

UG. So in the sense that, there is no head for me after that. Where is my head? *Do I have a head or not?* This was my question. The head seems to be here, but where do these thoughts come from, where do these ideas come from? So the head was absent, only *this* part was moving around, there was no will to do anything, it was like a leaf thrown here, there, everywhere. And living a shoddy life, it went on and on. And finally, I don't know what happened, one day I said to myself, this kind of life is no good, I was a bum practically, living on the charity of some people, and not knowing anything, there was no will, I didn't know what I was doing, it was insane, practically insane. So I said to myself, now this kind of..., I was in London, wandering in the streets, no place to live, wandering in the streets all night, the policemen always stopped me, don't you have a place, we will put you in the nick. So that kind of a life... daytime going and sitting in the British Museum, I could get a ticket, what to read in the British Museum, nothing, I was not interested in reading at all, no books interested me, but to pretend that, that I am there to read something I used to pick up, the *Thesaurus of the Underground Slang*, I have a lot of that, you know, the underground men, the criminals, all kinds of slang. That's all, I was reading that for some time, to spend the day, night, go there, somewhere and went on and on. One day, I was sitting in Hyde Park and a policeman came and said, you can't stay here, we are going to throw you out. So I walked, where to go, what to do, nothing, no money, I think I had only five pence in my pocket.

Some thought came into my head, said, *you go to Ramakrishna Mission*, that's all, that thought just out of nowhere, maybe it was all my own projection, there was no way out for me, except to wander in the street, that fellow was after me. So then I said, I took the tube up to a point, then I couldn't go further, from there I walked and went there and met this Swami. He said, you can't see him now, it is ten o'clock in the night. He doesn't see you at all, he doesn't see anybody. I told the secretary, I must see him, so then somebody came. And then somehow, he came, then I put this scrapbook before him, this was me, you know, my lectures, the New York Times, comments on my lectures, my background, somehow I had that book with me, this scrapbook which my manager prepared in America, this was me and this is me now. And then he said... I don't know what happened... he said, then, what do you want? I want to go into the meditation room and sit there all night. He said, that you can't do, we have a policy not to let anybody use the meditation room after eight o'clock, it will be open only tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. I said, I have no place to go. He said, I will fix up a room for you and stay in a hotel there tonight and come back tomorrow. So, I stayed in the hotel. The next day at eight o'clock I didn't go there, but I went there at twelve

o'clock, I was tired. And then, they were eating, they gave me lunch, for the first time I had a real meal, I lost even the appetite for eating, hunger, I didn't know what hunger was, what thing was. And then after lunch he called me, I am looking for a man exactly like you. My assistant who is doing the editorial work, he is mentally ill, he ended up in the hospital, I have to bring out this Vivekananda's centenary number, you are the right man for me to have at this time, you help me to edit this. I said, I can't even write, anything, maybe I did editing in those days, I can't do anything, I am a finished man. I can't be of any help to you in that direction. So... no, no.. he said, together we can do something, he was very badly in need of somebody with a background of Indian philosophy and then, everything he wanted, he could have had anybody there. And then he said, no, it's all right, you take a rest for some time, you stay here, I take care of you, everything. I said, I don't want to do the editorial work, you give me room and, I will wash your dishes or do something for this, but not that kind of work, I am singularly incapable of doing. He said, no, I want that, so I tried to do something, not to my satisfaction, not to his satisfaction, but somehow, together brought out the issue and then, he was also giving me money, five pounds like all the other swamis. First time I had five pounds, to spend, what do I do, I lost the sense of value of money, because I never had money for the... there was a time when I could write a cheque for one hundred thousand rupees, but at the same time, not even, one paisa in my pocket and now five pounds, what am I to do with this? So I decided to see every movie in London with that money, stay there, work in the morning, eat there at one o'clock and go away to movie and there came a time when I could not find any movie to see... in the London outskirts, they show three movies for, one rupee, something like that, so I exhausted all the movies and spent all that money and went on.

After three months, I said, I am going, I can't do this kind of a thing, so I used to sit there in the meditation room and wonder at these people meditating. *What are they doing?, all this silly thing*, by that time the whole thing had gone out of my system? But very strange experiences I had, in that meditation center, whatever it was, it was my own or something. The facts are there; for the first time, I felt something peculiar. I was sitting there doing nothing, looking at all those people, pitying them, these people were meditating.. *what for they want to go into samadhi?* they are not going to have anything. I have been through all that. They are kidding themselves, so what can I do for them to save them, not to waste all their lives doing that kind of thing. It's not going to lead them anywhere. I was sitting there, nothing, blankness. I felt something very strange in that; there was some kind of *movement* inside of my body, and suddenly, I found that something was moving, through the penis, Some energy was coming out and then going through this as if there was a hole; it was moving like

this, you know, the atom, you understand. So then it moves in this direction, and then it moves in this direction, and then it moves in this direction—clockwise, anti-clockwise. Now I can give you the example of the Wills cigarettes advertisements you have in the Ad boards. The Wills cigarettes packet is in the center, and then all those movements. Exactly the same way, it was such a funny thing for me, but I didn't relate this to anything. I was a finished man, somebody feeding, somebody taking care of all that. There was no thought of tomorrow, but yet, inside of me, there was some kind of a thing. It is a perverse way of living. It is perversity in its extremity. This is a perverse life; this is not anything, you know. But yet, the head was missing, what could I do? And on and on and on. And then towards the end, he gave me some money, *..you go*. He wanted me to stay there. I don't know. He gave me 40 or 50 pounds. Then I decided... I still had a ticket to return to India. I always kept this airline ticket to return to India. So then I went to Paris from London. I turned in my ticket and made some money because it was paid in dollars. With this 35 pounds and I think I had about 150 pounds.

For 3 months, I lived in Paris in some hotel, wandering in strange way as I did before. But the only difference was I had some money in my pocket. At that time, there was no money. So slowly, this money disappeared. After the end of the 3 months, I decided I must go, but I resisted returning to India. Somehow, I don't want to go back to India because my family and children were here. I was frightened of returning to India. That would complicate matters; all of them will come. And then, I didn't want to go at all. I resisted. Finally, I had a bank account in Switzerland for years. All my money was there in Switzerland. I thought I still had some money there. In the last... I thought I would go to Switzerland and then take the money out and then see what happens. So I came out of the hotel and got into the taxi and said, take me to Gare de Lyon. But the trains to Zurich—I had my account in Zurich—the trains from Paris to Zurich go from Gare de l'Est. So I don't know why I said, take me to Gare de Lyon. So he dropped me at Gare de Lyon, and then I got into a train going to Geneva. So I went to Geneva and landed there with 150 francs or something. I spent and continued to stay in the hotel. I had no money to pay the bills. After two weeks, he produced the bill. "Come on, money, what about this?" I have no money. I threw up my hands. And then, the only thing that was left to me was to go to the Indian consulate and say, send me to India. I am finished. So that resistance, staying away from India, slackened. Finished, so I went to the consulate and set my folder, one of the finest, most brilliant speakers that India has ever produced, with Norman Cousins, Radha Krishnan, everybody there, the opinions on my talent. And then, the vice-consul said, we can't send this kind of a man to India at the expense of the Government of

India. What do you think? So you try and get some money from India. In the meantime, you come and stay with me. And so, it went on and on.

There I met this Swiss lady. She was the translator for the Indian consulate there. But that day she happened to be there at the reception desk. The receptionist was absent or something. We started talking about it, and then, we became close friends. And she said, if you want to stay here, I will see that you are in Switzerland. If you don't want to go to India, don't go. So we managed. After one month, I stayed with the consulate there, and after one month, they said you go, and then, she created a home for me in Switzerland. She gave up her job. She's not rich. She had just a little pension, and so we can live on this money. So we went to Switzerland.

That place, Saanen, has some significance to me. When I was there in 1953, I was travelling through that area, and when I saw this place, something in me said, "get off the train and spend some time here". So I spent one week there, and then I said to myself, this is the place where I will spend the rest of my life. Then I had plenty of money, that was in 1953. So ten years after... then my wife didn't want to stay in Switzerland because of the climate, and so many other things happened. Then we went to America. But, this dream, unfulfilled dream, materialised. So we went there because I always wanted to live there, so I continued to live there. During that period, before the calamity—I call it a calamity—from the point of view of those who think that this is something fantastic, blissful, full of beatitude and love, ecstasy, and all that kind of thing, this is a physical torture. This is what, this is—a calamity from that point of view. So in that sense, I used the word, and I never talked to her about this, my interest in this kind of thing or any one of those things. So the years went on and the same Krishna... Krishnamurti chose that place for some reason or the other for his meetings every summer. So this chap started coming here to Saanen. I lived there, I was not interested in Krishnamurti or anything. I was not interested in anything. But during that time all kinds of things were happening to me inside. Headaches, constant headaches, terrible pain is here in the brain, and I swallowed, I don't know tens and thousands of aspirins. Nothing gave me relief. It was not migraine, it was not any of those known headaches, but tremendous headaches, and then these aspirin pills and fifteen, twenty cups of coffee every day, to free myself. One day she said, what, you are drinking fifteen cups of coffee, do you know what it means in terms of money? It is three or four hundred francs per month. What is this? Then I said, but anyway, this was such a terrible thing for me. And all kinds of funny things happened to me. One day, I started playing with myself. Every time I rubbed my body like this, there was a sparkle, like phosphorus, phosphorus glow on the body. I was playing with this kind of thing. So sometimes in the night, I rolled in my bed and she used to come,

what, there is a car coming or some such thing, every time I rolled in the bed. This is the electricity, electricity somehow, that's why I say it is an electromagnetic field. So I used to play with these things. First, I thought it was because of my nylon cloth and static electricity. Then, I stopped using it. I was very skeptical, I never believed in anything, even if I saw some miracle happening before me, I wouldn't accept that at all. So such was the make-up of this man. So it never occurred to me that anything of that sort was in the making for me. I went on and on. And then, I happened to be in Paris during that period, and Krishnamurti also happened to be there. Some of my friends suggested, why don't you go and listen to your old friend? He is here giving talks. All right, I haven't heard him for so many years, for 20 years, let me go and listen. And then when I went there, they demanded two francs from me. I said, to listen to J Krishnamurti, I am not ready to pay two francs. *No!* So then she was also..., I said, come on, let's go and do something foolish. Let us go to a striptease joint, you know, *Folies Bergère* or *Casino de Paris*. Come on, let's go there, and we bought 20 francs tickets, it was... I was there, watching. One of the very strange experiences I had at that time. Then, I didn't know whether I was the dancer or there was some other dancer dancing on the stage. Very strange experience for me, a peculiar kind of a movement inside of me. Whatever thing was moving there was also moving inside of me. This is now something natural for me. So this movement, there was no division, nobody who was looking at the dancer, but the question whether I am the dancer or where is the dancer—is it out there on the stage or here—this puzzled me. See, this kind of a peculiar experience of the absence of division between me and the dancer. So it puzzled me and bothered me for some time, and then, I came out, nothing happened.

But this question, what is that state, had a tremendous intensity of its own, not an emotional intensity, but the more I tried to find an answer, the more I failed to find an answer, the more intensity the question had. It was going on and on and on. What is that state? I want... finished... and when Krishnamurti said, you have no way, still I want to know what that state is. The state in which Buddha was, Shankara was, you know, all those teachers. So this question... and then, again Krishnamurti was there giving talks, my friends dragged me there, now it is, this is a free business. Why don't you come and listen? All right, I will come and listen. So when I listened to him, something funny happened to me, a peculiar kind of a feeling. He was describing my state, not his state. Why did I want to know his state? He was describing something, some movement, some awareness, some silence, in that silence there is movement, there is action, all kinds of things. So I *am* in that state, what the hell have I been doing all these forty years or thirty years, doing and wanting to understand his state or the state of somebody else, Buddha and Jesus. I am in that state,

now I am in that state, so then I walked out of that tent, never looked back. So, then the question, “what is that state” transformed itself into, “how do I know that I am in that state”, that question. What is that state transformed itself into another kind of a question, how do I know that I am in that state. The state of Buddha, the state of... the state I very much wanted and demanded from everybody, questioned. I am in that state. So, this... how do I know I'm in that state? A day after that, I was sitting on a bench under a tree, overlooking the beauty. It's one of the most beautiful spots in the whole world, the seven hills and the seven valleys. With a vacant thing I was sitting there. It's not that the question was there, the whole of my being was the question mark. How do I know I am in that state? So, there is some kind of a peculiar division inside of me. There is somebody who knows that he is in that state. The knowledge, so the knowledge of that state, what I have read, what I have experienced, what they have talked about, it is this knowledge that is looking at that state, so it is only this knowledge that has projected that state. Look here, old chap, you are back. After forty years you have not moved one step, you are there in square number one. So, it is the same knowledge that projected your mind there, when you asked this question, you are in the same situation, asking the same question, *How do I know?*. Because it is this knowledge, the description of this state, as described by those people that has created this state for me, and now you tell yourself, you are kidding yourself, you are a damn fool. So, nothing. So, then the question, *how do I know?* But still there is some kind of a peculiar feeling that this is the state, and then the second question, how do you know that this is the state? It went on and on and on, nothing happened, the question just disappeared.

And then, no, I didn't say to myself, oh my God, now I have found the answer. Even that state disappeared, the state I thought I was in, the state of Buddha, Jesus, even that has disappeared, the question has disappeared, the whole thing is finished for me, and that's all. And from then on...

Dr Varma. This happened in a short..

UG. Just like that, you see. Never did I say to myself, now I have the answer for all those questions. The very state I said to myself, that state has disappeared, the question has disappeared, there are no questions any more, finished. It's not emptiness, it is not blankness, it is not void, it is not any of those things, it is not even the explosion that I am talking about, there was no explosion, the question just disappeared suddenly, and that's all. And then, it began, the changes from the next day onwards. The seven days... first I discovered the softness of the skin, and then the change, the blinking of the eyes, stopped. Every day one, the taste, and then the smell, five days, five changes, I noticed. Maybe I noticed them for the first time, but they were there even before. On the sixth day,

I was lying down on a sofa, and she was there in the kitchen, and suddenly my body disappeared. What?(laughs). Then there was no body there, and suddenly the body disappeared. And then, I touched this, but there was no link between this, I looked at my hand, a crazy thing, you would put me in a mental hospital, certainly. So, I looked at it, is this my hand? Not the questioning, there was no questioning here, but the whole situation was like that, that's all that I am describing. So I touched this, there's no touch here. Then I called her, "do you see my body on this sofa?", "Yes, the body is there, very much there", she touched it, this is your body. And then that assurance didn't give me any comfort or satisfaction. And then, that was the sixth day, and the seventh day I was again lying on the same sofa, and then I felt some kind of thing happening inside of me, the life drawing to a focal point from different parts of my body. And then, I said to myself, "now you have come to the end of your life, you are going to die". Then I called this lady, said, "I am now going to die, Valentine, you have to do something with this body, hand it over to the doctors, maybe they will use it, I don't believe in burial or any one of those things. See, in your own interest you have to dispose of this body, it will stink one day, so why not you give it... she said, "you are a foreigner, this government won't take your body, forget about it". And then she went away. And then this whole business of the frightening movement of life force, as it were, coming to a point. I was lying down on the sofa and her bed was empty. I was sitting in her room, so then I moved over to that bed and stretched myself. She ignored me and said, "One day you say this thing has changed, another day this thing has changed, the third day this thing has changed, what is this whole business?". She was not interested in any of those things. Never she was interested in all these religious matters, never heard of those things, but these kinds of funny things, now you are going to die, you are not going to die, you are all right, hale and healthy. She went away, then I stretched myself and then this was going on and on and on, the whole life energy moving to some focal point, where it was, I didn't know that. So then, there arrived a point where the whole thing looked as if the *aperture* was trying to close itself. That's the only simile that I could think of. The way I'm describing is quite different from the way things happened at that time because there was no... All this was part of my experience, otherwise I wouldn't be able to talk about it. So the aperture was trying to close itself and then, something was there trying to keep it open. So, and then after a while, there was no will to do anything, not even to prevent the aperture closing itself. Suddenly, as it were, it closed. I don't know what happened after that. So this process lasted for 49 minutes. This process of dying. So like the physical death, the first day, even now it happens, the hands and feet become so cold and then the body becomes stiff, and then, the heartbeat slows down, the breathing slows down. Then there is a

gasping for breath. Up to a point you come, you are there and you breathe your last, as it were, and that's finished. What happens after that, nobody knows. And then when I came out of that, I didn't know. So there was a telephone call, somebody said, there is a telephone call for you. I came out and went down to answer it. I was in a daze, I didn't know what happened. So it was the physical death. What brought me back to life, I don't know. How long that lasted, I don't know. I can't say anything about that because the experiencer was finished and there was nobody to experience that death at all. So that was the end, I got up.

And then the eighth day I was sitting there on the sofa and suddenly, there was a burst of tremendous energy, tremendous energy shaking the whole body, like that, and along with the body, the sofa, the chalet, and the whole universe as it were, was shaking, this vibration. You can't do that. Suddenly, where it was coming from, outside or from below, I couldn't locate the spot. It was all over, whether the body is vibrating with this tremendous vibration or the sofa or what, I didn't know that at all. Then, it lasted for hours and hours like that. I couldn't bear that. But there was nothing I could do to stop that. There was total helplessness. And this went on and on, day after day, wherever I sat, this started, this vibration, like an epileptic fit or something, not even an ecliptic fit, this went on for days, and then, the pain is all over your body. So the whole thing was changing in its own way without my doing anything. And the movement of the hands, you usually have it and then, they turn this way, here in this joint, terrible pain for me for six months till it turned itself. So all the movements are now like this. They say my movements are the *mudras*. So the movements of hands are quite different now. And then the pain, in the marrow of the bones, every cell, started changing. It went on and on for six months and then the sex hormones started. I didn't know whether I was a man or a woman, what is this business, and then suddenly the second breast, the left-hand side, and all kinds of things. I can't go into the details. There's a complete record of all those things. And then began, the puzzling and bewildering part of the whole thing. I never said to myself now, here, I am a liberated man, a free man, a man who has attained Moksha. Never did I say to myself then, nor do I say to myself today, that I am a free man, that I am a liberated man, that I am something different from you. So there's no question of my liberating or helping anybody. But then the whole ridiculous thing, the sensory activity began their own independent career. There was no coordinator linking, looking at something. So we had this terrible problem. She had to go through the whole business. We go for a walk and then I look at the flower and I would ask her what it is. She would say, "it's a rose". Then take a few more steps, look at the cow, "what is that?"... "Cow", like a baby it started the whole business... what is this crazy business! And she also didn't know what to make out of the



whole business. I was not mad or crazy or anything, very sane, but yet this crazy business of asking everything, “what is that”, “what is this”, that's all, no other question.

Dr Varma. All those linkings.

UG. I look at the tomato, “what is the tomato, tomato juice?”, “how does tomato juice taste like?”, put it on the tongue and then the knowledge, the memory says it is tomato juice, you swallow it and back again. I used to play with this. What is this business? And she even went to the psychiatrist, the leading psychiatrist in Geneva, rushed to him. She didn't know what to make out of the whole business. She wanted to understand. But at the same time she felt that there was nothing crazy about me, I was a very sane man, acting sanely and everything going on, but this crazy business of asking everything, “what is that”, “that's a cow”, and “what is that”, “that's this”, “what is that”, “that's a tree”, it went on and it was too much for her and too much for me. And then she met the psychiatrist and he said, “unless we see the person... from the description we can't make out anything, you bring him”. But I knew that something really fantastic happened inside, and what it was I didn't know, and this didn't bother me. Why ask then and what's the difference whether it's a cow or a donkey or a horse ? But this bewildering situation continued for a long time, that situation is here even today. I look at something, I don't know what I'm looking at, but it doesn't bother me anymore. When there is a need for the knowledge to come in, it comes and then helps. So it went on and on. That's all. I think that's all.

Dr Varma. But did the psychiatrist make it?

UG. No, no, I didn't see the psychiatrist. He didn't understand anything, from the description. Later on I talked to so many people, there was one psychiatrist in Marseille, he was the head, I forget his name, he heard of me and he came to see me. And he stayed with me for three full days, 72 hours, he watched me. And from my descriptions, he said, this is a textbook case, you know, this is really a textbook case. And yet, you see, you are very sane. I wonder if I am sane or you are sane. See, there is something funny here, the way you are describing things fit into our textbook as a *goner*. I should take you to the hospital. And yet, something tells me that you are the sanest person. So I myself am puzzled about the whole business. He left it. After three days he left that hospital. “Now I have discovered that what we are doing is something very dangerous for them, because we really don't know, we don't have complete data. Thank God, I have another qualification”, he has also specialised in tropical medicine. “I am not interested in this psychiatry anymore”. And then he joined another hospital. I haven't seen him since. So he said, “this is a funny business. Your description, the way you are functioning fits into our textbook. As a fellow, what am I to do? I can't

figure out, I can't make out anything. You are sane. I can't call you insane, but you are talking, like a very sane person telling things, which are of great interest to me". But yet, I don't know, he left because he had his own personal problems with drug-oriented treatment. He was not for it. He was always involved, personally involved. So this triggered the whole thing for him. So this went on and on and it took three years for this body to fall into a new rhythm of its own.

Dr Varma. Three years!

UG. Three years. Now, the way I am functioning, I have described it, but it is the same thing. There is no coordinator coordinating the senses. The senses are independently functioning and they are at their peak capacity. So this I must tell you. Since they work at their very peak capacity all the time, without the interference of thought, they have to slow down their pace. So there is a built-in mechanism here which slows down the activity of the senses. So your eyes may be open, suddenly, some kind of a curtain-like thing falls and you can't see. The clarity is lost, it's like a curtain falling. The ears, the sound also becomes... so the body has to renew itself, every now and then. So then the sensory activity must slow down. This renewal process is part of this mechanism. So automatically, the sensory activity slows down and comes to a stop, practically, and the body goes through what is called physical death. That is happening to you also, to everybody. So suddenly you become very dull and stupid, I don't mean *you*, for no adequate reason. But, your work demands, your constant attention. You goad yourself and force yourself to keep yourself awake. Or, you smoke a cigarette or take a cup of coffee or do something. If you don't do that, then, the body has this capacity to renew itself. Just for a fraction of a second, everything is, every external activity is cut out and the body renews itself. So it goes through a process of dying and then, it is reborn.

Dr Varma. Any specific rhythm?

UG. It has a particular rhythm of its own, but you can't study and arrive at the systematic way it is happening because every time it happens in a different way. So the process of dying, the physical death, not the psychological death, not dying to your yesterdays, that is not possible, that is tommyrot. So this is part of this mechanism. In that sense, there is no death. There is no death at all anymore, because you cannot draw a line of demarcation, separate life and death. So in that sense, life has no beginning, it has no end. So that is immortal, not this entity. It has touched its quality of immortality because it has no beginning and it has no end.

Dr Desiraju. When did this happen, completion? How long ago?

UG. '67 this calamity happened and three years after, '70. Today, I must show you, I don't want to be an exhibitionist, you are doctors. Nobody has... there is something to this symbology, we have in

India, the cobra, the nerves here swell and take the shape of a cobra. Here, you can see the swellings here? You can see these swellings. Yesterday was the new moon. So you are affected by everything that is happening there around you. Like, the ocean, the sunrise, the sunset, the phases of the moon, the influence of the stars. So what is it that is affected? It is the body, it is not separate from that. Whatever is happening is also happening here.

Dr Varma. Very sensitive.

UG. So there is only a physical response. So this is the affection, it is affected by everything that is happening around you and you can't prevent this for the simple reason that the armour which you have built around yourself is destroyed. So it is very vulnerable to everything that is happening. So the phases of the moon, quarter moon, half moon, full moon, yesterday was...It takes the shape of a cobra, and then this, the swelling, looks as if, maybe that is the reason why some people have created all those images, you know, the Shiva and all that kind of a thing. So why should it take the shape of a cobra? And I have asked many doctors, why is there this swelling here? Nobody could give me a satisfactory answer.

Dr Varma. That comes and goes.

UG. That comes and goes and depends upon the phases of the moon. I don't know if there are glands or anything, one doctor gave me an explanation. Many doctors are interested in what I am talking about. He said, I don't know, I am not sure, the lungs, the lung *ends* are here, they are there, there is a kind of breathing taking place all the time. This also I have asked many doctors, because still I am not interested in this except as one who is interested in understanding what is all this about. So breathing... there are moments when there is some kind of breathing bypassing the lungs. The lungs are not involved in that breathing. Is it possible? I say it is possible. Medically speaking, you may say it is not possible. That is the moment when life is just expressing itself as the throb, the pulse, and the beat of life. That is all, the life that is there. So the body has limitations. The body has it. Why all these physical pains? I don't know if I am clear. You can go on. The body has limitations, it has a frame, but there is no consciousness inside which gives me the shape of my body. This also you will be interested, the awareness you are talking about. So is it possible for me to be aware of my body? It is not possible for me to be aware of my body. So if there is a question inside of me, a curiosity, to find out what is the shape of my body, my eyes are looking, but nothing tells me that this is my body, this is the shape. I can tell you the length is... So if you close it, whether you close your eyes or open your eyes, it doesn't matter. So if you want to have an image of your body, it is not possible because there are only the points of contact here. So there is a point of contact here, there

is no point of contact here. This sense of touch can only send these messages to wherever it goes, incomplete messages, because there is no completion of this body. So if you want to have an idea or the image of your body, it is not possible for me except these points of contact. So it is not possible. If I rest myself back on the wall, there is another point of contact, but to create a complete picture of the body is impossible for me. I don't know if I make myself clear. So there is no way of completely creating a complete image of my body for myself. So what I could feel or experience, if I may use that word, in this awareness is only the points of contact. So there is nothing else there inside of you.

Dr Desiraju. That is why even in this space, the astronauts are given reference points of touch or vision. Some sensory input has to go in to give you your own awareness of your body.

UG. Yes, but here there is no reference point anymore. So the only reference points I have are the points, the touch, because that is the only sense that is in operation.

Dr Desiraju. Sensory deprivation is different.

UG. No, no, it is quite the opposite. You know they have an organization in America, and they have different kinds of techniques, what is called sensory deprivation, they throw you in a tank and make you... This is quite the opposite of that.

Dr Desiraju. No, no, that is what I am saying. You are saying this is necessary, to have an image, this touch or...

UG. That is all. The completion of this image is not possible for me because there is no reference point there. The only reference points are these things.

Dr Desiraju. Sir, going back...

UG. Yes, yes, yes.

Dr Desiraju. Just one question, sir.

UG. If you are not tired, I can go on. This I must tell you. This is the energy that is there. I am not mystifying because there is no room for mysticism here anymore. So you are asking questions, the questions have no answers. Those questions are born out of thinking, and concepts help you to formulate those questions. The ideas formulate those questions. Here there is no thinking. This is just an echo chamber, this is the listening thing, physiological response I am talking about. It is not that I do not know. I do know what you are talking about, if there is a need for me... But that need also is very strange here. This is a computer machine, you are feeding the computer machine with your questions. And the computer machine is working out its own answers, and what comes out of me or out of the computer machine is the printout. So there is no thinking involved in what I am

talking about. So what happens to this, the activity of thought? The thought is burning itself all the time. So that is the energy. You can't go on, I can go on for nine hours, ten hours. It is not sapping the energy, but it is adding to the energy all the time. Talking is energy itself. Talking is the expression of that energy.

Dr Desiraju. Sir, one point again. After twenty-one years, you felt a great urge for the sex and desires?

UG. During that fourteen and twenty-one.

Dr Desiraju. Then you married?

UG. No, I did not rush to indulge in sex. I allowed that, I wanted to experience the urge, the sex urge. Supposing you don't do anything, what happens to that? So the talk of, what do they call, *Urdhvaretas* is all bunk. That is all bunk.

Dr Desiraju. I am putting these questions because I have rarely come across a person of your candid nature. Therefore, also these are personal, I have no way to ask you...

UG. You have every right, there is nothing personal here, I must make it very clear. So you can ask me any question you want. No personal, there is no division between personal and... I have no private life of my own anymore. Everybody knows every moment of my life. So there are no events, nothing there. Everybody can see that. What I am doing, every hour of the day. So I wanted to find out for myself this question.