

Sri Wuji and Co. have now returned from the fourth annual Viking raid on the gangster city, Chicago - and a stack of welcome letters was patiently awaiting our arrival here in the Far West - and far out'g golden shore, gates and golden bridges. It is good to aware the rhythm and the radiance of friends and foes - and to aware their due play in the Divine Siva Life Self: interplay, says Wuji. No blue Viking blood was shed in combat - in Chicago - this time: Sri Wuji in the invisible Real had duly arranged things, events and interplay very well - also the due mishaps. He said, "and yet the light that lead astray is light from Heaven: Heaven is Eternity - here as now, Hell is but everlasting Time. It is well that everything, events - body-mind and ego-souls change and pass, become and begin, appear and dis-appear - and that the change-free, immortal my Self can witness, aware and rejoice in the passing show - Siva Life-Self interplay - .

Sri Emmanuel innerselves at joyous ease - Wu!

Much light, lightness and love: life was evoked and shared in the noisy, civilised jungle: Chicago. Also Kentucky, Indiana and Wisconsin were raised rewardingly and,

during the month of May we were coopted up in a hot skyscraper, 13 D., midway to Heaven: No privacy, no natural men, but lovable egosies well all around us; black, brown, pink+grey, beafty:red and deadly white - and we were equal with the lowest, says Wuji - .

Two namesakes: Sherry and Shirley are said Sri Wuji by at the O'Hare airport and in San Francisco were Bill, Herb, Tom and Linda to ascertain that the wee Viking: body is still whole and in one piece. Herb is now

Paramhansa Ji, a winged, ego-transcending Swami, no longer an ugly duckling in a noisy chicken-yard. And Albert is now Anand Raj and Jyoti, the one dear home-baby, is now Major General Grace abounding even in Yankee-land.

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No attachment - no attachment no conquest, no shakti,  
but inner at all, at all; just a simple reawakening into  
nature - Being - Awareness Grace, grace of Selfhood. Wuji  
It is well to die a voluntary death now and then -  
and so aware that there is no real Death, no death of  
The Real that we ever are. "Die before you die", advises Allah's  
chief prophet. So the new type of humanity, the new race,  
the new dimension in consciousness - or simple Self-awareness  
emerge and multiply in Siva file and Sri Bhagavan  
seems to be a due and apt midwife. There is balance  
in perfect, mutually unimpeded interpenetration.  
Our Indian friend Dr. Venkatese is a four year psychotherapist  
with 10 years private practice in Chicago. Some of his diseased  
clients remained with Sri Nobody for an extra time free and  
fee-free sessions or for a dip with the whole free  
Plenum Body. From the whole egoies may take their  
file - and it is still whole. - We won Wuji - Wuji!  
There was Sat sang - Fridays and student group meetings on  
Tuesdays, each 3 hours - also other group meetings elsewhere  
and what Wuji calls "jog-sessions" and "late samsadhis".  
We survived and enjoyed it all at joyous ease, but there  
was no time, energy or urge for personal ego scribble -  
and no need. There were some "typed Darshans" and also word-  
free and ego-free transmission in non-verbal, ego-free space  
- minima. Barbara Cargill drove Sri Nobody to his old De-  
ark home during 1 hour without any word-exchange -  
quite good for a Yankee girlie, says Wuji. The Word  
is word-free - as the Self is ego-free. ~~to~~ I AM  
- always with you, so BE of good cheer" say the in dwelling  
Christ Emanuel in El, and the inner stand by Sri Wuji.  
Our Real Self can easily meet and merge in the Silence  
of Inner Space, yes time-free, mind-free and ego-free.  
We are pilgrims on the Homeward journey. Same ground,  
nothing at all; Sri Aniruddha, Sri Ananda Mayee, Sri  
Rajneesh and Jiddu Krishnamurti are all far out  
and near Home. Sri Nobody is beautifully useless, ~~useless~~  
use-free, free to beise) - all at joyous ease and inf.  
delightful uncertainty. Sri Wuji begs you to remember his  
party in October 1990; Ambrosia, Amrit and some juice  
will be served - and celestial music of the spheres.