

Amsterdam
September 1, 1990





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 my videos 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, 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 as "Julie," 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.



London
September 11, 1990

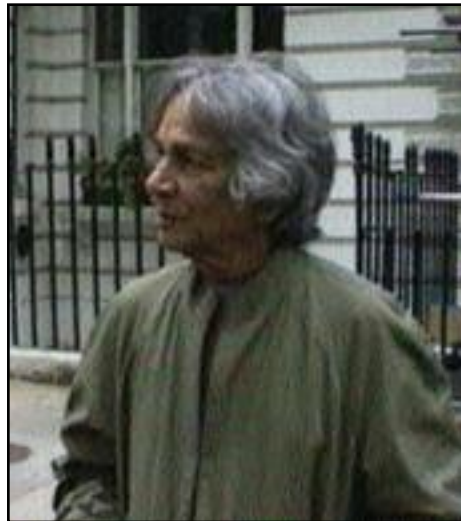
Settled into a one-bedroom apartment at 28 Ovington Square, a great location near Harrods. I had reserved a two-bedroom flat in the other building (owned by the apartment chain) on Collingham Road, but when we arrived, it had been given to someone else. This turned out to be perfect. I can sleep in the 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 should 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 angelhair 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."
I don't like the way I feel, unhappy and unhealthy.

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 chamred 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 LA 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 Sasha 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.

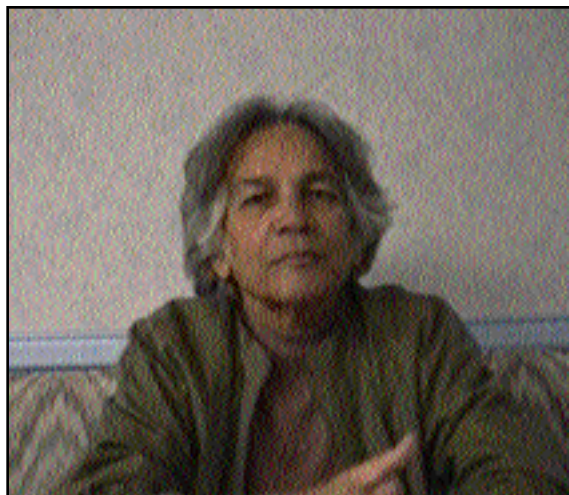
I *have* to stop in NewYork. Even though I think it is truly unlikely that he will make this change of plans, my heart was wounded by his words and I was in tears all day. He sent me out in the rain to pay the remainder of the apartment rent and the phone bill, cold and unresponsive, still cooking his 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 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?

