

Life discards everything!

We continuously generate myth. We live in a fictional world. We create fiction. We read fiction. We love fiction. We live in fiction. We dream fiction. We are basically a species spinning its own web out of imagination.

- Sabyasachi Guha

Q: Can you talk about the order that you have discussed in your Bengali book.

GUHA: This order, there at the beginning but inert, gets activated inside the body. Where does the order come from? You are born with it, and it is ready to be set in motion. You are dependent on something that you do not know exists but which is already functioning. You are living in an enormous electro-chemical and mechanical balance, and that which maintains the balance brings out the order if certain conditions are met. A new balance is then established and in an entirely new way life unfolds to maintain and preserve that order. Thought interferes at the onset, but the organic necessity of the establishment of the order is innate and powerful. This power balance is all the time asserting itself. The conflict between the natural order of the body, which refuses to supply energy for the perpetual nature of thought, and thought's onslaught on the system, causes an enormous disturbance in the individual, needlessly wasting energy. The process of freeing oneself from this dilemma is mysterious and cannot be solved by

the intellect. Once that fact is faced, there is a tremendous relief from the burden that one has been carrying. The process inhibits the continuity of thought and it begins to slow down.

My point of view is entirely based on my own experience, observing the way I myself function and feel. Only total trust can allow the body to straighten things up for you; any other way of activating the order is detrimental, your efforts actually deplete important energy. Your usual efforts actually oppose whatever you are expecting and hoping for. That energy is necessary for the establishment of the order, the order already there, waiting to express itself. Anything that you do is inhibiting its natural process of emergence. Conflict somehow perpetuates itself by following an idea, and only the development of total trust can address the conflict by not allowing any movement to carry on, in other words, stopping any movement in any direction. The hope that if I do something I can get something cannot find any energy, because to the system there is no UNKNOWN to be known. That's where the salesmen in the marketplace dish out the absolutely wrong concept, that hope is the only way – this and this alone is the reason misery and slavery perpetuate themselves.

The search will exemplify both negative and positive aspects, pain and pleasure, and feed into a self-sustaining nature of seeking, glorifying both the pain of suffering and the joy of coincidence that matches the hope of finding the truth. It supplies the energy to continue the very thing that one identified in the first place as the source of the problem. There is really nothing to get! The search has to come to an end.

Q: It's more like getting stuff out of the way so this thing can just do what it has to.

GUHA: Out of the way means you are not doing anything to get out of the way, you simply know that anything you do is blocking the way. You can't stop thinking about this – that is the unfortunate situation. The viciousness of the cyclic process that causes misery is virtually unrecognizable by the system!

As U.G. said, you will live in hope and die in hope.

Q: Well this is where they invent all the tricks.

GUHA: Therefore it doesn't work. It produces an apparent achievable illusory goal. When you have lost your faith in all the tricks, you have to tell yourself there is nothing you can do. The doing question comes because you think you can get something. It's not that. You can't get anything. Doing is a misnomer; doing and getting are interlinked. You can get something from somebody, and you know what that is. Then the question comes, what do you do with a personality like U.G.? That's the problem.

Q: Yeah, what do you do?

GUHA: What do you do? You don't.

Q: You don't?

(Long silence)

GUHA: You must feel great to do this. I can see it in your eyes.

Q: I hope you don't mind, Guha.

GUHA: Of course not. I know it's not the translation of my book, but you are literally focusing on U.G. It's that that has the captivating power. Hindus call it "Swaympramanya, Swaymprakasha," in other words, "Swaymsampurna," which is when an individual is harmoniously connected to the totality of life. It will be noticed, felt by an outsider if he is extremely sensitive. The functionality of a personality like U.G. is the proof of such a possibility. Whatever he was doing it was an expression of life, pure and simple.

Q: That's why it was so fascinating just to watch him.

GUHA: Yes, because that's life. Life never copies. That's what he was trying to show all the time. You don't need to copy. His negation had a fundamental necessity, he was totally denying everybody's imagination about a behavior that they were expecting from him. That didn't mean that he would do some odd thing on the street or tell somebody something that was not necessary. He knew ... yet he was denying! There is something inside and when it moves powerfully that movement is infinitely more important than

satisfying people's expectations. Those ideas are born out of nurturing ideas based on cultural background and the image-making aspect of the individual mind. People who came to talk to U.G. had various ideas about what it would be like to meet a realized person, a brahmajnani, or atmajnani, who had achieved nirvana or enlightenment. These are very loaded words and for centuries people tried to understand and experiment with their functionality. The moment you utter those terms, depending on your cultural background and conditioning, there are feelings and expectations! They used to be our "numero uno" intentionality because that signals the end of all problems. These dynamics created the stage on which one person acts like a god and others are being helped by that enlightened one! People don't know to what extent they are puppets of the culture. When we confront a personality like U.G. whose very existence is an order in the space of life, we sense our imaginary order is an imposition and disturbance, so we confront abnegation. He was so confirmed from within that he knew very well it was useless to satisfy the expectation of behavior out of a person's knowledge, fictitious and illusory. He would mock our concepts of purity and holiness. This is why he often used vulgar words, to shatter that image.

Q: He could say anything he wanted.

GUHA: Yes, he would joyfully say he peed on Ganesha's idol and shat on Ramana Maharshi's picture.

Q: Mouth, I believe he said in the end. It got like that towards the end.

GUHA: Who knows what the consequences of his words will be, I don't know ...

Q: What is it he said in the Yercaud talks, "You're listening to me because you think what I am saying is what those people said before, and it's not."

GUHA: We want to preserve our past glory and icons, but U.G. was an iconoclast.

There is an undeniable effect of what U.G. stands for. There was a time when I used to feel that the sheer luminescence of U.G. was going to make me blind, and some other time the incandescence of that heat was going to make me faint. I began to observe that other people were also physically responding to U.G.'s energy. Julie was the supreme example of "U.G. cooking." I used to think that her brain cells would be thoroughly reorganized, I used to call it radioactive exposure, which cooks silently. In the Bengali book I mentioned that he was like a radioactive source, if you are exposed to it, you don't know it but you're burning inside – your cells are getting cooked – of course the meaning of the word "exposed" is very important.

That's what I was literally feeling. How would I compare these things? The references were so uncommon and extraordinary that I had to use these strange scientific examples. Whatever I was conveying was not what it was, I realized that fact every time I made reference to it. Yet we are forced to talk! This is one of the reasons that my way of expressing it is always different, looking for an example to give a hint or sense of the source of my physical response and the feelings generated from it.

Q: It's a problem.

GUHA: I used to tell people, "Look, there is nothing you can do. All you have to look for is the day you are going to fall in love with this guy." That's it. You don't need anything else. Why? Falling in love means you want to spend more time with the person. That's the meaning, right? Nothing is better than a lover's company, no matter how torturous. It's the only way you can withstand the pain, that's the equation.

Q: That's the equation. It may sound embarrassing, but it's a fact. Show me the whole thing.

GUHA: You are like a puppy! You are mine, I am yours, take everything I have! So, if that happens, it means you have him inside your unconscious brain! It appeared to me that U.G. was really conveying that to me. One day, you know what happened? These are funny things to tell now. We were in a store, U.G., Julie and I. We were moving around, looking for something that was not available. At that time my whole being was a question mark and U.G. was constantly hammering the point that no answer could end the questioning mechanism, the questioner would always want more convincing and more clarity. One cannot force such a thing into operation because the one who forces is the major problem, so the frustrated me, the hungry me, trying to understand every gem that dropped from his tongue, staring enviously at his every move, wanted to kneel down and beg for an answer, so that this system would no longer be tortured by this scientific

beast that wants to know. After some time we came to an aisle, my whole being was nothing but questions. I was like a zombie moving around him, and suddenly he turned and looked at me as if to say, “Ask anything you want.” I made a gesture like, “Tell me what I can do.” Then he immediately pointed his finger towards a poster on the wall. I literally froze and asked him, “Are you pointing to that one?” He answered in no uncertain terms, “Yes!” The poster read: “LOVE IS THE ONLY WAY.” Okay! He didn’t stop there. He said to me, “Show it to your sissy.” Julie was looking at something else. I just jumped at her, and literally pulled her to show her the poster. In the meantime, U.G. almost vanished, probably because he knew she would flip and buy the whole store to commemorate such an event. That was Julie ...

Another day I was standing in her living room at 1 West 64th Street, talking to U.G. She was cooking in the kitchen and he was in a great mood, laughing and joking. He used to do that more and more as my vacation days would approach their end. I said, “Sir, I have to go home.” You know how he responded? “Where is your home?” I literally hugged him, and squeezed him hard. He didn’t take my hands off or move away or anything like that, instead he called Julie and said, “Hey, hey, look what this fellow is doing!” She was out of her mind when I told her what U.G. had just said that caused my exuberance. He was a living system that was, as he used to say, stimulus and response.

During that period I would do *anything* just to stay with him. I feel he sensed what was going on with me.

Once I was in the Hotel Iroquois alone with U.G., and I was going through hell. The pulverizing attraction of U.G. was on one side and the rest of the justification process that my self-consciousness was dealing with opposed it on the other. It was a constant, agonizing struggle.

This is an important, meaningful story I must tell you. You will understand the context and implication. The president of Sri Ram Chandra Mission where I had been practicing Raja Yoga before I met U.G. came to know that I stopped coming to satsang and he was very unhappy about it. He asked the other local devotees somehow to bring me back to the mission, I don't know why, as there were thousands of devotees. At that time almost all my friends were in that mission, so you can imagine, everyone started enquiring because I had completely stopped meditation for eight, nine months. It was impossible to tell them that the promised goal itself is an illusion. Anyway the "Master" finally came to New York and he asked my friends to tell me to give him a call and if necessary he would give me a special "sitting."

This man has at least 5,000 disciples in the US and Europe alone, all of whom are dying for his company, he is that big. I told my friends that I had no interest in this kind of game anymore so just "forgetaboutit." They told me he was going to call me.

Q: Shit, then what happened?

GUHA: The strange thing was I used to call U.G. almost every day. In the beginning of these commotions I didn't tell him anything. As soon as it came to this point, I thought of discussing this matter with him, but suddenly U.G. was no longer available. You won't believe this, it was so weird, this man with whom I had been talking on a daily basis was suddenly avoiding me at that critical juncture.

The president of the mission called me towards the end of his stay in the New York area. I told him that what I had been practicing with him was just an idea and I was no longer interested in it, consequently the activity of the mission was finding no feedback in me. He said that was a "good state" and I should continue. I told him that unless I come to know myself that it is a good state and that my continuation is important, I will do nothing further. At this point he got angry. He warned me, "You know there are people who made this kind of mistake and later after realizing it, came and fell at my feet, and asked me to forgive them for their mistake. I don't want this to happen to you." Suddenly, something twisted in me, a movement in the gut, and I told him, "I would rather die than turn back." That was the end of that chapter of my life.

U.G. came to New York after a month. I was excited to see him. He refused to stay in Julie's apartment this time, I thought he was playful and would change his mind, but he meant it. There was no room at the Southgate where he had often stayed, so he ended up in Hotel Iroquois. I came there early morning and was happy beyond description. He started making breakfast for the two of us. The oatmeal was overflowing when he poured heavy cream on it and I commented, "Sir, it is like your love, no vessel can contain it."

He reacted almost violently and told with a force that I didn't realize was possible, "Love is a filthy word!" I couldn't utter anything for five minutes, and mechanically finished my breakfast.

Then I told him what had happened during the time I couldn't reach him by phone, that I just couldn't find even an iota of interest in me to go and meet that person. I was enquiring honestly, I wanted to find out why I had that struggle about meeting the head of the mission, and why I had difficulty explaining to my friends my unwillingness to meet him. One of my closest friends, someone who I had introduced to U.G. on previous visits and whose uncle was a close friend of U.G.'s in India, had wanted to know what was wrong in discussing spiritual matters with the master of that mission. U.G. kept quiet and just listened, and when I finished, he looked at my face with a strange, distant, vacant expression as if no one was there and he was not addressing anyone, and said, "If you had gone there, you would have lost everything."

Q: Shit.

GUHA: I almost flipped. I mean I had been just this close to seeing that man, because every single friend of mine was asking me to go. U.G.'s comment was like a stab in my heart, truly! It shattered my entire existence. He was deadly serious. That would have been a miscarriage, I would have produced a dead baby, it felt like that.

Q: Wow!

GUHA: I was shocked. This incident rotated in my head for months. I couldn't tell this to anybody. I knew something was going on in my physical existence but logically U.G.'s comment seemed to be the antithesis of his own philosophy. Things he said had meaning to a particular person in a particular context, it may not have any significance later or to another person. That's the only story we can tell. The fact always revealed to me was that there were things he took care of personally, that were for your own wellbeing, with no sentimentality, no possessiveness. It seems now as if he was taking a big risk of being misunderstood! Really! I mean, those words will always live with me. My seeking ended, something was growing inside me, and I had to look after it! There is nothing to look for outside myself anymore. That does not mean that I am not going to meet people. If somebody wants to see me, by all means, but I don't need anything from anybody, I don't need any confirmation or justification. All I need is money to survive in this man-made world. Money is oxygen in social dynamics, you need it to breathe. You need money to live. Period. To live sanely and intelligently in this world you need decent food, clothing and shelter. I don't want to live like a bum, but that doesn't mean that I am critical of people who do. You have some talent. Why shouldn't you use it to get what you need to get according to your wisdom? Don't make a virtue of failure, and if you have means you are lucky, that's all. No one can tell an adult individual what he needs.

I will tell you another incident. At the time U.G. fell, when you were taking care of him in his underground studio in Gstaad, Bob was also there interviewing people. He wanted

to make a documentary about how people are being affected by U.G. He asked me for an interview, and I said, “Forget it.”

Q: Why, Guha?

GUHA: Because I have so many personal anecdotes of my own which kind of deify U.G., and I really don’t want to do that. He is inside me, if there is something real they will know about him by seeing how I function, what he made of me. I don’t worship him, and I don’t want to sell him in the marketplace and use him for my own self-aggrandizement, protection and fear, it’s not like that. This is important to me. I was also very deeply aware that too much discussing about the physical aspects would make me sound like I’m trying to copy him. My describing things as they are was the only thing I was feeling gutsy about because it didn’t require any reference. U.G. friends didn’t like to hear that from me, there was a general consensus that only U.G. could talk like that. I couldn’t sit like that and talk, it’s not my way. I wanted to go into detail and the implications, but I didn’t do that in the beginning.

One day we were all sitting around U.G., and Bob told U.G. that he was interviewing everybody, but Guha refused to be interviewed. And I said, “Holy shit.” No offense, but I didn’t realize that he was going to put me on the cross like that. And U.G. was so sweet, didn’t enquire what happened or ask me anything, but after barely five minutes, he suddenly brought up this energy topic, you know, “America’s energy is in Guha’s hands,” the usual stuff...

Q: The superconductivity.

GUHA: Superconductivity, the energy business. And then he stopped, I had no say in the matter but Larry wanted to carry on the conversation with U.G. because he always wanted to engage him so that he could hear some more things. “So Guha tell me, what will happen if suddenly there is a vacuum (meaning U.G. is not there, you know), what will happen?” I said, “Larry, don’t worry about others, don’t worry about what will happen to anybody. If you handle this guy in this life, I guarantee you this, if you are successful in handling this man, come close to this man, once you’ve dealt with this man, you will never, ever, ever in this birth need anybody again for that purpose.” U.G. said, “Bob, that’s your interview!” He added, “If you don’t know this by now, you will never know it.” That was the thing, like, there is nothing to know, there is something that you have tested, and the validity is functioning inside you, it is a life-abiding experience. If you learn swimming, you just know, you don’t think about it, it’s part of you. The evidence of the functionality in you is all that matters, it gives you the courage to stand on your own two feet.