

Attraction Is The Action

My life after coming into the orbit of Sabyasachi Guha

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I Found You

Sabyasachi Guha's name surfaced in my life when I happened to read about him in Chandrasekhar Babu's journal "Stopped in our Tracks". It must have been January 2016.

The journal's first mention of Guha reads like this: *Guha learned about UG through the Internet. He met UG and got very close to him. In these three to four years, the whole family of Guha has become dear to UG. Guha has no other preoccupation in life except thinking about UG. This professor who has been doing research in superconductivity in Rutgers University just forgot himself in his attraction to UG. Chandrasekhar writes further, what self-forgetfulness in Guha! If he is around UG he is totally lost. Now he is filled with UG. He has been going through a lot of bodily changes. I don't normally hear of such things happening. Even in UG's case, I only have heard him talk about those things.*

I started reading seriously about spirituality sometime around 2010. I was then working in Information Technology in Pune and living with my younger brother. My rather short-lived marriage of one and a half years had broken down in 2009 and I was back to being by myself again. Since I didn't want either sympathy or advice from anyone in the world, I dropped out of the social scene completely. I started spending almost all my time reading Sri Ramakrishna's Gospel and Nisargadatta Maharaj.

In the first week of September 2011, I had just come back from a trip to the wildly beautiful Valley of Flowers in Satara in Maharashtra, when something struck me. I remember vividly the night when I felt the tremors of something hidden deep within my body for the first time, something unknown before, which would express itself often from then on. I was tired from the two day trip and finished dinner early to go to bed. As I lay down, the inside of my head began to churn violently. I felt I was going to be thrown off my bed. There was a strange discomfort inside my head. Terrorised, I sat up and grabbed the bed with both hands trying to stay put. The world in front of my eyes was swinging wildly. After a few minutes, I tried to sleep but as soon as my head hit the pillow, the churn started again. I felt I was being sucked into a hollow inside my body. I don't know when I fell asleep but when I woke up around 4 am the next morning, I was surprised by how light I was feeling. There was no sign of the previous night's torture anywhere in my body. I felt amazingly alert and energetic. The chirping of birds sounded so sharp. It was as if I was really hearing them for the first time in my life! I looked out of my window and lo and behold, I had never seen colours so vivid - green, blue, orange, yellow - ever in my life! The intoxication made me dizzy. A cool breeze was blowing inside my head. This euphoria lasted four or five days I guess. Then it was back to the dreadful life of thought-driven highs and lows. But the memory of those five days kept haunting me day and night. I wanted to desperately get back there

again, but I had no clue and nobody to ask. I lost my appetite and in two weeks I shed about eight kilos. I lost all interest in work and withdrew from everything as my mind went berserk trying to figure out ways to get back to that state of existence again. Nothing worked.

Not knowing what to do, I began reading about the experiences of spiritual stalwarts on the internet. I had finished reading all of Ramana Maharshi between 2013 end through 2014. All this while I also tried to meditate seriously, but failed. The moment I would close my eyes to concentrate on the image of either Ramakrishna or Ramana, the beautiful face would morph into that of a monster with deformed and ugly features, forcing me to open my eyes! This happened again and again until I gave up trying all together. Dejected, I told myself I was not good enough.

J Krishnamurti bulldozed his way in as 2014 drew to a close. He caught my attention like nobody else had before. After nine months or so, I came across UG, after hitting a dead-end with JK. UG's words came to my rescue after I was thoroughly upset at not having found either *the great mind* or *the ground of all existence*. For about eight months, days and nights passed in a daze as I hungrily gobbled up everything UG ever said.

Early 2016 blew in the fragrance of Guha gently and almost unobtrusively into my waking consciousness. I was in a job at that time that paid me for doing nothing, so I spent all my time reading and endlessly pondering. When I found Guha in "Stopped in our Tracks", it occurred to me that this gentleman was still alive. On the contrary, the spiritual masters who had captivated me until then were all dead. Wanting to find out more about him, I started searching the internet and soon landed up on the website guhasabyasachi.com by Golda Markovic. I had barely read a few lines from one of his quotes and I felt, "Oh my god! This guy is something!" It was as if I was struck by lightning! This was rather surprising. I had read so much of JK and UG yet felt what Guha was saying is so fresh and unique. Being a Bengali, I was lucky to be able to read his Bengali book "Fourteen Days in Palm Springs with UG", which was available on his Bengali website. I was mesmerised by his innocent account of the extraordinary happenings in his life after meeting UG. Hungry for more, I then found Nandini Kapadia's blog on Guha. I remember staring at his picture on my computer for hours in my office, and hurriedly closing the window when anyone passed by my desk! Nandini used to beautifully document her trips with Guha in India and elsewhere, with a generous sprinkling of his pictures. Guha laughing, walking with friends, talking animatedly and many more. I used to ponder, what can I do to be around this man and travel with him? Little did I know then what was coming!

On the 15th of March 2016 I wrote to the admin of the Bengali website enquiring about Guha. I waited for three weeks for a reply, then wrote to Golda on the 7th of April. I was ecstatic when I received her reply ten minutes later. She wrote:

Hello Tanusri,

Guha does visit India a few times each year and only recently was in New Delhi, Mumbai and Kolkata visiting his friends.

I will be most happy to let you know when next he plans to visit India.

Incidentally where in India do you live?

All the very best to you.

With respect

Golda

In the evening, I got an email from a gentleman named Sanjiv Chowdhury, a resident of Mumbai. He wrote he would be glad to host me whenever Guha visits Mumbai. I was pleasantly surprised. I thanked him for his generosity and mentioned that I was anxious to see Guha. Sanjiv gave me Guha's phone number and I toyed with the idea of calling him for a couple of days. On the 11th of April I called Sanjiv in the evening and asked him, "Is it ok to call Guha and when is a good time?" I can never forget his reply: "If not now, when?" I thanked him and called Guha immediately. A booming voice rang on the other side of the line as I introduced myself as Tanusri from Pune. He said, let me call you back and did so instantly. He then asked sweetly in Bengali, "*Ki byapar bolun toh?*", which means "Could you please tell me what the matter is?" I said, "How could one explain such a thing over the phone?" He laughed. Much later he told me that he was rather pleased with my answer since I didn't try to show off my knowledge about UG.



This is the picture I used to stare at before meeting him.
Photo by Kishor Chopda.

Guha's Quote:

I don't want to define love, but it feels as if there is something left behind in me after interacting with a person that cries for his company again and again because something deep down found something that's addressing its own true well-being. That is not something that you can put into words.

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