Brahmanaspati Yogam

Extraordinary Events that happened during UG Krishnamurti's Sixty-First Year

Ashvayuja month. Every year, the Devi Navaratri festival comes and goes. During those nine days, special Poojas are held in every Goddess Durga temple across the country, from Kolkata to Kanyakumari. Memories of events that occurred forty six years ago during the Dasara season are stirring in my mind. One of the most important events in UG's life happened in 1979. I've been wondering how to write about it. "Why are you thinking so long?" asked Suguna, handing me a cup of coffee. "I'm wondering how to write about a great yogic event that happened to UG sixteen years ago," I said. Suguna turned pale. Even she did not know about this great yogic event in UG's life. It's true. Many people don't know.

The first person to refer to that yoga as "Brahmanaspati Yoga" was Jñāna Chakravarti Satyanarayana. If I were to write everything that happened then, I worry that people might criticize me, saying I'm portraying UG as a mystic after reading these events. But my mind does not agree to downplay and casually dismiss the incredibly astonishing events that happened before my very eyes. So I decided that, to the best of my ability, I must narrate things exactly as they happened, like stringing beads together. Everything written here, I recorded separately during that period. Recently, Kameshwari sent me her "memories," and they too have found a place in this account.

Swamiji Brahmachari described many times the events that happened to UG in Mysore during that time very humorously, enacting the episodes. Mahesh Bhatt wrote about the entire episode that happened in Kodaikanal in his book. Apart from these, I have selected and woven into this chapter the things I heard—special incidents that seem to be the reasons for a remarkable change in UG. Some people termed these events that happened over a month back then as the "Brahmanaspati Yoga" that happened to UG. UG, however, dismisses it outright, saying, "No such yoga ever happened." Brahmachari and a few others believe that the effect of that yoga was nil on UG and that it only affects the companions around him.

What is this yoga?

What exactly is "Brahmanaspati Yoga"? How does it occur? 'Brahmanaspati' is another name for Brihaspati—the divine guru. According to Jñāna Chakravarti Satyanarayana, the one honored with that title, "Brahmanaspati Yoga is when, by the grace of the divine guru, the kundalini energy that has

reached the sahasrāra enters the heart gland called 'hrllekhā' and spreads omnidirectionally throughout the universe, as described in mantra shastra." In the scholarly circles of Karnataka and Andhra, there is hardly anyone who hasn't heard the name Satyanarayana. He is a child prodigy, an expert in mantra and jyotishya shastras, a formidable scholar, and well-versed in Telugu, Sanskrit, Kannada, and English. The ability to mesmerize listeners with his effortless eloquence is a talent he was born with.

According to him, attaining the state of jīvanmukta does not mark the completion of an individual's evolution; rather, it is just the beginning, as scriptural authority shows. "When the kundalinī energy crosses the ājñā chakra and reaches the sahasrāra, the yogi attains jīvanmukti and becomes a Brahmajñāni. After that, one must attain Brahmanistha and reach the state of a Brahmarshi. Only then can one access the source of creative energies. In Yogavāsistha, these stages are described as the sapta bhūmikā (seven planes)," says Satyanarayana. He cites Sadāśiva Brahmendra Sarasvatī, Chandrasekhara Bharati Swami (the pontiff of Śringeri), and Bhagavān Ramana Maharshi as examples of those who reached the final of these planes.

But what must a jīvanmukta yogi do to attain these higher planes? Attaining the state of jīvanmukti itself means bidding farewell to all forms of spiritual practice. After that, there is no specific state to be attained. The higher planes mentioned in the scriptures are states that occur to only a few, according to their prārabdha karma (destiny due to past actions). Why they become accessible to some and not others—no one can say. If attained, one receives the titles Brahmavit, Brahmavarenya, and Brahmavaristha. That fortunate yoga is what is called Brahmanaspati Yoga.

On September 30, 1979, at 3 PM, UG landed at Bangalore Airport along with Valentine from Hyderabad. That day was Maha Navami. Ranganath Rao and I took them in a taxi to Brahmachari Shivaramasharma's "Jñānāshramam," near Bannerghatta. "When will Vishwanath's house be ready?" UG asked. "It should be ready in another two or three days," I replied. UG's early arrival in Bangalore, ahead of the expected date, had delayed the preparation of the flat on West Anjaneya Temple Street. The landlord, Vishwanath, needed to vacate the flat for UG. In the meantime, since UG had already arrived, we friends made temporary arrangements for his stay at Brahmachari's ashram out of necessity. UG doesn't like to inconvenience anyone, but he doesn't mind taking liberties with Brahmachari.

As we were driving in the taxi, UG shared his plans. Parveen Babi and Mahesh Bhatt were coming from Bombay in another two or three days. Parveen Babi was mentally unsettled. For her condition

to improve, a change of place was necessary. So, UG had decided they would stay in Kodaikanal for a month. The plan was to reach Kodaikanal via Mysore and Ooty once Parveen and Mahesh arrived.

We couldn't understand why UG was so concerned about Parveen's health. I firmly believed it wasn't just because she was a famous film star that UG took such special notice. Then why was he so attentive to her well-being? We also knew about the friendship between Mahesh and Parveen. Why UG was so determined to keep the two apart was unclear to us at the time. In fact, even they didn't understand it themselves back then. It was only years later, after observing the outcomes, that the deeper meaning behind UG's insistence became clear to any of us. All the events that unfolded during that month were of such extraordinary nature. Their true significance didn't become apparent until long after they occurred, when we could observe the results.

Jñānāshramam is located about 20 kilometers south of Bangalore city, near Bannerghatta. It was only after UG, with great difficulty, prevented Brahmachari Swamiji from ascending the pontifical seat of the Kudali Shankara Matham that he got an opportunity to build his own ashram. In 1972, the state government granted seven acres of barren land, which Brahmachari, through his skills and relentless hard work, transformed into a lush green garden. Along with the ashram, a Shakti Ganapati temple was also established. Over time, a proper guesthouse and residences for dependents to manage their affairs were also set up on the premises. Brahmachari attributes all this prosperity to UG's grace. It is said that when UG was first shown this barren land, he handed Brahmachari the two rupees left after paying the taxi fare and said, "This is my contribution to the ashram you are going to build here." From that day on, everything Brahmachari touched turned to gold.

Our taxi reached Jñānāshramam. Seeing the board outside the gate, UG remarked, "The only major flaw is the missing 'A' at the beginning of 'Jñānāshramam'." We all burst out laughing. Brahmachari, whom we expected to greet us at the gate, was not at the ashram. Assuming UG's flight was delayed, he had gone to the city on some urgent work. We had to handle the hospitality for UG ourselves. UG joked, "Everything here is fine. But if you think about the bill Brahmachari will present in three days, you get freaked out. It would surpass even a 5-star hotel bill". We couldn't help but laugh.

That night, after Brahmachari returned, it began to rain heavily. UG and Valentine had separate rooms. Brahmachari had his worship room. Ranganath Rao, and Gururaja Rao and I slept on the veranda. Brahmachari spent the entire night teasing and lampooning our incompetence in not arranging proper

accommodation for UG in Bangalore. "You are Trustees only for namesake, utterly useless!" he went on for a long time.

Midnight with a Cobra...

The next morning, UG came and sat in the hall by 5 AM. "That 'King Cobra' came last night," he said. The excitement in us raised its hood. Whenever UG visits this ashram, a large king cobra invariably comes to greet and check on him at least once. A nearly 20-foot-long king cobra, it makes sounds with its large hood to wake UG. UG then opens the back door of the room, comes out, and spends some time strolling with the snake. "Maybe because of last night's rain, the snake didn't have its usual energy. It moved slowly, crawling. It has grown quite old. But it's so beautiful to watch it glide and coil," UG told us. "In this godforsaken place, this serpent has been protecting me all these years. Some great soul is visiting in this form," said Brahmachari. Sometimes, his cook offers milk to the snake. But it doesn't appear to anyone else. Yet, the moment UG arrives at the ashram, it seems to know. It comes at night, pays its respects, and leaves.

"Antarbahiśca tat sarvam vyāpya Nārāyana sthitah"

("Narayana permeates everything, both within and without.")

That day was Vijaya Dashami. In the evening, all of us set out for a walk to the Bannerghatta village with UG. Along with friends who had come from Bangalore, we were about 15 people. In that village stands an ancient temple of Maha Vishnu as Champaka Dhamaswami. It is believed that there are three levels beneath the sanctum sanctorum, dating back to the Krita, Treta, and Dwapara Yugas. The deity Vishnu in the current Kali Yuga is the same as the previous three Yugas. This place is also known as Jambavanta Kshetra in the Puranas, believed to be where Sri Krishna fought Jambavanta and won the Syamantaka gem and Jambavati. UG, who never sets foot in temples, came inside with us that day. We all stood before the sanctum sanctorum. Dusk was settling around us. In the glow of oil lamps, Champaka Dhamaswami stood motionless.

The priest, who had come out to see us, asked, "Shall I perform Archana?" Suddenly, "Yes" escaped my lips. He brought flowers and asked, "In whose name?" Without a second thought, I replied, "For the welfare of all beings, for the good of the entire world, in the name of the Lord Himself." As the priest began the Archana, a faint smile glimmered on UG's face. As the Archana commenced, the atmosphere seemed to transform. With my eyes closed, I prayed inwardly: "*Sarve bhavantu sukhinah, sarve santu nirāmayāh, sarve bhadrāni paśyantu, mā kaścit duhkha bhāgbhavet.*" (May all be

happy, may all be free from illness, may all see auspiciousness, and may none suffer sorrow.) When I opened my eyes, the idol appeared to be glowing with a radiant effulgence that dazzled the eyes. I turned and looked at UG standing beside me—the same radiance shone on his face. Inside, the priest rang the bell and offered ārati. Before I knew what I was doing, I fell prostrate at UG's feet. His feet were beneath my forehead. For a moment, time stood still. When I rose, Nagaraja Rao moved to bow at UG's feet, but UG quickly stepped back. That experience remains unforgettable. Even after returning from the temple, my mind was in a daze for a long time. My entire being was immersed in an indescribable bliss.

That night, the electricity went out. We all sat in the hall by the light of kerosene lamps, talking. A silent atmosphere enveloped us. Outside, moonlight bathed the temple. It felt as if the hermitages of sages from centuries past must have been just like this. A stillness, unlike any I had ever known, filled me. How can I ever forget that Vijaya Dashami day?

Arrival of Jñāna Chakravarti Satyanarayana

The next afternoon, after lunch, we were all sitting on the lawn in front of the guesthouse. Whatever the circumstances, Brahmachari always took special care with meals. He had the cook prepare an excellent meal. Satisfied and relaxed, we friends sat together on the grass.

Exactly at 3 PM, Jñāna Chakravarti crossed the ashram gate and came toward us. He was accompanied by another friend named Anand, dressed in a saffron dhoti, a white kurta, and a red zari shawl draped over his shoulder. With an air of confidence and brightness evident on his face, Satyanarayana drew near, and we all instinctively adjusted our positions and sat respectfully on the grass. We later learned that he had come all this way that day on some work with Gururaja Rao. After introducing himself to UG, Satyanarayana sat on the grass with everyone. UG spoke as usual, in a tone that mocked blind traditions, beliefs, and rituals. About half an hour later, Satyanarayana suddenly interrupted UG and began to criticize him: "Mr. Krishnamurti! The issues you criticize in Indian culture and the methods you use to refute them have been pointed out by many others before you. One must have the wisdom to discard what is useless in traditions and embrace what is best. That is why the scriptures do not approve of someone being considered an Acharya (preceptor) simply because they are established in Brahman (Brahma-nishtha). One must also be a śrotriya—steeped in scriptural knowledge. Only such individuals are worthy of the status of a world teacher." UG did not respond.

After a while, Satyanarayana said in a fit of anger, "If you have UG's birth chart, please bring it. I will examine it closely right here in front of everyone and analyze his 'exalted state' based on astrological authority. If my words hurt UG's admirers, I ask for their forgiveness. But I cannot tolerate disrespect toward the śāstras (scriptures)." Without a word, UG went inside and brought a copy of his birth chart. As he studied it, Satyanarayana's expression changed completely. "Without a doubt, this is the chart of a jīvanmukta (liberated being)," he conceded. He quoted verses from astrological texts that supported his prediction. Half an hour later, he declared, "The most important thing is what is about to happen. From this Ashvayuja Shukla Purnima, UG will go through the Brahmanaspati Yoga. It will last for one month and conclude on Karthika Shukla Purnima. It is to prepare him for this state that Shakti Ganapati has drawn him to this Jambavanta Kshetra". Hearing this, curiosity surged among us. The idea that another great yoga was yet to happen to UG surprised everyone. Discussions arose about what the outcome of this yoga would be. Would he stop criticizing traditions and ancient culture? Would he, like Shankaracharya, establish a monastery? Would he speak of meditation, yoga, and chanting? Would he give teachings? What change was coming through the Brahmanaspati Yoga? "Such things will never happen," UG dismissed outright. Satyanarayana, however, said, "After it is complete, UG will return to this very kshetra (sacred space). Then I will come to see him and offer my respects and devotion. Now is not the time. You will see for yourselves what the outcome of this yoga will be." With that, he rose to leave.

The next day was Wednesday, October 3. At 9 AM, we all set out from the ashram and reached "Sastri Sadan" on West Anjaneya Temple Street in Bangalore. By then, UG's flat was ready. As usual, Valentine and UG settled into their respective rooms. That same day, Parveen and Mahesh arrived from Bombay. Parveen was dressed in black pants and a black shirt, with dark sunglasses. Her face was pale, and her eyes were sunken—perhaps from lack of sleep. As soon as she got out of the taxi, without a word to anyone, she went to her room and shut the door. By evening, UG, Valentine, Mahesh, and Parveen left for Mysore by car.

Dr. Ramakrishna Rao was a professor in the Philosophy Department of Mysore University. Whenever UG visited Mysore, he would stay as a guest at Ramakrishna Rao's house along with Valentine. All other friends who traveled with UG were accommodated by Rao in the university guesthouse. Meals were served at Rao's home. We would spend the entire day at Ramakrishna Rao's place with UG and Valentine, returning to the guesthouse only to sleep at night. Many people came to see UG in Mysore. That year too, as soon as the word spread that UG had arrived, Ramakrishna

Rao's house was filled with visitors. Parveen and Mahesh, however, stayed in a hotel. Brahmachari was a native of Mysore. He lived with his brother and mother in a grand, palace-like building constructed by his father.

The Very Hand of Lord Narayana

On October 4, an amusing incident occurred. Ramakrishna Rao had gone to the university for some work. UG, Mahesh, Brahmachari, and a few other friends were sitting in the hall. Teasing Brahmachari was a favorite pastime for UG whenever he got the chance. Sometimes the fun would go too far, and Brahmachari, enraged like a tailless monkey, would stomp around in anger. Soon after, both would cool down and laugh uproariously, shaking the house. That day, however, Brahmachari seemed to be in a particularly foul mood. UG, pretending not to notice, continued to mock him: "Why run an ashram? What's the difference between a prostitute's den and an ashram? Prostitutes are better—they only sell their own bodies for a living. You people in ashrams sell gurus. With all your education, even becoming an I.A.S., what a fate had befallen you that you had to peddle Shankaracharya." As UG made everyone laugh at his expense, Brahmachari's anger boiled over. "Mahesh! I won't stay another moment with this man. When Ramakrishna Rao returns, tell him I've gone back to Bangalore," he said furiously. Ignoring Mahesh's pleas, he stormed out of the house in a huff. "UG, Brahmachari is really leaving in anger!" Mahesh exclaimed anxiously. UG, however, remained calm and said, "He won't go anywhere. He'll come back. Just watch." Just as Brahmachari had crossed the street and gone a little distance, he ran into Ramakrishna Rao. Seeing him, Brahmachari's anger erupted again. "What kind of demon have you brought into your house, man! That UG—is he Brahma Jnani? He's a Brahma Pisachi (demon)! I won't stay here another moment!" he yelled furiously.

Ramakrishna Rao held him by the arm, comforting and pacifying him, when a thin, impoverished Brahmin passing by saw the two and said pleadingly, "Sir, I'm hungry. Please give me one rupee. I know Palmistry. I'll read your palm and tell your fortune." Ramakrishna Rao saw a perfect opportunity. "Brahmachari! I agree with you. Let's take this astrologer and have him expose UG's true colors. If he turns out to be a fraud and a trickster, we'll both throw him out together," he said. Brahmachari calmed down. "Hey, Brahmin!" Brahmachari warned the astrologer, "You have to read one man's palm and tell exactly as it is. If you accurately describe what kind of man he is and speak

the truth, I'll give you ten rupees. But if you talk nonsense, I'll hit you hard on your head—be careful!" Within two minutes, all three returned indoors.

"Show your hand to this palm-reader," said Brahmachari to UG sharply. UG obediently stretched out both his palms before him. No one in the hall could make sense of what was happening. Everyone watched curiously. After examining the right hand for two minutes, the thin Brahmin raised his eyes and exclaimed, "Oh-ho-ho!" Brahmachari grabbed him by the arm and snapped, "Say it plainly in words!" Ignoring him, the man continued studying the hand. After a while, shaking his head and muttering "Abbababbaba… Ahahaha…" he went on. Unable to contain his anger, Brahmachari threatened, "Will you speak, or should I crack your head open? "The palm-reader replied with great humility, "Sir, what can I say? Believe me, in all my life I have never seen such a hand. It surpasses even the hands of Rama and Krishna. This is the very hand of Shri Man Narayana himself." Brahmachari was speechless. His eyes wide, he collapsed onto the sofa. UG understood the situation. Turning to the palmist, he said, "If you can look at his hand and tell me how many children he has, I'll give you twenty rupees," and pointed to Brahmachari's hand. The Brahmin examined Brahmachari's palm for a minute and said with a laugh, "This man is a staunch celibate. He's never married. How could he have children?" Everyone burst into laughter, and even Brahmachari joined in, amused by the remark.

That day was special not only because UG and Brahmachari tested each other, but also because they revealed to the world how genuine and unadulterated their essence truly was.

Darshan of Chamundeshwari Devi

That evening, Ramakrishna Rao advised Parveen and Mahesh to have the darshan of Chamundeshwari Devi. UG, Valentine, and Brahmachari also set out. By the time everyone reached the hill in two cars, Anand Ji had somehow learned of UG's arrival and came rushing to him. Anand Ji was the priest of the Lakshmi Narayana Swami Temple on the hill. A great seeker and lifelong brahmachari, he performed daily worship at the temple, living a life immersed in divine contemplation, much like Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa. Years earlier, a friend had brought him into UG's presence. While sitting at the back of a gathering listening to UG, Anand Ji experienced a powerful awakening of his kundalini. "If this divine experience is due to UG's influence, he must prove it now," he thought. Immediately, UG stopped speaking, stood up, came over to Anand Ji, shook hands with him affectionately, and returned to his seat. Anand Ji was spellbound. From that day on, he kept a photo of UG in his worship

room and offered daily prayers. Anand Ji's elder brother was the chief administrator of the temple. With great respect, the priests took UG, Valentine, Parveen, and Mahesh directly inside the sanctum sanctorum of Chamundeshwari Devi. Brahmachari later remarked that the honor shown to them that day was rarely extended even to kings.

Entering the sanctum sanctorum—typically restricted to Vedic Brahmins—were non-Brahmin outsiders like Valentine, Parveen, and Mahesh. This was truly unimaginable. A special puja was performed for them before Chamundeshwari. Another wonder followed: UG was allowed to touch the sacred conch (Pāñchajanya) and the consecrated Sri Chakra in the Devi's presence—an honor rarely granted even to kings.

From the moment UG stepped into the sanctum, he began to feel a surge of energy that left him nearly unconscious. The Sri Chakra and the conch triggered intense energy movements within him. He almost staggered from the impact—Brahmachari moved to support him. Mahesh later mentioned that a swelling, resembling a tirunāmam (sacred mark), appeared on UG's forehead and remained for a long time. A snake-like swelling also became visible around his neck during their time in the temple. When asked about the meaning of this, UG's reply was strictly scientific: The rituals and consecrated instruments in temples generate powerful vibrations. The swellings are simply the body's natural reaction to these energy frequencies. They appear for a while and then subside. There's no need to attach any special spiritual meaning to them. Would you believe it?

Brahmachari's system, however, needed four tender coconut waters to cool down after leaving the temple. Valentine was the only one who remained completely unaffected. Everyone else was swayed in some way by the energy vibrations.

Kameshwari's Hospitality in Ooty

Those who met Kameshwari for the first time felt as if they had known her for years. How she came by that special quality remains a mystery. "She is the child of the Goddess," says General Ramanayya. While Kameshwari was still in her mother's womb, her father, Sundararamaiah, took sanyasam and became Swami Ramananda Bharati. It was he who initiated her into the Shodashi mantra and instructed her to worship Lalita Parameshwari. From then on, her entire life became immersed in the Divine Mother. Though she later married, became a mother, served as an army doctor, and took on many roles, she never forgot the presence of Lalita Parameshwari. The Navaratri period was especially sacred to her. Even during her army days, she would take ten days off to devote herself

entirely to the Goddess. For Kameshwari, the Goddess was not merely a deity or an idea—it was a living, palpable experience of that intense love gripping the vast universe in its tight embrace and pouring grace.

That year, UG went to Ooty because Kameshwari was stationed there as an army doctor in Wellington. Since meeting UG, she had been inviting him to Ooty. Though UG usually disliked Ooty's climate—despite being accustomed to cool hilly regions—he agreed to stop there with Valentine, Parveen, and Mahesh on their way to Kodaikanal. When Kameshwari heard UG was coming, her joy knew no bounds. "I immediately rushed to send a telegram: 'Welcome.' I sat down and wrote a letter, pleading, 'Don't disappoint me—I'm so happy!' " she recalled. On the very morning UG's reply arrived, during her puja, she felt an intuition: "It will be good if UG comes. This year, I don't even have leave to go to Bangalore." The desire was intense. At 10:30 AM, while at the hospital, she received UG's letter: "We are coming." "My joy is indescribable," she wrote in her letter to me.

On October 5, UG set out from Mysore to Ooty by car. Kameshwari's state was almost like that of the devotee Shabari—from the moment they reached Wellington, she was with UG, one foot in the kitchen and the other in the living room. Unable to see her struggle, UG settled himself in her kitchen. Tasting the dishes she cooked, adding salt, chatting while she chopped vegetables, listening to her stories—he filled Kameshwari with joy. Even during her puja, UG would sit nearby so she wouldn't miss him. Parveen and Kameshwari sat on either side of him. One day, as Kameshwari was performing puja, UG remarked, "Some parts of the mantras you chant are very powerful. I can feel a great energy flowing. But in some places, that flow breaks. If you chant louder, I can correct it." After Kameshwari recited the Lalita Sahasranamam aloud, he listened fully and said, "Good. Perfect."

Later, while relating Kameshwari's worship, UG said, "The sounds of her mantras created strange movements within me, stirring excitement. Perhaps some people in the world perform japa and tapas hoping for such experiences. So, is it right to dismiss them as foolish just because they are mechanical?" A question arose within him, and the answer came: "Should not dismiss like that." This doesn't mean UG started encouraging pujas or japas from then on. But his approach was never to outright reject, as mere superstition, anything done with sincere faith and purity of heart.

Full moon day of Ashvayuja

In Kameshwari's puja room, alongside pictures of deities, there was also a photo of UG. After the puja, when she offered naivedyam (food offering), UG would joke, "I'm right here beside you.

Why offer to the photo? Give it to me. I'm hungry." Kameshwari would gently reply, "All the other great souls are here too. You must wait until the puja is complete." In this way, Kameshwari had the rare fortune of recognizing UG – who had manifested in her home as the Shodasakalamurthi (the embodiment of sixteen divine qualities) – and serving, worshipping, and feeding UG. On Ashvayuja Purnima, while performing puja, Kameshwari was overcome with devotional fervor. Forgetting herself, she collapsed into UG's lap and began sobbing loudly. Parveen too buried her face in UG's lap and cried like a child. Perhaps the full moon of that Purnima filled UG with the motherly qualities of tenderness. He silently comforted both of them.

That same day, they had the darshan of Agastya Maharshi, as UG later told me. UG had no habit of speaking reverently about such divine visions. Whether it was Donald Duck appearing or Lord Sadashiva manifesting, he would dismiss both with equal lightness. So, extracting details about these visions from him was not easy. When I asked, "How did Agastya look?" he simply said, "Short, stout, and dark-skinned." It is well-known that Ooty is Agastya Kshetra. Yercaud is also believed to be the abode of Agastya Maharshi. Also followers of Master CVV of Kumbakonam consider him an avatar of Agastya.

After staying in Ooty for four days, UG and the others left for Kodaikanal. "As soon as they left for Kodaikanal, I felt as if all the energy had been sucked out of my body. I lay lifeless on the bed from morning till evening, utterly drained," Kameshwari wrote in her letter to me.

The Hell That Awaited in Kodaikanal

UG had planned to stay in Kodaikanal for fifteen days. Parveen and Mahesh were with him. Narayanagaru from Hyderabad and an English friend named Bernard Selby were also supposed to join them for a few days. Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, a telegram arrived: "We are cutting short our stay in Kodaikanal and returning. If the house isn't ready, make arrangements at the ashram." We were at a loss. We had to rush back to Jñānāshramam. The three of us sprang into action. By the evening of Thursday, October 18, they arrived directly at the ashram by car. The next day, Mahesh drove the three of us to the ashram in his car. "What happened, Mahesh? Why did you return from Kodaikanal without staying even ten days?" I kept asking. But no matter what I asked about Kodaikanal, Mahesh would only exclaim, "Ayyo! Kadavule! Andavane! (Oh God!)", and would not elaborate. Their taxi driver was a Tamil brother. While they were staying in a haunted bungalow in Kodaikanal, that driver would often pray aloud, crying out to God like that. It seemed Mahesh hadn't

yet recovered. I strongly felt something intense must have happened. Gradually, I pieced together the details of the extraordinary events that took place there—some from Mahesh, some from Valentine, and some from UG himself.

Later, Mahesh wrote an article titled "To Hell and Back" about his Kodaikanal experience, which was published in the Times of India. The article mirrors the horrors of their time there. "…Kodaikanal manifested as a page from Dante's Inferno," he wrote.

They had found accommodation in an ancient building in Kodaikanal—a haunted bungalow that terrified Mahesh. From the moment they arrived, it poured relentlessly. Cold winds. Darkness. Parveen, already mentally unwell, was further affected by the atmosphere and would retreat to her room, locking the door. The high humidity aggravated UG's health issues, and his chronic alimentary canal problems resurfaced. To Mahesh, being around UG felt like being in the presence of Yama, the god of death. He was too afraid to speak to him. Any topic would trigger UG's fierce side. In the hall, a fireplace burned, reflecting UG's intensity. If the topic of J. Krishnamurti (JK) came up, UG would rise like a provoked cobra, roaring: "Within twenty years, all the rubbish JK spoke will be wiped off the face of this earth without a trace. You and I will stand on this very soil and witness the burial of JK's teachings. Wait and see. My words will not prove false." He would roar ferociously. "JK is just a medium. It's as if some spook speaks through him. There's nothing more to him". He would dismiss him outright.

Finally, one day, UG's alimentary canal completely shut down. He couldn't even swallow plain water. If he forced anything down, he would vomit. For 36 hours, he was in a state of severe, absolute fast. Compounding the situation, Parveen as a seemingly sympathetic reaction to UG's condition, also stopped eating and drinking, which made matters much worse. UG was in agony, feeling as if something was churning and chafing his entire body. He would writhe in pain, coiled up on the bed. No one knew what was happening. Suddenly, one night, UG's suffering became unbearable. He felt his final moments were approaching. Mahesh was at a complete loss.UG looked at Valentine and said, "It's over. It seems my final moments are near." Valentine replied calmly in a mocking tone, "Dying in a place like this, and at a time like this, doesn't seem very practical to me, you know." UG couldn't help but laugh at her words. "That was the only laugh that echoed off the walls of that haunted bungalow the entire week," Mahesh would later say. That burst of laughter seemed to release the blockage in UG's alimentary canal. He was able to drink water, and it stayed down. After that, he managed to eat some food. "This Kodaikanal experiment is enough. Let's return to Bangalore," UG

declared. Everyone felt a wave of relief wash over them. Even the car driver breathed a sigh of relief and happiness. They immediately bade goodbye to Kodaikanal and set off.

Back at Jñānāshramam

On October 19th, in the afternoon, Jñāna Chakravarti (Satyanarayana) appeared at the ashram with his beloved disciple, Anand. It's unknown how he received the news that UG had returned to Bangalore. UG began narrating all the events that had transpired since they left for Mysore, right up until their return to the ashram. "I knew it beforehand," said Satyanarayana. "Before the Brahmanaspati Yoga begins, the grace of Chamundeshwari must be received. That's why you had the darshan of the Goddess in Mysore." When UG described the pujas performed by Kameshwari in Ooty and the darshan of Agastya, Satyanarayana said, "It is ordained in the science of mantras. The darshan of Agastya Maharshi was inevitable." "I haven't fully recovered yet from the ordeal I went through in Kodaikanal," said UG, describing the 36-hour period where he couldn't swallow anything. Satyanarayana explained that such physical suffering was part of the yoga. "The scriptures state that when the Divine Energy (Chaitanya Shakti) enters and expands into the Hrillēkha from the Sahasrāra, the body undergoes tremendous suffering. The body is subjected to intense vibrations, especially on the left side."

Immediately, UG pointed to the big toe on his right foot and said, "It hurts a lot here. At night, my body would writhe in pain. To keep from falling off the bed, I had to grip the bedpost with my big toe all night long to stay in place. "To this, Satyanarayana replied, "Your left leg should be causing you even more pain. "True", said UG. "I can barely move that leg. The pain in that big toe hasn't subsided yet. That's why I'm showing you the right one." Satyanarayana sighed with satisfaction. "It's all God's decree. You were destined for this great yoga. I told you that day itself that you would return to this Jambavanta Kshetra in the middle of this yoga. Like it or not, you had to come here."

The Impact of the Brahmanaspati Yoga

But what kind of change did this Brahmanaspati Yoga actually bring about in UG's demeanor? It's hard to say for certain. UG was still UG. However, one strange thing was the disappearance of the frontiers in his consciousness which resulted in his conscious energy expanding endlessly. "In the natural state, there are no highs and lows, no levels," UG explained. "Even before this, there were no limits to my consciousness. However, this body—this vehicle—was like a solid embankment, and the conscious energy was flowing through it, like a river. This isn't a feeling. It's even more fundamental

than an experience. I have to give this example to make you understand. After returning from Kodaikanal, even that 'embankment' disappeared. Everything is one. It is one vast, expansive stream of conscious energy. There are no barriers to it. It's hard to put into words. What I say is even harder to grasp."

The Appearance of J. Krishnamurti

Within three days of leaving Jñānāshramam, UG reached 'Shastri Sadan' in Basavanagudi. Parveen also settled into the same flat with UG and Valentine. For nearly two months in 1979, Parveen lived incognito in Bangalore in UG's company. November 4th. Karthika Purnima. That morning, as soon as he saw me, UG said, "Can you guess what happened today? At dawn, J.K. appeared to me." I was astounded. J.K. appearing to him? Was it in a dream, or for real? UG laughed. "This wasn't a 'vision'. It wasn't a dream. I don't dream at all. J.K. appeared to me directly," he said. What did he appear and say? "He looked at me and said, 'Old chap! Your teaching is too radical and too revolutionary. Water it down'. When I said 'Get lost', he disappeared," recounted UG.

That day, when Brahmachari came, I told him this. "Brahmanaspati means Brihaspati—which means Guru. However much UG denies it, we must consider J.K. to be like a guru to him. That's why he appeared at the end of the Brahmanaspati Yoga, perhaps to congratulate him for having surpassed him. We must consider that the Brahmanaspati Yoga concluded with the guru's blessings," he said. Pausing for a moment, he added, "No yogas touch the minds of jivanmuktas (liberated beings) that are already 'burnt'. This Brahmanaspati Yoga will actually affect those who have taken refuge in UG, not UG himself."

Whatever the case may be, from 1980 onwards, I noticed countless changes in UG's life. His talks being published as books and spreading across the world, setting foot in America after 21 years, expanding his global travels—all this happened only after this. However, for those who were expecting that UG would finally stop railing against traditions and culture and, like all other gurus, establish institutions and gather disciples, they were left with severe disappointment. As days passed, his tongue only grew sharper; it did not soften. "Alas, I haven't managed to learn new words, and a stronger vocabulary, to adequately curse this human culture and civilization," was UG's constant lament.

(This narrative was first written in Telugu in my diary on September 26, 1995—a Tuesday. Now, after all these years, with the help of my friend Srinivas, it has been translated and is seeing the light of the day.)

September 22, 2025 Korlimarla Chandrasekhar

Bangalore