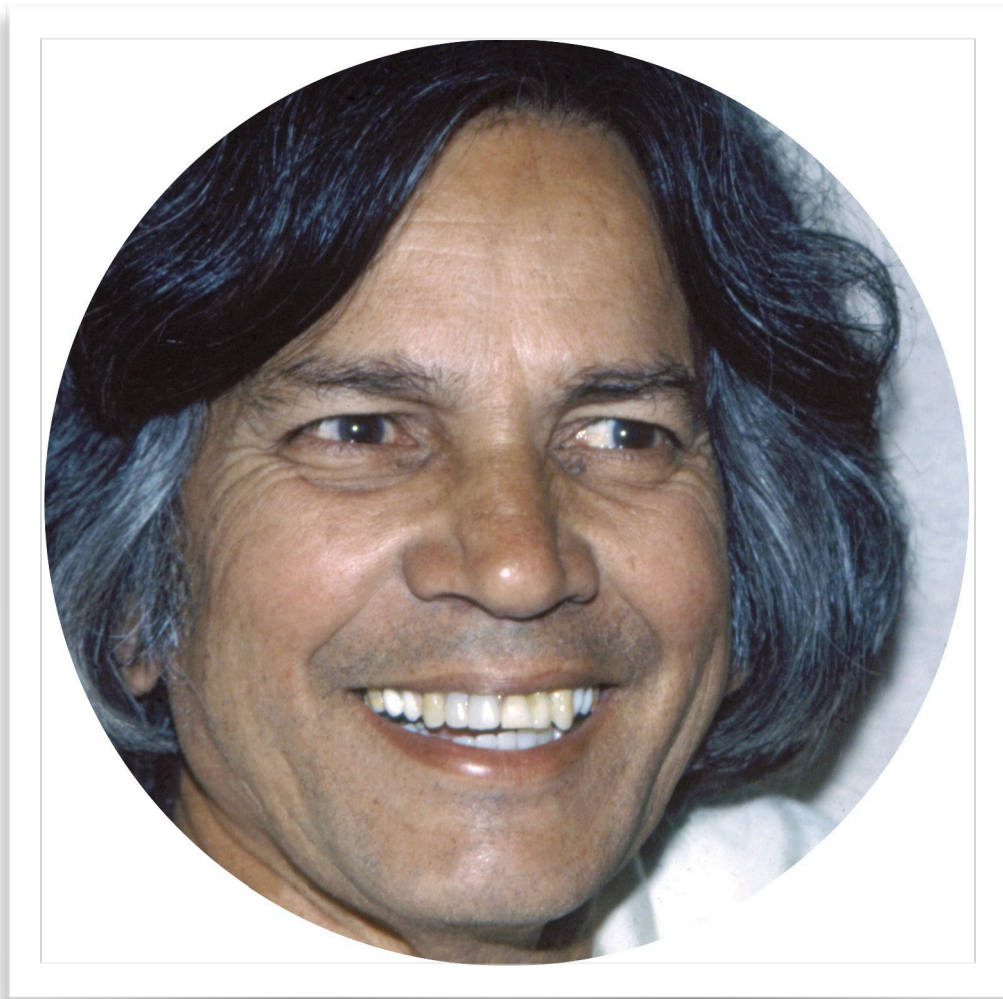


REMEMBRANCE - UG AND VALENTINE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

Pictures by Robert C. Smit.
Texts fragments from the manuscript:
“ROARING PEACE” by Robert



UG Krishnamurti, staying with Chandrasekhar Babu and Suguna
in their home in Bangalore, India - November 1978

Even the animals are sharing the love...

The last blessed place I visited on my Indian journey in winter 1978 was the majestic temple building of Sri Ramakrishna in Dakshineswar. The lovely atmosphere there inspired me with awe. Everywhere on the steps were crowds of people, queued up and waiting for their turn to offer their obeisance to Ramakrishna and at the same time receive his grace.

For myself I liked to rest in a quiet place; so I entered one of the small chapels, right in front of the main temple. Inside this nice house of worship, high on the wall, a portrait of Ramakrishna was leaning over. The narrow space thus created behind the gracious smile of the Great Master had become the nice place for a bird's nest! 'Even the animals seem to share the love of Ramakrishna.'



Inside one of the Ramakrishna Dakshineswar tempels

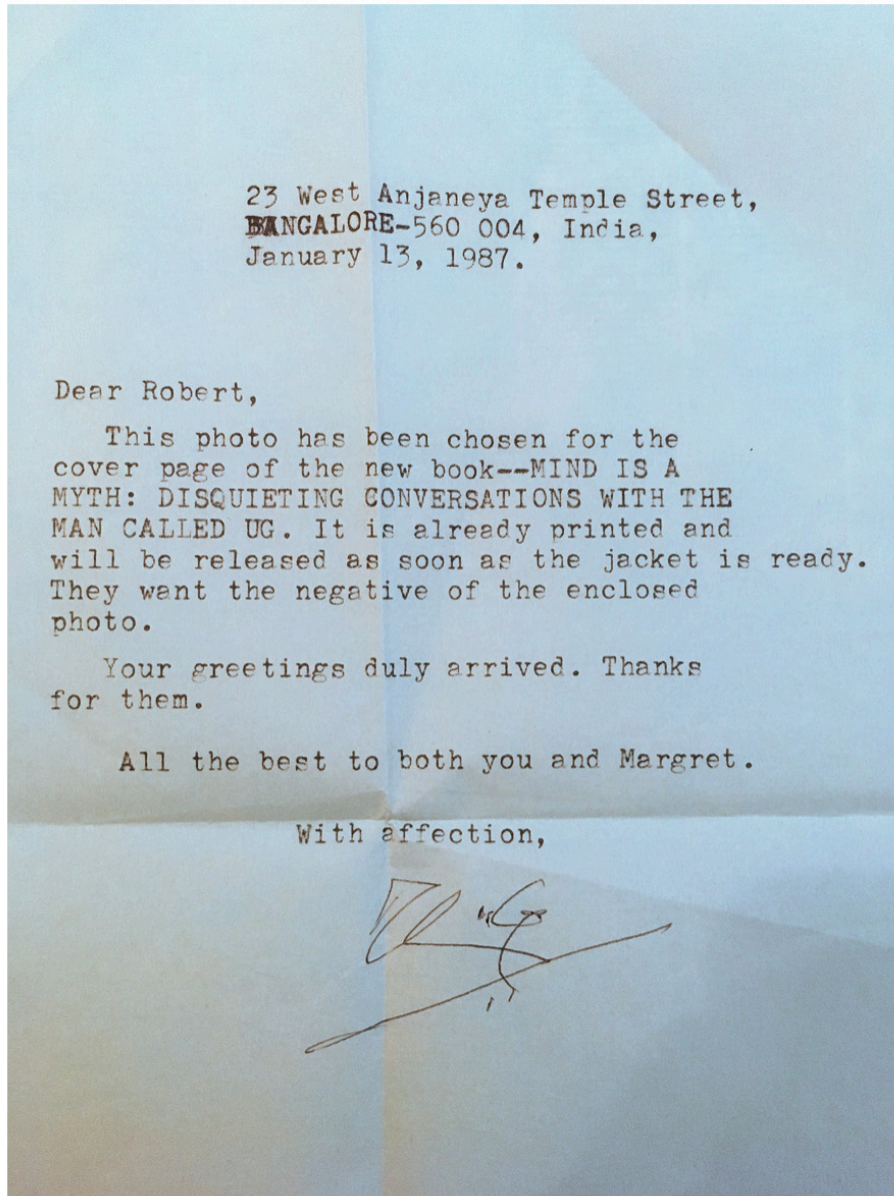
I even reject that color picture of Valentine...

UG) “But you see, you are going too far! ‘Why isn’t he setting up a tent’, this, that and the other, and the images I have (of myself), and my choices – yes, I even reject that color picture of Valentine which everybody likes. You see, in exactly the same way, it is not that I have an image which I want to be present there all the time, but my likes and dislikes are there. Why do I select these colors - light colors, faded colors - hmm? Well, in the same way, I don’t like this color photo of Valentine. What I like of her is a different one. So they are purely subjective, your likes and dislikes....”



Valentine on tennisshoes

AIRMAIL OF UG



Luchtpost van UG, waarin hij vraagt om een van mijn foto's aan hem op te sturen, die gebruikt gaat worden voor de cover van een nieuw boek over hem.

Last year, I dragged her with me...

B) "...But sometimes you also were cruel to her..."

UG: "Very!"

B) "Yes, but why? . . . Why!"

UG: "I don't believe in all this sentimental nonsense. You see, you will do exactly the opposite. That's why people are surprised. What I have done, you see, you cannot do such things. That cruelty is necessary. Last year, I dragged her with me, you remember? And you were all shocked. She came running and she enjoyed the walking afterwards. But you are all sentimental people. You don't mean what you say. You are the most vicious people. There is nothing to your sentimentality; there is nothing to your feelings. Sentimentality - there is no reality to that. If everything else fails, you say, 'I love you darling'. What the hell are you talking about! 'You must do this for me darling, because if you love me, you should do it'. What the hell!"



The 'Dutch Gang' and Kim and UG, assisting Valentine to enter a boat to enjoy an adventurous Amsterdam-canal trip

Valentine hurting her face...

UG) “Her father was a great researcher here. He wrote nineteen or twenty books about surgery; in all American textbooks you find a reference to him under ‘de Kerven Syndrome’.”

B) “Can you explain what the syndrome is?”

UG) “I don’t know. They gave me a photocopy of the explanation, but I cannot make head or tail out of it. He was always invited by the most famous clinics in America for major operations. He was very well known. Even the doctor who came to see Valentine yesterday recognized her name, ‘de Kerven’.”

Two days earlier, Valentine had stumbled and fallen down on the pavement, hurting her face. That evening, along with UG and a friend she went to the Gstaad Cinema, where the three of them enjoyed the film called ‘First Blood’. Valentine liked movies because she herself had worked in the film industry; and UG was fond of the devilish actions of Sylvester Stallone. When they walked home it was dark and Valentine did not notice some steps and she fell. Her face was bleeding and she had pain. A doctor was called in quickly; he agreed to come only upon UG’s insistence, when he came to know of Valentine's family-name; then he offered his assistance!



Valentine hurt

Valentine on the terrace of chalet Sunbeam, Gstaad.

UG: “You know, the most interesting thing was this: we were about to leave for the United States. Parveen Babi also was there. I told Valentine: ‘If you bring any more luggage than what this small suitcase can hold, you are not coming with me. I am leaving you here and I am going’. She jumped up and down and did all kinds of things. This was four or five years ago. And then Parveen interfered; she said: ‘Don’t listen to UG, I will help you. We will both pack up. He is horrible, isn't he?’ And then Valentine's answer was very interesting. She said: You know Parveen, I have met lot of men in my life; he is the kindest man I have known in my life. And you can imagine the rest! Parveen was flabbergasted: What is this woman saying? ‘I have known lot of men in my life, but he is the kindest man I have met in my life; you can imagine the rest!’

Even later when people asked her, ‘Valentine, do you think UG is kind? Is he nice?’ And if you pushed her she would say: “Yes, yes, he is very nice, very kind.”



...If beauty were time, you'd be eternity...
UG once told me, Valentine had touched timelessness...

A chapter of the manuscript

'Roaring Peace'

Robert C. Smit

Different From All the Winds of Heaven

I arrived at UG's doorstep at 6 o'clock in the morning, quite tipsy and dealing with ['Funky Town'](#)'s exiting ritme still beating my brains...

UG was already waiting behind the window of the gardendoor. When he saw me walking, he opened the door to let me in. He went into the kitchen and prepared a nice breakfast for me. Unfortunately I did not really feel comfortable with UG's caring that morning, as I felt I didn't deserve it. So I mumbled a vague excuse that I felt sorry for not being so fit and ready, that I had spent a late night at the disco in the Palace Hotel, and that, anyway, I didn't have much appetite. The previous night, I had celebrated with some friends the honor of being privileged to drive UG to Milan that day in my Little Citroën Ami car, which was equipped with terrain tires.

The previous afternoon, UG had announced to everyone that he would be absent for the next days. He had to take care of some things about his visa; and also the *talking and answering questions* became too much of a chore for him these days. He had planned to travel by train, and when I offered to drive him by car, at first he rejected the idea. After a while, however, he thought it was a good idea, but on one condition: no crowds, that is, no fellow-travelers. There was surely no need for him to worry about this because my small Citroen-Ami delivery-van had only two front seats. Since I had almost run out of my holiday budget money, I asked UG to pay for the petrol...

And so this great honor was celebrated to an excess, until the disco closed at a late hour. Then the night's cold weather made me suddenly remember the reason for this celebration: my appointment with UG at six in the morning in his chalet. Because of the duration of the journey, we had planned to leave this early. With a shock I realized that it was three o'clock in the morning already. And I still had to clean up my room - for this was my last night in that place, to pack my bags and put them into the car. I had only two hours left after that, so I decided to take a refreshing walk along the river. Were I to go to sleep then, I would surely not wake up in time.

UG had offered me a cup of hot tea. 'You drink this, it will do you good,' he suggested in a friendly fashion. The tea tasted wonderful, 'perhaps because of UG's all-forgiving

grace he might have put into it,' I volunteered with my muddled brains. As soon as I had finished sipping the tea and quenched my thirst, UG took the empty cup to the kitchen and washed it. Then we left.

After we drove for an hour or so, the sun began to beam her warmth through the valleys and into the car, and the downside of my nightly dissipation became sickly evident: I had to fight against an overpowering lethargy. My eyes were lazily registering the winding mountain road and my hands and feet needed all their experience to keep the car on the road. The higher we got into the Alps, the more troubled my ears got by the change of atmospheric pressure. The boring, dull conversation that I reeled off - already lacking any uplifting quality - was now spoken with a most unpleasant nasal sound. I only dared to continue my stuff and nonsense after we had left the highest mountain peaks far behind us, having descended along deep ravines into regions where the air- and ear-pressure became comfortable again.

The threat of those deep ravines right next to the road made me ask UG whether he was comfortable. He answered in a rather animated fashion by complimenting on the car-seats: "It's a Citroen, hmm? A small car, yes, but the seats are very comfortable." I expressed my fear of the car tumbling down into the yawning chasm. UG assured me that he never worried about those things and even appreciated my driving saying that "it might not be so easy if you haven't slept whole night."

As one can imagine, I was surprised by this gracious forgiveness. To depict the situation more accurately, however, I must reveal a little secret behind this UG's easy and relaxed surrender:

The ancient Rishis of India had predicted (in the *nadi*)
that UG would "live right up to a ripe old age."

So, however hazardous or risky his situation might appear to be, God himself would keep an all-seeing eye on his "Chosen One," especially on these mountain ridges. Even the driver was no longer afraid of his car crashing at the bottom of some rocky canyon. Nevertheless, it's a miracle to me why UG accepted this negligent chauffeur.

At the Swiss-Italian frontier we took a short break to stretch our legs. Due to the unpleasant after-effects of my celebration compounded by the terribly hot weather, I didn't even have the energy to get out of the car; so I leaned back in the seat. UG had no problem whatsoever with the tropical temperature. He walked to the shop near the petrol station and after sometime, came back with a big roll of chips and some sweets. Sitting next to me in the sweltering hot car, he tore off the roll of chips and let the package paper whirl out of the open window. "You want some of these?" UG asked me as he started munching his chips, and without waiting for my "no thank you," he put some of his unappetizing chips in my hand. Half-heartedly I put them in my mouth and ate them listlessly. Yah! How stale and dull they tasted! I thought UG was keen on the quality of his food. To me the quality of these chips was not really great. But even before we had left the parking-place, he finished off three quarters of the chip roll! Well, about tastes there is no disputing - certainly not with "One of the Great Teachers of Mankind."

It took us two more hours of suffering the oppressive highway before we arrived in Milan. Somewhere in the centre of the city UG went into a tourist information bureau to ask about a hotel and a few minutes later he emerged with a map rolled up in his hands. Turning it round and round, he walked down the busy street. I stayed in the car, feeling completely knocked out, but feeling very happy to have arrived without trouble and being here with UG. In this satisfaction I rested for half an hour before UG returned. He could not find a suitable hotel; so, we had to get into the chaotic traffic again. Eventually, at about three o'clock, the trip had been completed, right in front of a luxurious hotel.

UG was speaking to the receptionist in a language sounding somewhat like Italian. When I asked him about it, he smiled and said: "Well, these were just some sounds; that's all." "Yes, but I thought you only spoke English sounds, UG." "Not even those," replied UG in jest. Anyway, within five minutes each had a nice room. UG suggested that I should rest for a while, to catch up with my sleep, while he himself would give free rein to his passion for window shopping. We would meet in the evening and then go downtown.

Having enjoyed a quick and refreshing bath, I went to bed. Although I couldn't sleep, two hours of relaxation made me overcome most of my tiredness.

It was so special walking together with UG in the illuminated Milan shopping streets hovered by twilight. Actually, it was lovely, terrific! Truly incredible: millions of faithful followers worship their giant Jesus or baffling Buddha, and they would certainly spend a fortune merely to catch a glimpse of their saviors' dead bodies; and here I am, loafing around with such a living and lively Superstar. I was window shopping with the Savior of Mankind, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world!

UG must have detected my sentimental admiration for him; he stopped abruptly right in front of a shop window. When I stepped back to him, I saw his eyes were fixed on something in the shop window - a mobile chemical toilet made of plastic. Realizing the odd facts of the actual situation, my romantic and pious reveries were beaten to a frazzle and had to make room for a funny memory of the School of Philosophy in Amsterdam. In this institute the tutors routinely recited a certain ancient *shloka* in a terribly serious and deadly tone:

*When a realized person walks, he merely walks;
when a realized person looks,
he merely looks - without any distraction
in his entire consciousness.*

Amused, I wondered whether, according to this rigidly repeated verse, a realized person was allowed merely to feel attracted by some 20th-century synthetic mobile toilet.

After nightfall, we were lounging in a big shopping centre, and UG invited me for a pizza in a snackbar. They offered pizzas with anchovy and without anchovy. UG ordered a pizza without fish for himself, because, as he said, he couldn't stand the smell of anchovies. I asked for the same. When UG had almost finished his pizza, I

only took my first bite of the delicacy and distinctly tasted the strong anchovy. I asked UG whether he had not tasted something like fish. He stopped chewing and abruptly got a 'fishy' expression on his face! Then a quick run to the nearest garbage bin and the 'Master of the Senses' vomited some nice lumps of masticated pizza - with anchovy!

A few days later, after returning to Gstaad, a close friend of UG - dear [Marisa Saetti](#) - told me a story concerning another odd incident involving UG in Milan. She said: "When UG had entered his hotel room, he saw a freshening-up sachet on the table, and since he liked to refresh himself, he opened it and mopped his face with the odorous tissue - anyway, that was what he thought he did. But when he looked into the mirror, he saw that it was no lotion but shoe polish shining on his 'enlightened' face!

Since there is no conflict between UG's inner and outer face, he was not at all embarrassed by any shoe-shine appearance (nor should anyone be). Probably the most intelligent way of facing such unexpected situations is not to reject them, but to use them to adjust our plastic images of wisdom.

Next morning, after having my breakfast (UG didn't have any breakfast, for he did not trust Italian food yet ;-), we walked to the travel agencies to find out if they had any reasonably priced round-the-world tickets. UG planned to fly from Switzerland via USA to India. Unfortunately no travel agencies were open yet. Back at the hotel, UG paid the bill, while I brought the luggage into the car and placed the cassette recorder under the dashboard. The windows of the car were opened, and UG's comfortable seat of the Citroen-Ami cheerfully sagged under his weight as we rode out of the town and took the highway back to Gstaad.

Held up by a tailback near the frontier, we were riding slowly and quietly. I turned on the music of [Carlos Paredes](#) on the cassette player. The brilliant melodies played by this master guitarist reminded UG of the holy hymns of the Vedas. As a boy he had to listen to those chants over and over again. Hence I presupposed that he certainly would like this 20th Century version. However, after a few minutes UG was twiddling the buttons of the recorder. "Are you already bored by your guitar-based Vedas?" I asked him. He smiled. So, I changed the cassette: "Crisis, What Crisis," performed by Super Tramp, now filled the car with its striking tune. One thing I couldn't have presumed at this pleasant moment was that the 'Crisis' would soon have a reference to my personal situation.

It was already getting to be evening when we arrived at UG's Chalet Sunbeam. On the whole the journey had been rather exhausting, and I felt very happy to be back after all that driving. I parked the car behind the house, helped UG step out and took his luggage out of the trunk. With the idea that we would have a nice cup of tea together after our Italian adventure, I already followed him down the path to the front side of the house. But UG abruptly interrupted my sentimental tea-illusion, saying "Yes, thank you. Bye-Bye!" Whereupon he walked to the front side of the house, alone, and without looking back even once! I had to leave.

Dazed, hurt and terribly lonesome all at once, I stepped into my dear Ami and left UG's place. Driving the car down the hill, I reached the main road and following it I

arrived at Saanen, a friendly village near Gstaad. Luckily I found a cheap room. But alas, its ceiling was very low, so even my own room made me bow down!

...Prostrated, I lay down on the bed (which was too short for my length), musing upon my contribution to the propagation of the uniqueness of this Mysterious Being called UG Krishnamurti.

It was only a cold comfort that one of the passages in the Holy Scriptures provided me with: the *Kena Upanishad* expresses how even the gods themselves had trouble with that Mysterious Being:

*Then the gods said to Vayu, the Air-god,
"Find out who that Mysterious Being is."
"So be it," he said and rushed toward It.*

*The Mysterious Being asked Vayu who he was,
and Vayu answered: "I am Air, also called Wind,"
Then the Mysterious Being asked: "What power is in you?"
"I am the air and I can blow away all on this earth."*

*The Mysterious Being placed a blade of grass before him, saying:
"Blow away this straw."*

*Vayu rushed toward it with all speed,
but could not blow it away.*

*Then Vayu stormed back to the gods,
confessing he could not find out
what this Mysterious Being was.*

* Kena Upanishad, 3 vers 7 - 10