because I still saw her as a threat to my being with U.G.

The whole thing is crazy. He sent me off with Chandrasekhar to pick up Mahesh at the hotel and I felt there was some message he was supposed to deliver to me, but didn't. Or perhaps I missed it. Chandrasekhar said he was depressed and had a splitting headache.

I felt overwhelmed with foreboding, fear, as if I was about to be slaughtered. When we returned, I seemed to hear Mahesh saying to U.G., "I got rid of the excess baggage," and I felt sure that was me. Then he insisted I go to the airport, again I felt sure a blow of some kind was forthcoming. He alluded to the final scene of the drama about to be played out. I was filled with terror.

In the car he said, "Can't we get to the letter as we're almost there?" And U.G. said, inscrutably, "The sky is overcast." And the conversation was dropped.

U.G. talked to me, through Mahesh as usual, telling me I could not go back, that after being with the truth, something "living" for this long, it would be impossible to live in the old way. This I know. I am too inarticulate to express it to him, but I know my whole life there is finished. I am frightened. Frightened because I don't have any guarantees here, either. I could be thrown out on the flip of a coin. Today proved that. Several times he said he was going to flip a coin for me next and I was terrified.

Mahesh was dropped off, saying he would be in Delhi the day we are there, on the 26th. U.G. said to tell Asgar Ali, the travel agent, to send the tickets soon because we're leaving in ten days.

Then we returned to Poornakutee. April made a delicious lunch, and in the afternoon I was lulled back into a feeling of comfort with U.G.

Adri took me aside and told me that he thought I was a marvelous woman, that he had learned a great deal from me. He said that when U.G. and I arrived back here in India, he asked me if I had withstood U.G. and I said yes. He then asked U.G., he said, if I had withstood him. And he had answered, "Yes."

He said it is unusual for U.G. to answer unequivocally like that, without turning the question upside down in some way. Adri said it made him happy.

Adri also said I have equal vision, that is, I treat everyone the same, move quickly and appropriately. That I am comfortable wherever I am. He said some of these things to U.G. in front of everyone in the kitchen.

Something is afoot. Perhaps U.G. is going to change travel plans or make me stay in the States after Switzerland. Force me to get over New York and my children by being there, living there and actually seeing that it holds no appeal for me any longer. I feel nearly sure that he is going to spring this on me and that he would have in the car today if he hadn't picked up my fear and said to Mahesh, "The sky is overcast," meaning I was too ragged to take the news, wait.

Only time will tell whether this is paranoia or truth. I hasten to write it down to have a record, to see. I may

even ask him.

I am trying to be friendly to April. I am ashamed of my competitive feelings. It all seems so childish and undignified to me, so unbefitting of U.G. and who and what he is, not to mention myself at my advanced age!

I am really a mess tonight, fearful, fearful and my mind is running in circles. I'm going to stop this now and read the Upanishads.

June 18

A restless night, and U.G. asked me about it this morning. He demanded to know, "Why do you stay here?" implying I am unhappy, split between my desire to be here and back home with my children. I said it was not the children, it was fear that he didn't want me with him.

I told him about my silly fantasies, my jealousy, and he said April was the last person who he would allow to travel with him. He helped me to see that I have no problem, that I am already with him, here, traveling with him. There is no reason for this not to be the case unless I want something else.

I realized that if he didn't want me here, I wouldn't be here. I said I felt unworthy, and he said, "Let's just say you're lucky."

I was relieved. Why had I been so fearful? I asked about paranoia and didn't get an answer. I asked if it was madness, and he said no, you are not mad.

Adri said thought at its birth is neither good, nor bad, and U.G. corrected him, saying thought is always either good or bad. If it were neither good, nor bad, it would not be there at all.

June 21

This is turning out to be a long month. U.G. announced that his travel plans have changed again, that he is going to leave later, skip Rome and go directly to Switzerland. I wouldn't care, but he is being hostile to me, ignoring me most of the time, attacking anything I say or ask.

For the first time last night I came upstairs early and went to bed, depressed. Usually I stay to the bitter end. U.G. is being relaxed and charming with April and I am simply helpless in my helplessness. I am the dumb slob I am and there's nothing I can do about it.

The other day U.G. offered me beetlenuts from the tin and I helped myself twice and thoughtlessly forgot to pop it into my mouth the way the Indians do, letting my fingers touch my lips and then back into the tin. He corrected me. Then the very next day he offered me peanut butter and I did exactly the same thing. I realize that I am slow to learn, mulish and insensitive.

Bramachari brought a new astrologer to do U.G.'s chart. Nothing new, but it was emphasized that he is a free bird that flies from tree to tree, needing no person or persons, no organization, not even money, food, clothing. That he is a real avadhoot, a free spirit.

Bramachari had said the astrologer was going to do my chart as well. But I couldn't see the point, myself, and as we all sat around listening to U.G.'s reading, I felt increasingly uncomfortable. Why should I be singled out to have my chart read, as if I have some special relationship to U.G., which I clearly do not?

When Bramachari asked me to present my chart, U.G. said no, absolutely not, she has no place in any of this. I was relieved as I felt sure any reading would only confirm my worst fears, but I was also hurt at U.G.'s dismissive manner. He continued to be harsh on me, refusing to let me read the French commentary on him published in a book a few years ago. He ignored me completely.

After supper, I read my book for a while downstairs and then just went to bed, to sleep, unhappy. Dreamt of U.G. and he became a woman, changing into a dress in front of a roomful of people.

U.G. announced a change of plans at breakfast—he has decided to stay here another two days, until the 28th

because of Moorty's visit, then go to Bombay instead of Delhi. I asked whether we would fly directly to Switzerland, or to Rome, or elsewhere and he turned on me viciously for asking questions for which he has as yet no answers.

This time I just removed myself and came up to my room to read. Talked to Moorty for a while and told him how hurt I was. And he said just to allow hurt and say no to nothing, and be with whatever is happening.

Later we sat around the kitchen and someone brought some sweets. U.G. divided it up and when he came to me, offered it to me and held my hand while he gave it to me. I felt he was giving me courage, energy, heart and felt better.

June 23

Early morning, have been awake since 2. On the verge of a crisis, and only morning will tell how grave. Yesterday, discussing a potential trip to Mysore, I went into the kitchen to make coffee. Bharati (U.G.'s daughter) was there and started talking to me in her manic way, saying she was coming in the car as well, and she was going to eat my head.

Something in me simply rebelled and responded to a chronic claustrophobia, fear of being cooped up in small places with people. The idea of seven of us in this small car driving in the heat and pollution was suddenly more than I could bear. I told Chandrasekhar that I didn't want to go, that Bharati's talking at me when I couldn't understand her made me uncomfortable, that I didn't want to be in a position of being rude to her, irritable, so I thought I shouldn't go.

He convinced me that I needed to get away from U.G. and I more or less accepted it. But then moments later, I enlisted Wendy's support in postponing the trip until Monday, when Bharati would have left, and when there would be no crowds in Mysore.

Now I am just fully realizing how officious I was, butting into other people's plans (Moorty had laid the trip on), and how unfair to Bharati. She has only the most friendly feelings towards me, generous to a fault, and then I turn on her in this way. U.G.'s daughter. God.

I don't know what is wrong with me. There is something unhealthy operating in me, sick. My insecurity, jealousy is legion and I am ashamed. I heard voices late at night down in the kitchen and I felt it was Bharati, having heard about this, complaining, being hurt, I don't know. I have to talk to U.G.

Why couldn't I just calmly talk to Bharati in the first place? I don't know, I just couldn't. How can U.G. stand me around? He can't, is the answer. He's probably just been waiting for me to hang myself in some way or other. What a shame.

June 24

After a thoroughly sleepless night, I timidly asked U.G. in the morning if I could speak with him, terrified and heartsick. He motioned me out to the terrace. I will never forget the look in his eyes, absolutely not a soul there, sheer impassive detachment, cold as ice and hot as fire. He said he had no patience or interest in human frailty, that I had no place with him. (What had I to offer, what was I doing here?) I tried to explain what had happened and he was neither sympathetic nor interested. Go to the psychiatrists or the gurus was all he could say to me. Then he turned and walked inside.

I took a shower, and came down to breakfast. And found U.G. jovial and friendly, even motioning me over to sit next to him on the couch, as if nothing had happened.

And it turned out, nothing had happened. Everything had been in my mind, nobody had taken offense or been hurt, nothing was wrong. I imagined the whole thing.

Adri invited me to visit his house, and the two of us took an auto-rickshaw there in the morning. I was mellow and happy, partially because of his constant praise, though I realize there's a price for it, buying books, recording his wise-cracks. And mostly because U.G. is being friendly!

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U.G.'s brother-in-law Seshagiri Rao and his daughter, Gautami, a movie actress, are visiting. Seshagiri Rao is a doctor and once treated Ramana Maharshi for his cancer. He told U.G. that when he asked R.M. if he was in pain, he answered, "I'm not bothered." U.G. said that is the correct answer, I'm not bothered. The sensations of pain are independent, by linking them up you create a continuous pain, more active than it actually is.

In the evening a nine-year old girl came to dance, traditional Indian, and it turned into a performance occasion. Wendy sang, Shamala danced. Afterwards we all went out on the roof and danced to the music from "Flashdance". It was an ecstatic evening, everyone high and happy.

June 26

Sleepless again. We were due to leave for Mysore in the morning, Wendy and I and her children. Moorty made it clear he was here to see U.G. and didn't want to go, Suguna didn't want to leave the house, and Chandrasekhar was sick.

I was aware of a deep resistance to going, hours in the car breathing the vile fumes, sightseeing with a small child, sightseeing period. I felt it was a real ordeal and was trying to put myself in the right frame of mind to enjoy it, to feel accepting. Yet U.G. had never indicated I should go, had left it to me.

I got up at dawn and got dressed, ready to go. Then when I saw U.G., I asked him for some Indian money for the trip. He asked me if I was going, planting the hope that there was the option of not going. I said Moorty felt I should go to accompany Wendy.

He blasted me again, saying he wasn't interested in my problems, that I'm sick and should go back to New York. The force of his denunciation gave me the energy to say I really didn't want to go, and to go upstairs and tell Moorty.

Meanwhile U.G. decided Moorty should accompany his family, that they should not go alone. So in the minutes before departure, the entire trip was turned upside down. I stayed and Moorty went. I was relieved all day, but tired from lack of sleep.

Last night I was exhausted and couldn't bear one more moment of April's adoring looks and flirtatious manner with U.G. He plays to her all the time now, is no longer hard on her. One day when an astrologer was here she wanted to know her future with U.G., and Bramachari with U.G.'s help said the three conditions for being with him are money, age (minimum fifty) and uncommon beauty. She burst into tears and fled from the room, meeting, said U.G. and Bramachari, none of the requirements.

But she is resilient and manages to bounce back each time. I'm trying my best to be realistic, to understand that there will always be all kinds of people around U.G., some of them intoxicated in this way, and that there is nothing personal in it from his side, he just responds to the situation. He is helping her, she cooks regularly for him and is doing it well, is no longer depressed and sleeping the day away. She is now fully functional and takes baths quickly, like everyone else.

Yet, for my part I find her eyes disturbing and her smiles false. Sometimes I see her looking at me with a murderous, mad look and it gives me the creeps. We're leaving in two days and that should end things, unless she talks U.G. into taking her with us. God forbid.

Several times I have experienced total love and fearlessness and have been able to see her as she is, not as a threat to me, but merely as another person who is madly in love with U.G. and wants to be with him above all else. Like me. How can that be wrong? Why does one exclude another?

He has made it clear that he will only take from one person, financially, so I assume if it is me, I will have to come up with the money to support not only his travels, but those of many of the people who come to him. I feel I am tested over and over again.

June 27

Our last night in Bangalore. Tomorrow evening we leave for Bombay, then to Switzerland the following night. So many things have happened, so much has come up for me this month.

Most recently I got sick, the flu, closely following U.G.'s flu which laid him up for three days. I had a fever one morning which lasted all day and by evening it had broken. This morning I still had a headache, but was virtually over it. I was delighted, really, that my body was so attuned to U.G.'s that it fell ill when his did.

It seemed a kind of proof positive that I am closely aligned to him. But this month has been so emotionally wearing for me, he has been so distant and critical, much of the seeming ease and intimacy I felt before was gone. I felt I was back in the beginning with him, fearful and tentative and clumsy.

Moorty showed me today how important it is, how freeing, to just stop right now whatever it is I am doing to be other than as I am. To stop being jealous is what is making me jealous. To stop being fearful is what is making me afraid. And I must stop trying to stop.

I am nearly at the point where I can say to myself, yes, I am somehow jealous, afraid that this bold, disturbed, needy—and young and beautiful—woman would wheedle her way into U.G.'s affections, that her need for him would somehow move him and he would feel she needs to be with him in Switzerland. She was even making a play in this direction this morning, saying no she had no money, but she was sure he could make it happen anyway if he wanted. I realized, of course, that if he wanted her with him, I would pay. I would not want to, but I would. I just would.

The reality is he would never ask me to do this, would never allow it himself. Moorty pointed out that U.G. is, above all, a practical man, and having this girl with him is impracticality itself. She can't get along with others, is self-absorbed and arrogant, and is only focused on U.G.

One thing that came out of the flu was I broke down and cried to myself in my bed that morning, just wept and wept, wept for the radical change in my life, for my lack of security, lack of direction, for my age, my hopelessness. I was miserable and feverish. But then it was over, and afterwards I drifted in and out of an ecstatic, easy reverie. Sleeping off and on, heavy with fatigue, none the less I was aware and exquisitely conscious of being happy. Delight in my bed, my little cell, secure with U.G. in the room next door to mine, also sick and coughing, but away from everyone, nursing himself. We were together in our sickness (in my mind) and I felt a deep bond with him as if I could communicate through the wall, tell him anything, ask him anything.

I got up from time to time, and Adri paid me a visit, the dear. "Isn't it wonderful!" he exclaimed when he heard I was sick too. "Sympathetic nerve," he said, and added, "What more proof do you want?"

Then he went on to say one must be careful not to be intoxicated by U.G. because it doesn't last. To listen to him, but to remain the listener.

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Bombay

June 29

Left Bangalore last night, many farewells, many people to the airport to see us off. A more detached, yet loving departure for me this time. I felt real affection for all these people, real friendship.

It's easier being the one to go, rather than being left behind. April finally went home—less than an hour before our departure—what a scene. She held on to the very last moment, crying, using all her feminine wiles on U.G. But it had no effect. I was not sure, myself, how it was going to come out until she left. Though he had said several times in my hearing that she is mad, that he doesn't want her around, that she is the last person he would have with him, still, I couldn't shake the feeling that he was going to test me again by inviting her to Switzerland.

It is an indication of my own lack of clarity that such thoughts arise at all. He gave me no indication that this was a possibility, yet my mind persisted in its fantasies. I am no better off than she is, in that sense. Paranoid.

The night before we left she asked U.G. to read her palm, to tell her future. He looked at it from a distance and said she had no future, but she wouldn't kill herself. She didn't have the courage to die, or to live. He said her imagination had run amok.

Moorty said to me in the morning, "Repetition is only a problem if someone is there counting." This is true of everything of course. If there is no 'I', there is nothing. But how to get rid of the counter?

Adri said to me at the airport: "It's fine to stay with U.G. forever, but unhook from him." He meant end the intoxication and take things as they come. But how to do?

U.G. sent me ahead to the airport to check in and get our seats. I asked to get two seats together, but didn't ask for the window. When he learned this, arriving at the airport minutes later, he said, "You're out, you can't be depended on."

Then I bought *Time* magazine, though he had said he had stopped reading it. When I offered it to him on the plane, he blew up again. "Do you think I take coffee secretly behind closed doors, or read *Time* furtively?" I had not taken him at face value, not listened once again.

After arriving at the Bombay airport in the driving Monsoon rain and waiting for my bags for an hour (something not working with the unloading mechanisms), Mahesh there to pick us up, we headed to Parikh's place at 10 p.m. The three of us immediately got into a conversation. I asked U.G. why he was so impatient with me, irritated, always angry (of course he is not).

To be with him I must give up my way of doing things completely, and do them his way. This means a complete change. Either I want to and can, or I do not want to and can't. I said I wanted to be with him, but the requirement for that is total surrender of my pig-headedness and pretentiousness. That is what I want. I think. I don't know what is involved, but I think it is everything. I don't know how much courage I have.

This morning U.G. broke the news that he is having prostate trouble and may need an operation in September. He may return to Bombay from Switzerland. I was immediately thrown into memories of my father's prostate trouble, the beginnings of which began just like this and which ultimately led to his death a number of years later.

Mahesh was upset, I am upset. I don't want anything to happen to him, I don't want him to be sick, let alone undergo an operation. I don't want to be sent home while he returns here, I don't want, I don't want. It doesn't matter what I want. I will do whatever he wants me to do. Mahesh suggested I take a break from U.G., return to Manhattan. U.G. said to me, "You don't need a break from me, you need a break from yourself."

Drove to the studio with Mahesh and he said again I should take a break from U.G. I said I was tired of U.G. talking through Mahesh. If he wanted to tell me something he could, I would do his bidding. When I repeated this statement on my return to U.G., he said, "I am telling you to take a break from this conversation right now."

Perhaps I will be able to listen. I shut off, somehow, out of some fear, some sense that I am too stupid to understand things. Mahesh said I am smart when I don't use my head. U.G. said he doesn't think I am interested in what he is saying, that I have no background in these matters. I agreed that I have none. My phoney Zen background and superficial work with other teachers do not count at all. I know nothing, remember nothing, reveal my ignorance all the time.

Lalu Bhai is here, sitting patiently. He said he read a comment by the Prime Minister, V. P. Singh, in the paper recently in which he said he never celebrated his birthday, he considered his birth an accident and not worthy of notice. This remark was clearly written by Frank (who writes his speeches), and reflects U.G.'s teaching. This, said U.G., is how his teaching will penetrate mass consciousness, not through his own books and tapes, but indirectly, without any reference to him.

It is raining heavily in sheets off and on. I wanted to see a monsoon and my wish is coming true. We leave tonight for Geneva via Delhi and Rome. It will be a long trip but who cares. U.G. continues to ask me why I am here and what I have to offer. I can never answer these questions. But I told Mahesh no matter what happens, what he does to me, I love him (U.G.) deeply. Mahesh told him that. U.G. scoffed. I don't care. That's the way I feel.

Just before leaving Bombay, U.G. gave me some money for the airport tax which I put in my bag. As we were about to go he asked me how much I had, and I counted and said 600 R. He said, "I gave you 800 R, where is the other 200?" I said I didn't know. A big fuss ensued, masterminded mostly by Mahesh, though U.G. seemed irritated with me. I said I simply didn't know, maybe I lost it (though I knew I hadn't, I had put the money immediately in my purse, though without counting it).

Then Mahesh started teasing me about my heavy suitcase load again, just before we left. Suddenly I was fed up with it all, mad at him for provoking me all the time. It's him, not U.G., though perhaps U.G. speaks through Mahesh.

The trip to the airport was strained and strange. I tuned out, trying to go to sleep in the muggy, rainy night (we were leaving at midnight), Mahesh continuing to try to get to me about the money, the bags. I barely said goodbye to him when we got there, and the departure was stiff and uncomfortable.

U.G. was also withdrawn, the trip long and exhausting. Departure from Bombay was delayed nearly two hours, and we had a lay-over in Delhi and again in Rome. The whole flight took over fourteen hours during which we could not even leave the plane. U.G. and I talked very little, sleeping most of the time. In Geneva, my bags were very late coming off the plane and I thought they were lost, resigning myself to surviving with no clothes or toilet articles for a few days. But they finally appeared. (How can anybody choose travel as a way of life?!)

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Gstaad

July 1

Back to a cool, wet climate. U.G. is resting in his room until lunchtime, after which we'll go for a drive. I have unpacked, bathed, shopped, feel clean and at peace. A calm, perhaps, between storms.

Nobody else is here until Wednesday so there are a few days to unwind, rest, just be. The tension with U.G. is, for the moment anyway, over.

We rented a car at the airport and drove up to Gstaad, stopping for groceries along the way. The chalet was ready for us. We dropped our bags and went down the hill to the village to rent a multi-system VCR and television. U.G. knew exactly what he wanted to do, and did it.

We had supper early last night. I am charmed by the birds and the beauty and the cool, clean air. I am in a sanitarium here. I walked down to the village while U.G. rested, returning just before a huge thunderstorm, which later turned into hale. A train passes right by the chalet, there's a brook nearby and the village and the mountains can be seen from every room.

Mahesh called to see how U.G. was. He asked me about my mood on the way to the airport, said I had seemed down. I replied that I had been tired and in a bad mood because of all the joking about the suitcases and left it

at that.

This morning U.G. said maybe he only gave me 600 R and he did something with the other 200. He is being very nice to me now and I feel a re-establishment of ease. I have no ideas or expectations, I am here with him and it is what I want.

Being Sunday, the shops were only open a few hours. I bought some tomatoes, potatoes, cheese and a few other things from the corner market and now we are all settled. U.G. rests a great deal, knowing how to care for himself. I am reading the *Bhagavad Gita* and it reinforces my desire to express my devotion to U.G. silently, in my actions.

July 2

A rainy, overcast day. This afternoon we're driving to Zurich to do some shopping, and tomorrow to visit U.G.'s friends, Hans and Doris about an hour from Zurich.

After lunch yesterday we drove around Saanan and Rougemont. U.G. showed me the chalet he and Valentine rented years ago, Chalet Pfyffenegg, and the Chestnut tree in front of it with the bench where he had his Calamity in 1967, when it all began. The bench looks out over the valley and the seven hills. I wanted to sit there for a moment and he said, "Don't think you're going to get anything." I said I knew that, I just wanted to experience the bench.

We drove by the meadow where J. Krishnamurti's gatherings were held in a large tent. Then we went by the chalet where U.G. originally rented a room, and the spot in the garden where he pitched his tent on the weekends when Valentine came up from Geneva, so she could have the room. I was touched that he took me on this tour.

July 4

In Zurich, we stayed at the Zurcherhof Hotel in the old town, did some shopping in the afternoon and had an early dinner at a vegetarian restaurant near the station. U.G. went off to bed early, 6 p.m. I wandered around for a while, looking for an adaptor plug for my camera and browsing in shops.

This morning we had breakfast in the hotel and drove to Romanshorn to see Hans and Doris, U.G.'s friends. Hans is a homeopath and after examining U.G., found that he has a hernia, not prostate trouble. A big relief, though he still needs an operation and will probably return to Bombay in the fall to have things taken care of. We left at 11 a.m. and drove home in the driving rain, stopping in Bern to buy lime pickles at an Indian store, apparently the only outlet for Patak in Switzerland.

U.G. suddenly refused to get out of the car and go with me, he said he wasn't interested in Indian food at all, didn't want idlies, etc. I am used to his mood-shifts by now and am less ruffled by his criticisms and attacks. He chastised me again tonight for not putting Max Shaw's zip code in the address book I did for him, he said he could count on me for nothing. I just let it go, didn't defend myself.

What is he doing to me? I am quiet most of the time. We spend hours without talking, without saying a word. Most of the conversational subjects I broach fall on unreceptive ears. My personality is at stake, my need to make small talk.

When U.G. mentioned my not listening, not hearing and I asked if there was anything I could do about it he said, "You could hang yourself from the nearest tree," his way of saying there is nothing to do, that it is hopeless.

It is fantastic to be in this cool, mountainous spot.

July 5

U.G. and I went down to the village yesterday morning and did errands, later driving over to Shonreid to look for a studio for Luna who arrives tonight.

I was about to go to the laundromat in Saanen, but noticed U.G. washing things by hand. He told me he has never used the laundromat in the twenty years he has been coming to Switzerland. I immediately decided to do my own washing as well, to do as he does as much as possible. Soon the clothesline in front of the chalet was full of wash. Later, I ironed his clothes. Everything in this chalet including the iron and the vacuum cleaner is antiquated, but works in its own feeble fashion.

July 7

'Bodhi', Gottfried and I went to town in the afternoon to look up their latitudes and longitudes for charts, then picked up Luna at the station. It was pouring rain all day. I took her to her chalet in Shonried, which she loves, then back here for dinner. Bodhi and I share the cooking, though U.G. made spinach soup for supper while we were out.

I am now aware that he relates to everyone in the same way, and can be as withdrawn with others as he is with me. He tunes out. I am reminded of Jerry's warning not to take anything U.G. does or says in the conventional sense, not to judge him as you would a normal human being.

Above all I realize I must keep my own counsel, trust my own feelings.

July 8

Difficult times. The full moon has come and gone, a hard one on U.G. He seems tired, low on vitality. Last night at dinner he turned on me suddenly, and said he didn't want me to cook for him anymore, anything I made he would not eat, he was tired of my putting 'branches' (coriander) and vegetables in his food. I could cook for myself and others, he said, but not for him. This time he got to me. I was devastated. It was so unexpected, it seemed so unjustified.

I was too confident, arrogant. He had complained about vegetables earlier, and Bodhi had suggested we give him pasta without sauce, without tomatoes. I insisted that I knew he would eat tomato sauce, that I knew what he liked. I also insisted on cooking dinner, rather than leaving it to happenstance. I am so used to taking over, doing everything.

U.G. was hovering around during dinner preparations, which he usually is not, so he must have picked up on my sureness. If there was one thing I was sure he liked, it was angel-hair pasta with simple tomato sauce with a little curry powder. But I saw that no matter what I made it would be wrong. Is he showing me something?

The thought of not cooking for him threw me into a state of anxiety. Now it is morning, we'll see what happens. Luna felt he was cruel to me, harsh. I was hurt, confused, and a little angry.

Yesterday morning we drove to Launen, a beautiful mountain area nearby, Bodhi, Gottfried, U.G. and I. I love these mountains and chalet houses way up, built near streams, with attached barns. I told Bodhi on a walk with her after lunch that if U.G. sent me away, or I ever left him, I might decide to live in a little hut by myself with a dog and a goat, at least during the summer. I would not go back to my life in New York.

I like Gottfried and Bodhi. He is a beautiful man, gentle and wise, and a wonderful artist. She is childlike, in her fifties, also a good artist. It is peaceful here and everything works well. Exception: my troubles with U.G.

July 9

U.G.'s birthday. Bodhi brought a little bouquet of wildflowers for the breakfast table this morning, only to be reminded by U.G. that he sees no reason for the flowers to die for human enjoyment. If you want to look at flowers, he says, you can go outside to the field. Animals don't kill for pleasure, only for food, they eat only one thing, don't require varieties of food.

I passed through my pain with ease yesterday, though I am still sleepless due to the full moon. (It was so bright over the mountains, magnificent, and Saturn burning brightly nearby, both Saturn and the moon in Capricorn.) I was close to tears in the morning as Bodhi made porridge, and again couscous for lunch. I set the table and

allowed the pain to flow through me.

Lunch brought lightness from U.G. and a release for me. Bodhi's couscous had no sauce or salt, as she was convinced that the problem the night before with my cooking had been salt and the indigestibility of the tomatoes. I knew it wasn't that, but didn't know what it was. But I have two theories, one that he wants me to get me over my need to be needed, my desire to serve, to be useful, a good person, and two, that he wants to work with Bodhi for the time she is here, and a point of contact with U.G. is always through food, or money, or both.

I need not assume that I am always the cook, the organizer of the house and kitchen. It will be true sometimes and sometimes not, always depending on the situation. There can be no assumptions of any role, any position, any status quo. Any idea I have of who I am in relation to U.G. or the situation is going to be destroyed.

I have to break the idea that he has any need for me to do anything; I have to be able to be the stone, the vegetable, just be, not earn or justify my keep in any way. When I began to get an inkling of this, and when clues came at lunch (he said I knew how to make tomato sauce, could help Gottfried with his potatoes today, said he liked salt in his food, that the couscous was tasteless and horrible, i.e. that it was not my cooking that was the problem), I was able to relax.

By the end of the day I was feeling lighter and freer with U.G., natural, and no longer in this mode of serving the guru, just living here too, without the need for perfection or slavish devotion. He won't let me touch the VCR, says I will break it, so that is fine, I won't touch it. He will ask me for whatever he wants of me, like recording Gottfried's story, writing a letter to Sushil Kumar. I do not have to be an initiator of anything, just do as I am told.

It is startling to think that the reactivation of the thymus gland is the basis of enlightenment, the goal of all religion, nothing more, nothing less. And it is nothing that can be activated by any practice or by any contact with a teacher or sage. This is what U.G. says.

July 11

The drawings were excellent. Photocopies have been made and dispatched to India and one remains here. U.G. said yesterday apropos of drawing and painting (and writing) that when the artist is not there, when the mechanical process takes place on its own, the work will be creative. You must let the subject and the technique alone, get rid of the artist. But, on the other hand, it's worse to try to get rid of the painter, you just have to let the technique have its own way.

My daughter arrived the morning Leboyer was leaving. U.G. blasted Leboyer at lunch, indicting Freud as the phoney fraud bastard who gave him his ideas about underwater birth. U.G. insisted vehemently that birth cannot be a trauma, it is too natural an event. Leboyer was resistant and stubborn, could not listen. Somehow his attachment to his ideas about birth, breast feeding, and nurturing directly relate to his crisis with the woman he lives with in London, advice about which is the reason for his visit to U.G. Leboyer said you weren't a mother if you hadn't breast-fed your child. I said I was a mother and hadn't breast-fed the third of my children, my daughter. She was horrified, hadn't known that, was upset.

What a scene.

July 14

Absolutely exhausted from lack of sleep. I feel terrible, and must sleep tonight or I won't be able to drive to Rome tomorrow. I rented another car from Hertz.

U.G. is unrelenting, uncompromising. If you ask him for help, you get it, but in ways you don't want or expect. Perhaps you are not even aware of being helped, until later, or perhaps never. We supply the bullets, he cannot help firing at our falseness. And then we duck, saving ourselves, choosing to remain stuck, miserable, not opting for freedom and change. "I can't" means "I don't want to," he emphasizes over and over. I have seen this in my own case, and in that of others.

U.G. is right, but we don't care. We prefer misery. Hope of an easier path, a compromise. There is no such

thing.

July 21

Back from what U.G. calls a flying trip to Rome, though we drove (I did) both ways. I tried (as did 'Mary') to figure out the reason for the trip as it was not at all obvious. U.G.'s reasons were, he said, that he wanted to make use of his Italian visa, that he wanted Mary to "finish the job" on her sculpture (of his head), and that he wanted to replenish his wardrobe.

We drove down on Sunday the 15th, leaving Gstaad at 9 a.m. and arriving in Rome at 9:30 at night. I said I wanted to buy a map to see where I was going, and he discouraged me, saying we have maps in our minds, anyway, and they interfere with our seeing, that he knew the way perfectly. In Livorno we got on the Aurelia in the direction of Grosseto, avoiding Florence, city of 'brothels' (museums), and ending up off the Autoroute, following the coast on a Sunday night. But the traffic wasn't bad, and only an hour was added to the driving time.

Still, it's a long way, a long drive to make alone, though I felt energized by U.G.'s presence, safe. When he drives long distances, he never gets out of the car. Somehow he programs himself ahead of time, regarding toilet needs, etc. Not the case for me.

We stayed at Mary's the first two nights and moved to Paolo's the last three (as he has air-conditioning). Rome was very hot, too hot to do anything between noon and 4 or 5. I loved being back there and had forgotten how beautiful the city is, the light, the birds, the church bells, the winding streets. Mary and I took U.G. to visit the house I lived in in the 1960s on the Appian Way, introduced him to the gardener next door. U.G. said I was making up having lived in Rome, that I had bribed the gardener to pretend to recognize me.

Shopping with U.G. near the Piazza Navona, I wanted to buy papadums for Switzerland in a specialty food store. U.G. suddenly turned on me viciously, reciting the old refrain that I have no place with him, can't live this life. I pursued the matter this time, asking him to tell me what I'm doing wrong.

Later I went to his room to push it further and asked if it has to do with my conflicts, that if I really wanted to be with him, nothing would stand in my way, no power on earth. I would not weigh this with that, want to be in two places at once, be indecisive. He said, yes that's it.

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I'm glad we went to Rome. U.G. wanted to go, and driving him there was something tangible I could do for him. I enjoyed getting to know Mary there, before coming here, as we will be in this house together for the rest of the summer. She, like so many of the people around U.G., has known him for many years and has a proprietary attitude towards him, very sure of what he wants, how to deal with him. It is interesting to talk to her about Valentine and Parveen Babi and Kim, the people who traveled with him in past years. This harshness is nothing new, according to Mary. She says he has always been particularly rough on women.

Good to be back in the mountains, the cool nights and the dry, hot days. Never uncomfortable in the shade, a constant breeze.

July 22

There was a full solar eclipse at 5 a.m. this morning, and the sun is just rising now, 6:30 as it ends. We didn't see it, but theoretically will feel it. It is exactly on U.G.'s Mercury, 29 Cancer, and conjunct all his other Cancer planets, including his moon and ascendent. Paolo and I talked about U.G.'s chart while we were in Rome, and according to astrology, this is a key week for U.G., as Jupiter moves past his moon and ascendent at the same time as the eclipse, with an opposition from Saturn. If nothing major happens, it will be a blow to astrology.

The atmosphere has changed here with the arrival of new people, Henk and Robert (an artist from Amsterdam), Mary and her son. Mary is aggressively friendly with everyone. I like her and don't mind.

The first day back here U.G. told me he didn't want me to cook for him, that I should just make what I want for myself and whoever I invite. Mary interpreted this that he likes to do things for himself, that he needs to do

things, that he doesn't want me to be in charge of the kitchen or serve him. Fine, I said, not hurt this time, completely comfortable with making salads.

But immediately, at the next meal, U.G. asked me to warm up his leftover couscous. And yesterday evening, when Paul Sempe arrived, a sweet man who comes from Marseille to drive him around every summer, U.G. asked me to make dinner. So? I must just remain flexible and go from meal to meal. Perhaps he doesn't want me to become bogged down in cooking, or to invite others to eat here. There are too many people around now, and unless he specifically invites someone, best to keep things simple. My tendency to feed the world will get me into trouble.

Luna and I went for a beautiful walk along the Saanan River yesterday, and stopped at the Krishnamurti left in Saanan where I bought *Commentaries on Living*, a book I almost bought in Rome but decided not to, thinking U.G. would be disgusted. Then I realized I had not done what I wanted to, which was to buy the book. Chandrasekhar told me how he used to take it up to the Ramakrishna gardens in Bangalore and read it and the other two volumes.

I told U.G. I was reading this book because he said I had no background, though I have read many books. He said what he meant was that I had no interest in these matters, that freedom or enlightenment had not been a burning issue for me. This is true. My practice, so-called, with Buddhist masters and others was more to ease my psychological pain, to get past my terror of death and life, than for any mystical union with God, or grasping for ultimate truth.

Anything that comes from thought is vicious and destructive.

Yesterday morning a discussion was going on about going for a drive with U.G. and Paul. U.G. invited Mary to join them. I felt excluded. Mary demurred saying since he had me for company, he didn't need her. Angry and hurt, I blurted out, "I'm not going," rejecting before being rejected.

U.G. replied that if I was going to behave this way I must pack up and leave for New York. He was telling me that I had things all wrong, that my presence with him was a given, I would always be included as long as I was here with him. But that this kind of trouble-making temperament had no place.

As things unraveled, I saw how I had misinterpreted the situation and created trouble where there was none. Mary meant literally that since I was here and able to go with him on these drives, she didn't need to suffer the winding roads and heat. We never did go for a drive, and the storm passed.

July 25

An enormous crisis has transpired and I am just beginning to sort it out, recover and feel its consequences. Yesterday morning I went down to the village at 9:30 to buy some chocolate for U.G. and started back up the path where I ran into Paul. U.G. was coming down the hill at the same moment and when he saw Paul he said, "Let's go for a drive." To me he said, "We may not be back for lunch." This latter remark was delivered with icy detachment and disdain.

I was shocked and shattered. He had said to me the day before that the person who was with him (which is me presumably, at least for the moment) would always have a place in the car, always be included. And here he was going off without me, proof positive that I was not the one who is always with him. He had also said that he was not going to make arrangements for me in Amsterdam, that our time together was over, the video virtually finished, no reason for my being here any longer. I had no place with him, couldn't fit in, couldn't change my habits and ways of doing things, didn't want to change.

When I went down to the village I was insecure and frightened, and after U.G.'s remark, devastated. I made my way back up the hill crying and heart broken, wept for over an hour as I have never wept in my life. The shattering realization that I was rejected, unwanted, being driven away was horrible. I couldn't believe this was happening to me, that U.G. could be so cruel. I was reminded of all the rejections of my life rolled into one, all my efforts to please the father figure spurned, my actions invalidated, my good will crushed, my heart in shreds.

I had to leave. There was no other option. He didn't want me with him any longer. I could hang on like April or Cedella, wait to be bodily thrown out or a body-guard called in, or I could just go. In the midst of my attempts

to pack, Luna called from Shonried, the voice of reason. (Don't do anything precipitous.) Also an Indian yoga teacher from the Krishnamurti conference came by to see U.G. and engaged me in conversation. My departure was delayed.

When Luna arrived we went down to Gstaad to meet two trains, looking for Stanley who never arrived, and to have coffee and talk it over. I finally saw that my intense clinging to U.G., my fear of disappointing him, angering him, not living up to some impossible standard of behavior, my terror of having this life with him end was causing the very thing to happen that I feared most—leaving him. His harshness, seemingly unending and unreasonable criticism reflected my morbid, servile attitude towards him, grasping at crumbs. I was shocked to see how far I had fallen in dependency, fear, lack of boundary.

As I sat in the cafe I realized the most profound hopelessness. The reality sank in that I could not stay with U.G., he wanted it to end, he wanted me out, yet there was nothing else in the world I desired, nowhere else I wanted to be. I could not change, and I could not stay with him the way I was. Everything was flat, lifeless, miserable. And from that numb despair came the courage to get it over with, to pack up and go. Things were desperate and action was called for.

I returned to the chalet alone to make my move. I thought I would stay in Stanley's place for a night and then look for something else the next day, perhaps rent a car, perhaps go to France. Luna and I had met two trains looking for Stanley's arrival but realized he was probably coming the next day. I couldn't understand how U.G. could leave his arrival to chance, how he could count on me to pick him up, considering the way he had treated me. Stanley was more U.G.'s friend than mine, and I had pointed this out to him several times. (And he would lash out, "Don't try to be clever, use these tricks.")

When I returned, Henk was there and U.G. had returned. Henk said U.G. was celebrating and I figured he meant celebrating my departure and was hurt anew. When U.G. appeared, he asked where Stanley was, and when I told him he hadn't arrived, he headed abruptly down to the village with Henk. As he left, I said that I thought I should move to Stanley's place for a bit and he said coldly, "You do what you want."

So I had no choice but to pack, resigned and miserable. When U.G. returned, I was ready to go, taking all my personal possessions, but leaving behind all that had to do with him, video camera, tape recorders, cassettes, books. He suggested sitting under the tree because it was so hot, then said he didn't see why I was leaving in such a rush, why one day more or less mattered. As we talked I realized I didn't have to go.

The important thing was that I had faced my worst fear, leaving. My mind had made the shift and the cord of clinging was broken. U.G. showed me that I had created the whole scenario, that he had left me behind to meet the trains, that I myself had said someone needed to be here and he assumed it would be me.

I don't believe he does anything on purpose. Some response comes from him, a response to the situation, or more exactly, to my reaction. He responds and I react. Whatever is needed to break down these reactions comes from him, spontaneously and immediately. Something broke in me and I was freed from my fear. I would stay, but remain packed, ready to go. And when I unpacked later, I realized I would remain packed in my mind, always ready to go. It is the only way to live with U.G., or with anyone, or anywhere.

U.G. said that this time with him is an incredible chance to become myself, to become who I really am, and in that spirit I can live anywhere, with anyone or alone. Have I become somewhat unhooked from U.G.?

Yesterday was one of those perfect for no reason days, when the sunlight was magic, my body at peace, tingling with well-being. I was detached from the dramas and intrigues around me, not threatened by anything. U.G. went after me again in the morning and I treated it lightly, fearlessly joking with him about it, and he stopped, and laughed.

In the evening Henk, Robert, his girlfriend, Paul, Mary, Lorenzo, Luna and I went up to the top of Hornberg for rosti potatoes. The cows milled about outside the door with their bells, the sun set on the mountains and it was lovely. I was in no conflict about going. U.G. wanted to eat alone and watch a video. I was not torn in any way.

July 27

Yesterday U.G. and Paul and I drove down to a village near Bern to visit Valentine's sister, Adrienne, 93, who was staying with her daughter and son-in-law. U.G. was sweet with her, and she was touched by his visit, said

he was fidèle coming to see her every year. He left her a video of Valentine in Bangalore, so she could see how she is and understand the life that goes on around her.

Paul recited Baudelaire and Rimbaud to Adrienne, much to her delight. Afterwards we went to Bern for lunch in a vegetarian restaurant and to do some window-shopping.

Before leaving in the morning, U.G. and I had a long talk, he roasting me for my pettiness. But I held my own, unafraid of him in the way I had been before. I can listen to him now without being blocked by fear. My investment in pleasing him seems to have lessened and I am trying to understand what he wants and do things his way. If "his way" cannot be my way, then I will have to leave. If I have no investment in my way, then I can be in no conflict.

The minute I let go of my need to have a place with U.G. every minute, I don't care about Amsterdam, or going to Bern, or any of it, and I can go or not go, it is the same.

~ ~

Last night after dinner in Shonried, the view again was magnificent. Paul, a philosopher in his own right, explained U.G.'s idea about splitting. Thought is there. Then we come along and a thought is isolated, somehow and splits in two, half of it being the 'I' and the other half the thing 'I' am looking at. Neither is real.

Out of the human experience of 'table' comes a thought of table, and it divides in two, half of it is me and the left that I think I am, and this left or 'I' sees the table. Neither the table nor I exist, but if anything exists, it is the table which causes me to exist when I name it. And that left of consciousness I call 'I' and I will do anything to substantiate that I, to continue its existence, even though it doesn't exist.

U.G. explained it tonight, cozy in the living room, just a few of us, wonderful atmosphere.

Am I am getting the hang of it? Something seems clearer. I am full of vitriol and anger, hostility and impatience, irritable with Stanley and even Luna. I am restless when I am away from U.G. Does this mean I am to be always with him, or is it the remains of dependency? I am more alert to U.G.'s message, listening in a new way.

Paul asked me tonight why a beautiful woman like me is staying with U.G. He said it must be very reflechi on my part, and I said it is choiceless, instinctive. I don't know why I'm doing what I'm doing but I'm doing what I want to do. That I know.

Though sometimes I question even that. Robert called last night from California and asked U.G. how he was treating me. He had heard from Leslie who had heard from Luna that he is giving me a hard time, being cruel. After the call, U.G. asked me, "Do you think I am a sweet, gentle, mild Jesus?" And then went on to say that of course Jesus himself was far from gentle and mild, that he beat people with sticks.

The question is: Why stay with someone who treats you badly? Is this relationship any different from all those in my past, aside from its celibacy? In those, I was trying to complete myself through the man, and trying desperately to please, and taking endless criticism and abuse. And here I am in the same position. I tell myself it is different, because U.G. is in this natural state, amazing, unique and I have everything to learn from him about him, about myself, about reality. Yet he says we cannot change, that we cannot understand, cannot even listen. So what really goes on? If it is true that there is no mystical content to our relationship, then what?

~ ~

Mary made gnocchi for the joint birthday of her son and Anthony. U.G. emphasized that he and I were strictly guests, so I did nothing to help. Paul and I met Stanley at the train at noon and took him to Shonried to get settled.

July 29

Yesterday U.G. and Paul, Mary and I went to Thun for lunch and some shopping. A peaceful, uneventful trip, no fireworks. In the car I asked U.G. about pettiness, clarifying that it was not the same as meanness. He said he would not tolerate meanness around him for one minute, while pettiness he could accept in someone,

though only for a limited time. He said I was petty and cheap, but I felt cheerful about it in some way, glad at least that I am apparently not mean.

July 31

The four of us are off to Zurich today. My son may appear at any minute or he may not. I could wait here by the phone in case he calls from Geneva, but I don't want to. I have learned that if I stay with U.G., things are fine and I am not in conflict. If my son uses his intelligence, he will take the train to Gstaad and hang out until we answer the phone.

This was all quite painless for me. I asked Tim to stay here in case my son calls, and then asked U.G. if it was all right with him. No it was not. I'm glad I asked. He does not want people around, especially for meals. He said if I was concerned about my son, I could stay here and wait by the telephone, but not to ask Tim to do this. And I did not want to wait by the phone, of that I was certain.

He and I talked about these matters last night, but there was no charge and I am not afraid of him now. I revere him, but the groveling is gone since the crisis. We also began to talk about fall and New York and plans and it seemed quite clear that he expects me to stay with him, go to California and so forth. So that is a relief.

August 1

We have been here a month, one more to go. Everyone else but me seems concerned with how U.G. treats me, the people in California, Mahesh (who called last night), Luna.

U.G., Paul, Mary and I went to Zurich yesterday, having lunch at the vegetarian restaurant and then doing some shopping. U.G. went off on his own for a bit, and Paul to see to the car, leaving Mary and me alone. She said she had never seen U.G. like this, so closed, so negative, so hostile and she said she thought it was my being with him, anyone being with him, that he didn't want it. That everyone else felt the same way.

I asked Paul whether he thought U.G. had changed and he said not at all, he was exactly as he always had been, though perhaps his teaching had become more accessible. So I think this is all in Mary's mind. She had much to say about how kind and considerate he has always been with her, not like this at all. I asked if he was being hard on her, too, and she said no, not at all, he was always wonderful to her.

It feels like we're competing in some way. I understand it, but can't do anything about it. She reverses herself constantly, one minute saying he never kept her waiting, and the next he always did, one minute saying he did all the cooking for her, the next she did it for him. Weird.

I seem to be the only one unruffled by his behavior. Yes he's hard on me sometimes, but I believe it has to do with routing out my falseness, my desire to run things, be in charge. The difficulties I have run into in my relationships with men have been my headstrong will, my need to do things my way, assuming my way is best, and the 'other' is a dolt. U.G. is not a dolt. Forcing my will has gotten me nowhere but into conflict my entire life, caused me to shoot through countless unhappy relationships, at odds and at war.

I don't think I will ever understand U.G.

Mahesh called at 10:30 and I woke U.G. As he was going back to bed, he referred to Mahesh's question about how he was treating me. "I'm not mild, gentle, sweet," he confirmed again to me, as if I didn't know. "I'm not Jesus." But then he hastened to add that Jesus himself was harsh, beating people around. Yes, U.G. is harsh. But he is also gentle and mild.

August 2

A torn muscle in my right shoulder makes everything painful. Don't know how long it will take to heal. Even typing hurts. We had Ortolani and his wife and Michel for lunch yesterday and in the evening went down to watch the National Day celebrations in the village. A bonfire and fireworks and parade.

U.G. has been exceptionally mellow, gentle and accessible. Talking to Mary late last night, I realized that what

motivates him to move from one place to another is not media exposure, as he claims, but the need of one of his friends, disciples. Through his interaction with that person, we all see something about ourselves, can learn something. Though he appears harsh and a butcher sometimes, he is routing out our thinking mechanism, our ideas about ourselves and the world, trying to free us to be ourselves. It is the fire Larry writes about, not the icepack we would prefer.

For some reason, this all seems clear to me now, though he would deny it and undercut this evaluation.

August 4

Everything has changed again, law of the universe! First of all I woke up to find my arm nearly well. Whether it was U.G.'s cooking (he made lunch) or what I don't know, won't know. Or perhaps just taking a bath before bed. I felt better. Mary opted out of the drive, the requisite every other day ritual when Paul is here. We drove up through Col de La Croix and down into Montreux for lunch.

Going up Col de la Croix I asked U.G. if St. John of the Cross had anything new to say. His answer was that he had basically been unable to break away from Christianity, that none of the Christian mystics had broken with their tradition, just added to it. If anyone has anything more than a petty little experience, he says, everything is shattered, tradition, the master, all rendered obsolete.

Strange thoughts. Mourning my aborted grandchildren the other day, I told U.G. In the car he brought it up, said the feelings were intelligent. Incredulous, I asked him later what he meant, and he said having abortions was intelligent, if you don't want the children, the misery. But that is not what he meant in the car, I'm almost sure of that.

He told Paul that maya, in Sanskrit, means measure. You measure from the supposed left, that is, yourself, the illusory you you supposedly experience. Thus all measurement is illusion, you are illusion. There is no space, no movement. You are not moving. But, he said, don't try to understand this logically.

Thoughts, when they come to U.G. are burned. They are not used for achieving anything. We use them, to gain something and to perpetuate ourselves, therefore they don't burn and they divide, creating the thinker and the thought.

Attachment is causing me pain, otherwise I wouldn't be trying to detach.

~ ~

I called Mike yesterday and was filled with love, talking to him. I cannot detach from my children and don't want to. I love them. I think I love them particularly when I am here, not there.

U.G. is trying to decide about travel plans.

August 5

U.G. came out of his room with his address book, ready to plan September's travel plans. He addressed most of his remarks to Mary and asked her if she would be in Rome then and suggested he return so she could go to work again on the head. Why he wants her to do it so much I don't know, nor does she, but it is clear to me it is for her, not for him. Either he wants her to use her good talent again, or he wants to give her confidence, maybe both.

I was completely relaxed about the plans, not caring where we went, or if I went with him, or returned to New York early to get things done, or stayed here with the Tucks, or whatever. For once I had no agenda. It became clear that he expected me to come to Rome with him, asked Mary to ask Paolo to make arrangements for both of us. But it didn't matter to me, that's what made the difference.

Later in the morning, Henk called and said arrangements in Amsterdam were underway for September 1, so U.G. immediately changed plans and said we would go to Amsterdam first, directly from here, and to Rome after.

~ ~

There are about fifteen or sixteen people coming every evening to talk to U.G., a constantly changing panoply of individuals from Scotland, England, Italy, Holland, France, the U.S. A girl from Poland, a violinist, said she was not going to the Yehudi Menuhin concert in Saanen because of lack of funds and U.G. right away reached in his pocket and gave her the money for a ticket—an example of how he responds instantly to a situation. People come and go, constant hellos and goodbyes.

At night my mind plays its petty tricks, worrying about money and plans and apartments, but by day I see that there is no problem, anywhere, that everything will fall into place in its own way, that I don't need to control things, or even try. To trust, to surrender to the current, the motion that is life.

What seems to have changed is I am more prepared to be alone now, I could be on my own in a way I never could before. Being with U.G. is being alone, and I feel myself connected to some other flow, not so utterly isolated and needy. It is a subtle change and nearly imperceptible.

Stanley left, an odd departure. U.G. had insisted he send his bags through to the airport by train from Gstaad, also told him to come up in the morning, instead of the usual time in the afternoon. As it turned out, both of these directives were important because the concierge where he was staying made a mistake and thought he was leaving yesterday instead of today and had someone coming into the room. U.G. told him to go to Geneva a day early so he could see something of the town, spend the night there. The whole thing was a jolt to Stanley, but probably just what he needed, to get the departure over quickly, to have some time to reorient himself before going back to New York and ABC. U.G. knows these things, and he responded to this need.

Luna, Mary and I saw Stanley off after lunch, after a coffee near the station.

August 6

What a strange life. I have no desire to do anything other than what I do every day, household chores, cooking, shopping, talking to people and listening to U.G. It is a very compact, full life, one which does not extend very far beyond this particular hillside in this particular village in Switzerland. This is my entire reality right now (except when I think about my children or my mother, or sometimes the past)!

U.G. is gunning for my personality. He lumps most of my questions and remarks into coffee table conversations, good for the cocktail lounges, he says, but not here. He turns a deaf ear to any comment coming from me, ignores me.

U.G. talks endlessly with Mary about nothing, and is far friendlier to her than to me. I might as well not exist; I am a non-person in this house. If he isn't being downright insulting, or making insinuating remarks about the garbage. ("Last year we took the bag down only once a week, this year it is every day.") He looks through me, ignores my very existence. I am trying to just live and let live, go with the generally pleasant atmosphere and not need affirmation of my existence from U.G. It will not be forthcoming.

In the beginning he was charming to me, always introducing me to everyone, making a fuss about every little detail in my life, bringing me into conversations. Now it is quite the opposite. What is going on? When my personality asserts itself, when someone else brings me into the picture, it feels strange as if a stranger is speaking through my mouth. I don't know who I am anymore.

U.G. is killing me and I wonder just how far it will go. Will I be a shadow of my former self, incapacitated, but still limping along under the delusion that I exist, that I 'am'? No psyche, no consciousness, no unconsciousness. No nothing. No me, no you, no world. I'm not bothered, just bemused.

August 8

2 a.m. A sleepless night. My mind is in tatters, burning up. I feel the same disorientation I did after leaving Andrew, no reference point. Terrifying and sickening, making me nauseous. Can't cry, can't sleep. Almost took a Valium, but took it out of my mouth at the last moment. Have to stay with this and see where it takes me, if anywhere.

Not sure what triggered this. We went to Geneva today to have lunch with Viru-ben, the lady we saw in Bombay in December. U.G. was friendly to me all day. I was relaxed and at ease, joking and talking, no fear. In the morning, before leaving, he had asked me to write Terry for him, saying he wanted the cave built in the Crow's Nest so, "(if she is still around) she will have a place to stay," and to write him a check for the first two and a half month's rent.

Light and cheerful, had a nice conversation with Mary afterwards. We are getting along fine and it seemed the tension was over. I should have known it couldn't last. By the time we returned to the chalet, U.G. was beginning to badger me, complaining about dinner, attacking me for my useless taping efforts. I spoke with Gorden in New York and when I told U.G. that he is very flexible regarding September, he rejoined loudly and frostily that he was not going to spend even one night in my apartment.

I don't know where this leaves me. I floated past it at first because my daughter, my son and my mother called from Maine and I had an hour talk with them. U.G. went to bed in the middle of it, then Mary. I fell into total insomnia. I am being dragged through my worst fears, abandoning my children and mother, losing contact with my security and resources, having to make huge decisions. I find it all horrible and painful and unfair. There is no fairness with U.G. He is torturing me in some new way.

I am being torn apart and I hate it. I try to relax and go with it, but cannot. I know I must let him have his way with me, can't escape. But I am terrified. This feeling of madness is horrible. He is horrible. How can he do this, why do I have to endure this? Or is it just the same old thing I have suffered all my life?

U.G. hasn't done such a great job as a father. He hasn't even done such a great job with his devotees if the people around him, myself included, are any example. I'm angry at him, and frightened. He is cavalier and arrogant.

7 a.m. I'm exhausted, but with the light of day less freaked out. A splitting headache and a numbed sadness. Usually I look forward to 8 a.m. when U.G. comes out for breakfast. Today I feel he is the executioner, and dread the movement of the clock. Why have I given over my power to this man? And yet there is no alternative, nowhere to go from here.

Is he driving me away from him because he is not comfortable with my presence? Or is he methodically murdering my mind, according to some inscrutable plan of his own?

August 9

Talked a bit to U.G. yesterday morning, but nothing was resolved. He told me I should not listen to others, but ask him if I have any doubt about anything. He said I am "funny" about money, unclear, cheap and petty. This I must resolve before we go much farther. I feel out of control, don't know what I'm spending or for what. I try to see it as "letting go," but the result is a confused, anxious mind. I must take care of my business affairs. He is not going to do this for me.

August 10

Sleeping badly. U.G. says it is because of my petty thoughts, my ambivalence. Perhaps it is so. The absolute bottom line is that if I want to be with him, there is no power in the world that can stand in my way. My worries about money are standing in my way. In some way I am unclear, odd about it and I'm not sure what the worry is about.

Talking to Luna yesterday, it seems as if perhaps I pretend to myself to be wealthier than I am in an effort to be with him, to talk myself into it, talk him into it. But facts are facts. I want to give him everything, but in the next frame I am afraid for my security. U.G. won't take my money.

Otherwise he is being quite friendly. An occasional barb about my eating habits, taking cheese from the plate with my knife and then putting it on my bread, from which I've taken a bite. A Brahman habits of his, which I forget to honor. But mostly he is mellow. The worst thing he does is ignore me.

As long as I am interested in what he has to say and what goes on around him I will be fine. If that is no longer the case, I must go. Luna and I had coffee with Tim yesterday and discussed whether U.G. is or is not a guru,

no conclusion, though it is clear he acts like one in relation to most of us. Dependency is the big issue, but if one were independent, one would not need him, nor be attracted to being with him.

August 11

When I say to people that I have no life to go back to, I realize this is not true. I am in the middle, wanting two things. I want to travel with U.G., have this unique relationship with him. But I also want to maintain my base in New York, go there from time to time, keep in touch with my children. I feel my relationship to the latter is threatened, and it is one of the reasons for my nervous mind, calculating, trying to figure out strategies for keeping both going. In a sense I am planning for the time I will not be with U.G., living in the future, rather than just adhering to what is actually going on now, that which is the case now.

Money is symbolic of this dichotomy. I cannot be clear until I am clear, and when I am clear about one thing, I will be clear about all things, and that will be clarity of mind. (U.G. says there is no such thing as clarity of mind.)

August 12

Yesterday was a horrible day. It began with silence in the morning, neither U.G. nor I saying a word during breakfast. He disappeared to his room and closed the door soon afterwards. When Mary and Paul appeared later, there was a pregnant heaviness in the air, no energy.

I said I had written a letter to a French friend (Elisabeth), expressing my irritation (in response to a letter of hers) at the way she came to visit me in Maine with her children and her demands for food, requiring special hamburger (in a vegetarian household), complex ingredients for daily soups, etc. U.G. said it was just what had happened here. I had come into a simple situation and complicated it. I saw what he meant, but my feelings were hurt at the comparison.

After lunch I asked U.G. whether he had any objection to my offering Tim money to stay in the campsite at Saanen rather than in a field in Launen. Asking was the wrong thing to do. He blew up at me, saying, "Don't do anything for me," and berated me for being mean, cheap and petty, showing off, being territorial. We were in the midst of this heated denunciation when Mary appeared to do his ironing. The conversation (such as it was) stopped dead, and he began a cozy one with her about his clothes, matching colors, etc.

I was fuming and felt like murdering both of them. Fortunately, Luna appeared at that moment and we left for a walk. I was hurling pebbles at the trees with rage on the way down the hill. I ranted to Luna all the way down Eggli, so angry I wasn't even afraid in the lift going up. A beautiful walk, but marred by my anger. Though it was good to express it, and let off steam.

I thought of U.G. and how this matter was not at all on his mind, that it had disappeared from his screen immediately on my departure and would only return when I reappeared, a different frame. I, on the other hand, carried it with me for hours, analyzing, fuming, dissecting and blasting.

I was still upset and angry when we returned, talked to Tim in the living room while U.G. carried on with his visitors outside. I am less afraid now, the anger and pain have burned some of the dependency from me. I look at U.G. and listen to these conversations and wonder if I'm mad, being here, thinking this is all that I want in the world. As predicted by Luna, and even by me, the tables turned again yesterday and all was calm.

U.G. did his usual peacemaking gestures of (what I consider) *prasad*. We stopped at the Geissmann's chalet and several times he cut pieces of *chevre* and handed them to me. He let me take along the video camera and made no fuss about my filming.

What I have seen, basically, is that I am a petty bitch, there is no other word for it. I do not resist this now, I know it is true. By knowing this, I don't blame others for being just as I am, but own up to it in myself. I cannot be otherwise, unless it drops away. But perhaps I will be less judgmental. I am territorial, I show off. Anything that bothers me about others is something very present in myself.

This morning the phone rang at 5:30, Douglas calling from California for U.G. I lay in bed awake afterwards for a while and realized I was light and happy, no problem. The peace after the war, not to be counted on lasting.

Underneath is the knowledge that there is no permanence, there is no security. But why hold on? When we part we part. I have parted over and over again, and survived.

U.G. said, months ago, that the day I no longer suffer from his fire I will leave him, go away.

August 14

My journal seems to be repetitively and entirely about the ups and downs that go on for me here in this house rather than about U.G.'s teaching. But then the ups and downs are the teaching. Yesterday afternoon, during the 4 to 6 discussion, as the train roared past the chalet, U.G. said to Ortolani, as he always does, "That is your teacher," and for the first time I felt I really understood something about this, about the silence that these sudden noises really are, rather than the artificial silence of meditation or isolation from the flow of life.

If I could really listen to that train, or that truck, or that jackhammer, without recoiling from it or considering it an interruption of my train of thought or the conversation, more thought, it would end all thought. It would silence thought. That's it, that's what he means. But I avoid it, listen or try to listen instead to the prattle and roar of my own thinking, or try to listen to what U.G. is saying instead of staying with "that sound."

He is saying that sound is your teacher!

Mahesh sent an article that appeared in the Indian magazine, *Society*, with some of my photos. I had it photocopied, and U.G. passed the copies to the assembled people late in the day. Bernard said he hated one of the pictures, that he thought U.G. looked sick, it was not a good likeness. U.G. turned on me later, saying all his friends thought the photo was lousy, that it reflected me, not him, that all my photos of him reflected me, that he would no longer allow me to take photos for the newspapers! He finished it off with the remark that I was only good at taking photographs of "sheep." The absurdity of the whole thing was incredible, yet the force of his anger and energy was as present as it ever is, and I was forced to withstand it.

Perhaps the blast was to keep me from getting too sure of myself (How could I ever be sure of myself?), not to be proud of having been quoted about U.G. in the article, I don't know. Perhaps he is tired of my photography and doesn't want it to continue.

But after this intense day, I was more present than I have ever been, more attuned to his teaching, understanding him in a new way. And after dinner we had a beautiful relaxed conversation about politics and the origins of religion, U.G. at his best. Talking about Anandamayi Ma, I said I had heard she was very rough on a few of her disciples. U.G. said, "Yes, of course, what do you think?"

Not that he would acknowledge himself as teacher and me as disciple, but I heard from him the confirmation I need to sustain myself.

August 16

What a dizzying merry go round. I stayed up until 1:30 talking to Mary last night, the two of us closing down Gstaad, sitting alone outside in a cafe, the village dark and asleep. We had gone to Thun earlier in the car (with U.G. and Paul), tension and distance between us. First off in the morning U.G. had taken my photo over to Mary at the breakfast table and asked her what she thought of it. She responded immediately that it was terrible and chastised me for putting it in the hands of the journalist.

I was incensed at her criticism, and retaliated by complaining about her scraping toast crumbs onto the floor right after I washed it. Petty, petty.

U.G. showed us that we can't trifle with him, that's for sure. After all Mary's and my promises to talk things over and get along, he turned our resolves into ashes.

August 17

Well we've had the showdown I knew was coming. After an unusually peaceful and cheerful dinner (Mary and I had just commented on how "happy" U.G. seemed, how mellow), the shit hit the fan. He and I and Mary, Luna

and Paul were sitting around the living room talking after dinner. Mary suggested doing the I Ching for the head she is supposed to sculpt of U.G.

Suddenly U.G. commanded me to do the I Ching on when I was going to leave him. I was put on the spot, and under pressure. I did it, jokingly, getting all kinds of mixed messages, Nourishment, then Decrease.

Then U.G. launched into his attack, "What makes you think you can stay with me? You are petty and mean and cheap. All the time I'm asking you to go, if you want, if you can't change. Being with me is not like being with your husbands, your lover boys. I don't care about you. I don't care about anyone. I don't give a damn for human foibles. If you want to rent a house and take in all the Adris and Tims, you do it, but not here. Do you think I give a damn for your cooking or your petty gifts, shoes, t-shirts? Your photography is useless. It's acceptable to have pride if you've done something, but you've done nothing. Your videos are worthless, I'd throw them all out. Do you know how many people want to do what you're doing, living with me, traveling with me? Why you? What have you got to offer? Why do you want to be here? If you want woman's lib and independence you should be elsewhere, live your own life somewhere else. If you want to be here, you live my life, do things my way. What's the good of talking to Luna and Paul and Mary, what can they tell you? Everyone all over the world wants to know why her, why this woman who came out of nowhere? When you are with me, you are me to others. You must be very clear why you are here. This is walking the razor's edge."

He continued in this vein for nearly an hour, without a word from anyone else. After I got over the first shock, the first resistance to what he was saying (leave) and the humiliation that he was going through this in front of the others, I braced myself in the chair and gave myself up to the storm. This time I let it flow through me, tried to listen for the key points.

When he was through, there was silence. I said I would stay here, not go to Schonried with Luna and Paul for the usual coffee, realizing that this was key, my endless talking with others about my situation, about U.G. To avoid talking to Mary, I went down to the station to try to call my family in Maine, but the line was busy. I took this as a sign to leave it and return home. I didn't want to talk to them, anyway. I needed to process U.G.'s blast, take it in.

When I returned to the house, Mary was still poking around the kitchen, looking for parts of her watch that had dropped on the floor. The phone rang and it was Mahesh. He asked me why I sounded strained, and I said I had just received an ultimatum, either I change or leave. "Change what?" he asked. "My meanness, pettiness, cheapness," I answered. "You're not mean or cheap," Mahesh rejoined with gentleness. "Where's the old man?"

I called U.G. and after he talked to Mahesh, I asked him to stay with me a few minutes and let me ask him a few questions. So we settled back into chairs and went over it again, though this time he was gentle and kind.

The bottom line is that I must drop my habitual behavior if I want to be with U.G., and the most obvious thing is my tendency to rely on others for analysis of the situation, for confirmation, to get attention by talking about my problems.

This is what U.G. does not want. When I am with him, whatever happens is between him and me, not between me and others. He is the one I should address myself to, depend on. I have consulted others my whole life, but not really listened, ended up doing what I wanted anyway. This is what must change. If U.G. is my only reference point, I can have no conflict. I want to be with him. If this is the case, he says, no power in the world can stand in my way.

I feel oddly peaceful this morning, less complicated. I have made my choice, to stay and do things his way as best I can, if I don't know something, to ask him, not anyone else. Not to consult others about anything.

August 18

I'm not so clear after all. I have not dropped my competitiveness with Mary. She got up early and seemed as though ready to take over immediately as soon as I left. When it became apparent that I was staying on (and that U.G. was permitting this, at least for the present), she became disoriented and shaken. I noticed this and was glad. She was rejoicing in my bad luck, and I didn't like it.

But look how this separates us. Two nights ago we were bonded together, she and I, and with just the slightest turning of things, U.G. threw us back into conflict. Nothing is in our hands, I see that. As long as either one of

us wants anything from him, his approval, attention, presence, we will be ready to murder each other. This is the horror of the human monster. No animal would respond this way. Thought is *evil*.

I am more concerned with my feud than with freedom, I see that too. The one relief was seeing that I do not have to confide in anyone, no one really expects it. Luna, Paul, even Mary didn't probe when I made it clear I was not going to talk about the episode of the night before.

August 19

What a difference, everything smooth and mellow. Yesterday an Indian lawyer from Delhi came in the morning and spent the day. We had breakfast and lunch and a drive to show him around. Just before his train left, I taped two radio interviews.

Mary has been off walking for two days, and as of last night I felt there was a new dynamic between us. Not emotional or fraught, just straightforward. Neither of us projected on the other. It is clear to me that I provoked this whole situation this summer by asking advice in an effort to placate, to get approval.

I have seen how wanting permanence, wanting a special relationship with U.G. created suffering for me, suffering for her, competition and hostility between us. There is plenty of U.G. to go around but I now see why he says he cannot have any organization around him, how bickering and power plays start immediately.

Last night at dinner Paolo told Luna his story of being a guru (appointed by Rajneesh). How easy it was to believe in the power others invest in you, what a trap it is, for both.

August 20

More and more the razor's edge. As U.G. becomes increasingly my reference point, I see how treacherous is this road, this non-road, this road to no-where. My usual points of reference, others, are no longer viable as I do not feel free to consult them. My relationships become friendly but increasingly detached, impersonal.

August 22

The night before last I had a lucid dream that my mother was dying, fading away. She said she knew she had to slow down, move more slowly, and seemed to be dying out, going into a deep I understood that she wanted to be roused, saved, but I seemed sluggish in my response.

A Jungian might say the dream is telling me that the maternal part of myself is under threat of death and doesn't want to go, and in my passivity I am letting it, not rescuing or resuscitating it. But I am not a Jungian, nor is my mother dying at the moment. So I guess I feel it has no meaning at all, and was just an expression of anxiety, brought on by all this talk of the Middle East war. Perhaps also the specter of by-passing New York on the way to California, my vestigial feelings that I should be doing something more for her, though she is hale and hearty at eighty-four.

I was upset by the dream and lay awake for hours anyway, tossing and turning and finally took a half a Valium. The next morning I regretted this act as I felt hung-over and sick all day. One directive that U.G. has given me was not to take Valium and here I had done it in a pig-headed and cowardly fashion. I had the feeling that I must act. So I went into the bathroom and flushed the entire contents of the bottle, at least 100 10 mg pills, down the toilet. Later this seemed like a rash act, my security backup of many years thrown out, condemning myself to sleepless nights and untold fears.

But today I don't care. Act I did, and bear the consequences I will. Today U.G. and I are alone together. Paul left this morning for his Bergerie in Southern France. Sorry to see him go as we built up a warm and good friendship.

August 23

U.G. said the other day that once this bug enters your system, you're finished. You can't go back to spiritual life,

can't go back to ambition, greed. You are already ruined. You can't go back, but you must find the answer for yourself. You have to finish the job, or the job finishes you.

So many people have left, there is a definite end to summer feel now. The Ortolanis are still here, he still asking his incessant questions, she wishing to be anywhere else. A young Italian couple with a baby, he a kundalini teacher in Rome, she a psychotherapist of some new age sort, have been coming for ten days or so.

U.G. has said over and over again that kundalini is bunk and has nothing to do with illumination. Neither the young Italian, nor the crowd of avatar masters who have been hanging around can get it. His message destroys all they do, all they are. Without belief they can't teach their courses. If they suspect the truth, that there is nothing to teach, that their system is bogus, they would be finished, their business ruined. And yet they come.

More interesting, in a way, are the Italians' questions about their child. How to raise her without destroying her. "We can't leave children alone," says U.G. "We have to destroy them too. We love to destroy." The young father wanted to know if there is anything we can safely teach them. "It's impossible to destroy ignorance without destroying innocence," U.G. replied. "They have to find out on their own."

"The meaning of life is just breathe without knowing you are breathing." This seems like the bottom line, but, of course, impossible, we have to add on and think, ruin everything.

On the war preparations in the Middle East, U.G. continues to reiterate that he is just waiting to see American flag-draped coffins being sent home. We need to be taught a lesson, he says. The lesson that we no longer control the world, are no longer a force to contend with, we can no longer manipulate others for our own goals and needs. It seems logical to me now.

August 24

Dawn. Can't sleep. I was thinking this morning as I made myself a cup of coffee (at 4 a.m.) how after a full year with U.G. I am still thinking the same thoughts, am still behaving and responding in the same way, no change. After all the revelations, the same internal dialogue goes on. The only way to end that is to hang myself from the nearest tree, to end me. And I'm too much of a coward to do that. As U.G. says, I love those neuroses, miseries and convolutions. They are all I have ever known, all that I am.

I thrashed about, worrying about the apartment and money and what to do. But I finally gave up, something in me realized I couldn't figure it out, there was no solution. U.G. had asked me last night what I wanted to do, but didn't want to hear any of my concerns and went abruptly to bed leaving me to mull it over. So when he finally appeared this morning for breakfast, I had decided not to make a decision at all, to bypass New York entirely if necessary, or stay in a hotel with U.G.

Then U.G. said now that Gordon was definitely leaving on the 21st, we could stay in Europe until that date, then return, spend a few days in the apartment and even he would stay there. And then go to California.

Something shifted for me. I have felt no fear of him all morning, no self-consciousness, very free. He hurls barbs at me and I just seem to be able to go with them, take them lightly. It's as if he can't hurt me, doesn't want to. I'm not afraid!

I put the curry can in the ice-box, asked him how it got there and realized it was me. "Am I enlightened?" I asked U.G., jokingly, remembering John Wren-Lewis' reports of people who have had various mystical experiences putting their sneakers in the fridge.

U.G. said to Paolo this morning that the questions "What to eat?" and "How to live?" are the culture. If they go, so does his girlfriend, so does absolutely everything. So enjoy your misery, he says. You can't be without it. For a fraction of a second of happiness, you suffer untold hours.

I'm not worried about anything right now, even with this impending war and my apartment problems looming. Something has changed with U.G. and I can't figure out what it is. We seem to be on new terrain, but perhaps this too is illusion and I will be back in purgatory before I know it. He badgered me about the videos with all sorts of people here and I joked about it, and I said he would miss not having me to kick around if I went away. I was completely at home with him, eating lunch, very casual and free. What is it?

August 25

Nothing lasts long. I am absorbing this changing reality of life with U.G. There is a sword in my solar plexus today, a sword of nameless fear, an unidentified threat. The adversary is probably myself, my mind, but I am helpless to deal with it. Nothing has happened. Paolo and Laura have left, Mary has called several times, now planning to do U.G.'s head from photos, since he is not coming to Rome.

But I feel he will go to Rome, and has just been testing her and teaching her a lesson. She was cavalier about him and the head, believing he wanted it for himself. My theory from the beginning was he was doing it for her, believing in her talent, returning to Rome for her, not because he wanted anything himself. She has probably seen this, at last, and is trying to make amends.

Why I feel in any way threatened is beyond me, except that I see that his attack is constant, routing out all phoniness and stupid ideas. Nobody is protected, we are all fair game and there will be no respite, ever. He is the law of life, the unknown factor made manifest! I must accept it and see where he takes me, that's all. His trump with me is my desire to be with him. Instead of trying to overcome this desire, I can only surrender to it, be dependent and connected. And realize that this need is my salvation, it is what holds me here in the school of fire, this inferno of terror.

Yet I eat and sleep well, feel healthy and alive. My body tells me all is well, though my mind runs scared. The hostage has already been taken, the bug has entered the system and it is only a matter of time until I die.

Aptly, this morning's *Tribune* talks of scorpions and cobras and blistering heat in the desert, terror for American troops. Their situation, according to me, is no more terrifying than mine, here with this Siva, this destroyer.

August 26

U.G. told me yesterday, quite clearly, that the neurotic situation for me is my old life versus my new life, the "dead past" versus now. I will remain in this bog until one or the other is "cast asunder," one or the other must go. It is clear to me which this is, of course. The past must, will go.

August 27

Yesterday was the quietest day yet. We were to go for a drive with Ortolani, but he called with a cold at the last moment. I realized U.G. was going for Ortolani, not for himself. And something in Ortolani is hearing U.G. in a new way this summer. He wanted to take U.G. on a pilgrimage to all the places he used to go and walk and sit with J. Krishnamurti. U.G. was willing to do it, once again, for Ortolani. But the latter got sick. I feel there is meaning in this sickness, but perhaps I am wrong.

U.G. slept a great deal, and we were peaceful and quiet together, alone all day. Except in the evening when a few people came by. I asked him about the yogic feats recounted in a book I was reading, *Swami*, having found it in the bookcase. He said there is nothing to these feats. He said if I understood even a tiny, weeny bit of what he, U.G., is saying I would never ask these questions. That is, probably, that the knowledge we all have about yogic occurrences allows us to create them. They are in the realm of the known.

I told him I was amused by his use of 'weeny' and couldn't stop chuckling. He said that I have a childlike quality which comes out when my pretentious personality is in abeyance, the salon-du-the-coffee-table-cocktail lounge banter that is so useless. He says this is the real me, innocent and spontaneous. This is the first time he has said something like this to me in a long time.

I said I remembered him saying (in New Zealand) that I couldn't be myself if I was afraid of losing him, afraid of making a mistake. He said that the fear causes me to do the very thing that would cause the friendship to end, to force us apart. He has said this again and again, and I know there is an enormous truth in it, but I still don't understand. How to be free from fear? It's not in my hands.

August 29

Our time in Switzerland draws to a close. I won't mind leaving, though I will probably miss the cool mountain climate. The rest of Europe is having an extended dry, hot spell and we'll be going right into it.

How to sum up these two months? I can't. I don't know if anything has changed or not. I don't know what I have learned. I am aware of my own negativity, lurking at the border of my consciousness, with the whispering voices of my mother and antecedents constantly in my head.

I realize that being with U.G. is the greatest gift, yet the loneliness of the life is beginning to manifest. It is lonely for my personality. But when real threats disappear, when his frontal attacks cease for a few days, the void is filled by my thoughts, by the beginnings of doubts. The minute I feel insecure again, the doubts will be driven away.

Farewells have begun. The Ortolanis leave today and they agreed to meet again next summer, 30 years for Ortolani and 28 for U.G., multiples of 7, this could mean U.G.'s last summer here. It is wildly expensive and over-populated, though the mountains themselves are not.

Ortolani said he is no longer a seeker, has realized there is no reincarnation, no hope, no truth. And that he has no interest in anything much. The "U.G. Effect." Being with him, you are left with nothing, nowhere to go, nothing to do.

I'm renting a car tomorrow morning and we will drive to Zurich on Friday morning for the plane to Amsterdam. We have begun cleaning up the house and packing. Trying to use up all the food, as U.G. wants nothing left. Yet people continue to bring things, chocolate, fruit, avocados.

August 30

Last day. I removed a spider from my bathroom this morning, a spider who has been keeping me company for the past few weeks, a daddy long legs, missing one of his legs. I put him outside near the steps. He had seemed to be waiting on the floor, as if asking for something. It was a choice, for me, of leaving him to be perhaps killed, vacuumed up by the cleaning after we leave, or risk his being too cold outside. I chose the latter, and noting that the spider seemed frozen out there, was not moving, I asked U.G. his opinion.

His opinion was, of course, to scoff at me, saying I can condone sending boys to the Middle East to die in the desert, but fuss over one spider in the bathroom. It was the same litany over the cockroach in Bangalore. But I don't condone sending soldiers anywhere, don't condone anything my government does. I have grown attached to my spider.

U.G. said, "Why don't you knit a sweater for the spider?"

~ ~

Feeling mellow, so at peace. Had a dream last night about U.G.. He was suggesting that someone (me?) cut off one leg, not exactly a peaceful dream. Yet there was no feeling of discomfort or stress.

He had been withdrawn for a few days, but yesterday evening was more accessible again. Is it me? I don't know. After Harry left, we sat around talking about where to go after Amsterdam. He seemed to want to go to America early, perhaps Boston. I said we could rent a car, go to my mother's and pick up mine, go to Portland and Boston. He was tearing at his toe nail and when I objected, he indicated I could cut it for him. I did this, feeling serene and comfortable. These rare moments are gifts from him.

Walking up the hill to the house, I was suddenly overcome with emotion, visualizing my children as infants, my mother as a younger woman. I burst into tears, quietly, to myself. I was weeping for the passing of all things, realizing my love for them is as much a reality as anything. I don't have to pretend to myself or U.G. that this is not the case.

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Amsterdam

September 1

We left Gstaad at 6:30 a.m. yesterday in the car I had rented the day before, driving to Zurich in pouring rain. At the airport, some chaos ensued finding Hertz, getting rid of the car and moving all the bags to the Swissair counter. After they were checked in, U.G. turned on me suddenly at the currency exchange, announcing harshly that this is the end of the road for me, I leave him after Amsterdam. I didn't respond or answer, just let him have his say. He seemed enraged by my baggage load, and in this regard I am helpless until I can leave some of it somewhere.

We were met in Amsterdam by a crowd of U.G.'s friends. Getting into Robert's car, U.G. put his hand on my head to keep me from bumping it on the door, as if making amends for the outburst in Zurich. But there are no amends. As long as I place a premium on friendly moments and veer away from harsh ones, I will suffer. If I accept one on the same plane with the other, I won't be unhappy. If I have no investment in the outcome, I will be free.

My room looks out on the canal and the church tower which peals every quarter hour. Happy to be here and don't know what is next!

September 2

A busy day yesterday. U.G. and I went for a walk in the morning, checking out the local department store. Later we went to visit Morari and Suveera in their apartment. Everyone brings U.G. his favorite Belgian chocolates, Leonidas.

In the evening U.G. told some people who stayed to ask questions, that it's not so much a question of throwing away your crutches, that you can walk, but that the crutches will just fall away on their own, the need for them will disappear; it never existed.

September 3

A long walk yesterday with U.G., Morari and Suveera. Willem de Ridder interviewed U.G. for cable tv in the afternoon, and in the evening for radio, live, from 10 to Midnight in a vaulted studio somewhere near here. Willem asked me a few questions at the end, and I felt shy and inarticulate, horrified by my banality. U.G. asked me afterwards how I can ask other people to do testimonials for me and then refuse to do them myself. A good point. I allowed my stage fright and inadequacy to rule me, felt ill equipped to speak about U.G. But why? I have spent a year with the man. Can't I talk about it? What's wrong with me?

September 5

Most of the conversation centers around where we are going from here. U.G. asks Henk repeatedly, "How long am I staying in Amsterdam?," as if Henk has anything to do with the decision. He has visited countless airline offices, carried away flight schedules which he reads with attention whenever he gets a moment, he announced he is not going to Rome and flipped a coin yesterday about flying directly to Boston from here, or going to London first. London won, and he told me to call the apartment hotel and make a reservation.

He told me the other day that he is sinking more and more and wants to be in one place for the remainder of this month, does not want to travel. It's as if he senses that something is going to happen and he wants to be settled somewhere when it does. This possibly will be California.

We are going for drives with various people, Andre one day and Jerry the next, visiting dunes and dykes and beaches. We have walked all around Amsterdam, to post offices and department stores. It is a city for strolling, though going at U.G.'s pace seems tiring to some. Large groups come every evening and U.G. seems to be enjoying himself.

September 6

Yesterday U.G. and Andre were going to cook an Indian dinner but this turned into a fiasco as Andre doesn't cook. U.G. asked me to do all the preparations, cooking cauliflower and peas and rice for him. I did as he asked, but the vegetables became like porridge and the rice glutinous with over-cooking. Though U.G. monitored the whole thing, it was disgusting, barely edible, and he blamed me for messing it up. I don't know what he was up to because if he wants to cook he does, and to perfection. Something else was going on.

Morari, Suveera and I went to the Dawn Horse Bookstore and Au Bout du Monde yesterday afternoon. Looking at books make me see my entire history before my own eyes, psychology, *A Course in Miracles*, Zen, Advaita, Out of Body—everything, there it is, on shelf after shelf. U.G. said last night that it is only an assumption that we are the same person who lived twenty, ten, five years ago. These selective memories create the idea that we exist and did such and such which led to such and such. Yet nothing has anything to do with anything, separate frames.

Looking out the window I see only water and barges. Full moon.

September 7

I was thinking about the demolition of my personality and remembering in Paris nearly thirty years ago when I met S. and he told me I had no personality and had to develop one to operate in his world. Isn't this the root of everything? Surely I had a personality already, one formed by parents and upbringing. But it didn't suit S.'s view of how I should be, so in my accommodating way, I developed another one to cope with the life we were leading.

It is this combination of false personalities that is being attacked by U.G. An impulse that operates in him, that happens spontaneously. I have moments of feeling devoid of me and this personality that I have learned to know, and those moments are restful and problem-free. It feels like a kind of humility, an emptiness that allows me to hear what U.G. is saying, at least to some extent.

September 8

Negative this morning. Tos got annoyed at all the people hanging around just gaping at U.G. and perhaps it got to me too. I cook for seven or eight every meal, plus shopping. I can't understand why U.G. encourages it here in Amsterdam when he didn't in Gstaad.

September 9

Mahesh called in the evening and asked to talk to me after U.G. He said I am in for it in London, that with U.G., "If he is harsh, you don't have a chance, and if he is calm, you have had it!" He recommended just giving in to his harshness, not fighting it. I said I have no choice in the matter.

Robert told me I look spiritual to him and I asked him why. He said it is my eyes, my hair, the way I move, that it is a childlike-ness about my bearing, a saintly quality! Of all things! U.G. had mentioned the night before about spending 365 consecutive days with me and that I am the person who is always with him, and yet he cannot bring my face onto his computer screen. He said when I am not in front of him, I do not exist. He used this as an example of how he functions.

As he went to bed, I went up and told him about Tos and her cancer so he would know, perhaps be able to help her.

September 10

U.G. says he is going to rest in London, see few people. That is fine with me, though I sense it will be an intense time for me, once again. I have been so busy here and there have been many people around constantly, so there has been very little interchange between us. What there has been has been calm and peaceful, a danger zone according to Mahesh.

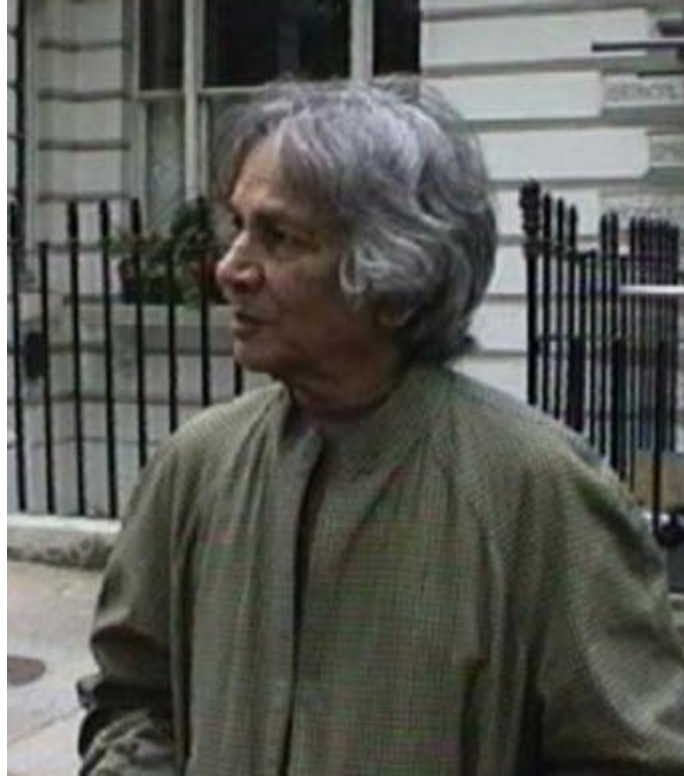
Well, in for a penny in for a pound. I have gotten this far. Whatever happens, it is not in my hands.

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London

September 11

Settled into a one-bedroom apartment at 28 Ovington Square, a great location near Harrods. I had reserved a two-bedroom flat in the other building (owned by the apartment chain) on Collingham Road, but when we arrived, it had been given to someone else. This turned out to be perfect. I can sleep in the living room, as in Switzerland, and U.G. can have his privacy in the bedroom and 'sink' to his heart's content.

Together we went to Harrods for food shopping. Then U.G. went to the post office, while I dropped the shopping bags off at the apartment, and returned to Harrods for odds and ends. Enjoyed shopping on my own.

Made dinner and talked a little with U.G. afterwards. He said he thought I should go to New York and leave him alone here. I said I would if he wanted me to. There was no resistance in me and very little persistence in him. He mentioned my aggressiveness, then immediately said I was not aggressive in Amsterdam, only in Switzerland. He said I didn't have the interest or the means to travel with him, same old story, I didn't want to change. I more or less agreed, saying I didn't know what to change into, who I was, had nothing to show off anymore.

I felt very fluid with him, going with him rather than against. And he seemed to drop the whole thing. He became immediately gentler. Whatever he says about me is probably true, but that's where it ends, unless 'it' changes me, and there's no "it." Somehow I have nothing to defend, now.

September 12

In the morning we did errands around the neighborhood, Harrods, Boots, etc. After lunch we were about to go out to the post office when U.G. said I was too restless and should go on my own. I was in a depressed mood anyway, questioning my life, what I was doing with U.G., lonely in this one-sided relationship. Feeling old and drab and dragged down, tired. Worn out by constant criticism, inept and frustrated.

It's good he forced me out on my own. Not that I did anything, but it did me good to walk around. I found the cobbler at South Kensington Station, looked at shoes (for myself), and bought a book by Jeffrey Masson debunking psychotherapy.

U.G. was still out when I returned, having gone to all the airline offices to check out travel information. Who knows what he is looking into, what he is studying with such attention. He tells me nothing, pays me virtually no attention. It is as if I don't exist. He doesn't blast me, just runs a constant commentary on my inanities. I asked the maid, for a larger pot for boiling water. When she brought it, he announced he was leaving if I used it. He does not want me to get carried away with cooking, overbuy, stock up on things. That part of my life, he says, is over.

I have been very emotional and nostalgic, feeling pain for my mother of all people, pain for her age, her old body. Yet she is not disturbed by this, and I am not responsible for her age or condition. I am not even responsible for my own.

Maybe my impending fiftieth birthday next week is affecting me. I have always been depressed around this time of year.

September 13

Down in the dumps. Mahesh called last night, also depressed. Felt I had an ally in him.

U.G. was utterly horrible yesterday. I felt I couldn't go on, didn't see the point. He has been so unfriendly that I sometimes feel I have lost the sense of mission, lost my conviction that being with him is what I want more than anything in the world. I can now be alone, and perhaps I should just go live quietly somewhere, in one place, with nobody picking on me.

U.G. said yesterday he probably wouldn't go to the States now, which probably means returning to India. If he does this, it is over for me. I have to go to the States, that's all. Or he has to wait here in London for me while I go take care of my business in New York. What is my business? Apartment, mother? Do I really have any business? Am I needed by anyone?

Walked all over Chelsea yesterday. Found a sweater and pants for U.G. which I bought, and then hemmed on returning home. After lunch he went for a haircut at Harrods and I bought shoes, expensive ones. I feel so drab, old and ugly right now. A rash on my face and scratchiness in my throat. Should I go to a doctor?

When I was talking to Mahesh, telling him how low I am, U.G. said it is going to get worse, not better, that I asked for it, wanting to be with him. He told me yesterday that I eat too much, that I am sick. Everything I do is sick, everything I do for him he rejects. Now he wants no more Leonidas chocolates, and no vegetables suit him because I don't cook them long enough—until they lose color. So we now have couscous and angel hair pasta with tomato sauce, and soon he will probably discontinue that. I buy mango and he won't eat it, "doesn't like anything I buy or cook."

September 14

The depression lifted yesterday, and I had a good day. I seem able to live in the state of extreme insecurity, with no highs, no enforcement of reality—or maybe that is reality. I feel from time to time as if it wouldn't be hard to fall over the edge into madness, but, somehow, safe with U.G. He is a perfect Master, and incapable of a false move. Hence all of this can have the effect of freeing me, if not entirely, at least relatively. If I can just stay with him, and remain open...

He ranted a bit about my desire to go to the Dawn Horse Bookstore on Poland Street, said I should be able to find the book on Charring Cross Road. When I gave up the idea of going to Poland Street, as if by magic we ended up there. He went into Marks and Spencer while I went to look for the bookstore, which had closed eight months ago. Returning to meet U.G. in front of Marks and Spencer, I ran into Roger Housden who had come to see U.G. in Switzerland. A coincidence?

U.G. was quite charming and amusing yesterday, after the tension of the previous days. Standing in line at a department store to pay for a pair of corduroy pants, the salesman seemed to be taking an inordinate amount of time with the customer before us, packing the boxes awkwardly. U.G. said quietly to me, "I would fire that bastard." I couldn't stop laughing at the incongruity of this "holy man," expressing judgement and impatience. But of course he was doing neither, just responding to inefficiency, and it was said for my benefit.

Later we went to Woodlands for lunch, idlies for a change. When we had finished, I ordered coffee. "That's very trendy," said U.G., and I burst out laughing at his choice of words. Anything I do out of habit gets attacked and I'm chafed that he incorporates such expressions so fluidly into his speech.

I enjoyed myself, though I am tired. I went to Harrods alone in the afternoon, for a few things for the kitchen, sewed U.G.'s trousers. I cut a tiny hole in one pant's leg, darned it with thread, but you could still see the mistake. U.G. was completely unperturbed, couldn't have cared less. Real mistakes he tolerates, but he's relentless in the face of phoniness, habitual excess, wastefulness.

In the evening, we watched TV. One drama seemed to drag and I was anxious to watch "L.A. Law," but didn't say so. Then U.G. said "This is moving very slowly" and when I suggested switching to "L.A. Law," he said sure, even though he had already seen the episode. When it was over, he said to switch back to the other program. I said I felt awful that he had switched for my sake, and he laughingly said he never misses anything. He had picked up my thoughts, and showed me his utter unselfishness.

U.G. is coming to the U.S. with me now, but how long he will stay in New York is anyone's guess.

I spoke with my daughter on the phone, and she mentioned my impending birthday. I said I didn't want any fuss, any celebration, that was one of the reasons I wanted to stay over here until it was over.

September 15

Spent the morning at the laundromat yesterday, doing separate loads. I was tempted to put U.G.'s and my things together in the large dryer, but did not, in deference to his Brahmin wishes to keep personal items separate. Insofar as I am capable, I find it easier to do things his way, and not be in doubt or conflict.

In the afternoon we went for a long walk through Chelsea. I asked U.G. what he liked about a program on TV the night before involving a rabbi who was fascinated by the Christian saints. He said it was because the rabbi had been the opposite of himself, U.G. He, U.G., never had any interest in these things, knew, instinctively, from childhood that there was something phony and hypocritical about holy men, that they didn't live their teaching. The model for mankind existed, and since this was an impossible goal, man lived in conflict and duality. One doesn't have to know why this came about, only that it did. He will tolerate only a few questions from me, then tells me to stop. He says if I listened to him, I would hear the answer to my question before I asked it.

Everything seems to boil down to the idea that there is nothing to change. Change is inevitable, but it happens on its own. Listening to a BBC program on cancer and alternative medicine last night, I saw

right there the hopelessness of that situation. Whether you are cured or die, it is not in your hands and trying to control things through diet or mind exercises only makes things worse. The arrogance of others to affect an outcome must be questioned. When U.G. said there is no power outside yourself to contact, no greater energy he meant just this. Each of us is already an expression of that life energy.

September 16

U.G. blasted me for cooking too much and said he would take care of his own needs from now on. I watched him prepare lunch, a minute amount of couscous and using an eighth of a tomato. My need to stock up on food, overbuy is a real neurosis. I seem unable to cook the right amount for the two of us, always have enough left for two or three days.

He went through his usual, "You are not the one, you don't have the means or the interest" speech, several times. He said that all that I do out of fear to keep from having to leave him is causing this very thing to happen. He said I am in conflict about my children, that if there is any part of me that wants to be there with them, I should be there. But that they are grown and don't need me. This keeping in touch I do for myself and my own needs, not for theirs.

Strange this life here. We haven't seen anybody for a whole week, and I haven't been away from U.G. at all. And don't want to be. How very curious.

September 18

My birthday, fifty years old. For three nights I have not slept, perhaps leading up to this day. A scratchy throat, anxieties about money, a full-fledged attack by U.G. yesterday.

I told him this morning, at breakfast, that I just don't know who I am. "You are," he said evenly, "what you are doing right now." This makes sense, as much as anything. Right now I am living in a flat in London with U.G., about to go to the States. What I do then is anyone's guess, whether I will stay with him or not. There is no secret mysterious "me" waiting to be uncovered. This is it, all that I am, right now, these thoughts and feelings and this scratchy throat. Yesterday it was different, tomorrow different again. Separate frames, separate me's. No ultimate me.

So by destroying my thinking, my concepts, he destroys 'me' as I know myself. That is threatening. Yes it is.

I have Pluto, the destroyer, Shiva, in my birthday chart, lurking and stalking me relentlessly. Pluto about to go over my Ascendant, Pluto conjunct my progressed sun, Jupiter conjunct Pluto, Pluto in opposition to my natal Saturn/Jupiter conjunction. It's almost too much to bear.

Yesterday U.G. was merciless, attacking me in the solar plexus with the usual denunciation that for my own good he was telling me my travels with him are over, that I just cannot do it, cannot live his life. He said I am always in two places, wanting two things.

He told me he thought he would either stay in London for a week, once I'm no longer in the picture, then spend a month in Switzerland and return to India, or perhaps fly direct to Minneapolis and go on to San Francisco from there.

I have to stop in New York. Even though I think it is truly unlikely that he will make this change of plans, my heart was wounded by his words and I was in tears all day. He sent me out in the rain to pay the remainder of the apartment rent and the phone bill, cold and unresponsive, still cooking his own meals. He left a little couscous but didn't offer it to me, and I was too sick at heart to ask, so I put it in the icebox and ate a piece of cheese.

Something in me rebels and wants to know why I am doing this. Why am I sleeping on living-room couches, with no privacy, living out of suitcases and at the same time spending astronomical amounts of money, more than I ever conceived of spending in my life, and allowing myself to be demeaned and criticized? What good do I imagine will come of it? A better me? A freer me? Doubtful. Do I miss my

comfortable life, my bed, my room, my books? In the words of Valentine, no no no no no.

People have been coming in the afternoon for the past few days, interesting Indians and English. U.G. says he may spend a month in London before or after Switzerland from now on. He likes it here, he has such a history in this city.

September 20

Last day in London and the anniversary of U.G.'s moving into my apartment in New York. One whole year—everything and nothing. I would like to sum it all up, but can't, no need to try. I am still sleeping badly and feeling sick.

Anthony and Anne are here, and I spent some time with Lois on my birthday. Chloe and Roger were supposed to come Monday, but didn't make it. In their bones they must sense that U.G.'s message to them would be a devastating one, no more illusions about enlightenment, no more workshops, books about sacred, holy relationships. If they heard him, really heard him, all this would be finished. They wanted to be treated in a special way, as teachers rather than seekers, wanted to come for a meal, not just a visit like other mortals. I communicated to them that U.G. was not interested in any of this.

U.G. is very distant this morning, barely speaking at breakfast and returning to his room right afterward. I feel nothing, am in a state of suspension, don't know what will happen next. I assume it will be a return to New York tomorrow, and whatever that holds.

Evening. All packed up ready to go. Errands in the morning, bought a big new black suitcase, sorted bills out with the rental office. Lunch with U.G., then he and I walked to Chelsea to look at suitcases, then took a double decker bus to Piccadilly to buy suitcase wheels at British Airlines. I took a cab to Lois' on Smith Square, where we had tea and talked. Then she and I returned so she could meet U.G. Harry showed up later as did Anthony and Anne and a painter friend of theirs.

U.G. was his most charming self. I have been relaxed and happy all day. He blasts away at me and it rolls off my back.

The cleaning lady finally came, after much urging on my part. And what did U.G. do when I asked her to vacuum? He said I was sick to care about the dirt, to be so obsessive, that I was too demanding, crushing her. So she didn't vacuum. He embarrasses me in public, yells at me at bus-stops and I just have to take it.

But I feel better than ever. Full of energy, though I hardly sleep at all. Less fearful, trusting in some way, taking things less personally. Lois said she has never seen me more myself, more grounded. And that she thought U.G. was adorable. Yes, I too have felt that about him, also that he is a monster, a magician, a tyrant and immensely threatening. Not to mention the L word.

Tomorrow off to New York. A new leg or a last leg?

[links](#)



Travels with U.G.

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Gstaad

June 26

Who are you, U.G.? What is going to happen?

This last journal entry comes from the following summer in Gstaad, in 1991. It represents a turning point, a moment of truth. At that time I was no longer staying in Chalet Sunbeam with U.G., but in a studio in Shonried, a nearby village.

6 p.m. Have just been thrown out again, for the third time today. First off this morning I ran into U.G. downtown at the post office. He showed me some letters from India, one of them from Poornachandra Rao who said, "You are my life," and, "Your health is our wealth," and other (what U.G. calls) sentimental things. But U.G. says they are sincere, these Indians, that these things come from the heart. While everything I say, he says, is false, phony.

It's a losing game for me. I'm almost out of steam, out of tricks. He says all I can do for him is to leave, to get out, to go back to New York, go to the island, bake bread, take care of my mother. It's such a koan, such a condemnation.

I drove to Zweissimin and bought the pineapple juice he had asked for. I brought it back to him, ready to leave immediately but he made lunch and we ate together. After lunch I did the dishes, and then when he went for a rest, I took a walk in Gsteig. Didn't make it all the way up the mountain because I was alone, not a soul to be seen, the trail was steep and slippery. I was scared. Didn't feel I needed to conquer this fear, it was well-founded.

I stopped by U.G.'s on my way home, and went on, at his encouragement, to Simmenthal, to see another

waterfall. Beautiful but too many people. So I walked up to the bottom of it, looked at it for a while, then returned to my place and took a shower.

Went over to U.G.'s at 5 p.m., and he immediately blasted me, saying he absolutely wants me to get out of here, to go away, he doesn't know how to get this across to me, to convince me. He says I am disgusting and horrible, the worst person he has ever known. I left and walked sadly through town, and came home to hang up wash. Am going for a short walk and then will call him and see if he has softened. But I have to be ready to leave, to go away. He doesn't want me here.

At 7 p.m. I called and no, he had not softened. He said he didn't want to see me today, that I could call in the morning. I didn't even feel that much resistance. Mostly it is just the idea of having a whole evening on my hands, but I realize that is a paltry reason for being with U.G. I have plenty to do to keep busy, my computer, a book, letters, the telephone, laundry. What is that but living your life, anyway? I'm doing it here, or wherever I am.

Now, later at night and I'm beginning to see in a different way. It may be that he is right about me, that I am vicious and arrogant and disgusting and dishonest (with myself). That I am trying to be other than I am, to do things I can't and don't want to do. I have some image of how I should be, how U.G. wants me to be, and I am trying to live up to that. Trying to be silent and passive when he tells me to shut up. And to not care about money, to be generous to a fault.

I think about money all the time, try to figure out my relation to it, how I should handle it, what it means. I try to use money to get what I want. And here, of course, with U.G., it doesn't work. Nothing works here. None of my strategies. My strategies to be other than as I am. And what am I? Perhaps I am just those things he says I am, all those unpleasant adjectives.

I am headstrong, opinionated and want to get my own way! And I am frustrated, here, because I can't. U.G. can't be pressured or bought. Forget it. It's a relief. Maybe I am not really that interested in liberation, in becoming free and throwing away the past. Otherwise it would happen spontaneously. I am, as U.G. says, more interested in holding onto what I have.

To say to U.G. that being with him is the most important thing to me is just not true, he says, because if it was, everything would be easy for me, I would just drop all bogus ideas and attachments without a backward glance. But I think twice, thrice about everything and then regret, rethink.

He is right, U.G., and I might just as well admit it to him, to myself, and to the world. I don't want to give up these limitations, they are me, precious me. I like my dependencies and weaknesses and addictions. For they are me. My paranoid mind is me. I would rather suffer and worry than just drop those thoughts Now, right now.

Earlier today I begged U.G. to help me, squirming in an agony of despair and confusion.

"I am helping you by telling you to go back to New York," he said quietly.

He means that. I have no place with him. My place is with my attachments until they are gone. U.G. has been patient beyond any reasonable expectation. What an abominable misuse of his energy and power, my petty concerns and insecurities, wanting company, something to do. God.

Perhaps this will be the last entry, who knows. This morning my crazy, impetuous, desperate nature surfaced with all its potency. U.G. had told me to call him at 9, but I couldn't wait that long. At 8:30 instead I called him, no answer. I immediately felt he had left and gone to Zurich. I was desperate, wounded, abandoned, dejected. Drove right to his place and found the curtains drawn, the door locked. Knowing I was doing the unmentionable, I went inside by the back door anyway, just to know for sure. There were his shoes.

I didn't know if he had left or not. I went down to the village and paced around until just before 9. Looking up the hill I saw that the curtains were now open. I called him exactly at 9 from the pay phone and he said, "You get out. The price for this is too high for you." And he hung up.

Mortified and aghast, I drove up to his place anyway, though I had been told to stay away. He was like ice, eating his breakfast, telling me it's over, get out, go back to New York, bake bread on the island. He said, "If you really wanted this, no power in the world could stop you, no guilt or worries about the children, nothing."

"Here everything will be destroyed. You don't want that."

I pleaded and threw dramatic acts, apologized, begged for another chance, a perfect idiot. He said, "You are not a coward, but you are a liar, a cheat, a fraud." A cheat because I say I want to be with him more than anything, then don't deliver.

Finally, after a ridiculous length of time, I left. He said, "First, go." And that first gave me a shred of hope. But I'm pretty convinced that that is just his syntax and my mind trying to make something positive and hopeful out of it.

I'm resigned to leaving. Probably should go to New York and see what happens. If I want to be with U.G. more than anything, everything else will just drop away, there won't be a struggle. If I don't want it, I will learn from this and see.

Will go for a walk and see how I feel at the end of it.

~ ~

Right after that last paragraph, suddenly I called U.G. and said, "Okay, I will call British Airways tomorrow. I will go." In a flash I had seen that I have no choice, that I can't fight him or myself any longer. I asked him if he wanted me to take the extra thousand dollars in Swiss Francs so I can send a check to Moorty, as he had asked me to do.

"Yes," said U.G. "Come in the evening."

"What time?" I asked.

"Five," he replied.

So I set out on a marvelous walk carrying an umbrella because it rains off and on, walked to Turbach from Gstaad, covering J.K.'s old pathways. But this time, I went off on my own, alone, taking paths I had not been on before, risking getting lost, not wanting to return the way I had come, no turning back.

And I felt at peace in the mountains, alone with myself, glad no one else was there with me. The first time I have felt this wild, free roaming instinct.

When I returned after nearly three hours, I was hungry and drove up to Hornberg and ordered rosti and apple cider in the restaurant, completely enshrouded in fog, like Maine. Again I felt good alone, not self-conscious, nothing. Just the way it was, and my aloneness was satisfactory.

I can't say that I don't hold out some hope of being allowed to stay when I go over there tonight. I don't want to go back to New York. But this is not U.G.'s problem. I see very clearly that if I hold onto anything, money, property, ideas about things, even one cent, I cannot be with him. The price is high indeed and I don't know if I have the resources, inner and outer. He assures me I don't.

But we'll see. Part of me feels ready to go for broke, to give up everything, to see everything destroyed, the other part can't fathom what that means.

"Everything will be destroyed," he said to me this morning, warning me away. The price is very high.

I realized, sitting on a bench at the end of my walk, overlooking the valley and the swirling clouds in the sky, that I was sitting there waiting to realize something, waiting for a sign of some kind, waiting to find a message somewhere, somehow, a modification of my understanding that I have to go away from U.G. But then I realized that there was nothing to realize, nothing was going to happen, nothing would become clear. Or the moment it did, it would be superceded by another thought, an alternative of some kind. This is the way my mind works, period.

So, I said to myself, just get up from the bench, get off the bench, go on, there is no going back, no returning over bridges, they have all been burned.

If he says go to New York, go to New York. Do as he says. If you have given him everything and he says sell Maine, it is his, sell it. Do the necessary. Don't be an Indian Giver. Particularly not to an Indian.

Over and out.

~ ~

No, not over and out until it's over. It's midnight, and it may well be over, but I don't even know what that means unless I kill myself.

I spent the evening with U.G., programming the Word Tank, trying to show him how to use it, having spaghetti with him, doing the dishes afterwards. But he didn't let me off the hook for a moment, insisting I go tomorrow. "Go to New York, go to the island, bake bread."

I don't know what to do, am out of ideas and strategies, freaked out. He mentioned Australia tonight and what he had said to me then, and I re-read the diaries from that time a year and a half ago. Nothing has changed, really, except that he is telling me to go now, he wasn't then. Then he said it was up to me, I could go, he wouldn't stop me. Now he says I have to go, it's not up to me. It's up to him. So he must mean it. He does mean it.

I think I can't be with him until I have unloaded Maine, until it is sold. That's terrifying to me, it could take a long time to do it. How can I hurry it up? What can I do?

U.G. also said to me in Australia that the person who was with him could not be answerable to anyone else, and in that sense I still have work to do. As long as I have this money coming from S. in the form of a handout, not legal and binding, I am answerable. People monitor my business, my spending.

I gave him my little radio/tape deck. He said I should keep it until I leave, and I said if I have to leave tomorrow he might as well have it.

I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do. I don't want to leave him.

He asked me a 'why' question tonight, something he didn't really want an answer to, and he said, "The Void doesn't need an answer." It was a definition of himself that I haven't heard before, that he is the Void. Then he said there are other 'why' questions to which he does want an answer. What on earth does he mean?

July 15

Well, I'm humiliated and head deep in my own shit. But I'm glad, in a way, and I can hear U.G.'s voice saying "You had it coming to you."

Yes I did. It has taken a long time. And it all hinges on money, just as U.G. said everything does. But I, arrogant, deluded, self-righteous, I thought I was different. I thought that I was generous and not hung up on money, though U.G. has been berating me with the opposite view for well over a year now. I thought I was better than others, all those mean, petty people.

And I thought this, really, in my heart of hearts even though U.G. has told me (and everyone else) again and again, that I am mean, petty and cheap.

But today was the real show-down. This morning I arrived at 9 and instantly became lulled into false security. He asked me about my room, and I said I could stay or go, that I had paid the phone bills and the taxes, but that I could have it on a daily basis. He said this is a rough life for anyone, but especially for me, with my tendencies. That I am just phony through and through.

We went down to the village together, I to mail a check to Moorty, covering the Swiss francs U.G. has given me, and the check that bounced for the Indian phone bill. We walked peaceably through town, then returned to the chalet, where U.G. said, "I haven't changed my mind, you still have to go." At the coop we bought four yogurts and he asked me if I was leaving. "No," I said, thinking that perhaps it is just that simple, all I have to do is say I am staying here. Imagine.

He asked me to do some wash for him before going, so I went to my place. And while the machine was going, suddenly I had the inspiration to write a letter of intent, giving all my money to U.G. on July 27th, the day of my astrology prediction that he will get lots of money. Here is the letter:

LETTER OF INTENT

I do hereby state that it is my heartfelt desire to give all of my assets to my friend U.G. Krishnamurti on (and thereafter) July 27, 1991. These assets and any income derived therefrom are his to do with as he wishes, with no conditions.

This decision has been taken in sound mind (insofar as that exists) and body, and must be executed according to whatever legalities are necessary and appropriate.

I owe U.G. Krishnamurti my life, and hereby confer it to his keeping.

Signed,

Shonried, Switzerland

July 21, 1991

At the time it seemed sincere. I really thought I was ready to give him everything, that this was the radical move required of me to stay with him, that he would only take from the one who was with him, from no one else, and this had to be me. How smug, arrogant of me! Valentine's gesture had been held up to me so many times, how she just turned over everything to U.G., with no thought to herself. I felt a gesture of that magnitude was called for.

I returned to U.G.'s place and hung up his wash with him. Then he called me to lunch, a delicious Gnocchi alla Romana he called it, made by him, and he had set the table nicely with our places rather unusually close together, conspiratorially. I fell into the trap, and felt he knew about my letter, approved, and was perhaps even touched.

After I finished the dishes, I told him I had drafted a letter of intent, that I was a little afraid to give it to him because of what he said about Parveen Babi trying to buy him with dollar bills, that this was such a sensitive time for me that it would look like I also was trying to buy him.

Well. He got his glasses and read the letter. Then he began to laugh. He said this one is going to go in the biography. This will be sent all over the world. The paper this was written on isn't even good enough for toilet paper. Now, he said, I have a good reason to tell you to leave. He laughed, but there was wrath behind the smile.

I knew I was doomed, though I too laughed about it. He told me to leave. I said I would go take a walk.

I went back to Turbach, but my mind wasn't on the glorious mountains, except fleetingly. Instead it worked over the not so pretty inner landscape, and dished up some real filth. Many things began to dawn on me. It's as if the game is at last being played out, the last act of Deathtrap of the Mind. I began to see that he had possibly not taken anything from me in fact, that he had probably kept very careful count of every penny I spent over the two years and that perhaps he intended to throw it back at me after this transgression. I was burning with this realization, that I who have kept such careful count in my way (though I deny heatedly that I keep tabs, try to pretend that I spend as if it were someone else's money, as Adri put it), have been upstaged by U.G. who also has, and that he will not keep a penny because my money is tainted. It has a price tag.

I felt I had seen through the whole thing, that my own meanness and pettiness was obvious, and there was nothing I could do but accept it, there and then. That any humiliation I would suffer over the letter I had coming to me. In a way I no longer cared.

When I went to his house at 4, after the walk and a shower, there was a Dutch fellow there who had come to see U.G. in Amsterdam. I sat down and listened quietly. Then a French couple came. Later I had supper with U.G. and all was peaceful.

Then I told him about my realization, and he exploded. "You have seen, understood nothing. But that's what you wish would happen, that I return this money."

I demurred. Then he told me to get out, that I had no place with him. That he was going away the next day (he had said this to the others too), that he didn't need me to drive him, that I should go, and not to call or come back the next day, that I absolutely had to check out of my room. That he wouldn't go away until he knew I was gone.

I went through the most intense struggle at night, my mind burning, burning. There was no way out. I had to check out, I couldn't go to his place, I couldn't call. There was no strategy possible. I couldn't sleep, had not slept in nights, my night death terrors back with a vengeance.

In the morning, I numbly packed up and moved out, leaving money with the concierge. I went to U.G.'s at 7:30, daring to enter and told him immediately that I had checked out, I had my stuff in the car.

He was fierce, telling me over and over again that I had to go, had to get out.

Finally I agreed. And the tone changed, suddenly. He became gentle, friendly. He told me I had to be firm with my family, stand up for what I want, that I had to do this for myself, not for him.

When I got ready to go, we were both laughing (can't remember what about) and he shook my hand (giving me energy). He said, "I am still your friend." I was choked up, a little teary. He came up to the parking area to see me off, told me to call him from Geneva. I was rummaging around in my bags looking for a last chocolate bar to try to give to him, and when I turned around, he was gone.

[links](#)

