

“YOU” IS A CAMOUFLAGE!

“You and your thoughts are not two different things. Without your thoughts, there is no you. That’s all you are—what else are you? Your body does not give two hoots for the nobility of your thoughts.”

Q: Would you translate the statement you made on the back cover of your Bengali book?

GUHA: This is not a literal translation, but a summary of that statement: “Each one of us is a unique creation of nature and an incomparable movement. A great intelligence is continuously working to maintain this living movement and its equilibrium with the external world. If somehow, a complete trust—in Bengali we call it ‘paripurno astha,’—develops in us, the naturally-induced order that is pre-programmed at birth, will begin to unfold. Life then

begins to function in a very different way. The internal power that is associated with the pre-programmed order is so far beyond our imagination that its exhibition and extension are incomprehensible. Everything that you need to move in the field of living is very naturally supplied by that power, the power that comes out of that order.”

The words I have used in Bengali would literally read, “The order gets reincarnated in us and the reorientation follows.”

Q: I don’t get that. That’s an interesting way of putting it—it gets reincarnated inside what?

GUHA: Inside the body—that order. The order was there at the beginning, right at birth.

Q: Ah, I see what you are saying. “The order that was there in the beginning ...”

GUHA: I'm not saying that the order reincarnates by something, just that if total trust develops—bang—the nature-induced order begins to unfold. Its exhibition and extension—this order and its innate power, 'antarnihito shakti'—has no limit. It's not an explosion, it's an order, and when you deal with that order you can see how powerful it is. The logical mind cannot grasp such a thing.

Q: When you were describing your process with U.G., you said, for instance, you were feeling this elation. You put your intellect to that.

GUHA: I had to, to put it in perspective, to find out. I came up with many different ideas. My point of view began to emerge, trying to explain these things in different ways, but none of them is actually and factually exactly the way it was. What I was trying to do was to gather information from books and discussions and I was using that knowledge to project onto whatever happened to find an explanation, for my own satisfaction. Why is it happening? There is a physical body, it has to be known by biologists. Little did I

know then that they knew precious little about our consciousness, especially when it comes to the cause and effect of the totality of the human body. You can be the master of a particular bone or organ, but everything is so connected and in such a complex way, especially when it comes to the mind and the other organs that it's controlling and influencing.

Q: So to put it in perspective, your point of view came out in a variety of ways when you were trying to explain how you have been affected by U.G.

GUHA: First, I wanted to put it on a scientific basis, believe me. The scientific basis was like this: There was a man called U.G., and there I had no doubt that he was affecting me, period. I wanted to find out what was there in him that caused this effect and what this effect was and how I was being affected. That was my research—I wanted to find out. We have a scientific explanation for the transmission of disease, how about the scientific explanation for the transmission of total well-being? That was exactly what I was

feeling and if I could find that, it would be something amazing. Not just going there to see him, and then putting up his picture and worshipping him after I come home, that was not me. Then I would have had to worship myself also because something was happening to me! Neither did I understand what was happening to me nor did I know what was going on in him.

Q: Because of what's happening to you, you are worshipping him.

GUHA: That's correct. That means if I worship him, I can also worship myself. Before I worship him and myself, which would deliver the greatest narcissistic pleasure, the nucleus accumbens would fire crazily and the mesolimbic path would get superfluid—I wanted to find out what was going on. At that moment, my immediate interest was also for the spiritually-inclined, because I had a large spiritual circle of friends, therefore I was looking at the whole thing from a spiritual perspective to start with. I was 100% sure that the people I was associated with at that time in my

spiritual search, the people with whom I was doing satsang, their minds would be totally blown away if they came in contact with this man. I could never think of myself as special, so if I could experience something without psychological imposition, and the others could see a similar thing, then there must be a sense of objectivity. I wanted to tell them about U.G. and as I was wondering how I should put it, I was hitting the dead ends! Little did I know then that there was an insurmountable barrier—everyone was talking about their guru in the same way! In my enthusiasm, whatever expression came to mind was created in the first place by the lingo, and the lingo had been misused, mutilated, murdered and exploited every possible way by the conmen and their consorts in the market place. You know very well an actor can play the role of a king better than the king himself, because we have an idea about the king and the actor imitates that idea and we are mesmerized.

Q: Yeah.

GUHA: So you see, they were also looking at their guru the way I was looking at U.G., and talking about him. They wouldn't believe my experience was anything different from theirs, and I had no way of convincing them that the other guy who had also been my guru had been pushing me to see and act according to his beliefs and psychological disposition. It was as if this man called U.G. was just bringing a lighter and after turning it on asking me to touch the flame, and leaving it up to me to figure out "what's happening?" It was like that. You don't need any psychological background. Your finger was fucking burning. Then you go mad. What is this? How can I tell them? How can I convince the logical me? The logical me is part of the social structure—that's how it began. What is the salient feature? What is the difference between the guy that I was interacting with before, and U.G.? Leave out all this psychological crap, I can use vulgar words to address God or U.G., I don't care, that wouldn't change my experience with him, and as a result of that, something was unfolding. U.G. taught me words are the only thing we can use to communicate with each other and to ourselves, and those

words did not correlate to what I was going through. If I were to discuss these things this way about their revered master, they would be seriously upset or would consider me a complete nutcase. I could make a statement like this: If someone thinks that he is a Brahmajnani, he is a deluded MF. I can prove it logically. Words are something that society has given us to have a common mode of expression, to maintain a protocol, the status quo. It wants to use us in a certain way. What else is there? That's what I was coming down to. When I use big, big words and their connotation and the feeling that comes from hearing them, it has some meaning because it affects others. The information is the source of our sorrow and happiness. That is what the shrink, the teacher, the priest, the politician and the new-age hope peddler (like your great runaway-lama, egg-head-troll—your terminology, buddy—two-pack and son of mother of god and all the other spiritual enlightenment-givers) are using to achieve their goal; it is an outcome of an inner conflict and they have no idea about the natural order that a human body is seeking, even if one or two among them have had this sense. Yet, they are enslaved by the idea that

they are trying to defend, but all of them are doing this in the name of helping humanity, though actually they are helping themselves to have wealth and prosperity forever at the expense of our fear and hope.

Q: Help me with your wallet!

GUHA: Nothing else. So, how then could my experience be of any use? That question made me look for a scientific explanation, because I still had some functional trust in science. Why? Because there are reasonable arguments, we act on this trust. You also have it, if you don't you will not get on a plane. You will not pop any medication because you yourself don't understand anything about those chemicals in the pill. Because of your trust in science, you go and turn on the switch and go inside a machine to be examined. Do you know how many ways an airplane can fail?

Q: Infinite.

GUHA: At least there you have something that you can pinpoint and you don't have to have blind faith because there is something objective and verifiable experimentally, that's why it is functional. Then it comes to the notion of truth, knowing reality, and then you begin to see how deep U.G. was in the sense that he already figured out that those are just words that will generate more words, more meaning, more connectivity, and you will never ever come to the end because the end and the beginning are one and the same—the nature of things is like that. But there are certain things that we need to know, right? Where is the balance? Where should it be divided? When should I use my energy, and when should I not? Functionality is subject specific. What is the information that you need to know to function sanely and intelligently in this world? The other thing that you want to know to satisfy yourself has a different flavor. It depends on the individual, how passionate one is to find out what one wants to find out. That's an important factor when you are doing something and meditation is important because that is the only thing there in your focus, nothing else matters. You are meditating on that. You want to find

out only that, and that capacity separates you from others. You can go as far as thought can take you to get something, do something. The scientists, the artists, people who are supposed to be creative, are extremely passionate. U.G. was the absolutely most passionate person who wanted to find out for himself and by himself what is the meaning of life and is there any truth? “Why should I tell other people the way I am not functioning?” That was the integrity that was killing him. “Why should I be fake? Why can’t I say that I don’t know? What makes me do that?” If you have that passion, if you go on feeding your passion and focus and putting energy into it, you will begin to see things in a different way. There is a big shift in focus when you go deeply and passionately into things and you gradually realize that you are swimming in the middle of an ocean. There is no end in any direction. I had a vision like that, which stopped all this kind of activity. It was an uncomfortable movement, but I had to find out, culture had put that urge into me. I had to find out first for myself and then justify it to others. Just the way I wanted to tell the difference between U.G. and the other guys who claim to be

enlightened and have all these followers. I really wanted to get a true perspective. Suddenly something started happening to me, from time to time. There was an uncomfortable movement focused inside and I felt my anchor was completely gone. At those times I would close my eyes, and then I would freely float and travel to places and see things. This was fascinating but at the same time it was killing me that I didn't know what it was. Was I going insane?

One day in my waking state I saw clearly, I was flying in front of a huge wall. The wall was made of 3x5 bricks, and I was moving upwards along the wall with tremendous speed, just moving, moving, moving, unending, how long I moved I don't know—I was breathless. I wanted to cross the wall to see what was there on the other side. There was absolutely no end, and then I was moving towards the right, same thing, unending wall. Then, suddenly some capacity of sorts came to me, and I started moving through the wall itself. All around me was the same wall. Everything was the same structure. Wherever I was going, it was the same, the

exact same thing. It was literally as if I was dropped in the middle of the ocean and the shore was absolutely beyond my reach. I didn't know what direction was what direction. Wherever I went, it was the same place. How long I moved through those bricks I don't know—where I started and where I was, I have no idea. All movement was absolutely futile. And then, as suddenly as it started, so suddenly it stopped—everything stopped. When I came out of this vision, my tremendous urge to find out anything was totally gone. There had been another movement inside me, which was to move out of America to somewhere else where I could find more comfortable human interactions. I was shown then that human beings are the same everywhere, there is no preference in place, nor in things. You have one set of problems here, another set of problems there, it is all inside us—the problem is not outside. Problems of living will always be there. My avoidance of the present situation is pushing me to look for an alternative. So it is me that is resisting myself with my own surroundings and existence. Everything just smoothed out, and worked out by itself,

everything. I said, “Okay, so, this is it.” And there was a tremendous release.

At night I began to experience something, so difficult to describe—a real, physical grinding process that just seemed to stop my heart, and there was something resisting it. The struggle is beyond description. Everything seemed to stop, and I thought, okay, I cannot understand this and why should I try to figure it out. But things would pop up in my head. It was as if my brain was going through a kind of funny situation, there was no intention on my part. I didn’t want to understand. I didn’t want to know my future, but thoughts are so habitual. It’s not that I cannot know, but I know whatever I know now will have no relevance to the future. As if someone in me is telling me, “When you move with somebody, you don’t know what’s going to happen to you with that guy. You don’t know. You really don’t know. One day your dad died, suddenly. Like that things change. Why are you in your imaginary space creating an investment of hope and you feel good, and when that investment doesn’t materialize, you feel bad? All

the time you are dealing with a fictional imaginary space and it has nothing to do with the reality of the situation that you find yourself in. Why do you do that?" It kept coming like jolt after jolt, and as I went through it I felt better and better and better. It was not done by me, I cannot cause such a thing by myself, some kind of thing in me was unfolding and thoughts were popping out.

I cannot create a situation where I can stand still and be oblivious to time and space. If there is some chemical process that takes place in the brain, then probably it can happen. Sometimes when I walk in the woods, I feel this kind of cool breeze flowing inside my head which slows down my breathing and makes my eyelids so heavy that I cannot move them ... and at the same time some twisting and turning movements go on around my heart and around my neck—it's like something is tickling my guts from inside and pumping my heart and neck simultaneously. It's an extremely pleasurable sensation, I have no other way of expressing it—it is an enormous high as if all burdens are suddenly released. Just great, I am flying! I don't want to

understand, I don't want to bother. It can't be explained or conveyed, therefore it's of no use to anyone, nor can it be given or taken. It is deep down, unknowable for me. I want to say here that I feel there is something lurking inside everyone that could bring this on, just like that, but it's nobody's doing, things just have to stop by themselves. It has to find its own place in the space of life—it's not that I will not be hit by a car, not fall sick, nor have problems—these are part of living. All animal beings face challenges as they pass through the movement of life. Inside us there are two enormous groups, one wants to invade, the other to protect. The battle, the war is always going on. Sometimes, due to circumstance, one wins, sometimes the other wins. If it cannot protect itself, it's finished.

To be honest with you, I was really falling in love with U.G. By resonating with him, I had the greatest time of my life. All I wanted at that time was to be with him. Something slowed down in his presence. His very disposition, the way he was functioning, had that power. He could not hand that over to anybody, it wasn't like that.

His disposition was the outcome of some natural process. If your actions were the simple outcome of a genuine response, he would respond accordingly, but if you said, "U.G., I love you," you know his response, "You bastard, get out of here!" He could not function any other way. Not that he didn't know how to respond, and what to say, he knew very well how to hurt and screw your image-making instrument because that was always threatening his sense of order. As a result of that, he was always acting and doing something. His very existence had very little choice but to interact with people just that way.

When he was alive, I used to talk to people, just to try to make them understand what a valuable gift we have in him. I would always argue with people to come to a point where I could say, "You go and experience, see what it is like, just see. Your physical existence is the laboratory and your discrimination is the instrument, note down your inference accordingly." There will be problems, there is conflict in us and the power of that order is going to increase the conflict, obviously, because it is challenging the

other side, which is oppressing the larger part of the organism. The part that is functioning to protect the organism is oppressed by something that is there to start with, to aid the protection. To give an example, I even wrote poetry in Bengali about this. It is like a servant lived in a house for a long time and started thinking he was the master of the house. He knew all the bits and pieces and movements of the house, and now it was difficult to throw him out. The master didn't want him around any longer, the servant was putting his nose in every other function. The servant's roots were so deep inside, he made things so difficult, he was ready to burn the house down before leaving. Finally the owner realized, "The house is made of gold, it can't burn. The squatter has to get out."

Q: Yeah, that's for sure.

GUHA: It can. It wants. "You" cannot.