



Melbourne, Australia
February 13, 1990

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.

We are all puppets, like it or not.
There is no free will.



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.

“The planet is in danger” to me has no meaning.

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, ruing, 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.

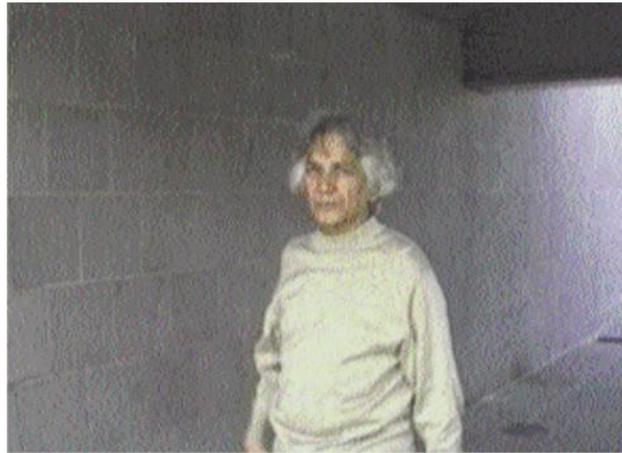
He told me I could not listen to him, nor understand, no matter how hard I tried. Herein lies the hopelessness: I am with this sage who could tell me everything, yet I cannot hear him. I told him last night that I was getting used to the silences between us, that I didn't feel responsible for them anymore, 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.



We are more useful to nature dead than alive.

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.

To talk of effortless has no meaning.



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.”

Something there is experiencing these things - the
dead past.

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.

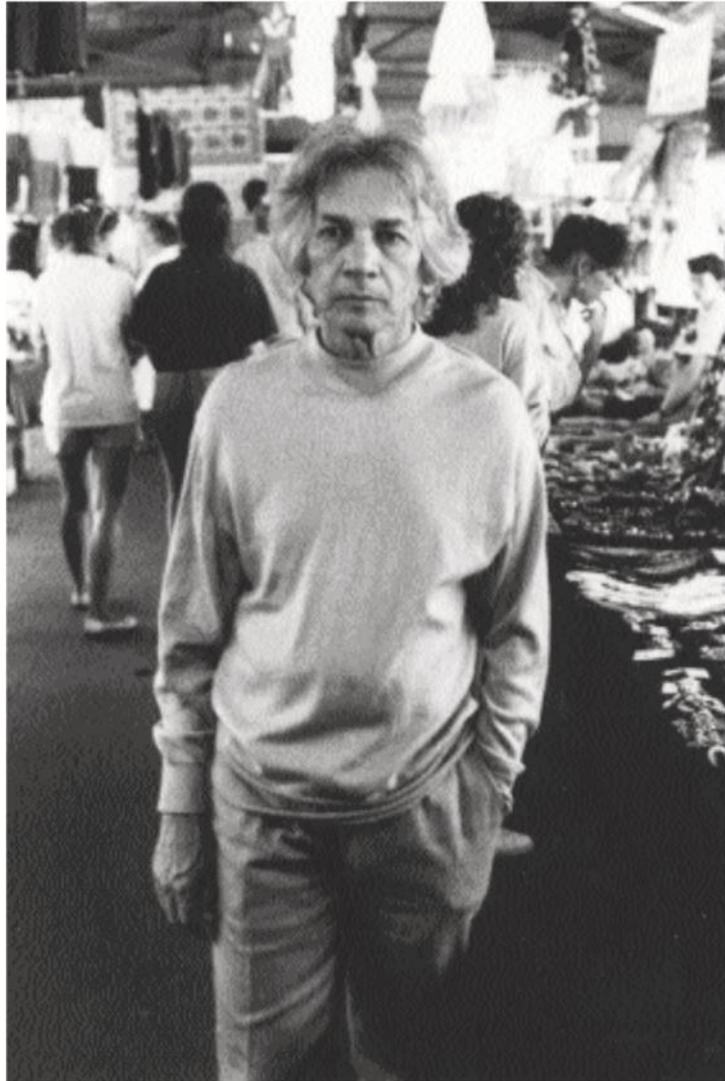
Yes, he agreed and told me again that he had known over a year ago that someone would come along and take pictures, that Terry had tried to organize it, to raise money to do it himself, but U.G. had vetoed it.

U.G. should not travel alone and I would like to be with him as long as he'll let me be,

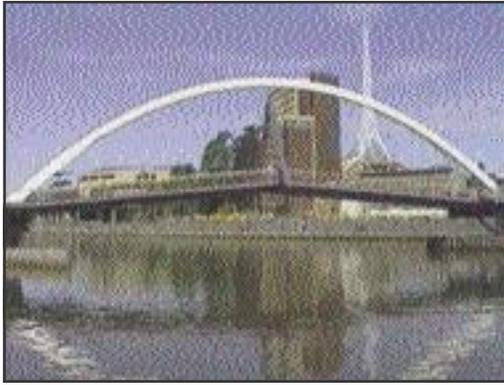
camera work aside. I asked him about the static electricity on the plane and he said it was coming from me as much as from him.

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.

All experiences, no matter how extraordinary they may be, they're worthless.



To be in an effortless state you are using effort.



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.

You're actually a Christian no matter what you say.
You only look for a new priest, a new bible and a
new church.

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.



Anything you touch, you'll turn it into a new church.
That's all you can do.



February 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.

If you are not caught up in good and evil, you will never do anything bad.



This morning became an exercise in frustration. U.G. attacked me in town once again about the videotaping, how impossible it would be to edit, how the numbers of photographs I had taken in India had overwhelmed everyone and made the selection process impossible for Chandrasekhar.

I felt disheartened, not knowing what I can do differently. I have to take a lot of footage to guarantee good footage. I don't know what I'm doing, it's true. And I am singularly incapable of editing as I go along. I felt angry and awkward, dropping the viewfinder off the camera on the tram, crushing an old man's hand with my camera as it swung, unable to communicate with the tram driver, making a mess of lunch. I was miserable.

Then just as he stabbed the newly-melted heart with his dagger of destruction, he became charming and sweet as I was cleaning up after lunch. He said it was only fair, only "sharing" for him to do the dishes if I was going to do the cooking. I said I wanted to wash the dishes, I liked doing it, liked doing things for him.

U.G. said we will get along fine if I don't feel he wants anything from me. That taking my gifts and accepting my paying for the things I do is preferable to his not accepting, which would be neurotic behavior on his part.

He said it is very bad for me to be with him, bad spiritually and bad in every way. Yet that is all I want. I said I knew he did not think I should have a plan for my life at my age, goals or a career. I know that. But this morning he said the traditions have it that the first half of life is to be lived for others and the second for yourself. I am living for myself by being with him.

Then I realized I felt relieved that it was out of my hands, that whether I was to be with him or not was up to him, not up to me.

If inadvertently you do something wrong, you pay
the price.

U.G. asked me on the tram if I was "sentimental." I said I just didn't know. He said Mahesh says I am, that a sentimental person is in trouble around U.G.

Trying to figure things out only confuses me. I am here with him now, for the present, that is all that matters. When the time comes that I have to make decisions on apartment matters or other matters, then I can see what he says.

This afternoon we went to the end of Elizabeth Street and found our way to the river where we walked and sat and talked for a while, about swimming, Switzerland and so forth.

Then to two department stores looking for undershorts but he bought a pair of socks instead. I bought him Poco Rabane after-shave lotion because they were giving away a little box containing a small soap, small after-shave lotion and other things that he really wanted.

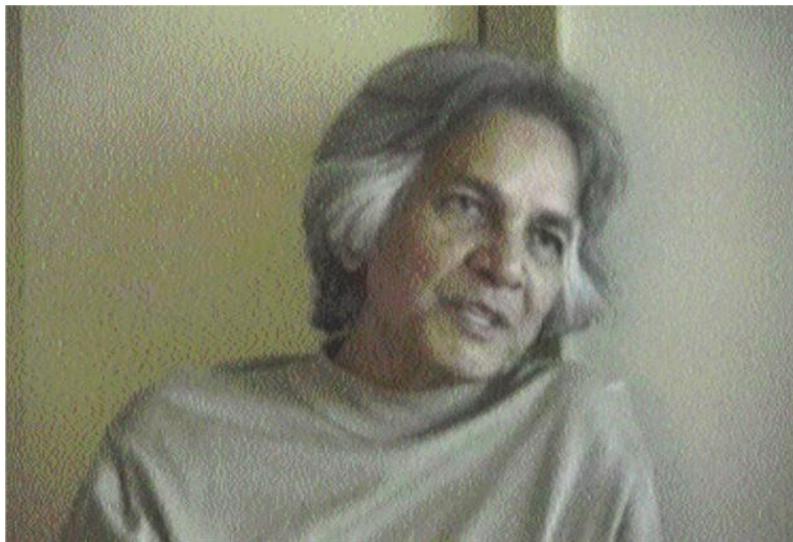


U.G. said so many people want to know why I am with him now, traveling with him. He said it just turned out that way, the camera, and his having weighed things at some point earlier on I guess. But he wanted it to be clear that he was not using me, taking advantage of me in some way and that he would then cast me off after my usefulness had served its purpose. I guess I could take that as some kind in assurance.

He said he needed to be with someone, was getting on and didn't think he could travel alone.

But for the moment I just must continue to live, to write this journal, to attempt to put the ineffable into words, impossible.

By stopping buying (war) stamps, you're not going to stop wars, aggression, violence in the world.



February 16

U.G. was removed and distant this morning, seemingly miles away. After breakfast, I mentioned going to the Victoria open market and he said he was not interested. Why didn't I go by myself, he suggested, and come back around lunch time? We would take videos of the river and the Melbourne Bridge in the late afternoon.

So I went off by myself, and I felt it was uncanny how he had suggested this at the moment I needed it, without my realizing it (and probably without his realizing it either). It was refreshing for me to move at my own pace, do all my errands and look for the few things I thought I needed, new computer disks, opal earrings, black sweatpants. I found a black case for U.G.'s electronic address book, went to the bank and then walked to the market. Boiling hot, full summer, it was a relief to be on my own for a few hours, though my thoughts were of him, constantly.

When I returned, U.G. was in good spirits, told me Bud Barber (Dan's friend, an astrologer, who I left a message for this morning) had called, had just returned from India, and that he was a million miles gone, dead, knew it had been coming, it had been coming over him for two days.

He said if Bud hadn't called, he might still be "out there."

I was full of questions, but realized - he has told me this over and over again - I cannot understand, nobody can understand. Our minds are simply not capable of understanding something outside of experience.

That is what this is, this state that he goes into, which isn't even a "state," it has no name, cannot be described.

He says some day he will just go off and not come back. I asked if there is anything I should do to bring him back, he said no, there is nothing I can or should do. There is nothing wrong. Shopping and other errands keep him here somewhat, but when he has to go, he goes. He doesn't know anything about this, there is no "he" to know. Oh God.

We are not living people, we are dealing with ideas. You eat ideas, you wear ideas, you live in the world of ideas, they're all dead, dead memories.

After a rest in the heat of the day, I picked U.G. up at 4 and we went to the river for some pictures, then walked about a bit in town. He mentioned, apropos of my buying the opal earrings, that he had never worn jewelry in his life except as a young boy.

He told me about his jade earring and gold rosary he had worn then, but which he sold after his disenchantment with the priests, his sacred thread and the whole religious establishment he was born into.

He told me about getting rid of all inherited homes, furniture, mementos - they had no meaning for him, ever. Nothing material has meaning, other than at the moment of "finding what he is looking for." In some ways he reminds me of those free-spirited clochards (street people) in Paris who had a fierce attachment to their junk for the duration of a flea market sale, and then what was not sold, was jettisoned into the garbage, instantly forgotten..

He mentioned again that there was no relationship between the experiences of Krishnamurti, Sri Ramakrishna, Ramana Maharshi - there was no pattern to fit them into.

To try to do this is a useless and false endeavor.



Nature's use for these bodies is to reshuffle these bodies to maintain the balance of energy in the universe.



When I arrived this morning, U.G. was watching Rage, the Australian equivalent of MTV, on the television from his bed reflected in the mirror!

He wanted to show me this, how he watched; he said watching directly it is "too bright." He said he had a bout with his plumbing problems in the middle of the night, 4 a.m., but had taken coffee and was all right. I made breakfast for him and things were very easy and pleasant. It was raining, though U.G. told me later that the light was so beautiful at 6 a.m. that he almost got up and went for a walk. He told me that in India, morning, dawn, is the most important time of day, more so than sunset, and that one worships the dawn goddess. I offered to go to town to mail the various packets of Nadi readings and letters he had amassed, and added my own to my mother, Luna and Marilyn.

On the way back I stopped at Victoria Market and bought mozzarella, sundried tomatoes, brie, broccoli and some more basil. I made a lentil soup with the broccoli and tomatoes. Suddenly U.G. went into a tirade about my overuse of vegetables, that he will get sick if he eats so many, that all he needs are carbohydrates. He uses, he said, vegetables only for a little flavor, not as a religion. He said in Sydney we would reorganize things, that there were only two days left here. He also said I buy and make too much. I know this is true, it's a real flaw.



You translate that sensation and you tell yourself it is happiness. You want it to last.



Then he suddenly asked me if I had any copies of the Chronicle and Mahesh's articles left. I did not, but I went out in search of a Xerox machine and discovered everything was closed, Saturday afternoon.

I had a sense of urgency, that I should try to manage if I could, so I hopped on a tram and asked the driver if the public library was open, halfway to town. He said he didn't know, but in fact it was and they had a machine. I made three copies of each article, found a taxi and made it back just in time for the arrival of Bud and his friends.

I had simple feelings about the copies.

He wanted them, and if there was any way it could be accomplished without being absurd, I wanted to do it. And, as most things surrounding U.G., it worked out perfectly.

I taped part of the interview and we talked a lot of astrology as two of the four were astrologers. After they left, U.G. and I got into one of our conversations about what I was going to do with my life when I returned to New York. I had said this morning that I was sorry I had made such a fuss about the future, that I couldn't believe how easy it was for me to forget his message that our desire for permanence causes our misery! I said now that I had seen it, it was over. I showed him my palm and he said I have a bad heart line. And that according to my right hand, I have avoided madness by a thread.

He also said my palm showed intelligence, creativity,
imagination.

And that I would become a goddess!

Each sensation has a limited life of its own.
It has its own intensity.





You are doing something to hold onto something you cannot.



I want to know about my heart. He said I will never have a bleeding heart.

This is true. I feel guilty, but I am harsh when something is over. When it's over, it's over.

He told me I am a nice person and he likes me. Asked me what this dark, evil side is I keep talking about. I said in Jungian analysis I supposedly turned out to have a "positive shadow," that is I repress the "good" side, rather than the bad. But nowadays I see everything with a cynical eye, don't believe in the things I used to. I could find great meaning in the happenings around me now, the chance and synchronicity in which I appear to be living, but with U.G. this is out of the question. His plutonic, destroyer, Shiva aspect has had its way.
Or at least partially.

U.G. told me if I could stop being afraid of him, of his "judging me," that he doesn't care whether I am good or bad, it makes no difference to him, that it would be easier for me. That fear is conditioning my actions. This is true.

When I am unafraid, I am natural and it is only when I am hiding something from him, some part of myself that I consider disgusting or unworthy I become self-conscious and frightened.

I said my abandonment complex rules me and he replied that it is time to grow out of that, that it's good I was abandoned by my father (by his alcoholism), that I cannot go on blaming my parents forever!

The more effort you put into keeping that sensation longer than its normal duration of life, that is unhappiness.

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.

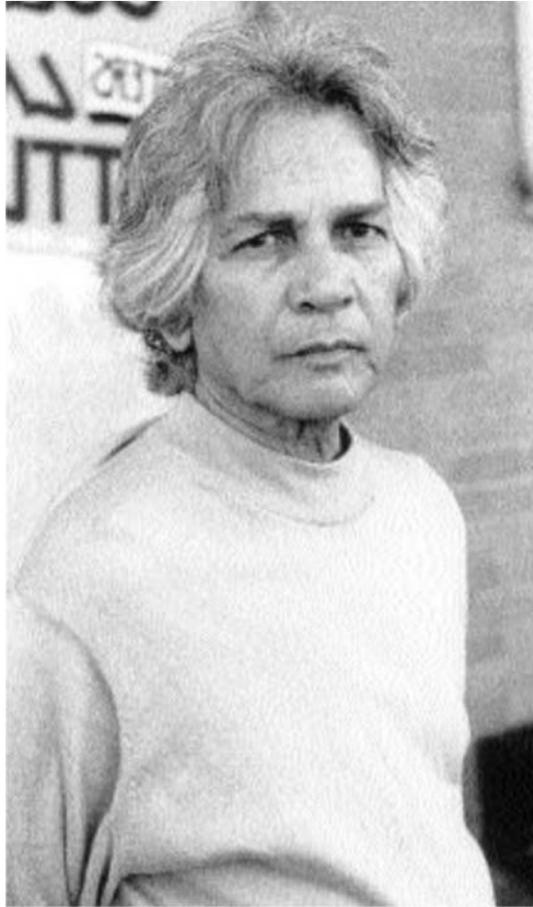
There is only the one death, no gradations.

It's all or nothing.

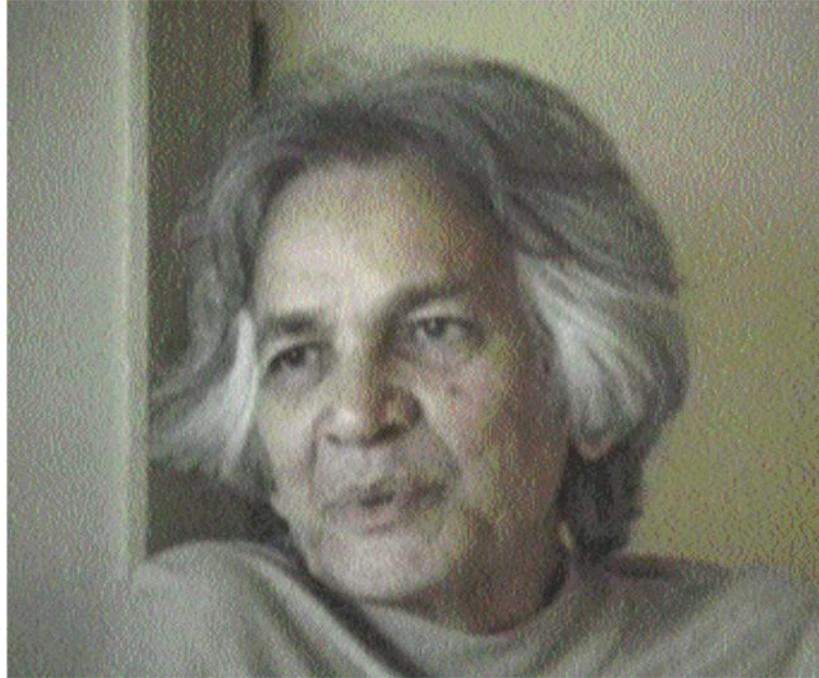
What do I understand? Nothing.

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.



The impossibility of holding onto something which you cannot, either through your effort or any technique, there is no way you can avoid separating yourself.



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.

It doesn't depend on you at all. Probably trying to be extraordinarily alert and not cause an accident, you'll cause an accident.



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.

You don't know the reason why a particular thing happened.



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.



If you are bothered about an accident all the time, you will become paranoid, you'll not be able to drive. Just like trying to watch every foot of yours, you cannot walk.





Why you are interested in an effortless action, that's all I am saying, is because those people have conned us into the belief that there is such a thing as an effortless action.

