



*Bangalore*  
*May 30, 1990*

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 mosquitoes, 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.

Krishnapriya, the mad girl from Gunter, 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.

Krishnapriya 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 5*

U.G. pointed out to me that I ask dumb questions, "Angelinian 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?"

As long as you're looking for a way out, you'll be eternally miserable.

*June 6 - evening*

Awake all night, not five minutes of sleep. Sasha called at 3 a.m. waking up. 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 Siva, 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 Krishnapriya 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.

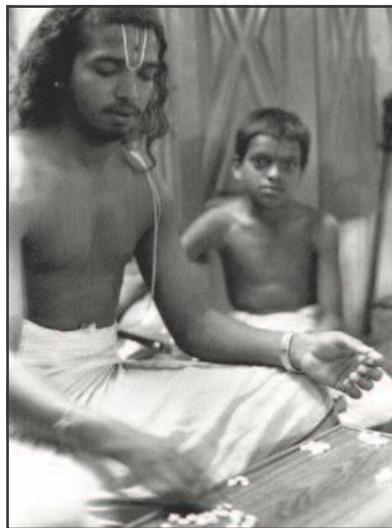
*June 9*

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.



*June 10*

Questioning this life with U.G. Particularly here where I have very little to do, where my presence is superfluous. Perhaps I needed a break and should have stayed in the States. I don't go for walks because it is too hot and the air too polluted. Perhaps I'll keep more to myself, spend more time in my room. I have been caught up in having a "special relationship" with U.G., but what I realize, of course, is that I have no relationship with him at all.

Krishnapriya seems better, actually. She used to take over an hour every day in the bath. Suddenly yesterday morning she was in and out quickly. She is helping regularly in the kitchen, and has ceased all talk of suicide, she even looks more sane.

Thank God there's no next life.

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 Poorna Kutee, 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 Krishnapriya. 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 Krishapriya 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 Krishnapriya, 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 Krishnapriya 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 Krishnapriya 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, Krishapriya, is misnamed ("lover of Krishna"), 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.

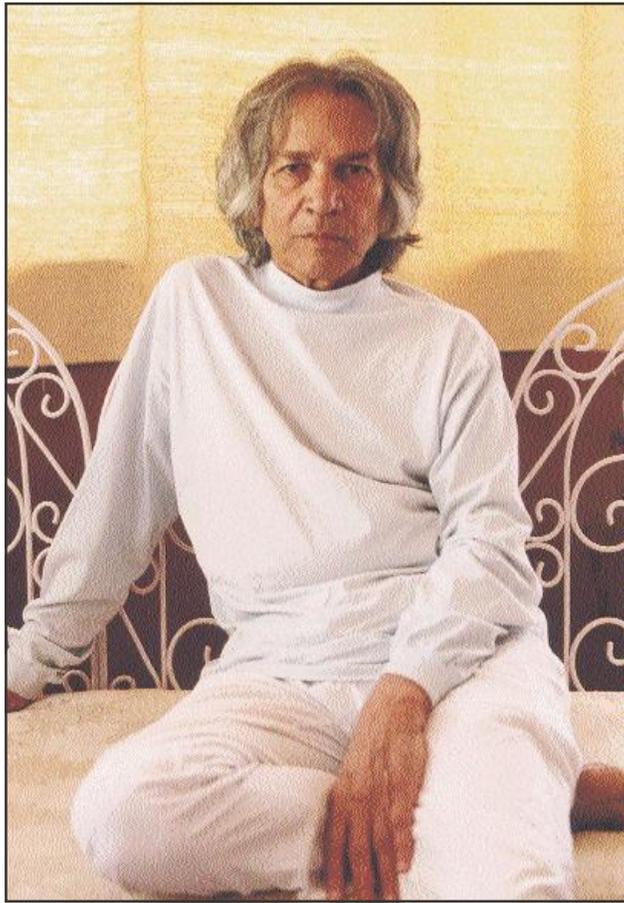
The man said he had never expected to see or meet U.G., that he hadn't felt the need, though he considered U.G. his "guru". He invited us all into the airport waiting area, but U.G. demurred, saying all he wanted was to know the correct time of the flight from Bombay. Finally, however, he agreed to wait 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.

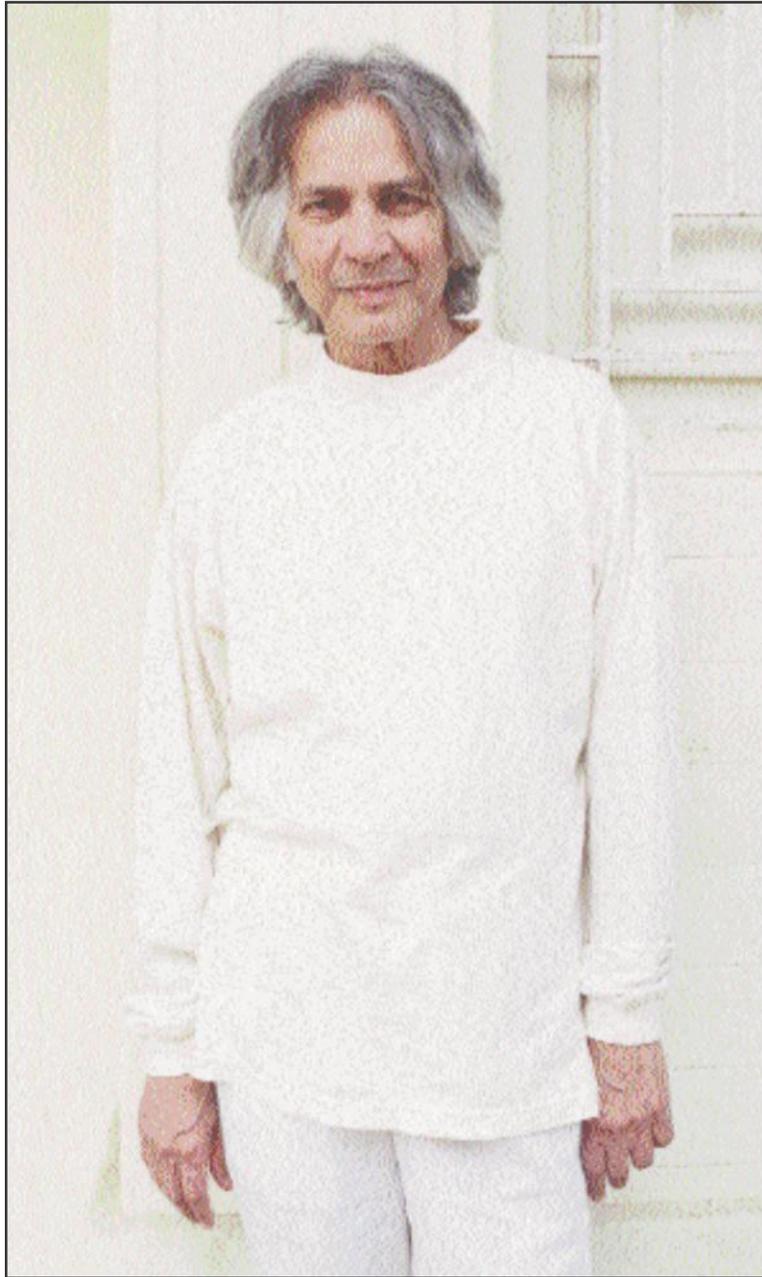
This is the way U.G. operates, with spontaneity, simplicity, and generosity. It happens again and again, and I never fail to be moved by his perfect response to whatever situation arises.

JK was a real bastard who prevented me from being myself.

You think you are different from me because of those bastards, your Vedanta.







No event is significant.

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 Krishnapriya 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.

Krishnapriya has been given until Sunday or Monday  
to go back to Gunter 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. 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, don't 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.

There is no particular charm in bearing pain for spiritual reasons or for any other reasons.

That's all that I am saying.

*Evening, June 17*

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 Krishnapriya could stay until we leave. She had been insistent and Suguna wanted him to let her stay, 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 Poorna Kutee. Krishnapriya 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 me no 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 Krishnapriya. I am ashamed of my competitive feelings. It all seems so childish and undignified to me, so unbecoming 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 blurted out about my silly fantasies, my jealousy, and he said Krishnapriya 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 Krishnapriya 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.

Whether God exists or not is not our problem.

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.



*June 24*

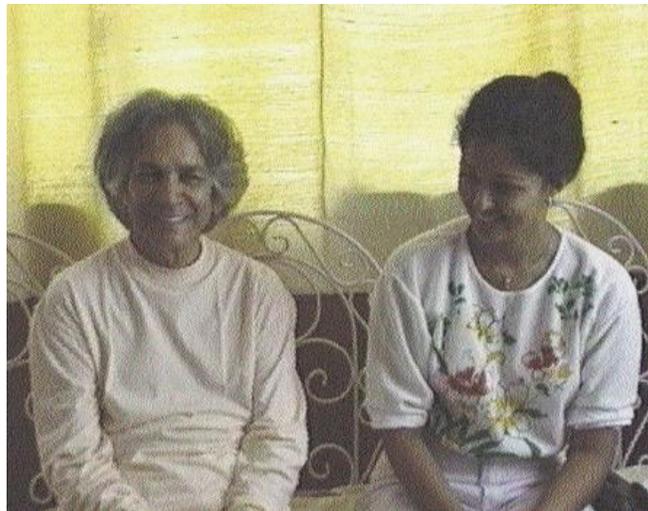
Adri invited me to visit his house, and the two of us took an auto-rickshaw there in the morning.

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!

~ ~

U.G.'s brother-in-law SeshagiriRao 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, Bharatnatyam, 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 Flash Dance. It was an ecstatic evening, everyone high and happy.



Everything born out of thought is destructive.  
Religious thinking is born out of thought, and it is very  
destructive.

*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 Krishnapriya'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.

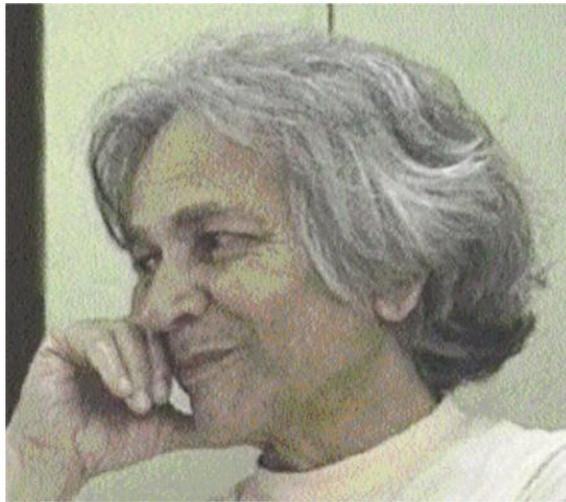
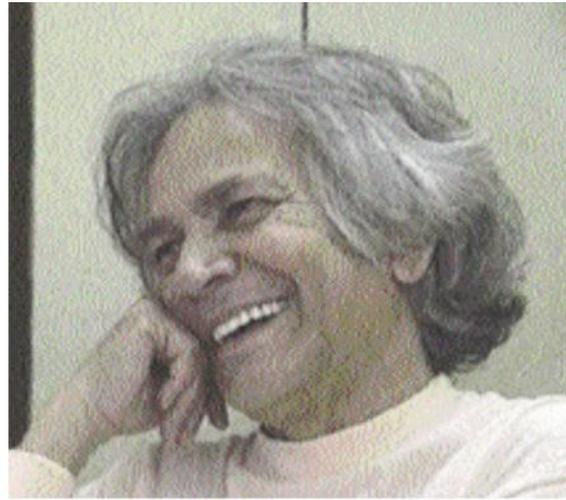
*June 27*

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 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. 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.



Nature can take care of itself. It doesn't need your help and my help. We need help. We are in danger. The problem is created by us. If we are wiped out, we'll be re-cycled by nature.

*Bombay*  
*June 29, 1990*

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. Krishnapriya 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 Magazine 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-headed pretentiousness. That is  
what I want. I think.

I don't know how much courage I have.

What's wrong with going astray?

*June 29*

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.

Mahes 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 goodby 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?!)



Being and becoming are one and the same.