

Dadaji

The Supernatural Extravaganza

by Professor Nani Lal Sen, D. Litt

Dr. Nani Lal Sen (1918 – 2007) was Head of the Department of Sanskrit and Indian Philosophy, Rabindrabharati University, Kolkata, India; he was once the Dean of the Faculty of Humanities, Rabindrabharati University, Kolkata, India. His publications include: "A Critique of Theories of Viparyaya"; "Dadaji Provaaca" in Bengali in 4 parts; innumerable long and short articles on Dada, published in his own name and other names. He also completed a yet-to-be-published English translation of Nagarjuna's "Madhyamika Kaarika" with Candrakirti's Prasanna-pada Vritti. Dr. Sen was a close friend and colleague of Dadaji from the 1960s until Dadaji died in 1992.

The Supernatural Extravaganza :

Dadaji

Prof. Nanilal Sen, M.A. D. Litt.

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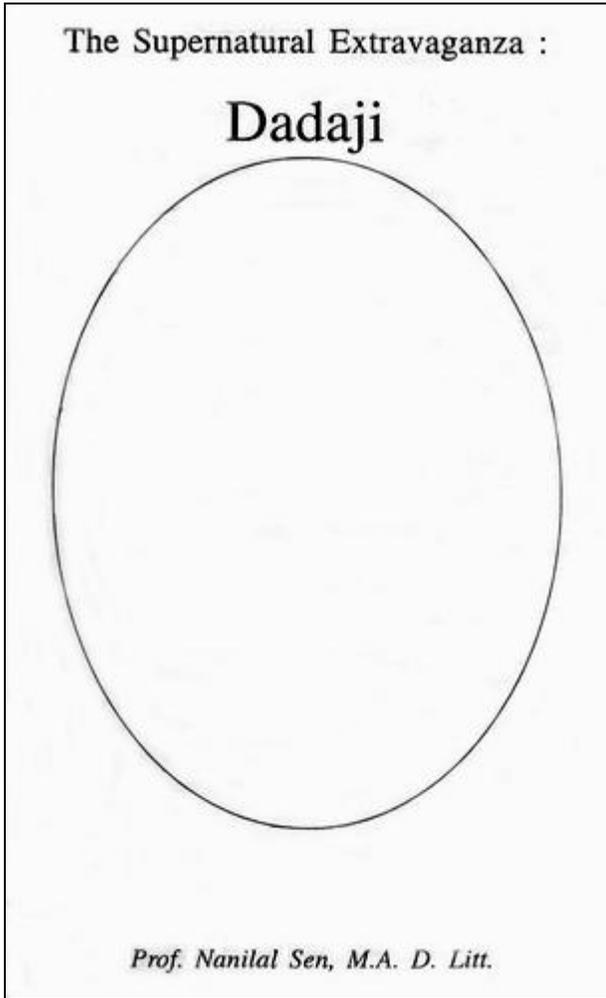
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To Ms. Ann Mills,
My dear sister,
I do hereby give solemn permission to you to
prepare my book entitled "The Supernatural Extravaganza:
Dadaji" published by my son, Mr. Saktiprasad Sen, for the
online Dadaji website created by you and to offer it to the
online visitors.

Thanking you,
Sincerely yours,
(Prof.) nanilal sen (M.A., D.Litt.)
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Dr N.L. Sen, Ann Mills, Dadaji
Calcutta 1988



To my Dada—frenzied wife,
Santi Sen, who shepherded me to Calcutta to
my long-neglected duties of Dadaji-gospel
publication through her final repose in Dadaji, who,
with a macabre stroke of His superabundant
compassion, swooped her away, like a divine vulture, from
amidst us to the Isle of Bliss supernal, lapped
by the white radiance of
His love infinite



Dr & Mrs Nanilal Sen – Calcutta 1979



Dr Nanilal Sen & his wife Santi

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Foreword

It was possibly around 1980 that Dadaji asked me to write three books: one on his supernatural exploits, one on his world tours, and one on his philosophy, the philosophy of Truth Eternal. I shied away from the second one on the plea of the paucity (scarcity) of relevant data with me. The other two I told Dadaji, I would write for sure. Dadaji, now and then, would inquire if I was working on the two books. Every time my reply in the affirmative was a blatant lie. Dadaji kept me busy all the while, so I decided on writing them when inescapably prodded by His convulsive Will. But, things turned turtle.

In March 1982 I had to come over to the USA where I have been residing since then, getting acclimatized to a new style of life and mental trappings. The anchorage was never snapped asunder. In 1987, I started giving serious thought to the writing, but to no avail; 1988 passed by dry and dreary. At the onset of 1989, I studiously brought myself, one day, to writing a single sentence; then a lull for a week or ten days followed by a crop of one or two sentences some days. It went on that way yielding a harvest of 30 pages for the entire year; the first half of the following year yielded a bumper crop of 20 pages. Between mid-July and mid-September 1990 I was seized by a mighty passion to do 150 pages with abundant ease. After that I had to go to Calcutta, coming back to USA at the end of January 1991. Toward the end of July, writing was started over again, the book being finished by the end of October 1991, including the Epilogue save for its last 10 pages that were prepared in 1996. That's the story of how I have been written out by Dadaji.

As for the Appendix, I had to append 15 articles which, except for the last one, were read out to Dadaji every evening for a fortnight or so in 1990 in response to his bid to hear me sing. After each evening's reading, Dadaji would ask me to sign his name below it, which I did with great thrill. Through Mrs. Ruby Bose, Dadaji asked me to include these articles in the book as a surrogate to my unwritten book on philosophy which Dadaji ruled out through Mrs. Bose in 1994.

Though the book is primarily written for scientists and atheists, it is hoped that general readers will not find it difficult to grasp the essentials of the book which are but a Dadaji Omnibus.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Ila Sengupta, almost a daughter to me, for hurriedly making a Xerox copy of the entire manuscript in two days and delivering it to me on time. Thanks are also due to Dr. Sabitri Roy and Mrs. Ruby Bose, the lady in mask, for constant encouragement and boosting my drooping spirit with the words, "Dadaji is in charge of the book, His book." And, Mr N. D. Jaiswal, one of the most intimate devotees of Dadaji, who took great pains to correct the proof and see it through the press to its finish while enhancing the merit of the book with multiple photos of Dadaji supplied by him. He has my deep debt of gratitude and appreciation for which my words fail miserably. At bottom, it is Dada, Dada everywhere even in the person of Mr Jaiswal, and so all thanks are redundant, me having no role to play herein.

Mr Adhir Kr. Ghosh is an honest and conscientious printer with a spiritual bent of mind. He and his staff have done the job well in spite of lapses and omissions. I sincerely wish him and his staff well and Godspeed.

Omiyam Brahma Tadvanam. (The Supreme Being, support of Om, is to be worshipped with love; refers to Amiya, proper name of Dadaji.)

The Author
12.12.1997
224 Fletcher St., Edison
New Jersey 08820 USA

Sri Sri Satyanarayan Portrait



Dadaji



Sri Sri Satyanarayan

In 1965, a group of people came to Dadaji and one of them said, "You say that He is in everything." Dadaji replied, "Yes, that is correct, He is in everything and everyone. He is everywhere. It's just that you have to be in tune with Him. As it is there is no difference between you and me."

"That is not possible. We want to take your photograph," they protested. Actually, what they wanted to prove was that Dadaji would give his photograph for worship and he's also a Guru.

Dadaji said, "OK, bring the photographer. I don't mind that. But, there is one condition. The first photograph that comes out you can do whatever you like with that...you can pray, you can offer flowers, you can do whatever you like. But, the rest of the photographs, you will treat them as photographs of one of your family members."

They agreed to Dadaji's conditions and were very happy to have succeeded in their ulterior purpose. The photographer came and Dadaji took a small table that was in his house and sat on it. The photographer kept on clicking photos for ten or fifteen minutes as he had a lot of difficulty with the flash attachment. After he had finally succeeded, they took the film for developing. Upon seeing the prints, they came running straight back to Dadaji. Showing him the first photograph taken, someone said, "This is not yours. This photo is absolutely different. You don't have a beard, you weren't wearing these clothes! Why did this photo come out?"

Dadaji said, "That I don't know. But remember your promise. I told you, you could do anything with this first photograph." "Who is this?" they asked, obviously baffled. Dadaji replied, "This is Satyanarayan, the Truth within everything and everybody. But remember Dada's photographs are not for Puja (worship) purposes. Remember, you must fulfill your part of the contract."

Introduction

Science sets the stage for Dadaji

The astounding history and achievements of science, the resultant atheism unwarranted, Dadaji admonishes scientists, ought to serve as an eye-opener. And, in fact, scientists have set the stage for Dadaji's messianic activities (delivery of the message of Truth).

Because of the element of chance and uncertainty dogging Quantum mechanics, Einstein could not heartily yield his palm to the fugitive advances of the theory. He, on the contrary, expressed his displeasure with it in the oft quoted assertion, "God does not play dice." Yes, he did not feel it necessary to liquidate God or spirituality. His so-called superstition or bigotry did not befog his intellect; nor did it bedevil and circumvent his efforts to make hypotheses and build astounding theories of reality about the universe.

Indeed the three major theories that affected a titanic breakthrough in modern science and ushered in a brave new world of the space age may all be fathered upon the fell gullibility of Einstein breathing the stinky morass of God-phantasmagoria (shifting series of phantasms, illusions, or deceptive appearances). He was the sole architect of the general theory of Relativity, while being largely responsible for the special theory of Relativity. And, as for the theory of Quantum Mechanics, Einstein played a key role in its uninhibited formulation. Despite all these, he has long been superseded by a galaxy of modern scientists making gigantic strides with supersonic momentum in their exploring spree of the expanding universe. God and spirituality, and submission to some supernatural power have been laid to rest, they fancy, for good.

Undoubtedly the achievements of science during the past few decades may possibly far outweigh the entire load of achievement of the past two thousand years of recorded human history. The two singularities of Big Bang and Big Crunch, the superstring and the plasma theories, the Unified Field Theory, super gravity and super symmetry, Bosons and Fermions. Set Theory and Category Theory of Mathematics, Graded Lie Algebra, the discovery of quasars, pulsars and Black Holes, computer science and robots, satellites, rockets and space shuttles and remote control systems, the DNA and the RNA, the unmanifest Quarks, continental drift and plate tectonics, entropy, and Homo sapiens, and what not!

Indeed it has made possible exploring the depth of oceans and the heights of outer space. The moon has, supposedly, been conquered and space stations erected and now invasion of other planets is under contemplation. Modern scientists fancy having commerce with distant stars and galaxies. And, they have conclusively estimated the age of the universe at 20 billion years, and that of the earth at around 4-6 billion years. What more do you want?

Where is the place for God or any unseen power in this scientific scheme of the universe? Had God been in existence even as a gaseous invertebrate, God must have been detectable by science. The key to the secret laws of the universe are in the grip of the omniscient scientists. All the talk of the supernatural or miraculous occurrences should be dismissed forthwith as irredeemable gibberish. Mark you well; these omniscient autocrats have well decided that the universe is unbounded, though finite. What, then, is there beyond the finite universe? A silly question, they would blurt out. One wonders if they do look forward to entropy in the domain of scientific exploration. As a celebrated writer once remarked, the paradox of science is that it has always to start afresh from the beginning.



Dadaji
(1906 – 1990)



Dr Stephen Hawking

The bubble of Omniscience (infinite knowledge) is pricked in no time. Stephen W. Hawking, of the topmost modern scientists, curtly refutes Einstein with the words, "...God not only plays dice but also sometimes throws them where they cannot be seen." (Vide "The Quantum Mechanics of Black Holes" by S.W. Hawking, *Scientific American*, January 1977) Dr Hawking laments at the close of his paper titled "The Edge of Space Time", "Thus we would still be a long way from Omniscience." One should not fail to notice the capital O in Omniscience. Nascent God-hood of scientist! The fact of the matter is that if you are not omniscient you know nothing at all in reality. For things of the world are all interrelated and interdependent.

The entire universe is a monolithic structure from a very basal standpoint. In fact, reality has myriad scales of being. There are different layers and strata of existence, higher and lower laws of nature interpenetrating one another, all converging to a unified field of existence. The entire universe is governed by a single law which may somehow be described as the static dynamicity of Self-referent Self-expression, that through spontaneous symmetry breaking gives rise to a hierarchy of a legion laws graded according to the respective densities (or should I say, destinies, esoterically of course) of the diverse stations of the space-time framework of existence. Unless you discover that single law, all talk of Omniscience is a pious platitude hollow through and through.

The method of observation and experiment to which the scientist is inextricably wed makes his/her data discrete and isolated from the world around. And, when instead the entire universe or a vast region of it serves as datum, they indulge in bold hypotheses and delve deep into mathematical physics. Here conformity to the known reality, i.e. workability, takes the place of experiment. I am afraid I shall be accused of incorrigible foolhardiness if I dare say that mathematics, that sparks the recent astounding adventures in science, is at bottom a mere convention far worse than the words of a language, a fantasy, a figment of universalized imagination. We all know that the quotient multiplied by the divisor gives us the dividend, but when the divisor is zero, the quotient must invariably be infinity, not matter what significant number the dividend is. What is the upshot then? Infinity multiplied by zero would yield the result as 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., simultaneously or in succession, fishing thus inadvertently an element of uncertainty into the domain of mathematics.

Consider the case of zero again in the equation "a plus or minus 0 equals a". That means zero has no value here. But in the equation "a multiplied by 0 = 0", 'a' standing for any number whatsoever has no numerical value. Do the numbers have only an intra-relational value and no independent status? Confusion is more confounded when we consider the equation "a to the 0 power = 1" and "0/a = 0". To call this or that operation undefined or as giving indeterminate forms and to call into request differential calculus is quite unavailing.

The point that I seek to make is that the numbers are not unerring transcripts of reality and that the mathematical zero, like the indeterminate Brahman of the Upanisads, is a misfit, and untouchable, in the space-time framework of the universe. Yet, scientists can hardly dispense with it lest the grandiloquent edifice of mathematical physics topples down in no time. That eventuality, however, is nobody's meat and is never at the back of my mind. Nor do I fully subscribe to the contention that we are witnessing an enormous horizontal growth of our culture at the expense of its vertical efflorescence. What I want to emphasize is that science has these days become so theoretically and subjectively oriented, like much maligned philosophy and religion, that it is fast losing its title as positive science.

Workability can never be the test of final truth, but only of provisional and statistical truth. Scientists admittedly do not know simultaneously both the position and velocity of an electron rotating around the nucleus of an atom, but does that ignorance affect workability? Scientists would retort that they are concerned only with workable truth; that a final truth is a chimera, a wild goose chase. Without in the least devaluing or writing off the unimaginably fantastic achievement of science, it might be argued that the scientist cannot even prove he/she has eyes or ears. Without the ability to see his/her own eyes or ears, how can he/she carry out observation and

experiment, the cornerstones of the edifice of science? Inference? Yes, that is what all your hypotheses are; but unless there is prior perception, you can never leap into inference.

Why then are you lethally prejudiced against philosophy and religion? Philosophers and logicians are probably the best equipped to make valid inferences, and religion has the additional merit of direct and most intimate experience of its datum in identity. Should not the scientist be compelled by the data harvested for science itself to conclude in unison with J.B.S. Haldane asserting in his possible worlds, "If my mental processes are determined wholly by the motions of the atoms in my brain, I have no reason to suppose that my beliefs are true...and hence I have no reason for supposing my brain to be composed of atoms." But scientists won't submit to such candid sagacity.

And there lies the inveterate malady of the modern age of science, which has long since turned into a dogma, a new religious bigotry, a bumptious demonology, an incurable superstition. It has overstepped its premises and has been putting the cart of obsessed hypotheses before the house of truth. What is called scientific outlook, an open, unbiased spirit of inquiry, has nearly been liquidated; and the scientist, toddling through the rut of technological achievements fancies that anything under the sun and even beyond it is perfectly negotiable; that he/she is the final apostle and arbiter of truth. What he/she rules out as non-existent is verily not. So the scientist proclaims that God is not, and all spiritual entities are bosh and moonshine, a figment of self-delusive imagination. That is why religion is progressively faring as the Cinderella of the school curriculum.

The War between Evolution and Creationism

What a vigorous war is being waged between creationism and evolution in the USA, the perfect epitome of the modern world, betraying an inordinately pathetic urge of the scientists for having even through legislation, exclusive coverage of their dubious dogmas in all channels of cultural and public media of the world! But have they disproved the traditional conviction of creation of all this by an unseen power, God? Or to put it more charitably, have they been able to explain the world process, its origin and self-sustenance with their stupendous load of scientific wisdom reducing the concept of a 'deus ex machina' (Greek god introduced into a play to resolve the entanglements of the plot; any active agent who appears unexpectedly to solve and insoluble difficulty) to a superfluity, a stinking ghost?

Have scientists to this day succeeded in producing life even in its tiniest form like amoeba, virus or bacteria? Have they been able to produce plant without its seed, or a new plant at that from laboratory improvised matter or a sixth element beside the elements of earth, water, fire, air and either that make for the wellbeing of all life under the sun, or an islet in the ocean, or a speck of a star in space? Why the, such self-dismantling braggadocio? A staunch advocate of divine creationism might well be prodded into recalling the eloquent parable of the frog in the well. (Robots have neither amino acids nor protoplasm, nor chlorophyll, nor DNA or RNA.) In Indian mythology, a great Vedic seer, Viswamitra, is credited with having ushered into being a new genre of tree, the coconut tree. That did not make him vain. On the contrary, he evinced great submission to unseen powers, no demented submission, but one born of love and friendship.

I am afraid I may be accused of misrepresenting the issue at hand, of mincing matters. Scientists do not advocate creationism, whether by an exploded god or by the narcissistic omnipotent who shape out as a modern scientist. On the contrary, they speak of evolutionism. Even then my queries above are quite pertinent. Should we take this theory of evolution as an epiphany, bringing into focus the manifestations of the modern godly scientists to the gullible gentiles of the present world?

The question may be raised why some consecrate evolution as a theory instead of calling it a hypothesis. Has it or its workability been proved in any sector of this Darwinian misadventure either down or up the ladder of evolution? Postulates of natural selection and postulates of survival of the fittest are each set against the other by rival camps of anthropologists, thus shaking vehemently the bedrock of Darwinian fantasy. Credibility of these scientists suffer greater erosion when it comes to light to the general masses of people that not a single full skeletal fossil of any significant species has been discovered to this day that might help advance the hypothesis of evolution. Not only that; even scientists other than naturalists, not to mention run of the mill

intelligentsia worldwide, are mostly ignorant of the heated controversy persistently raging over one and a half centuries between Darwinians and the ostracized followers of Cuvier, a senior contemporary of Darwin, who could not in his extensive studies come across any datum in favor of evolution as against special creation which he zealously advocated. Scientists are non-conversant with the law of naturalists that the phenotype (observable constitution of an organism) alone undergoes change, while the genotype (genetic makeup of an organism) persists immutably, thus making the hypothesis of evolution of human species even more dubious.

There is no region of the earth these days, in sea or on land that has not submitted to the keenest exploration by super perceptive scientists. The laws of nature, and those promoting evolution have certainly not come to a dead halt, shying away from eagle-eyed scrutiny of the subliminally egalitarian votaries of science. If naturalists could conduct us to a region of earth where a species is discovered mutating progressively toward itself from the immediate species before it, or growing side by side with it (not like a butterfly and caterpillar, the same species), their credibility regarding the hypothesis of evolution would be a subject for serious discussion. Why aren't humans evolving today? Why are the supposed earliest hominids extinct? There are plenty of tropical and subtropical regions today where eco-systems would allow scientists to prove their thesis of evolution. Are they fooling around purposely? So the dying out of humanoid forbears in the manner of dinosaurs and mammoths is unwarrantable? Samuel Wilderforce is perfectly justified in arguing that, "If these transmutations were actually occurring must there not ... be somewhere, some instance, of the accomplishment of the change?" (Vide, *Adam or Ape*, page 26) It turns out, as William Jennings Bryan so aptly concludes, "Evolution is not truth ... it is millions of guesses strung together ... every effort to trace one species to another has failed." (Ibid, page 41) We are not permitted on that account to denigrate science as a babble of lies.

Should we not highlight the crucial misgiving of Darwin himself expressed by him in the following, "Geology assuredly does not reveal any such finely graduated organic chain; and this, perhaps is the most obvious and greatest objection which can be urged against my theory." (Vide, *Origin of Species*, page 280) Such candor and humility have since been cast to the four winds from the domain of science and stiff-necked Darwinians have been avidly outdoing Darwin as Marxists have outdone Marx, or as scientists have outdone the aims and objectives of science.

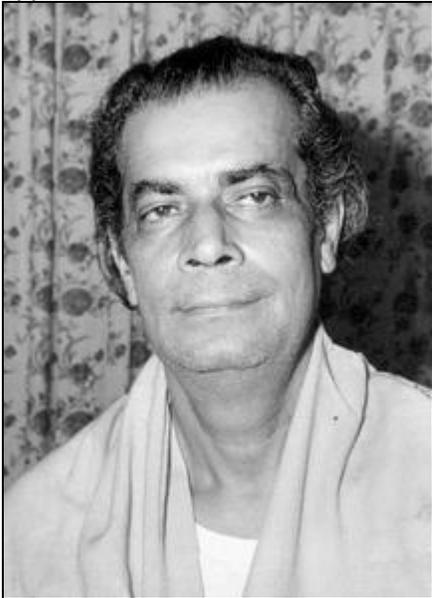
Let us listen for awhile to what the great savant Arnold Toynbee has to say on this issue, "...what is the agency that introduces it (the effort of the constituents of organic matter to perpetuate life) if we rule out the hypothesis of the operation of a creator god?" (Vide, *Mankind and Mother Earth*, pp 2-3). "Are mutations fortuitous or...designed, or...infractions of a design...?" (Ibid, p 3). "Finally, what is the situation and significance in the universe of a conscious purposeful human being imbued with this sense of the distinction between right and wrong and impelled...to do what seems to him to be right?" (Ibid, p 3). And he concludes that the history of life is misnamed evolution.

This long drawn out discussion on evolution might appear out of proportion and unjustified, but it has been indulged in only to bring into focus how scientific myths soon grow into gospel truths thriving upon the ignorance of the people and how Dadaism and the cult of the absurd can hold in ransom even the most mechanized brains of scientists. Before having done with it, it would be advisable to hear on this issue from Dadaji, who is well-known to the topmost talents of every walk of life throughout the world as an incomputable spiritual prodigy *sui generis* (unique; only examples of their kind) and whose supernatural exploits sparked by a breezy afflatus are proposed to be presented in this book.

Dadaji emphatically asserted before assemblies of topmost scientists and literati on several occasions that, "Darwin, while formulating his theory of evolution and descent of man, was very much influenced by the savage people, no better than beasts, all around him; man can never be bird, beast or plant; nor can the latter ever ascent into humanhood; there are no exigencies in nature for such an ascent or descent; the two streams of life are entirely divergent; and finally everything else in the world is, in one way or another, meant for human beings only." Dadaji asserted, "The first animal on the earth is a kind of tiny fish, Malaya by name, existing to this day, and born out of the elements of air, clay and water. Man also was first born in such a similar manner." It appears Dadaji advocates a theory of spontaneous generation as opposed to evolution.

Dadaji questions Scientists and Science

Dadaji does not let go of scientists at that. While complimenting them to a degree on their astounding achievements, calling them modern Rishis, seers, Dadaji inveighs against them (a galaxy of Nobel Laureates) and leaves them dumbfounded with the following statement, “Why brag so much? Have you got at the truth? Can you at all? Have you known the secrets of life and nature, of outer space and the universe? Can you make rain or stop it? Can you ward off the billowing ocean, a violent gust of wind, or an explosive sound? Can you deflect the rays of sun or a tornado? How can you claim to have mastered nature? You do not even know how day and night alternate on the face of the earth. And you vainly proclaim you have conquered the moon. You cannot go there. There is an insurmountable natural barrier which can not be shot through even by detonating thousands of hydrogen bombs. How can you go from one world to another? You cannot scuttle His ordination. And you dare exhibit the rocky soil you brought back reportedly from the moon; no, not from the moon. Why, here is that soil. You got it?” With that Dadaji extended his hand before the audience and exhibited on his palm a lump of similar rocky soil that appeared from nowhere. The scientists watching are pulverized to a person.



Dadaji

Dadaji continues, “Your vanity has surpassed all limits. You imagine you can usurp the throne of the Almighty, the one energy, the one principle, the one existence that really matters. You had better get this lousy vanity off your chest and brain and salvage your credibility as a real seeker of Truth. Only 4,000 years back, science rose to higher pinnacles of glory. And earlier still, say 10,000 years back the world witnessed a far higher advancement of science. There were divers kinds of planes; they were very light unlike the modern air planes. Some planes could shoot up in the sky like a rocket; the fighting planes were generally of two to six horsepower. The fastest planes could cruise from India to USA in about 7 hours. There was a very special plane, Puspaka by name, only one of its kind that could accommodate nearly 25,000 people standing. Of course, the theory and technical device of the scientists of those days were different from yours, but they never succumbed to the unbounded megalomania of writing off God and spirituality. Be meek; be sincere to yourselves. Don't overstep the limits of science.”

If scientists could agree, even superficially, with Immanuel Kant when he asserted that God is the sum total of our ignorance, it would be real proof of their obsessed open-mindedness. As it stands, scientists should do well to reflect on the following observation of Aristotle, generally considered the father of science, “For as bats' eyes are to daylight, so is our intellectual eye to those truths which are in their own nature the most obvious of all.” (*Metaphysics*, I)

Incidentally, based on Dadaji's comments about the amazing advancements of past civilizations, might not we assume that a major portion of the corpus of our folklore and mythology is fallout of ancient civilizations completely devastated by cataclysmic natural calamity or manmade holocaust?

The obsession of scientists today becomes all the more reprehensible when one takes into account the lessons they ought to have learned from close scrutiny of the history of science through the past three quarters of the 20th century alone. That brief history reveals a kaleidoscopic pageantry of categorical negations supplanted by equally categorical affirmations. The violent tilt in axis of the world reality subjected the residual negations to more vitriolic negations. Indeed, at the start of the 20th century scientist asserted that life was an accident on this tiny blue planet; that the universe threatened with extinction by cold death or hot death that solitary puddle of life. Naturally they dismissed the Indian scriptures that spoke of countless universes astir with self-conscious beings as unmitigated verbiage and stupendous mass of

mythic garbage. What do they assert now about it? They glibly transport themselves to the opposite pole and with evidently well-informed sagacity vehemently negates their prior negation. As one scientist informs us with a traumatic backlash, there are verily 'a millions technical civilizations in our galaxy alone'.

Science versus Parapsychology

People who are steeped in unscientific superstitions, unlike scientific superstitions previously mentioned above, should not be exultant over such a verdict for tomorrow it might be proven a mirage. Consider the situation that yesterday scientists stopped short after 'Dust thou art, to dust returneth' while reciting that poem of Longfellow. But now parapsychologists' claim having taken photos of souls forsaking their bodies and copies books on life after death are briskly sold nowadays. Not only that; parapsychologists accept metempsychosis (transmigration of the soul, esp. the passage of the soul after death from a human or animal to some other human or animal body.), advocated only in Indian scriptures as scientific fact.

In recent years a woman created a great flutter in newspapers when she identified herself with a waitress of the epoch of Pharaohs in Egypt and hinted at many unrevealed secrets of pyramids. Fifty years ago such phenomena would have cut no ice with the scientist. Such denials of prior assertions and outgrowing the past ego bear unmistakable stamps of scientific enquiry. These do not discomfit or discountenance the scientists. On the contrary, what they dubbed as silly superstitions of the old, crumbling world previously, today we they get a new lease of life as reckonable milestones on the path of scientific achievement. Scientists are now rehabilitating even ghosts, poltergeists and other satanic creatures that lent zest and flavor to the fairy tales of the old world. However, since they are uncomfortable with ghosts, being unable to definitively confirm or quantify their existence, some invoke the services of priests. To talk of capturing signals from God, or vibrations of God's existence is but childish prattle. God and submission to a spiritual principle still remain anathema to the scientific pursuit of truth. Humility and non-dogmatic open-mindedness are foreign to most scientists. Consistency demands they acquiesce in the verdict of philosophers that God can neither be proved nor disproved. As some existentialists hold a known God is no God at all for He is thus reduced to a product of the finite mind.

God is the life-force itself, the *élan vital*. To divorce God from the onward march of life is to limit and materialize God. That's the worst form of idolatry. That is why Dadaji exhorts all that Almighty God is One, Truth is One, Humanity is One, Religion is One and Language is One; God is beyond the understanding of mind, intellect and ego.

Mind versus Matter

Even apart from an inquiry into the history of science the current achievements of science ought to serve as an eye-opener. At present the dichotomy of mind and matter does not obtain any longer. Matter has become immaterial, a wave packet. No more is visibility considered an invariable condition for an object to claim title to a scientific datum. Many invisible objects are being accepted by scientists. Not only quarks, quasars, and pulsars that are not manifest and/or invisible are admitted, but even an abstract mathematical space christened Hilbert space, which supposedly displays a wave function corresponding to each state of the physical system, is also accorded scientific, though extra-physical, reality.

Remote control of physical objects smacked of ghostly fantasy a few decades ago; now it is common knowledge. Clairaudience was ruled out as childish fantasy, but now has become accepted, in part due to the technological application of the common telephone system. In the field of psychology, ESP (extra sensory perception) and psycho-kinesis are proven facts of life. Life after death has been experienced and documented in near death experiences worldwide. Such significant confirmation of extra-ordinary phenomena ought to have had a sobering effect on obdurate scientists, but few signs of acceptance are appearing from their ivory towers. It is amazing that such supernatural phenomena inspire a wide variety of television shows themes. How other than by documented experiences of such events throughout world history, would writers come up with these stories?

Scientists try to explain the origin of the universe and its possible destruction while asserting there is no possibility of there being witness to either; yet they proceed to formulate a mathematical guessing game that includes Big Bang or Big Crunch singularity. Why not accept as a possible alternative that God is the creator of the universe? It would have the additional merit of explaining the cosmic order, symmetry, and purpose.

Neither Science nor Parapsychology can deny the Supernatural of Dadaji

Though not amenable to reason, being votaries of positive sciences, they cannot deny the supernatural; what is considered supernatural one day is proved, often by science, to be quite natural today. Nevertheless, many supernatural occurrences observed and experiences by many scientists in the presence of Dadaji still defy scientific scrutiny. Supernatural does exist in its autocratic right notwithstanding the boisterous howls of the self-maligned scientists, who would do well to take a lesson from the Kaurava hero, Duryodhana. In the Mahabharata war 4,000 years ago, Duryodhana could stop excessive rain, remove drought and stupefy waters so that men, horses, elephants and chariots might easily cross. This power, sometimes called Maya, magical power in ancient Indian literature is in fact a kind of science which is still beyond the grip of scientists today. Even with such powers, even then Duryodhana did not deny God.

Supernatural phenomena which have been shown to survive the onslaughts and denials of modern science is to be defined and determined in reference to its specific spatio-temporal framework, for otherwise the supernatural will appear overlapped by the natural and visa versa. Before embarking on such a discussion it is imperative that we pay our debt to scientists who have rendered incalculable service to the cause of religion of Oneness as advocated by Dadaji. Indeed had there been no scientific advancement up until today there would be no Dadaji, that unlettered mystery man who seems to have in his grip all the secrets of the universe and has the Archimedean lever to move the world away from its eon-old axial rotation. Dadaji, a revolutionary of the highest order conceivable, would not give a dime for any of the current religions of the world and their religious practices. Dadaji repeatedly drones into our tradition-bound, somnolent consciousness again and again that what we conceive and practice as "religion" is but a sordid spectrum of animism, fetishism, zoolatry, heriolatry (veneration of saints or sacred things), shamanism, bardism (system of learned verses), sorcery, witchcraft, self-hypnosis and hallucination, egoistic ceremonialism, austerities and penance, and so-called meditation and hero-worship, all of which combine to form diverse façade of ego-based, mind-created materialism that makes a money-making business out of God in the name of religion.



Dadaji

remembrance of God. Prior to the worldwide advancement of science, Dadaji's vitriolic invectives against what currently passes for religion and spirituality and the vested business interests of Gurudom (God businesses) might have resulted in any number of religious fanatics gunning him down. Instead, science pricked the bubble of age-old religious and spiritual beliefs and practices

To Dadaji religion is a matter of the heart, a savory rapport of two friends within. "If one could achieve God or Truth," Dadaji asserts, "God would be reduced to a mental product, finite and accessible by human effort. Religion would then be like climbing a flight of stairs, no better than sorcery, witchcraft, and psychophysical calisthenics." Religion is not an exotic commodity imported from an imaginary world; nor is it an isolated pursuit of life beside other sundry pursuits. It is, on the contrary, the totality of life taken in its stride with an implicit submission to the Beloved Creator who is our real Self. Religion is communion with a consciousness within oneself that is beyond mind and ego, which perceptively vitalizes all our activity, thought and imaginings.

Often people who come to meet Dadaji are disappointed that Dadaji does not exhort them to do, or not to do, anything except to have a re-orientation of outlook while doing one's daily duties with worshipful absorption and

by asserting the phony, self-hallucinatory, hypocritical, misguided nature of self-styled religious cults, practices, and leaders on the one hand; and on the other hand, at the same time science helped create an intelligentsia impervious to the advances of such traders in religious and spiritual rituals and requirements.

Jesus had to suffer crucifixion or as Dadaji confirmed flee to India to die in Cashmere. Mahaprabhu Sri Chaitanya had to flee from his native land to settle in Puri, Orissa. Dadaji, in his turn had to suffer the ignominy of being arrested on charges of cheating and forgery; the case continued for over four years during which period his name spread like wild fire among scientist and other intellectuals from every walk of life and discipline. A unique phenomenon occurred due to the failure of scientists to debunk through failed tests or betray Dadaji through false accusations of fraud, thus creating a positive backlash of scientists and intellectuals who began to appreciate Dadaji's philosophy; a philosophy devoid of old-world superstitious dogmas and a philosophy of which Dadaji exhibited by his life as a householder living a normal life devoid of pretense, greed, self-aggrandizement or pontification.

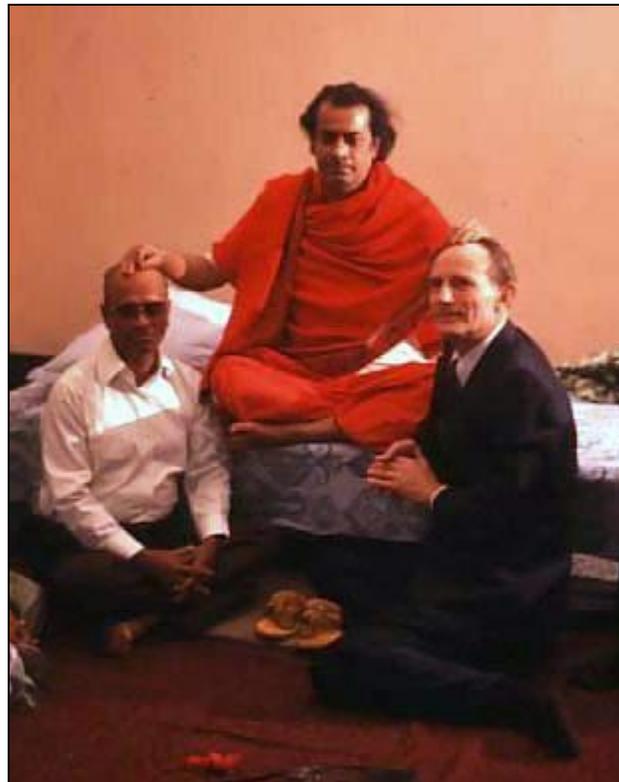
The crown of thorns thrust on him by those who betrayed him and worn by Jesus turned into the diadem of divine glory. In the case of Dadaji, after the attempted betrayal by some of his closest friends, it was mainly the scientists who set the stage thereafter and created the congenial atmosphere for Dadaji's enchanting cruises through the hearts of the elite and people of all walks and stations in life the world over. Although prior to the widely publicized criminal case against him many scientists were dumbfounded by their close observations of Dadaji's supernatural ability to manifest sundry items out of nothingness, after the case was dismissed by the judge as being false accusations, the interest of scientists and intellectuals in Dadaji's philosophy grew exponentially.



Dr Heraldsson



Dr Osis



Right: Haripad Roy, Dadaji, and Dr Osis - Calcutta 1974

It would be helpful here to quote Dr Karlis Osis, a reputed psychoanalyst from New York who met Dadaji many times in Calcutta. He tested Dadaji using his computer and other electronic devices. Dr Osis and his colleague Dr Heraldsson attended one of the Thursday evening sessions of Dadaji at the residence of Animesh Das Gupta on Lansdowne Extension in Calcutta. It was in the early 1980s nearly a decade and a half ago from now. During the gathering

numerous phone calls were coming in for Dadaji from different parts of India and from abroad. Before each phone call Dadaji, in a jocular vein, announced the geographical location where the incoming call originated and identified the caller by name. A call came from the USA and prior to picking up the receiver Dadaji announced it and identified the caller as a key US Senator. The call over Dr Osis remarked, "If we could but get Dadaji eyes even for a single day!"

Dr Merrium, a noted American scientist asked Dadaji, "Why don't you go to America?" He had witnessed, along with twelve other reputed scientists who were visiting Dadaji in Bombay, a torrential downpour stopped with just a slight wave of a Dadaji's finger. Dadaji replied to his question, "Presently he has come back from a visit to America." (Dadaji invariably refers to himself in the third person.) Dadaji continued, describing the house he visited including a description and license plate number of a car parked in the front of the house in USA. Dadaji described a worried woman who was looking after her sick child. The redoubtable scientist, Dr Merrium, burst forth sobbing, "it's my car, my house, my wife, and my son who is sick." That is how Dadaji tickles into submission the great heavyweights of science who start enshrining him in their brains, if not in their hearts, as the greatest ever mobile miracle in the world.

The case over and the easy though staggering profundity of Dadaji's spiritual cosmonautics salvaged unsullied, the diasporas (dispersion) of his love-laden fragrance across continents being wafted by the zeitgeist (world view) nurtured by scientific zealotry. It is no wonder that scientists and other top intellectuals form a major part of the congregation assembled to hear the discourses of Dadaji in Europe and America; not that Dadaji dislikes the general masses of people. A scientist once convinced becomes unshakable; such a solid awareness is necessary for propagation and perpetuation of Truth. Dadaji is a watchtower dedicated to the maintenance of Truth against the onslaughts of untruth; a lighthouse directing the ship of life across the dark, tempestuous sea of worldly existence to safe anchorage in Truth. That is why Dadaji often asserts that a scientist or a philosopher is worth a million, in some cases 10 million individuals. Scientists are magnets to Dadaji and then Dadaji plays the magnet to them. As Dadaji told us often though he rarely speaks in such language, "[His \(Dada's\) mission is to pulverize the granite egos of scientists, intellectuals and the so-called Godmen growing like mushrooms.](#)" Had there been no scientists of staggering stature, no Dadaji would have appeared; therefore, it is imperative to pay a glowing tribute to the great scientists who made possible the advent of Dadaji in a spate of supernatural manifestations, to the self-assured undoing of themselves.

What is not, and what is the supernatural?

What then is the supernatural? The simplest answer is: what is not natural is supernatural. But what is natural? Nature has a way of doing things, a pattern for self-fulfillment, for the élan vital to run its full cycle and entire gamut. By our constant rapport with nature, fair and foul, that cradles us into definitive consciousness, down through the ages humanity has garnered an enormous volume of experience about nature. Such experience having been winnowed, analyzed, and sorted has yielded a copious harvest of general and particular notions about the behavior of nature. Though the why of nature's behavior is but vaguely known, more likely fully unknown to us, we do know for certain, for example, the sun rises in the east, day follows night in regular succession. Until the recent advancement of science, nature was a ruthless tyrant, but presently has turned into Aladdin of the magic lamp catering to the needs of humanity today. Denuded of all mystery, nature is laid bare into constituent factors: the trident of nature in its solid, liquid and gaseous states; atoms and molecules and wave-packets do not frighten the intellect instead becoming our handmaids to reshape to our advantage the world of nature around us. How has it become possible? Because scientist have discovered a legion of inviolate laws and guiding principles of nature and have harnessed them to realize human needs. However, when certain things happen that do not conform to those laws and principles, we call them freaks of nature, miracles, and in certain cases supernatural.

Supernatural, then, is an event not commensurate with our experience; is not explained or demonstrated using the vast accumulated pool of present knowledge. Confronted with such an event our intellectual moorings are shaken to the core and we exclaim upon seeing a supernatural occurrence: How could it happen! However consider this: People from the 18th century could they appear today would view the world we live in with awestruck disbelief and no

doubt label it a panorama of miracles that transgress the laws and principles of nature as they knew them in the 18th century. Thus knowledge of nature varies from generation to generation, from age to age, and often undergoes radical purges and thorough overhauling. What was a miracle yesterday is today's banal commonplace event. To the primitive person every aspect of nature appeared miraculous. Thus from a historic point of view what is called miracle has myriad scales of being.

Dadaji says beware of half-truths

Who can dare claim to have unlocked all the secret chambers of nature in which lie embedded inexorable laws? Should one do so, one can only realize it as a whole, nurture it as a whole without raping or defiling it. That, in fact, is exactly what I propose to present in this book: the situation of the whole, calling up its dimensional modalities to explain the supernatural.

Let us try to figure out what the scientists have been doing for the last century and a half. Are they not working miracles of a sort despite their sharp protests to the contrary? They deny working miracles because they can explain, demonstrate and replicate an event time and time again. This begs the question, for what are they doing but setting one law of nature against another and ushering in hybrid outcomes which, if not unnatural are in many cases against the very purpose of nature and outrage the laws of land, air, water, electricity, magnetism, gravity, etc. Some such outcomes appear monstrosities of nature that reject the inexorable stance of the laws unless they are restated, calibrated one under the other leading inevitably to the Unified Field Theory. The Unified Field Theory will ever remain beyond the exploration of science for the simple logic that it must be outside the domain of the diversified field of physical nature. Dadaji admonishes, "Beware of half-truths. Reality is one indivisible whole, not the misconceived unified field of science, but the one integral unity that is in its immaculate transcendent isolation inalienably immanent in the panorama of existence all around." Despite the obduracy of scientists, the modern spectacular achievements of science are nothing but dazzling pageantry of miracles even if in the sense of being unnatural parading on the aspen (trembling) canvas of the simple laws of nature.

Miracles are nowhere near the supernatural we propose to present in this book, for as has been shown a miracle of yesterday is the commonplace of today. The miracles of the old world are accustomed way of life for us. The supernatural, however, never lapses into commonplace; it does not suffer being woven into the fabric of one's daily life except for the one through whom it is manifested such as we have seen with Dadaji. Even in the case of Dadaji he is seldom, nay never, seen to us in his own advantage on the worldly level. The supernatural of which I write has no temporal psychosomatic trappings; nor does it cave in and evaporate with the advancement of our knowledge or with the expansion of our mental horizons. When 7 loaves and a few tiny fishes feed the hunger of 4,000 people as demonstrated by Jesus, no sane person can argue that such tricks could occur or prevail upon the illiterate and intensely gullible people of two millennia ago and not to mention the so-called enlightened people of today; no one then or now could argue that Jesus was a trickster, a magician, or hypnotist. Loaves are not witnessed to grow in magnitude or multiply at will. No one then or now is deficient in general intelligence, regardless of claims of superior intellect or a high IQ, which doesn't depend on literacy. So such an occurrence as the loaves and fishes multiplied by Jesus to feed the multitudes must be defined as supernatural manifestation. Over 50 miraculous feats of Jesus must belong in the category of the supernatural; in no way can they be called miracles which would make them based on the ignorance of Jesus' followers and thereafter become the commonplace of today. They were not sorcery, witchcraft or voodoo. There were *sui generis* (unique; only examples of their kind) and must remain beyond our comprehension for all time to come. That is the differentia of the supernatural.

What are qualities of the supernatural?

What are the positive marks of the supernatural? What is the supernatural qua (as) supernatural? C.S. Lewis in his monograph "*Miracles*" takes the supernatural for granted without

any urge to define it, and remarks confidently that naturalism gives us a democratic (equal power benefiting all) picture of reality while supernaturalism imposes upon us a monarchical (surpassing all in power and preeminence) one. That is to say, Lewis is assured the supernatural is despotic (absolute oppressive power), autocratic (absolute, unlimited power) in its advent and betrays scant regard for the multiple laws of nature that govern and sustain our lives. But a little later he seems to contradict himself when he failing to determine how the supernatural works itself out, sort of parries the question and exclaims, "The question is whether nature can be known to be of such a kind that supernatural interferences with her are impossible." (p 67) Evidently the answer is that such interferences are quite possible and nature gives ample scope for that. The supernatural should not be maligned as monarchical (surpassing all in power and preeminence). How are such interferences by the supernatural into the natural possible? C.S. Lewis assures us the laws of nature do not cause any event at all; they cannot even set the billiard balls moving. What then are they for, these impotent imposters masquerading as laws of nature? How could anyone discover all the laws of nature unless the laws had certain potencies and behavior patterns that rammed into our existence favorably or otherwise?

One might guess that Lewis intends to convey that nature merely serves as a limiting, defining background, an environmental snag or booster, for all human activities. But who can ignore the gigantic devastation caused by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, tornados and other violent forces of nature? Between the lines of Lewis appears to lurk his conviction that not a blade of grass moves without God's Will and Power. In fact in the opening pages of his book he asserts that supernaturalism thrives on a belief in one basic thing which must be God. He ought to have worked out that thesis to yield the harvest of the impotence of laws of nature and it would have led to the unwelcome contingency that the supernatural cannot be differentiated from the natural, both being equally and entirely inspired by God. Any effort to evade the predicament would merely beg the question.

Mr. P.D. Ouspensky, in "In Search of the Miraculous", asserts, "...beyond the think film of false reality there existed another reality from which, for some reason, some thing separated us. The 'miraculous' was a penetration into this unknown reality." (p 3) By 'false reality' he means the phenomenal reality all about us. If that be so, we are all completely entrenched in and enmeshed by that 'false reality' without any hope for redemption. How can it be possible for us to penetrate into an unknown reality? For all our efforts would lead us from one falsity to another, truth and reality being ruled out of our reach. Then, quite arbitrarily, Ouspensky makes a startling statement, "Nobody does anything and nobody can do any thing...Every thing happens." (p 21) For "in order to do anything it is necessary to be." (p 22) Profound utterances, undoubtedly, as Dadaji repeatedly says, "Man can do nothing. A person has no power."

How do we differentiate the natural and the supernatural?

Still, the question remains: If everything happens, the natural and supernatural alike, how do we know the one from the other? We are forced to admit the supernatural is of a different sort from the beaten track of ordinary natural happenings. Or experience tells us that what we call natural has a more or less universal provenance in the context of a set province of discourse, but the supernatural has its imperious descent on one person or another, on this or that group of people, or in this or that geographical region and for this or that space of time only. The supernatural must be a special, supra-normal happening to meet the exigencies of a particular situation worked up through the psychosomatic expectancy of a particular person or group of persons, in a particular *spatio-temporal* (space-time) complex. Supernatural does not just happen like the natural does.

It might be argued that the natural, too, does not just happen; we cannot do it because we cannot be; God however who is perfect Being does it all. This conforms to what Dadaji says, "A person has no power at all. A person cannot even play or be as an instrument to anything. He (God) does and can do anything He likes." So the natural happens through the agency of God, through the fiat of His Will; so does the supernatural. There is no difference between the two etiologically (in cause or origin). The difference surfaces only because our perceptual and conceptual habits suffer a rude shock when the supernatural pops up. This is clearly untenable. God creates Nature and endows it with certain powers through jerk, a jolt, a vibrational push of

the Will Supreme. Once put on the rails by the Prime Mover, Nature keeps rolling on exhibiting repetitive actualization in cyclic order of those powers through eternity. What we call natural forms the warp and woof of this display of Nature, but the supernatural coming within the fold of that primal Will Supreme has a direct, immediate contact with the Supreme in a particular spatio-temporal setting. It is the external manifestation of what is called the Grace of the Lord.

The natural exemplifies the order, coherence, symmetry, inviolable and necessary causal sequence manifest in the operation of the laws of Nature; but, the supernatural is anathema to all such stereotyped order and coherence. Supreme Will comes as supernatural when it will, overriding the Leviathan (immense size and power) stance of the laws of Nature through the wily jerk of the point-instant Will Supreme. This Grace is a reminder of the omnipotent freedom of the Lord in a world governed by the inexorable laws of Nature. This may well be termed the principle of indeterminacy far removed and quite out of reach of scientific prudery (excessive or affected modesty).

If parting the waters of Jordan to make it possible for the people of Moses to cross be proved a natural phenomenon, the supernatural is manifest in their reaching the bank in the nick of time. Though scientists cannot even dream of repeating that feat of parting the flowing water, it may well be exhibited by a maestro of non-egoity (no personality, no ego), whose will has turned up in breezy anonymity with the Will Supreme. When Nature does anything in its proper time and place, it is natural. When it is exhibited otherwise, out of time and out of place, it belongs to the realm of the supernatural.

Ouspensky takes refuge in the theory of seven cosmoses and asserts, "The manifestation of the laws of one cosmos in another cosmos constitutes what we call a miracle." (Ibid, p 207) He does not feel secure even thereat; he goes beyond that to proclaim that "...eternity is the fifth dimension which is the line of the eternal existence or repetition of the actualized possibilities. The sixth dimension is the line of actualization of all possibilities. Even scientists presently mumble hesitantly of 12 to 14 dimensions."



Dadaji

This clearly pushes the problem further back for the assumption of seven cosmoses and two more dimensions does not help Ouspensky elucidate the operational strategy of the miraculous in any way. Why should the law of one cosmos break through its bounds and dart itself with a bag into another cosmos? Dadaji tells us, "There are insurmountable barriers between two cosmoses. There are fourteen worlds under the same sun; each of these principal worlds has countless other worlds." Dadaji continues to describe it, "Here is a wave; and there is another wave. They project in spiral fashion all about."

The waves are certainly each of different length, frequency and color, but how does such a situation help explain the operation of the miraculous? Ouspensky may imply that things of other worlds might be smuggled into our world; but how to cross the barrier? And who has affirmed the things of our world have their replica in other worlds? The assumption of the fifth dimensions implies that the past is not irretrievably lost to us; that it may somehow be recycled into our empiric existence; but how? And the sixth dimension similarly implies that the future is a fait accompli awaiting our ingenuity for its materialization. Therefore, Ouspensky has failed to define the miraculous and its modus operandi. Had he postulated rather a hierarchy of laws in which the higher and higher ones are inclusive of the lower and lower ones, the entire matter would have sounded more reasonable.

How do we differentiate the supernatural and miracle?

What then is the supernatural? To recapitulate what I have discussed to this point: What cannot be achieved by science that is, what will not become the commonplace of tomorrow; what is not acquired through psycho-physical discipline (i.e. Yoga Sutras of Patanjali), that is the domain of the supernatural.

Patanjali describes eight principal Siddhis or miraculous attainments beside a legion of lesser Siddhis all of which are said to be attainable through psycho-physical practices. The Bhagavat sounds a discordant note and asserts that the eight principal Siddhis belong principally to God. Dadaji goes further and asserts, "Many of the lesser Siddhis are unattainable. They only come through the grace of God to one who is in tune with Him." In the history of the Christian church there is testimony confirming Dadaji's assertion, for example, the story of St Joseph of Cupertino the "Flying monk" who during trance levitated into the height of alters, tree tops. But he could neither will it, nor control it. Yet, levitation may happen and it happens the one levitating is not conscious of it. The moment the person becomes conscious of it, he/she falls down. Such acquired powers belong to the domain of the miraculous, not the supernatural. Cryptesthesia (paranormal perception, as clairvoyance or clairaudience) is also excluded from the domain of the supernatural.

One thing must be made perfectly clear; the miraculous can never intrude into the domain of the supernatural, although supernatural can invade the domain of the miraculous. Dadaji has from birth, congenitally, all the powers included in cryptesthesia; and they are normal to him. Others also may have some of these powers of paranormal perception but they whither away over time as they use or abuse it; therefore, they do not belong to the supernatural. All acquired extra normal powers dissipate over time, but the supernatural bellows to the inexhaustible storehouse of Omnipotence. The supernatural is manifestation of Divine Grace. Supernatural presupposes an immediate Will Supreme and exemplifies the principle of indeterminacy (not fixed in extent, space; uncertain).

There are junctures in human history and the evolution of the world-process when the supernatural appears nestled in the supremely unique body of a phenomenal person. As though dumped in a transparent and overly porous sanctuary, the supernatural takes wings and pops out now and then like the streaks of light piercing cracks in a window shade into the darkest of night during a blackout. In the case of Dadaji, it has been observed by many that supernatural events belch out like sparks in a smelting factory.

Dadaji is seen gently waving his index and middle fingers up and down while muttering inaudibly syllables or just gently waving forward his right palm, and the supernatural is manifested there in an instant. The supernatural is perfectly natural with Dadaji who is shorn of all artificiality, affected demeanor or playing to the gallery. Dadaji is always in tune with Nature, always in perfect love with Nature. Dadaji often exclaims, "Can't Nature be changed through love?" He does so while in the company of topmost scientists, intellectuals, engineers, professors, etc. Despite such events, Dadaji says in reference to himself, "He is, now and then, simultaneously present in infinite worlds." Our natural world finds its rejuvenating haven in the radiant panoply (wide ranging display) of the supernatural of Dadaji.

How does the supernatural occur? What is the cosmology of the universe?

Next we will consider the question of how the supernatural works itself out; how it surfaces in this world governed by the inexorable laws of Nature. When human effort is ruled out, how does the supernatural manifest itself? To answer this I will make an excursion into the field of cosmology. The Big Bang theory of science is currently threatened with rejection, although the Bible, Koran, and all Indian scriptures speak of creation through the Word that is with God. The Bible and Koran seldom speak of the Will Supreme as the motive force of creation, though it is implied. Indian scriptures speak of the Will Supreme, seldom calling it that. Dadaji tells us, "The Will Supreme sets on the primal vibration, which passing through one or two instant phases, shapes out the Vibrant Word (Shabda-Brahma) or the Primordial son from which material creation emerges spontaneously in spiral projection of diversified vibrational enclaves." This spiral

vibrational configuration might be at the root of the concept of Omkara*. Be that as it may, creation was a spontaneous affair without being dogged by any plan or program despite what the world scriptures proclaim.

While appearing to reminisce, Dadaji said, "When such a wish welled up, creation emerged instantaneously. It is a push, a jerk, a ripple. There is no plan or program behind it. Your (manmade) gods do have plans and programs; but, He none." The entire creation is an endless configuration of diverse vibrational complexes of varying wave-lengths, frequencies and colors in progressive stages of condensation and rarefaction. Space and time, convergence and divergence, difference and multiplicity, all emerge from this vibrational urge. Plans and programs are preceded by space and time and like space and time are post-creation contingents.

One way the supernatural occurs is through the manifestation of Mahanam. The Word resolves itself into the two sounds of Mahanama, which ushers in the cosmological (origin and development of the universe) vibration and imparts its bi-polarity. The vibration is of a two-fold nature, tending inward and outward, self-transcendence and self-integration, rushing in opposite directions, thus explaining the endless spiral formations of worlds and universes. Another reason for the spiraling activity is that between every two worlds there is an impervious barrier, a vacuum, which vibration cannot touch or penetrate. The gross vacuum resists all motion across it unless one is in perfect equanimity of mind. And, there is a vacuum at the heart of every being in manifest creation, an alcove, the temple, of Mahanama, that may be called the working vacuum. This is from an empiric (practical) perspective.

The ubiquitous Vacuum that is non-being is beyond Mahanama, yet springs vibration without any involvement in Mahanama. Dadaji symbolizes this Vacuum as Satyanarayana; a symbol of existence lying in state upon existence where nothing is, despite the presence of everything. Dadaji often says, "Satyanarayana does not have even the potency of Will Supreme." Thereby Dadaji implies that Satyanarayan has Will Supreme as identical with God, not as bulging out (rising out in vibrational waves) potency.

This Vacuum is everywhere in order that it might integrate into its Being the diversified, runaway, disintegrated manifoldness that is creation. The entire creation displays a hierarchy of disintegration and integration, dissolution and resolution, hide and seek. It is not your seeking or mine, but it is God's; His world at every stage a unity in multiplicity. The vibrations of the two sounds of Mahanama are architects of this wondrous creation. Dadaji assures us, "The entire creation is composed of the two sounds of Mahanama. They are the warp and woof of your existence, and of every thing around. Everywhere the two sounds are ringing. Our mind has perverted and broken them into splinters. There is no gap anywhere. It's like an unbroken chain of rings." The Vacuum as Satyanarayan is omnipresent as the support and sustenance of all existence, all vibration. The infinite creation is at the furthest bottom, a vacuum, a non ens (non-entity). The Vacuum and the vibration are One, the total reality of all existence, of Being and Becoming embedded in perfect non-being.

That being the cosmology, it is clear that all laws of Nature, known and unknown, are caused by different vibrational stresses initially and subsequently further modified and stratified by particular spatio-temporal complexes. If one tries to conquer and enchain the laws one by one, it is a hopeless exercise in futility.

How then does one get at the supernatural? If one can touch, imbibe the vibration, if one can tap it to one's purpose, can one do anything one likes? Dadaji says, "They speak of getting vibration. If they do, why, then, the infinite is in their grip." That is to say, if you can catch the vibration, you become Omnipotent. How can one manifest the supernatural? If Mahanama is manifested in one's mind and overflows to and encompasses one's body, one becomes the dynamo of infinite creativity. For the Mahanam, which is at the root of all creative vibration, is manifestly ringing within granting one rapport with the creative vibration which is constantly nestled within. All manner of breathtaking supernatural occurrences take wing at one's slightest wish, or even without one knowing of its imperious, irresistible advent. Dadaji characterizes this state as "being in mood". Dadaji assures us he can stay 'in mood' for three to four hours at a

* Omkar means the mystic syllable "Om", the "Amen" of Jews and Christians, and the "Amin" of Moslems. Omkara is the first sound of Creation and is the epitome of all other sounds. As the sonal symbol of God, it is regarded as Sound-Brahma. Dadaji said, "Omkara is beyond the state of Krishna. It is vacuity (Vacuum)."

stretch. Thus Dadaji displays copious, spectral supernatural performances and it may be asserted without any fear of contradiction, that Dadaji's one day tally of supernatural events will far outnumber the total output of so-called miracles by predecessors. However, Dadaji has said that if he consciously addresses the supernatural to change the course of Nature, for example to cure terminal illness, to work it out he has to suffer. Whereas if Dadaji does it unconsciously, not knowing what he is doing, nothing happens to him.

A second way the supernatural occurs at one's sweet will is, as Dadaji puts it, "There is such a neutral force here in this world; one may, though rooted in a particular place, very well see any region of it." 'See' here seems to imply all manner of perception including diffusion (migration, intermingling) of Dadaji's divine aroma experienced at far distances and Dadaji's presence including tactical (calculated, adroit) perception. Dadaji's multiple manifestation, stemming as it does from the Will Supreme, belongs to this second category of the occurrence of the supernatural. It is unclear whether or not when Dadaji fetches items from distance locations in an instant, accompanied by purchase receipts, belongs to this second category. It is doubly unclear if 'any region' ducks into its fold 'any point of time' also; if it does it becomes easy to comprehend how Dadaji in an instant fetches new brands of wrist watches from the womb of futurity.

Of course the Will Supreme may be called on to explain any supernatural phenomenon, but the Will Supreme may be in short supply to meet the persistent demand of Dadaji's down-to-earth, at times bizarre, lifestyle of universal love. How do we deal with this uncertain contingency? Dadaji informs us, "When there is no vestige of the Will Supreme, Sudarshan has to be applied." Sudarshan is immersion in the equipoise of integrally conscious existence, manifestation of Mahanama, equanimity and so forth. It is difficult to decipher what Dadaji means by "neutral force". If it means 'neutronal (elementary particle having no charge) force', which is neither positive nor negative, it may be equated with perfect equanimity, another name for Sudarshan; an interpretation which seems dubious for neutronal force is everywhere to be found in the infinite worlds of material existence and is in no way a unique phenomenon with this earth.

Dadaji says, "There is such a neutral force here in this world..." evidently referring to this earth. The identity of the 'neutral force' will remain unknown to us, but it must be recorded here. Before leaving aside the question of the 'neutral force', in reference to himself, Dadaji often exclaims, "This body is so very sensitive, a legion of things happen with or without any will to spur them on." His use of the word 'sensitive' may denote two contradictory situations: 1) prone to constant emotional upsurges and cross-currents; and 2) having neither positive, nor negative tendencies, i.e. completely non-resistant. The latter meaning applies to Dadaji for he has no mind, or from the mundane point of view, no modalities of mind. That is why Dadaji often fails in current time memory since he has no mind as we have that is constantly between the two horns of dilemma. He may be said, however, to have a Root mind; Dadaji easily catches contagion of anything around him. Dadaji asserts, "You know your Dada has no mind, but those who touch him have minds, so their ailments instantly infect him."

Above I wrote about the Vacuum as the ultimate reality of all existence, and also about another kind of vacuum, the material sort such as the barrier in between one world and another that can only be penetrated and crossed through equanimity. In every human body there is a vacuous region from which emerge the two sounds of Mahanama. Every atom has a vacuous region within it wherein the Mahanama is not manifest, so it transpires that the entire manifest existence may be described as a chain of vacua (plural of vacuum). These infinite vacua may be called immanent, working vacua upholding and sustaining severally each entity of the entire manifest existence. The Vacuum, the source and substance of all other vacua, is the transcendent ultimate reality and is concretized, symbolized for us by Dadaji as Satyanarayana.

I previously referred to the 'in mood' state of Dadaji; there may also be an 'in tune' state. Dadaji says, "He (referring to himself) may stay in tune, say, for fifteen to, at the most, twenty-five minutes at a stretch. Beyond that his body will evaporate." This is the state of perfect equipoise in utter vacuity and in that state nothing is impossible including creation of trillions of worlds in a moment.

I draw a close to this discussion with a passing reference to another kind of supernatural occurrence. Ardent devotees of Dadaji often have diverse rapturous visions. About these Dadaji says, "No body really makes them happen, but when one's wish be attuned to the Will Supreme (through loving submission), these things happen of themselves." Dadaji writes off credit for such

visions, and for that matter for all supernatural phenomena; however it seems there lurks behind all of such occurrences a passive will of Dadaji. Once Dadaji chilled the zeal of someone who was hopelessly pining for such soul stirring visions saying, “[Know it for certain I will never show you such manifestations.](#)” One may conclude one has only oneself to thank for such visions; but Dadaji’s involvement must not be ruled out.

In summary, the different states of Dadaji from which supernatural manifestations occur:

- 1) It, He, state (fully unconscious); nascent Satyanarayana
- 2) I am that I am state (passively conscious); Kaivalyanath, i.e. Ram Thakur
- 3) This joyous Being is me state (apperceptively conscious); Mahaprabhu
- 4) Me and Love state (conscious-unconscious); Govinda of Vraja
- 5) Yogeswara Krishna of Dwarka (mostly conscious)
- 6) Sub-Krishna state (fully conscious).

From the last state, sub-Krishna state, occur such supernatural manifestations as are fully consciously performed by Dadaji on the supplications of his devotees and are generally denigrated as ‘superficial’ by Dadaji. That Dadaji can descent to such a low state is confirmed by him when he said, “[Ram Thakur could not get down even to the Krishna state \(of Vraja\). This man \(Dada referring to himself\), however, can plummet even to the depth of hell. He has verily come here endowed with all rights and privileges.](#)”

Whatever state Dadaji might be in during a particular period of time, he is always in the natural state of the supernatural, or inversely, in the supernatural state of the natural. It all depends upon Dadaji’s initial no-bodied attitude in the background of his supernatural exploits. Supernatural is what just happens unexplainably without conscious agency. That is why Dadaji often says that he does not know at the moment what has happened and if he has done anything at all; however, at times it is monitored by his passive consciousness. The neutral force Dadaji speaks of can be pressed into served by a neutral mind that alone is capable of discovering it.

A Brief Sketch of Dadaji’s Life

It would be valuable if we could obtain insights into the life and activities of Dadaji before getting further into the weird world of Dadaji’s supernatural exploits to be presented in the following chapters of this book. Therefore, I will address a brief sketch of Dadaji’s personalized excursion into this world, the manifestation of overflowing Joy. To set the proper background and delineate the radiant scaffolding, I quote the words of Dadaji. “[The Creator indwells His creation constantly both as the Supreme Will shaping out as Mahanama and as Its source, the Void. He also manifests Himself periodically, in different stages of evolution of human consciousness, as a human individual.](#)”

Dadaji said, “[In the first Yuga, Satya Yuga, after creation He manifested Himself in full measure as Rama, the perfect emblem of Rati \(joyous devotion to Truth\). Then in the first Kali Yuga, Govinda \(Krishna of Vraja\) made His advent in a fuller blaze and displayed His amorous woodland sports with sixteen hundred so-called cowherd damsels \(Gopis\), culminating in what is known as Rasa-Leela.](#)” Dadaji assures us the entire population of the world at that time was set at sixteen hundred, each individual, male or female, young or old, being considered a Gopi. Govinda is since then called Gopijana Vallabha, the Beloved of the entire populace of the world.

This, our worldly life is, as Dadaji tells us, every moment a rehearsal of the Vraja-Leela of Govinda (God’s Play of Love), both in its conventional superficialities (external appearance) and its inmost depths. The two cardinal principles upholding and sustaining earthly existence are Rati and Rasa (joyous devotion to Truth and relishing the taste of God’s love); Rati and Rasa having been provided in amplitude (abundance) by Rama and Govinda respectively. Millions of years passed ruminating on Rati and Rasa, then around 4,000 years ago Krishna of Dwaraka, Lord of Yoga (at-one-ment), appeared on earth and taught Karma Yoga, the art of disinterested work as worship.

After some enigmatic, seismic ferment occurred beyond the far reaches of all universes, even beyond Vraja (Divine state), in quick succession appeared three, shall I say ‘super-Gods’

who revitalized the eternal principles of existence and set in order ravished Nature. Five hundred years ago the first one appeared and was called Mahaprabhu Sri Krishna Chaitanya (or Chaitanyadeva or Gourange or Nimai Pandit as he is variously called). Mahaprabhu's transcendent descent was to re-enact the Vraja-Leela (Divine Love Play) with trans-passive apperception (conveying passive conscious perception with full awareness). Krishna of Vraja displayed Divine Leela as a matter of course, as a spontaneous expression of his Divine Nature without any sense of conscious agency. Mahaprabhu was Krishna become conscious by absorbing the Gopis, Prakriti (or Nature) completely into His Being; in that way Mahaprabhu may be called greater than Krishna of Vraja.

Mahaprabhu predicted on at least two occasions that He will have two more advents in quick succession. Thereafter, the second one appeared in the radian shape of Sri Sri Ram Thakur and the third one in Dadaji. From Rama of Satya Yuga through the ages to Dadaji, all are plenipotentiaries (invested with full Absolute power), Avataries (manifestations or aspects of a continuing entity), and incarnators (invested with bodily natures and forms).

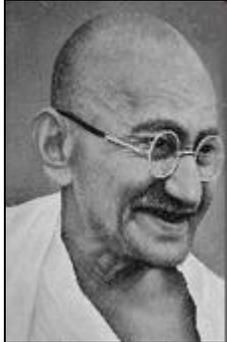
Dadaji is the *ne plus ultra* (highest point; most intense degree) of Divine manifestation being the Govinda of Govinda, Satyanarayana. Whatever one may say, I may be charged with shameless bigotry, aggressive obsession, stupefied gullibility or putting an immobile cart before the horse of sane judgment, regardless I can say without doubt that Dadaji is Satyanarayana. Although it does not submit to direct proofs that satisfy all, indirect proofs for the cogency, for the irrefutable argument of such a statement are discoverable in the overwhelming abundance of supernatural exploits of Dadaji.

Fultali in the district of Comilla in Bangladesh is the village where Dadaji was born as Amiya Madhav Roy Chowdhury to a Zeminder (landed aristocratic) family the second or third richest in the then undivided Bengal. He was the fifth child of Dr. Mohinimohan (also called Haranath) Roy Chowdhury and Mrs. Sharat Kamine Devi, granddaughter of the great Tantric adept, Kashinath Majumdar. His grandfather was Raja Ramsharan Roy. The material wealth,



accomplishments and power of the Roy Chowdhury family were far exceeded by the devout, spiritual atmosphere prevailing in it. Widely known as the family of Dewans, one of the twelve Bhuiyas (Kingly landlords) of the pre-British Bengal, they were the sole agent of Bird & Company in East Bengal with 52 godowns (warehouses). In addition, the family had intense spiritual fervor that manifested in various ways: it had the proud heritage of two willful suttees (suttee or sati

refers to self-immolation by widowed Indian women; according to Dadaji it means one who is devoid of mental obsessions and attuned with Mahanam); two or three family members renounced the world, one became a full time disciple of Sri Jagatbandhu (Lit. friend of the world. Name of the Spiritual Master of Faridpur, recognized by Dadaji as an Avatar); two of Amiya's (Dadaji's) aunts were devotees of Chaitanya Mahaprabhu; one of them often used to have a verbal rapport with Mahaprabhu's framed picture as though talking with a living person.



Mahatma Gandhi



C.R. Dass

Many famous spiritual leaders including Lokenath Brahma-chari, Sri Jagatbandhu, Alek Baba and even Sri Ram Thakur often frequented the Roy Chowdhury family home in the village. Years later Mahatma Gandhi and C.R. Dass (freedom fighters for India's independence from British rule) among others visited the family home. It became a welcoming place for the confluence of diverse socio-political, cultural, and spiritual activities. Into such a unique family was born Amiya Madhav, the son of a physician who read the Gita and Bhagavat and chanted the Lord's Name daily with great devotion. He was known to treat patients with expertise and empathy often providing

necessary medications for free to those in need.

Nearly a year before her son was born Sharat Kamine Devi in a waking vision on the day of a full moon saw Gopala (baby Lord Krishna) come jumping into her lap. A few days later she and her husband Haranath shared a dream in which Siva (third God of Hindu trinity presiding over destruction) appeared before each of them in their dreams and told them of the impending advent of the Divinity in a child that would be born to them. Somewhat later, an elderly sister-in-law of Amiya often had visions of Mahaprabhu and his associates hovering nearby and entering the Roy Chowdhury home.

Soon after Sharat Kamine (also spelled Saratkamini) Devi conceived, when she was heavy with child at four or five months, one afternoon a Siva-like ascetic with a trident in hand suddenly came to the home and darted into the inner apartment where she was lying in bed. The ascetic bowed to her and begged submissively, "Mother! He has come into your womb. Please take particular care of Him."

On January 13th, Paus Samkranti* day, Amiya Madhav was delivered by his father. Dadaji has never divulged the exact year of his birth, but it may have been 1906, 1909, 1910, or 1912; the year 1910 was on his passport. He was born feet first with fetal cord wrapped around his body; soon after birth the baby started smiling and looking around joyfully. At the time of the birth, the Divine Fragrance filled their house and inspired them with great reverence for the child. He was named Amiya Madhab (Amiya means Divine Nectar. Madhava - Ma means Mother, the manifesting aspect of Divine Energy, and Dhava means Husband). When Amiya was born his father fell on his face before the baby and said to his wife, "So, He has come. I won't be long here; say, five to six years. Don't you ever chastise or beat Him."

Within weeks the baby started crawling about on his hands and knees making a mess of everything in his reach. Obstinate to the core, he would have his way in every matter; he willfully refused when offered hugs or encouraged to get into someone's lap. After doing mischief he would feign a spell of deep sleep. When he cried he could only be consoled with the chanting of Divine Names, which turned out to be the only potent weapon against Amiya's busting zeal. One day when he was 3 or 4 years old, he was sleeping with his mother while his father slept in a nearby room. The next morning in stupefying amazement Amiya's father complained to his wife,

* Paus Samkranti is a Hindu festival marking the transition of the sun from Sagittarius to Capricorn, in Magh. It is believed that a dip in the Ganges on this day washes away all sins. It is also the time to begin the vow of Dadhi Samkranti. In some areas it is the time for a new crop festival marked by making cakes in every home. During Paus Samkranti, Hindus recite rhymes to announce the return of the month of Paus and to wish everyone's well-being. On this occasion a sheaf of paddy, known as bauni or tying of bauri, is tied to a pole of the house. In Bangladesh people observe the day by worshipping the dwelling place. For the occasion a crocodile, made of earth, is placed on a raised platform and worshipped.

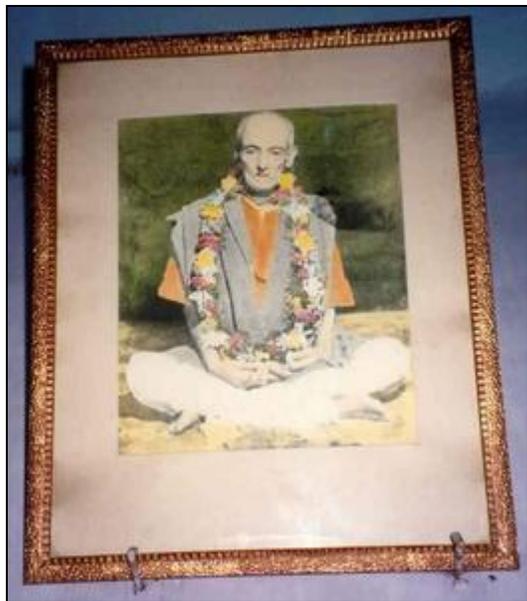
“Last night I did not have a wink of sleep because your son lectured to me on the Gita and the Bhagavat throughout the night.”

One day the famous saint Alekbaba, nearly 200 years old, visited Dr and Mrs Roy Chowdhury who wanted him to bless their child. But Amiya was not to be found anywhere. Suddenly the child came running up to the naked saint, grabbed his scrotum, and quipped, “How does nudity help you? Why don’t you forsake this old body?” His parents came running up to make Amiya stop and bow to the old saint and beg forgiveness; but the boy refused and stood there unconcerned. The saint dissuaded the parents, and instead with folded hands bowed to the child. Similar pranks and pointed remarks with misguided, though sincere, saints were frequent occurrence throughout Dadaji’s life.

The young boy enjoyed playing with his father who gave him “horse-back” or “piggy back” rides. While his father crawled on hands and knees, Amiya sat on his fathers’ shoulders and planted his feet on his father’s head. One day while mounted like that, the boy said to his father, “Would that I could behave thus when I grew much bigger!” His father could not help being overly intrigued. One day in his 6th year Amiya pleaded with his father against killing goats and water buffalo as offerings to Goddess Durga. Confounded, Dr Roy Chowdhury reported the matter to the elder brother who was head of the joint family. The elder flew into a mighty rage and went looking for the intractable child, who was nowhere to be found in the village. That night the elder brother and Banga Thakur, a priest and Sanskrit scholar both had dreams in which they were threatened with utter ruin by Goddess Durga herself unless they stop killing animals. So the three Puja days passed without bloodshed. The young boy, Amiya, returned on the following day to the great relief of his parents.

At the age of five Amiya Madhav was admitted to the local primary school. He seldom cared to attend classes for he had other axes to grind. Nevertheless he never missed being in first position in the final examination of each class. During his childhood years he would, with impunity, make friends with poor children, regardless of their faith, play with them, let them ravage his family orchard and those of others, make them start fighting one another, and, at times push them into the pond and generously rescuing them for fun. He would intimately ask girls around his age and older, “Would you marry me?”

Such behavior reminds one of Mahaprabhu’s boyhood divine knaveries; indeed, there are many points of similarity between the two: physical appearance, divine fragrance, profuse perspiration even in winter though the fan be running full blast, oblique upward looking now and then, eccentricity, explosive and intractable personality, love of company and table talk even of gross domestic affairs, and speaking highly of one now and then ignoring one outright.



Sri Ram Thakur
(this picture hangs in Dadaji’s home)

In school one day Amiya fell foul of the Bengali teacher by offering a new interpretation of a passage from the epic Madhusdan Dutt and quoting Sanskrit verses from Valmiki’s Ramayana. Not only was the school staff astir, but also when news of this behavior spread throughout the village everyone shared agitated excitement and eerie sensations at such a strange event unheard of before. Amiya absconded for quite a long time to save his skin until the uproar settled down. During this period the boy met Sri Ram Thakur*.

* Sri Ram Thakur - (1860-1949) messenger of Truth in India. Avatar in succession from Sri Krishna Chaitanya, he is the immediate fore-runner of Dadaji. Sri Ram Thakur spoke of his Advent again in a new body after 22 years of his disappearance and Dadaji’s first major manifestation occurred in 1971. Satyanarayan portrait, manifested when a photo was taken of Dadaji in 1965, has similar appearance to that of Ram Thakur; some people who knew Dadaji in India interchange the names Satyanarayan & Thakur in reference to the portrait.

Ram Thakur, however, first saw Amiya Madhav, during the child's first rice ceremony when Thakur said, "I have feasted my eyes upon the baby of 8 months, who has honey, divine nectar, dripping from all his limbs; and I ate my fill." What did Thakur eat? He was known to eat very little throughout his lifetime, yet at the very sight of Amiya Madhav, Thakur enjoyed a gargantuan feast. In future years, Amiya visited Thakur three or four times, each time, in rapturous joy Thakur would romp to-and-fro while muttering in an enchanted voice, "Haribol, Haribol." (Haribol means chant; Hari refers to one who removes sin, e.g. Lord Krishna)

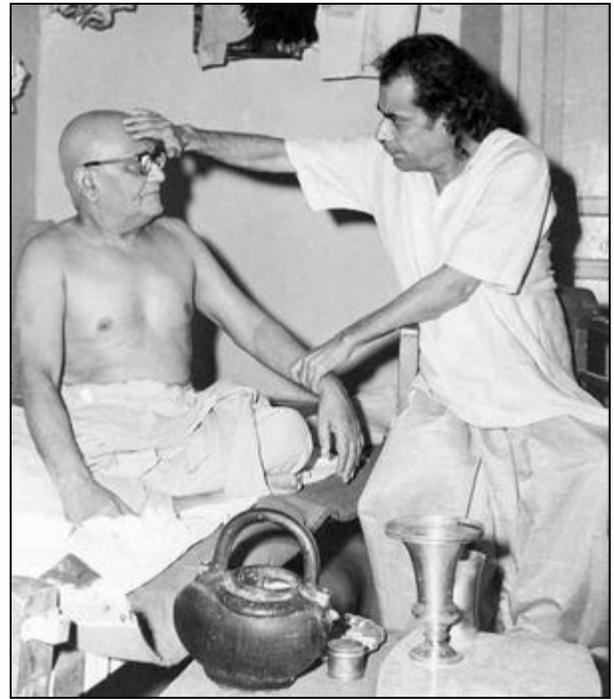
To resume the school story, Amiya returned home after a month or so, took the final examination and got double promotion to class six. However, the boy bade good-bye to school and all bookish education. Some insist he passed at least the matriculation examination, if not the Bachelor of Arts, but Dadaji denies it outright and consistently. Despite the controversy, as an adult Amiya Madhav Roy Chowdhury worked as a lecturer in Sanskrit at the Comilla Victoria College to satisfy his mother's wishes.

When Amiya was barely seven years old, his father breathed his last after making a final bow to his son while muttering, "Narayana, Narayana." (Narayana refers to the source of Truth within; God, Who is the source and support of all Naras, which means beings; the omnipotent, majestic aspect of God beyond the reach of mental modalities.) Within a few years the family fell on disastrous days and misfortune. Like discarded flotsam they had to move from one place to another; first moving into the maternal uncle's house. It was from there that as a boy of nine years of age Amiya embarked on his daredevil odysseys into the Himalayan retreats of misguided so-called holy men, Sadhus, yogis, and saints to bring them back to the right consciousness. A consciousness of constant submission in God's existence in all that is. Amiya exhorted them, "[Go back to your family and live a normal life.](#)"

In 1920 the Roy Chowdhury family moved to Agartala in Tripura to live with the eldest sister until 1924. From this location, Amiya's magnetic super-libido spearheaded with greater momentum to seek out caves and rehabilitate into real spirituality misguided yogis who had renounced worldly life in the false hope of finding God in caves and jungles. He told them, "[Submission to Him only matters. But, you cannot submit even; it will come when it will come. You have only to watch and wait, with Him in your heart, while doing your natural, normal duties to your family and your job that come your way in a matter of course. He loves you all the while. Remember this.](#)"



Dadaji at home in Calcutta 1971
blesses aged "holy" man, said to be 171 yrs old



Dadaji with Swami 1972



Dadaji with Sadhu 1973 Madras, India

As many as 1,500 misguided renunciates were reclaimed from a life of self-deprecation and self-destruction with enduring success. Such efforts continued throughout Dadaji's lifetime, however, after 1967 such spiritual seekers often displaying their egoistic efforts in orange robes, matted hair, etc, came to Dadaji either out of curiosity or to challenge him. Dadaji gently reclaimed them and liberated them from their fruitless search in rituals and self-denial to live a normal life simply remembering God and enjoying the world and love play.

During the long periods, lasting many months, when Amiya disappeared into the mountains and jungles to reclaim yogis and Sadhus, he had some daring adventures. Once when he was famished, thirsty and exhausted, with feet swollen and lacerated, Amiya lay down almost unconscious in a hilly forested region. Goddess Anna-Purna nursed him back to consciousness, cooked food and fed him; she left him sound and whole. Another time Amiya was deep in sleep under a huge tree, upon waking he found himself on a luxury couch in a princely palace guarded by uniformed sentries exuding superhuman airs. On another occasion, some people accosted Amiya saying, "Look here, boy! Don't roam in the forest alone and unarmed. Tigers will eat you up." "I have never eaten tigers," Amiya replied, "and tigers won't eat me either." After a few years stay in Agartala, in 1924, the family came back to the paternal house at Fultali and stayed there.

During these imperious prowls and hunts for yogis and Sadhus, Amiya would never forget to eat Pitha* (Bengali confection prepared with red potato, rice powder, grains of coconut, sugar, milk or condensed milk) prepared by his mother on Pausa Samkranti day. How it was possible that the boy always had a constant supply of Pitha to eat each day during his travels is anybody's guess. Even in 1967, barely a fortnight before his mother's death, Pitha was kept in lidded bowls in a corner of Amiya's room, though he was away from home often. Somehow, even though he was in Puskara in central India, it was observed that most of the Pitha in the bowl and water in a glass set each day in Amiya's room in Calcutta were found to be consumed.

Amiya Madhav was always on the move. Between 1922 and 1929 from age of 13 years to 20 years, he embarked on a new activity from his feverish peregrinations to mend the ways of misguided yogis and Sadhus. He went to Benares, the great center of scholarly and spiritual pursuits, and soon became famous as Kishori Bhagavan, exhorting people, "God is the only Guru." He came in contact with Mr Gopinath Kaviraj, the great savant, who was swept off his feet by Amiya's simple answers to intricate spiritual problems. Curiously, Kishori Bhagavan attended almost daily the religious discourses held in different spiritual congregations presided over by the great spiritual leaders of the holy city including Visuddhananda Saraswati, Swami Pranavananda and many others. He often had heated arguments with them who ended up pathetically discountenanced and razed to the ground by Amiya. He laid bare the manifold hypocrisies and dashed the inordinate egoistic vaunting of spiritual leaders to the point Gopinath Kaviraj left him.

Two events of this period are worthy of mention: First, Aswini Roy died. As the corpse was being taken to the burning ghat, Kishori Bhagavan (Amiya) appeared and interceded by bringing the dead man back to life to the astonishment of all gathered to mourn. Second, one day Amiya entreated an aspiring yogi. "Do not leave the congregation for home until the lapse of an hour in order to avoid the grim fate of impending death by snake bite." Upon hearing Amiya give the warning, other yogis in the congregation jeered and said, "We, too, are yogis. Nothing will happen; fear not. Go home." So the aspiring yogi ignored Amiya's warning and left for his home. He was bitten and died of snake bite. Kishori Bhagavan left the congregation and did not attend the last rites of the young man who died as predicted.

In 1928 or 1929, it appeared that Amiya left Benares to live with his mother and relations in Fultali. Then began his multi-dimensional activities about which it is humanly impossible to track in sequential space and time. Many assert he remained in Benares and was then called Paglababa until 1949 or 1952 living in a mosque at Pataleswar and known to travel throughout India. They say he openly urinated in the sacrificial fire, which knavery won him the appellation, Paglababa, the demented saint. He once cut some locks of the matted hair of Santadas Babaji while he was performing sacrifice.

Dadaji informed us a number of times that he slept in a Pataleswar mosque for 30 years. However, he also informed us he left for Benares from Calcutta on the third night after his marriage in 1946, came back 1949 to stay in Calcutta for awhile, then left to come back in 1952, again leaving that year to stage a comeback in 1955 to live, thereafter more or less permanently as a family man with wife, daughter and son in his home on Prince Anwar Shah Road in Calcutta.

Are we to take this stay in Benares from 1922 to 1952 or 1955 or at most 1958, as continual, without long breaks, at least physically speaking? We have to conclude otherwise for Amiya's simultaneous presence in numerous, far-distant places has been confirmed independently by those who knew him as Kishori Bhagavan, Paglababa, and as Amiya Madhav Roy Chowdhury. Moreover, there is much difference in attitude and manner of contact with people in these three personalities. The question as to whether these personalities appeared

simultaneously or there was a time-lag between them remains unclear and unexplainable either way.

So, as I mentioned before, in 1928 or 1929 Amiya came back to Fultali to live with his mother and embark upon an intensely down-to-earth lifestyle of manifold drives and aspirations. Under the tutelage of Samarendra Pal he had become a maestro of Indian classical music with a golden voice. He joined All-India Radio in Calcutta in 1929 as a regular recitalist of great distinction. As far back as 1926 he is known to have had a radio program of music that would follow a program of recitations by famous Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore. He gave poetry recitals at Star Theater, following recitals by Tagore and Nazrul. He took first in music competition at the Corinthian Theater. By 1944, Amiya had established himself as the best musician in East Bengal. When the King of Tripur took Tagore as a state guest to Agartala, Amiya was in the group accompanying them. At the state ovation meeting Tagore asked Amiya to sing one of Tagore's songs. Instead Amiya sang a Hindi Bhajan to the great relish of everyone, including Tagore. Amiya continued his program on All-India Radio until 1946 when he organized a strike of the radio artists and workers with eminent success. Soon thereafter he broke with the music world in disillusionment and despair stemming from the grim realization of the all-out perversion and denigration of the musical tradition.

This is the time in Amiya's life when he was nibbling at this and that, trying his aptitude at everything. He was always on the move shuttling from Calcutta, to Benares, to Fultali to Amarnath where in 1932 he traveled with his aunt who died there under an avalanche of snow. He was jailed in 1931 for 2 ½ years along with the great follower of Ghandi, Dr Prafulla Ghosh for their participation in the freedom movement. Though in jail, Amiya falls foul of Kaviraj in 1931 resulting in the parting of their ways. In 1933 Amiya was a participant in Allahabad Music Conference winning laurels of highest proficiency. In 1935 Amiya was in Narasing-di from where he went off to Europe trying to persuade Adolf Hitler not to attack Russia, thereafter meeting separately also with Stalin, Mussolini and Churchill. While in England, Amiya is known to have saved a Bengali engineer from leaping to his death into the Thames River.

Despite these travels, during the same time period Amiya is known to have been simultaneously playing soccer in Calcutta where he was known as A. Roy of Mohunbagan Club, the best soccer club in India even to this day. When not playing soccer, Amiya was doing music tuitions, running a business selling spices (the one Achillean heel in his many careers), going to the race course, performing as a radio singing artist, and organizing a theater group in suburban Behala where he directed and staged plays. From his boyhood, with the exception of his yogi-hunting excursions, his gregarious nature found free play in numerous social settings and activities of one sort or another. He made many friends over the years, and it was with those closest to him that Amiya manifested himself as Dadaji in 1967, inducting them into the most profound visual and auditory experience of Mahanama.

*Pithas - Roma Mukerjee Melrose traveled for many years worldwide with Dadaji preparing his favorite Bengali meals. Roma provided this information and recipe. "Pithas in East Bengal and West Bengal are types of the most exotic heavenly sweet that can ever exist and are made for celebrating the ceremonies associated with planting, and harvesting rice in the fall. The ones that Dada loved were Gokul Pitha and Malpua, which is another kind of Pitha."

Bhaja Pitha (Fried Pitha)

Red Garnet Yam, boiled, peeled, mashed about	2 Cups
Unsweetened granulated or fresh grated coconut	1 Cup
Milk powder	1 Cup
Cardamom powder	1 Tsp.
White Rice powder	1 Cup

Mix everything together in a bowl. The dough should be stiff. If very stiff add a little whipping cream. In a pot put 2 cups of sugar and 4 cups of water and start boiling till the syrup reduces some. Keep hot. In a non-stick pan add some clarified butter or ghee. Make balls out of your dough and flatten them on your palm. They should be discs about 1/4 inches thick. Heat the ghee and shallow fry them in the hot ghee in your pan and turn over when one side browns a bit. When the other side is done put them in the hot syrup. Do this with all the balls and leave them till the syrup cools. Place the discs soaked in sugar syrup on a platter. Enjoy!



Dadaji & Roma Mukerjee
1984 Boulder, Colorado USA

During the period from 1922 to 1945 Amiya shuttled through Calcutta from the north to central to the south, living in mess-houses and rented houses in Raja Basanta Roy Road and Aswini Dutta Road, there living next door to the great novelist Saratchandra with whom he grew very intimate. He lived as a paying guest in the home of Dr Dhirendranath Saha. He lived in a slum looking after a young widow, a refuse of seduction (prostitution), maintaining and training her for the theater stage and finally arranging her marriage to an accomplished young man.

In 1940 Amiya Madhav went to his village home in Fultali and entreats the elders of the family to wind up their booming business with Bird & Company, sell all property, and move to West Bengal. His efforts fell on deaf ears, for he was considered a confirmed, wildly impulsive madcap from his early boyhood, in part possibly due to the early death of his father. In 1941 Amiya again visited the village home before Durga Puja and argued with Banga Bhattacharya, the families Pundit-priest, against the slaughter of animals for sacrifice. The Pundit-priest was completely routed and reduced to a dazed submission to Amiya's protestations and thereafter became the first, fortunate, recipient of Mahanama. Immediately after, Amiya disappeared and was nowhere to be found in Fultali; somehow, unexplainably later that afternoon he was seen at Bangalore hundreds of miles distant acting as a priest busy with the preliminary rites of the Durga Puja, the three day session of which was due to begin the following day. The Puja over Amiya was next seen emplaning for Calcutta from the Bangalore aerodrome, which at that time was fully controlled and monitored by R.A. F. personnel.

In 1946 Amiya again went to his home village of Fultali to redeem his financial share of the joint family property from the recalcitrant elders and after receiving it he came to Calcutta with around 20 lakhs of rupees and nearly 40 kgs of gold. He purchased two palatial buildings for himself, one on Clive St and the other on Lake Terrace, and more than 3 acres of land at Sodepure (near Calcutta) for his relatives of the joint family whom Amiya had known far in advance would eventually flee to India as refugee paupers from a newly formed East Pakistan.

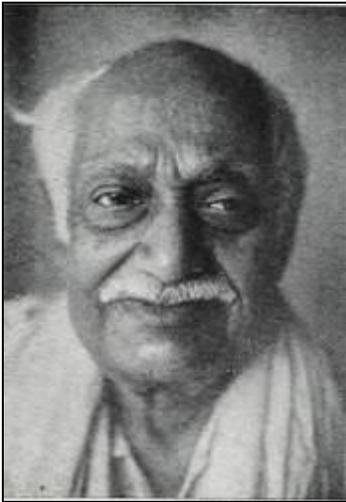
During this entire period when Amiya or Mr Roy Chowdhury was living as a householder in Calcutta, he was simultaneously witnessed in the role of Paglababa, residing in the Pataleswar mosque off and on. In Calcutta, Amiya's friends describe him as moving about in Calcutta in one of his three cars, flashing the latest gabardine suits, shiny shoes, his ties always matching the color of his car. Yet at times he would be seen in Calcutta going out in loincloth and half-sleeve shirt, with a tin suitcase in hand. His absences from Calcutta were never for protracted periods during this time. There are no corresponding reports of Paglababa's protracted absences from Benares during this period.

Amiya toured various places of pilgrimage either alone or in company. He paid a visit to Maharsi Raman at Arunachal, whom he praised as a man of realization, but reprimanded him for avoiding medical treatment of his cancerous arm due to a false, incongruous, erroneous sense of submission to God's Will. Amiya went to Puri many times, once in the company of Anandamayi Ma, who devoutly called him 'Govinda'. She was the only post-war spiritual leader for whom Dadaji had a really soft corner until her last. Amiya met Sri Aurobindo at Pondichery. As reported by Mr Chintamoni Mahapatra of Bhubaneswar, President of an Ardha-Kumbha at Prayag, Amiya also met Saccha Baba, a 150 year old colleague of Totapuri (guru of Ramakrishna), on whose head Paglababa had planted his feet, the spontaneous fulfillment of Amiya's long-cherished boyhood wish.

Amiya's shuttling to different places were always for short periods of time, so it is well beyond our understanding how it was possible for him to remain for extended periods of time both in Calcutta and Benares living completely different lifestyles, secular and mundane, spiritual and supra-temporal, eternal Leela and improvised Leela. His life in Calcutta demanded continual involvement. We have to assume he was physically present in both distant geographical locations simultaneously, even though to assert simultaneous existence in two places over the space of well over 20 years seems fantastic. Not that there are no precedents to such fantastic multiple manifestations. It is said that Yogeshwar Krishna of Dwarka became 16,000 men while consorting with 16,000 wives. Amiya appearing as Paglababa was not the only time he exhibited multiple manifestation. He exhibited multiple manifestation for 40 long years as Amiya Madhav Roy Chowdhury and Sri Ram Thakur who said before he died in 1949 that he would come in a new body, that of Dadaji's, 22 years from then. In 1972, Dadaji said, "He would have departed the

body earlier had He not remained off from activity for 22 years because of the presence of Thakur.”

We can take it that multiple manifestations for long periods of time are possible if the activities of the source (body; natal physical body) are basically different from the manifested ideational body. That is to say, the two separate bodies are stirred up by two different motive forces, two different impulses of the Will Supreme. It has happened often and we have observed and thereafter confirmed that one Dadaji is as though in deep slumber, while he is also observed to be in two, three, or more other locations engaged in diverse activities with other people. In such cases, the Dadaji in slumber is the basal Dadaji; he may however choose to change the location of the hub, the center of radiation, of all such manifestations with a view to facilitating the laws of nature that indirectly dance attendance to such multiple manifestations. That explains why at times Amiya was seen in loin cloth with a tin suitcase leaving Calcutta for some unknown destination.



During the period of his role as Paglababa (also spelled Pagla Baba), Amiya often went to the residence of Mr Gopinath Kaviraj (left) meeting place of great scholars and spiritual leaders. There he had occasion to find fault with the so-called religious practices and convictions of men who called themselves Sadhus, yogis and Mahatmas. Paglababa neutralized them all, one by one, with a simple word or two to the utter amazement of the great scholar Kaviraj. Later,

when Kaviraj moved to the ashram of Anandamayi Ma (center above) congregations were all the more glamorous and the invectives of Paglababa against Sadhus still sharper, inciting their resentment and wrath against him.

Later the same Sadhus, who had been humiliated by Paglababa over many long years, had their opportunity to vent their blazing wrath upon Paglababa after he became known as Dadaji. In 1971, on the occasion of the centennial of Prabhu Jagatbandhu in which Dadaji was an invited guest, the Sadhus were also present. One Bhagavan, who had long smarted under the overpowering divine afflatus (inspiration; impelling mental force acting from within; divine communication of knowledge) of Dadaji, was present at the celebration. Previously in 1967, on his way to Puskar, Dadaji had further humbled the vanity of this Bhagavan, by presaging to its alarming fulfillment that he would be lame in one leg if the Bhagavan didn't switch off from the way to a holy place where he was planning to go. The Bhagavan did not alter his trip, and as Dadaji predicted became lame.

Then at the 1971 centennial celebration as Dadaji took his seat on the dias along with female associates, there arose an outburst of vituperative protests from the saffron gowned Sadhus, yogis and Bhagavan's objecting to allowing women on the dias, against age old superstition. Dadaji calmly responded, "I cannot stay without women. All on this dias are but women. No man is here except He." The mauled Bhagavan in high dudgeon (anger), flashing his unlocked matted hair, the extreme length of which he thought commensurate with the height of his spirituality, sputtered, "The dias is for Brahmans, not for Sudras (lowest of the four castes in India; signifying the servants and laborers)."

Dadaji flew into a mighty rage and sharply retorted, "He is the only Brahmin here. All others are Sudras." Dadaji pointed to the Bhagavan and said, "How come his hair is emitting the foul smell of stool!" It was a fact. Seeing their Guru humbled so badly, the multitude of the followers of the Bhagavan started yelling frantically, "Let our Bhagavan be brought out of the hall." Dadaji retorted, "He will fall down even though a hundred men lift him up." And, so it happened for

a time as the Bhagavan's followers tried unsuccessfully to lift and help him depart the hall. Eventually Dadaji allowed the Bhagavan to leave the hall and the centennial celebration commenced beginning with Dadaji's song "*Ramaiva Sharanam*". Dr Gourinath Sastri, an egoist of the roughest mettle, curiously took to reading out the address by Dadaji; then he delivered his speech outlining the philosophy of Dadaji as the eternal religion as opposed to the religion professed by others which he characterized as temporal and inconsequential. It was fantastic; fantastic all through. However, this fire and brimstone incident later surfaced, boosted by Sachin Roy Chowdhury, an erstwhile devotee of Dadaji, who fell victim to the machinations of the followers of the Bhagavan and instigated a false criminal case. Sachin played Judas and betrayed Dadaji, although the false case was eventually dismissed.

In 1946 Amiya married Amita Das Gupta, eldest daughter of Mr & Mrs Sudhenduprasad Das Gupta. Before that event, Amiya chose to impress upon people that he was not all nuts. He held a certificate from a big London-based insurance company and some time held a high position in Hindustan Insurance Co. and Arya Insurance Co. He sold his two palatial buildings. On the eve of his marriage, he became an agent of the United Commercial Bank, thus proving his eligibility to his prospective father-in-law. During this period he became close friends with Dr B.D. Roy and Sir N. R. Sarkar, who accompanied him to his marriage ceremony along with many bigwigs of the time. On the third day after his marriage, Amiya left for Benares to return four years later in 1950-51. In 1951 Mr Chintamani Mahapatra of Bhubaneswar, president of Kumbha Mela, saw Paglababa in Hardware. In 1948-49 Amiya began construction on his residence on Prince Anwar Shah Road in Calcutta. During the 1950s he purchased a toy shop in New Market, Calcutta, which he started managing in the 1960s and 1970s, naming it Ivy Stores after his daughter.

During the 1950s Amiya exhibited himself as a foppish dandy, a suited and booted do-nothing, a gay lothario (man who seduces women), a knight of philanthropy, moving about in one



Amiya Roy Chowdhury - 1950s

of his three cars; becoming the cynosure (brilliant, attracting attention) of all eyes in the musical and other cultural soirees, wooing women into ecstatic, though forlorn intimacy, being closeted with the celebrities of the movie world and the theater stage. He helped M. B. Sarkar & Sons, the foremost jewelry firm in Calcutta financially; purchased the Minerva Theater; and produced the noted Bengali film "*Devadas*" with Promathesh Barua (below, center) in the leading role. Previously in 1935, P.C.Barua directed and acted in Saratchandra Chatterjee's popular novel *Devdas* and this film became a phenomenon in the industry. Bimal Roy directed the Hindi version of the same in 1955, produced by Amiya Roy Chowdhury.



During this period in the 1950s, Abhi Bhattacharya (above right) first contacted Amiya, seeking help to produce a film. Of course, Abhi was unaware that years later in 1971 he would again meet Amiya Roy Chowdhury as Dadaji after revealing his divine potentiality. After 1971 Abhi became Dadaji's closest colleague, second self of Dadaji, the evergreen spiritual double of Dadaji, until Dadaji's death in 1992. Be that as it may, during the 1950s Amiya Madhav often had the company of celebrated scholars like Sir Jadnunath Sarkar, Dr Ramesh Majumdar, Dr Suniti Chatterji, Dr Satyan Bose, Dr Priyadarajan Roy, and others. One day Amiya gave a small mango plant in a pot to Dr Satyen Bose, of "boson" fame, who later referred to Amiya as Tathagata (an esoteric epithet of Buddha). Amiya said to Dr. Bose, "[This will grow into a tree](#)

overnight and will bear fruit. You can eat them tomorrow morning.” And so it did happen. (Dr Satyendra Nath Bose, 1894-1974, was a Bengali Indian physicist, specializing in mathematical physics. He is best known for his work on quantum mechanics in the early 1920s, providing the foundation for Bose-Einstein statistics and the theory of the Bose-Einstein condensate. He is honored as the namesake of the boson, particles having integer spin.)

Amiya always found fault with the convictions of these scholars of science and Indian history. He became close with Justices of the High court; indeed, the vastness of his area of acquaintance across different socio-economic strata was staggering. He once visited a brothel with some of his friends, stayed there for 10 minutes and gave the girl a few thousand rupees and persuaded her to return and live with her parents, whom he assured her would gladly accept her. The next morning she was nowhere to be found, as his devilish friends reported back to Amiya.



Dadaji (foreground) early meeting at home
Calcutta – 1960s

In 1962 Amiya's father-in-law died. While all the relatives were weeping, he went to the death scene, asked everyone to leave the room, shut the door and windows and brought his father-in-law back to life and gave him Mahanama. Amiya's mother died in 1967 but, before that Amiya gave her Mahanama and let her drink the water of the flowing Ganges that appeared hi his concave palm. After his mother's demise, Amiya was first addressed as Dadaji by Sri Ram Thakur himself appearing in person, although he died in 1949. Somewhat later, Dadaji restructured the body of one of Vipannaballabh Basu's daughters whose death was imminent. This is the time around which Dadaji enjoyed staging dramas with the Behala group of friends. He started directing the mysteriously supernal Satyanarayana Pujas in small family circles. In 1969 Dadaji went to Benares with some close associates to meet Gopinath Kaviraj. The meeting was memorable beyond all description; the two locked in embrace for about five minutes, their eyes spraying the fragrance of ecstatic love in the weird stillness of the overcrowded room. Dadaji gave him Mahanama, presented him with Kashmir shawl out of nowhere, and amazingly diverted penetrating rays of the sun hitting Kaviraj's face as they were engaged in spiritual conversation.



Dadaji with Mr. G.T. Kamdar – Bombay 1971

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In 1971 Dadaji began his messianic tours of India going to Patna, Agra, Lucknow, Mathura, Cuttack, Bhubaneswar, Bombay and Batanagar, Howrah and Burdwan in West Bengal. In 1972, Mr. G. T. Kamdar, the salt-baron of India, came to Dadaji, got Mahanama and turned out to be the impresario (manages or directs performances) of Dadaji's Divine play in India. Mr. Kamdar built the Satyanarayana Bhavan in Bhavnagar, Gujarat, and installed a white marble statue of Sri Satyanarayan. Over the years the statue has shown signs of life and many supernatural events have occurred during Satyanarayana Puja held there annually.

In 1973 Dadaji made a memorable tour of Madras (right), winning over in loving submission of renown scholars like Srinivasm, Anantakrishna Sastri, Nilkantha Sastri, Dr. Radhakrishnan (ex-President of India), and many mohants of monasteries. There was, indeed, no Sadhu, mohant, including Sankaracaryas and Mahamandaleswaras, who did not feel the obstinate urge to evade Dadaji lest their public images be tarnished. There was no Sadhu who was not reduced to submission in Dadaji's presence.



One Sadhu in particular tried to come to Dadaji, vaunting a vast canopy of matted hair, trying to challenge Dadaji again and again, but the Sadhu never managed to turn up at the selected venue, Calcutta, Bhubaneswar, Bombay or Poona at the appointed hour. The Sadhu later submitted indirectly to Dadaji, referring to him as 'Elder Brother'. The Sadhu implied he himself was Krishna, while Dadaji is Balarama, giving the same Mahanama and exhorting people that "Man cannot be Guru", though usurping the title Guru for himself.



Even Jiddu Krishnamurti (left), a messiah himself, without any claim to greatness, was conducted to Mahanama by Dadaji. Krishnamurti later sent Mrs. Rukmini Arundale and others to meet Dadaji in Calcutta.

In 1955 Dadaji's daughter Ivy was born. From that year onward he, more or less, lived the life of a householder, seldom going to Benares as Paglababa. He maintained his family with income from his toy shop, Ivy Stores, in Calcutta's New Market and interest income from deposits in several banks. His son, Abhijit, was born in 1959. For many years until 1971, Dadaji held the annual Satyanarayan Puja in his Prince Anwar Shah Road residence. During one Puja the goddess Durga was present for some time in the form of a majestic motherly lady. Another year Sri Ram Thakur himself appeared and supplied a sack of fine rice and a sack of pulse from Benares. In 1972 the annual Puja was held in the Jodhpur Park residence of Mr. Sunil Banerji; it was boycotted by dissidents led by Sachin Roy Chowdhury. From

1973 onward the Puja was held every year at Somnath Hall in Calcutta.

The betrayal brought about by Sachin Roy Chowdhury resulted in Dadaji's arrest at 2 a.m. on December 11, 1973. He was falsely charged of forgery and cheating. After two days in jail, he was released on bail which was conditional for some time. The case was continued until March 30, 1977 on which date the judgment was given acquitting Dadaji of all baseless charges. During this 4 year period Dadaji's name spread like wild fire throughout India and abroad. Legions of distinguished people were drawn to know about him and his anti-Guru stance. Many came and experienced Mahanama. The case was engineered by Dadaji to that end.



In January 1976 Harvey Freeman (left) came from La Center, Washington USA to Calcutta. While visiting there he heard about Dadaji and went to meet him at his home. Dadaji said Harvey came out of His Heart; Dadaji gave Harvey Mahanama and declared Harvey would take Dadaji to USA. Harvey came to Puja that fall and was chosen to go into the Puja room and experienced supernal epical experiences. Dadaji visited Europe, England, and USA from 1978 to 1983 in June and July. His traveling companions were Abhi Bhattacharya, Roma Mukerjee, and Harvey Freeman. Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm was netted in His Love on his first visit to Germany. From 1982 to 1990 onward Dadaji traveled with Abhi, Roma and Ann Mills. Occasionally Dadaji's wife Boudi or daughter Ivy would accompany him to USA.

After 1987 Dadaji became progressively more and more exclusive, cutting off from the company of most people, many of whom were coming to fulfill their own needs and desires of one sort or another, not to experience Truth and His Love. Dadaji showed he needed no one as he gravitated to full Satyanarayan state. Dadaji said he's no guru, he cannot give anyone anything and cannot take anything from anyone either. Until his death, Dadaji resided in his Calcutta home, frail in body yet continuing to meet people who came to see him on Sunday forenoon. He saw people occasionally at other times, and seldom traveled to Chandigarh, Bhubaneswar, Bombay or Delhi in the last years. Dadaji seldom gave Mahanama, for his mission was fulfilled. Dadaji died on June 7, 1992 at his home and was cremated without ceremony. The annual Satyanarayan Puja and Mahotsava continue to be celebrated annually in Calcutta at Dadaji's home at 188/10A Prince Anwar Shah Road.



Satyanarayan Puja held at Dadaji's home in 2006 by Madhumita Roy Chowdhury, daughter-in-law



Madhumita Roy Chowdhury – Utsav 1990



Madhumita and Dadaji at home in Calcutta 1990

Chapter 1

The Supernatural in a Homely Profile



Dadaji on the balcony of his Calcutta home greets arriving visitor - 1986

On some fugitive, derelict day, bounced off the rails of workaholic life, lost in hot pursuit of the Golden Fleece, you might go meet Dadaji at his Calcutta home or any private residence hosting him along his world excursions. You might choose to visit him to try and test him with a goal of undoing him. Or your visit might be sparked by a frivolous, feverish spiritual thirst. Your visit might be spurred on by a felt divine ordination. Or you might visit simply as a matter of courtesy. It may be your curiosity. Finally, you might just happen to chance upon Dadaji through a seductive, though inscrutable, turn of innocuous events.

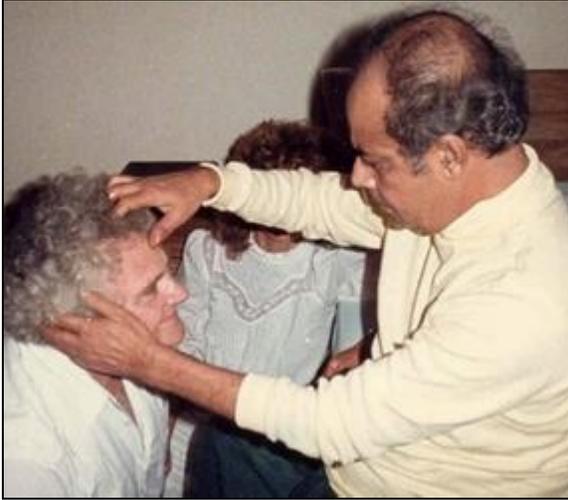
Whatever the cause, Dadaji greets you with a ruddy smile rippling from his lips and cheeks while his eyes are lost in fathoming the deepest crevices of your being. More often than not, Dadaji summons you by his side and begins inquiring about you, your family, your business, and so forth. He may say, "So you have come to meet this man at long last. An earlier visit would have been better for him, though bad for you."

To another Dadaji may lash out with a cautioning, though nestling, countenance, "So you have come to try this man, to size him up and discard him as a phony chameleon, a hypocrite. Do you really have eyes and ears to see

things and hear sounds around you? Do you have power to judge any body, or to judge yourself? Have you any power at all? All power belongs to Him. Submit, and He will fulfill you. If you don't feel any real urge for Truth from within you, you had better not come here." The genial atmosphere is instantly surcharged eerily with a simmering silence resonant with the ambivalent accents of Dadaji's overflowing love for all.

Dadaji continues, "How helpless is man! He is overly enmeshed in the web of his ego, stuck in the rut of his self-delusion. He can never come out of the hard shell of his sense of agency, of his self-aggrandizement. He can hardly submit and pour himself void. But the Lord does not find fault with him. For sure, He is all-merciful." Dadaji appears angry with some others who seem to want to double-cross him. "How come," Dadaji rebukes them, "you want this man (pointing to himself) to cure your disease? Do you want me to materialize a vial of capsules or Charanjai (sanctified fragrant water having healing power)? Why don't you go to the doctor? This man is neither a doctor, nor an astrologer. In fact, he has no power. All power belongs to Him. If this state of affairs settles down and keeps going on, even a fiord or a lagoon of water will not suffice." Dadaji, however, in abundant love, grants their wishes. Very seldom does Dadaji want

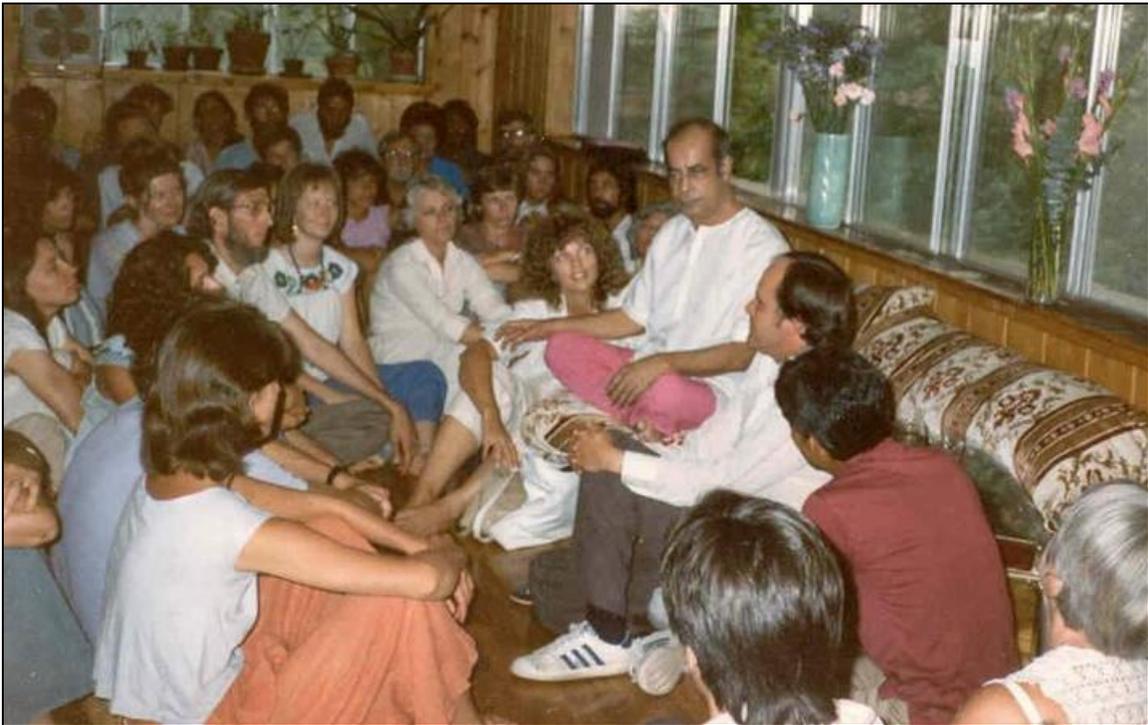
anyone to leave, unless they fall foul of his homely, unconventional and profound spiritual discourses, or better called comments or conversations.



Dadaji blesses Martin Weissman
Los Angeles, California 1984

After further exchange of pleasantries, Dadaji calls a few people by his side and blesses them in his characteristic way. He gently waves his index and middle fingers, places them below the right chest at the region over the heart while muttering inaudibly certain syllables (**Ram, Ram, Ram**, etc) and passes them right across the medial hollow of the chest past the nasal bridge and the forehead to the top of the head, gracefully gliding down finally along the back to the middle of the left side. One might erroneously imagine Dadaji had found a veiled way of nibbling feminine beauty, but as if hearing your thoughts, Dadaji exclaims, **“Those phony Godmen bless you on the head. What is in the head? It is the highest and the most aggressive seat of the mind, the kind of sense organs. Govinda, the Truth, the Life, is in the**

heart.” A laconic and cryptic though profound utterance. A sweet aroma, at times virile and suffocating, oozes from Dadaji’s fingertips, leaving nectar drippings across the chest and back. Dadaji’s aroma brings about the dawning of Truth in you. Of that aroma, we will have occasion to discuss later.



Dadaji (center), Ann Mills (left), Tom Melrose (right) visiting Boulder, Colorado 1986

The blessings over, some people entreat Dadaji, **“Dadaji! I want to have Mahanam from you.”** Dadaji, a smile rippling across his face, replies to your proposal, **“Sush! Do you take Mahanama for a marketable commodity manufactured by Dadaji? There is no give and take affair here. Your Dada can give you nothing, nor can he take anything from you. Look here! No person can give you Mahanama and pose as your Guru. The Guru is within as Mahanama. That is your**

birthright, your hidden treasure, the stuff of which the entire manifest existence is made of. It manifests itself to your eyes and ears when you are raised for a while to a higher level of consciousness in which awareness is not bogged down by vagrant mental cogitations, or stonewalled by stiff resistance through casuistic disbelief and hatred. That is to say, your mind must, for a moment, be blank or open with expectancy, or better, submissive. Not all those who seek, get Mahanama. Some are deprived of it. That proves your Dada does not do anything. And finally, there is time-factor. Come let's go to the anteroom."

Mahanama Revelation – Message Immaculate



Satyanarayan portrait & bottles of Charanjal

Dadaji goes to the anteroom and the seekers approach him one at a time, generally. The seeker is given a small piece of blank paper and then he or she sits cross-legged facing a portrait of Sri Satyanarayan, symbol of Truth. With eyes closed and the piece of blank paper held between two palms, he or she mutters any favorite name of God. Within a few seconds, he or she hears the two sounds of Mahanama whispering, droning or rumbling in his or her ears. Even before recovering from the shock of hearing such a thing as Mahanama

within, Dadaji asks the person to open his or her eyes and look into the piece of paper in his or her hands. To his or her great astonishment, the two words of Mahanam (Gopal Govinda) heard seconds before is observed inscribed in red ink on the paper. Dadaji says, "Do you find the two sounds you heard inscribed on the piece of paper? See well, so you can remember it later. Okay?" The seeker obeys and instantly the inscription vanishes, leaving at time, a smudge of red ink on the piece of paper. Many times the sheet of paper that was used in Mahanam revelation has been analyzed chemically or otherwise examined, even by Dadaji himself, only to find nothing, it being simply inexpensive paper from a child's small writing tablet.



The audition and vision of Mahanama may occur in diverse ways. Mahanam may seem to drone into one's ears from a distance; or it may seem to manifest by one's side, whispering into one's ears as if loving words from a confidante as though it has come out from within to awaken one to the consciousness of one's identity. Or it all about the seeker in autocratic strides to crush into rubble the impregnable citadel of titanic may rumble and roll ego. This latter extreme happens generally with so-called, self-proclaimed Godmen who are misguided and cannot escape the dragnet of Dadaji. The Sankaracharyas of Kanchi Muth and Govardhana Math, the Mahamandaleswara Muktananda of Ahmedabad and many other bigwigs of the monastic order had such experiences with Dadaji.

Bombay and Ojai, California, based Jiddu Krishnamurti, who is regarded by many as an incarnation of Lord Maitreya (Buddha) and is almost universally respected as a great savant, heard such rumbling sounds of Mahanama closing in upon him from every direction and diverse points of space while his eyes were dazed by a legion of flying tables of Mahanama swinging all about him. This is what is called Kamsa-badha (slaying of Kamsa, arch enemy of Krishna) by Dadaji. The fun of it all is that the rumbling sound does not reach the ears of others who are outside the room.

The venue of the vision of Mahanama need not necessarily be a small piece of paper as so often described by hundreds of people who experienced Mahanama in Dadaji's presence. In fact the summum Verbum (sound continuum) Mahanama may be visibly manifested in any part of

the body of the seeker or the body of Dadaji. For example, Dadaji's mother, his father-in-law, Brahmananda Praramahansa of Puri, Ramdas Paramahansa of Badarikashram, Harvey Freeman of La Center, Washington USA, Bruce Kell of Australia, to name a few, saw Mahanama appear on the palm of Dadaji, then disappear. Mahanama manifested on the forehead of Harvey Freeman, about whom Dadaji said, "He has come out of my heart." For Bruce Kell it was sprawling of Mahanama on his chest and all over his body. Mr Khushwant Singh, internationally famous Indian journalist, saw Mahanama scaling his turban and reminding him of the Lord reclining on the stadium of cosmic serpentine forces; another time Mr. Singh beheld Mahanama crawling on his long flowing beard. Dr Eugene Kovalenko, the world famous science Nobel Laureate and brother-in-law to President Brezhnev of the USSR saw Mahanama appear on his necktie.

The script of Mahanama also varies from person to person according to the convenience or seemingly indulgent demand of the seeker. It may be in English, Bengali, Hindi, Urdu, any other Indian script, any European script, Arabic, Hebrew, Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese and all other scripts of the world, modern or ancient. A couple with differing script habits may each see Mahanama in his or her native characters on the same piece of paper simultaneously. The father of Syed Feroz Taj-ul-Islam of Calcutta beheld Mahanama in four scripts on the same piece of paper.

The language of Mahanama also varies at times, now at solicitation of the seeker who prefers the sacred tongue of his faith, and then to negotiate a designing, tricky person who is out to betray the fancied hollowness of Dadaji. A great grandson of Tipu Sultan of Mysore, the sworn enemy of the British Raj in India, found the Arabic variant of Mahanama inscribed on the piece of paper and had a vivid vision of bearded and Fez-capped Mahomet, the prophet. To some designing, scheming people Mahanama appears in Creole or aboriginal or some extinct language. Mahanama in another language means the Mahanama adapted to the phonetic laws of that language. At times, however, it means rendition of Mahanama into synonymous words in that language.

As mentioned earlier, some people fail to find Mahanama inscribed on the piece of paper. In utter dejection or mistrust, they supplicate or charge, "How come the piece of paper is blank?" Dadaji takes the blank paper, passes his index finger over it and instantly the Mahanama appears on the paper. The seeker feels good or intrigued all the more. But this inscription is indelible and abiding; it does not wear out or disappear spontaneously like the Mahanama experienced from within by blessed seekers. It should be born in mind that this type of abiding inscription is made possible by Dadaji only to please the worsted (less desirable) or to circumvent the double-crossing, skeptical seeker.

These are the most common place occurrences with Dadaji and Mahanama. Can you or anyone explain it or explain it away? Does recorded history inform us of any such occurrences in recent or distant past? Is it magic or sorcery or an intriguing slight of hand? Is it psychograph or planchette (Ouija board) writing? Before joining issue with the omniscient unbeliever, it would be better to recount other variants of such immaculate writing.

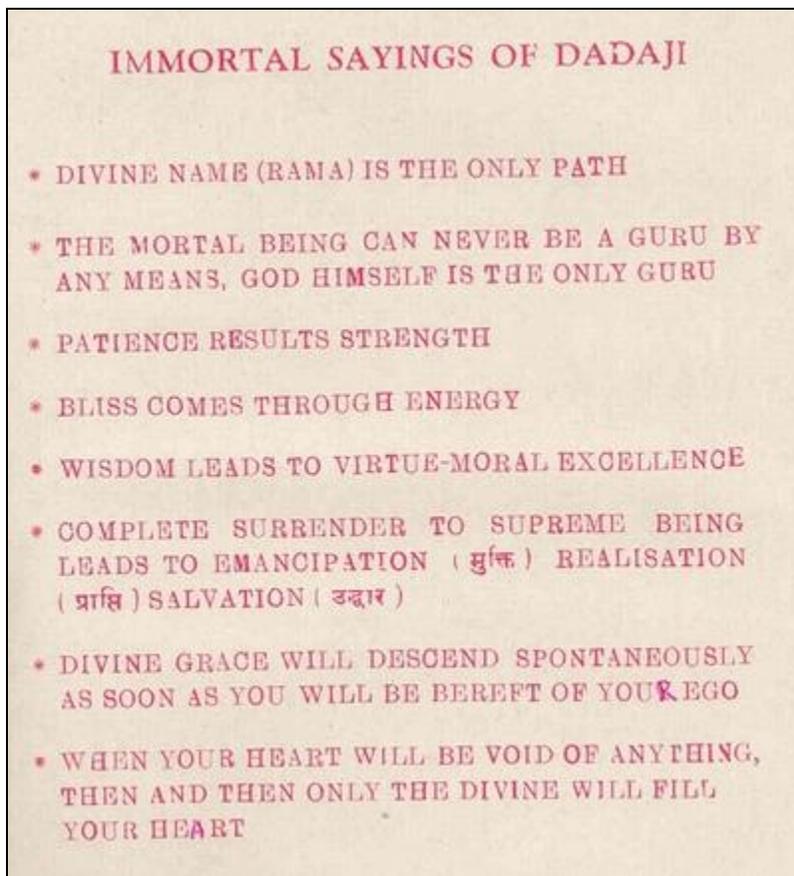
Dadaji often presents someone with a volume of "*On Dadaji*" or other books about him. Naturally some people offer a pen and request the favor of Dadaji signing their name on the frontispiece or title page of the book. Dadaji gently returns the pen and playfully passes his index finger over the page; and the person's name is instantly inscribed in indelible red ink. On one occasion, the person complained to Dadaji that his name had been misspelled. Dadaji held the book in his hand for awhile, and then softly said, "I am afraid it cannot be changed. The Divine Will has displayed itself that way. Why don't you have another book with your name inscribed correctly?" Thus, Dadaji pleased the person.

This kind of name inscription occurs not only on paper, but on metals and other things as well. Dadaji manifested countless watches out of nothingness for special visitors, and then passed his index finger over the watch to inscribe the person's name on the back of the gold watch case. Dadaji's wavy finger imprinted letters on the dial below the glass watch face; for example, "*Made in Dreamland*" appeared under the glass on the watch dial. This sort of inscription once appeared in embroidery words "*To Kaviraj – Dadaji*" on the edge of a Kashmiri shawl that Dadaji materialized out of nothingness and presented to Gopinath Kaviraj. At times such materialized objects are decked in inscriptions, thus watches often materialize with the

inscription, "From Dreamland" and "Satyanarayan". During unconventional Pujas with Dadaji present, now and then a huge cake-like, solid and sweet Indian condiment (Sandesh) appeared in a riotous blend of delicate colors, and at times manifests bearing the inscription "Sri Sri Satyanarayan". They appear without Dadaji, apparently, having to do anything at all.

Now we will deal with another kind of automatic, immaculate writing, an extended variant of Mahanama inscription that goes by the name and style of "written message" by Dadaji to his admirers. The prospective recipient must be fully submissive to Truth, with vagaries of mind and rising and falling of ceaseless desires on hold for awhile; mind is as in bated breath, so to say. Dadaji supplies a few sheets of blank paper, ruled or plain, or paper may be brought from the market, if preferred. Dadaji takes the person to a chamber where there is a portrait of Sri Satyanarayan and tells the person to sit cross-legged on the floor facing the portrait and with closed eyes remember God's name, while holding the stacked pieces of blank paper under a palm against the floor. Dadaji sits or stands behind the person at an untouchable distance. Instantly the writing begins on the blank pages. Now and then Dadaji asks the person to turn over a completely inscribed page so the next page may be inscribed, and so on to the second, the third, and so on. When all pages are inscribed, a matter of barely a minute or two, Dadaji tells the person to open his or her eyes and have a look at the inscribed papers. In utter amazement, with bewildered submission, he or she observes a lofty message of Truth inscribed in red ink.

The number of such written messages, eloquent specimens of immaculate writing, may very well run into the hundreds, even though inexact counting. In all cases the writing is in red ink. This writing is indelible and abiding like the letters inscribed trailing the wavy index finger of Dadaji. The entire scenario of the grand drama of "written message" may well be altered at will without any prejudice to the sequel. You don't have to go into a chamber and sit before a portrait



of Sri Satyanarayan; you need not close your eyes and mutter God's Name. The blank pages need not be placed on the floor. You may be seated in any posture amidst a group of people, or be standing at east with eyes wide open, without any personal trot of mind. The blank papers may

be put on any part of your suited and booted body. In the unique case of Dr Dulal Roy Chowdhury, one of the foremost physicians of Calcutta, two blank papers were placed in turn on his chest and a third one on his forehead. The message in red ink was inscribed in no time.

शैवशक्ता गमादीनि अन्यद्वहुमतानिव ।
अपभ्रं शानि शास्त्रानि जीवानां भ्रान्तचेतमाम् ॥

Shaiva-Sakta gamadini anyadbahumatania..
Apabhrangshani Shastrani jivanani bhrantachetamam.

When the wholesome communion with the All-pervading Divine Soul and the Supreme Spirit occurs, even-tide sets in. No sooner does such even-tide approach, there is the advent of serene devoutness. Faith also comes into being. Flow of respiration turns out to be easy. Sounds of divine appellation connote manifestation of light and it is that manifestation which is known as meditation.

नाम चिन्तामणिः कृष्णशैतन्य रसविग्रहः ।
नित्य शुद्ध नित्य मुक्त हविन्नात्मा नाम नामि नोः ।

Namachintamani Krishnaschaitanya Rasavighraha.
Nitya shuddha Nitya mukta Habinnatma Namanamina.

Divine appellation is analogous to Divine Semblance that is the real sanctified abode. Consequently, the place, which is established through the invocation of divine appellation, is called the divine temple of heavenly appellation or Mahanam. It is the meditation which is called religious contemplation or asceticism. Whenever the light appears through the ordeal of such religious contemplation, all sorts of earthly impediments or ignorance veiling the true nature of things are removed and thereby the mercy and blessing of SRI SRI SATYANARAYAN are invoked. All kinds of mental impulses, in other words,

the impulses of the organ of sense or action and impulses of understanding-or alternatively, which is inwardly felt-pleasures and pains, gains and losses, selfish inclinations, honesty and dishonesty all of them emanating from those very mental impulses tend to create varied impediments and hindrances through cohesive attraction and thereby have the effect of putting bondage and shackles around human beings. To check and forbear the forces of these impediments is known as TAPASYA or devout austerities. By dint of continued practice these devout austerities through pure mental coolness, there emits the sparkling vibration of divine appellation, earthly desire or in other words, ignorance veiling the true nature of things is removed and comes to an end. Thereafter, it is possible to stay and remain with absolute peace and happiness. This stage alone, one should know, is the abode of Almighty God.

The only invariable constant, the vibrant web running through the entire fabric of that shifting scenario, is the presence of Dadaji and possibly the red ink. Even the hallowed red ink fares hollow under pressure of circumstances leaving the brunt of the advent of the supernatural to be borne entirely and solely by Dadaji, who constantly professes to be nobody. I personally know of only one instance, blissfully and indulgently rooted in Dadaji, in which the message condescends to appear in ordinary black ink. I, a self-admitted hardboiled egoist, torn between the ambivalent eruptions of implicit belief and skepticism ever since I ran into Dadaji, I was perpetually being dogged by the grating tyranny of the obstinate question, "Why do all these inscriptions appear invariably in red ink? Why, why, why?"

After intense reflection which might have at some timeless point glided imperceptibly into the supramental submission induction into Truth, I decided that Mahanama revelation, a sui generis incidence down from an exalted attitude far removed from our mundane obsession as it is, might reasonably be plastered out in red ink. For, you have to go well beyond yourself in the presence of Dadaji to have audition and vision of Mahanama. The red shift, as science tells us, is due to Doppler Effect and is characteristic of Kaivalyanatha wherefrom Mahanama starts antenatal cruise in the form of trans-bipolar vibration and is therefore represented by the red color as is the state of Krishna of Vraja by blue and that of Chaitanya Mahaprabhu by yellow. Let the Mahanama revelation be in red, but why on earth should written messages involving manmade grammar and inscriptions imprinted through a horizontal pass of the index finger of Dadaji be in red ink? The question persisted for two years, like a rankling anguish, a convulsive trauma. Then one intriguing forenoon, Dadaji, without any previous announcement ushered me into the chamber with the Sri Satyanarayan portrait while exclaiming, "You don't seem to have much integrity. Why not have a try? You have a pen with black ink? OK, put it uncapped beside the Satyanarayan portrait." The stage set, I closed my eyes and started hearing the sound of fast typing. Dadaji continued standing behind me at some distance. At Dadaji's bidding I opened my eyes after less than a minute had elapsed only to find two pages typed in black ink, the pen had remained static in front of the portrait. I am the only one who ever reported having heard the sound of typing during the manifestation of a "written message" in the presence of Dadaji. Thus

my sneaking suspicions and nagging questions about the red ink were ironed out to my great relief.

Prarabdah

PATIENCE IS THE ONLY SUSTENANCE. DISCERNMENT THAT A MAN GETS THROUGH SADHANA IS NOTHING BUT A MODE OF NATURE. REALISATION IS NOT POSSIBLE BY ANY MEANS EXCEPTING PATIBRATA DHARM. AS SUCH IT IS THE DUTY OF THE HUMAN BEING TO BEAR PRARABDAH WITH PATIENCE. THE REST OF THE WORK IS BEING DONE AND WILL BE DONE BY THE GURU (THE ALMIGHTY). DO NOT BE THOUGHTFUL OVER THE MAHANAM YOU HAVE RECEIVED, AS THE MAHANAM YOU HAVE RECEIVED IS ITSELF THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH TO BEAR PRARABDAH WITH PATIENCE IS THE ONLY PENANCE. PERCEPTION THAT A MAN GETS THROUGH SADHANA IS NOTHING BUT THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE MODES OF NATURE. HAPPINESS THAT IS PERCEIVED BY MIND IS ONLY THE DIVERSION FROM THE TRUE PATH AND IT IS ONLY A TEMPORARY PHASE. EGO IS NOT BEING ELIMINATED WITH THE HELP OF MANTRAS AND PENANCE RATHER ENHANCES ITS BONDAGE. IF ANYBODY PERCEIVES ANYTHING WITH THE HELP OF SADHANA IT WILL BE CONFINED WITHIN THE BODY ITSELF, CAN NEVER GO BEYOND THE BONDAGE OF MAYA. AS TREES WHICH ARE JUST GROWN BY THE MAGICIAN IN HIS TRICKS, ARE FALSE, ARE PURELY TEMPORARY AND CANNOT GET A MAN NEARER TO KRISHNAVAKTI. SO JAP, TAPASAYA WHICH ARE BEING RESORTED TO BY MAN TO AVOID SUFFERINGS OF THIS WORLD CANNOT MAKE HIM FREE FROM PRARABDAH, RATHER IT TIES UP BY ENHANCING THE WORK.

—SRI SRI SATYANARAYAN.

How do you take these examples of automatic and semi-automatic writing of messages? Can you dismiss it as phony or as believable only by the gullible? Can anyone cite an example of such occurrences from recorded history? Do they belong to dream sequence? Would you dub these “written messages” as waking dreams? No. These “written messages” (samples above) are granite reality even to this day to their blessed recipients. There is no person who can duplicate or demonstrate this feat of Dadaji, who has helped manifest countless immaculate “written messages”. What may be called semi-automatic writing may also be called immaculate, that is when Dadaji waves his index finger over a designated destination and writing appears. Dadaji’s passing finger does not hold a pen; is not dipped in red ink, nor does it ever even touch the paper on which the inscription appears. The manifestation of “written messages” beyond any computation is a staggering reality that is apt to confound human intellect. Dadaji says, “He has a gigantic printing press. He can print out anything, any book in no time. And, He can render it into any other language. Be assured He can do the stupendous Mahabharata in a matter of minutes.”

It is quite spontaneous, like the breath. There is no previous table setting, no preliminary activities; thus, evident to all it cannot be planchette writing. Could you call it psychograph which is written out by an invisible spirit? Only possible in the fantasy world of Alladin, Sindbad the sailor or the Wizard of Oz; not in real life. A spirit never comes in handy; if they do they are intractable, not at all malleable to specific tasks; you cannot keep them under your thumb; you cannot groom a spirit to the objective you reference. You cannot manipulate a spirit in any fugitive moment, without a previously set schedule; you must reckon with the gloomy contingency that the spirit may play prank upon you and betray you at any time. You must consider the acclaimed and some believe proven fact that spirits cannot muscle forth in broad daylight, far less in a place crowded with people. Finally, spirit-writing is more often than not redolent with foul odor, for the spirits harnessed for such exploits are evil ones.

With Dadaji it is the opposite in every aspect of the “written message”; such writing is no other than Ram Thakur himself, Kaivalyanatha (I am that I am) in spiritual essence, who, before wrapping up his mundane sojourn asserted he would be coming again in a new body as Dadaji. Ram Thakur is not outside Dadaji but in perfect identity with him. He is fully integrated into the being of Dadaji. Why he alone? A bewildered Gopinath Kaviraj proclaimed, “I find you (Dadaji) flanked by Krishna on one side and Mahaprabhu on the other; in the middle blazes forth Satyanarayana.” Dadaji is the cocktail, as Khuswant Singh so aptly observed, of Krishna, Mahaprabhu and Ram Thakur.

It boils down to the conviction that Dadaji is that elusive spirit behind all the enchanting immaculate “written messages”, as Dadaji refers to them; the automation of such automatic writing is securely set in a secret chamber of Dadaji’s being. That automation, unhindered by any egoistic snags, springs supernatural extravaganza in incessant strain from within Dadaji, who is a perfect nobody. He asserts unequivocally, time and again, “All this is the manifestation of the Supreme Will. It is the overflowing spree of the super consciousness. Your Dadaji claims no agency, instrumentality, credit or discredit for it.” Nonetheless it happens. Whenever it happens, Dadaji is switched off from and on to perfect identity either with Ram Thakur or Mahaprabhu or Krishna, in deference to the purport of the message manifested. More often than not Dadaji remains in stoic isolation and exclusion while speaking his own unique tongue, shorn of all idolatrous obsessions compulsively imposed by the time-factor and other doctrinal clichés and shibboleths, through countless messages. At times Dadaji testifies to the truth of this observation.

One time while Dadaji was rejecting the so-called renunciation of the world by Mahaprabhu, he said, “To convince someone I had Mahaprabhu write out a message on this issue. He also inscribed the famous Bhagavat verse ‘Tava Kathamritam’ (Nectarine chronicle of your life) evidently to eulogize me.” Another day Dadaji said to me, “I can prevail upon the Lord reclining on the dense milky ocean (Ksirodasayi, probably Mahaprabhu) to write out a message in Old Sanskrit.”

Asked about the history of automatic Mahanama inscription, Dadaji said, “Many hundreds of thousands of years ago, Naarada explained the concept of initiation (Diksha) to Prahlada and instructed him on Navothaana-yoga to be yoked unto Him in loving submission while the Mahanama appeared inscribed on a pair of new banana leaves.” After a pause, Dadaji continued, “Mahaprabhu initiated four to five associates in the current way, but Ram Thakur used to write Mahanama out physically on pieces of paper. Your Dada, however, used leaves of trees initially

for manifestation of Mahanama before switching over to a piece of paper.” So manifestation of written Mahanama has precedents, though few and far between and left unrecorded, as far as we know in historical documents.

If you ask Dadaji about the way “written messages” manifest, he simply says, “It’s a matter of vibrations.” Possibly it’s a matter of materializing those vibrations into linguistic configuration of script. One is instantly reminded of Dadaji’s assertion, “He, who can catch vibrations, has the Infinite in his grip.” How does Dadaji account for the manifestation of these immaculate “written messages”? The operation simulates the cosmogonic (origin of the universe) process at its tail end, harnessing the vibrations to yield, while encompassing the domain of human creativity, the conventional linguistic patterns of thought and finally thrusting them in script on the void of a blank piece of paper. Undoubtedly it’s a supra-Herculean exploit, a feat sparked by the fiat of the Will of Dadaji in his stance of Nobody-ness.

What about the manifestation of Mahanama? It is above and beyond the plane of “written message” manifestation. Supra-cosmic as the Mahanama is in its nascent state, though indwelling every point of space-time, Mahanama is beyond all spatio-temporal computation. Its manifestation is achieved by a perfect enactment of the pre-cosmogonical process at its fountainhead as indicated before, but immediately followed by a vibrational thrust transcribing the Mahanama in red letters on a piece of paper while holding under altered state of consciousness the entire world of relational and finitizing texture. It is the most exalted manifestation, barring of course a few Puja experiences, under the stewardship of Dadaji.

Despite that Mahanama is the easiest, most spontaneous, and most commonplace manifestation with Dadaji rooted in the vacuum as Nobody-ness. Other forms of automatic writing, including many other supernatural exploits of Dadaji, thought proceeding from a level considered lower empirically, need not be that easy, spontaneous or commonplace for they have to contend more and more in varying degrees with the leviathan of the inertia in the material environs. Undoubtedly they look and sound much more sensational, spectacular, hair-raising and breathtaking, still Mahanama manifestation is at the core and apex of most of Dadaji’s supernatural manifestations. It is perfectly natural that Mahanama manifestation on a piece of paper should evaporate in no time when the attendant altered state of consciousness is lifted. Frankly speaking it is really inconceivable how the two sounds of Mahanama can co-exist in print on a piece of paper, for Mahanama represents the Life Principle, not the physical concomitant, which is characterized by bipolarity and alternation. Yet furrowing across this bipolarity the two sounds of Mahanama appear in print through the fiat of the vacuous Nobody-ness. How fantastic and unbelievable it really sounds!

Readers may wonder how any sensible person could wax so obsequiously eloquent, profound, and obscurant on an issue which is apt to be viewed by many with skepticism. They may accuse the present writer of willfully shutting out common sense and realistic outlook, and of being carried away by mystic flights of fantasy invoking the descent of transcendence quite out of season. Nothing need be said by me to clear the mist of their intrigued skepticism. There are many genuine admirers of Dadaji who would find it hard to breathe the rarefied air of such supernatural eruptions; even they would be confounded, bewildered and shaken to the roots of their beliefs. To salvage their deluged submission to and faith in Dadaji it is imperative to let Dadaji speak on this issue. On day, while Dadaji was chatting with a group of associates, someone inquired if the vision by Arjuna of the universal Form (Viswarupa as described in the Gita) of the Lord was a revelation of the highest order. With a revealing smile, Dadaji instantly replied, “It is verily of a lower order, but what about Mahanama revelation? It is manifested from a much higher plane. What about Mahanama revealed to a couple simultaneously in different scripts on the same piece of paper? Arjuna alone had vision of Viswarupa. But that sort of revelation to a couple is leagues above and beyond the vision of Viswarupa by Arjuna.”

So there you are; the universe in all its manifoldness proceeds from Mahanama. When that manifold diffusion of Mahanama is huddled together to constitute a gigantic form encompassing the entire universe, that form is named Viswarupa. Therefore, in retrospect the universe is Mahanama; Mahanama as the summation of its products. But Mahanama is beyond it because that summation, the universe, clearly lacks Mahanama Love potency and Integral Consciousness that leads to Truth. It becomes evident that Mahanama manifestation is beyond any computation in space-time.

As for the skeptic who will take nothing on trust, even as a working hypothesis let him or her not reject anything or mistrust either. There are two alternatives. Firstly, one may try to demonstrate those occurrences of the manifestation of a “written message” of Mahanama with the help of modern science which at times passes as omnipotent and omniscient. When one fails that, secondly, one may try to prove with the help of scientific gadgetry or otherwise that illusion, delusion or hallucination is responsible for such projected manifestations which are then viewed as innocuous. The latter alternative has been tried time after time by scientists with spectacular, though dumb, failure. Since neither of the two alternatives can be achieved, in all fairness to scientific avocation, one should remain silent, a likely impossibility for scientific superstitions have become the opiate of modern enlightenment. If one becomes conversant with the latest scientific discoveries, one would see scientific dogma has gone berserk. Let science set its own house in order before launching an attack on real spirituality. Some scientists have started theorizing about a ‘universal mind’; what a demented heresy!

The Unphony Phone-tasy



Dadaji – 1970s Bombay, India

Do you have a phone at your home? No, no, let it be live or dead. What matters is you have one in your house. Don't you worry then if you are marooned somewhere else through the effusion of love for socializing Dadaji and cannot go home on time. Your family will be, in no time, informed of you being under the siege by Dadaji. By whom? By Dadaji himself. And how? Dadaji will place his palm on your shoulder and it will be done within seconds. And, then Dadaji will have you confirm

the matter through a normal phone call. This often happened with Dadaji whenever the venue of his holding audience had no phone; but at times it was done sheerly out of merriment.

One day in 1973 Dadaji was residing with Mr Biren Simlai, a journalist in Calcutta. Dr Nanigopal Banerji, Dean of the Faculty of Music, Calcutta University and Dr Karuna Mukerji, Professor of Civil Engineering, Jadavpur University, were asked by Dadaji to come meet him at Mr Simlai's home. They came and were asked to stay the night. Dadaji shouldered their uneasy predicament by calling their families on the phone in the manner described above. This is only a single incidence taken from a legion of similar incidences that happened before and after.

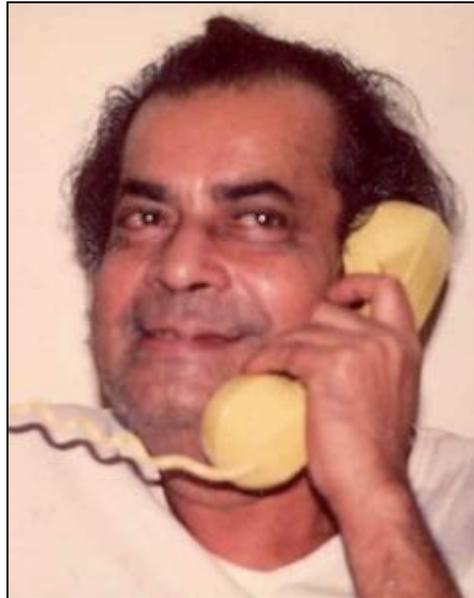
The same kind of phenomenon where Dadaji makes a phone call without benefit of a telephone occurred many times to people while they were riding in a car with Dadaji. Dr Bibhuti Sarkar, author of Dada Tatva (ON DADAJI – Part 6 at website <http://dadaji.info/FREE.DADAJI.BOOKS.HTM>), had the privilege of experiencing such phenomena time and again. It happened to others also, to some while walking along a street or seated in a part, to others while they were with Dadaji in a huge gathering of people.

A few questions are to be negotiated before we can get a clear picture of this dizzying phenomenon of phone calls made by Dadaji without the use of a telephone and confirmed by those who received the calls. First, does Dadaji have the phone number, or does he get it from a family member currently with him, of the person whose family he is going to call? No one has indicated that to be true; that Dadaji had or requested a phone number prior to placing a call. Second, does Dadaji speak, whisper, or mutter any words during the call? No, he does not. Third, does Dadaji wave his fingers as if dialing or as if somehow manifesting a phone call? No, he does

not. Fourth, how long does it take Dadaji to place such a phone call? It takes three to four seconds, at most; and the message is delivered at the receiving end in well-defined, syntactical language mingled with verbal pranks and nodding formalities. The verbal message, with pleasantries, takes at least two minutes for its articulation, not including the formalities and input from the other party. Punctuated by the responses of the receiving party, the call would take at least three minutes to run full cycle. So, in three to four seconds, Dadaji without using a telephone makes a phone that spans three minutes at least; a fantastic proposition. Fifth, has such a phone call ever been recorded by the phone company and appear on a phone bill. No one knows for certain; possibly not.

Another intriguing question is whose voice is heard at the receiving end? Evidently Dadaji's voice is heard in most cases, but there are instances when the voices of the persons concerned are heard. Oddly, though amusing enough, for example this has sparked an argument between a husband denying he made a call and his wife affirming his having called and spoken with her on the phone, when in fact it was Dadaji up to his playful trickery.

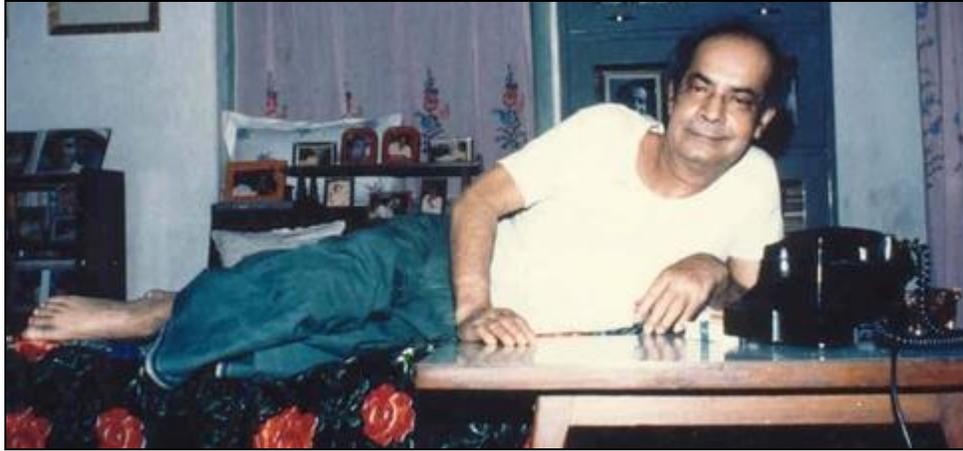
Such phone call phenomenon occurred often during the early 1970s before the development of conference calls, cell phones, satellite phones, etc. No one could conceive at that time of 3-way phone calls in developing countries such as India where the remnants of the British phone system were fraught with ongoing problems, particularly with long distance calls. Nevertheless, Dadaji often indulged in the pastime of 3-way calls wherein he cracked jokes with boisterous delight. At times Dadaji would playfully maneuver a one-way, cross-connection which, without affecting either of the two lines of connection, would make the conversation between Dadaji and the person he'd called audible to a third party on another line. Dadaji does it without preparation, without manipulating telephone lines in any way, and without any technical device. Conversely, if the telephone wires were disconnected, Dadaji's line would remain open and cross-connected to others on separate telephones elsewhere.



Dadaji - Los Angeles, California 1982

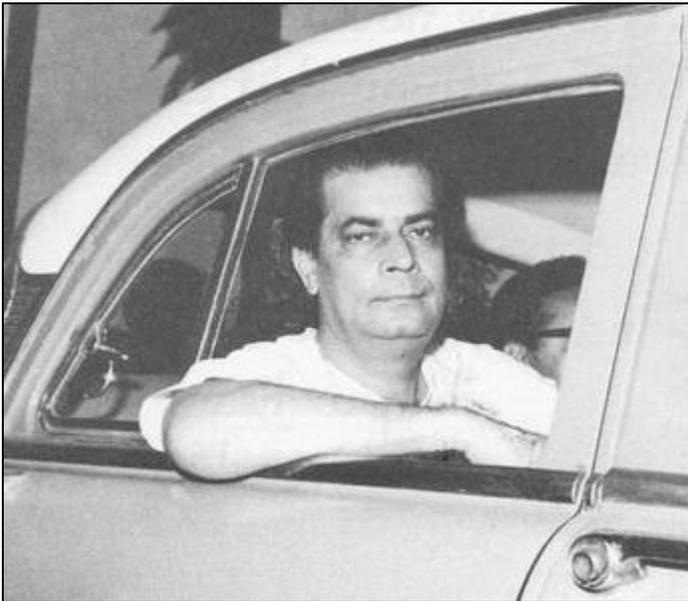
I will mention another strange incident before concluding comments and illustrations of Dadaji's unphony phone-tasy. Once in 1971 Dadaji was enjoying the company of some admirers in a residence in the northern suburbs of Calcutta. After awhile Dadaji called Dr Gourinath Sastri, a renowned Sanskrit scholar, on the phone and talked with him for some time. Then, with the telephone receiver still in his hand, Dadaji became silent. After some five minutes, Dadaji started talking to Dr Sastri again; he was then at his own residence. The trend of the conversation implied Dr Sastri received Dadaji's call initially at a different location; then, after Dadaji was silent for five minutes, without hanging up the phone and redialing, the second part of his conversation was with Dr Sastri at home. After the call ended, Dadaji said, "How is it that I talk to Dr Sastri now at his residence without redialing after talking to him five minutes ago at some other place?"

One can only submit unconditionally with stupefaction, to such mysterious eruptions of the supernatural extravaganza of Dadaji. Skepticism is no answer; that would only amount to a silly denial of reality itself. What could the scientists, the godfathers of current culture, tell us about such events? What would or could account for these supernatural phenomena that are the Black Holes of Dadaji's omniscience?



Dadaji – Bombay 1985

The Automobile Heresy



Dadaji - 1971

Have you ever had an experience of a car ride with Dadaji? If you had you know well enough how impatient he is with sluggish drivers who allow traffic and signals to immobilize them, and always drive by the book. Dadaji, instead, wants the driver to speed past cars in front of him, even in zig zag fashion, forestalling or even disregarding red traffic signals. If the driver fails to negotiate the road fast enough, Dadaji rebukes him sharply, calls him names, and at times even gets out of the car in anger as though the traffic delay is causing a liquidation of empire. And, when Dadaji drives the car it is a horrendous experience wherein the passengers are frozen in fear ever moment awaiting the prospect

of an impending crash. One trusts Dadaji as the unfailing pilot of your life; but one can hardly trust him with the driving of an automobile! To the mockery of mechanics and technocracy, not only does he drive at hurricane speed through thick traffic, but often steers the car without touching the steering wheel.

Mr Jitendra Maitra, a noted attorney in Calcutta, recalled his experiences riding in a car with Dadaji driving. "It's really a terrific ride with Amiyababu, your Dadaji, as driver. It opens up a motion picture traumatic thriller in which the daredevil hero, Dadaji, negotiates sharp curves and bends in the road, plies past cars in front of him at top speed, snakes through street bottlenecks in utter disregard of traffic rules, often without touching the steering wheel. At times it seems the car itself appears to demonstrate its driving ability with a fanfare. Whenever I asked Dadaji about it, he smiled and smiled, and started emitting an intense fragrance while perspiring. Your Dadaji is really unfathomable."

The climax was reached when one night Dadaji was sleepily driving back home after conducting a theatrical audition at Chetla in the suburb of Calcutta. Come halfway, Dadaji was

observed by his horrified passengers to be fast asleep, snoring. Still his car managed to glide inscrutably into his garage where his passengers disembarked and left; Dadaji was discovered by his family asleep in the car in the dead of night, as though the car itself had practiced somnambulism along its accustomed return route. Anyone who is intimate with Dadaji knows full well he does not sleep. Krishna of the Mahabharata was called 'conqueror of sleep'. Though appearing to sleep in deference to the laws of nature Dadaji does not sleep, as he assured us many a time saying, "Does he (pointing to himself) really sleep? One eye remains unclosed all though. If that, too, be closed, the universe will face dissolution." About his sleep we may have occasion to discuss later, but the car acrobatics does not end there. There are many other dimensions of it which lend themselves to an engrossing study. Dadaji can drive a car even without petrol or water. He can even drive a condemned, broken down car with its motor engine and other essential parts out of commission. He can drive a car through streets nearly two and a half feet underwater. Specific, concrete examples are necessary here to bear out the truth of these assertions.

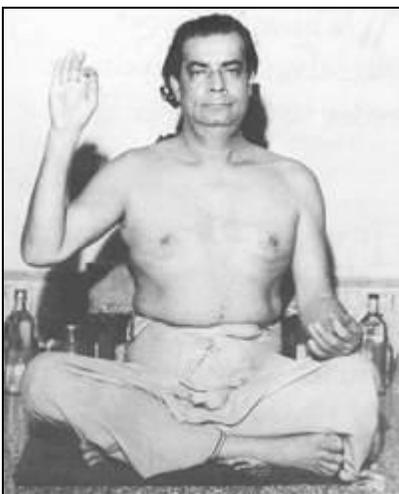
In 1970 Dadaji decided to go visit Mr Gopinath Kaviraj, the great Indian savant, in Benares. Accompanying Dadaji were eight people, including Mr Chandramadhava Misra, and industrialist who later became minister of the Orissa government. Travel was to be in private cars; one car was ready at hand, but the travelers wondered about having at least one more car. Mr Sailen Sen announced with great drama, to the surprised relief of those gathered that a brand new car had been booked for the journey. Jatin Bhattacharya and Dinesh Bhattacharya, the twin jesters to Dadaji, lost no time telling Dadaji who, with a sphinx-like smile, said, "Those who ride in the new car will feel the brush of it."

Early that morning they sped off from Calcutta to Benares in two cars. After they had covered a third of the way to their destination, the new car came to a dead halt, belching out smoke. The engine appeared in complete disarray; no tinkering with it helped to get it started and running again. The nearest repair garage was ten to fifteen miles away. What to do? The passengers in the other car, including Dadaji, could not just drive off leaving the rest of their party behind. It was an impossible situation brewing with impending disaffection. Dadaji came to the rescue and offered to drive the stalled car himself. He forbade the others from talking to him or touching him otherwise while he would be driving. And so it was; the car started as though give a jolt of shock therapy and shot along the road leaving the other car far behind. Dadaji was simply in the driver's seat, drawn within himself and serene, without handling the car with his hands on the steering wheel or feet on the accelerator. After nearly two hours elapsed, Mr Misra noticed Dadaji sweating and decided he must be tired, so he offered to drive the car himself. "There you go," thundered Dadaji and took repose in the back seat; the car followed suit and stalled again. Dadaji reprimanded while he got out of the vehicle and got in the other car. "You didn't submit to my words. Now I can leave you to your grim fate which you yourselves have invited." He ordered the driver to drive away; leaving behind the offenders chagrined and chafed. After driving a distance of about twenty miles, Dadaji's car ran out of petrol; the faces of the glowing passengers in the car turning blue, then black in disappointment and confusion. Their efforts to obtain petrol failed and once again Dadaji came to the rescue, driving the car on an empty tank to their destination, passing numerous petrol stations along the way. How is it possible? Nobody can presume to explain it.



Abhi Bhattacharya & Dadaji – 1983 Calcutta

The Aquatic Acrobatics



Dadaji – bottles of Charanjai 1972

It is common knowledge Jesus once turned water into wine. It was possibly the first of the fifty or more miracles he performed in his life. Presently I recount the story of how Dadaji turns water into fragrant water with healing properties, into wine, into petrol, and at times into milk. The sheer number of times Dadaji has done this, and continues to do it to this day reaches a staggering number. The perfect ease with which Dadaji does this sends one's hairs on end and eyeballs rolling in amazement. How does Dadaji do all this? Give him a cup of pure water, boiled and cooled as we commonly do in India, he would just wave his index and middle fingers about and instantly one witnesses a scene like a tempest in a teapot. The water in the cup, as though charged electrically, swells and starts effervescing sparking a sweet aroma throughout the area. Then the fermenting water calms and become Charanjai (fragrant water with healing properties).

Often people bring a bottle of pure water to Dadaji who places it near the portrait of Satyanarayan in the Puja room in his home. Many bottles are set in that chamber every day. After a day or two, the water in all bottles turns into Charanjai and each is returned to its respective

owner. Bottles were brought and sent to Dadaji every day, not only from people in Calcutta and its suburbs, but also from different parts of India, Europe and America. Visitors from abroad took a cargo of a dozen or more bottles to fulfill the demands of their friends and relatives. One day Dadaji remarked in great exasperation, "If Charanjai is in such a great demand, not even a fiord of it will suffice. Nobody cares for Truth or to be bathed in His all-engrossing love."

Dadaji sometimes chooses to make Charanjai in a different way to meet the immediate request of, or to specially grace, a person. He passes his palm across the bottle of water, moving up and down, and then shakes the bottle up and down. Also, Dadaji often gave this Charanjai over the phone to those who call from distant places asking Dadaji's help with a critical health situation. Dadaji would ask the person who called to hold a cup of plain water near the phone receiver and Dadaji would wave his two fingers over the mouthpiece of his phone receiver turning the plain water in a distant location into fragrant Charanjai. Across continents and oceans Dadaji has dispensed Charanjai this way over the phone to foreign dignitaries, senators, famous scientists in Europe, Australia, Africa and America, including for dear ones of one or two American Presidents.

It may sound unbelievable and beyond the imagination of any sane person, but countless people have witnessed Dadaji manifest fragrant Charanjai from plain water before their eyes. If you ask Dadaji about it, he will say, "Is there really any space? It is a mere speck and that expands into infinity. From Calcutta to Los Angeles, if at the base be a single point of space without magnitude which expands into infinite points of space, then and then alone it may be possible." But the how if it, only Dadaji knows.

There are more mind-crushing mystery sequences; incidents with Dadaji that are unique in every respect. On numerous other occasions there was no motion of Dadaji's hand or fingers near the bottle of plain water, no phone contact. In fact there is no perceptible direct or indirect connection with Dadaji when plain water turns to fragrant Charanjai. In one instance, Mr Satyen Bose, a Bombay film director and husband of Mrs Ruby Bose, whose heart is full to the brim with Dadaji's love rapport, once decided against the express wish of Dada that he would not take Charanjai any more. In a mighty pique, Mr Bose turned on a faucet to slake his thirst; and lo! aromatic water came out of the faucet. He tried other water faucets in the house with the same result. Flabbergasted, he tested the overhead tank and the underground reservoir with the same result. Out of his depth, Mr Bose called Dadaji forthwith on the phone and informed him of the aggressive Charanjai in the water faucets of his home that brought him to capitulation. Dadaji smiled a lot and said, "Now you have no more need of Charanjai." Yes, on occasion Dadaji told people they did not need Charanjai. On three other occasions, which I know about personally, such household expansion of Charanjai in all water faucets has occurred. Can science throw any light of illumination on Dadaji's rollicking escalation of plain water changing to Charanjai throughout the water system of an entire house?

On many other occasions Dadaji turned water into wine in Calcutta, Bombay, also in Europe and America. It occurred based on, apparently, two different reasons. First, Dadaji may know that someone in the audience is feeling uneasy going dry (without alcoholic beverage) just then. Or, second, Dadaji thought it necessary to convince an unbeliever that such things are possible. In Calcutta on Ritchie Road in the home of Gopinath Bose, and also at the home of Animesh Das Gupta on Landsdown Road, Dadaji turned water into liquor. Also it happened often in Delphin House, the Bombay home of Abhi Bhattacharya, Dadaji's closest associate.

One day Dr K. S. Choudhury, a noted economist and Vice Chancellor of Kabir University, went to visit Dadaji on Ritchie Road. After sitting quietly for an hour or two he became fidgety for



1982 – Dadaji's home, bottles of Charanjai

want of a peg or two of whisky. Dadaji asked for a glass of water. When fetched, Dadaji took a sip from the glass of water then handed it over to Dr Choudhury, who promptly drank half of the liquid in the glass, became tipsy, took his leave of Dadaji and went off in faltering footsteps. The residual of the water that had turned whiskey was then distributed amongst us, including the ladies, in small draughts. The prospect of tasting a high class whiskey was exhilarating, but when sipped, all agreed it tasted like condensed milk mixed with honey. The final joke was yet to come. After some twenty minutes, Dr Choudhury came back, crestfallen. At the door he silently removed the shoes he was wearing (belonging to someone else) and put on the shoes belonging to him and left. Oh, what a quixotic sort of misbooted bootlegging!

At Abhi Bhattacharya's house in Bombay and at Mr Das Gupta's house in Calcutta, generally a cup of tea sipped once by Dadaji often turned into whiskey. Sometimes a sip of a cup of tea by Dadaji turned into a condensed beverage, redolent with suffocating aroma. It was a frequent occurrence collateral with that of water or tea turning to whiskey at Mr Das Gupta's house. Apart from those common happenings, it would be interesting to narrate an incident that occurred to a self-styled godman who came to visit Dadaji one time at Lansdowne Road. A Vrindavan-based leading godman, he heard from his peers in the spiritual community that the lordly Ramdas Paramahansa of Vadarikashram had been reduced to submission by Dadaji. So, he came one evening to Mr Das Gupta's residence to get to know first hand the enigmatic miracle-man known as Dadaji and to neutralize him if possible. After he was seated comfortably in the crowded room, he showed a paralyzed tremor under Dadaji's sparking, fathoming glances. Dadaji was served his usual evening cup of tea. He chided the server with an affected air of displeasure and burst forth, "Don't you know how to honor a Mahatma (a godman)? Serve him first." Dadaji paused then said, "Alright! This cup will do. There you go." He handed the cup of tea to the godman, who with an affected air of Puritanism and ascetic abstinence mumbled, "I don't take tea." Dadaji thundered, "Don't tell lies! Take it. He knows you through and through." The godman, shaken to the root, obeyed; what he sipped was not tea, to be sure. How could the godman divulge what he had sipped under the spell of Dadaji? Was it not whiskey! The crestfallen godman, now a fall guy to the multitude of his disciples, wailed out in a feeble voice, "I have lost both: the here and the hereafter!" Dadaji chimed in, "And that's the way to getting at Truth. Does God reside in food or your superstitious austerities? It's your ego that makes anything pure or impure. Shake off your ego and submit to Him who is inside you as the only Guru. You instead are chasing ghosts. Can your efforts get you God? If so, then that God must be finite, a figment of your imagination. And that I call 'a ghost'. He is with you all the while. Submit to His Love and brave the world with patience and trust in Him. Renunciation is the greatest denunciation of God." The godman was gutted to the marrow. "Fetch me a glass of water," Dadaji said. Then he held the glass in his hand while waving his two fingers above it and said, "Drink this glass of milk and purify yourself if you will. Oh you want a Tulasi (basil) leaf in it? You have your wish." The godman drank the milk with Tulasi leaf and then with an obeisance to Dadaji left the room silently with his disciples.

This type of water turned into whiskey manifested by Dadaji is often shared by three or four persons, who then take it home and enjoy it even after a fortnight having the same durability as any brand of whiskey. This is evidently done to rule out any thoughts of it being a hypnotic spell, momentary or lingering. As for Charanjali, it lasts for days, months, and even many years and can be reconstituted by simply adding fresh water to the bottle now and then. Its potency, fragrance does not putrefy and the healing power is not diminished. I wonder if "Water Memory Theory" as advocated by a few scientists recently, would account for the durability of Charanjali, whiskey, and milk. Can scientists demonstrate this, even with the help of chemicals? No, not as Dadaji does barehanded.

Charanjali may serve as a highly potent chemical appearing as footprints on the seeping floor, but that's an enchanting tale to be presented much later.

The Aura of Aroma

Aroma is pleroma, said one of the wise men of the East. Gnostics tell us that pleroma (a fullness; abundance, plenty; that which fills) is Divine Fullness. We have it from Dadaji that aroma is the unailing mark of Truth; even the trickle of honey-like nectar on the portrait of

Satyanarayana may, at times, be extraneous, superficial. But, real Aroma is not. Dadaji further exhorts us, "There is a trans-spatial region which is overly saturated with fragrance. Why don't you be transported there?" According to Dadaji, the state of Satyanarayana is characterized by the stark nihilism of a colorless Existence lying in state upon Existence. Nothing exists there, though ever thing is immanent in It. And the essence of this Existence, which is transfigured as earth in our world, is petrified vibration of fragrance. That ultimate region must be the source and sustenance of all fragrances; everything in this world derives from that ultimate fragrance. It is common knowledge that to change the intrinsic smell of an object is to change it both physically and chemically. That may be, in a way, the secret of how Dadaji so often transforms one thing into another and materializes things beyond our wildest dreams.

Incidentally, it is interesting to recount here, by way of a welcome digression, how Dadaji with the express compliance of the scientists present, changed the acutely foul smell in a arsenal of chemical weapons, the destructive potency of which instantly evaporated as a result. Dadaji, however, often cautions us, "If you people want this Aroma oftener that would tell upon his health."

As for the historical accounts of fragrant aroma emanating from a person's body, Krishna of the Gita, Buddha, Mahomet, Mahaprabhu Krishna Chaitanya, and Ram Thakur come to mind. Although the Bible makes no mention of it, one can wonder if it emanated from Jesus and Moses as well. Krishna of Vraja certainly emitted such aroma in abundant measure. History tells us said messiahs emitted a sort of lotus fragrance. "This Aroma," Dadaji says, "is misconstrued by scriptures as notes of the flute of Krishna." Dadaji is sui generis, unique in every respect; it is a riot, an orgy of diverse fragrances, lotus, sandalwood, aloe, musk, roses, and so forth; at least eight plus the one that emanates from the Satyanarayana state which is a cocktail of them all.

One day a noted perfumer was ushered in to meet Dadaji at Mr Das Gupta's residence. His intent was to examine and name the fragrances which Dadaji playfully emitted from time to time. He did identify a lot of them, though failing in a few cases. Dadaji asked him to examine if each of eight specific regions of his body emitted a different fragrance. The perfumer confirmed it was true and appeared dazed by the experience. Dadaji said, "These eight different fragrances from eight different parts of the body are together the surest mark of Maha-Mandaleswara**, in other words, Kaivalya Nath*. Verily it is not a child's play or a magician's prank." Dadaji's normal fragrance seems to be that of musk, which at times grows acutely dense, suffocating, and stifling.

With this necessary prelude, we will make our way into the vibrant, tremulous scenarios resonant with the display of Dadaji's aroma extravaganza. The scenes are mostly laid on Thursday evenings at Lansdowne Road and on Sunday forenoons at Dadaji's residence on Prince Anwar Shah Road. However, when Dadaji is on tour to Bombay and Bhavanagar in Gujarat twice or thrice a year for about a month and a half each trip, the scene shifts to Abhi Bhattacharya's Delphin House in Bombay or Mr G. T. Kamdar's, the Salt King of India, residence in Bhavanagar. Although spiteful columnists and gossips in Calcutta vented their spleens on Dadaji in the days prior to his false arrest and nationwide publicity, with the catchy epithet Gandha-baba (phony, fragrance diffusing godman), the experience of Dadaji's divine aroma by its very nature, ought to be approached with great reverence and submission. It is during such an experience of divine fragrance wherein you would find Dadaji manifested in public in unmistakable and indisputable divine splendor.

* Kaivalya Nath – Kaivalya means Only-ness, single-ness. It is the highest expressible stage of Truth, the final state of Satyanarayana being ineffable. Though generally expressed as "I am that I am", it should properly be expressed as "I-I". For it is the stage of Integral Existential Consciousness feeding back, so to say, upon Itself. There is, however, a semblance of Kaivalya, below Vraja, where one reaches through the reflective process of "Neti, Neti," the negative process of elimination. Nath means Lord.

** Maha-Mandaleswara - Maha is great; Mandala is circular; eswara is lordly. Institution of the Sanyasi sects having in each sect a head of a circle of ascetics; that person holds a great position in Kumbha-Mela. Dadaji speaks of Maha-Mandaleswara to specify a particular highly exhorted reality that has eight fragrances in eight parts of the body. That is, he is Kaivalya Nath, who is only below Dadaji himself. An ordinary human Sadhu cannot be called a Maha-Mandaleswara.



Dadaji – Boulder, Colorado USA 1986

Superb supernatural feats such as bringing back the dead to life or the Puja manifestations are private and personal; you may therefore feel inclined to argue their authenticity. But when one observes, in public, Dadaji cruising through two different shapes, colors and odors of his body in alternation and quick succession, one can neither explain nor deny the experience. Though Amiya Madhav Roy Chowdhury was born a child of bright complexion with a deep golden hue, he progressively evinced a brownout of his physical complexion after he became known as Dadaji in 1972; now and then he recaptures the pristine hue at his sweet Will. In 1975 after a bout of serious illness, Dadaji said, [“He needs must be a youth of twenty-five summers once again. The Hiranya-Kasipus \(anti-Christ\) are about.”](#) Thereafter, Dadaji did appear extraordinarily young for his years, to the joy of everyone who met him; especially his feet, hands and palms persistently appeared spongy soft like those of a newborn babe. In all other respects, he exuded an air of indiscriminate commonality intensified by his social chatting. However, his unique big brown eyes now and then became indescribably penetrating and made one soar into a secret world of Divine Love. Those are some physical characteristics which formed the backdrop for Dadaji’s bursting flashes of supernatural light, color, shapes and fragrances.

Let us recapture here any single day’s experience of Dadaji sitting cross-legged or elegantly reclining on a divan and having intimate chats with this or that person. The atmosphere around is perfectly informal and natural without the least intrusion of any exotic fragrance or golden flashes. Suddenly, Dadaji breaks loose from normalcy and blesses someone in his usual way. He waves his index and middle fingers but twice, setting in motion a sweet fragrance that embalms the person and the entire room. This type of fragrance is invariably manifested whenever Dadaji chooses to bless anyone. It is impossible to enumerate such cases of manifestation of divine fragrance, maybe twenty to forty times every day at the least from 1972 through 1987; thereafter Dadaji became progressively outwardly exclusive and supramental (beyond mind; God-filled consciousness), yet without prejudice to a sumptuous crop of supernatural events experienced by one in five of his countless followers every day until today.



Purushottam Das & Dadaji - 1973

The fragrance transmitted from Dadaji’s fingertips nestles in the body of the person even for a full

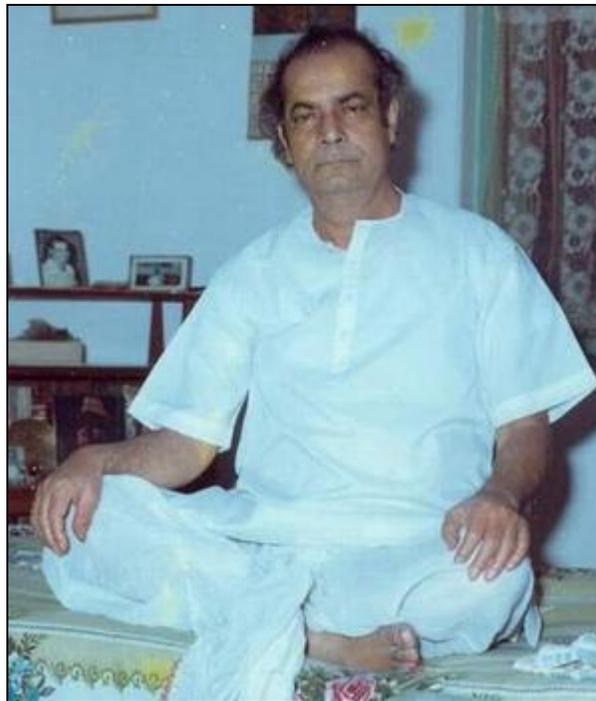
week, defying soap and shower daily. Strange as it may seem, this has been confirmed by a multitude of people from every background, occupation and persuasion.

The most curious thing about Dadaji's aroma is that the fragrance does not spill over into any region of Dadaji's body from his two fingertips; it remains limited to his fingertips. Divine Fragrance is always at Dadaji's beck and call to be projected out to you, me and anyone anyplace in the world. It is in a very real sense yours, mine and everyone else's in that we share Dadaji's extended being. The experience of Dadaji's Aroma is the first descent of the Divine upon you; at that instant take toll of what you are, that is, your existential identity. It is like throwing a flood light on the silhouette of your being. What does it feel like? Just imagine Jesus holding the earth on the palm of his hand; imagine Lord Krishna asserting, "I pervade this entire universe compressed into a split portion of my being." Even then, that does not describe the experience of Divine Fragrance under discussion. Fragrance is so supernal, so divinely strong, so transcendent of all human experience that it can only be described by the greatest of poets or portrayed by the greatest artists. Those who experience Dadaji's Divine Aroma and supra-mundane scenes appear to be welded into a molecule of Dadaji-rapture by the electric glue of His Love and expression of Truth. Time stands still at the edge of consciousness and space vacates the mind. One is face to face, heart to heart, existence to existence, with the Divine manifest in public; it's matchless beauty and resonant serenity beggar all description. Divine Aroma is the surest public testament to the Supreme Divinity of Dadaji.

To continue to describe the scenario of Dadaji and Divine Fragrance, let us recall the image of Dadaji sitting cross-legged or reclining on his side on a divan. He casually talks with those gathered about diverse aspects of daily life including religious exploitation by phony godmen. Now and then conversation is punctuated by vibrant pleasantries. Suddenly a question or comment from someone in the crowd flares Dadaji up. He appears inspired, kindled up, or "in mood" as Dadaji refers to it; the mood of Krishna of Vraja in which state Dadaji can stay for four to five hours at a time. Thus the simmering embers of Divinity, so long in cold storage, are lit up in a blazing crescendo and Dadaji sits erect appearing super-powerful and commanding. A strong Aroma emanates from his body, mellowed by perspiration that has a ruddy glow; the Aroma and



Dadaji – Bombay 1977



Dadaji – Calcutta 1978

humid glow are invariably co-incident even when there is a ceiling fan operating or in cold weather. Dadaji wipes his forehead with a handkerchief, but the next moment he is sweating

again all the while carrying on a conversation. Aroma fills the room and spills over throughout the home and even in the surrounding neighborhood. The Aroma and perspiration run a cyclic course, ebb and flow, while Dadaji continues to exhort those gathered about God and Truth, clarifying ancient scriptures, presenting new profound philosophical insights and guidance, clarifying details of human history or predicting future events. While Dadaji talks in such a divine frenzy, offering at times unpalatable truths, one best not lay credit to Dadaji for such utterances as he is totally unpredictable and cannot be put in a mold or defined in anyway. In reference to himself, Dadaji often says, "He does not adhere to any hard and fast rule in any sector of life. He is never artificial." Never artificial! That is the perfect expression for him.

Though appearing to be filled with commanding power at times, in the majority of cases Dadaji the profound truths he delivers during a quite normal appearing state as though they are bred in his bones. I've noticed that in his more frenzied, highly intense moments Dadaji is often likely to recall hoary antiquity, landmarks of history unrecorded in endless cycles of ages gone by, and at times to foresee future events; the latter said while Dadaji's open ogling eyes appear to watch the future events play out before him.

When Dadaji's frenzied state subsides, the handkerchief he used to wipe his brow during the ebb and flow of Aroma and perspiration appears dry and new; unsoiled although the Aroma persists for months, possibly forever, as many people have found over the years when given the handkerchief or he has used theirs during his talks and returned it to them. Aroma lasts as though it has seeped into the molecules of the fabric.

This type of divine frenzy may seize Dadaji once, twice, even thrice in a session; not that it happens every day or every session. He frequently has such frenzies and glided into such a divine state without the least discernible effort on his part while he is simply talking and smiling. How many times would this occur? I can confirm that I have been with Dadaji morning and evening almost daily from 1972 through 1981, barring periods he was away from Calcutta touring, at times I was with him eight to nine hours a day and had the unimaginable good fortune of being invaded and chased by Aroma at least twice a day. It is impossible to say how many times Dadaji manifested Divine Aroma as it was experienced by multiple people in disparate geographical locations around the world on a daily basis for countless years. I might venture to guess Dadaji's Divine Aroma manifested 500-600 times a year; or even double that. Who can say?



Dadaji – Calcutta 1978

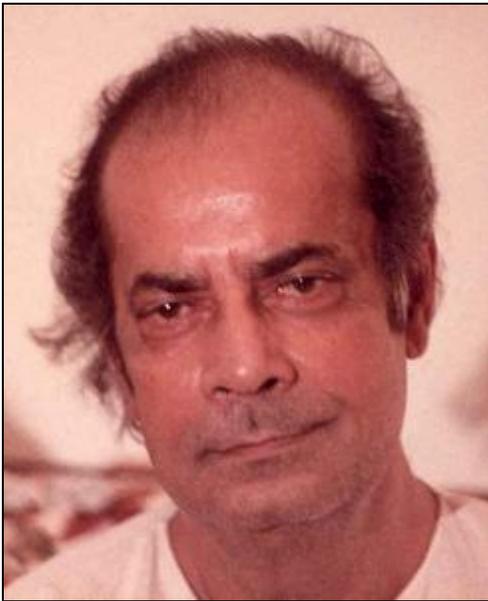
I am not yet finished with the aromatic banquet radiating from the body of Dadaji. Unless there is a descent of transcendence in the fullest measure, nature constituting all existential forms cannot be reclaimed, redeemed, and serenely re-integrated into lovelorn existential unity. The first of Nature, and the last too, to be reclaimed, or in other words attuned to, or better to be absorbent of, the descent of transcendence in fullest blaze is the body of Dadaji himself. Without entering into the controversy between monophysites (person who maintains that in the person of Jesus there was but a single, divine nature; Coptic and Syrian Christians profess this doctrine) and dyophysites (person who maintains that Christ has two natures, one divine and the other human) in Christian theology, it may be conceded that though Dadaji's body is not the stuff of which we are made, it is still of nature, natural. Despite being of nature, natural, it is not material to the core; far beyond that it is an ideational body, and beyond that, too, it is an extension of Divine Consciousness as a frame of omnipresent reference.

That being true, even then frequent rehearsal is necessary so that Dadaji's body can bear the brunt and absorb the terrible shock of descent of Divinity in varying degrees of intensity. Such rehearsal started from his early boyhood with a view to progressive consubstantiality (participation of the same nature; coexistence in the same

substance) with the Divine manifestation. Dadaji once, in reference to himself, assured us, “[Even He needs time to attain maturity.](#)” So we can see dress rehearsals were staged over the years, for example with Mr Gopinath Kaviraj at Benares, the premier rehearsal exhibited at Mahajati Sadan during the centennial celebration of Sri Jagatbandhu in 1971. Now and then, here and there such rehearsals went on, particularly at Mr Das Gupta’s house, culminating in the most amazing performance in the canopied side yard of the Batanagore (suburb of Calcutta) residence of Mr Das, a departmental manager of Bata Shoe Company.

The settings of such splendid shows are quite different from the ones described earlier. There is no external stimulator like someone asking Dadaji a question or making a comment. It may be self-motivated, self-caused or it may be uncaused, being a freaky rupture of Divine essence. This is how it appears to happen: Dadaji talks and talks and suddenly he stops talking; he is still quiet, serene, closed in upon himself. Divine splendor and beauty is switched on upon his body. Or, it may happen when Dadaji is talking for awhile with power and Divine authority, ruling the elements of Nature at will, or overriding the accursed destiny of some beloved follower, when suddenly the Divine volcano erupts instantly on his body, covering it with divine granules and sweeping changes occur in the color, shape and order of Dadaji’s body which gleams with light. Light ‘that never was on sea or land’ and beyond any poet’s dream.

Let me recount here the phenomenal scene referred to earlier at the Batanagore residence of Mr Das in Calcutta. In 1973 at the request of Mr Das, Dadaji along with a group of followers came to visit arriving before dusk. When I reached Mr Das’ home, Dadaji said to me, “[On coming here I found the Nature Goddess ready with a mass of clouds on her shoulder. A torrential outpour was in the offing. I entreated her with love, ‘Please switch off your showery operation till tomorrow evening.’ See the sky is clear, but a cold wind is blowing now and then.](#)” On the morrow, many more followers arrived swelling the gathering to around 150 people. Dadaji sat on a chair under the canopy in the side yard. The canopy covered around 4,000 square feet and had been erected for the large gathering of people expected to arrive. North and south of the side yard were vast open meadows. The west was skirted by Mr Das’ residence; to the east stood an isolated two-story building about 40 feet distant. It was a bright, warm forenoon of winter. From the southeast the sun was flinging shafts of sunlight all about. At about 10 a.m., Dadaji began his usual casual social conversations with those seating nearby. After awhile, Dadaji mentioned the cyclonic weather that he, with a loving caress, had put on hold the previous evening. He appeared amused, intrigued and enigmatic; such an appearance in Dadaji often precedes a wondrous supernatural feat. He smiled and said, “[The sun looks very sullen. He can’t forgive me for having coaxed off the oncoming cyclone last evening.](#)” Simultaneously, behind Dadaji at some distance Bhajans, names of the Lord, were being sung to the accompaniment of musical instruments. Dadaji continued, “[In high dudgeon \(feeling of offense, resentment or anger\), the sun is bent on showing me how powerful he is. Let him. Listen to me, all of you! The rays of the sun will fail to get entry into the canopied area throughout the day.](#)” Dadaji waved his palm upward while addressing the sun in frolic, “[Do rise in blaze, in greater blaze, in greater still. Enough. No more of it.](#)” And slowly, within seconds, Dadaji fell into an all-engrossing self-composure, a re-membering, and at-one-ment of himself that lent an indescribable hue, beauty and fragrance to his body. How could a human body display such a radiant mosaic of colors, such mobile shapeliness, such deluge of dense Aroma, and such torrential perspiration! Was it that the sun, to wreak vengeance, had pierced Dadaji through and through with the shafts of golden rays that had erupted as a mass of scorching anguish of rosy ruddiness on his body? Silly! This happened many, many times before and after, though to a lesser degree.



Dadaji – Los Angeles, California 1983

Just imagine experiencing someone in front of you with a familiar human body and countenance, appear to grow in size and shape while enveloping you with gleaming radiant aura and strong mystical Aroma while remaining detached and transcendent as though beyond the confines of all human thought and imaginings. It seems as though something exotically radiant from supra-outer space had, by tearing apart the pall of time and space, descended on and galvanized the silhouette of Dadaji's body. On the ethereal canvas of his body was flashed a variety of colors, the yellows, pink, crimson, red in varying density, matched here and there by a patch or streaks of blue, all hemmed in by a whitish glimmering light. Here and there it looked the color of coral; it displayed splashes of saffron color elsewhere.

I could not fathom what was happening before my eyes. Was Dadaji's body anointed by sandal paste, red and white, by some invisible hand? Was his body dripping with molten Milky Way mixed with vermilion of the red shift? Dadaji's whole body

was incarnadined and pulsated with inebriation; his forehead, cheeks, chest, abdomen, and feet. His eyes normally red at the corners grew ruddy and transfixed upon themselves as if they are in quest of the secrets of that body. Do they look glassy and blank, though vibrating with the accents of existential love and Truth? Do we discern an ogling of his eyes, shifting this way and that, as in seizure? In fact, Dadaji's exquisite, enchanting, enigmatic eyes baffle all attempts at description when they are under the spell of an "in tune" or "in mood" state, as Dadaji himself calls it.

Apart from the chromatic drama, Dadaji's body looked more plump and shapely, bonny and sumptuous, mellow and lustrous for a spell of fifteen to twenty minutes. His feet appeared more sinewy, then bulging up like the convex shell of a turtle tinged with the hue of vermilion diluted in milk. His whole body sparkled as though with the glitter of pearls, diamonds and rubies inlaid. It seemed as though light in its wanderlust galloped over his body and was caught in the web of vibrations of maximal frequency with minimal wavelength.

What about the aura of Aroma present? It was a riot, an orgy, a Saturnalia of an avalanche of fragrance thawing upon Dadaji's high voltage body, suffocating, stifling throughout with its soul-consuming virulence. The whole atmosphere of the place hummed and buzzed with the rhapsody of dense, humid Aroma; Aroma filled the area as though gushing from a hose according to many observers. It was the Aroma of Aromas, redolent with diverse fragrances, with the musk fragrance rising above them all. It seemed as though a pall had been woven around by the humid density resulting in poor visibility for awhile. The entire landscape of the throng of people seemed to have gone to sleep for some twenty minutes.

It was so unbelievably believable; believable because this manifested in broad daylight, in the open outside area, with no props or preparations by Dadaji, before our inquiring eyes, a bunch of 300 eyes! It still prods even me into disbelief because it was in no way commensurate with our wildest experiences, let alone wildest imaginations or dreams. It was an event sculpted from the unfathomable monolithic gallery of Infinity; a hieroglyph of Divine Essence, not for cerebral, mental negotiation, but for visceral attunement. The picture of Infinity displayed on Dadaji's body, before me and the 150 people gathered there was one of matchless beauty, splendor, majesty and fragrance; it was an automatic red carpet welcome to the descent of Divinity without any strings attached. It was the epiphany of our basal essence to the Magi f or enlightened senses, the Truth beyond all Truths; the Truth that gives life to mundane truth and untruth alike.

After all my verbal gymnastics I am confident I have failed pathetically in my objective to describe my experience. Two major reasons I say that, in the first place I have failed to portray

property the picture of Dadaji in his “in tune” state. This is a state, the Supreme state, in which Dadaji can stay for at best ten to twenty minutes, as he has told us himself; beyond that time his body would dissolve completely like flakes of a thin shiny cloud. As for the ravishing fragrance that Dadaji’s body lets loose, Dadaji said, “So long as there is perfect merger with Absolute Truth, fragrance sans vibration remains dormant. It starts flowing in riotous rapture when a state in between ‘in tune’ and ‘in mood’ states emerge.” I fail utterly to describe such an aromatic scene.

Secondly, I am sure I have failed to describe this event for a sizeable number of readers who may be irked or antagonized by my ardor for unchastened, studied, verbal rhetoric. However, I have written the truth, the truth of my experience and of at least 150 others at that event. I am happy I delivered it, though in an inverse ratio of the degree in which the Absolute, so long enchained in the anonymity of icy vacuity, has been delivered in the overly photosynthetic body of Dadaji.

The aura of Aroma still hangs about us. How many times did Dadaji glide into such “in tune” state? Difficult to say for sure; so far as I recollect, it happened at least ten dozen times in my presence. There were such manifestations galore in Bombay, Benares, Orissa, Chandigarh, Madras, Germany, Belgium, France, Australia, England, and many states in America. (Editors Note in 2007: Dadaji’s Aroma continues to manifest worldwide to those who met him in person and to those who met him via friends, family, books, tapes, or websites.) Over time enchantment erodes, emotions have an ebb tide, and unperceptive people mix the experience of Aroma with other supernatural manifestations by Dadaji and fail to record its profound uniqueness and meaning. After all such profound manifestations of Divine Aroma, Dadaji looked exhausted and now and then gasped for breath. He was invariably given a glass of water to drink, which helped him relapse into normalcy, if that word can be used in reference to Dadaji.

In one instance, in Bombay, the Aroma was so strong, suffocating, burning and wrenching that Dadaji grew quite restless and his body ached. The Aroma was so strong Dadaji couldn’t even drink a glass of water. After his body was rinsed for over twenty minutes using towels that had been dipped in hot water, Dadaji came back to his normal self.

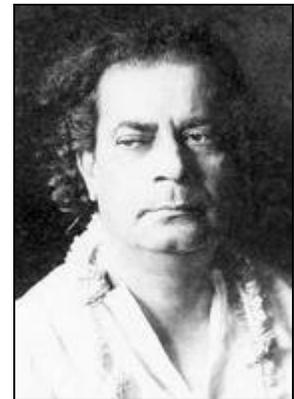
There is another dimension to the romance of Aroma. You can get it even though you are far away from Dadaji; you can get it through a phone call to or from him. You get Aroma when Dadaji remembers you, or you may get it when you are in trouble or great danger so you are thereby assured of Dadaji’s presence and relief from impending misfortune. Sometimes you smell Dadaji’s Fragrance in the air around you; other times it is wafted into your nostrils somehow. Or, your entire body may become aromatic. All such instances depend upon the degree of seizure of you by Dadaji and the degree of your submission. At times it is experienced alone or singly in a group, or at times is shared by others. Generally, the Aroma is a private, intimate experience belonging to you alone. Dadaji’s Aroma can reach you wherever you may be, regardless of where Dadaji is or is not. Although Dadaji calls this Aroma “the notes of the flute” of Krishna in Vraja, Aroma is transcendent of even that.

I recall a unique manifestation of Dadaji’s Fragrance in a dying man, Narayanji of Patna, son of Paramanandaji, a minister of Azad Hind Government set up by Netaji Subhas Ch. Bose during World War II. A quarter of an hour before he breathed his last, his body started emitting Dadaji’s Fragrance. The doctor attending him was intrigued; how could a man dying of cancer have such a beautiful, stimulating odor? Fearing the end had come the doctor listened to his heart with his stethoscope, the promptly gave a cardiac massage to no purpose as his heart was not revived. The Aroma grew stronger and stronger and stronger; the doctor gave the dead man an injection to no avail. Dadaji’s Aroma, waxing steadily ebullient, saturated the dead body and enveloped the entire palatial building. The doctor found to his utter amazement that not only his body and his clothes, but also his medical equipment and bag were all emitting a suffocating fragrance. When this experience was later reported to Dadaji, he said, “He was merged in Truth, so the Aroma enveloped his body as the signature of merger.”

Aroma may also cure disease; it may restrain you from doing something evil or working out a sinister project. It may sound dubious or farfetched to many because of the appearance of subjectivity to the experience of Divine Fragrance. It may be misconstrued, misunderstood, and out right denied. Let me narrate two experiences whereby Dadaji’s Aroma helped people emerge unscathed from a frowning, unwelcome situation into which they were thrust by the pressure of circumstances.

In the first, a professor used to commute from Calcutta to Diamond Harbor using a monthly ticket that was renewed each month. He forgot to renew his ticket, but was hoping to get it renewed before getting onto the train the next day. However, he was late arriving at the station and had to run to catch his train without renewing his ticket. He, however, didn't worry because the ticket checker knew him well. To the great consternation of the professor after the train had passed a few stations, a new ticket checker came into the train compartment. He felt even worse when he noticed many of his students were in the compartment. How could he avoid abject humiliation? No way. In great dismay within himself he started muttering, "Dada, Dada." The ticket checker came and checked everyone around him, leaving him in untouchable isolation. Why? How could that happen? When the professor reported his experience to Dadaji, he said, "You were fully shrouded by dense Aroma. He could not notice you at all."

On the second occasion, Dadaji was going to Lucknow from Calcutta. Two ladies and five men accompanied him. An associate of Dadaji came to Howrah train station to see him off but before he could meet Dadaji, who was in a small compartment with the two ladies, the five men whisked him off into their train compartment. The train started its journey within a few minutes and he was on the train, unexpectedly, with no ticket. After discussion of now being 6 people with only 5 tickets, they reported the matter to Dadaji. Dadaji was wroth; the sixth was going against His Will. "Don't bother me," Dadaji exclaimed, "settle it yourselves." The five men were highly apprehensive worrying about what grim fate awaited them; they counted on the Grace of Dadaji to avoid harassment by the ticket checker. Around 11p.m. the ticket checker came to their compartment and was trapped by Aroma; five tickets were given to him and in a confused state he counted the six men thrice and set it at five. The unwelcome situation was thus resolved by Dadaji's Aroma.



The Stirless Majesty of Materialization

Journalists the world over have called it 'materialization', the phenomenon of Dadaji, out of nowhere, producing a wrist watch, fountain pen, bottle of whiskey, shawl, carton of cigarettes, and so forth, and handing it to someone nearby in a most casual fashion. The expression "materialization" sounds fishy and ghostly. If it appears like a ghost to Hamlet, it would evaporate shortly thereafter; a ghost is supposed to pre-exist in gaseous form. Does, for example, a pen pre-exist in some invisible form? Does a pen pre-exist in the cause or idea of it? Whatever the circumstance, which we cannot know, the alternatives suggest materialization is synonymous with creation, the truth of which will be amply borne out by the nature of specific cases which I will describe. Referring to items thus manifested, Dadaji said, "It is a manifestation, an uncovering, a bringing-to-light of what was pre-existent invisibly in that place." Empirically, such manifestation is another name for creation. The fourth dimension, the specific point of time, was missing, being later waved forth into existence by the hand of Dadaji.

Both kinds, manmade objects versus natural objects of nature, may be called forms of manifestation. There is a clear difference between the two kinds: pens, watches, lockets, chains, necklaces, shawls, silk saree, bottles of whiskey, cartons of cigarettes, vials of medicines, etc, manmade objects, can in no way be said to be pre-existent in the same fashion as apples,

pineapples, mangoes brinjal (eggplant), tomatoes, pumpkins, etc which grow of their own nature. Dadaji often said, while delivering manifested fruit to someone, “This apple has grown on the roof.” Or, “This mango has grown in your orchard.” Or, “This pineapple has grown by your portico.” Of course, there being no apple tree on the roof, or orchard in the recipient’s yard, or pineapple plant in their portico. One might assume that since say a watch doesn’t grow, it does not pre-exist in a particular place before its manifestation. Dadaji often declared, “Hey, where is there any space? It is for sure a speck.”

Space may shrink according to the exigencies of the situation and any point of space may turn out to be any other point of space. That shrinkage is called into request when Dadaji fetches something from afar; for example, when he manifests, within a second or two, a watch with a cash receipt of purchase from a department store in USA. Such things happen with Dadaji on a legion of occasions. They occur urged by Dadaji’s express motive force to demonstrate the superhuman, overriding, innate power he has to confound, silence, and neutralize his critics obsessed with hostile skepticism. However, Dadaji assigns no power to himself in this or other matters; it is not his style. Dadaji arrogates no power to himself; that all Power belongs to the Lord is his constant refrain.



He makes gifts of a watch (left, given to Mr Singh in Chandigarh), a pen, or a locket to someone with the words, “The Lord has grazed you with this spontaneous gift so that you may realize the supra-scientific spiritual essence of all existence and its functional modes. It is neither magic nor jugglery; nor is it a hollow bribery to win you over. It is rather booster to your unbiased circumspection of life and reality, of its hidden anchorage and springs of motive force.” The watches, etc, manifested by Dadaji are on a different footing altogether; at times while presenting a watch, Dadaji would say, “This brand will appear in the market three years hence.”

Another time a watch appeared out of nothingness into Dadaji’s hand with the inscription ‘Made in Dreamland’ and ‘Sri Sri Satyanarayan’.

A fountain pen he manifested and presented to a visiting dignitary is overlaid with gold on one side and diamond and platinum on the other.

A watch face Dadaji manifests is taken by him between his hands, is pulled at both ends and a leather wrist strap shapes itself out; the same motion sometimes yields a gold band, which then turns into silver, then back into gold.

Dadaji manifested a watch with a silver band for a gentleman. Seconds later he, at the behest of Dadaji, gives the watch to his wife. The watch instantly becomes a ladies watch with a gold band!

Dadaji pulls the tresses of hair of a lady and a silk sari is spun out in delicate beauty.

Dadaji caresses the beard of a gigantic Indian journalist and a gold locket (right) embossed with a portrait of Satyanarayana pops up.

Dadaji shakes hands with a thirsty alcoholic and an exquisite bottle of Champagne is planted on his palm.

Can any of these manifestations be called a product of the factories or department stores located nearby, in the same invisible fashion as the apple tree on the roof, the mango tree in the orchard, or the pineapple plant in the portico are? You cannot. Thus it appears the two different categories, manmade objects and objects of nature belong to two different categories of manifestation or creation.





The upshot of this discussion is that these sundry goods gifted by Dadaji can in no way be called 'materialization'; they are on the contrary to be called creation and/or manifestation. One may except from that definition items that Dadaji fetches in an instant from far distant geographic locations. The items created or manifested by Dadaji might be viewed as freaks of nature; appearing like pearls in the parted oyster shell. They are the descent of the playful Divine Grace in homely, compassionate profile. But once an item appears laden with the Fragrance of His Love, it is as empiric as any other object under the sun.

When one reflects on these supernatural occurrences unfolded by the Universal Man, Dadaji, in his jesting nobody-ness, full of wavy silence and overflowing joy, signifying that Truth is the nearest and dearest to us all, one knows there is a world beyond the world, a meta-world, where anything is possible, where any fantasy is a live reality. It manifests without any vocal or incipient demand; for the demand belongs to the collective nature of humanity, falling short of articulation by any isolated tongue. It is a Divine Grace in terms of objects to our liking appear while Dadaji chats pleasantries, jests and pulls one's leg with effortless spontaneity and bouncing grace such that at times it becomes difficult to keep track of the supernatural advent.

Many a time people were caught off guard when Dadaji manifested an object out of nowhere and graced them with a vial of medicine, watch, pen (left, gold Parker Pen), necklace or bottle of whiskey. Stunned they were intrigued and confused that their minds were read and revealed by Dadaji presenting them with an object of their desire. Dadaji smiles genially at this and prods them to take the gift from his hand, lest it evaporate due to belated response. That's a hard fact of the event; if you fail to respond instantly due to inadvertence, unconcern, or being dazed, the gift is transported into the vibrationless vacuum, unless of course Dadaji is deadest on having you grab it, like a mother spoon feeding her cranky baby. I have been the privileged, though confounded, witness to this a few times when I had the inquisitive alacrity to watch things appear in Dadaji's hand then disappear outright.



Dr & Mrs N. L. Sen

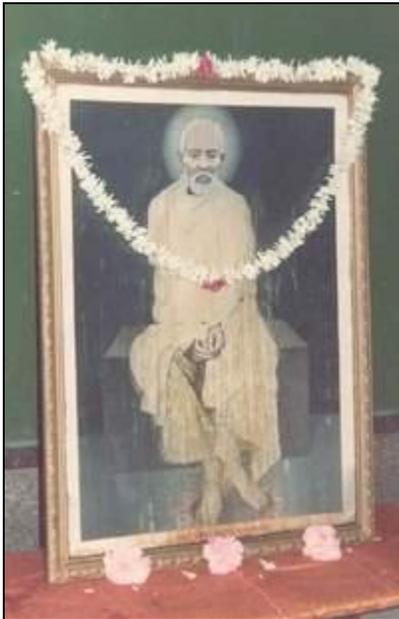
Once my wife and I, sitting in the front seat beside the driver, were accompanying Dadaji in a car speeding along Lansdowne Road toward Roma Mukerjee's house at Sealdah in Calcutta. I had the privilege of witnessing creation and evaporation of a necklace, twice, in the hand of Dadaji. Myself and many others close to him had a nagging complaint against Dadaji sparked by wounded vanity, that the recipients of his supernatural gifts are invariably the bigwigs of society, great scholars, scientists, celebrated journalists, industrialists and political heavy weights; the lead, the light, the key people and king pins of the world at large in

all sectors of human endeavor. We commoners have always to confront the sabbath (period of rest) of his supernal gifting sprees. I was abundantly blessed, however, with a gift of a linen handkerchief and once again with a phial of injection ampoules (sealed glass vial), which Dadaji later changed to a brand of his wish. The handkerchief served to wipe the profuse perspiration that drenched Dadaji constantly and it grew intensely aromatic over time. It glided on in its career as wiper and indulgent smuggler of perspiring Aroma for nearly three months and then I decided to have it washed. It was so done, but the linen kept the Aroma. Next day I put it under Dadaji's pillow so he might use it often during my absence, and also avoid it being soiled by any other hands. That was it; I never got it back again as a result of my washing sacrilege and truant submission.

Be that as it may, my nagging complaint against Dadaji backfired during the car ride to Roma's home. Dadaji suddenly shouted at me, "Hold this gold necklace for your daughter." My right hand volleyed forth instantly to meet Dadaji's, but his was inscrutably paralyzed. He said, "No, gold won't suit her. Take this silver necklace." Now it was my hand's turn to become immobilized and the necklace evaporated into anonymous vacuity before my eyes. Again, once you get an

object manifested by Dadaji in your grip, it is as solid, durable and workable as any other material object in this world.

Continuing to give a concrete picture of supernatural manifestations of Dadaji, I mention what happened in Bombay in November 1972. Were I to describe and enumerate the whole lot of supernatural advents it would be boring, to a degree, if not inconsequential. I'll mention a few cases that occurred over a day or two during Dadaji's visit there. One morning while engaged with the people assembled in homely repartee, over laden as usual with deep esoteric import, Dadaji suddenly stretched his hand upward near Mrs Nair, and smuggled from vacant space a pair of lovely gold earrings, handing them to her. Then, out of nowhere, Dadaji delivered a piece of paper with a message from Satyanarayana, instantly, automatically written in red ink. After awhile, Dadaji started caressing a lady on her head, passing his fingers gently through her long tresses of hair. Lo and behold, a hand loomed silk sari bounded into Dadaji's palm; he then stretched the sari out into its full length (approx 5-6 feet), and gave it to the lady. Dadaji then turned a jar of water into whiskey, which was forthwith pegged out amongst a few guys near him, leaving a residue to prove that this alcoholic nature was irreversible except by Dadaji.



Satyanarayan drips with Divine nectar that appeared on it in Puja 1986

In the evening, Dadaji held audience at Dr Satapathi's residence. Satyanarayan Puja (worship) was performed; or better said, it manifested there because a pizza-like Sandesh (Indian sweet) about eight inches in diameter and nearly one and a half inches thick, colored in red and yellow and blue, bearing the inscription 'Sri Sri Satyanarayana' in the middle, appeared in the Puja room (A small, closed private room wherein a portrait of Satyanarayan is placed along with common Indian dishes of food and a plain glass of water offerings are put before the portrait; the door is closed and Dadaji remains in the large outer hall with the gathering of people who sing Bhajans for some length of time; occasionally Dadaji selects one person to sit alone in the Puja room.). In the course of carrying the manifested Sandesh from the Puja room into the audience hall it grew more solid, denser and heavier proving that its nativity was in an atmosphere that had shut out the gravity of Earth. It was, indeed a sterling supernatural occurrence, impeccable and impervious to casuistry. It was something the like of which is beyond the experience and knowledge and imagination of any person.

The Puja over and the Prasad (left over food set before the portrait) distributed, Dadaji graced Mr Harin Chattopadhyaya, the poet-brother of Mrs Sarojini Naidu, a box of foreign chocolates manifested out of nowhere; Dadaji then graced his wife a cigarette case inscribed 'Zurich'. Suddenly Dadaji, out of nowhere, pulled a Satyanarayana locket from the turban of ever-tipsy Khuswant Singh, he then waved his finger and automatically inscribed Mr Singh's name with 'Dadaji' below it on the back of the locket. Dadaji then pulled Mr Singh's flowing beard and out came a gold chain. Then, with a wave of Dadaji's hand, Mahanam (Great Name of God) flashed out across Mr Singh's turban in Gurumukhi script. Dadaji left Khuswant Singh to tie the loose end of his mind and turned to Mr K. Chakraburty, a Bengali, and his Gujurati wife who were simultaneously conducted into Mahanama when the words appeared on one piece of paper in their respective scripts. Fuming and fretting within himself for some long time, Dr. K. D. Jhangiani was feeling neglected with his aborted attempts to see Dadaji. But now Dadaji chose to catch up with the wave lengths of Dr Jhangiani's mind and started passing his hand under the man's shirt and through the hairy alcoves of his chest, gleaning within a minute or two a wrist watch one and a half inches in diameter. Dadaji then pulled the watch with his hands in opposite directions and a leather band shaped out. Dadaji asked Dr Jhangiani to give it to his wife; he obeyed grudgingly and instantly it turned into a ladies watch. Dadaji is tenacious in catching people pathetically on the wrong foot.

When fortune comes, it too comes in battalions. So it was with Mrs Nair who was still under the spell of Dadaji's seizure of gold earrings out of nothingness and giving them to her.

Dadaji next placed his hand on Mrs Nair's head where he grabbed an oval silver locket bearing the impression of Satyanarayana, which he then turned into gold and fitted it onto a gold chain that stormed out of the picture portrait of Satyanarayan into Dadaji's hand. Thus drew to a close the supernatural carnival of Dadaji on that occasion although there was a sequel wherein Dadaji manifested a vial of medicine capsules for noted musician Mrs. Bansari Lahiri, wife of the musician Aparesh Lahiri, and mother to the internationally famous movie music director Bappi Lahiri.

Dadaji's manifestation of diverse articles were frequent, in fact a daily occurrence in many cities in India, including Calcutta, Bhubaneswar, Patna, Lucknow, Chandigarh, Delhi, Bombay, Poona, Ahmedabad, Bhavnagar, Madras, and so forth. The same occurred in Europe, England and U.S.A. where many witnessed such manifestations. Over the years, my experiences of witnessing Dadaji's manifestations were primarily in India, thus I will stick with what I personally saw happen in this account.



Dadaji – Madras 1973



In 1973 Dadaji visited Madras. On the first day of his visit he neutralized and won over a whole caravan of renowned Sanskrit scholars, diehard conservatives and hair-splitting wranglers, including the great Vedantist Mm. Srinivasan, about which I will tell later in its proper place. On the second day in Madras Dadaji was invited by the Governor, His Excellency Mr K. K. Shah, to pay him a visit. Dadaji went to the Government House to

negotiate the Governor, who was already in utter confusion and disrepair. Dadaji, who had smiled and flayed the scriptural obsessions of the Pundits (intellectuals), rose to the occasion and ticked off the Governor's cynical skepticism by manifesting a new model Rolex watch for him. Then Dadaji waved a blank piece of paper gently thereupon poured out in Gujarati script in red ink the inarticulate thoughts the Governor had about Dadaji; in wonderment the Governor put his signature under the script most cheerfully.



Madras 1973

In the afternoon Dadaji along with his Calcutta traveling companions were in the residence of the Chief Justice, the Honorable Mr. P.S. Kailasam, where Satyanarayan Puja was to be held. Dadaji took the Chief Justice into the Puja room and within half a minute, a porcelain plate (left) impressed with the image of Satyanarayana appeared in his hand. Then, from nowhere with a big thud a gigantic multi-colored Sandesh, one foot in diameter and two inches thick, display the inscription 'Sri Sri Satyanarayana' in Tamil script, fell into Dadaji's hands. It was a superb sight to see! It would have been proper, in a way, to enshrine this supra-mundane earthy harvest into a glass case for future generations to witness it. But that would have been an act of crass idolatry which Dadaji rejects outright. It was better, as it was done, to consign it to the idolatry of the palate in fragmented bits to everyone gathered there.

At the request of Justice Maharajan Dadaji accompanied him with his entourage to his house and out of nowhere graced him with a silver locket with an image of Satyanarayan; the locket then turned into gold.

Next day Dadaji negotiated a press conference at Poona where he pulled a Parker 91 pen out of the index finger of Mr David, editor of the Poona Herald, and gave it to him. It happened like one pulls chestnuts from a twig, or like one pulls corn from a stalk, Dadaji pulled a pen out of the man's index finger. In the same fashion, Dadaji gave Mr Sahib, editor of a journal, a Pilot pen, while Patanjali Sethi, another journalist, was graced with a Pelican pen. These manifestations came handy to Dadaji, in easy cadence and bouncing sequence without the least perceptible effort on his part. Like light encircling the earth in a split second, Dadaji's playful wish brooks not even a second's delay. Like the behavior of a subatomic particle kaon, Dadaji's behavior results in instantaneous fruition even though the entire universe needs being churned in the operation. In the twinkling of an eye, Dadaji gave Mr Nani Palkiwala, an eminent Indian jurist, a gold fountain pen; a gold and platinum pen to Mr H.P. Roy, a Bombay-based industrialist; to Chief Justice R. M. Kantawallah, a pen with gold on one side and platinum with a diamond on the other side; and to R. K. Karanjia, editor of Illustrated Weekly, a watch run by solar energy!

There are many witnesses to Dadaji changing one thing into another, making silver into gold, making things out of nothing, simply through fiat of his will; and, harnessing solar rays to produce fruits, vegetables, and sweets. Many giant pumpkins, eggplants, tomatoes, apples, pineapples, mangoes and Indian sweets have been harvested by Dadaji instantaneously from the solar rays. This manner of making things, edible or useable otherwise, is known as 'solar science' in spiritual parlance in India. Dadaji, however, asserts it is beyond the grip of self-styled godmen. A few adepts here and there may have command over it although their method is different and inferior to Dadaji's because his scaffolding is perched on the bubble-less void of nobody-ness, beyond the region of spatio-temporal imagism and agency. With Dadaji the cause and effect are coeval; or the cause trails the effect like the sound trailing the light emitted from an explosion. Whatever extraordinary things Dadaji does are sui generis being in no way similar to the efforts of others. For example, a yogi takes a span of time to do something extraordinary and his ego provides a boost to the event, like manifesting a mango. The yogi has an urge to control favorably the effect of the feat on the onlookers; it is like a guided missile flung to win popular applause. Dadaji also manifests a mango, but in an entirely different way; he manifests a mango spontaneously and instantly; claims he is nobody and can do nothing; he is shorn of all sense of agency, has no ego. Dadaji's being is but one indivisible reality beyond space, time and causality. Shorn of ego and agency, Dadaji does not bother himself with the tenor and complexion of the result. What Dadaji does is supernatural; similar feats of yogis miss the mark, their power is acquired and becomes exhausted in time. With Dadaji it is but Nature; one may call him supernatural or natural, although no such invidious distinctions exist for Dadaji. Indeed with Dadaji everything is natural or supernatural, same; this is why he exclaims, "This man has not

come here at all.” For, Dadaji has no sense of agency, no ego. Whatever he does is natural with him; though supernatural with us. What we may take as natural for Dadaji, ought to be supernatural from our empiric standpoint. Dadaji clinches the issue when in reference to himself, he glibly asserts, “He does not do anything. He has not come at all.”

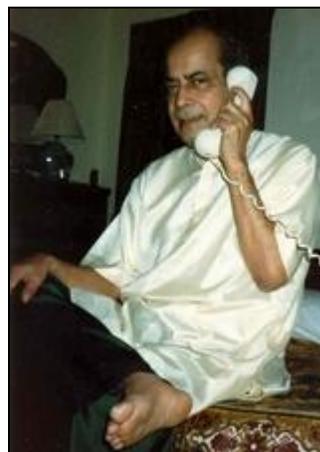
In 1975 Dadaji liked being closeted with a favorite, Mr Madhav Chakravurty every afternoon for a stretch of four months. The two would sit and chat in the Puja chamber in Dadaji’s home. They would daily enjoy a sumptuous repast of a variety of Indian sweets fetched by Dadaji out of nothingness by stretching his arm upward. Shortly thereafter, Mr Chakravurty died prematurely in his late forties. In a similar fashion, while they sat chatting on the second floor balcony of his home, Dadaji gave a bulky pineapple to Mr B.K. Ghosh, who lost his job when he defended Dadaji during the false criminal case filed against him; case subsequently dismissed.

Such manifestation occurred in a different way with added dimensions in the case of Mr P. C. Sorkar, the great magician. Mr Sorkar came along with his tow friends of the Calcutta I. B. to Dadaji’s residence with the avowed objective of catching him on a wrong foot as Mr Sorkar did with other self-styled godmen. After formalities, Mr Sorkar expressed a longing for the Prasad (food offerings made to a deity); specifically he wanted Prasad of Viswanath of Benares. Dadaji gleamed with a self-assured smile and exclaimed, “How good of you to be pining for the Prasad of Viswanath! Why, it’s already there in the trunk of your car; a basket full of it.” Someone went and checked the trunk of his Mr Sorkar’s car, fished out the said basket, appearing sharply mauled and crestfallen came back to Dadaji. Mr Sorkar rose to the occasion in full submission and asked, “Dadaji, when did you put it into the car?” Dadaji replied, “When you were driving past the Jadavpore police station.”

What a depth charge of a reply bespeaking of the foreknowledge of Dadaji about the manner of people coming to meet him with ulterior motives. Dadaji continued, “It’s good you betray the phony godmen. You are doing this man’s job in a way. They are scourges of society; they cheat people in the name of God and make business without any capital. They are the worst criminals. But beware; there is God, the one Truth the one Reality. Don’t tickle It, or try to play foul or false with It.” How many dimensions does this manifestation of a basket of Prasad in the trunk Mr Sorkar’s car display? Let the perceptive readers’ judge for themselves. Let silence grow resonant, bursting the seams of finitude.



Dadaji in his bedroom at home
Calcutta 1986



Boulder, Colorado
USA 1986



Los Angeles 1987

Continued.....

A similar, furtive manifestation in 1975 left Dr Karlis Osis, a New York based parapsychologist dumbfounded. Dr Osis and his associate Dr. Heraldsson visited Dadaji at his home for the fourth time in Calcutta.

Dr Osis and Dr Heraldsson first met Dadaji in 1972, after negotiating various so-called godmen of India, at the Ritchie Road residence of Mr Gopi Bose, father to Miss Hena Bose, a onetime staunch devotee of Dadaji. The doctors were investigating paranormal events and set up their hidden camera in a small room next to the spacious hall where there were a large number of

people gathered to see Dadaji. Dr Osis showed cards with different shades of colors in an effort to record Dadaji's verbal reaction to them. While the psychic researcher was testing Dadaji, he in turn was trying the intractable, indefatigable scientist. Dr Osis ran through the entire gamut of colors, but Dadaji replied "white" to all the varying stimuli. And, to the bewilderment of Dr Osis, the hidden camera, too, obeyed Dadaji and recorded only white frames. His pride humbled for the moment, Dr Osis confessed having found a person who defied his scientific scrutiny. Next day when Dr Osis and Dr Heraldsson came to meet with Dadaji at Mr Das Gupta's house, phone calls kept coming for Dadaji from callers round the world without respite, like the jingles of bells around a bovine neck. This was a common experience during the Thursday evening sessions held on Lansdowne Road. When the telephone rang for each call, Dadaji would announce the source of the call (person and location) even before touching the receiver. Dr Osis was riveted, intrigued and neutralized, saying, "Could we but get for a single day the x-ray eyes of Dadaji!" Dadaji instantly replied, "Tell him not to come here to grind his political axe."



Dr Osis



Dr Heraldsson

Back to what I was going to write about the time in 1975 when the parapsychologists visited Dadaji at his home. After attending a Satyanarayana Puja in the Park Circus area of Calcutta the two scientists accompanied Dadaji to Roma Mukerjee's (now Melrose) house and had friendly repartee with him for well over an hour. They all had dinner at Roma's with her parents. Dadaji left for home and the two scientists stayed at Mukerjee's. Scarcely half an hour

had elapsed before Roma had a phone call from Dadaji screaming in feigned excitement, "Hi, the two Yankees have stolen a giant tomato and hidden it in the black box of the camera. Charge them, would you?" Roma burst out laughing at Dadaji's weird knavery and reported in sobbing laughter Dadaji's words to the two scientists. "Hang me if that is true," exclaimed Dr Osis in amazement. Dr Heraldsson chimed in, "Why do you try to fool us? It's impossible what you say." Crushed by skepticism, they refused to even check inside the black box; but they had to when Roma whetted their sense of scientific inquiry. And there it was a huge tomato! How was it possible? Had the laws of Nature cracked in the face of scientific obsession? Did the tomato enter the box as a wave packet and take shape as such? Did it turn into a lepton and get easy entry into the box impelled by the bosons of Dadaji's love-atoms? It was the complete undoing of the two parapsychologists, beset with unexplainable supernatural occurrences on their fourth visit to Dadaji. I will describe this in more detail later on in proper context.



Also, during his fourth visit to Dadaji in Calcutta, Dr Osis mentioned that he brought a gift for Dadaji, a Parker 51 pen (left). But, before Dr Osis could retrieve it from his bag, Dadaji corrected him, "Yes, one for me and another for you, each inscribed with the respective names." Dr Osis did find two identical pens, as Dadaji described with names inscribed on each within their separate boxes. In this case, Dadaji did nothing except say the words and the pens were brought forth elsewhere.

Now I will narrate an amusing account of a sudden manifestation by Dadaji that took everyone unaware, while also shaking a chosen person through and through by the tumultuous advent. In 1971 Dadaji with an entourage from Calcutta was going in cars to Benares to visit Mr Gopinath Kaviraj for whom Dadaji bore an ineffable Divine Love. Mr Jatin Bhattacharya and Mr Dinesh Bhattacharya, bosom friends and longtime associates of Dadaji, were known as Dadaji's jesters. Dadaji would tickle and tease them to exasperation and thwarted them having their way even if domestic or job exigencies demanded their attention. For example, if Dadaji could not sleep at night, he would ask someone to awaken them from sleep at midnight by throwing buckets of cold water on them so they would awaken, get up and provide Dadaji company to the break of dawn. If they slipped away in an effort to sleep, they would invariably be awakened by barking dogs or swarms of mosquitoes, or even a sudden loud palsy of the ceiling fan.

On this occasion in 1971, Dinesh's head was shaven to perform the obsequies of his father who had died a fortnight back. The two jesters were in the company of Dadaji on the car ride from Calcutta to Benares. When they had almost reached the suburbs of Benares, Dadaji started up, claiming he had forgotten something he'd planned to bring along. With a fanfare of self-disappointment, Dadaji said, "Ah me, I have forgotten to bring along Patali (sweet made of date juice thickened with heat) that tastes intensely delicious to Kaviraj-ji!" But now nothing can be done." The cars continued moving toward Benares, the travel being unaffected by Dadaji's bad humor. Suddenly there was a bolt from out of the blue, something big and round and very dense descended with a gigantic thud upon the shaven head of Dinesh who ducked under the pressure of the weight, cried out in alarm, fear and pain, and shrugged it off in reflexive action. It fell into the secure catch of Dadaji's hands; a platter of Patali which he had forgotten to bring along for Mr. Kaviraj. The Patali was presented to Kaviraj-ji along with a Kashmiri shawl embossed with 'To Kaviraj-ji – Amiya Baba' that Dadaji manifested in front of us with a slight wave of his hand.



Dadaji in Bombay 1970s
Roma Mukerjee lower left

Were these items, the Patali and shawl created through solar science, which Dadaji says few people know and only imperfectly. Were they Dadaji's simple wish fulfillment? Difficult to determine, but it can safely be asserted that Dadaji resorts now and then to solar science to demonstrate its infinite possibilities which are inaccessible to any other person. Dadaji's usual style is to tap the basal vibration of all creativity under which must be subsumed the solar science that derives from vibrations of a

lower echelon. However, at bottom Dadaji's simple wish is responsible for all creativity; Will Supreme sparks off the initial vibration of creativity.

A pertinent question arises here as a matter of course. If at bottom Dadaji's simple wish account for all supernatural presentations, why has he to wave his hand and at times mutter inaudible syllables while making the supernatural manifestation? Let us consider concrete cases here. On May 11, 1977 Dadaji went to Mr Karenjia's house in Bombay where his daughter's wedding was being celebrated. With a wave of his hand Dadaji gave Karanjia a solar watch with the words 'Made in Universe' and 'Sri Sri Satyanarayan' inscribed. Then Dadaji told him, "It is customary to give a present to the bride, take this for her." What was it? A rotten rag! But before he could feel bad and humiliated in front of the ritzy-glitzy guests, Dadaji asked him to pull the other end of the rag. With rankling discomfort, Karanjia did so and the rag shaped out into a superbly exquisite sari a full six meters the like of which, Dadaji asserted, if found anywhere in the world he would pay for it whatever the price. In this manifestation, Dadaji put forth no visible effort to bring it forth.

Many of the most fantastic, hair raising, breath taking manifestations by Dadaji are unattended with the least effort on his part. Yet the most common ones appear to be effected by him. How to explain this anomaly? Instead of spinning the cobwebs of our egos, our mental obsessions, which serve only as pot holes in our quest for Truth, let us submit to the words of Dadaji which are more likely to lead us to the anchorage of Truth. "Things happen through Will Supreme," he assures us in his stance of no-body-ness. "This man, your Dada, has no credit or discredit herein. But, when there is an absence of Will Supreme, he has to call into request Sudarshan* or he has to apply Vibhuti Yoga**." "

* Sudarshan - Revolving discus; weapon wielded by Lord Krishna to negotiate his so-called enemies. According to Dadaji, God can have no enemy. Sudarshan is finding out Darshan (basal Truth) in the egoistic offender against Truth (enemy), which is Su (ineffably exquisite) and overwhelming the enemy with the power of Divine Love and immerse him or her in a consciousness shorn of materialistic Idolatry of dualism.

** Vibhuti Yoga – Supra-mundane powers, not attained through any manner of psycho-physical culture, but congenital and inherent.



Dadaji arriving ill in London 1983
(later determined he was ill due to curing
someone having a heart attack at the time)

While curing a terminally ill person or bringing a dead person back to life, which Dadaji has done reportedly six or seven times, he is sometimes stricken with the disease of the ailing person. The gravity of the person's critical condition being similar, sometimes he is not in the least affected by it. On this Dadaji observes, "When the Lord takes away the disease nothing happens, but when this man (Dadaji) takes it away, he has to suffer for that is the law of Nature. Someone has to suffer; those who throw it back to Nature are criminals." So it turns out when Will Supreme is absent, Dadaji has to put in personal effort, however scanty, to manifest the supernatural things and that he has to suffer at times for that is the law of Nature.

Are there cases in which Dadaji does something of a lower order of supernatural manifestation? We have to negotiate the situation when with a wave of his hand Dadaji manifests a watch or a pen and gives it to someone while saying, "This is a gift to you from Satyanarayana." Certainly Dadaji's giving cannot be fully equated with Satyanarayan's gift. Does it not really sound mighty

funny that the Will Supreme would degenerate into pandering to the wishes of you and me? Yet it is, as Dadaji asserts, a gift from Satyanarayana. How can we reconcile it, our conscious vis-à-vis the infallibility of Dadaji? We need a spoon feeding of Dadaji's words.

Dadaji often says, "Shake off your ego and then you will find out a store house of tremendous energy and power within you." In another context he said, "The moment you go beyond mind, your wishes will be in tune with the Will Supreme resulting in visions of Divine images to your liking." In the absence of Will Supreme Dadaji manifests something in no time; his non-egoity and beyond-mind nobody-ness attunes him to the Will Supreme which instantly manifests things desired by Dadaji. Since the prime mover is Dadaji, he has to suffer at times. This is aggravated and attains unbearable proportions when Dadaji, at times, rides roughshod over Will Supreme as in the case of Mr Jayprakash Narayan in prison during the Emergency promulgated by Mrs. Indira Gandhi.

From an empiric, non-mystical point of view, it may be asserted that Dadaji is born with tremendous superhuman powers which are always right under his thumb. These powers belong in two categories. One is called Sudarshan, the other Vibhuti Yoga, as mentioned earlier. Often the two mix and mingle, one flowing into the other. Generally speaking, Sudarshan is applied to reduce into submission a diehard conservative steeped in the maze of obsessive dogmas as in the case of so-called godmen, atheists, and nihilists. Vibhuti Yoga is applied mostly to manifest multifarious mundane objects to have ESP (extrasensory perception) and psycho-kinesis, to fetch things from afar and visa versa, to control nature, cure diseases and do sundry supernatural feats of diverse kinds. Since Dadaji is grounded in the vacuum of nobody-ness, his effort and spontaneity are both the same. Only in a few cases of the effort category, Dadaji has to suffer. There are only a couple cases when is effort was paralyzed at onset by the Will Supreme.

Before closing this section I will narrate two more supernatural manifestations. I will begin with the case of Dr K.S. Choudhury, the Vice Chancellor of Kabir University. It was a summer evening in 1976, July 19 to be specific. Dadaji was on the second floor of his house talking to Mr B.K. Ghosh and me after his evening walk on the roof. Bhuvan Das (right), his beloved housekeeper, informed Dadaji of the arrival of Mr Jnan Ahluwaliah and other visitors. At this, Mr Ghosh, in a patronizing spirit, asked Dadaji to cover himself with fitting clothes before the visitors made their way to his room. "Oh, should I?" said Dadaji in a weird voice; like a docile child he held a lungi (cotton or silk length of cloth wrapped at the waist and ankle length worn by men) open wide without wearing it.



Bhuvan Das in front of Dadaji's residence Calcutta 1982

Dr K. S. Choudhury and other visitors came and bowed to Dadaji who then asked me to narrate the story of the submission to Truth by Srinivasm, the greatest Vedantist, which included Dadaji's manifestation of a message in gigantic Sanskrit verses written in Tamil script. This done, the cassette tapes of Dr S Radhakrishnan's (ex-President of India) and Nani Palkiwallah (the great jurist), were played. Then Dadaji began sizing up Dr. Choudhury saying, "So you have grown into a teetotaler! But why? Do you feel great?" The doctor's lips quivered and Dadaji asked, "What's the best drink in the world?" The reply came, "Scotch Whiskey." "Of that, which brand is the best?" Dadaji asked. "Royal Salute," Dr Choudhury responded glumly. Dadaji, who was reclining on a divan, asked him to spell the words, letter by letter. No sooner was the spelling ended than Dadaji flashed his right hand forward and said, "There you go, hold it." Dr Choudhury obeyed. What was in his hand? Something in a velvet bag; the bag removed, there was a round whiskey bottle with a long neck and big belly. On the cap was a printed label and from the bottle's neck hung a printed card. On the depression in the belly was inscribed 'Royal Salute' and below it 'Scotch Whiskey'. The bottle and velvet bag were a real sight to see with intense aesthetic appeal, not to mention its gastronomic appeal! I thought to myself to ask Dadaji if we could all have a peg or two each; but before I could get the words out of my mouth Dadaji sternly said to Dr Choudhury, "It's for you only; beware of sharing it with others." Such autocratic conferment of drinking rights by Dadaji to a single person is unprecedented, but so it did happen. Although I am unaccustomed to the world of alcoholic spirits, I have never before or since seen such a wonderful bottle of delicate beauty and elegance.

I will bring this section to a close by narrating a horrendously fantastic supernatural occurrence that is almost unbelievable because it is left in our care to unravel. We see the supernatural grow into maturity before our eyes. This happened during the time before Amiya Roy Chowdhury had revealed himself in public as Dadaji. During that time he often met with internationally famous scholars and scientist in Calcutta and discussed topics ranging form history to science, often tickling them off their feet and putting them in a tight corner. One evening an assembly of topmost intellectuals included, Dr Suniti Chatterji, Dr Piyadaranjan Roy, a few High Court judges, and Dr S. N. Bose (of boson fame; a boson is any of a class of particles, such as the photon, pion, or alpha particle, that have zero or integral spin and obey statistical rules permitting any number of identical particles to occupy the same quantum state). Dadaji asked someone to fetch him a pot half filled with soil. The owner of the house where they were gathered gladly announced that earlier that very day some pots had been purchased and planted with saplings. A lone pot or two may have been left unused. So a pot half filled with soil was brought to Amiyababu, as Dadaji was then called by them. He looked into it and requested all present to inspect it. He asked, "Do you find a sapling in it?" All answered 'no' in a chorus. He waved his hand a bit over the pot and said, "You are all blind. There it is in deep slumber. Dr Bose, take it

home! Watch it bearing mangoes through the night. In the morrow they will ripen. Taste them at your lunch table at noon.”

The entire room burst with peals of laughter. Certainly Amiyababu must have gone off his head. But, a sapling did in fact pop up its head, sparking a greenhouse effect on the boisterous deriders. In perfect bewilderment they all sneaked looks at the sapling. A resonant calm followed. They could not dare stir the veil of enveloping calm. Dr Bose, at the request of Amiyababu, took the pot home with grave misgivings. At noon following day Dr Bose and his entire family enjoyed a juicy dessert of mangoes, four in all.



Dr Bose (left) passed the word of the experience along the grapevine to all the others, but they could hardly swallow that it had happened to such a stalwart of science as he was, and they dismissed him outright. Since that day, as reported to us by one of his close friends Dr Atulananda Chakravurty (author of the book *Dada Movement*), Dr Bose fell into calling Amiyababu ‘Tathagata’, an epithet of the Buddha. As Dr Chakravurty told us, Dr Bose advised him to go meet Tathagata, Mr Amiya Roy Chowdhury, who lived not far from his residence.

Interestingly enough, 500 years ago such a spectacular supernatural feat was displayed by Mahaprabhu Srikirshna Chaitanya. During his last year of stay at Navadwipa, he used to have congregational music of divine names at time from forenoon through the break of dawn next day, at the house of Srivasa. One day in a rapture of divine joy he planted a mango sapling in the courtyard which grew mangoes that ripened before dusk enabling him to make a grand mango festival, as it was called, that night. Because it was Dadaji, himself, who appeared as Mahaprabhu 500 years ago, it is nothing strange that such things would have happened then too.

Are such supernatural advents triggered by solar science, or a mere wave of the hand, or a simple wish? Nobody can say anything for sure about it except Dadaji, who has given here and there clues to solution of the mystery. We can take refuge in his stubborn, often repeated words, “Don’t try to understand Him.” In conclusion I assert with mighty regret that the phenomenal advancement of science has changed the face of the earth radically, but has failed miserably to instill new patterns of thought, to open new horizons and new dimension to our world view. It were better they ruminated on the implications of the new theory that if physical objects do exist one has to postulate a speed faster than light; of the hypotheses of cosmic consciousness and the explicate and implicate orders of existence; of the failure of the second law of thermodynamics; of the water memory hypothesis, and so forth. The debunking of superstitions and obsessions of science are not far behind.

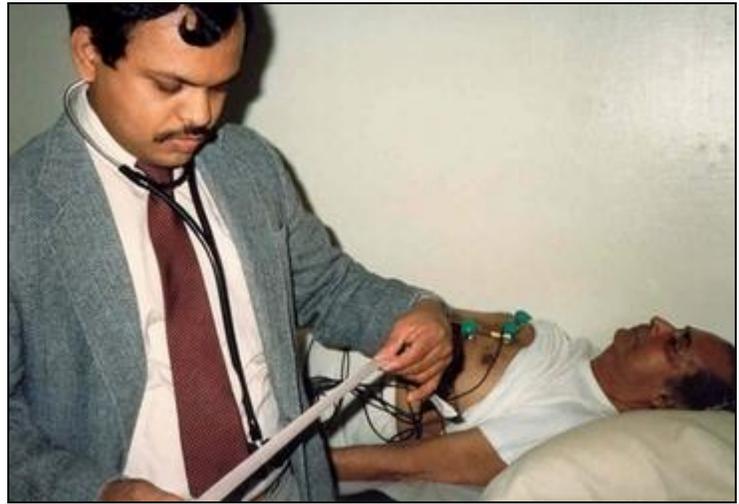
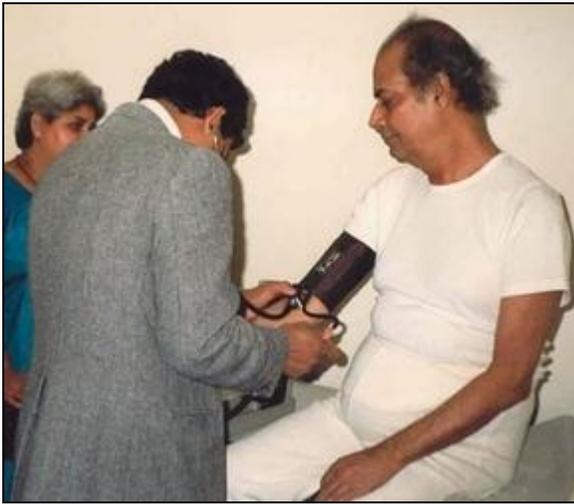
The Supernatural in Spectral Trickles

Let us embark upon this section with an engrossing account of the volatility of Dadaji’s physical body without barking it up with the monophysitism (belief that Christ has one nature, part human, part divine) of Christology (branch of theology dealing with the nature, person, and deeds of Jesus Christ). As Dadaji has often asserted, “This is indeed a physical body, though unlike yours; yet it is not a physical body.” How contradictory it sounds for sure! But the profoundest truth is embedded in this pithy assertion. God appearing on this earth does not suddenly fall from the sky or the heavens above. He is conceived in and delivered from the mother’s womb like any other human child. Dadaji does not believe in Immaculate Conception, which is positively against the laws of nature. Dadaji scoffs at the stories of great apostles of India who are fabled to have been born asexually, as a baby in a lotus thicket and so forth.

Dadaji fights tooth and nail against the Hindu dogma that God, the Absolute, the Infinite, is born as a finite human being. Dadaji asserts that God is manifested through a suitable person who is at the threshold of infinitude; manifestation may be full, fuller, or fullest. Those who have such manifestation may be called ‘God’ or Avatari in Hindu theology, for all practical purposes. Though they have physical bodies, albeit composed of the most refined, marginally physical matter, these physical sheaths are constantly saturated with the ripples of the body of joyous abandon, Bhaava-deha, and the sparks of the body consciousness. They, and their bodies too though arguably finite are unbounded being in tune with the Infinite. Dadaji has such a body raised to its perfect perfection. Certainly his body is of nature, by nature and for nature. Despite

that it is a unique, transcendent body, the physiology and biochemistry of which baffle all medical computation. I will tell that story in this section.

Dadaji has the amusing habit of cracking practical jokes upon physicians, betraying how little they do know and can perform. In a sudden jerk of an affected anxiety, Dadaji would hit at a somber-looking physician sitting near him saying, "Ah me! What a pass! Am I going to die? I can't feel my pulse. Come check on it." The physician comes forward and taking Dadaji's pulse feels no heart beat. In a bid to set one physician against another, Dadaji calls another physician and says, "You seem to be more efficient in taking a pulse, aren't you? Come feel my pulse." That physician also finds no pulse beat. All the while Dadaji is looking radiantly vibrant and he asks another physician, one known to be a quack, to feel his pulse. The quack doctor examines Dadaji taking his pulse and announces that his pulse rate is quite normal. The hall resounds with thunderous outbursts of laughter from the audience. Dadaji also often confounds great physicians when they find his pulse souring to 200 beats a minute; or plummeting to 10, then complete cessation of pulse rate, then rising back to normalcy.

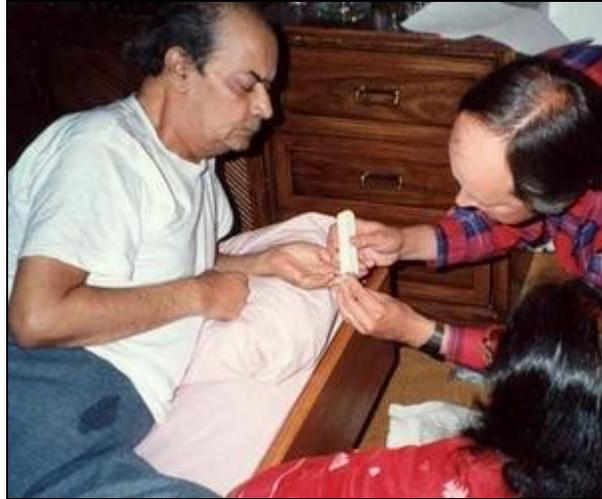


Drs Swarnkar & Shah taking Dadaji's blood pressure Dr Shah taking Dadaji's EKG - 1987 Los Angeles California

The same wildly fluctuating and alarming changes hold true for Dadaji's heartbeat, blood sugar tests, cholesterol, urea, etc. For example, I have seen his blood sugar test shoot up to 500; an hour later it lowers below normal to even 80 or 100; at times to 50. His cholesterol count may rapidly vary from 500 to 150, according to His sweet Will. At times Dadaji's blood pressure cannot be recorded at all; other times, it may shoot up to 400/150, and absurd extreme. He smiles and smiles, dulling the edge of such a fantastic absurdity. Being as he is a nursling of nature, Dadaji often tends to break its bounds to the extent of proving that his body is immanent and transcendent at the same time.



Dadaji during EKG
1987 Los Angeles, California



Tom & Roma Melrose taking Dadaji's blood sugar test
1988 Los Angeles, California

As Dadaji said many times, “It was not in the scheme of things that he (referring to himself) would suffer from diseases; but that he is constantly neutralizing cataclysm and destruction, accelerating the time factor, and curing fatal diseases against the providence of Nature, in the absence of the Will Supreme, he as to suffer a lot. For, who else will bear the brunt of the twirled heap of pollution of Nature and humans? But his suffering is of a different sort; it’s for a brief spell of time and then he’s alright.”

I will narrate an incident that happened to Roma Mukerji (now Melrose) a decade and a half ago in Calcutta. At that time she was an employee of the Reserve Bank of India in Calcutta. She was the apple of Dadaji’s eye; his love for her exceeded all bounds. One day she was lost in her allotted work at the table in a big office where other staff was also working. It was a sultry summer noontide and a pedestal fan was running full blast near Roma. Suddenly she started; stunned she noticed a persistent pulling on her sari-clad, flabby body; pulling her toward the fan. She fell down flat, full length on the floor, still gliding irresistibly toward the whirling fan. She raised a terrific alarm and fainted. Before the other workers, who were rooted to their seats at the sight of her plight, could come to her rescue, the fan came to a dead stop. Then someone was clearheaded enough to shot off the electric switch.

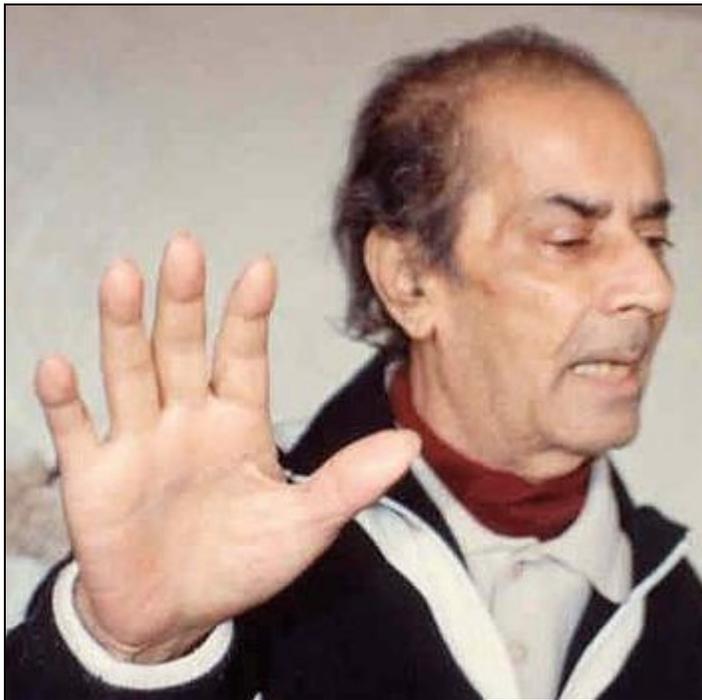
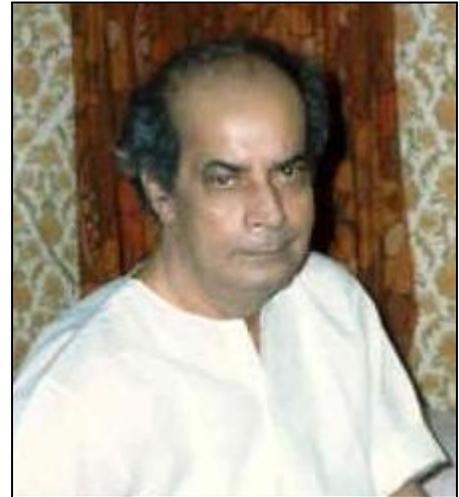
It was around 2 pm in the afternoon. What was Dadaji doing? He was having a siesta, so to say. Suddenly he started up from the bed and made for the bathroom, reeling. I was present, standing at a distance, and implored Dadaji to walk with a firm foot and avoid falling. No sooner had he got into the bathroom than he fell flat on his back on the floor, with a seismic shiver. He was unconscious. The sound of his fall attracted many who rushed to the spot and helped carry Dadaji to the bed. Someone sprinted out to find a physician; and one was called on the phone. Before physicians could be consulted, within a few minutes, Dadaji mumbled, “How is Roma doing? Oh, she is fine.” Dadaji insisted Roma’s office be called to confirm Roma’s well being; shortly thereafter she was escorted home. After awhile Dadaji’s family physician, Dr Samiran Mukerji, arrived and examined Dadaji thoroughly. He found Dadaji had a fever of 104 degrees, severe damage to his head and spine which, if neglected, may lead to serious complications including paralysis. He prescribed medication, injection, and complete bed rest for a fortnight. Dr Mukerji was well conversant with the ways of Dadaji. Soon other physicians arrived and confirmed Dr Mukerji’s diagnosis, some recommended full bed rest for a month.

After the physicians left Dadaji sat up erect cross-legged on his bed and exclaimed, “Dear me! To whom shall I divulge the secret? Krishna and Mahaprabhu were in person taking care of me all the while.” The fever evaporated and Dadaji was his usual self, describing what had happened to Roma in her office in detail. Then he went to his bedroom alone and rang up Roma. He scolded her soundly for her slipshod ways and asked her to come meet him the next morning. The next day Dadaji took his usual round of morning walk around Tollygunge Lake area

without showing any pain or exhaustion. Dr Mukerji came for a daily check up and found, to his utter bewilderment, no signs of any damage anywhere.

A similar experience and Dada's miracle-recovery (far right) was enacted when in 1986 Dadaji fell off some high concrete steps (near right) on the rear entrance to 'Marie Stopes House' onto a concrete driveway in Delhi.

Editor's Note: I was there at the time and at Dadaji's insistence, stayed with him constantly until his return to Calcutta. Full details online at <http://www.dadaji.info> on web page [http://dadaji.info/PDF/Part 4.5.pdf](http://dadaji.info/PDF/Part_4.5.pdf) page 204



Not only Dadaji's physiology, but his anatomy may be trifled with at will. In 1975, for a number of days at a stretch, the left side of his abdomen showed a cavity nearly three inches wide and one and a quarter inches deep. Except ten years after this incident, Dadaji did not undergo any operations, nor were there any scars on his body. (Later he had cataract eye surgery and laser eye treatment.) In bewilderment, I asked Dadaji's physician Dr Mukerji about it and he promptly replied, "Don't you realize? The spleen has gone to shake hands with the liver."

When a palm reader offers to read Dadaji's intensely ruddy palm, it is to their undoing when they find an amphitheater of crushing defeat. Now Dadaji's

Dadaji – Los Angeles, California 1989
palm displays a network of crossed lines; the next moment his palm exhibits only two lines, one horizontal below the fingers and the other a vertical curve. At other times signs of Divinity pop up onto his palms or the soles of his feet, namely patterns of a conch shell, discus, club, lotus, flag, thunderbolt, etc.

That Dadaji's body is quite different from ours is suggested by otherwise banal facts. For example when he suffered from constipation, Roma at Dadaji's behest had to eat bananas, which are considered a good laxative in India. When Dadaji wanted to eat rice, though it had been



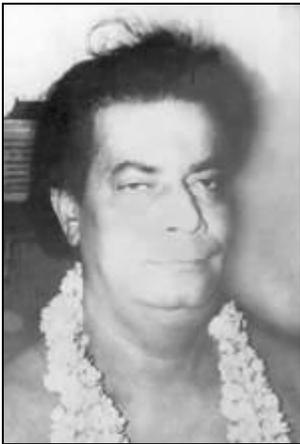
Dadaji (center), Dr Lalit Pandit (left of Dada), Abhi (left)
 Abhi's Delphin House in Bombay in 1970s
 Picture at top right is the one Abhi offered food or cigarette that
 were consumed by Dadaji's portrait although at the time
 Dadaji was in Calcutta.

forbidden by his doctor, Dadaji would ask Mr Jatin Bhattacharya, one of his closest associates, to eat rice in plenty. Dadaji's body extends beyond his visible, viable body and that he can enjoy and benefit from foods eaten by others; more about that shortly. Dadaji's body is all-pervasive, or as he says, "There is no space, but a speck of it." It was proven by Abhi Bhattacharya in Bombay, who held up chops to the mouth of Dadaji's portrait and saw them eaten although Dadaji himself was in Calcutta. Likewise Mr Atin Khan, a cousin of Abhi, used to hold a cigarette up to Dadaji's portrait and would observe it being smoked. This is quite different from a situation, which occurred often, in which an offering placed before a portrait of Satyanarayan, in an empty Puja room with the door closed, is eaten by

Dadaji who may be in Bombay or Calcutta at the time. In the former situation, Abhi or Atin would be with Dadaji's portrait, and things would happen before their very eyes without the physical presence of Dadaji.

In this context it would not be out of place to narrate how the portrait of Satyanarayan, given to every recipient of Mahanam, first appeared in 1965 during the course of a snapshot being taken of Dadaji, then known as Amiya Roy Chowdhury. (Editor's Note: This incident is described in detail online at www.dadaji.info on web page <http://dadaji.info/SATYA.HTM>) In fact, such a transformation of Dadaji into Satyanarayan has been captured time and again with minor differences in the environs. One unique mermaid-like incident happened in Mr Merchant's house in Bombay around 1975. Satyanarayan Puja was underway and Dadaji was going into the private Puja room through a corridor when someone took a picture of him. Hearing the click Dadaji was disturbed and said, "Don't take any photo now. If you do, there will be no Puja." And, so it happened; there was no Puja with typical manifestations of Divine Fragrance, water changed to Charanjal, coconut water changed to porridge, no sprinkles of fragrant water throughout the room, no trickles of Divine honey-like nectar on the Satyanarayan portrait. Mr Merchant who had been chosen to sit in the Puja room had no sandal paste on his body, experienced no foggy atmosphere, or cold or heat waves, or flashes of colored lights in blue, yellow, red, or white. None of the Prasad offered in dishes before the portrait of Satyanarayan had been consumed. Nothing typical of Satyanarayan Puja occurred after the photo was taken of Dadaji.

What did the photo taken at that time display? Strangely enough when it was developed it was a picture of half-Satyanarayan and half-Dadaji. This fosters the presumption that before the Puja really begins, Dadaji is already transformed into Satyanarayan to do the Puja Himself. A copy of this photo is in the zealous preserve of Roma who kindly showed it to me contrary to the express forbidding of Dadaji.



1970s - **Dadaji** – It was often difficult to capture a clear photo during Utsav.

I will recount a few more cases, indeed such cases are legion, embodying the instant physical transformation of Dadaji to bring into bold relief and set on a firm pedestal the general conviction that Dadaji's body, though physical, is trans-physical in every sense. It is a story of the penetration of opposites, not of the body and the anti-body type, but of the body and ante-body or antenna-body order. The latter constantly captures the vibratory signals from the universe around and the beyond, and replenishes and rejuvenates the former, breaking its bounds and remolding it at his sweet will. Let us now deal with the particular spectacles I will present here.

Mrs Bandana Choudhury, wife of Mr Sailen Choudhury, a retired Deputy Secretary to the Government of West Bengal, used to visit Dadaji often during the forenoon at his residence. One forenoon she witnessed Dadaji reclining on his mattress; he came to a sitting position, supporting himself leaning back on two hands, but to her shock Dadaji's usual two hands were dangling at his side inactive. She was a bit scared; could not believe her eyes. Although she was confident her eyes did not belie her, she wondered if it was a projection of her mind, wishful thinking, or an obsessive vision.

In 1980 when Dadaji went to Belgium a fantastic spectacle of Dadaji's physical transformation was unfurled before the greatest Belgian sculptor who had been selected by Dadaji to experience Satyanarayan Puja. As usual, Puja was held in a closed room where a portrait of Satyanarayan had been placed on a divan. Dadaji and those gathered chatted in another room and sang Bhajans. The Puja over, Dadaji entered the room. The sculptor followed Dadaji into the Puja room to inspect it shortly thereafter and was stunned to find there was no Dadaji. Where is Dadaji? He was nowhere to be found. Suddenly his eyes were riveted upon a supernal spectacle as though divinely sculpted and animated; it was Satyanarayana, the Lord, in person reclining on the divan with a pillow between his hands. Tick, tick, tick....three seconds passed; the sculptor in stupefied consternation and consternated stupefaction was rooted to the ground as though communing with grass root Existence. Then somebody gently touched his left shoulder and asked him to come out of the room; he recognized Dadaji's voice and turned to see Dadaji standing behind him. Dadaji directed him out of the Puja room and back into the congregation waiting in sizzling expectancy to hear what the sculptor had witnessed. What a resurrection for him, monstrously unbelievable as it was.

Miss Gita Das Gupta, sister to Mr Animesh Das Gupta in whose house for many years Dadaji had his Thursday evening sessions, used to come to Dadaji's house in the morning and the evening to look after him and conduct visitors to him. She had a legion of visions of Dadaji as Satyanarayan, as Krishna, as Mahaprabhu Krishna Chaitanya in person before her overly watchful eyes.

Dr Nanigopal Banerji, one time Dean of the Faculty of Music, Calcutta University, and a musical maestro celebrated through India and Ceylon for his perfect command of musicology, had many occasions of witnessing Dadaji as Satyanarayana during many private family Pujas in his home. Although Dadaji was not in attendance, Dr Banerji saw Dadaji going into or coming out of the Puja room as Satyanarayana. And, in the Puja room, he chanced upon Dadaji as Satyanarayan blessing him, or embracing him, or raising him from his seat. Satyanarayana, in person, literally breathing down his neck in the foggy, aromatic, forlorn Puja room redolent with an eerie, enigmatic atmosphere shorn of the erstwhile present Dadaji! What a freezing horrendous experience! What a convulsively thrilling vision! What a supernal unfolding of rapturous beauty and joyous abandon! Dr Banerji was lost in the deluge of the overflow of his emotions. He could hardly narrate his experiences; each attempt was thwarted by outbursts of weeping and showers of tears tearing across his whole being, lasting three days.

Apart from such Puja experiences in his own home, Dr Banerji also had such experiences under normal circumstances. He was a regular forenoon visitor to Dadaji. One day

he reached there around 11:30 am and found Dadaji talking with two dignitaries in his bedroom. Dr Banerji had to wait in the adjoining Puja room for his turn. After awhile he grew fidgety and started strolling back and forth, past the wide open door of the bedroom where Dadaji was. Every time Dr Banerji sneaked a peak in to see Dadaji he caught a glimpse of a bearded Satyanarayana wrapped in a shawl. Dr Banerji was a long time friend of Dadaji, having known him as Amiya Roy Chowdhury years earlier. When Dr Banerji finally got the call to enter Dadaji's room, he said, "Why do you confound me? I have come to meet with Dadaji, or better Amiya Roy Chowdhury, not with Satyanarayana." Dadaji smiled with an inscrutable look and kept mum.



Dadaji

Now I will describe the scenario that preceded an incident that occurred when at the official orders of the State Government the most eminent physicians and surgeons of West Bengal came to examine Dadaji. The State was the prosecuting party in the false criminal case filed against Dadaji. A sinister conspiracy had been hatched to falsely identify Dadaji with two hardened criminals who had been charged with murder, embezzlement, and other various crimes against the State and Federal government. The Public Prosecutor, in bullish ferocity to ensure a long cherished promotion, snarled out his preliminary observations during the opening session of the case at the Judicial Magistrate's Court at Alipore, Calcutta. He claimed that such crimes merited a death sentence or rigorous imprisonment for life. The trial date was set for February 17, 1976. Dadaji foresaw the grim prospect that awaited him that day; the common reaction being, "If he is innocent, let him face trial." It was decided to file petitions for an interim stay order on Dadaji's behalf, one at Alipore Court and

the other by the renowned Sankardas Banerji at the Supreme Court on February 16th.

On February 13th, Dadaji asserted he would not go to the Court on the trial date. Many tried to impress upon him the contingency of being arrested if he didn't appear. But, Dadaji stubbornly refused to agree saying, "He doesn't want to go. What will any man do to him?" Instead, Dadaji decided to go to a Nursing Home (hospital) as a patient in critical condition although he was hale and hearty. At Dadaji's bidding, Dr D.K. Roy, a noted Presidency Surgeon, was contacted and Dadaji was removed to a Nursing Home. Dr Roy examined Dadaji thoroughly and sent the report to the Judicial Magistrate recommending one month's bed rest for Dadaji. It was rejected, as also the petition for interim stay order filed on February 16th. Instead, the Government commissioned the Chief Presidency Surgeon, Dr Mandal, to examine Dadaji at the Nursing Home. The Inspector of Police came along with him, ready with the warrant to arrest Dadaji if feigning sickness to obstruct justice was proven.

Dr Mandal with a respectful courtesy just tapped a bit on Dadaji's abdomen and he had a violent, instant throw-up. The doctor froze with fear that his tapping had such catastrophic response. Dadaji's liver area appeared inflated like a balloon; his blood pressure was 250/120; the ECG report was acutely abnormal; edema had set in. Dr Mandal lost no time writing out his report recommending complete rest for one month and promptly dispatched it to the Judicial Magistrate through the blissfully ignorant Inspector of Police. Dr Mandal also talked to the Magistrate over the phone. The trial was set for March 23rd, and then later shifted back to March 13th by Dadaji's Advocate (lawyer) to his personal advantage to the chagrin of Dadaji. To save appearances, Dadaji, who was quite normal, stayed on in the Nursing Home for two days, and then left secretly for the house of Mrs Miniti De, one of his dearest ones. He stayed there for a few days to avoid harassment by the police who showed up in plain clothes at Dadaji's home during his absence.

March 13th came quickly only to find the recalcitrant Dadaji down again with severe, uncourtly sickness. The warrant of arrest stayed for the day, the Court ordered that Mr Mani Chetri go examine Dadaji next day. Before he arrived, Dr Dipu Ghosh examined Dadaji and diagnosed the ailment as peritonitis and prescribed antibiotics and injections to prepare Dadaji for an operation. When Dr Chetri came, he concurred with Dr Ghosh and reported to the Court

accordingly. The trial date was re-set for April 12th, a date which suited Dadaji well. This well describes how Dadaji can embark on an enigmatic carnival or acrobatics with his body at any time at his sweet will without any physiological impairment as an aftermath.



Dr James Hardt

I will narrate another story in which the scenarios occurred simultaneously in two places. Following his visit to India early in 1979, Mr. Maco Stewart* suffered a series of heart attacks and was in the hospital. This happened during July 1979 while Dadaji was visiting Los Angeles 1,500 miles distant from Houston, Texas. Mr. Stewart called Dadaji by phone and asked him to undergo a series of tests conducted by Dr James Hardt**. Medical specialists and a camera crew would record and videotape Dadaji's bodily functions (pulse, brain waves, temperature) in Los Angeles while simultaneously, Stewart, himself in Houston, Texas, underwent medical procedures to locate specific arterial heart blockages. When the blockages were located, Mr. Stewart would call Dadaji by phone and see if, as a result, the blockages would clear up. Dadaji agreed.

In a letter sent to Dadaji prior to the test, Mr. Stewart wrote, "If I am cured, that will be very beautiful, and if I am not, that's okay, too, and will in no way interfere with my love and faith in our witnessing the Mahanam. Don't be frightened by all the gadgetry as the love and faith we have is what is important. Technology as part of the wisdom can be an aid and not an enemy of all that we can show."

Many people were gathered in the private Los Angeles residence of Mr. Khetani where reclining on a couch, Dadaji was connected to monitoring devices on his abdomen, chest, and head and asked to rest with his eyes closed. It was arranged that whatever happened would be monitored by scientists elsewhere in Los Angeles, away from the hearing and view of Dadaji. Stewart and his doctors were in the operation theater in Houston and whatever happened there was also relayed to the scientists in Los Angeles. Eminent physicians were observing Dadaji and observed for a period of five to six minutes Dadaji showed no signs of life in his body or brain.

They asked Dadaji to open his eyes; he obeyed instantly to their great amazement. One asked, "Where have you been so long Dadaji?" "Why, I was with Stewart so long," Dadaji replied. The doctors agreed Maco is probably going to die; he needs immediate surgical operation. "No, no," responded Dadaji, "he is doing fine now. A bearded old man in wraps has made him drink a cup of coffee. Why, he is all smiles now." A doctor asked, "But how could you go there? Houston is far from Los Angeles; to go there and back in five minutes is impossible." Dadaji could hardly check a hearty chuckle while exclaiming, "Oh you scientists! Where do you find space? It is a mere speck."

* Nearly five years after a successful heart transplant, Maco Stewart III died July 11, 1995, of congestive heart failure at his home in Houston, Texas. He was buried in the family cemetery in Galveston Island State Park, on land donated from the Stewart Ranch. Maco's life was exuberant, creative, and sometimes controversial. Known in Texas as a "Great Gatsby" figure, he wore white linen suits and a straw hat. He skied Aspen Mountain in leather shorts and boots. At Princeton Maco graduated with honors in economics and the Woodrow Wilson School. He was a Marine combat-platoon leader in Korea. He graduated with honors from the University of Texas Law School, worked as assistant state attorney general, and served one term in the Texas House of Representatives. As an heir of the Stewart family interests, Maco led the Stewart Title Co. to national leadership, and was president of Stewart Petroleum until his death. An idealist and student, he learned from gurus in India, aided the Miskito Indians against the Sandinistas, and successfully fought the indictment brought against him for aiding the Contras. His personal philosophy was enshrined in his book, Sex, Money, and God.

** James Hardt, Ph.D., M.S. is the President and founder of Biocybernaut Institute, Inc. Dr. Hardt has authored or co-authored more than 60 papers and professional presentations, and has authored, co-authored or has pending over 30 patents for the core technology, headset, training methodology and brain centered portion of virtual reality applications. He has dedicated his life in the research and development surrounding brainwave training. Dr. Hardt was mentored by Dr. Joe Kamiya, the scientist who first discovered the application of brainwave feedback in 1962. Dr. Hardt has earned a national reputation as a preeminent research scientist for his over 30 years of work in biofeedback.

It was confirmed that during the time Dadaji showed no signs of life, Dadaji's Aroma filled the hospital room and out of nowhere appeared an elderly man offering Mr. Stewart coffee. Dr. James Hardt, who was coordinating the test in Los Angeles was so flabbergasted with the events he dropped the phone. While Dadaji underwent tests revealing he was lifeless, and then casually talked with those around him, Aroma proved there is no difference between Houston and Los Angeles, no time or space for him. Maco Stewart was cured and later came twice to India to meet Dadaji. This incident may be cited as an example of what is generally called 'multiple manifestations'. But it is a bit different, for in this case of Dadaji did not manifest elsewhere in his own likeness, but in the form of Satyanarayan. I present this incident to drive home into every heart that Dadaji can do whatever he likes with his body, perfect extinction of signs of life not excepted.

Before I end this sub-section, it will be of paramount significance to narrate a phenomenal incident that occurred to Dadaji in 1975 during a state of Emergency promulgated by the Government of India. During that period the Government ruthlessly imprisoned many topmost political leaders who were united against the prevailing autocratic tyranny and oppression. The story of that alarming incident will amply testify to the general conviction that although Dadaji's body is material, it is constantly galvanized and replenished by a spirit-body, and attaining ubiquity or bundling up space and time, it can reach out to any other human body even thousands of miles away and absorb the malefic, often lethal, humors of that body to the great relief of the person suffering at the time. As Dadaji often said, "He (Dadaji) has no mind, but those who touch him are prodded by their minds. So their ailments are instantly transmitted to his body."

The incident I will relate with its antecedents permits no scope for physical contact, at least empirically speaking. Nor is it a fit pasture for psychokinesis (ability to move or deform inanimate objects, as metal spoons, through mental processes), which cannot operate beyond the arena of vision; nor can it effect transmission of physical ailments from one to another. The irresistible conclusion is that Dadaji has a body beyond the normal body, a body that is ubiquitous or that breaks asunder the limitations and idolatries of space and time that is somehow interlinked with the vast expanses of our viable space and time. This incident also prepares a revealing background for the supreme supernatural feat Dadaji progressively unfolded from the end of 1987 onward across the entire global amphitheater. I will detail the incident in its proper setting.

On June 13, 1975 Dadaji went out in the afternoon on a visit to Mrs Pal's residence at Entally in Calcutta. When he came back home he was running a very high temperature, evidently through transfer and absorption of a virulent disease from a loved one. He was groaning and crying with writhing spasms from griping pain. Unable to bear the grating pain and scorching fever, Dadaji mumbled in broken words, "I can't take it any longer. Would that I had not taken it at all." Antibiotic Terramycin was administered and the next morning Dadaji was feeling fine except for a lingering weakness and a low temperature which persisted for a few days.

On June 20th Dadaji had his usual evening stroll around Tollygunge Lake and came back with a temperature shooting up to 105.5 degrees, evidently the result of a new enterprise of absorbing someone else's disease. Dr Amal Chakravurty was called in but he dared not prescribe any medication for Dadaji whose ways he knew quite well. Dadaji's physiological resilience was phenomenal and he began looking normal the next day onward. However there were zealous devotees of Dadaji who spurred one another on in their increasing anxiety for Dadaji's health. They arranged on June 25th for a galaxy of physicians to attend him, including Doctors Jogesh Banerji, Amal Chakravurty, D.K. Roy, A.B. Mukherji, Dulal Roy Choudhury, Dipu Ghose and others. They decided Dadaji had a peptic ulcer or cancer and recommended immediate surgery. Dadaji with a sphinx-like smile burst out, "You are a brood of idiots; just examine my stool." They observed it was of golden color.

Throughout that day and the next, Dadaji met and had discourses with his admirers in the forenoon and evening as usual. The next day, June 27th, threatened to be doomsday to all lovers of Dadaji. He had a soulful forenoon session, chastened with gospels and playfulness with admirers for two and a half hours. Before retiring, Dadaji somberly exclaimed, "He should have any disease; in truth, he can't have any. Still he has to host it." Then he forbade anyone from coming to see him the next day.

Dadaji has taken on himself, of his own accord in the absence of the Will Supreme, countless fell diseases of others. Right from the age of 13 years, he daily absorbed and cured the diseases of at least three to four persons. But never before did he feel he was being crushed by the violent wrench of the burgeoning despotism of the disease as the one under reference. This time it was quite different. At 2 pm that day, June 27th, Dadaji suddenly started writhing and wriggling in pain and crying for immediate relief from the excruciating pain he was suffering. This time it was not a fight against a virulent bacterial disease of nature, but it was a fight against despotic human devilry; a fight against the human frenzied lust for autocratic power. For Dadaji knew that the greatest Gandhite socialist leader, whose renunciation for everything except the barest necessities of life was well matched by universal adoration for him, had been imprisoned the day before. He was under severe threat to his life having been compelled to drink a deadly bacteria-laden poisonous beverage. The great leader had to pay the price of his rebellion. Dadaji liked him to a degree, so he absorbed the deadly poison himself. Dadaji wanted him alive to usher in a new era in the governance of India, to curb and mend its despotic and fascist ways of running the state. Dadaji allowed a residue of the poison to work near lethal havoc in the body of the leader to save him from further savage atrocities. And while absorbing most of the poison, Dadaji's muscles flexed and twirled involuntarily within his body while enduring a virulent onslaught and causing terrific outburst of traumatic alarm.

The zero hour had been set previously by Dadaji with meticulous care when he told people not to call on him during that time. In his home, the telephone lapsed dead and on that fateful day nobody was around to lend him succor, although generally the phone was often rang and there were numerous daily visitors; often a number of people dropped by and shared lunch with Dadaji and Boudi, his wife. Only two maids and supremely blessed housekeeper, Bhuvan Das, were in the house with Dadaji and Boudi. Bhuvan ran here and there looking for doctors who regularly attended Dadaji, but none were found. Through a mysterious prank of self-imposed destiny, the appointment schedules of his physicians were set beyond negotiation and they were unavailable. Bhuvan frantically ran along the streets this way and that looking for someone who might come to the rescue, but the malefic Nature stirred up by Dadaji forsook clemency for a long while. Dadaji had violent vomiting, with no relief; his sulphuric anguish attended with convulsive wriggling and piteous cries for help were heart-rending. Those few in the house stood motionless, as though rooted to the ground, wondering how they could help him out; they were so dumbfounded.

By a stroke of good fortune, as though conspiring Nature was abating, Mr Parimal Mukherji chose to come, out of the blue, to Dadaji's house at around 3:30 pm. Normally Parimal, who was intensely loved by Dadaji, visited him around 4:30 pm where they enjoyed afternoon tea and snacks together. He could not stand the pitiable plight of Dadaji and instantly contacted Dr Amal Chakravarti who promptly arrived and gave Dadaji a tranquilizer. The doctor diagnosed a case of perforated ulcer; word spread about the seriousness of Dadaji's illness. Many admirers began to gather at his house to attend him and offered whatever they could do. After much deliberation with others, the doctor booked a room at Woodland Nursing Home (hospital) for Dadaji, but he refused to comply and be taken there. Dadaji protested, "I won't go to any hospital where, for sure, I won't survive." However he was prevailed upon, literally forced into the ambulance and admitted to the hospital. An x-ray of his abdomen revealed a spot, so a second was taken that proved negative. In the absence of any positive finding, Dadaji was injected with pethidin to induce sleep.

The next day, Dr Chakravarty along with the eminent surgeon Dr Nripen Das, visited Dadaji and determined he had pancreatitis caused by infected gall bladder that needed surgical removal. It was indicated to wait two months to enable Dadaji to withstand the operation. A board of eminent doctors gathered in the forenoon and evening to deliberate on how to treat him in the meantime. Every doctor resented the other's opinion and a biblical babel of noise and confusion was enacted, ultimately failing to reach unanimity. Now this drug, then that drug was tried without any effect. Finally, the bitter prognostic and prescription quarrels remaining unresolved, Dadaji was kept on tranquilizers and stimulants. This intensely delighted those intimate followers of Dadaji, who had all strongly opposed Dadaji's hospitalization. Among those who objected were Jatin Bhattacharya, Dinesh Bhattacharya, Sunil Banerji, Sambhucharan Bhar and his wife, Animesh Das Gupta and his sister, Geeta Das Gupta, Dr Nanigopal Banerji and Mrs Minati Day,

wife of Dr Madhusadan Day. Mr Sunil Banerji went so far as asserting in public, "We won't allow any surgery on Dadaji's body." Those close to him had watched Dadaji's physical parameters with its ever-transcending nuances and were confident of its hidden dimensions that would replenish his depleted physical nature in a natural way. That is the purport of a key gospel of Dadaji, which is, "Don't try to remove any want with another want. Let your (calm, contented) nature remove it." They were dead certain that Dadaji, had he not been hospitalized, would have been alright with the space of three or four days, or at worst a week.

That night came as the darkest night for Dadaji. Around 2 am his condition became critical, blood pressure plummeted to 80/50 and pulse shot up to 180 per minute. His body turned into a fiery cauldron as though roasting devilry off from the ambient Nature. He was given as many as 15 shots and was kept on saline IV.

The next day when he came to visit, Dadaji vented his spleen on Dr Samarin Mukerji, someone very close to him. "You are a set of fools. You know nothing of healing, all of you, and you fancy trying your knives on me! Let me alone!" The following day Dr Chakravurty also agreed with Dadaji to let him have complete rest and immunity from the maltreatment of the doctors. Being left alone, his condition rapidly improved, but the doctors refused to let him go home. Eventually on the morning of July 8th, Dadaji prevailed and left the purgatory of the hospital and was taken to the residence of Dr M.S. Dey, whose wife, Minati, one of Dadaji's closest, nursed him through convalescence to complete recovery within a week.

Meanwhile Dr Jogesh Banerji was called in and he advised all doctors in attendance to give routine medication of tranquilizers and tonics, leaving Dadaji to his resilient nature. And, that was it. A matter of a weeks rest and Dadaji recaptured normalcy. However at the insistence of Mrs Dey, Dadaji stayed at the Dey residence, although he visited his home in the evening after supper for a few hours. This arrangement was approved by all for two reasons. First, this way Dadaji avoided being arrested for not appearing on his court date for the criminal proceedings that were set within days of his recovery. Secondly, he could thus avoid visitors and the temptation to cure their ailments.

This incident of self-inflicted suffering by Dadaji helped to save the great Gandhite socialist from imminent death, and usher in a rather welcome change in government. As an aftermath the purgation of the despot who later staged a comeback into power as a benevolent, circumspect autocrat.

The Supernatural Redeemer from the Frowning Providence

Let me begin with the story of one Dr Karuna Mukherji, a renowned professor of civil engineering at Jadavpur University in Calcutta, an intimate friend of Dr Triguna Sen, the Vice Chancellor and later Education Minister of the Government of India. We had occasion to refer to him earlier. Anyway, he was introduced to Dadaji by Dr Nanigopal Banerji, the musical maestro, and Dr Dhirendranath Saha, his colleague at the University. He was at least 10 years older than Dadaji and they become very close. One day Dadaji asked him, "Do you remember contemplating jumping from the bridge on the Thames to a watery grave because of your empty wallet? What happened then?" After getting his B.E. degree Dr Mukerji went to London for higher studies, but soon he was having pecuniary problems which almost took complete toll of him. On the day under reference by Dadaji, he had only six pennies in his pocket without any hope of early replenishment, so he decided to commit suicide.

Naturally when Dadaji asked him the question, Dr Mukerji was intrigued by it and replied in a dazed voice, "How do you know? I had six pennies in my pocket. I was just going to take the leap to death when a fascinating teenager came forward out of the blue and persuaded me to give up the silly resolve. He gave me four shillings to carry on with until, as he said, money started flowing into my pocket. Are you that teenager? How strange! It's so unbelievable! And it occurred half century ago, but your eyes have a striking resemblance to that boy's canting look." How old was Dr Mukerji at that time? Roughly twenty-two years old. Being 10 years younger than the doctor, Dadaji then must have touched the threshold of teenage years and been in his village of Comilla (now in Bangladesh) undertaking messianic excursions now and then, into the caves of the Himalayan foothills, the traditional resort of renegade Sadhus.

This is the first account I heard about where Dadaji appeared and rescued a person from pre-meditated death, reclaiming him back into the hustle bustle of challenging daily life. How it happened is difficult to specify; one can only imagine that Dadaji's omniscience and power of 'multiple manifestation' or pricking the space-bubble had to bear the main brunt in the affair. Beaming with an inscrutable smile, Dadaji simply said, "So you do remember! Such things happen. Don't try to understand them."



Amiya Roy Chowdhury

Since around 1930, Mr Rabi Dutta was a long time associate of Dadaji. Until his last dying days he was blessed, at times plagued, with clairvoyance and clairaudience through the grace of Dadaji, and then known as Amiya Roy Chowdhury. One day Mr Dutta went on some business to Seoraphuli, some 30 miles south of Howrah Train Station in the suburbs of Calcutta. Being a connoisseur of Indian sweets, he was drawn to an elegant looking confectionery on his way back to the train station. Before he could enter the store his eyes chanced upon Amiya Babu who was beckoning him from a distance. Amiya Babu took him to a rather dirty sweets shop. Mr Dutta ordered salted four pastries for Amiya Babu and rasgollas (juice balls of coagulated milk) for himself. Before the delicacies were served, Amiya Babu said he would go get the bunch of keys left in the car. The car? Mr Dutta wondered why he had not seen any car nearby, much less the car belonging to Amiya Babu. He watched as Amiya Babu ran toward his car parked on the spot where Mr Dutta had first chanced to see him. His amazement came to a grinding halt and he asked the server for prompt service with clean plates.

His palate tickled and wanting to enjoy the sweets, and wondering why there was a delay Mr Dutta looked back to where he had seen Amiya Babu and his car. But no car was there, nor was Amiya Babu there. Mr Dutta instead began getting an intense Aroma associated with Amiya Babu. Familiar with the import of such Aroma, he helped himself to the sweets with cheerless, though reverent gluttony and then made his way to the residence of Amiya Babu as fast as he could. When he arrived and told Amiya Babu about the incident, he simply said, "You will get to know of it in the morning newspaper."

Next morning the newspaper reported the sad story of food poisoning in a confectionery at Seoraphuli resulting in the death of one and critical condition of five other victims. Mr Dutta shuddered at the thought of his might-have-been destiny when he recognized the dead man from the photo in the newspaper. He was sure he had seen him dining at the elegant confectionery, from which he had been beguiled away by Amiya Babu. He was speechless for awhile and then tears of joyous submission flooded his cheeks. He lost no time narrating the grim catastrophe and gracious denouement to family, friends and acquaintances. Some accused him of indiscriminate gluttony, to them the keynote of the incident. However Mr Dutta was confident it was a set up to reveal to him Amiya Babu's omnipotence, multiple manifestation and abundant grace which serves as a shield to lend him succor from the onslaughts of adverse situations.

It would be sequentially judicious to narrate now an incident that happened to Dadaji's wife during his absence when he was far away from home. It was during the mid-Amiya Roy Chowdhury period in the epoch of Dadaji. One day Boudi (elder brother's wife), as Mrs Roy Chowdhury was called by Dadaji's admirers, was in the kitchen lost in cooking food. A venomous cobra got into the kitchen behind and within two feet of her and raised its hood ready to strike. The slightest movement by Boudi by way of stirring the vegetables with a ladle would have spurred immediate snake bite resulting in death. Had she, by chance, turned around, she would have swooned at the sight of the cobra hooded and ready to strike. It was a clear picture of death casting its shadow on the shoulders of one who had no scope for redemption, even were she aware of the situation. In fact, her ignorance was bliss in the circumstances. Fortunately for Boudi

the maid who watched the scene unfold from the outside door that opened into the kitchen was frozen with fear and failed to raise the alarm.

All of a sudden, there appeared bouncing from nowhere outside the kitchen window Amiya Roy Chowdhury with a ruddy smile and greeting his spouse softly, "How are you doing?" Boudi, paralyzed with joy at the unexpected sight of him said, "How come you are here? When have you come?" Amiya bowed with folded palms to the serpent and asked, "How are the kids doing?" Boudi, a bit incensed thinking Amiya was bowing to her, exclaimed. "The kids are fine, but why bow to me? You will have your ways again. No need of cracking jokes on me." But her husband heedlessly parried, "You cook so well! The smell feels terrifically tasty. Oh, it's the choicest cuisine for Ivy (their daughter)!" "You, too, will have a major share of it. Go get ready for lunch, I won't be long." "But are the kids home? Don't tell them I'm here," said her elusive husband, adding, "well, I will taste it with you." Boudi, without responding to him, put the cooked vegetables in a utensil and as she passed it to him and looked out the window, he was not there. And the snake, its hood and venomous possibility reduced to passivity, had already left the kitchen before her husband disappeared.

Quite ignorant of the snake threat, Boudi searched for her husband inside and outside the house, but he was nowhere to be found. Boudi was wondering why Amiya chose to manifest before her at home, far from his itinerant retreat to Puskar in central India, the maid who was trailing her throughout the house narrated vividly the kitchen scenario of the cobra serpent zeroing in on Boudi and its final slithering away in crestfallen impotence. Boudi then realized in a flash why Amiya appeared before her in a sudden space across space and appointed time. Tears started trickling down her cheeks for the profound hug from her beloved husband. She never confided her story to anyone; she was never given to divulging her supernatural experiences galore with her husband to anyone.

Years later, possibly in 1973, Dadaji himself narrated this incident to me when I one day inquired about the gossip that his house was infested with snakes. Dadaji explained, "Yes there were two snakes, harmless though. Now, they are not, but how do you take this incident? There is a fixed span of time for an incident to occur. There is an immediate stimulant; if you can somehow pass over that span of time while avoiding stimulation for the onset of the incident, you get off scot-free from the impending fatality. Even a snake does not bite unless provoked. But that 'somehow' is possible only through God's grace. Even then this interpretation stems from a mundane point of view. Here, on the contrary, an esoteric transcendent spectacle is unfolded. It is far above and beyond the love-display of Radha and Krishna. When such a transcendent afflatus descends upon Nature, time is stalled and space evaporates. No snake can be there except like one in a painted backdrop and it was neutralized the moment he (Dadaji) appeared there; and, with the bow he made it beat an instant retreat. It seems so fantastic, but that's what it is."

Now I'll switch back to the time when Dadaji, in the prime of his teens, resided in Benares and was known as Kishori Bhagavan. Mr Sunil Banerji was one of Dadaji's sincerest devotees and called him Shivanath Sastri (a 19th century stalwart of the Brahmo Samaj in Calcutta). Mr Banerji's father used to live in Benares and was very close to Dadaji. Mr Banerji senior used to extensively tour through the foothills of the Himalayas in search of cave dwelling saints before he settled down in Benares. During that period of saint exploring tours he once met a boy in the dense jungle; it was Amiya, that fugitive child who cruised through the same regions in search of misguided and obsessed saints so he might salvage them back to normal life. When they met, Mr Banerji was in a bad state, he was famished with hunger and thirst, and could not move any further with his swollen aching legs. Try as he might, Mr Banerji had been unable to find any fountain or fruits, and being on his last legs he suddenly ran into Amiya. The boy was in the same plight and he raged, "Are your eyes impaired? Don't you see a fountain there? Go fetch spring water for both of us in cupped leaves." Mr Banerji fetched water for the boy in a cupped leaf and instantly the leaf shaped out into an earthen pot filled with milk with rasgoollas (sweets) submerged. Mr Banerji was completely bewildered, but in that wilderness they both had a hearty repast with that delicious food and drink. On another occasion, the boy served him fine rice with fish curry prepared from the spring water Mr Banerji brought to him.

Another incident that happened to Mr Banerji occurred at Benares were the boy Amiya also resided and was called Kishori Bhagavan. One day Kishori Bhagavan while attending a daily

spiritual convention of saints and Truth seekers, was making caustic remarks as was his style, against the top brass of the saints were sermonizing. His invectives were so inflammatory that the congregation soon dispersed. Then calling Mr Banerji to his side Kishori Bhagavan cautioned him in a low voice, "Tomorrow you will have a brush with death. Don't be scared. Watch your every step tomorrow; eventually nothing will happen to you." Next day Mr Banerji did his chores, inside and outside with extreme caution though a part of him was confident of the infallibility of assurances he'd been given.

Mr Banerji decided to go out to do an errand and hired a man-drawn rickshaw to navigate the crowded streets of Benares. He mounted and sat on the bench of the rickshaw and had not gone far when a heavily loaded truck coming from the opposite direction suddenly rammed into the rickshaw crushing it completely. The rickshaw-waller (puller) suffered severe injuries and lay in a marginal state But Mr Banerji was whole, hale and hearty though stupefied for quite awhile and was left wondering with shuddering convulsions how he had been rescued from such a den of death. After he settled down, his eclipsed consciousness resurfaced and he crooned in a faltering voice to the crowd gathered around the accident, "Possibly I lapsed into unconsciousness at the sight of the onrushing truck. Then I felt Kishori Bhagavan lifting me up to the place of safety. Here I stand now talking to you all, so I have been saved after all, in spite of myself and it is assuredly Kishori Bhagavan who has spared me my life. Let us go seek him." But, Kishori Bhagavan was nowhere to be found.

Such cases of miraculous rescue from fatal accidents are legion. I will have occasion to narrate a few of them later. But now I will relate another rickshaw incident that I experienced, followed by another incident that proved fatal to the person as a result of disobeying Kishori Bhagavan.

The first incident occurred in the summer of 1975. Mrs Santi Sen, my wife, was invited to a lunch by Boudi, Dadaji's wife. My wife went to Dadaji's house at 12 noon. She enjoyed a sumptuous lunch with Boudi and a few others. Afterward they had a pleasant afternoon siesta while the ceiling fan ran full blast overhead. Around 4 pm they awoke and took tea in the company of Dadaji. My wife grew fidgety as time passed and Dadaji held a protracted conversation with her. She had to go to her brother's house to attend the traditional ritual engagement of her niece who would be wished well with showers of grain, blades of grasses, and flowers by the elders of the groom's party, followed by those of the bride's relatives. The moment Dadaji heard of this upcoming ceremony, he started cracking many-pronged jokes on her about her choice of dress for the occasion, the delicacies expected to be served, the fabulous wealth amassed by her brother and how much money would be spent on the wedding ceremony that would follow months later. My wife was exasperated negotiating the volleys of ticklish questions thrust on her by Dadaji. Time was fast running out and she ought to have been there long before helping her brother to conduct the ceremony properly. Dadaji wouldn't let her go; instead he continued to deluge her with barbed query after query to her great dismay and lurking pique.

At long last, her breaking point arrived and she was allowed to go. She arrived at her brother's just when, the ceremony being over, attendees were dispersing. Over the angry words of her brother and sister-in-law and angry digs of the womenfolk, my wife did get to bless her niece ceremonially. My wife decided Dadaji was to blame for this; but after she reflected for awhile on the enigmatic ways of Dadaji who behaved often in utter disregard for our moral and social conventions, she decided that Dadaji must have saved her from some unwelcome situation by delaying her departure. And so it was.

Dadaji had confided earlier in the day to Miss Geeta Das Gupta that my wife would have to wrangle with death that day through a street accident unless she could avoid vehicular confrontation for a long space of time. By keeping my wife at his house and delaying her planned departure the edge of death blow would be dulled. Not only that, Dadaji said her mother would have an accident that day, thereby turning the celebration ceremony cheerless and resulting, finally, in her death a few months later thus delaying the prospective wedding ceremony. This grim providence of multiple dimensions fully justifies the delay tactic Dadaji used. If my wife were not overwhelmed and in tears by the antics of Dadaji, she wouldn't have been allowed to go anywhere at all, even home, because the evil star was still in ascendant upon her, though in a faint glimmer. The danger zone of time had not yet slipped away.

Around 9 pm I picked up my wife and we looked for a bus that would stop at the lane leading to our residence. We waited for at least 15 minutes to find such a bus; they were all crowded to overflowing. In desperation we got into a half empty bus that would reach its terminus just across the Tollygunge Bridge about 200 yards from the lane to our home. My wife insisted on riding a bicycle rickshaw that would take us all the way home. This decision provides us a glimpse into Dadaji's odd behavior; had my wife agreed to simply walk the rest of the way home, possibly nothing would have happened. However, we got in the rickshaw and it started gliding down the crowded street. At one point it was passing beside a ditch on our left, about 4 feet away at most. All of a sudden a taxi failed to continue in its lane to our right sped along the left side of our rickshaw. Alarmed I grabbed and held fast to my wife, pulling us both to the left side of the rickshaw bench trying to stave off her falling in the impending collision. I saw the taxi almost touching the left side paddle of the bicycle rickshaw. It was a moment of seismic shiver and the rickshaw puller was yelling himself hoarse at the taxi driver summoning up every word of abuse at his command.

My wife reported having felt a wee bit of a jerk. We could not then, nor can we now, understand how a big taxi could somehow speed through the narrow strip between the rickshaw we were riding in and the ditch on our left, without causing a ripple, far less havoc, on us. We did not see Dadaji helping us out; for in this case the catastrophic accident had been ruled out of bounds earlier by him.

Even when accidents occur and people are somehow miraculously saved and unhurt, they do not see Dadaji although some have reported feeling like someone lifts their body out of harms way. Such was a situation occurred when a fully loaded bus ran over the right foot of a loved one of Dadaji, without causing any injury, not even swelling. I shall have occasion to later write about on-the-spot visions of Dadaji from their absence under similar situations.

It was a sunny day on August 7, 1973. In the forenoon Dadaji was chatting with me, Dr Nanigopal Banerji and a few others; as usual conversation was interspersed with Dadaji's profound commentaries. Dadaji was talking high philosophy of unattached Divine Lover when all of a sudden he lapsed into a watchful silence that continued for two or three minutes. Then he exclaimed, "[Chandramadhav comes out unscathed from an impending severe street accident. Just look at your watches and mark the time in your memory.](#)" Someone said, "It is 11:20 am by my watch." "[Keep it in mind,](#)" Dadaji said, "[and you will get to know of it in the evening.](#)"

That evening Dadaji was in the house of Mrs Minati Dey, the wife of Dr M.S. Dey. She is one of Dadaji's dearest loved ones. Around 8:30 pm there came a long distance call from Bhubaneswar from a dedicated follower of Dadaji Mr Chandramadhav Misra, a top industrialist and one time minister of the state government of Orissa. Chandramadhav told Dadaji he was driving his car while going to Saksigopal (on the way to Puri), when he confronted a huge fully loaded truck rushing toward him at top speed. In a panic he braked hard to reduce the car's speed, but the brakes failed completely. Outmaneuvered by fate and the vehicle he was helplessly driving into a deathtrap while frantically uttering, "Dada, Dada, Dada..."



Mr Misra, his daughter and son, with Dadaji 1987 Utsav in Calcutta

In the midst of this frigid outburst, suddenly in front of him he saw Dadaji with outstretched hands and was suffused with the intense Aroma of Dadaji. Meanwhile, someone managed to place two huge slabs of bricks on the road in front of the truck, impeding it to a complete halt; simultaneously his car slowed down to a halt only two feet in front of the immobilized truck. He was in tears, crying into the phone as he told the story and realized the love Dadaji bore to him. Throughout the day as the traumatic shock resurfaced time and again he was not at peace with himself being grated by thoughts of his rankling ingratitude toward Dadaji on several previous occasions. He managed to continue his journey to Saksigopal and return to Bhubaneswar although in a dazed state of mind. While talking with Dadaji, telling him the story, Mr Misra found no words adequate to express his unconditional submission to Dadaji that he pledged from that day forward.



Dr Samiran Mukherji (left), Dadaji's personal physician from 1973 through 1987 visited him at home each morning and evening. He, with his wife Gauri Devi and son Gautam, were zealous devotees and caretakers of Dadaji. One day Dr Mukerji went to check on a wealthy patient around Mahanirvan Road in south Calcutta. When he was coming back via Mahanirvan Road across Rashbehari Avenue, a tram car rammed violently into his car, wrecking and sweeping it for fifteen feet. Curiously and amazingly enough for sure, Dr Mukerji, quite unhurt was not conscious of the accident while it occurred. The police arrived promptly, sent Dr Mukerji's unconscious driver in an ambulance to the P.G. Hospital and impounded the car to the police station.

Shortly thereafter, Dr Mukerji came to Dadaji's residence and told him the story of what had happened, although his son Gautam had already reported it to Dadaji. The doctor looked confused for the car was a total wreck yet he and his driver had survived this fiery, frowning providence. It was an impossible outcome by any stretch of the imagination; a violent smash with immaculate safety; a contraposition of Nature's ravaging toll and unconditional divine redemption. Meanwhile, his driver who had been unconscious from the shock of the accident left the hospital and returned to find Dr Mukerji to report on his condition. Two days later, it was learned from Gautam that the legal problems would be taken care of and the severely damaged car repaired by the wealthy patient whom the doctor had been on his way to visit prior to the incident. So, everything happened, but nothing at all happened. That is what is viewed in glowing terms as the supernatural redemptive power of Dadaji in the circle of his associates.

One day Meghji, a distant relative and office manager of Mr G.T. Kamdar known as the Salt Baron of India and paragon of all out submission to Dadaji, was going in a car along a street in Bombay. Suddenly the car tilted and started sliding down a slope off to the side of the street. No sooner had Meghji realized the situation than he felt his consciousness slipping away just as he raised the alarm saying, “Dada!” Even in that state he felt his car somehow being pulled back up onto the street out of harm’s way. Mr Kamdar wasted no time calling Dadaji by phone to report the near catastrophic situation and how Meghji and his vehicle were miraculously pulled to safety. Dadaji chuckled and said, “So these things happen. Don’t question it, don’t you try to understand.” Such incidents are secret revelation to a particular individual; it should not be discussed in public or it would hurt the heart, the seat of Mahanama and Divine Grace would evaporate. Dadaji then told those people with him that Meghji was fated to be charred to death by the fire started in the tumbling car; that He is always with the people around, that this omnipresence becomes manifest when one is in submission; and, if the person can raise frantic alarm invoking Him, He becomes fully manifest instantly to save that person from the fateful ordeal. Along with the car, Meghi’s ego must have glided down the slope to set the stage for the super-egoistic Nobody, to display His exploit of redemption from fiery death that came upon him in bouncing zest.



Abhi Bhattacharya & Dadaji – early 1970s

Abhi Bhattacharya sent a letter from Bombay that reached Dadaji on December 23, 1974. The letter narrated an incident that happened to Dr Dhirubhai Naik’s wife. Dr Naik wrote an excellent brochure about Dadaji titled “Supreme Scientist”. (Read this brochure online at web page <http://dadaji.info/FREE.DADAJI.BOOKS.HTM>) Abhi’s letter described the following incident. Mrs Maik was alone in their Bombay residence doing her cooking on a gas cooking ranger (gas fired burner).

She was never trim or tidy in her dress, her sari often had the loose end hanging in various swings and angles. For such carelessness one often has to pay dearly. This day too, as she cooked, her sari was oscillating in a drunken rhythm when suddenly it licked fire to highlight her messy manners. She was a bit slow to realize it and when she realized the flames were starting to scorch her, she heard a voice say, “Beware” in Gujarati. The instant she became conscious of the fire and her utter helplessness, raising a frantic alarm she babbled out, “Dada” and fell swooning to the floor. In a thrice, there were no flames, no blaze, no scorching; indeed, there was no fire. Instead she was engulfed by the intense Aroma of Dadaji that convinced her beyond any doubt that Dadaji had saved her from the blazing fire.

After Abhi’s letter was read to Dadaji to the end, he said, “Yes, He was there with her. Why don’t you recall Sita during fire ordeal; Draupadi being denuded savagely of her clothes and aftermath?” Then Dadaji added, “Undoubtedly you must do your duties, but that alone will not suffice. You must do them in proper fashion, adhering to the rules and regulations of the world you are in. You must pay what is due to the world; otherwise you turn a derelict, a renouncer, an escapist.” It was an object lesson for the dedicated lady and since then she has turned a new leaf in her life.

In this context I will narrate the story of my wife, Santi Sen, who while being ten times more slovenly in her dress, suffers intensely from over-cleanliness syndrome. She is in the habit of cleaning water containers, for example bottles and tea kettles, with acid once a week to remove hard water and tea stains. Each week she fills the containers with acid and water in the forenoon and places them on top of the refrigerator until she cleans them later in the day at around 3 pm. One day our usual tea time came at 3:30 pm and Santi filled a previously cleaned tea kettle with water from a bottle on top of the refrigerator. Within a space of two or three minutes the electricity went off, the stove and fan lapsed into a dead halt. “Oh what a pest,” Santi said with vexation and dismay. A cup of tea well made is a ‘vivat regina’ (long live the queen)

elixir after a short siesta she thought, even that is denied me by adverse providence. Fuming and fretting she felt the tea kettle and it was not even lukewarm. "Oh hang it," she said to me, "get tea for me from the stall."

So I went to the nearby tea stall and fetched two cups of tea. The owner inquired why I was taking tea from outside. I replied, "No electricity." The owner argued, "But there is no load shedding (time when power is shut off in one area and turned on in another area of Calcutta)." "Hang it!" I said and returned home with the tea, which we sipped and found to have no taste. We agreed we would have been better off without any tea at all.

Suddenly, at around 4 pm the fans started again and my grumpy wife lost no time going to place the tea kettle on the stove, as in the meantime her thirst for a good cup of tea had gained in intensity. She took the lid off the kettle to check and see if she should add water and noticed the water appeared crusty and white. Puzzled, using the tip of her finger she tasted it and felt a burning sensation on her tongue. Strange, she thought, but then she instantly realized what had happened and she said, "Oh Dada, the perfect savior in Supreme anonymity!"

We later learned from the other tenants in the building that their electricity never shut off that day at all. Imagine the fun if it! Stranger than philosophy? Yes, but it is philosophy par excellence, undreamed of in any geological time.

On a personal note, since we met Dadaji he has been inextricably saddled with the raucous, rough-and-tumble destiny of the Sen family; he has now mollified us and then blasted off at us at various times over many years. Dadaji has been the pilot and shield in our lives, in spite of our selves. Although it would be quite unfair and out of proportion for me to narrate multiple incidents that happened to my family, on the other hand to exclude them entirely out of mock humility would be expression of ingratitude and denial of the Dadaji's grace with which we have been constantly shielded. So I will steer a middle course between bragging exhibitionism and rankling denial born of psychotic humility. By spilling the beans in public, I get the chance to tell how I and my family constantly bothered Dadaji, who in infinite love and kindness has always concerned himself with dulling the rough edges of our self-assured knavery. I therefore ask your indulgence while I narrate a few pertinent family episodes.

In 1972, my son Saktiprasad was due to take the Part I examination in Electronics and Telecom at Jadavpur University. One day prior to the exam he reported to me that he would not be able to take the exam because of his poor attendance record that was beyond repair. Being a professor at another university, I felt desperate for him and sought to find a way around this problem. I was alarmed to learn that my son attended only two classes out of twenty in his woodworking class; the picture was no better in other practical classes. The department of physics superintendent said the head of the department would not return until the end of the month, but in the meantime he would take care of the deficit and set them in order. However, the superintendent requested that I contact the head of the physics department, whom he said was a hard nut to crack. I promptly did so and had a direct confrontation with the department head who announced categorically that he would see to it that my son would not take the examination. So as a result of my egoistic tomfoolery worse had come to the worst. How to undo it? I secured the help of a few other professors to try to prevail on the department head; but it hardened him all the more. The policy of least resistance would have been better from the start. Crestfallen I offered in thought the entire situation to Dadaji for him to negotiate.

Three days later my son came romping home holding the Admit card for the upcoming examination, but he was apprehensive for he had been asked by the issuing office to keep the matter a secret. Clearly Dadaji was in play, but I became worried and piteously invoked the grace of Dadaji. Three days later it was decided to admit all students for the exam. My prayer was granted, indeed, and my son got a low first class in that exam. In his Part II exam, he again got first class, scoring the highest marks that time. Later he stood first in his class for his Master of Science degree in computer science at Rutgers University in New Jersey, USA.

While studying for his M.E., my son Sakti used to walk along K.P. Roy Lane through Zheel Road to the Jadavpur University and return the same way. He would never take Selimpur Road with plenty of rickshaws leading to Raja Subodh Mullick Road where plenty of buses ran

and where the University was located. He preferred to save his money for his indigent friends. My son had disavowed and quit the Naxalite party due to their homicidal tendencies.

One day during the congress regime of the state, a local congress leader was murdered at Zheel Road around 6 pm. The whole area was cordoned off by the police and all roads near the area were sealed off as well. It was a foregone conclusion that a Naxalite group must have committed the murder and those in nearby Naxalite dens were being rounded up by the police. The D.C. of Police interrogated all suspects and a reign of terror was let loose upon the entire area. Word spread that the suspects were being tortured to elicit confessions.

We were very worried to the point of tears over the fate of our son Sakti who we thought would be on his way home from school and walking in the troubled area. Although he normally kept late hours at university, that day he was to return early to receive a friend. When it was past 8 pm, I decided to go to the scene of the police action to look for my son. My wife ruled it out, so we waited feverishly for our son to return home safely. We contacted other youngsters in our neighborhood to ascertain if they had any word about our son. Time felt mighty ominous and explosive in spite of our fast mutterings of "Dada, Dada" who seemed unresponsive. At long last around 9 pm our son reached home. He was in a normal mood having no concern for the gruesome murder and aftermath. Surprisingly, that day Sakti had come along Selimpur Road to get home, for the first time in the past four years! Why? He said he did not know; that day he had been to Ballygunge at the Gariahat junction talking with his friends and while coming back he got off the buss at the Selimpur stop by accident and took Selimpur Road home without any thought. He inquired why he was being cross-examined and shuddered when he heard of the murder and realized he may have been in great danger had he returned home along his usual route. Dadaji was revitalized in us for a split second, a silent savior in calm profundity.

Now I will relate a story about one of my experiences. At Rabindra Bharati University I hold the position of professor on the faculty of Humanities and am Head of the Department of Sanskrit. I was drawn into a vortex of heated and rapacious movement against the Vice Chancellor by a large group of unruly students who were aided and abetted by a group of self-seeking professors with financial resources. Their logistics were deprecation through a smear campaign designed to force the resignation with physical removal of the Vice Chancellor. Opposing this action, I had my own rigid views on every matter, but ended up the leader of a left wing group prone to lesser villainy. I was made the scapegoat for the intractable rowdies out to threaten the Vice Chancellor. Unable to obtain my cooperation in their efforts they kept me in confinement for hours on several occasions; but I did not yield to their threats. Many colleagues implored me to submit to their will for, they pointed out, the miscreants were moving about with guns. Still I did not comply, for once I submitted, I would have to irresistibly go down the slippery slope to utter and complete erosion of my moral stamina. Someone reported the whole matter to Dadaji.

On several prior occasions Dadaji reprimanded me for my obdurate moral stances saying, "Why do you pose as a great moralist? Who has given you the charge of fighting corruption? First, secure your position; then flex muscles against corruption. You have to move with the times with circumspect moderation. I am now inveighing against Sadhus, Mahatmas and Bhagavans. Had I done it twenty years before, I would have been shot dead and butchered." But this time Dadaji thundered at me, "Nobody can touch even a hair of Dr. Sen."

One day during the controversial movement against the university's Vice Chancellor, at around 12 noon I was ready to go to my office. My portfolio in hand, I came out to the landing of the staircase and was just going to take the first step down when I suddenly turned around and said to myself, "No I won't go today." I went back inside our home and my wife accosted me, "How come you are in again? Won't you go to the University?" I replied, "No, I don't feel like going." My wife was displeased but insisted we go to a movie that evening saying, "Let Dadaji alone today." We usually went to visit Dadaji each evening, but this time her imperious order had to be carried out leaving Dadaji to a forlorn rapport in His Love for me.

The next day the morning newspaper reported how violent vandalism had erupted the previous day at Rabindra Bharati University. The Vice Chancellor and few teachers who were standing guard by her had been physically molested and assaulted by students carrying cudgels (short heavy sticks; clubs) and knives. They rampaged around the office of the Vice Chancellor

and even threw a student from the second floor inflicting severe multiple injuries on him; he ended up in critical condition in a hospital. The area in and around the Vice Chancellors office was turned into a battleground, damaging the building and reducing to rubble the furniture, phone, ceiling fans, electric wiring and decorative pieces. Had I decided to go to my office that morning I would have been present during the violence and even Dadaji would have perspired to rescue me from that hellfire. Later I asked Dadaji about the events of that day, and described how I had at the last minute changed my mind about going into my office at the university that day. With joyous approval, Dadaji exclaimed, “[Superb! That’s how He protects one who is in perfect submission.](#)” Contemplating Dadaji’s explanation, apparently there can’t be any wakeful submission; possibly submission was wrung out of my ego imperceptibly by Dadaji. As he said, “[Nobody can touch even a hair of Dr. Sen.](#)”

A month later the intransigently rowdy students launched a petition signing campaign to remove the Vice Chancellor. The students forced everyone to sign it, teachers and students alike; but I did not yield to their demands. They embarked on a demonstration procession with university employees and students to present their petition requesting the dismissal of the V.C. to Government House. I was asked to join the procession, but stood firm on the burning deck with obdurate obesity of my moral obsession. As it turned out, I did not even have to reap their vengeance in later years, as Dadaji said, “[Nobody can touch even a hair of Dr. Sen.](#)” Yes, those were the words of Dadaji; there he was in action, I remained whole and unscathed. His words all wrapped up in a superstring fabric exuding the fragrance of superabundant love; I, however, am no body therein.

It was one of those dog days of April 1978 when Mr Atulananda Chakravurty, an octogenarian and celebrated author of *Dada Movement*, went to the electric office to pay his electric bill. There was already a long winding queue and he took his place to await his turn. Twenty minutes elapsed and he was still behind over 50 people in the queue. He was perspiring profusely, shaking and aching now and then due to exhaustion. A young man in line behind him offered to pay his bill for him. He suggested Mr Chakravurty sit in a comfortable niche and when the youth got to the counter he could get the money and pay his bill. Mr Chakravurty declined the offer, but after five minutes the youth repeated his offer and Mr Chakravurty handed his bill to him and started to leave the queue. Within seconds the youth informed him the money for the bill was already in the bill envelope. The old man denied it was possible saying the money for the bill was in his wallet, carefully put aside in a separate compartment. The youth insisted he check on it. He checked his wallet to find the money set aside was gone. Dadaji suddenly flashed before his mind and bathed in tears he said to the youth helping him, “Yes, I feel confused. Thank you.” He left for home with shivers of joyous horripilation (goose flesh, goose bumps on the skin). With a radiant smile, he lost no time reporting his brush with joyous truth to his loved ones, who told Dadaji about it. His bill for eternal life had already been paid for him by Dadaji.

It was again in 1974 that an incident happened which I will relate presently. Years before, when Dadaji went to Bhubaneswar for the first time, he announced publicly before a huge crowd, “[I have come to Bhubaneswar to net Basanti.](#)” People in the crowd wondered who this Basanti might be. Someone suggested it might be the beloved wife of Balam Misra, Chief Executive Engineer of the Government of Orissa. So Mr and Mrs Misra were somehow persuaded to come meet with Dadaji who instantly, on their arrival, netted them both and deluged them with his felt love. In fact, they belong to the band of the most devoted couples in the love-enchanted fold of Dadaji since that day.

In 1974, this gutsy Balam Misra, along with his wife and children, went on a visit to London. When embarking on their return to India, Balam found he had lost all their passports. He was mighty perplexed, immobilized and could not decide what to do, unusual for the plucky, forge-ahead man that he was. In desperation for the grim prospect of being stranded indefinitely, deep inside himself he melted away in reflexive submission. Within minutes, in a flash he saw Dadaji and soon the situation eased out when a stranger, a gentleman, on his own account, inquired what had befallen them. When the gentleman was told they lost their passports, he helped them get new ones, overriding all the red tape at the passport office in London. We beaming eyes and smiling faces they boarded the plane from London on time to arrive safely

home with renewed passports and renewed in the heart of Dadaji due to their cherished submission.



Dr LK Pandit (physicist) and Mr C.S. Pandit (editor) & Dadaji 1974

Pandit brothers tried and failed to get train tickets from Bombay to Delhi. In distress and great anguish, almost as a matter of habit, they called their friend, the famous Indian film star Abhi Bhattacharya and told him of their plight. He immediately booked two plane tickets for Delhi and urged them to go straight to the domestic airport to pick up the tickets and emplane. They did as bidden but remained dismayed for the plane would take off a little before 2 pm and reach Delhi via Jaipur at 4 pm at the earliest. They couldn't reach the crematorium before 4:30 pm at the earliest. No way out except Dada, the brothers agreed and consoled themselves.

They boarded the plane which left on time. After awhile the plane mysteriously enough changed its course and took an air route headed straight for Delhi to arrive there a little before 3:30 pm. A very distinguished passenger, Maharani Gayatri Devi of Jaipur grew furious over the re-routing of the plane direct to Delhi instead going via Jaipur where she planned to deplane. She lodged a complaint against the airline threatening to sue them unless a satisfactory explanation for the diversion was forthcoming within a week.

The Pandit brothers reached the crematorium near Delhi shortly before 4 pm and took part in the funeral ceremonies fully aware of the flair of flight, flood of light, Dadaji's unattached aromatic love supreme that had allowed their timely attendance. The indefatigable Abhi Bhattacharya pounced upon this incident as golden opportunity to prove the role of Dadaji as supernatural designer. He kept pressuring the bigwigs of the airline for a month to find out the cause of the diversion of the plane; eventually he tired of trying without success, feeling confident in his conviction of Dadaji's supernatural saturation in all spheres of human life.

Now I will recount a story, the scenario of which was laid in Indore toward the end of February 1978. Dadaji was on a tour of Bombay and adjoining cities. Toward the end of his tour he was in Indore enjoying the hospitality of some admirers. Dr R. L. Dutta, President of the International Solar Energy Commission, had arranged for 13 international scientists who had been specially invited by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to a conference in Delhi under the auspices of the Government of India to meet with Dadaji in Bombay. The group would stay for a day to met with Dadaji personally and explore his miracles first hand. The meeting was set at Abhi Bhattacharya's residence Delphin House on Carter Road in Bandra area of Bombay along the Arabian Sea. Dadaji was to fly from Indore.

The day of the meeting came and Dadaji was procrastinating in his enigmatic way, chatting with several people in a crowd. It was one hour past the departure time for his plane and Abhi was feverishly worried. If they missed the plane the golden opportunity for Dada to iron out

Now I will embark on a somnambulistic trip around the supernatural pageantry that was unraveled during an incident in 1974. Dr Lalit Pandit, a TIFR based physicist of Bombay and his journalist elder brother received word that their dear mother residing in Delhi had died and the cremation was set at 4 pm the next day. Both brothers are devoted to Dadaji without any cavil (trivial objection) or blinking misgivings. Indeed, Lalit the eminent physicist would deal a fatal blow if you dare cast an evil eye on Dadaji. Although taking the train it would be unlikely they would arrive on time for the cremation, the

the rough edges of the scientists would be missed. But Abhi could not bring himself to interrupt Dadaji who was in deep rapport with his admirers; he knew deep down that whatever Dada does has profound meaning lurking beneath it. Dadaji's forgetting, if at all, is deceptive. Knowing Abhi's concern, Dadaji asked him and the others to proceed to the airport and he would go the airport after having finished his conversation.

Abhi and the others rushed off to the airport, only to find to their great relief which was replaced immediately by anxiety, that the plane's oil tank had a huge leak and was ejecting oil profusely. Unless it was repaired immediately, the plane would not take off. Despite the best efforts of the maintenance crew, the leak could not be repaired for quite a period of time. Meanwhile, Dadaji arrived at the airport, boarded the plane and pressed for an immediate departure. When told of the oil leak, he confidently said, "No, there is no oil leak now. So take off, forthwith." The engineers checked the leak and to their amazement found there was no more oil spilling out of the tank. Word spread throughout the plane of the sudden stoppage of the oil leak when Dadaji boarded. The pilots, crew, and air hostesses came running and jostling with one another to be the first to touch Dadaji's feet. They all received his blessing before take off. So wrapped in mystery the plane took off in jovial spirit.

However, Dadaji was engineering another fearful plot. When the plane had traveled half the distance to Bombay Dadaji sent word to the pilot to check the oil as it had resumed leaking again. His words confirmed some of the crew and one of the pilots made for Dadaji beseeching him to help the plane out of a disastrous destiny. Calmly Dadaji assured them, "Don't you be scared. Put on normal airs and let the plane fly to its destination. Nothing will happen, for sure." Thus the plane continued on and landed at Bombay airport. Within a minute of coming to a stop on the landing strip near the terminal, an orgy of oil spilled out of the tank, baffling all attempts at containing it. What are the building blocks of this supernatural exploit? Let the omniscient post Big Bang scientists explore it!

Gautam Mukerji, son of physician Dr Samiran and his wife Gauri Devi Mukerji, was a great pet of Dadaji who loved to play upon his emotions with teasing manifestations. Gautam responded with his own sort of teasing in similar fashion. It was love laden hide-and-peek with bouts of bugging and teasing on both sides every day either in person or in telepathic fashion. Gautam planned to take his B. Com. Examination without much preparation, particularly in Accountancy. On the day of the Accountancy exam when he was going to the hall where the test would be given, a pre-teen boy unknown to him came rushing up to him from the crowd. He held out an inscribed piece of paper and said, "Brother! Go through the three formulas worked out in here before going into the hall."

Amused but angry, Gautam grabbed the boy's hand and started twisting it, charging him, "How do you know they belong to the exam?" The boy jerked free and as he ran away said, "I do." With skepticism, Gautam read the paper twice, and then entered the examination hall a little late. When he got his exam paper he looked for the three formulas and to his great amazement, they were there, all three of them. His knew his performance that day was spectacular. The examination over, Gautam rushed to Dadaji's house to take the dust of his feet, with a stinging pinch as usual. With a gentle smile, Dadaji said, "My wrist is in pain even now. You have twisted it pretty hard and it is swollen." Gautam replied, "Don't tell a lie, you have no pain," and he left.



Dada, Peter & Abhi – 1979 Germany

Professor Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm, renowned German economist, was President of a West German University, advisor to the government, then economic advisor of Volkswagen. He is one of the chosen few in Dadaji's consortium. I will present in his own words what happened to him in 1978. Peter told me, "I went to Madras (India) to attend a conference. One evening I was swimming in the ocean; I'm a good swimmer and although I knew it was a bit dangerous I was enjoying myself and was swimming out to a small sand bar. On my swim back to shore a huge wave came and I nearly drowned; amidst the strong turbulence somehow I cried out 'Dadaji, help me!' Whether you believe me or not, before me all the way to the sand opened a smooth path in the ocean without any waves so I could swim safely to shore."

Peter continued, "At the same spot five years later a similar thing happened. I was bathing in the ocean with my young twins and all of sudden my son lost the ground under his feet and the waves were too tall for him. My friend, Peter Hoffman, came out with a surfboard and rescued my son, but I myself lost my footing and struggling as hard as I could I again had that feeling that Dadaji should come. Nearly the same thing when all of a sudden I found a new sand bank had formed under my feet and I came up out of the water. I was overwhelmed realizing so clearly it was the second time being rescued."

I will narrate another incident that happened to Dadaji's physician, Dr Samiran Mukerji. The doctor was himself a heart patient. One morning he put a pan of water on the gas stove to boil. Suddenly he felt a grating pain clawing at his chest and the room became dark and spinning as he began to fall toward the stove. Suddenly, out of the blue, he heard Dadaji shouting, "Remember Mahanama. Say Gopala Govinda, Gopala Govinda." The doctor somehow muttered Mahanama and instantly his chest pain went away, the darkness became light, and he regained his senses. Later that day in the forenoon, he went to see Dadaji who inquired with an intriguing smile, "Is it quite ok with you? Is He always with you?" With silent submission sparkling from his eyes and face, the doctor busied himself with checking Dadaji's pulse, pressure and blood sugar.

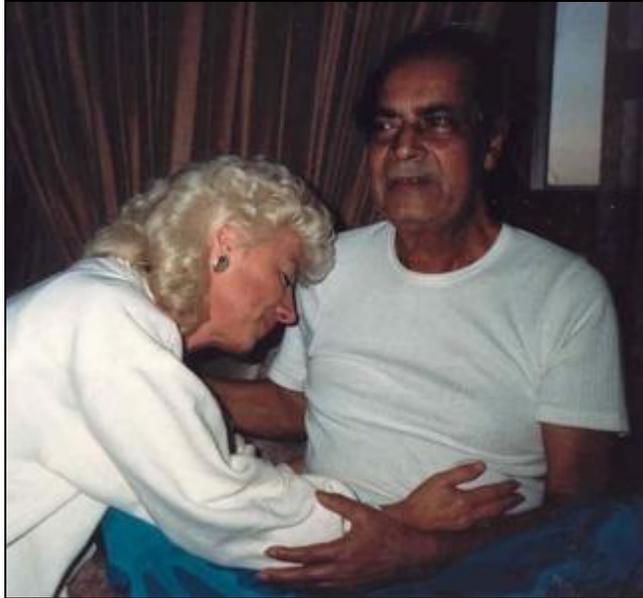
In 1969 Dadaji was traveling by train from Calcutta to Allahabad in Uttar Pradesh (India) along with a bunch of his good-humored male and female associates. After the train had traveled a long distance into the adjoining state of Bihar, as though in a panic Dadaji suddenly exclaimed, "My goodness! Mahakala (deity of destruction) is stalking in a wry grimace just to the front of us." He waved his right hand a bit and the train instantly slowed to a dead halt. The guard, driver, and crew got down from the train to ascertain what stalled its progress so suddenly. The driver confirmed no chain had been pulled and they could find nothing to account for it. The engineer and mechanic were called to further check on the train, but they could not find the cause of the stoppage. It was dark, the midnight hour and everyone was, to a degree, worried. Someone told the train crew that possibly Dadaji had immobilized the train. On hearing this they ran to Dadaji and implored, "Let the train go." With an imperious tone Dadaji replied, "No, it won't. Nothing is wrong with it. But a severely catastrophic accident is staring us in the face; let the zero hour for it pass over. Then the train will move again. Before that you can't let it go."

Some were skeptical, so they tried to start the train without success. Their pride humbled they came back to Dadaji and begged, "Please tell us when to start the train." Dadaji replied, "Yes, that will be done. Before that, go enjoy yourselves." After an hour Dadaji gave the signal to start the train; it started and easily glided along the rails at first, but then stopped again at a hundred yards. Why? Because one of Dadaji's associates was missing and remained on the platform. The guard came to Dadaji and said, "Are you wroth with us?" Dadaji replied, "No, it is for him who was left behind." He pointed to his associate who by then had got in the train. "Now you can go safely without any hindrance." So it was for the rest of the journey.

How Dadaji knew of Mahakala on that occasion is not known, but later it was revealed that two bogies of a goods train were derailed, stalling all trains on the rails along which Dadaji's train would have passed. Had his train not been halted, it would have rammed into the goods train ahead with a violent crash that would have resulted in great loss of lives and critical injury to many; or another possibility ahead was that his train would have been derailed and thrust into a watery grave of a river ahead. Dadaji did not confirm the details of either eventuality.

It would be nice to narrate now an episode that took place after the incident when the Pandit brothers flew from Bombay to Delhi for their mother's cremation and last rites.

Judith Maltese of Long Beach, California, is a dedicated follower of Dadaji. During a brief holiday she was on a long, tiresome journey from Los Angeles to the Bahamas. At Miami Airport she was told her flight to Abaco had been cancelled. She tried other airlines, but she could get no booking the airline clerk telling her all flights were full. Not willing to give up she implored an airline agent, "Could you somehow help me?" After a time, to her amazement, the agent said she would try to get her on an earlier flight to Abaco on another airline that had not yet departed. The plane was destined for Marsh Harbor, the agent told Judith, and the pilot may agree to take her to Treasure Cay her destination. By phone the pilot agreed and asked her to board immediately.



Judith Maltese & Dadaji – Los Angeles 1987

Although she was exhausted from traveling most of the day, carrying all her heavy luggage Judith ran the length of the airport to get to the airline gate and boarded the plane. As the plane taxied down the runway upon arrival at her destination, with a sigh of relief she was engulfed by Dadaji's Aroma. She looked at the pilot and voiced her gratitude. He replied, "Isn't it a miracle you are here at this hour? This flight was to have taken off from Miami at 7:30 am and we ran late only because my supervisor forgot to tell me the correct departure time."

So, we see in the forgetful supervisor, the plane delayed, the accommodating agent, the agreeable pilot, pageantry on the canvas of Judith's faith and fortitude in immaculate Dadaji's divine compassion. It appeared in flying color upon her life in thought, action and will. No serendipity has any scope here, however remote. At one end is Dadaji; at the other end is Judith in supine submission having a brush with the omniscient and omnipresent love of Dadaji that is fully potent cutting across space, time and inertia of material systems.

I will close this section with another rough and tumble episode of a car crash. Mr D.P. Dhar, Ambassador for the Government of India, and his brother R.P. Dhar are both very close to Dadaji. One day toward the end of 1979 R.P. Dhar was traveling by car to a place of business when his vehicle was involved in a collision of three automobiles. His car was totaled, but wonder of wonders he escaped unhurt. How? As he narrated later to Abhi Bhattacharya, he felt he was held aloft away from the scene of the crash by no less than Dadaji himself. The scene of the crash was carefully scrutinized by the traffic police who concluded it was not humanly possible to survive such a crash. Overjoyed Abhi called Dadaji to report the matter. Dadaji simply said, ["These things do happen. A few fortunate are witnesses to such occurrences."](#)

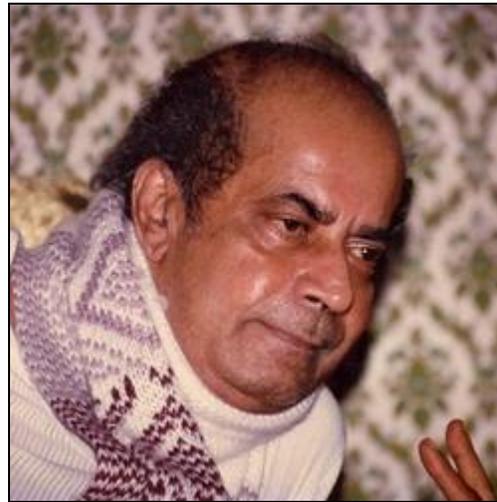
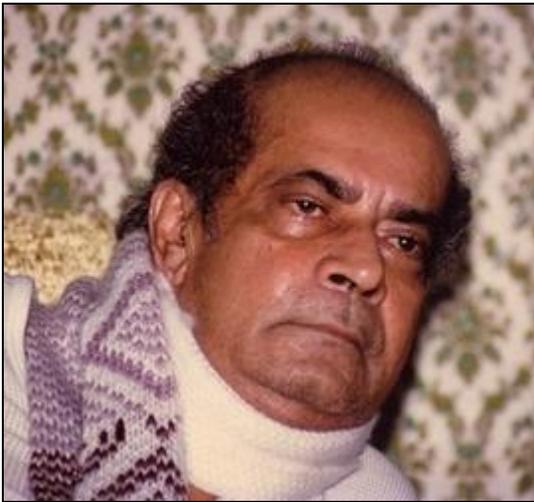
The Supernatural Redeemer in Pearly Trickles

Dr Manas Kr. Maitra and his wife, Madhuri, were at one time very intimate with Dadaji. It was possibly the early years after Dadaji emerged out of Amiya Roy Chowdhury. During that period, Dadaji often held sessions of spiritual rapport at their home. Mrs Maitra was as close to Dadaji at that time as Mrs Minati Day later became close to him. One day Dadaji along with his two jesters Jatin Bhattacharya and Dinesh Bhattacharya went to Dr Maitra's house to find all the doors closed. They rang the bell to no effect for the bell that constantly rings within the heart had started being erratic to the Maitra family. ["What now!"](#) muttered Dadaji as he kept standing there for awhile. Within four to six seconds, Dadaji came out of the house, opening the door to let them in. Although they knew full well the supernatural ways of Dadaji, still they were perplexed knowing full well that Dadaji was standing beside them.

When and how did he simultaneously stand beside them and appear inside the house to then open the front door to admit them inside? As they wondered and mused within themselves, bewildered they followed Dadaji who went back inside and awoke Mrs Maitra. He chatted with her for awhile and then left.

On another occasion, Dadaji went along with Jatin and Dinesh to the same house, which again was locked up tight. Dadaji started infusing intense Aroma all about. Meanwhile Mrs Maitra arrived home from visiting a neighbor's house. Somehow Dadaji's intense Aroma had unlocked and flung open the front door and Dadaji entered followed by the other three. For awhile Dadaji was intensely self-absorbed, Aroma continued to deluge the three others. Dadaji was perspiring profusely and drank a glass of water, apparently to undo the strain on his body called by the emanating Aroma, his divine essence. Then he sipped a cup of tea and smoked a cigarette, silently watching the curls of smoke. After a brief visit he returned to his home with Jatin and Dinesh. Dadaji had staged a welcome back home for Mrs Maitra, in the domain of love in a fanfare of supernal fragrances although she missed the radiant moment of merger in His Love as that was the keynote of the Fragrance laden house break in outrage.

Previously I have mentioned that whatever Dadaji does has a blend of the supernatural in it. In fact Dadaji was born with supernatural powers beyond the computation by any human mind. Even when he appears perfectly normal and down-to-earth, he is simultaneously in countless worlds. As he has asserted time and time again, "You people have no eyes. He is never alone, being constantly surrounded by those integral manifestations of God who came before Him. Now and then gods and goddesses come to anoint Him with sandal-paste, perfumed garlands and they worship Him." Be that as it may, to those who know the ways of Dadaji it is apparent that the



1985 - Dadaji in Supreme State and Dadaji talking normally with someone

inventory of all existents in all the universes is at his easy beck and call. So whatever he does is natural though saturated with the supernatural, and though taking on airs of the natural. When he looks serene, somber and tense, the supernatural seems to ride the crest of waves of his activity. In other situations, he looks perfectly natural. Dadaji's perfect nobody-ness encompasses all his stances, varied and divergent, from our point of view of course, for while driving everything, he is doing nothing.

In this section I will narrate sundry performances by Dadaji, which might seem banal to us though never demonstrated by any one before. One day I was chatting with Dadaji at his house with the two jester Bhattacharyas, Jatin and Dinesh. Someone arrived in a car to take Dadaji to their home as previously arranged. Dadaji is in the habit of not going alone, but in the company of associates, so he asked the jesters who usually try to evade such situations to accompany him. Dinesh argued, "How can I accompany you as I am covered in prickly hair; I

need a shave, let alone a change of clothes.” Dadaji responded, “Oh where are prickly hairs on your cheeks and chin? Let me feel them.” Instantly, as Dadaji rubbed his two palms on Dinesh’s cheeks and chin, he was clean shaven and glistening with a smooth softness never before experienced. Similarly, one time Dadaji passing his fingers on the brown skin spots on the face of Mrs Naik, removed them.

Toward evening one day Dadaji went, as he often did, to the house of Dr Nanigopal Banerji, the musical maestro. There was extensive load-shedding (electricity shut off) over a large area at the time. No sooner had Dadaji stepped into the sitting room provided for him than the fluorescent tub light started gleaming and the ceiling fan began rotating overhead full blast. Everyone marveled at it, but some newcomers had misgivings. One of them went out to the road to check and see if power was restored to the entire area; but he returned inside saying the rest of the area remained in darkness. Dadaji omniscient as he was got up and stepped into the adjoining Puja room where instantly the lights in that room came on while simultaneously in the sitting room Dadaji left, the lights went out and fan stopped. The mist of suspicion in the newcomers cleared, and Dadaji came back into the sitting room where the light and fan started working again. It went on that way until his departure; after he left both rooms were steeped in darkness and the fan lay paralyzed.

Often bottles of Charanj^a* flew imperceptively to the venue of Satyanarayan Puja held at great distances from where Dadaji was at the time. In December 1972 it was arranged to have Puja in the Bharatiya Vidyabhavan of Mrs Lilavati Munshi. When the Puja was over it was discovered that four bottles of fragrant Charanj^a from Abhi Bhattacharya’s house had appeared there. This happened many times in many places and particularly with Mr G.T. Kamdar when bottles of Charanj^a in his Bhavnagar home would appear at the Satyanarayan Bhavan located miles away from his home. This has been observed to happen across hundreds of miles.

Thus on September 2, 1977 Mr R.K. Karanjia, Editor of “Blitz” magazine in Germany, came from Bombay to Calcutta to meet Dadaji at his home. It was forenoon and Dadaji was sitting in a chair talking with Justice J.P. Mitter, Mr Barin Ghosh, and Mr Prakash urakayastha, a Bengali business magnate from Bombay. Mr Karanjia appeared in a swimming suit before them, which was rather odd in a household setting. Dadaji first gave him an ordinary lungi (men's traditional, skirt-like, wrap around attire worn from the waist and hanging to the ankles); but Dadaji disliked his first ever gift to the man and rang up Abhi Bhattacharya in Bombay and asked, “Don’t you have a silk Cambodian lungi? Give it to me. Ok, I got it.” Dadaji pulled the said lungi out from the receiver of the telephone before the dazed eyes of the dignitaries. Utterly confounded, Mr Karanjia shyly put on the silk lungi with a moment’s contumely (humiliating insult) to his power of judgment and sat silently on the floor at the feet of Dadaji.

Meanwhile the Justice, a chronic asthma patient, was gasping for breath. “Don’t you take medication?” Dadaji asked. “Yes, but it’s imported from France,” replied the Justice. “I have just run out of it and have ordered it but it will take time to get it.” “I see,” Dadaji said sounding an assuring note. “Just have it.” Within a second Dadaji planted a vial of the specific medication in the Justice’s palm. Mr Karanjia was clean bowled out of his ego.

* Charanj^a - Lit. Charan means feet, Jal means water. Originally water with which Lord Narayan has been bathed, denigrated into the water supposedly sanctified by the touch of a holy person's feet. Water which by Dadaji's touch, directly or indirectly, becomes transformed into milky, deliciously perfumed liquid; known for miraculous healing powers and the transformation of Consciousness it brings about gradually. Related to the flow of Integral Consciousness or Ganga.

Does Dadaji have to eat like all other humans? Sure, as a human he conforms to the laws of Nature and be natural. As we do, he eats at home or in the homes of others. However that he can eat in a different way has been well demonstrated by him numerous times. It appears that the bodies of Dadaji's loved associates serve as facile conductors to Dadaji's body to which they must be held kindred in some way. Roma Mukerjee (now Melrose) had to eat ripe bananas when to relieve Dadaji's constipation. Jatin Bhattacharya had, at times, to eat more rice than he wanted to satisfy Dadaji's forbidden appetite.

But I am going to present altogether different situations. I'll begin with the venue of Calcutta. Dr Gaurinath Sastri, an eminent Sanskrit scholar, used to expound the Gita every Sunday afternoon before a congregation at Devayana in North Calcutta. One day he invited Dadaji to grace the occasion with his divine presence. While Dr Sastri was waxing eloquent the philosophy of the Gita, Dadaji and his associates arrived. Dadaji interrupted him, "Hi Gauri! You have put Lord Krishna in a glass case. Why don't you offer Him something to eat?" The idol was encased in an adjacent unoccupied Puja room accessible through only one door visible to those gathered. So porridge like food was placed in front of the glass case holding the marble idol. After awhile Dadaji said, "Gauri! You yourself go check on the idol and see if He has taken the food."

Dr Sastri did his bidding and came back to report the food in the Puja room had not been eaten. Dadaji said, "Come here. See what I have in my mouth. Isn't it the food? How now!" Dr Sastri looked and nodded in agreement and said, "But the idol has not taken it." "Go check on Him again. What do you find?" reprimanded Dadaji. Dr Sastri went to the Puja room and returned bewildered saying, "Yes, the Lord has taken it. You will turn people mad." To his congregation Dr Sastri said, "Today I have reaped the fruit of my exposition of the Gita before you. Today the Lord Himself is with us. Go take the dust of His feet, all of you." "But I warn you," he said to Dadaji, "Don't try these tricks upon me time and again. I have many other things to do."

Gautam Mukerji, son of Dada's physician and hot favorite of Dadaji, used to take cheese made by his mother Gauridi for Dada's afternoon snack. On several occasions as he started walking to Dadaji's house as directed with the cheese, its container felt progressively lighter and lighter. Mukerji's lived a few blocks away from Dadaji within easy walking distance. One day it felt altogether empty; but he did not open it to see if the cheese was there. Gautam came straight to Dadaji and when he entered the room Dadaji was talking with someone. Stealing a glance at Gautam Dadaji said softly, "Oh, I'm so hungry! Let me have the cheese without further delay."

Gautam took off the lid of the cheese container and found it stark empty. Dadaji prodded and fumed at him. Gautam said, "You have stolen it and want to make a thief of me!" Dadaji had a full, bulging mouth and he covered it with his right palm and said, "What! You have eaten it all up? Why I would have given it to you." In a mighty fury Gautam pulled Dadaji's hand away from his mouth and said, "Open your mouth. You have to open it." Dadaji complied and his mouth was gleaming white, his mouth stuffed with cheese. Gautam burst out, "You make a thief of me for nothing. If you play such tricks on me again, I will, for sure, eat the cheese and bring the empty container to you." This incident displays Dadaji's love-dalliance of Vraja.

It was August 17, 1974. Dadaji was visiting Mr G.T. Kamdar in his Bhavnagar residence. In the afternoon Dadaji inquired about Mr Kamdar, "What has been offered to Satyanarayana (the marble statue at the Satyanarayan Temple build by Mr Kamdar in Bhavnagar)? I for myself have eaten a pera (Indian sweet). Miss Mana (Hena) Bose went straight away to the temple with one of Mr Kamdar's sons and found, indeed, that day pera had been offered to Satyanarayan.

Next day it happened the other way around. Around 8:30 am Mr Kamdar casually reported to Dadaji, "Last night, Roma and Mana tasted ice cream. Around 12 midnight I too tasted a bit of it." "It would have been nice of you to have offered it to the Lord first," Dadaji said. Later Roma along with Bharati Bahin, a member of the Kamdar family, went to the temple, driven in Dr R L Dutta's car. They went to offer, mangos, etc to the statue of Satyanarayan. Approaching the statue they found his head, face, hands, body and clothes displaying whitish drops of liquid as a testimony he too had tasted the ice cream delicacy. On hearing this Mr Kamdar personally went there to confirm it. When he came back and reported it to Dadaji, he said, "Go back and check on the fragrance being emitted by the Lord." Mr Kamdar did as told and came back to report it was the Aroma of Dadaji that provided a hint that Dadaji tasted the ice cream too.

In August 1973 Dadaji was staying at Abhi Bhattacharya's house in Bombay. Mr & Mrs G.T. Kamdar had offered Bhog (food offering) before the marble statue of Satyanarayan in the Satyanarayan Bhavan near their home in Bhavnagar (in Gujarat hundreds of miles north of Bombay). They returned home and later that day Dadaji appeared before them and said, "Around 12 o'clock I came and partook of the Bhog. Just look into my open mouth." They were overawed and intensely delighted to find food offering in his mouth. This incident involves, of course, multiple manifestations as Dadaji was in Bombay with Abhi at the time.

Another example of multiple manifestations and eating food occurred on March 10, 1974 when Dadaji was in Calcutta. Mr Kamdar's daughter-in-law opened the door of the Satyanarayan Bhavan temple in Bhavnagar to find to her great amazement that Dadaji was there helping himself to Bhog. His partaking of the Bhog done, Dadaji planted a gentle kiss on her left cheek and disappeared into a thin speck of cloud.

Do these sorts of eating through multiple physical manifestations elsewhere help sustain the physical sheath of Dadaji? Looking back at the incident described earlier where Gautam twisted the wrist of the boy who supplied him with problem solutions on a piece of paper prior to his exam and later he found Dadaji's wrist swollen and painful. If Abhi's offering of Complian (canned health beverage) to Dadaji's portrait, and the liquid disappeared although Dadaji was in Calcutta at the time, can boost Dadaji's health why should not this sort of distance eating get into the metabolism of his body?

In fact there are many instances in which Dadaji later complains of a full stomach and avoids routine meals served at home for a day. I will describe one incident here. Dadaji was such a wonderful matchmaker and arranged for the marriage of the daughter of Mr Sailen Choudhury, Deputy Secretary of the Education Department for the Government of West Bengal, to the eldest son of Dr Nanigopal Banerji. The day before the wedding Dadaji went to the home of Mr Choudhury in the forenoon to bless the bride. Satyanarayan Puja was also arranged. After offerings (dishes of food, glass of water) had been placed before a portrait of Satyanarayan, Dadaji returned to his residence.

Around 12 noon when the offerings were removed from the closed private Puja room, it was noticed that every container showed evidence of having been partaken of by the Lord. The room was filled with a riot of Dadaji's Aroma, the floor was gleaming with splashes of fragrant water and the air was shrouded in foggy filaments. A container of pillau (rice) offered in a big deep pan was found to have a large oval hollow at least three inches deep and five inches across, caused by the disappearance of no less than 200 grams of spicy rice. The unusually large amount of food dipped out of the offering containers left in the closed, sealed room had been relished by the Lord. Everyone present was shown the Puja room and the spectacular phenomenon. In ecstatic joy Mr Choudhury rang up Dadaji and was told that shortly before Dadaji was telling Boudi, his wife, that he wouldn't have lunch since he'd had his fill at Choudhury's house. She had misgivings when he said that, however just then the phone rang. Dadaji answered the phone and telling Mr Choudhury "Tell your Boudi about it" handed the phone to his wife saying to her, "There you go." Thus Boudi was free of worry about Dadaji fasting. This happened on countless occasions. It depends upon the intensity of true, loving submission to Dadaji that the devotee brings to bear upon the offering made to the Lord.

Does Dadaji have baths? A funny question, indeed. Those who have known Dadaji for years confirm that from his boyhood he loved to look clean and tidy, charming and amiable, beau and dandy, radiating and majestic, having the aura of a Bengali Don Juan. He loved to have his hair combed, wear perfume and wore milk white clothes with great care. Even then, the question may be raised how many baths he customarily took. No one can say, but when he would take a bath it would be over in 2 minutes at most. He comes out of the bathroom sparkling like a ruddy apple glistening in dew drops. Dadaji explained the situation, "A customary bath is not called into request for this person. For bath happens of itself." Ram Thakur said the same thing, but what does it mean? Very difficult to explain. It is the emotional and trans-emotional charges boosted by the all-engulfing charge of profoundly self-poised consciousness within Dadaji that constantly drenches him through and through and removes all the impurities of his body. Dadaji often said,

“He is always immersed in the Dhiiraa (love of Vraja), Sthiraa (Self-integrated consciousness), and Gambhiiraa (profundity of vacuity in the Satyanarayana state) fluids.”

But this is really above and beyond mundane dimensions. Let us approach it from a different standpoint. Dadaji’s body and mind are Mahanama itself. So it is not difficult to imagine how he would be drenched by Nature itself turned liquid. Or it may be the solar rays come into focus and offer him a pleasing steam bath. It is well known that Dadaji is the Supreme master of solar science. Many have watched him facing the sun and drinking the nectar of liquefied rays deposited in his cupped palms. All these conjectures may be correct or miss the mark. It is Dadaji’s will that accounts for such phenomena and the modus operandi of the will eludes us.

In this context it would be profitable to recount how Dadaji cleansed his mother in the last days of her life in 1966. Her hip bone fractured, she was completely bedridden doing everything in supine position including answering calls of nature. It was a titanic job for Boudi to cleanse her and put her back in orderly comfort. It took her nearly an hour to do the job and even then the room and dying mother were not really clean and tidy despite Boudi’s best efforts. So Dadaji took over the charge from her to her great relief. He would enter his mother’s room, slam shut the door, do the chores with meticulous care and come out of the room within two or three minutes. His mother and the whole room would be redolent with an intense Aroma and gleaming freshness.

Does Dadaji sleep? Another intriguing question. It’s an undeniable fact that Dadaji goes to bed every night; why he even goes to bed at noon. But the question is what he does stretching himself full-length on the bed for hours. Does he just relax himself without sleeping? Let us try to negotiate the question.

In 1972 I went with Dadaji to the residence of Mr Dinesh Chakravurty at Batanagore in the suburbs of Calcutta. Within a small pandal in front of the house a musical recital of Dadaji’s song ‘Ramaiva Sharanam’ and Bhajan of the Lord’s name was underway. I took a seat there on the carpet and Dadaji sat on a sofa under the pandal. The music continued and I was drawn into it unknowingly and started to sing along. After awhile it occurred to me Dadaji might be sleeping. I kept my skeptical discovery to myself. When the music ended, Dadaji opened his eyes and said, “No, he is not sleeping. Do you think he sleeps? He can, at most, close one eye. If he closes both eyes any time, it will spell the annihilation of all existence.” But he closed both eyes, physical eyes, for sure. So Dadaji’s words must have a different import. If he can see through a wall and across continents and oceans, as has been demonstrated time and again, Dadaji can very well see through his eyelids. The closing of eyes, therefore, means self-absorption, self-poise of His Will. If the Lord’s vision is creation; if His seeing is creating; then the moment he closes His eyes, His Creation too collapses. One of His eyes must constantly keep vigil upon the creation to maintain it. That must be the import of Dadaji’s words. That is why though sleeping, Dadaji is not sleeping at all; a phenomenon called Yoga-nittraa (sleep of self-absorption) in Indian theology.

That is why without forewarning by any person, in the middle of the night at 2 am during the court case against Dadaji, he himself, answered at the first knock on his door when the police came to arrest him. That is why he picks up the phone on the first ring at 1 am in the morning when Aparesh Lahiri, father of Bappi Lahiri the famous movie music director, called Dadaji to tell him that Abhi Bhattacharya was in hospital in Bombay having suffered a severe stroke. It is common knowledge based on vivid personal experiences among those close to Dadaji that he not only snoops around but lies in between couples to help fleece off their excessive carnal passion. Mr Dinesh Chakravurty is, again, an example of this. Often at night during his sleep he felt someone, between him and his wife, softly touching him, cackling, making rustling sounds as though wedging between them. Cleft apart, they could not draw near to one another. Whenever Dinesh went to visit Dadaji after such occurrences, Dadaji would smile and inquire, “What happened last night? He knows everything.” This also happened with Mrs Ruby Bose and her famous film director husband Satyen Bose.

My daughter, Dr Purabi Bharatiya, a psychiatrist in USA, often dreamed at night during sleep that she was being softly hugged and caressed by Dadaji. When she awoke the next morning her whole body was redolent with Dadaji’s Aroma much to the chagrin and jealousy of her husband Pradip. This happened many times. And Dadaji in Calcutta would relate to me and my wife how many times he fondled their daughter in USA during his noonday nap. One day

Dadaji woke up from his siesta very late around 5 pm and said, “I had been to Purabi in the USA. There she dreamed of being married to me ceremonially. She was ecstatic with joy and submission, a fascinating maid for sure.” Some days later a letter arrived from our daughter Purabi confirming Dadaji’s story. Indeed, Dadaji is somnambulist (walking during sleep), somniloquist (talking during sleep) and somniophile (making love during sleep) though himself without sleep. Sleep belongs to others with whom he has such surreptitious amour.

Now I will write about a kindred sort of experience shared by many of Dadaji’s followers. While walking along on one’s way, one hears soft foot steps close behind, feels being gently touched or pulled back by someone, or hears again the rustling sound of clothes or the jingle of trinkets. When one turns back to check on it one finds nothing there and is engulfed by a strong Aroma of Dadaji, who once again plays the stealthy trick. This is Vraja Leela (Divine Love Play), pure and simple; instilling firm faith in those who Dadaji is constantly shepherding along with encompassing love. Can you call it delusion or hallucination?



Dadaji & Boudi

In the 1960s, one day Dadaji was ready to take a trip to Benares. Before he left home to go to Howrah railway station, his wife Boudi insisted obdurately he take her to Vrindavana instead. Dadaji was visibly angry, but he cooled off instantly and entreated, “Why? Can’t you witness Vrindavan here in this house? Stay on in this house and see what happens.” Dadaji left for Benares. The following day Boudi was sipping a cup of ea by the dining table on the ground floor beside the staircase. It was an afternoon delicacy after a midday nap and she was relishing every sip of it. Suddenly she noticed two exquisitely charming children with crested braids of hair going stealthily upstairs. All the doors to the house were closed and locked from within; how on earth could they get in; she wondered and followed them to Dadaji’s first floor sitting room. The children were running helter-skelter around the bed, giggling for joy and outmaneuvering Boudi who failed to catch them. They made boyish faces, running back and forth chasing Boudi’s hands. Boudi was rooted to the floor in exhaustion; she called for the maid to come help

her. The maid replied from down on the ground floor, “Two boys of exquisite beauty are dancing in a ring around me! I am overawed and beside myself with joy. I find no way to come to you. They are doing knavery on me.” Boudi somehow stood up and made her way down the stairs to the ground floor. But she found no children there. “You liar! Where are those two rowdy boys?” demanded Boudi. “There were here a little while ago. Why should I lie? For sure, I didn’t let them in,” the maid replied. Boudi was in a fix, but eventually she hesitantly climbed the stairs and went back into Dadaji’s sitting room to find the boys had evaporated. Then both she and the maid were deluged in Dadaji’s strong Aroma, suffocating and supernal.

Two days later Dadaji’s youngest sister, Prabha Devi, came with her seven year old son to stay with Boudi during Dadaji’s absence. One of the two boys who had appeared to her and the maid started pulling Boudi’s hair while she was enjoying a noontime nap. Boudi woke up and chided the boy whom she mistook for her nephew. The two boys instantly hid under the bed. After awhile, one of the boys again started teasing Boudi by pulling her hair and then hiding under the bed. This went on for hours; eventually Boudi got up from bed and complained to Prabha, “Your son has robbed me of my sleep today. He was constantly pulling my hair. Where has he gone? I must teach him a lesson today.” Prabha replied, “How can he be upstairs beside your bed? After lunch he went to the neighbor’s house to play and has not come back as yet.” Boudi was bewildered for awhile, and then she remembered what Dadaji had said before departing for Benares. At that moment Dadaji’s strong Aroma surrounded her, instilling needed confidence in her husband’s word.

Let us revert again to a story about Abhi Bhattacharya, the crown prince to Dadaji’s followers. Abhi lives alone in Delphin House located in Bandra along the Arabian Sea in Bombay was during the last years of Abhi’s life an archive of Dadaji portraits, photographs and publications. In one room is a life-size portrait of Dadaji from which one finds red and pink powder appearing now and then. Figures of Dadaji, Satyanarayan, and Radha Krishna appear now and

then in unending sequence on the floor and walls. Abhi's entire house simmers with the intense Aroma of Dadaji. Now and then various articles and items are bundled up, then scattered all about by unknown hand. One day Abhi found his living room covered in talcum powder like substance. Another day Abhi found ashes of cigarettes strewn all about although he does not smoke; but Dadaji smokes cigarettes. One day Abhi found 5 matchsticks placed vertically on the floor, lined up one below the next. It goes without saying that Dadaji is present there everyday, smoking, putting talcum powder on himself, while playing tricks and jokes on Abhi all the while. Dadaji's playfulness across hundreds of miles knows no bounds.

One day Abhi finds everything in his house in disarray, important papers and audio cassettes somehow out of the locked almirah (storage cabinet) strewn about here and there. He discovers his wrist watch hidden under a heap of newspapers. Two of the four letters he had written and set out to be mailed were missing; later found thrust inside a book. Dadaji's ticklish manifestations of infinite variety appeared in Abhi's house round the clock. Abhi enjoys such Divine Leela as the paragon of submission to Dadaji, every moment in intense love-rapport with him.

In Gautam Mukerji's house where he lives with his parents, such spectacles surface now and then in colorful diversity. Also in the home of Mr Chintamani Mahapatra, Chairman of Public Service Commission, Government of Orissa, where there it is redolent with strong Aroma and flow of fragrant honey-like Nectar on the portraits of Satyanarayan and Dadaji. In another case, the wallet sized portrait of Satyanarayan kept in the chest pocket by Madhav Chakravarty, Police Officer, used to drip fragrant Nectar in unending trickles till his untimely death in 1975.

The jesters Jatin Bhattacharya and Dinesh Bhattacharya, mentioned previously, went to visit Lucknow in Uttar Pradesh, India. One day they went to the famous Lalaji temple and were feasting their eyes on the sight of exquisite marble statues of Rama, Sita and Laksmana. Within seconds the majesty and grace of the statues were far outdone by a live figure in front of them. The two men were simply carried away by the bewitching beauty of that emergent figure whom they had never seen or met before. Much later when they first met Amiya Roy Chowdhury, they realized he was the person who appeared before them at Lalaji temple. Many such visions while awake or during sleep have been experienced by people prior to meeting Dadaji in person.

A demented disciple of Sri Ram Thakur, Madhav Pagla went to meet Kishori Bhagavan (Amiya Roy Chowdhury) in a mosque at Benares. Madhav Pagla attained the sobriquet of Pagla Baba because of his daredevil act of urinating on the sacrificial fire lit by Santadas Babaji. Madhav Pagla expressed in confidence to Kishori Bhagavan his long cherished desire to undertake a pilgrimage to Kedarnath (Temple of Lord Shiva) on a lofty peak in the Himalayas.

Kishori Bhagavan flew into a rage and said, "You are a hell of a thing! You have been so many years in the company of Ram Thakur, Kaivalya Nath Himself; even then you cherish such festering desire? Well then, can't you see Kedarnath here?" With these words Kishori Bhagavan started eating a bowl of crispy rice snack. Within a few minutes a black man appeared there begging of him a few morsels of his snack. The black man ate it all up with relish, bade him goodbye and went his way along a curved lane.

Seconds later Kishori Bhagavan asked Madhav to find the black man in the lane. Madhav looked but he couldn't find any trace of him. Kishori Bhagavan then said, "[You saw Kedarnath \(Temple of Lord Shiva\) in front of you but couldn't recognize Him. That's the tragedy with you people.](#)"

A similar story must be narrated here. One of Dada's jesters, Mr Jatin Bhattacharya, used to do Kali Puja (Kali is the goddess of destruction often depicted as a black woman) in his house every year on the date fixed for it in the almanac. It was performed on a moonless night following Durga Puja and the annual Utsav of the Dadaji Brotherhood. For a few years Jatin had been having the Kali Puja performed in the august presence of Dadaji and his associates. The year I refer to here, it was decreed by Dadaji to the last year of the Kali Puja for he did not like that sort of ceremonialism which shuts out the spirit and makes mockery of real Puja (worship) that manifests itself naturally within the heart. That is why Dadaji introduced Satyanarayan Puja instead, the simplest form of Puja conceivable without involving the assemblage of a potpourri of traditional articles and knotty ceremonies by a hired priest.

“Satyanarayan Puja, too,” says Dadaji, “is extraneous and has a web, however thin, of idolatry in it and should be superseded by constant and spontaneous communion with the Truth which lies embedded in the heart as Mahanama.” Nevertheless, Dadaji arranges for Satyanarayana Puja at a convenient place for people to hang on to. Be that as it may, at the conclusion of Kali Puja at Jatin’s house that year, Dadaji asked the people gathered, “Has the clay idol of the goddess been infused with life? Who will check on it? Let Panchanan go.” So Mr Panchanan Sen went into the Puja room and to his utter undoing and rooted frigidity, witnessed a black girl of seven or eight, clad in a white saree with red border, scampering all about with peals of soulful laughter. It was beyond his wildest dreams and he lost no time bouncing back to the sitting room; reticent he was not. When the thawing of his senses set in, at Dadaji’s bidding he described what he had witnessed in the Puja room.

After awhile Dadaji bade him go a second time to the Puja room to witness and report what pageantry was unfolding there. Mr Sen went in and saw the same girl in doleful mood; she was weeping, tears trickled down her cheeks and onto her sari and the floor sadly presaging that the Kali Puja was going to be out of vogue. However, on the insistence of Jatin Bhattacharya’s mother the Kali Puja continued in the home for two or three more years before it was eventually abandoned.

When Dadaji visited Bhubaneswar, Orissa, in 1970, a very old gentleman, Mr R. Patnaik came to make obeisance to him. The elderly man was paralyzed in his wrist after a stroke. Prior to being disabled by a stroke he had completed writing six volumes of the Ramayana and the major portion of the seventh. He begged Dadaji to give him back his manual ability to complete his book. Dadaji asked for the manuscript which was promptly given to him. He opened it at the page where the writing stalled. Dadaji passed his finger over the page and pages following and the whole room became vibrant with his Aroma. After awhile Dadaji gave the book back to the poet who found out, to his great joy and amazement that the book had been written out to completion in his own handwriting, with the same ink; words breathing out the intimate nuances of his poetic personality. No wonder then, as Dadaji often asserted, he can print out an entire Mahabharata in a matter of minutes.

In 1970, Roma Mukerji (now Melrose) invited Dadaji and Dr Bibhuti Sarkar to a luncheon at her residence on the birth anniversary day. That day Dadaji had to go to his toy shop in New Market in Calcutta. So he took Dr Sarkar along to his shop. When Dadaji finished his business, it was already late in the day for lunch, nearly 1:30 pm and he was visibly worried about keeping the others at the luncheon awaiting their arrival. Dadaji got into his car and started driving the car at top speed through the crowded streets of Calcutta. The streets and lanes of Calcutta are always snarled in traffic jams. How to negotiate it? Though Dadaji was no respecter of red signals or even roadblocks, snaking his way through the crowds of disorderly vehicular variety it was virtually impossible for anyone to drive the distance between New Market in the center of Calcutta to Roma’s house in the outskirts before 2 pm. There were multiple ways of driving through the city to Roma’s but all ways appeared blocked. Making a desperate face, Dadaji inquired, “Which way is the shortest?” He asked Dr Sarkar who hardly knew anything about the roads in central Calcutta! Before Dr Sarkar could conjure up a reply, Dadaji exclaimed, “Look here, Bibhuti, we are in front of Roma’s house!” The doctor turned, squinted his eyes in bewilderment and said, “Are you safe and sound? Did the car follow the crow’s flight? It is only five minutes since we started. I swear to avoid your car in the future.” Dadaji smiled at this and quipped, “Do your Sadhus, Mahatmas and Bhagavans know the trick?” This space-eloping feat can hardly be demonstrated by anyone other than Dadaji.

Many a trickle makes mickle (great, large, much). Do not all of these trickles in this section, each individually, transcend the mega-mickles of human conception? If you disagree, you must be obsessively disoriented!

Chapter 2

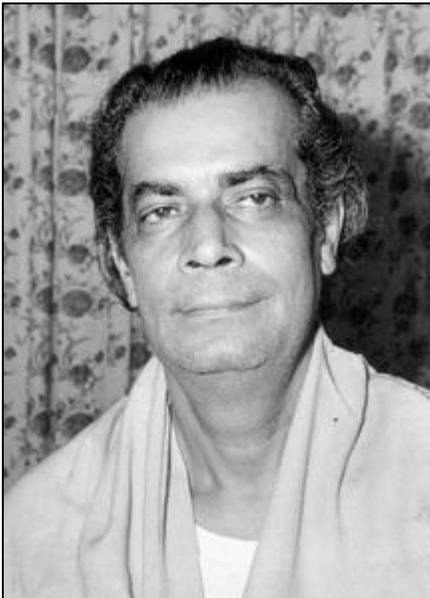
A - The Love-hooked, Incurable Healer

Religion: What it is, and is not

Spirituality the world over tends to ostracize generally the down-to-earth lives of humans. An ascetic element hangs heavily like a dead weight upon it, making it impossible even in theory, for spiritual promoters to rub shoulders without any qualms of conscience with the secular people who wallow in poverty, disease, and malignant providence. Self-styled spiritual and religious leaders divide life into two hemispheres, the spiritual and the secular or material; the two never converging at a point or one flowing into the other. Some view the world as a purgatory, a cauldron of hellfire wherein individuals reap the harvest of their atrocious sins.

Flapping wings of spirituality these godmen appear, so they imagine, to resurrect in Eternal Life the suffering populace from the stinky coffin of materiality. This is why they decide they don't have to negotiate the agonies, anguishes, and bitter bouts of lethal pain that all human flesh is heir to experience.

You fall into a deep well and are drowning; your piteous cry for life draws a so-called godman to the well. He exhorts you, "Mutter the name of the Lord and invoke His mercy for your fallen soul." Dazed and drowning you reply, "Have mercy first for my fallen body. Help me out of the well." The godman replies, "That's your problem; the world is an illusion; my self-imposed problem is to save your soul, no matter if you die in the process." This scene illustrates my point; a gloomy scenario is laid out to the innocent people by self-styled spiritual, religious leaders under the guise of salvaging the human soul from its inbred perdition.



Dadaji – 1973 Bombay

Dadaji is *sui generis* (unique; only examples of their kind). He flies into a sizzling rage when he hears such rubbish and thunders, "How dare you utter such rotten words? You blaspheme against Him by virtually taking the world as an illusion. You call into serious question His infinite, unmotivated love while refusing to lend succor to the ailing human body and mind. He, the Father, can never forsake His children; nor can He keep on record their sins and punish them on that account. What you call piety and sin is but your mental constructs.

"Only actions and reactions hold the stage in this world of Nature. Creation is the supreme manifestation of His infinite love in finitized nuances. The world is real. Had it been unreal, He Himself would have been a chimera. And, we all have come here to taste the nectar of His love as displayed in Nature, animate and inanimate, in unison with Him while doing daily chores, and discharging specific duties and responsibilities to which each one is yoked with a view to progressively dynamic realization of His love nestled in existence around unto perfect self-maturation. But, this world is governed by causality, by bipolar swings of action. If there be an incessant one way

linear flow, your consciousness is put on hold and you fail to taste His Love. So you have to reap reactions as the harvest of all your actions.

"Though He is beyond all these, these actions and reactions are, at bottom, rooted in Him. If you can well negotiate them, yourself being rooted in Him, with fortitude, He will surely help you out of the grim reverses and ordeals of life with alacrity. How can He suffer you in pain? Take heart. This man (Dadaji) has come herein with amulets against adverse destiny. But it's better to brave the backlashes of life, however violent, with fortitude perched on His unfailing love, without praying for redemption. That is the secret essence of human ethic in life. And, He will come to your rescue when you have poured yourself out."

In fact Dadaji does not subscribe to a religion that is divorced from life. Religion is not an exotic appendage to life to turn to at offbeat moments or on a particular day of the week. It is not being ostracized from our workaday existence, nor is it the opium of the people. On the contrary, Religion is coexistent and coterminous with life taken in its strides through endless curvatures. To Dadaji, spirituality is identical with life itself. The best analogy is that of earth having two-dimensional motion with central acceleration; but this, too, though abundantly and poignantly representative of the human role herein, is imperfect like all analogies. For real spirituality dawns only when you, your loose ends tied up, are perched on and poised, set (Tadgattaa) in His Love. It blossoms when the two dimensions converge, commingle, and coalesce into one, leaving only a fast vanishing specter of another dimension being traced through inertia.

This high, hot, workaholic life, even then is high, hot, love-aholic spirituality. There is, indeed, no cleavage between the Lord and Caesar. When you pay Caesar, he is merely another point of your enchanted submission to His omnifluent (ever-flowing) love. That, at bottom, seems to be the import of Jesus' famous utterance couched in words of common parlance. Life, a Pandora's box flung wide open, burdened with evil acts encore and horrendous miseries is not anathema to spirituality whose champions need despise it, on no account, or wrap up before its advancing footsteps.

Therefore, it is quite apposite (suitable) that Dadaji would, more often than not, be found talking with you about your family problems, your job prospects, your financial position, your physical welfare, much to the mighty chagrin of so-called godmen to whom such secular indulgence is profane to the core and to a degree denigrating. Dadaji stalks the earth in arrogant defiance of such moth-ridden godmen and stages in incessant advent spectacular cures of people from lethal physical and mental ailments. Not only that, he stoops lower, the so-called godmen would argue, to turn matchmaker in which trade his expertise is matched only by his omniscience. By doing so, Dadaji is not defiled or denigrated in the least. His Grace, Love, Divine Fragrance, His omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence are not found wanting in the least.

Dadaji probes Destiny

Even to this day (late 1980s, early 1990s), Dadaji though in supra-mental and progressively wrapped-up state, displays himself as right on schedule removing the varied miseries of people and bringing to a head the piled-up destructive reactions of Nature with a view to recycling and reclaiming it as a fit haven, the Eden, for human inhabitation. Dadaji, the superb matchmaker enacting the bridal of earth and heaven of man and woman of divergent stances, and is he is not *sui generis* (unique; only examples of their kind) and himself supra-natural? Time will give the verdict.

Anyone who has had the good fortune of having audience with Dadaji, even for a few days must have watched how avidly he probes into the cross-fires of frowning fate in the lives of people around him; how he counsels them with sympathy and finally helps them out of malign situations pounding them relentlessly. Those who did not meet Dadaji must have by now after reading this far been well informed of his altruistic (selfless, devoted) knight-errantry (roving about in search of adventure); Dadaji would call it self-love. Why are a select few, although that runs into hundreds, graced with miraculous cure by Dadaji; why are a select few getting watches, pens, gold necklaces, earrings, etc manifested by him forthwith? There is no denying the fact that everyone and anyone who comes in contact with Dadaji in person or otherwise is from the first meeting onward graced by Dadaji in multiple ways in diverse sections of his or her life. But usually those acts are not dramatic and spectacular enough to make an indelible impression on one's mind.

The question persists why Dadaji saves someone from the clutches of death, while denying the profound grace to others; why he responds to some non-descript person's call instantly while during a deaf ear to others' repeated alarms. This is one of the most pivotal questions assailing any account of Dadaji's supernatural extravaganza of diverse dimensions.

To take refuge in Dadaji's often repeated refrain, "[Don't try to understand](#)" profound as that is, evades the issue at hand. Certainly egoistic understanding of any esoteric problem, which is beyond mind and its spatio-temporal, causative idolatry, is standing leagues apart from the problem. However understanding need not necessarily be of the empiric, egoistic order.

Understanding may be achieved through empathy, through mystical identity with the point at issue, through submission to it. In the ego's stillness of night, it dawns upon you like a flash of lightening; then you can invest it with your logical morphology (form and structure). That is why scriptures tell us if you don't try to understand, but submit to your ignorance, the Lord instills understanding in you. Dadaji's words, too, have the same ring of submission. As Dadaji explains the situation, "Your mind and intellect, the organs of understanding, are themselves stumbling blocks in the way of understanding. All this is beyond mind and intellect."

If you dodge the question of why Dadaji intervenes for one and not another and say, "All this is uncaused," you touch the core of the truth for sure, but fall prey to the charge of metaphysical prudery, of banal obscurantism (evasion of clarity). In the first place, how could anything under the sun be uncaused? How could something uncaused impinge on the world governed by causality? Conversely, why shouldn't the uncaused, being unmotivated by its nature and constitution, negotiate equally the world of causality and the world beyond it? Since the uncaused can cause no ripple in the world beyond it, why and how should it affect the world of causality differently? Secondly, as implicitly stated, anything uncaused must necessarily be universally applicable; the failure of which as in the case of Dadaji's supernatural feats, is why the question of why one person is graced with Dadaji's extraordinary manifestations or healing has been raised. It is nothing but begging the question; all these arguments spring from our common sense, and empiric point of view.

What is uncaused? What is not affected through causes and conditions, or what is self-caused, being a spontaneous overflow of one's being, is 'uncaused'. From our standpoint the Absolute and its spontaneous self-expression in identity as Will Supreme is the basal 'uncaused' entity. And the spontaneous self-expression in identity of the Will Supreme is the endless creation in spiraling, magnetic sensitivity. In the ultimate analysis the initial spasm of creativity of the Will Supreme shapes out as the infinite, diverse destinies of the infinite, discrete creatures of endless universes. The creatures work out the destinies in their lives, arrogating to themselves the agency of only those actions that are rewarding. In the process, desires, cravings and attachments multiply, the ego grows in stiffness, and the filaments of aborted destiny and failed drives of desires spin out through the laws of action and reaction into a cobweb of secondary destinies in which greedy egoists are enmeshed.

While destiny is uncaused, being as it is the self-expression of Will Supreme, we ourselves are the architects of our secondary destinies. From this analytic point of view, we have scope here for both fatalism (submission to fate) and voluntarism (will as fundamental agency; voluntary action). Fatalism propped up by constant devoted activity is advocated; not lazy commercing with the stars (looking to astrology or other pseudo-spiritual means to determine or change one's fate). Dadaji recommends, "Do your duty, your job with activities shorn of hankering for good results; and just remember Him." Destiny is our primeval heredity, while secondary destiny is like the environment turned garbage heredity through cycles of births and deaths in the course of our voyage to relish the flavor of His deluging love.

Dadaji asserts, "Destiny of both sorts the uncaused self-expression of Will Supreme and destiny resulting from cycles of action and reaction in cycles of births and deaths may be altered under exceptional circumstances." There is a popular saying in India that birth, death and marriage are ordained in heaven. Dadaji asserts to the contrary, the ordination though generally universal, may give way in singularly exceptional cases. Thus the span of life may be cut short or extended; death at the appointed hour may be averted, granting a longer lease on life. It is our common experience that marriages are made, unmade, remade by those caught in the secondary destiny syndrome. "Even then the destiny that has grown momentum and is on the run, the part of destiny's avalanche that is thawing and carving out your present life," Dadaji exhorts us, "should be born with fortitude rooted in loving submission to Him."

The scriptures inform us that even spiritual enlightenment or even God cannot ward off, neutralize or destroy that destiny; it has to be suffered full cycle to wither it out. The scriptures add that destiny can, however, be removed through complete submission to the Lord's Name, in which form the Will Supreme manifests all creation. Dadaji assures us time and time again, "He (Dadaji) has come with an amulet to redress one from the onslaughts of adverse fate."

Dadaji: Will Supreme & Human Being

This long digression was necessitated by the exigencies of squarely negotiating the question raised of why one person experiences the grace of Dadaji's supernatural events and others do not; why Dadaji intervenes for one and not another person. So to resume discussion of the complexity and mystery of Dadaji as Supreme and Dadaji as human being, the Will Supreme as the self-expression of Satyanarayan in identity is the basal uncaused existence manifesting spontaneously. Dadaji is the self-expressing manifestation in fullest blaze of the Will in identity with Satyanarayana, but he has another facet as a human being; a normal, finite (though unbounded) human being. He was born into a particular human society in a particular geographic region, acquired a certain speech form, certain dispositions, habits, tastes, and socio-ethical conventions, the likes and dislikes consequent thereupon. He has friends, though having no foes. He may dislike someone for erratic, irresponsible, fraudulent or hypocritical ways, but that never goes beyond human level.

For it has happened, quite often in fact, that someone who comes with piteous supplication to rescue a relative from terminal disease or threatening life situation, is most rudely and summarily dismissed by Dadaji; made to pack up his emotions, make immediate exit, and return home in sullen desperation only to discover upon arriving there, the situation has already been taken care of. So, Dadaji's dislike on a personal, communicative level does not in the least stand in the way of supernatural cures and unexplainable resolution to threatening events. But those individuals Dadaji likes have a special claim of his grace in the sense he is already out to resolve their problems of his own, even without any request from them.

There are two kinds of people Dadaji likes to associate with aside from great scholars, scientists and so-called godmen and spiritual recluses whom he intends to rout and win over. The first kind is those Dadaji finds ready reciprocation to his patterns of thought, behavior and socializing manners; in a word, homogeneity, on the surface at least. They are abundantly fortunate people who deserve the admiration of all. The second kind are those rare personifications of Dadaji's love of whom he said, "[He \(Dadaji\) has come along \(into this blue planet\) with them. It is like a pool of water sprinkled out in different places; the one pool of conscious water. Verily he \(Dadaji\) shares their pleasure and pain.](#)" They are his entourage, marionettes of Dadaji; they display strip-tease dances of love dedicated to Dadaji in the gala carnival of the world in ferment. Dadaji professedly can go to any length to resolve the problems in their lives.

There are three considerations regarding supernatural feats, the Will Supreme and Dadaji. First, what is called 'uncaused' might be caused, so to say, by the Will Supreme in the first place. Second, it might be the handiwork of Dadaji who is the spontaneous expression of the Will Supreme. Dadaji pointed out clearly, "[He has come here surcharged with the Will Supreme. One has to come here impelled by some desire. That Will Supreme is the desire in his \(Dadaji's\) case.](#)" The Will Supreme which is the uncaused cause of Dadaji is also nestled in him as desire. It is a reconnaissance flight of the primal Will Supreme, the primal Desire, from which it differs only by way of being pinioned in Dadaji's body and mind. It is the same primal Will, now consolidated and grown nimble, out to display a mini-recital of the creation drama oriented to the actualization in the fullest measure of its denouement, the end, which has generally eluded the grasp of individuals until the present day; now and then being realized partially or in a lesser measure. Third, Dadaji as a person with a well-defined personality profile might, despite that, be the architect of supernatural feats that may be called 'uncaused' simply because Dadaji constantly asserts, "[He \(Dadaji\) is nobody.](#)"

When the Will Supreme stirs up Dadaji to affect some supernatural cure, Dadaji works it out like an automaton without knowing why he is doing what, or for that matter, that he is doing anything at all; for the supernatural cure proceeds from a beyond-mind, stirless vacuity which is perfect anonymity to the core. He never has to suffer physically for this sort of fantastic cure of disease. The fact of the matter is that although Dadaji is considered omniscient by many, and rightly so in the sense he can know a moment before that such a supernatural cure is well on track already, he affects such cures quite unconsciously and often bounces beyond the bounds of socio-ethical behavior. Such cases of cure are thoroughly spontaneous, impersonal and uncaused and are in no way open to the charge of differential treatment of someone by Dadaji.

When the Will Supreme is absent, that is when it does not tend toward negotiating a certain situation; Dadaji has to assert himself to stave off the catastrophic situation. How does he do it? A wish pops up in Dadaji. It may be a sudden or premeditated wish; or it may be a wish prompted by intense love for the person suffering. Even if it be a sudden upsurge it emerges with a stamp of consciousness which marks it off from the titanic surge of the Will Supreme attended with lack of self-consciousness. The conscious wish, then, instead of being bogged down by the gravitation of the mind and ego, is instantly integrated across the root-mind of Dadaji, into being of the Will Supreme and the suffering patient makes a turn around on the way to fast recovery for sure.

During such cases of healing Dadaji may have three different psycho-spiritual stances under varying circumstances. First, he may be quite unconscious through initially conscious, while putting the biological clock of the recipient back on the right track. Second, he may be only half-conscious in so far as he is oblivious of the scenario. Or third, Dadaji may be fully conscious, self-possessed and in a talking and joking spree while effecting supernatural cures. Whatever the stance, invariably Dadaji is constantly embedded in all three states, his beyond mind poise attended by the emission of characteristic Divine Aroma which marks Dadaji being as he calls it, "in tune" with Truth. In the first stance, Dadaji does not have to suffer. In the second or third, he may or may not have to suffer depending upon the gravity of the lethal situation, hurdles and bottlenecks he encounters to bring back the sick to normal state of health. In other words, if the personal element gets woven into the fabric of the healing operation, Dadaji has to suffer. If sympathy or pity arises, Dadaji has to suffer a lot. When Dadaji hosts the ailments into his body willfully, as he often does, or is infected with them automatically because of the absence of a resisting mind in him, through tactual contact with the sick, Dadaji has to suffer more.

It must be stated here that Dadaji does not always succeed in his fantastic therapeutic adventures. There are two cases on record in which he started on his healing way which aborted in the space of a second or two, or was left off for consideration of the aftermath that promised to be gloomy. In the first case, with his raised hand pushed down, Dadaji exclaimed in despair, "I couldn't install the Lord!" That is to say, Dadaji could not get the concurrence of the Lord.

Dadaji: Supernatural Healing

Another occasion appeared when Dadaji was bent on saving the life of octogenarian adept Dr Bibhuti Sarkar, author of *Dada Tatva* (Esoteric Essence of Dada; read at <http://www.dadaji.info/FREE.DADAJI.BOOKS.HTM>). Dr Sarkar was one of Dadaji's inner circle and Dadaji had earlier cured him of cancer as well as helping him out in other adverse circumstances, pecuniary and otherwise. Dr Sarkar's last days drew near and he was suffering unaccountably with high fever; the end was around the corner. Dadaji was fidgety; he suddenly had a wish to prolong Dr Sarkar's life beyond the eighties. With that end in view, Dadaji, along with Abhi Bhattacharya, sped to the dentist's office where at Dadaji's request the dentist pulled a healthy tooth as ransom to the god of death, i.e. malignant Nature. Dadaji once told me, "At times, he (Dadaji) has to ransom to the god of death an unimpaired tooth to save the life of a person of great spiritual stature (Mahaajana). Many of his teeth are gone that way." Anyway, Dadaji's tooth pulled, he and Abhi returned home trailing the convalescing tide in the patient. Suddenly a gloomy prospect cast an immobilizing shadow on Dadaji. Should he be spared his life, the doctor would be a burden on his family physically and on Dadaji financially. Dr Sarkar's body had run its course in full, disabling him to meet with Dadaji even now and then; if the doctor was failing to enjoy even Dadaji's company what was the purpose of life continuing? Although recycling his body was possible, it involved great risk to Dadaji which he could hardly hazard at that juncture of his messianic activities. Dadaji ate his wish and withdrew from saving the life of Dr Sarkar who died a few minutes later.

Another story may be recounted here. Dr Dharendra Nath Saha, in his eighties, was on his death bed. He came from the same village of Comilla in Bangladesh as Dadaji and his family was close to Dadaji. Dr Saha suffered a severe stroke that left him paralyzed and ebbing in and out of awareness. His son and daughter came to Dadaji's house crying and beseeching him to go to Dr Saha's bedside and save him. Dadaji though melting inside assumed an impervious hardy stance and bade them leave. At the time, Dr Amal Chakravarty, an eminent physician was with Dadaji.

The siblings left broken hearted and Dr Chakravurty entreated Dadaji to come to the rescue of the dying man. Dadaji grimly replied, "Can you imagine how they would take it if Dr Saha dies at the first sight of him (Dadaji) in his house? That is one probability if he (Dadaji) goes to him. The other probability is he would live paralytic, rooted to the bed, for a number of years. That won't be desirable for him or for the family. This man (Dadaji) cannot take the virulent disease upon himself." Indeed it has to be born by someone unless stamped out by the Will Supreme.

How unpredictable from our empiric point of view, Dadaji is in selecting beneficiaries of unailing supernatural therapy. This is illustrated in the grievous death from cancer of Mrs Brooke Cogswell, wife of Mr John M Cogswell of Denver, Colorado USA. She was a wonderful lady on all counts, in love and understanding for all around her, in lively and suave social manners, in patience and fortitude, and in willing submission to God. In July 1985 she received Mahanam from Dadaji. The number of patients with cancer who were cured by Dadaji runs into the hundreds; it happened again and again with a simple touch of his fingers or passing of his fingers over the affected parts, and at times giving Charanjai (fragrant milky white water manifested by the Dadaji's touch or wish on a container of plain water) with instructions to drink it now and then. Only once during the years when Dadaji cured many of cancer did physicians suspect he brought it upon himself; but a few days' later tests were negative.



Brooke Cogswell's son & Dadaji - 1986 Boulder

One might assume the Will Supreme was not in operation in the case of Mrs Brooke Cogswell who was in the prime of life in her forties. However who knows what empiric and metempiric (beyond or outside the field of experience) considerations weigh heavily with Dadaji? Possibly Brooke's life may have been prolonged for a decade or so, but more likely her cup of destiny was drunk to the dregs, was fully used up at the time of her death. That is why Dadaji exclaimed, "She is the luckiest. She has merged with God. She is one in tens of millions." For Dadaji to grant her a new lease on life by supernatural healing would invite new destiny and be ill-advised, positively detrimental to the tranquil state of no return into which she glided on her death.

Despite those considerations it is poor consolation for her near and dear ones, as also for us who find no earthly reason for such erratic behavior by Dadaji. We feel hurt; we start nursing obstinate suspicion and disbelief. We indulge in talking about Dadaji's human limitations. All human flesh is prone to doubt, denial, disbelief and betrayal; regardless, the caravan of Truth passed across us laden with manifested merchandise of the supernatural, bestowing its bounties on those it chooses. It is futile to raise the charge of partiality or lapse against Dadaji. Ultimately it is his sweet Will that rules the roost of our malicious charges against him. There are other factors to contend with, of course, namely the destiny of the prospective recipient, other empiric and metempiric considerations and Dadaji's readiness or otherwise to absorb the disease himself. The final etiology is embedded in Dadaji's wish that does not obey any logic of this finite world. By the grace of God, it is the principle of indeterminacy in human life that we so crave for healing and are denied for the asking; or healing is granted of its own accord at another time.

Then there is the account of the son of someone very close to Dadaji who was not healed of an ailment endured from birth that made his hands shake uncontrollably. The son, father and entire family are very intimate with Dadaji, who on his own assertion loves them all to an inordinate degree. I will try to clear the dense fog of heavy heart caused by grating suspicion and casuistry resulting from the son's continuing ailment that never drew Dadaji's supernatural healing cure.

One day while Dadaji caressed the boy, Dadaji stopped just short of touching his hands, evincing thereby awareness of the boy's manual discomfort. Although Dadaji had on many occasions cured such a triviality, in this instance he did not. To cure such triviality would require no Will Supreme; nor even Dadaji as spontaneous self-expression of the Will Supreme; and further, Dadaji as human being might have most playfully cured it without any backlash on his person. But Dadaji did not do it then or on any succeeding occasion although he had often rescued the boy and members of his family from situations of graver dimensions. The son, even today after a lapse of twenty years, has to make do with his shaking hands; what else can he do?

Possibly in this case the Will Supreme sparked off in Dadaji's mind antibody that stalls the operation of supernatural cure now and then. Possibly cruising through this world of bipolarity, the Will Supreme is suddenly caught in the ambivalence of the dynamic and static states in convenient alternation. But, bottom-line it is the unaccountable sweet will of Dadaji that is ultimately responsible for all his supernatural therapeutic feats. The Will Supreme, static or dynamic, must be matched by Dadaji's sweet will, conscious or unconscious, in order that the supernatural cures by him may take effect.

If the marginally ill person raises a frantic alarm, pouring out heart in a gallop, it instantly touches the fringe of the vacuity of basal existence stirring up the Will Supreme that absorbs the alarm and puts forthwith the anguished person out of harm's reach. The Will Supreme, Dadaji, and Dadaji with a personality profile are all bound to respond to it immediately to salvage the person from the sea of misery. Therein lays the glory, the divine element in the human species. Therein the suffering soul reaches infinity; and the Will Supreme bounces out to greet and embrace Its counter-whole enshrined in the human heart in the shape of infinity submission anonymous. The beyond-mind Will overflows into the beyond-mind will of submission as freedom and rules out of court all talks of causality and sequence, motivation and discrimination, double standard and partiality for good. Therein lays the real dignity and strength of spirituality.

Let us now proceed on to the concrete incidents of supernatural healing as manifested in daily profusion by Dadaji. Any account of such supernatural tours de force of Dadaji is bound to be damned to titanic imperfection owing to the gigantic lack of information about what happens daily to Dadaji's admirers whose numbers even by modest estimation must go beyond a hundred thousand. And then, one has to take into account the stories of astounding healings of their acquaintances, readers of Dadaji materials, and those who simply gaze on Dadaji's portrait. In addition, one must consider the possibility of misinformation, and sketch, confused, fragmented, or even dubious information. In some cases there are conflicting accounts or the identity of the person healed is missing. To be honest to oneself, one has to sift the material with circumspection and present only those stories that smoothly bear the stamp of genuineness and credibility; that I will do.



Dadaji – 1973 Bombay

Although from his boyhood Dadaji was given to curing all kinds of diseases with a simple touch of his magnetic hand or bringing back impaired vision with a rub of the patient's dress-skirt on the eyes, I will begin here with the 1960s, the period when Dadaji kept company with the Behala group of people. During that period he became close to Mr Bipanna Ballav Basu at whose house Dadaji often held evening audiences and Pujas. Mr Basu's daughter, Manjusri, suffered from acute rheumatic asthma that used to take heavy toll of her now and then almost to the point where she ceased to breath at times. Quite understandably Dadaji often gave the girl relief by clearing her long congestion with a gentle touch.

Mr Basu didn't like this patchwork of temporary relief and he didn't understand why Dadaji would, each time, stop short of a cure to the fell disease. So he entreated Dadaji for a

complete cure for his daughter. Dadaji said, "Destiny has to be borne with patience and fortitude. If you take refuge in Him, He will help you out for sure. Don't be scared. He is with the girl." Days and months passed and one day Manjusri had a severe relapse of asthma that in its severity brought her to within half hour of death's door. The girl's plight was beyond the patience of those around her as well as her father who tried to ring up Dadaji by telephone. Calling various places, he met with stubborn failure. Dadaji, presager of the girl's zero hour, was at Dr Anil Maitra's residence in bid to test the integrity of the Basu family.

Meanwhile Dr Madhusundan Dey arrived at the Basu home and seeing the girl's near death condition at once tried to call Dadaji by phone. Dadaji answered the call promptly and said, "Don't worry. Place your palm by the receiver. Got the capsule? Ok. Thrust it into her mouth. Hurry up." Dr Dey replied, "But she is already dead! How can I help her with the capsule?" "Not dead!" thundered Dadaji. "You rub it on her lips; she will come round pretty soon." Dr Dey did as Dadaji instructed and the patient was brought back to life in rapid convalescing even before he started rubbing the capsule on her lips.

At Dr Maitra's house Dadaji was observed to start sneezing violently, one after another. His body turned blue all over. The next day the girl was normal and doing fine, but Dadaji showed high fever and recurrent urination lasting for the entire day and night, finally leaving him extremely weak on the morrow. Apparently the Will Supreme was at a discount in this case. The girl's imperceptive father was mighty happy his beloved daughter had been rescued from the jaws of death through the abundant grace of Dadaji.

However, the jaws of death are, at times, too far-flung to negotiate so easily. That is why Dadaji exhorted the father, Mr Basu, against such premature cure. Destiny reasserted itself and surfaced in the body of the poor girl as rheumatoid heart within months. Her father lost no time arousing Dadaji's redeeming compassion. Dadaji scanned the situation for awhile, reflecting on the aftermath of any forcible cure; but finally submitted to the piteous entreaties of her father. What did Dadaji do? He told the father he would go to Mr Basu's house on a specified day during which the girl must be kept on a fast; then Dada would do what he chooses to do. That day before going to Mr Basu's residence, Dadaji went and had two unimpaired teeth pulled out as offering and ransom to the girl's malefic destiny. Looking sullen and in pain, Dadaji then repaired to the house of Mr Basu and asked for the girl, who came near Dadaji in no time. In a stern, somber voice Dadaji cautioned her father, "He is going to the Puja room along with the girl. The door will be slammed shut behind us and we may be in there a long time, even over an hour. Don't disturb us in any way. Don't make any noise. Put the phone receiver off the hook. Let all rowdies out of your house. Observe strict silence. No food or drink during the period we are in the Puja room. Geeta will stand guard at the door. If you fail to comply, your daughter is done for."

So the people in the house did as instructed with bated breath and gathered in a room farthest from the Puja room. Taking the girl, Manjusri, Dadaji made for the Puja room. The sister of Mr Animesh Das Gupta of Lansdowne Road in Calcutta, Miss Geeta Das Gupta stood at the door of the Puja room and was stunned and rooted in place when she saw Dadaji approaching the door to the Puja room appearing nearly double his normal size, appearing radiant. He looked forlorn with the majestic gestures of his up turned, ruddy, glassy eyes; his head crowning upward and his body perspiring a deluge of stifling divine Aroma.

Dadaji entered the Puja room and the door shut of itself somehow. Miss Das Gupta stood in front of the door reflecting on what she had seen, it being in line with her previous experiences of Dadaji's divine manifestations. She waited and waited, expectantly, for the door to open. At long last after an hour the door opened and Dadaji came out of the Puja room. Splendidly divine, Dadaji was covered with streaks of red, blue and yellow over his aromatically drenched body. He held the hand of the girl who was now grown supple, sharp and lovely. On the silhouette of the former Manjusri appeared a new body that looked whole, shiny and lovelier to a degree. Dadaji, exhausted to the marrow, was given a glass of water to drink. After that Dadaji revealed to everyone gathered in the living room that he had been "giving a new body" to the girl.

"Giving a new body" what a fantastic proposition! However is there anything really fantastic with Dadaji who can at any time demonstrated sharp rise or fall in blood pressure, extreme changes in cholesterol or sugar levels, dislodge the spleen to meet the liver, control turbulent Nature in its temperature, weather conditions of rain or sunshine, fetch or manifest anything from anywhere and even from beyond in the twinkling of an eye, give shape to and

exhibit any object you want of him, convert gold into silver and visa versa, and know and control anything that is happening anywhere. "Giving a new body", it is so unbelievable yet so real to Dadaji admirers who have had kindred experiences numerous times. What does "giving a new body" really mean in this case? It cannot certainly mean the dissolution of the physical stuff for purposes of recycling it into a new body; for in that case the person would lose his/her former identity and fail to recognize anything that happened before. This statement is on the authority of Dadaji who once said, "If the body be changed, there will be loss of memory. Only He can avoid it." Dadaji's exact words were "giving a new body" which I referred to above as 'recycling'.

Lest there be a crisis in self-identity, Dadaji's words "giving a new body" may signify a change in blood chemistry and metabolism, and rectification of the organic and functional physical disorders to set the girl's body on an even keel. If that be the case, then it would have been smooth sailing for Dadaji. But, considering the extensive span of time Dadaji spent with the girl, more than an hour consumed, for the thorough overhaul of the her body, such time was essential so that her body might stand in halting phases the shock of ten thousand volts at minimum. Had the process not been taken in stages, her body would have burned to ashes. The girl lay unconscious throughout the process, so she could not narrate a thing about it except being in deep slumber in the lap of Satyanarayana.

But this "giving a new body" or recycling as I call it, might have been done in another way, even more horrendously fantastic. Dadaji might bring forward the body of the girl as would appear in her next birth; screened by the time-dimension to bear upon her present body, to her present silhouette might be grafted necessary parts of her future body to give shape to a healthy and viable present body. Such process is beset with problems of diverse dimensions and intensity. The future body may be weaker and more impaired; the span of life of the future body may be shorter; the destinies of her two lives may be mutually divergent. I mention it here only because it might be a possible alternative which Dadaji had earlier demonstrated by endowing the deceased with new bodies during the performance of propitiatory (conciliatory sacrificial) rites. The number of such cases of embodiment may well run into around two score and ten. It may not be against the laws of Nature that one's present life may overflow into one's future life with a narrow hiatus in death. Such is the experience of many people, both children and adults, and confirmed somehow by astrology, mystic divination, séance, and other ways of psi. It happens when one is in the prime of life and is suddenly cut off with one's destiny in motion, lagging behind unfulfilled.

From that perspective, it also happened to Dadaji although in a different way. In 1973 he said, "He was off through a full 22 years. Otherwise He would have gone off (died) by now." That is to say, Dadaji's activities proceeding from his destiny lay stalled for 22 years. Since that time through his activities Dadaji has been actualizing the promises of his destiny put on hold for those 22 years. Therefore, his destined activities are likely to continue for 22 years beyond 1971*.

Clearly what Dadaji did "giving a new body" is not and cannot possibly be known to us. We only know Dadaji did not suffer any backlash of Nature in the aftermath of "giving a new body" to the girl. We know further from Miss Das Gupta as she later learned from Dadaji himself, that the form of Dadaji she saw coming out of the Puja room was verily in his form as Sri Krishna-Chaitanya precursor to Dadaji 500 years ago.

If any reader complains that I have authored herein a few intensely vibrant situation-sequences akin to Star Wars movies, I would reply, "Honey, you are underrating me spitefully!"

* Dadaji died June 7, 1992, thus fulfilling Dr Sen's comment above written well before Dadaji's death.

Dadaji: Supernatural Healing

Let us now switch over to an episode of another incurable disease that was woven into the physical fabric of another devout woman. It was Dr Manas Maitra's wife, Madhuri Maitra, then one of the hottest favorites of Dadaji. The word 'then' has grown into a refrain in regard to Dadaji's admirers who are, more often than not, monsoonal (come and go; changes with the seasons). They come in swarms and hover around Dadaji as long as they can grind their own axes; after that, they leave in swarms. This picture is quite at odds with what one typically sees in so-called spiritual organizations that grow up around so-called godmen. Dadaji commented on this situation pithily, "Those who come here impelled by ulterior motives cannot outlast two to three years." Dadaji never exhorts anyone to do anything that would promote fashionable spirituality in anyone or cater to anyone's ego. On the contrary, Dadaji exhorts us time and again, "You have to do nothing. You don't have the power, for sure, to do anything. Only remembrance with surrender, the rest is in His Charge."

With Dadaji you get no scope for practicing competitive austerities and acrobatics to try to feel spiritual growth or achieve a holy halo. You get no religious or spiritual organization, no committee to chair or be the organizations treasurer. Dadaji is up in arms against making a business out of God and using such egoistic exercises in futility. When people find they are denied any conceivable spiritual or religious rite, ritual, offering to nibble upon they feel betrayed and desert Dadaji in dismay and disgust. Dadaji asserts to the contrary, "Word is afoot many are deserting this man. To tell the truth, none has the right or capability to desert Him. He, however, chooses to throw them up." And so it happened time and again, the recurrent tide, ebb and flow of Dadaji-intoxicated people.

Why do such things happen? Why do people come to Dadaji to meet him, spend time with him, then go? The empiric reasons have been set forth earlier, now the question is raised from the esoteric point of view or to put it straight from Dadaji's point of view. In a way, Dadaji is pleasantly knavish; he finds pleasure in setting one family or person against another to test their integrity. He tickles one's vanity to trace out the obdurate curvatures of one's ego. At times Dadaji thunders at someone for lapses in behavior. He playfully creates such situations that bring into bold relief the inner pattern of your psyche and the chemistry of your submission to yourself, primarily so that you may rectify yourself or get the clue to your future dismissal by him. These feelers often work imperceptibly to bring the renegade into the fold of His Divine Love, in spirit, of course. Dadaji has often appraised us he never looks back to reach out to those tantalizing apples of Sodom (figurative, plural reference to Dead Sea apple of politics) even though they want to stage a comeback later.

Failures of today (people who appear to desert or appear to be cast off by Dadaji), they are sure to emerge from the womb of futurity as crowning pillars of success walking the way of Dadaji and preaching his gospel to the masses of people in future generations. Although they may be mature in enjoying Dadaji's love, they are still entangled with odd parasitic growths emerging from ruts in their egos and would most likely fetter (shackle, confine, restrain) the messianic long march of Dadaji across the world. So they come to Dadaji then have to live apart in a state of hibernation, so to speak, for a time; they are, however, not empowered to leave Dadaji though they may feel that way through parallax (apparent displacement of an observed object due to a change in the position of the observer). Nor does Dadaji forsake them; in reality he holds them in store for future eventualities.

To continue with the account of Dadaji's 'then' hottest favorite Mrs Madhuri Maitra. She suffered from spastic paralysis attended by sever blackouts now and then. Her physician husband could not provide her any relief, far less eliminate the violent seizures that happened at odd times in odd places. The first casualty, the family life was already on the rocks, and her own safety and security was at risk every step. Over time as a matter of course she grew mentally abnormal, too. Since Mrs Maitra met Dadaji, at that time Amiya Roy Chowdhury, he had been giving her telltale relief with gentle touch of his fingers and at times, more easily digested by the mind, he would out of the blue manifest blue capsules for her to take. She was in Dadaji's daily surveillance, making evening visits to her house and urged her to call him at home now and then in the forenoon.

As Dadaji much later one Sunday admonished Mr Dinesh Bhattacharya, “Why don’t you come here every Sunday? Don’t you realize his gentle touch each time rubs off the adverse destiny?” Apparently that’s how Dadaji negotiated Mrs Maitra’s paralyzing ordeal, removing her vegetable like existence in slow bits without trying to stamp it out all of a sudden peremptorily. As days and months rolled by Mrs Maitra became neurotically attached to Dadaji, so much so that wherever Puja was to be held in his presence he had to take her along. Eventually it got into her head that there could be no Puja without her presence. That is a fascinating story I will narrate later. By the time her megalomania (delusions of greatness) started, she was fully healed physically and mentally both. Thus her adverse destiny was coaxed into eradication, root and branch, within the space of a few years. Soon thereafter, her husband physician espoused skepticism about Dadaji and his wife, the self-styled prima donna of the period, followed suit.

Now I will recount a story that might be better told later in its proper place. It bears upon death followed by resurrection, a theme for which a sub-section has been provided. Even then it is being narrated here to highlight the enormity of irreversible fate which was further boosted by Dadaji’s incipient will that fully befogged the vision of Dr Maitra. In an atmosphere apt to be surcharged with faith and welcome conviction about Dadaji, instead it urged Dr Maitra finally to have nothing to do with Dadaji.

The scene was at the Calcutta residence of Dr Manas Maitra in 1971. Puja was slated for a certain day at his home. Dadaji arrived that day and went into the Puja room at 12 noon and remained closeted there with the portrait of Satyanarayana. Possibly during the early years Dadaji remained himself in the Puja room all the while. Dadaji later reported the incidents that followed. “At 12:45 pm I would go out, the Puja having been concluded by then. So I decided; but no sooner had Puja been finished than I witnessed Dr Gopinath Kaviraj breathing his last. At the grievous sight I instantly felt a whiz in my head and fell unconscious on the floor. Consciousness surfaced in me at 1:45 pm. I then darted out of the Puja room and sizzling with anxiety informed the gathering that I had been so long beside Dr Kaviraj who had died and had been resuscitated by me. All the eyes were riveted on me.”

How unbelievable! Is this man taking a toll of our gullibility, some mused within themselves. Dr Maitra disbelieved Dadaji outright, but swallowing his skepticism calmly and quietly said, “How forgetful of me! I have to go to Bandel to examine a patient. I must go immediately.” On that pretext he left and the next day arrived in Benares where Dr Kaviraj was staying and inquired about the death-drama with cynical skepticism. Eventually Dr Maitra was firmly assured that Dr Kaviraj had died of cancer the day before at 12:45 pm, been declared dead by his doctors of traditional allopathic, indigenous tradition and yogic. Strangely enough, he described that after an hour or so he had been resurrected and was doing fine. Next day Dr Maitra returned to Calcutta glitzy with trustful submission where he made straight for Dadaji’s house. Upon arriving there the doctor fell on his face before Dadaji to demonstrate his profound faith in what Dadaji professed and practiced including the resurrection of Dr Kaviraj, a phenomenal occurrence beyond the wildest dreams of any person. Nevertheless, Dr Maitra’s time with Dadaji had worn off beyond resurrection and within a few days the doctor paraded himself out of the house of Dadaji and his manifest love.

Now to smooth the rough edges of our blistered loving submission to him, I will shift scenes from the reneging house of Dr Maitra to Dadaji’s own residence. It was during the last stage of Amiya Roy Choudhury period and his mother, an old lady nonagenarian (between 90 and 100 years old), often gave way to the ravaging ebb tides of life. She had been suffering for a month or so with high fever and griping pain throughout her body. Physicians used their expertise to help her to no avail. The time for Amiya’s annual visit, not a pilgrimage, to Puskara in central India was drawing near; and go, he must.

Boudi, Dadaji’s wife, was whining around him complaining in great alarm. “How can you leave your sick mother in my sole charge? She is bedridden and often soils the bed unknowingly. Is it at all possible for me to care for her, cleansing her bed, body and the room, three or four times daily?” Averting his temper tantrum, Amiya contained himself and replied, “Look here! I am cleaning it all today and I tell you, you won’t ever feel like cleaning it all again until I come back. And I go tomorrow.” Dr Mrityunjay Banerji, first in the Behala group to get Mahanam from Dadaji,

interrupted saying, "But, Amiyababu, your mother's condition is very critical. Her pulse is erratic and is fast failing. I am positive she can't survive for more than two days."

Amiya became terribly fiery and vented, "You doctors get money to preside over, not the healing, but the killing of the patient. Here I am putting a protective ring around her. She must not go out of this room. Even the trinity of gods Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara, will not succeed in forcing her last breath until I come back from Puskar. Then, after I come back, she will die after the lapse of six months." With these words he sped into his mother's room and slammed the door shut behind him. Within three minutes he came out appearing ruddy (rosy red), leaving her room full of Aroma and clean, and his mother appeared whole and wreathed in perspiration. Minutes ticked by and Amiya's temperature shot up to 104.5 F degrees, his body twitched with griping pain. Evidently he had absorbed fully his mother's ailment. Fever and pain lasted through the night. On the morrow, Amiya was quite normal and prevailed upon his mother to cook for him in the bedroom. To her great delight Amiya ate his fill of the delicious cuisine. Late afternoon, Amiya too leave of his mother and his family and left for Puskar being seen off by a very confused, confounded Dr Banerji.

While Amiya was in Puskar, late on the evening of January 13th which is his birthday and also the traditional day of the milk-pastry feast called Paus Samkranti day, Boudi and others offered diverse traditional courses of pastry in separate covered bowls in the family Puja room. The room was closed and no one would enter until the next day. Their offering was in deference to Amiya's categorical and express assurance that he would never play truant to it; his mother could not recall even a single year in her son's life that witnessed a breach of trust. The next morning when the family awoke, they found the offering bowls were nearly empty; a phenomenon that occurred time after time for years during his absence from home.

After some weeks away, Amiya returned home and began teasing his mother in his characteristic mock-serious way, "How now! You are not dead? And, where is that chip of a physician? And, where is your all-too-good daughter-in-law; possibly broken down in the tiresome process of nursing you constantly? But I can no longer pay for your maintenance. The sooner you die the better for me." The old lady, wreathed in copious tears of motherhood, replied, "I want to die here and now. But beware; you will have to weep like I do in your old age." "But do you want to be reborn after death?" asked her mighty serious looking son. "Why? To get another son like you are! No never!" "Well then," Amiya assured her, "you have to bear with this son for six months more; for you must go unfettered with the tresses of your hair fully unlocked."

Days wore on uneventfully for the old lady, though mingled now and then with the pungent digs by her son. One day as his mother was walking to the bathroom, Amiya flung a mighty feeler cautioning her, "Don't you fall down in the bathroom and break your legs. I can't pay for the doctor or surgeon." In a fit of rage she rejoined, "Why me? Let your leg be broken." The die was cast and within a few days mother was in the hospital having fractured her femur and hip bone from a sudden fall in the bathroom. She stayed in hospital for a month then returned home, never to be up on her legs again. She beseeched her son to let her die in a day or two. However that was not to be for her biological clock was set to come to a dead halt in six months from that day of prophetic prank by her son Amiya. On the last day of her life, her devoted son hugged her while muttering the syllables of Mahanama into her ear. The mother, conscious that she was shuffling off the mortal coil in a matter of minutes, asked for a draught of water from the holy Ganges. Amiya placed his ruddy upturned palm to her lips and the Ganges appeared flowing from his palm into her mouth. Her thirst fully satiated, she breathed her last, her head at rest upon the left palm of her son thus actualizing the maturation and withering away of her destiny as playfully carved out by her son.

The story of the death of Amiya's mother has been narrated here to demonstrate the esoteric law of wearing out of one's destiny through suffering and willful participation; it is universal, even the mother of Dadaji not being exempted. This golden wisdom will lead kindly light, dispelling our casuistry and disbelief when cases of chronic diseases crop up in the course of this examination of Dadaji's supernatural healing exploits. Such disease will never be fully cured, but only staved off to rescue someone from imminent death or other painful, dire circumstances.

Now I will present an incident that happened to Vasudeva, son of Mr Sunil Banerji, one of the staunchest followers of Dadaji. On March 15, 1973, Vasudeva was a retarded boy in his teens, suffering from cerebral palsy and occasional epileptic fits. It was understood the doctors could do nothing to cure the boy. That day, Dadaji held evening audience at Animesh Das Gupta's Lansdowne Road residence. The throng of people that night was unusually large because a music recital by eminent musicians was slated for that evening. A female singer sang two songs in a row. When she stopped singing it was 10:15 pm.

Suddenly Dadaji asked for Mr Banerji who came up to him. Dadaji said, "Your son has fallen unconscious, just ring up your house." Mr Banerji did so and his eldest son said to Dadaji, "Vasudeva had breathing difficulty and now is lying unconscious." Dadaji turned aromatic emanating Divine Fragrance and told Mr Banerji's eldest son on the other end of the phone line to get and hold a cup of water; with a wave of Dadaji's fingers over the phone receiver the water in the cup held in a different location became fragrant Charanjali. Dadaji told the elder son to massage the water on his brother Vasudeva's chest and drip some into his mouth. He assured Mr Banerji the boy would be alright and after awhile bade Mr Banerji to go home. He left immediately.

Then a few minutes ticked off while Dadaji appeared to be watching through a film of space the changes in the ailing boy. At one time Dadaji started up in a panic and said, "How now! Is he going to die? The condition is extremely critical." After awhile Dadaji said, "Now he is a bit better." A minute or two later, he again said, "Looking much better now." Then shortly thereafter, he heaved a big sigh of relief and rang up Mr Banerji to say, "How now! Is he not sweating all over? There you go; he is spared his life." Then turning to the throng of people gathered around him, Dadaji asserted, "He was destined to die this night. That is averted by the Lord, of course."

It must be stated here that Dadaji never cured the body of the fell disease; he, however, had always saved him from near-death seizure or painful sequences; the boy is still carrying on in health and in sickness to the joy of his parents. This demonstrates generally Dadaji tries to instill in us the golden wisdom formulated above by recurrently rescuing patients of chronic diseases from immanent death or severe pain instead of effecting a complete cure.

Mr Jitendra Maitra, an eminent attorney of Calcutta, was intimate with Amiya Roy Chowdhury who at times sought his help in resolving income tax problems. Later Mr Maitra was reintroduced to him, now Dadaji, who graced him with a Puja held in Maitra's house. Mrs Maitra had been suffering from gallstones for sometime with, at times, unbearable pain. An eminent surgeon decided to operate and a date was set for surgery. Meanwhile, Mr Maitra persuaded Dadaji to give him a bottle of Charanjali (fragrant water with healing properties) for his wife to drink and also use for massage. Two days passed with any appreciable change for the better; on the contrary, her condition worsened with continual excruciating pain. Mr Maitra dashed to Dadaji's house to report the critical condition of his wife. He implored Dadaji to heal her to avoid the surgeon's knives scheduled on the morrow. Dadaji breathed an air of assurance and said, "Why not ask them to defer the operation for a day? You know a time factor is involved in every pursuit. Let her massage and drink Charanjali thrice tomorrow and see what happens." Next day the patient was kept only on Charanjali as Dadaji directed.

The following forenoon Mr Maitra, a man of somber visage, came bouncing to Dadaji and broke the good news, "My wife feels perfectly normal. She wonders if she ever had any pain at all. It's all your doing?" Dadaji smiled and asked, "Are you sure of it? After all you are an eminent lawyer; and what do your surgeons say? Won't you turn the table on me after going out of the house? Why not have an X-ray taken to be assured of the matter?" Mr Maitra replied, "Dadaji! Do you take me for a confused attorney in two minds? X-ray photo has already revealed no stones at all. And, I talked to the disappointed surgeons, some of whom assured me it was all possible with Dadaji. So I see you have a roaring practice in the chambers of the surgeons and doctors." Dadaji replied, "But I did nothing. It is all His doing." Then he changed the topic.

Here I will make a brief comment on specific aspects of destiny and healing. One may ask how is it that a group of diseases such as gallstones, high fevers, tuberculosis, etc are fully cured by Dadaji, while cerebral palsy, spastic paralysis, and a few other ailments are staved off temporarily without being fully removed. I have already discussed the ideas of Dadaji's partiality and possible double standard previously. Here a question arises from a different standpoint: Does

Dadaji, while healing some diseases radically, effect temporary cures of certain other diseases simply because it would otherwise infringe on the law of willful submission to destined suffering without ruling out, however the operation of conventional therapy by physicians? Yes, we have hit it on the right anvil.

While dealing with diseases and cures, we have to take into account a different kind of destiny, physical destiny which is apart from primal destiny and garbage destiny (both of which originate in the will). Primal destiny may otherwise be called genotypical (sum total of genes transmitted from parent to offspring) destiny. Both destinies originate in the will. Primal destiny stems from the Will Supreme; while garbage destiny shapes out from the individual will. Both equally overflow upon the body affecting it in suitable fashion. Primal destiny prevails upon all successive bodies in successive births until one attains perfect maturity. Garbage destiny should be called phenotypical (observable physical or biochemical characteristics determined by genetic makeup and environmental factors) destiny. Garbage destiny affects only a bunch of successive bodies or even the present body only. In these two cases, destiny is an exotic commodity grafted on our physical body. Physical destiny of the body that grows out of ones habits of omission and commission, indulgences and avoidances and the degree and frequency of both. Simply put it grows when rules of hygiene and health are violated and thereby physical destiny gets into your body any particular day. Physical destiny has nothing to do with the laws of suffering for maturity.

Dadaji's exhorts us, "Bear with fortitude the suffering and pain caused by adverse (primal) destiny." And he qualified that remark adding, "That is except physical destiny." That has no bearing, however, on mere physical destiny which gets into your body on any particular day. Regarding physical destiny, for example, if you suffer from cough and cold; or you have diarrhea, such suffering should not be borne silently; on the contrary, they should be cured using proper medications. Physical destiny may appear in any form of disease diagnosed by modern physicians.

The above explanation helps illuminate the otherwise mysterious healing exploits of Dadaji, some temporary and some permanent. That is why Dadaji, while formulating the said law of suffering (one's willful submission to destined suffering) qualified it saying "except physical destiny". And, remember also, Dadaji said, "Don't you realize his gentle touch each time rubs off the adverse (primal) destiny?" Dadaji asserts, "The body itself is a sort of destiny and the breeding ground of it." Into the fullest implications of destiny we need not enter here. The bottom line of Dadaji's therapeutic extravaganza is that he fully cures diseases caused by physical destiny, but may or may not do so in other cases.

Now I will narrate a story about long time friend of Dadaji Dr Nanigopal Banerji, the musical maestro known throughout India and Ceylon for his enviable mastery of the science and grammar of music. Dadaji helped him out of adverse situations many a time and his failing health had often been toned up by the soft, pick-me-up touch of Dadaji. Dr Banerji's residence had been, time and again, the choicest venue of orgies of Divine Manifestations during many glorious Puja sessions. One day during 1980, after a breakfast of fruits Dr Banerji suddenly started having great difficulty breathing. He felt a static blockage in his respiratory tract similar to an acute asthma attack, which he had never had before. Until this day his respiratory tract and vocal cords were supple, sonorous and succulent throughout his life; otherwise, how could he make his mark as a musical prodigy? He couldn't understand what had happened. Doctors were called in and they prescribed drugs, but he had no relief. Word was sent to Dadaji who bade a physician go examine Dr Banerji. An X-ray was taken of his lungs and it revealed a broken seedling in his left lung. He admitted having swallowed the seed of an orange. The physician advised an immediate operation to remove the junk from his lung.

His previous savior in health, Dadaji, was called and told the macabre news. Dadaji burst into peels of laughter and said, "You ramshackle couch potato! You are caught at last in your childish stupidity. Sleep well, my friend, for you have no waking." Hearing this Dr Banerji started shaking with traumatic fear and burst into tears. Dadaji said, "Come quickly to me along with your wife; let us watch what the Lord has decreed for you." They came immediately; the sequel was brief and simple. Dadaji passed his fingers across the pharynx and larynx down to the lungs and patted both sides of the chest softly. "Go to the bathroom," Dadaji told the docile Dr Banerji. He went and immediately had a violent, convulsive cough followed by another mightier one that

flushed the seedling into the basin. He perspired in relief and remained leaning on the basin for awhile unable to ascertain what had happened to him. Then in a flash this wreck of a musical dignitary awoke to himself again and went straight to Dadaji. He broke into sobs, gasping in submission and hugged the feet of Dadaji. Thus did Dadaji perform a knifeless operation, highly successful without letting any blood or inflicting any pain.

Let us now turn to Dr Bibhuti Sarkar, grandsire of the Dadaji Brotherhood, who was diagnosed with cancer which was nullified by Dadaji a number of times. Dr Sarkar, against Dadaji's orders had opened his eyes when in the Puja room with him, and he would have gone stone-blind had Dadaji not been with him at the time. The doctor had also been saved many a time from various virulent attacks of odd ailments that surfaced now and then and could never be given a conventional diagnosis. In August 1973 on the eve of a routine tour to Bombay told Dr Sarkar, "Bibhuti, let me be assured of meeting you again back here from Bombay; keep fit for me." Then Dadaji left on his tour. On August 26th Dadaji received a frantic call from Dr Sarkar's daughter in Calcutta imploring him to save her father from imminent death. Dr Nanigopal Banerji also beseeched Dadaji by phone to save Dr Sarkar from a marginal state. As usual Dadaji asked that a cup of water be placed by the receiver at the other end; this done Dadaji turned the water into a simmering aromatic Charanjali and bade them to let the patient take drops of it a number of times. A therapeutic course was immediately on track and the crisis was staved off. Dr Sarkar became normal and whole on the morrow to the delight of his family and friends. Dadaji did, for sure, get to meet with the doctor back in Calcutta a legion of times through a number of years following.

Mr Parimal Mukerji, a Calcutta based stevedore residing on Richie Road, had profound and unswerving devotion to Dadaji. Each day he fetched boiled drinking water and porridge around 4:30 pm for Dadaji. Mr Mukerji had been twice diagnosed with cancer. For some years Dadaji used to visit his residence almost five days a week in the evening. Dadaji ruled out cancer and assured him of normal health and long life so long as the family stuck to Dada. Around 1980 Mr Mukerji's daughters and sons-in-law started venting their spleens on Dadaji accusing him of surreptitiously usurping his property and money. Dadaji asked Mr Mukerji to execute a will and bequeath and apportion his money, gold, diamond jewelry, marketable shares, costly utensils, furniture and curios, and landed property to whomever Mr Mukerji wished. This was promptly done and completed despite the father being sorely stricken by the vile voices of his daughters spewing verbal poison gas against Dadaji. Things took a different turn, given an ethereal twist by the Great Designer, Dadaji.

Arguments and quarrels intensified, vials of wrath were poured, profuse and bitter, on one another resulting eventually in the emergence of Dadaji as the villain of the piece, the scapegoat. In tune with Dadaji's previous warning, Mr Mukerji succumbed to a massive heart attack during the time Dadaji was on world tour in USA. Contacted there by phone, Dadaji advised fragrant water, Charanjali, again manifested after putting a cup of plain water by the phone receiver in Calcutta, he rubbed on his chest and back and that he drink a few drops now and then. The Mukerji's did as advised and next day Mr Mukerji's chest pain was gone, bowels moved normally, blood pressure dropped to normal, and the patient had a sound sleep. Dadaji's Aquarian panacea was dripped into the patient's mouth and spilled on his chest and in a weeks time he was fully out of the woods. A day or two later, as usual he visited Dadaji's residence to look after the welfare of Dadaji's wife.

In a similar instance, Peter Philips of Australia had a massive heart attack that he was certain was beyond the therapeutic intervention of physicians. Lightning fast a call was made to Dadaji who, in his usual way over the phone connection, provided instant Charanjali that when taken as Dadaji advised put him on his feet. The next day he was riding his motorcycle to his business office.

For a bit of romantic reading, there is the story of Dr A.B. Davies. On June 28, 1974, Dadaji was staying at the Delphin House residence of film star Abhi Bhattacharya on Carter Road in Bandra, north of Bombay on the Arabian Sea. At 8:15 pm the phone rang and before taking the receiver in hand, Dadaji said, "It's from Canada." So it was; Dr Davies was complaining about his

eyes and wanted some tangible relief. To his great amazement, Dadaji gave him 'instant Charanjai' over the phone. It served to resolve the problem. He was told to keep using the aromatic water Charanjai, adding fresh water to the container when it became half empty, until the aroma was gone.

When the Charanjai was fully used up after two years, Dr Davies was worried and tried a number of times unsuccessfully to contact Dadaji by phone. His spirits began to fail him; with the prospect of enveloping darkness around the corner, he was left sizzling with agitated trepidation. He asked himself why Dadaji did not cure his eyes fully; he wondered why he was given only Charanjai, apparently efficacious only to a make-do extent. When his agitated skepticism reached its peak, Dadaji who was then in Calcutta, appeared before Dr Davies in Canada and gave him a bottle of Charanjai, hugged him with abundant love, touched his eyes closed and disappeared leaving him in a deluge of Dadaji's suffocating Aroma. When he regained normalcy, Dr Davies rang up Dadaji to narrate his sudden encounter that came out of the blue, and to tell of its pragmatic, romantic aftermath. The call was made to Dadaji in September 1976, on the 4th or 5th. Since then nothing has been heard from Dr Davies about further ocular problems.

Dadaji undertook his first, and last, messianic visit to Madras in July 1973. During this visit he stormed into the citadel of the impregnable pundits of colossal egos, netting all of them in a single day including the great pontiff of Muths. After a momentous 3-day tour of Madras, Dadaji went on to Bombay and Gujarat for some rest and recreation. One day while enjoying pleasantries with a group of people gathered around him, Dada suddenly turned serious and said, "The wife of Mr Srinivasm is in very critical condition with a heart attack. He looks confused and is wondering if her condition is the aftermath of his professedly unconscionable submission to Dadaji. He is going to call me.... There you go." Instantly the phone rang from Mr Srinivasm imploring Dadaji to spare her life. As usual, Dadaji provided the 'instant Charanjai', tranquilizer of all diseases; it was manifested in a container of water held by the phone receiver to fight it wife's lethal disease and his egoistic obese confusion. The patient was better within hours and out of harm's reach within days. Mr Srinivasm's confusion was promptly diffused, for the time being at least.

Doris Anderson of Portland, Oregon USA, is a great devotee of Dadaji. She hosted Dadaji's visits to that city each year during his tours in the US. In 1985, just on the eve of Dadaji's arrival the, Mrs. Doris Anderson was diagnosed with skin cancer on her face. Immediate surgery was advised by the physicians. They were glum and shaken. However, they awaited in fidgety suspense the arrival of Dadaji whose blessings were needed before submitting to surgery. On arrival there Dadaji asked for the ailing spouse whose face he scanned for a couple of seconds to say, "Fetch me a bottle of pure water." So done, Dadaji turned the water milky and aromatic with a touch of His. Then He turned to Mrs. Anderson and directed, "Take one drop of the water each day and you will be alright in no time." She did the bidding with great devotion and ardor. And within days she shrugged off the cancer that spans webs on her facial skin, without any trace of it.

The scenario is not set in Bombay vis-à-vis London. In Bombay at Abhi Bhattacharya's residence Dadaji just lit a cigarette in a relaxed mood. And, trailing the sound of the phone ringing, Dadaji assured the call was from Mrs. Kumar in London. So it was, the spouse of Dr Kumar rang up to burst out in a faltering voice, "Dr Kumar is having acute heart pain. The doctors of the Fraternity of Harley Street suspect it's a heart attack. Dadaji! What to do?" Dadaji assured her, "No, it is not a heart attack. It's an acute gastric trouble. Some wind is pumping against the heart, causing the pain. Give Charanjai and report after half an hour. Don't you worry." Half an hour later the phone call came giving good news that Dr Kumar was doing fine. Two days later Dr Kumar, in shambles though looking sound, made a frantic call to Dadaji to spell out the diagnosed death sentence he'd received. He said, "Dadaji! Doctors suspect stomach cancer, so my days are numbered." "Hang it," shot out Dadaji, "you have no cancer of the stomach of their wiseacre airs. Just go through another test and report tomorrow." The phone came that came on the morrow carried good tidings for all. The test result was stark negative. How could it be otherwise with a man who is constantly shepherded by one who is nobody?



Visitors placed bottles of plain water at this Satyanarayan alter in Dadaji's home where the pure water transformed into fragrant, milky Charanjal

It would be profitable here to dispel the fog of misconception that some harbor within themselves about the efficacy of Charanjal in healing diseases. Some are deluded into conceiving that Charanjal can only cure minor diseases or major diseases only temporarily. But the foregoing succession of healing cases proves to the contrary that Charanjal may affect permanent cure of any disease whatsoever. The Grace is universal and unfailing. But the personal factor of the patient may resist its operation and finally may stall it. If an urge from within the crevices of your heart does not well up to answer the call of Grace at your door, the Grace turns back and evaporates. That is what submission is all about, your willing participation the Grace that is with you in the form of an aqueous solution. This material is necessary to manifest and boost your submission. Charanjal is the finite copula or link, though infinitely charged, bridging the infinite Grace and the submission of one to the Infinite. The personal factor lacking submission may interfere in the rare case of failure of Charanjal to heal this or that ailment.

Charanjal healing must not be equated with faith healing, for being as it is the Infinite flapping finite wings, or the finite pervaded by Infinite Aroma, Charanjal has in itself the objective potency and properties of healing. In some cases, one's ego may start spinning and turn the Charanjal into an abject idol elevating it beyond Dadaji, the great dispenser. One might say, "I have Charanjal, what do I have to do with Dadaji?" Such an approach desecrates and renders sterile the panacea (remedy) instantly. Should Charanjal fail to heal one must also take into account the law of destiny. Because it is so, it stands to reason why Dadaji often says to some amongst many, "No, no. Don't take the bottle. You don't have any need for Charanjal," which is to say, that person is already yoked in love unto Dadaji and is in vibrant submission and does not need a reminder or booster to submission.

This position becomes perfectly clear when it is recalled how Dadaji, after having given Charanjal to someone for a number of years, one fine morning exclaims, "You don't need Charanjal any longer." In this context, it might be clearly stated that initially Charanjal is needed by everyone to tone up the body for spiritual acclimatization; those who are marked off as in no need for Charanjal may have to use it in times of malignant ailments.



Sri Sri Satyanarayan
Card – 2" x 3"

It would be interesting to point out here how great is the role of the small wallet cards printed with a picture of Satyanarayan in warding off diseases and other catastrophes in life. It has two dimensions in contrast to Charanjali that has only one dimension of curing diseases. Being shelved in one's wallet, it works in camera (privately, within) even without the knowledge of its bearer. It works constantly, trying to fight out malefic destiny or offer protection from disasters in life. At times it bears glowing testimony to its rescuing efforts in trickles of thick aromatic Divine Nectar which appear on the card itself. This however is not a good sign from the worldly point of view for, for all intent and purposes, it forebodes some impending calamity. The closer it is held to the body, the better for the bearer. It is in reality Dadaji as the spiritual double to every bearer of the "formal" picture to lend sustenance and succor to the Gopi that is in the making in each person.

A young woman, daughter of a close follower of Dadaji, was heavy with child. The tentative dates for labor set by the obstetrician went by without any labor pains. The doctors of the Nursing Home were alarmed and decided to do a Cesarean without delay. The worried parents went to Dadaji to seek his blessings for the operation. No sooner has the word been said to Dadaji than he flew into a mighty rage and burst out saying, "I have told you, time and again, months before, she will have a normal delivery. If you have no faith in me, why do you come here? Wait for a few days and see what happens. And then, after the baby is born, never ever darken my doors again." His message was immediately delivered to the doctors, a few of them admirers of Dadaji. They again examined the woman only to find the fetus was dead. A new team of doctors was summoned to examine her and confirmed the fetus was dead. Some of the doctors fearing legal indictment in case the woman also died ran to Dadaji for approval of an immediate Cesarean. Dadaji sternly sent them packing with the words, "The fetus is not dead. In 72 hours she will deliver a healthy baby boy normally." And so it happened. Wreathed in flowing tears the parents fell prostrate before Dadaji imploring his abundant forgiveness. Dadaji bade them sit by him and said, "Why so much attachment? Leave it all to Him; and submit."

How did it happen? What did Dadaji do really? Did he confound the doctors to certify their fault while the delivery was normal as a matter of course? Or did Dadaji do anything positive to secure a normal delivery? It is a puzzle to both the votaries of medical science and of Dadaji. His will be done!

Steve Davis of Portland Oregon USA, a sprightly youth running a window cleaning company of his own became very close to Dadaji whom he met every summer during his visit to Portland. In 1986 Steve had a serious motorcycle accident graciously thrown out of gear by the invisible hand of Dadaji, which caused severe back pain. Doctors advised him complete rest from work, failing which; he would have to undergo an operation. He was dismayed, unable to decide what to do for his business would fail if he stopped working. Confounded, he went to meet with Dadaji without telling him anything about his accident or back pain. Dadaji welcomed him into a private chamber and of his own accord, examined his body then softly touched his back in a few places. After awhile Dadaji again applied the healing touch and sent Steve away. Within hours the pain was reduced to a degree and within days Steve was running the entire gamut of his work schedule.

Mr. Atindra Khan, a dear cousin of Abhi Bhattacharya, suffered from a similar back pain, all the more acute caused by the wrong practice of Hatha Yoga under an in adept teacher. Doctors were consulted and advised a spinal operation. Mr. Khan naturally grew very scared, pondering that any lapse of the surgeon's effort may result in grave consequences. On the advice of his cousin Abhi, he met Dadaji and apprised him fully of the situation. Dadaji put him into shape with the words, "God has saved you. Had you submitted to an operation, you would have been walking like a bent cane stick without any chance of recovery from it. Don't you be worried. The Lord wants you cured of it." Dadaji then massaged his back along the spinal column for a minute

or two, patting here and there softly. “How do you feel? Straighten your back,” instructed Dadaji. “I am feeling fine. The persistent back pain is gone, but I am amazed to find that the grating, cracking sound that occurred with the least effort to straighten my back is now gone. Yes, it is positively gone, ninety percent of it. Dadaji! You are indescribable!” “Hang it,” said Dadaji, “don’t try to be smart with me.” Then he massed Mr Khan’s back again for awhile and told him to go saying, “Don’t try Hatha Yoga again. Don’t try Dadaji either.” So Mr Khan left whole, nimble and pliable, brooding over the unrepressed plenitude of joy that Dadaji had implanted into his body and mind for everlasting.



Dadaji in Boulder Colorado in 1986 with rescued dog and Jana (right) whom he cured of cancer

There are many episodes of breast cancer and uterine cancer remedy that I should, in all fairness to the topic at hand, narrate here. It is obvious the persons involved should remain anonymous. Even the venues of the incident should remain pretty vague. A unique element constant in these supernatural, instant cures is that all of them are effected by Dadaji unconsciously, being impelled by the imperious Will Supreme that smothers under its chariot-wheels all social and moral norms of decency and etiquette. It has happed the same way everywhere. Nobody reports to Dadaji that any woman in the crowd has breast cancer. On the contrary, Dadaji, without rhyme or reason, will all of a sudden, rush over to a woman and pounce upon her affected breast with a tight grip. There is an incensed flutter around; angry shouts for him to remove his hand rend the atmosphere; but the woman or her relatives explain the matter which softens the charged atmosphere of the room with grateful tears.

The fell disease is not cast to the four winds for that would be a criminal felony of the first degree on Nature; but, it is fully absorbed by the Will Supreme, leaving no trace of any cancerous tissue as later tests reveal. And Dadaji in his profound unconcern, looking like a forlorn star that knows no twinkling, does not have to suffer at all for this supernatural cure.

Let us briefly make mention of a few supernatural cures. Around 1970 Dadaji undertook a tour of a few cities in Uttar Pradesh (U.P.) In Agra he was hosted by a rich merchant, Lalaji, who arranged for spiritual discourses being held in a commodious auditorium of Balaram Mandir. One day while holding discourses, Dadaji chanced upon an exquisitely graceful woman of a princely family and he rushed toward her and grabbed her left breast. No sooner had he removed his hand than the husband and the father-in-law sped toward Dadaji to teach him a good lesson. Not only had the woman be outraged, but the prestige and purity of the family had been tarnished irrevocably. The auditorium was astir with agitated suspense. But, the affected woman’s mother, who alone knew of the cancerous growth, ran toward Dadaji and standing tearfully in front of him let out the nightmarish secret in public, stalling forthwith the malicious advances of her relatives. Later, when the incidence of cancer and its subsequent eradication were confirmed, the husband became a staunch devotee of Dadaji. The same happened to the wife of one Justice of High Court and to a few others in India.

Let us refer to two more cases, from America, from among a multitude of cases around the world. In 1979 the sister of a former American President was present in a congregation addressed by Dadaji in Los Angeles, California. Once again the scene unfolded as before, Dadaji rushing and grabbing; the husband’s anger and sudden emergence of perceptivity followed by

submission. Subsequent tests showed negative results. Incidentally, the woman's son was deaf and many stalwarts of the spiritual world, Bhagavan, Baba, Iswar, Lama, pontiffs, et seq had tried their mighty best to cure him without any success. In 1980, when Dadaji made his annual visit to Los Angeles the day and her husband hosted him with great devotion although their son's deafness rankled in their hearts. Neither money, nor ultra modern surgery, nor spiritual power could, evidently, give back their son his lost hearing. One day they brought their son before Dadaji and implored him to cure the boy's confirmed deafness. Dadaji gleamed with a genial smile and said, "So the Bhagavans and pontiffs have failed to fix his ears! But this man (pointing to himself) is nobody." He then gently patted the boy's ears with his hands and let him go saying, "Let it go, forget it". Dadaji changed the topic for a livelier one. The parents were greatly disappointed, misconstruing Dadaji's words. The boy, meanwhile but on a radio and after a while started dancing to the music he heard. The mother ran to the boy, watched him for awhile, and then brought him over to Dadaji. "Dadaji! It seems like he is hearing!" Dadaji calmly reiterated, "Forget it." So the boy was on track for recovery. Dadaji left for Calcutta a few days thereafter; on his way resting for a few days in Bombay. The second week in August 1980 he was back at home in Calcutta and received a cable from the mother in California which read: Love. Alexander is more than perfect. The cable was followed by a letter to Dadaji from Harvey Freeman later in the month which said he "called the mother last night and her baby can hear now...she says it's a miracle."

Another episode happened in Los Angeles during Dadaji's visit in 1984 or 1985. A highly accomplished university professor of Japanese heritage was present in the group of those who gathered to meet Dadaji. He eyed her and slipped into a ruddy, aromatic divine frenzy. Instantly he made for the lady, getting there, he planted, to the consternation of all, his hand on her sex organ, kept it there for three or four seconds and then took it off. The woman buoyed by the instant inner conviction that her uterine cancer was cured, fell at Dadaji's feet with an emotional outburst and justified his conduct in public. After her experience, she wrote an article about it and has never suffered a return of her cancer since then.



Cancer of different organs of the body including stomach, kidney, lung, colon, brain, and bone, and even leukemia were often cured by Dadaji. Whether the Will Supreme was responsible for the mysterious and spectacular cures, or Dadaji effected them through the fiat of His Will, is not definitely known, but it may be recalled that some time during the years of 1975 to 1977 Dadaji was diagnosed with cancer by eminent physicians of Calcutta, although subsequent tests proved negative. The fact of the matter seems to be that Dadaji was actually stricken with cancer, but it was, in short order, negated by him. That seems to be the truth underlying cases of diagnosed cancer which were eventually negated as in the recorded cases of Dr. Sarkar, Mr Parimal Mukerji and Dr Kumar. Dadaji also cured cancer with Charanjal (fragrant water), as well as with soft touches of his hand, and with the fiat of His Will. Most of the cases were not well documented as to specific details are therefore not included in this narrative.

However, one unique case comes to mind here. The patient, Mrs. Tina Papasavas of Colonia, New Jersey USA was diagnosed with cancer and operated on unsuccessfully in early 1987. Soon after, I came into contact with her and she offered to give a ride to see my grand daughter to and from school. On hearing of her operation, I gave her a wallet sized portrait of Satyanarayan, telling her that He might cure her cancer outright. I contacted Dadaji by phone in Los Angeles to receive his blessing. He was not exactly evasive, nor positive, for sure. She kept the portrait, evincing faith in my words, in her vanity bag. Since then the lady has had five more operations, however each tumor removed was benign. Though Dadaji's lurking Will might be

presumed to be in operation, it demonstrates admirably how potent the portrait is in curing diseases and warding off calamities in life so long as you are not ill disposed to it, so long as your unconcern for it is not conscious and studied. Mrs. Papasavas is still enjoying her home and job duties.

The Love-hooked, Incurable Healer, continued

In 1975, Mrs. Lilavati Munshi of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan took Dadaji to a well known business magnet's palatial residence. While going upstairs to the first floor to meet the wealthy entrepreneur, Dadaji chanced upon an old man lying on a recliner in a ground floor room and said to him, "Hi, come along!" Mrs. Munshi, a bit confused, reported the man had been in a paralytic state for nine years and all efforts to get him up on his feet and walking had failed miserably. No sooner had she spoken than the old man got to his feet and started toddling toward the stairs. One of the servants quickly fetched a walking stick for him which he used to climb the stairs to the first floor as Dadaji looked on calmly. When the two of them were safely seated on a sofa in the first floor, Dadaji massaged the old man's legs and around his waist for a few minutes then bade him walk around. The man did so with confident ease, and then knelt down before Dadaji to take the dust of his feet and smear it on his own legs. Dadaji gave him a bottle of Charanjali, which could be viewed as the liquefied dust of Dadaji's feet, the Ganges water of integral consciousness that is discovered flowing in and around the entire manifest creation when submission grows complete.

A similar cure occurred to an old lady who had been immobilized with paralysis for a full ten years. This happened in 1973 in Los Angeles, California USA. That same year Lillian Carter, the mother of American President Jimmy Carter, came to meet Dadaji. She suffered from acute back pain for over 15 years. She was fully cured with a stroke of Dadaji's fist on her back.

Mr. B.G.N. Patel, Managing Director, Larsen & Toubro, is very close to Dadaji, whom he takes for the be-all and end-all of his life. Dadaji often came to his rescue in times of crisis in his life. Once in January 1976 Mr Patel was abroad in Europe on business; he left his ailing wife at home in Bombay where she suffered a heart attack, threatening her life. Her stifling, grating pain was punctuated by her faint whispers of "Dada, Dada...." she was certain she was dying. Suddenly Dadaji, who was then in Calcutta, appeared by her and hugged her and massaged her chest for awhile. Her excruciating pain gradually diminished as Dadaji's palm rested on her chest and he watched her for awhile. Then, with a dramatic pull Dadaji seated her securely on the couch. Before she could get over the shock, Dadaji disappeared like a thin speck of cloud along with the dying embers of the fatal disease.

It was the month of November 1980, a few days before Kalipuja. Mr. Dinesh Bhattacharya, one of the twin jesters of Dadaji, and his entire family were down with chicken pox, one after the other in quick succession. A few suffered from a virulent type bordering on small pox and there was no sign of early relief. On the contrary, some seemed fast lapsing into critical condition. On Kalipuja night at 2:30 a.m. the oldest daughter-in-law, contrary to her habit came out of her bedroom to make for the bathroom. She chanced upon Dadaji standing on the staircase. Dadaji got near her and bade her provide him a seat. "Let me bring the chair," she said. "No, no," responded Dadaji, "get the silk Benarasi out of the almirah and spread it out on the floor." It was so done and Dadaji, seated cross-legged on it, said, "Fetch me water." "Drinking water?" "No, no," came the sharp reply, "bring the Horlicks bottle of boiled water kept for your son to drink." She brought the bottle to him. "How is it not filled? Fill it up!" directed Dadaji. When the full bottle was brought to him, he turned it into Charanjali and asked for her husband. Off she went to get her husband and others. She came back with all the members of the household. But, where was Dadaji?

Into resonant silence redolent with thick laid Aroma beside the landscape of the spread out Benarasi, was displayed the Charanjali bottle surrogating for Dadaji who had evaporated. The entire family was reduced to full submission and tasted the Charanjali which started its course on their bodies from 3 a.m. onwards. The boy was healed before the day dawned. Others came around within a few days.

On January 28, 1982, a similar scenario was laid out in the same house for the same family. Herein, too, the same oldest daughter-in-law of Mr Bhattacharya was sick in the dead of

night she made for the bathroom to have a violent throw up. She was immobilized by Dadaji standing beside her and almost breathing down her neck. “Scared, are you?” he snapped at her, “Draw near me.” Then saying something solely for her he said, “Disasters of diverse sorts are around the corner for you all. So I am constrained to come over to you lest you blame them on me. Fetch me a piece of paper and a pen.” She replied, “Let me go downstairs to call father-in-law up here and get a pen for you.” “No, no,” forbade Dadaji, “you don’t have to call him. Get me a piece of paper from around here.” She had nothing else but an empty cigarette packet for paper which she gave him. He then started writing out with a pen that was clearly Mr. Bhattacharya’s, each and every name of the members of the family as it was being spoken by her and then put a cross beside each of them. This implied the person of that name was immune from the impending danger. This finished, Dadaji patted the dog that came near him. At what point Dadaji disappeared is not known and the woman who saw Dadaji and helped him as instructed was absent-minded afterward although the place was deluged in Divine Fragrance and the dog, too, who had been turned watch dog for a specific purpose, was drenched in Dadaji’s Aroma during the ten minutes he manifested himself there. The illness in the family was cured within days; the impending dangers never visited them in the next few years to come. But, on top of it all, there was another dimension to this story...a two-tier story indeed.



Mrs Gauri Mukerji, Ann Mills, Dr. Mukerji
Calcutta 1986

Mrs. Gauri Mukerji, wife of Dr. Samiran Mukerji, and mother of Mr. Gautam Mukherji, was a daily visitor to Dadaji’s house. She looked after him from his breakfast and periodic medication through lunch and going to rest at noon. She suffered from various female diseases of a complicated nature, but was always pulled through by Dadaji. In September 1979, she was seriously ill with throw-ups, uremia and severe pain in the gall bladder and pancreatic regions. Her husband, being a doctor, and half a dozen others called in to examine her recommended ways of proper relief. But all efforts were to no avail. Her condition worsened day by day. By September 12th her condition desperately drifted towards the final gasp; her pancreas or gall-bladder seemed to be ready to burst at any moment before the befuddled eyes of

the physicians. So Dadaji was beseeched to come to her rescue. Soon Dadaji reached the patient and asked the doctors about her condition. They reported her blood pressure was 70/40, pulse 155. Dadaji told them to leave the room and shut the door and started looking at her. Wherever he touched her she was ice cold. After half an hour Dadaji opened the door to usher them in. A doctor checked and found her blood pressure was normal 115/70 and pulse normal at 82. A crisis was averted and she showed no signs of disease. After two days she resumed going to Dadaji’s house to look after him as before. The attending doctors were confounded and the devout lady was granted a longer lease on life.

Mrs. Minati Dey, wife of Dr. M.S. Dey, was profoundly devoted to Dadaji who used to call her “Meme” (“Mummie”). A gastronomist, she was fond of daily cooking of very spicy food – meat, varieties of fish and vegetable curries – which she did to perfection. Daily she would bring such rich culinary delicacies to Dadaji’s house to have him taste it to her satisfaction then she would massage him until he fell asleep. After that she would share the food with Dadaji’s wife and children then return to her home. Dadaji often chided her for such rick food habits which he warned was not good for her health, and which eventually turned out to be the cause of her untimely death. When she died, Dadaji said in grief, “I have lost one set of my ribs.” The other set

was lost, Dadaji said, when Dr Bibhuti Sarkar died. But, returning to my story, on October 24, 1974, the annual Puja was being performed at Somnath Hall. Dadaji foresaw it was doomsday for Mrs. Dey, so while leaving the Hall for home after the morning session; Dadaji took Mrs. Dey along fearing a heart attack would take her life immediately. Mrs. Dey cooked food for Dadaji at his house, which he ate with great relish. Mrs. Dey also had her lunch there.

A little later she started having stomach pain and Dr Dey immediately took her home where around 2:30 p.m. she became unconscious after a massive heart attack. Dr Dey was knocked off his feet because it was a national Puja day for Bengalis so eminent physicians were all off work relaxing and not open to emergency calls. On top of that the streets of Calcutta were flooded after a deluge of heavy rains the day before, stalling all vehicular traffic except man-pulled rickshaws. In great despair, Dr Dey rang up Animesh Das Gupta who promptly made for Dr Dey's house and picking up Dr Samiran Mukerji in route. Meanwhile Dr Dey contacted Dr Sunil Sen, a heart specialist and received telephonic instructions from him. In despair Dr Dey beseeched Dr. P.K. Sen, another specialist, to come to his house with all the necessary medical equipment and assistants; all reluctantly agreed. "Minu is going away!" Dr Dey repeated from 3 pm onward. By 3:45 pm her condition continued to worsen and Dr Dey rang up Dadaji and implored frantically, "Do come, Dadaji! Your Minu is going away." "Don't you worry," responded Dadaji, "I will go just on time". Dr Dey who was not a profound believer thought this would be the death blow.

In Dadaji's residence, Mr G.T. Kamdar kept prodding Dadaji to save the life of the lady who was loved and held in high esteem by everyone. Dadaji wouldn't budge; it was the oft-exhorted benign time-factor Dadaji was biding for. In other words, Dadaji would let the full and heaviest damage be inflicted and would then come at the zero hour and strike back with full-fledged reprisal.

Time ticked by....one at a time Dadaji asked Mr Kamdar "What's the time now?" "5:25 pm," was the reply.... "Now?" "5:55 pm." "Now?" "6 pm." Dadaji suddenly announced, "Now we are going. Then we go to Somnath Hall at 7:30 pm." Dadaji sped along in the car to the death trap holding Mrs. Dey in its grip. On the way they found Dr P.K. Sen who was going back home after examining Mrs. Dey. "How is the patient doing?" Dadaji asked him. "Past all hope of recovery," the doctor replied in a resigned voice. "Her pulse cannot be felt; she has lapsed cold up to the waist, the tip of her nose has turned blue, complete heart block caused by infraction of anterior and posterior walls; she is obdurately resisting all attempts at injecting her with medications. She is biding time, as she says, only to have sight of you and then depart. So you see she is not going to outlast a half an hour, in all probability she will die within minutes."

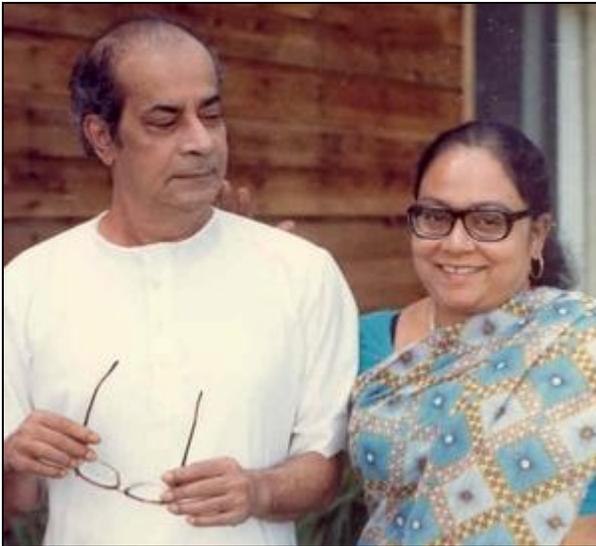
Dadaji reached the house and met with the group of attending doctors who gave him a report: blood pressure 65/40. "How much blood pressure would you consider better for her now?" inquired Dadaji. "Let it be at 90/60." Dadaji went into the patient's room, shutting the door behind him. After 5 minutes, Dadaji came out and said, "Now check the pressure." It was exactly at 90/60. Inquiries by Dadaji and the sequel were repeated twice revealing after 5 minutes 115/80, then after 2 minutes 125/90. Then Dadaji said, "Now you can doctor her according to your knowledge."

Next day, October 25th, an ECG was done on Mrs. Dey which revealed no heart attack has occurred. Where had the double infractions taken asylum? Later more highly significant tidbits were gathered from Dadaji and the patient. When Dadaji first went into the patient's room, he later said he was shocked at the sight of her and he was in tears. "How could he," Dadaji said he asked himself, "save her if his mind surfaced in that attached fashion?" This bears testimony to the fact that Dadaji effects supernatural cures from a supra-mental state of nobody-ness. It has to be noted here that Dadaji, in this case, did not suffer at all himself for salvaging Mrs. Dey from the surging dark billows of death.

What did Dadaji do exactly in this case? Nobody knows. Mrs. Dey however knows a little bit. Later when questioned about her experience, she said, "I felt I was being pulled out of my body. I was shattered to realize I couldn't see Dada before leaving. Then out of the body I was enveloped by a blinding darkness which was instantly dispelled by a flood of light coming through a tunnel. Gods and Goddesses appeared to receive me, but Dadaji came along and the heavenly bodies dispersed, bowing to him. Dadaji was smiling; next moment I felt being in my body. After a while when I grew half-conscious, I felt Dadaji lying full length on my body for awhile. Then he got

up, sat beside me and said while massaging my cheek, 'Meme! I have lost one mother. How will it fare if I lose you, too? You have to carry on for five to seven years more, for sure.' That's all I can recall," Mrs. Dey concluded.

Later the present writer narrated the episode of how Elisha brought back to life a dead boy on whom he lay full length as in Kings II of the Old Testament. Dadaji reacted hesitantly to spell out, "No man can have any access to it. He may, of course, do it once, or, at best twice in his entire life being fully possessed by the Lord. But He can do it whenever He chooses to." As it appeared to the present writer, what Dadaji hinted at was that it was not a physical process done to perfection, but just a way of saturating the dead body in its entirety with the Divine Energy for instant revival. This story, though fit to be narrated later in the subsection of the dead revived, is told her simply because the patent was not certified dead by any of the physicians tending to her.



Dadaji & Roma Mukerji Melrose
1984 Boulder Colorado USA

Mrs. Dey again suffered a heart attack on May 13, 1978 and was fast removed to a Nursing Home disregarding the stern warning of Dadaji. Dadaji was extremely wroth with them and was not answering their phone calls. He further decided not to disclose his whereabouts for the next day, May 14th, when He would be with Ms. Roma Mukerji (now Melrose) on the occasion of her annual birthday celebration. He did not want that day spoiled, so with a few of his associates he went to Roma's residence, had lunch there and was chatting in a light hearted, though alert and supersensitive mood. "It's coming, coming all the way," chirped Dadaji. And the phone call came. It was Mrs. Dey's daughter speaking from the nursing home. They were looking for Dadaji, she said, in all conceivable places without success.

Finally they decided to call Roma's house, but bade by Dadaji Roma said, "He is not here." "But," the caller said, "he was to have gone there. Where might he have gone?" "I don't know," was Roma's curt reply as prompted by the great designer, and hung up the receiver. It made those gathered nervous, for they all loved and respected Mrs. Dey. They entreated Dadaji to save her life once again, but Dadaji was resolutely immovable, implacable and in high dudgeon (indignant, pique). They continued droning their pleas in Dadaji's ears praying for her life. At long last their cries thawed the avalanche of Dadaji's apathy.

In great disgust, Dadaji asked Dr Nanigopal Banerji to call ups the daughter at the nursing home, which he did and asked, "How is your mother doing?" "She is unconscious and sinking....sinking. Is Dada there?" "No, he is not here," lied Dr Banerji piloted by Dadaji. "Where are you talking from?" the daughter asked. "From my home," another lie, "is Dadaji there?" "No. I will contact you again if I can reach Dadaji," she replied. There was an eerie silence amongst those gathered at Roma's. Everyone there looked at one another and askance at Dadaji, for all were greatly concerned for Mrs. Dey and ponderously critical of Dadaji's icy apathy. Everyone knew Dadaji considered Mrs. Dey one of his dearest. Suddenly Dadaji said, "Hang me, is she going away, for sure? Well then let me turn the wheel a bit backward. Let her enjoy a rapturous life for awhile; then come what may." Then at his behest Dr Banerji rang the daughter up to say, "Place your palm upon her chest and mutter Mahanama five times into her ear; inform, after a minute, how she is faring." She did so, and before a minute elapsed she informed with joy, "Mother has opened her eyes, muttering 'Dada, Dada'. It seems she is fast improving." At his bidding she repeated the lifesaving sonal drug once again. After five minutes had gone by, she said the doctors confirmed her mother was out of the dark woods.

Next day Mrs. Dey looked hale and hearty, her blood pressure being 110/85 and pulse 80. The following day she was kept in the nursing home much against her will and Dadaji's of

course. On May 17th she stormed out of the nursing home to stage a comeback home full of laughter and vibrant life participating in Dadaji's joy supreme.

In June 1978 Dadaji embarked on his first tour of Europe and America. Mr. Abhi Bhattacharya and Ms. Roma Mukherji went along to look after him. While in Bombay on the eve of his departure for London, he forbade Roma time and time again to go out while they were visiting foreign countries without his prior express permission. On reaching London on June 2nd, Dadaji again reminded Roma several times daily of his embargo on her stealthy excursions to go shopping, leaving the home where they were staying. He knew full well that malefic Nature had conspired to grind to a halt his messianic efforts to help dawn the Kingdom of Truth and Love on earth. It is the invariable law of Nature that any prosperity of a considerable magnitude is always visited by an antecedent major adversity. So it had happened when during the 1974 Satyanarayan Puja, a radiant early landmark in the global odyssey of Dadaji-consciousness, his dearest Mrs. Dey was taken casualty and had to be snatched from the jaws of death; so this time on his first trip abroad to speak about Truth, Dadaji was sure that Roma, the pupil of his eye, was going to be the casualty, the scapegoat of the macabre dark forces of Nature. Dadaji was perfectly reasonable in harping on the same chord of caution to Roma against her surreptitious shopping trips in quest of fashions and curios.

But despite his repeated warnings, on June 5th Roma cooked food for Dadaji then at 10:30 am went out shopping with Mrs. Surinder Singh, their hostess, who was driving the car. Roma assured everyone it was to go to the fish market to buy fish for Dadaji's dinner; but why without permission of Dadaji? Roma later explained he was in talks with local dignitaries behind closed doors. Others later disputed her claims saying she was lured away by the razzle dazzle of the saree and jewelry world and ignored Dadaji's embargo willfully. Had she asked Dadaji two things may have happened: she wouldn't have gone out and nothing would have happened or she would have gone out with permission and nothing would have happened. But her shopping obsession won out, felled by conspiring Nature.

Mrs. Singh drove Roma first to the local fish market, or as others claim, to a Saree Center. Next they drove on the highway a considerable distance to a supermarket or shopping mall. They had not gone far when they saw a heavily loaded truck rushing towards them at top speed, fast closing in on them. What could they do? Roma closed her eyes in fear and Mrs. Singh tried to steer clear of it without success as the brakes failed. The truck collided with the car, smashing it completely. Mrs. Singh suffered a fracture of her neck along with multiple injuries. She somehow snaked out of the car and called her husband from a nearby phone booth to report the ghastly accident that had pinned Roma in the crushed vehicle. What about her condition? The car's windshield wiper had been planted into her throat. Her skull was fractured; her left eye was out of its socket hanging loose. Innumerable splinters of broken glass were buried in her face and chest. Profusely bleeding, she was unconscious. Within two minutes the ambulance arrived. It was a real feat to remove Roma from the wrecked car, which was cut apart to get her out of it. The ambulance delivered the two women to hospital; Roma was admitted to intensive care while Mrs. Singh was admitted as a regular patient.

Dadaji lost no time in getting to the hospital, driven by Mr. Singh. They found Roma lying still unconscious and Dadaji insisted she be taken to surgery immediately for needed stitches. Dadaji remained outside the open operating theater doors raising both hands in a revitalizing posture. Roma lay on her right side with her right eye open facing Dadaji who remained standing in the doorway. First the surgeons took 32 stitches to close the gaping wound on her head; then her throat that suffered a gaping wound was fixed with 56 stitches. When it was time to put her left eye, which had been kept in sterile liquid, back in its socket, Dadaji was a bit agitated. He pleaded with the surgeons against anesthesia while fixing her eye, but they wouldn't listen. A bystander from London and admirer of Dadaji prevailed upon them to respect his words and explained Dadaji was a great spiritual teacher from India. So Dr Thomas set her eye with multiple stitches sans anesthesia, although it was quite beyond his experience. Roma had no feeling of pain at all. Surgery completed, Roma was returned to intensive care.

Dadaji, Abhi and Roma were to leave for Germany the next evening so he went up to Roma, passed his hand around her skull and across her forehead and too leave of her that day after breathing a conviction of profound wholeness in her. He visited her twice the next day filling

her with certitude of complete recovery and Dadaji departed for Germany as planned leaving Roma in hospital to recover.

In Washington DC, Harvey Freeman was informed of Roma's ghastly accident and asked to fly to London. He and his wife Pema drove his car at top speed to get to John F. Kennedy International Airport near New York City. After driving only about a quarter of the distance, he was amazed to see the scenario of New York before him. He asked himself how New York could be shuffled to him. Then in shocking bewilderment he saw Dadaji standing on the street with a grim visage (appearance); the next moment in the vision Dadaji fell down with a gunshot wound. Harvey's head was reeling so Pema took the wheel and drove him to the airport. The long flight to London was filled with suspense; reaching London he went directly to Mr Singh's house where, at the entrance gate, he saw Dadaji standing there, looking jet black all over. "Why are you so black?" Harvey asked him. There was no response, for Dadaji was then in Germany, but Harvey instantly thought to himself....surely a death mask.

He found Roma in the hospital convalescing, her memory of the accident still gone and she remained in a semi-conscious state. Slowly she was emerging from critical condition. A few days passed and suddenly blood started streaming out across Roma's forehead and her condition worsened. Doctors rushed in but found she was failing fast, her pulse was slowing and blood continued to rush out of her head despite their best efforts. They continued to give aid until after half an hour the life had completely ebbed out of her and they advised the nurse to disconnect the saline IV and oxygen tubes and ordered her body moved to the morgue. But the nurse mysteriously took pity on Roma and did not remove the tubes while the body was moved to the morgue. Upon arriving at the morgue the nurse noticed the bleeding had stopped and checking her pulse she found it beating feebly. The nurse rushed to call the doctors who brought Roma back to her hospital room and with 10 days Roma was fully recovered. She accompanied Dadaji to USA, where she resumed her daily work of cooking for Dadaji and looking after him during his trip abroad. During that period her eclipsed memory was fully restored.

Later Roma reported about her experiences in the hospital. She said while she was being moved to the morgue she felt flushed out of her body, she was standing by her body on the gurney and was being thrust into the wall until someone familiar, Dadaji, thrust her back into her body to experience the discomforts of body consciousness, rescuing her from the clutches of death.



Dadaji & Abhi - 1970 Bombay

I will close this subsection with the story of the ever-attuned Abhi Bhattacharya, the spiritual double of Dadaji. Abhi is the perfect servitor in plenary submission to the perfect Lord in vacuous nobility. His story is unique in its enchanting trappings and has a profound background which I will set forth. Though Mr Bhattacharya, a famous award-winning Indian actor, was in every sense a zealous socialite, after meeting Dadaji in the early 1970s he could hardly find opportunity to visit others' homes and return the invitation because his home, Delphin House, was the gathering place for those who came to hear about, meet and visit with Dadaji. Streams of visitors crowded Abhi's home almost every day, making it impossible for him to leave his residence.

One day Dadaji advised Abhi to go call on his friends Satyen Bose and others and to share an evening pastime with them. This was many years ago around 1977. In the ensuing years as time unfolded to the year 1990, Abhi became a man in complete seclusion, all alone in his house, even without a servant. He lived the life of a recluse, self-contained and contented, no longer in the Indian film world, the lucrative offers he received he was advised by Dadaji to turn down. During this same period, starting in 1987, Dadaji was also withdrawing from visitors becoming more and more exclusive and travelling less and less.

In January 1990, answering to an inner urge Abhi went out to visit Mr Satyan Bose, a long time friend of his both in the film and Dadaji worlds. He had a jolly time of it, for nearly three hours, enjoying the hilarious sallies of Mr Bose interspersed with Dadaji's Divine Fragrance over several servings of whiskey and snacks. Around 9 p.m. Abhi got up to leave, but Mr Bose seated him back securely in his chair and pleasantries continued for nearly half an hour more. Around 9:30 p.m. Abhi was suddenly immobilized by a convulsive stroke, exhibiting signs of paralysis. Mr Bose lost no time and rushed him to a nearby nursing home (hospital) where his condition fast

worsened in the intensive care unit. Doctors tried hard to keep him stable, but Nature seemed dead set against it; Abhi continued fast down the curve of life. Around 11 p.m. Mr Aparesh Lahiri, a noted musician and Dadaji follower, happened to visit Mr Bose's house where he heard the news of Abhi's stroke. He went immediately to find Abhi on the verge of death. The doctors continued their care but announced the patient would probably die within hours and near relations should be advised. It was then around 1 a.m. and Mr Bose and Mr Lahiri were at a loss as to what to do and who to call. Suddenly Mr Lahiri thought to ring up Dadaji in Calcutta, though half-heartedly because Dadaji was most unlikely to answer the call, far less talk sense and affect any supernatural cure. But Dadaji answered the call immediately and was alert even at that unearthly hour and said, "Don't you worry. Nothing will happen to him." Then after some banal pleasantries he hung up the phone.

Wonder of wonders, the patient started fast going up the curve of life beyond the comprehension of the attending doctors. In confusion, they all wondered did Abhi really suffer a stroke? When the sun rose Abhi was in high spirits and clinically normal although weak with minor paralytic tendencies in his hand and leg. He was kept on medication and bed rest for three days. After that he was released and arriving home shook off the last vestiges of the disabilities. That night Dadaji rang him up to say, "Hi, what's the upshot? Has anything struck you?" And Dadaji burst into a thunderous peel of laughter and Abhi laughed with him. It was fair weather thereafter with no diet restrictions or medications.

Before closing this first subsection of Chapter 2 which I've titled, "The love hooked incurable healer" it would be profitable to sum up the different supernatural ways in which Dadaji restores life to dying persons and effects spectacular cures of diseases of all description which include the following:

- (1) Charanjali that can work wonders across enormous space and time.
- (2) Wallet-sized Satyanarayan portrait that may avert dangers and cure disease
- (3) Physical touch and massage done in two ways: disease instantly cured by touch or disease absorbed by Dadaji's body which relapses into normalcy within hours or a day or two in extreme cases.
- (4) Physical manifestation as Dadaji or Satyanarayan before the patient in a dream or in waking and feeding the patient, say, a cup of coffee.
- (5) Through Will Supreme in which case the cure is instantaneous and thorough; Dadaji is not affected in the least.
- (6) Through Dadaji in identity with the Will Supreme.
- (7) Through fiat of his personal will which takes different forms: via a phone call by Dadaji or his representative; through a spoken word of assurance; through giving specific drugs manifested for the purpose; through a word expressing utter despair which is a veiled way of blessing.
- (8) Through congenital supernatural power which is often mixed in with the other seven ways.

At bottom, however, is His Wishy Will, the most potent weapon with which Dadaji fights to the last ditch all manner of diseases and stamps them out. Thy Will be done.

B - Death and Resurrection

Death is the final destiny of the present life, but destiny, even primal destiny, is not inexorable. Had it been so there would be no scope for Divine Grace, the principle of indeterminacy, in the universe. That destiny may be changed has been explored in the previous subsection. Destiny of all kinds may well be averted. It may be changed for the better or for the worse; the sequence of events in life may profitably be altered; the span of life may well be cut short or lengthened. That being true, the time of death may also be put off to a future date even though we all know death is the inexorable, final destiny of all human flesh. How can that be recycled back into life anew? This seems to pass all understanding. That it is against the plan of Nature goes without saying,

for the load of destiny that triggered this life has already been unloaded to the full at the appointed time of death.

There are deaths and deaths, some untimely, accidental, some caused by chance infection, or self-willed. Such deaths in a way are against the plan and providence of Nature. They are, on the contrary, brought about by improvised Nature. In such deaths, destiny fails to unload itself to the full, leaving behind a residue. In such cases if the dead person be brought back to life, that residual destiny clings to one spontaneously to keep one going on. If, however, a person dies a natural death after living to the full span of life, if the person is revitalized he or she will have to borrow some homogenous filaments of destiny from his next life as as often been revealed to us by Dadaji. To quote him: "If someone lives a longer span of life than is destined, one can very well use up a portion of the destiny of his or her future life. One's actions of today, out of inertia, of course, would determine one's destiny for tomorrow." So if a dead person arises back into life, there will be no problem as to which cloak of destiny will be worn.

But how is a dead person resurrected? The question is out of bounds for us common people who have no need to know. If we know first hand for a fact that such resurrection can occur, or even know at a trustworthy second hand, that is enough for us. Resurrection has been written about for thousands of years such as Jesus did to Lazarus, Elisa did to a dead boy, Lord Krishna did on several occasions, and Mahaprabhu Sri Krishna Chaitanya did 500 years ago. But, these long ago events do not provide us with any incontrovertible truth about resurrection as the texts often were passed on as stories and eventually written down, transcribed and translated over and over again long after the events occurred.

Dadaji's similar exploits demonstrating resurrecting back to life those who have died, however, either have happened in our presence and/or have been well documented at the time, certified by attending physicians, and corroborated by overwhelming circumstantial evidence. Given those facts, it is better and fairer to consider such events I will describe without mental obsessions either confirming or denying resurrection and at least accord such events a provisional reality.

A final consideration regarding resurrection is: What is the post-mortem lapse of time that can be circumvented and overcome by the ensuing resurrection? In other words, is resurrection possible any time, say three days to a month or more after death? Does it have a natural time limit; say before the body starts decomposing, before the onset of biological death? Common sense is in perfect agreement with the latter supposition. Clinical death may be defined as cessation of heart and pulse beat and irreversible brain death. After that rigor mortis sets in within about 6 hours and then disappears after 36 hours. Should we accept that biological death starts after 6 hours and decomposition set in after 36 hours? If so, the common sense view would be that clinical death can only be reversed, that is resurrection is only possible within the first 6 hours. In India there is a strong belief that a dead body should not be burned until 5-6 hours after death, for the dead person may come back to life.

If on the other hand we assume that resurrection is possible any time before decomposition, it's time span is extended up to 36 hours after death. It is believed that Jesus was resurrected within 36 hours of his burial. But according to Dadaji that was a resurrection in spirit, and the agent was no mortal soul.

From Dadaji's words and behavior we can arrive at some concrete hints on resurrection. Mr. Anil Sarkar, Director of Civil Aviation, Government of India, went to a neighboring country to attend a conference. While there he died of a massive heart attack. Mrs. Sarkar was sent word and she boarded the next flight to be beside her husband, hoping the doctors could revive him. Eight hours passed before she finally arrived and she entreated the doctors to continue trying to save him by giving cardiac massage as a last resort, but they paid her no heed. In utter desperation she rang up Dadaji and implored him to save her husband. "How long is he dead?" inquired Dadaji. "It's well over 8 hours," she replied hesitantly. "Then, it's not possible," cut in Dadaji. "Why did he not inform me as directed before going abroad? Why did you not accompany him as I wished you to? Had you been there, no god of death could have snatched him from you." We may draw the obvious conclusion that after 8 hours have passed, at least in this instance, resurrection was not possible, however it may have been obviated due to their non-compliance with Dadaji's expressed instructions regarding their travel abroad.

Over many years, during a number of Satyanarayan Pujas oriented to Sradh (propitiation or appeasing and conciliation of a dead person), Dadaji reincarnated the dead person in his or her body so he or she could partake of the food offerings placed before portraits of Satyanarayan and the dead person on an alter and thereby console the bereaved relatives with a word or two of endearment and by eating or drinking from their hands. Sradh takes place on the 11th, the 13th, or the 31st day after death, varying according to the caste to which the dead person belonged. Dadaji can do anything, but we must not forget that these embodied dead are of the moment momentary, improvised to cater to a specific demand. They cannot live, move, and have their being again like us on earth.



Dadaji – 1970s Bombay

Dadaji doesn't yield to the logic that because he can do, he must do it. Aside from Supreme Will, diverse objective conditions are involved. Resurrection should not be effected casually; should not be undertaken unless it promises a profitable future for the dead person and family; effected willfully it helps mature the psyche. If, on the contrary, it is likely to result in disastrous consequences, it should not be embarked upon.

And, there is another momentous factor to contend with, a situation of impasse between the devil and the deep blue sea. Death is an eruption of destiny like all other disastrous eruptions and should be equally remediable even after its occurrence. But its unique in that it is the final unfolding of the destiny in action; unfolding through a period of time rising from initial assault through a crescendo peak down to the decrescendo and death. Death may occur at any point of time during that period. If death occurs on destiny's crescendo, prior to the peak point and resurrection precedes the peak point, the

dead person will be revived only to be ransomed to death again. If resurrection is delayed until destiny's decrescendo passes and death occurs, the body will start decomposing making resurrection all the more difficult; maybe the resurrected person remains in a vegetative state, and on top of that, Dadaji may have to pay for the resurrection very dearly in his own person.

The upshot of the above discussion is that resurrection is not necessarily against the plan of Nature; that, when it is contrary to the plan of Nature, the dead person has to borrow a part of the destiny of his or her next life; that generally speaking resurrection finds scope for so long as rigor mortis does not set in; that, resurrection is theoretically admissible, being as it is a kind of destiny; that, thought capable of effecting resurrection at any time, Dadaji is often conditioned by lack of serviceable motivation, by the death-dealing destiny still going full steam and by the fear of lethal injury to his own person.

Now I am in position to present concrete cases of resurrection effected by Dadaji. Before his manifestation as Dadaji, he is reputed to have brought at least four people back to life, two of them being Himalayan recluses, but those enchanting episodes are on the borderline of hearsays eliciting no positive information about names, places and occasions.

In Agartala, East India Dadaji gave back the life of a dear killed by a vain Lama to demonstrate his superhuman powers. Failing to revive the deer, the Lama had to submit to Dadaji and take Mahanama from him. The first well-documented incident of resurrection by Dadaji, however, happened when he was known as Kishori Bhagavan in Benares around 1928. A Bengali gentleman named Aswini Roy was living in Benares after his retirement, keeping company of the saints and great Pandits residing there. One day Kishori Bhagavan, while going along a busy road, ran into a bunch of people going toward the burning ghat carrying a dead man on a cot. He stopped them and inquired, "Who is the dead man? Is he really dead?" "It's Aswini Roy, whom you predicted would kick the bucket at a ripe, old age. And, here he is, dead now, already cold and stiff, dead well over four hours. And you ask if he's alive! What a madcap!" The Bhagavan smiled a bit and parried, "OK! Won't you let me pay my last respects to him? Just lower the bier so I can reach him." So done, he reached his fingers below Mr Roy's chest, switched them back and forth horizontally along the region and after 15-20 seconds he pulled the body by the hands to seat him erect on the cot. And then he bowled them clean with the words,

“Look here, he is blinking now and he will talk before you wink.” So it happened. The bier carriers were dumbstruck and the dead man Mr Roy opened his eyes and asked, “Where am I?” “You are going home for sure,” responded the Bhagavan. Huge crowds had gathered by then and the Bhagavan realized what the aftermath would deal out to him so he decamped with seconds exploiting the frenzy through the maze of narrow lanes keeping hidden until he found a ramshackle shelter. His stay in Benares was cut short and he disappeared, staying away long enough to insure the lapse of memory of the people who had witnessed and heard of the resurrection. When he reappeared there he with beard and moustache and used the name and style of Pagla Baba, residing in a mosque at Pataleswara.



Dadaji & Boudi – 1978 at home

The next episode centers on Amiya Roy Chowdhury's (later known as Dadaji) father-in-law Mr. S.P. Das Gupta, who lived in the house next door to the east of Dadaji's house at 188/10A Prince Anwar Shah Road in Lake Gardens area of Calcutta. It was the year 1963 that Mr Das Gupta was suffering for a long span of time, mostly being confined to bed. Dadaji's wife Boudi often found fault with his stubborn resolve not to visit her critically ailing father even once during this protracted period. Dadaji typically gave airs that he didn't care and had nothing to do with his next door neighbor. Many doctors examined Mr Das Gupta and prescribed drugs, but there was no improvement in his condition. Dr Mrityunjay Roy and Dr Manas Maitra used to check on him daily at the bidding of Dadaji, then known as Amiyababu. On February 17th the gentleman started sinking and eventually breathed his last, defeating all efforts of his physicians to keep him alive. The mournful bewailing of relatives rent the house and sky above, but couldn't be heard in the chamber of Amiyababu's home, much less his heart. Undisturbed, he was then having lively chats with a few familiar visitors and appeared to have renewed vigor. His behavior was, to say the least, indecorous and against

protocol from a social point of view. Next door the mourning people between doleful cries were looking askance at Boudi and wondering why Amiyababu was not around. Boudi was crying and felt sorely insulted and incensed to the point of leaving when a woman sarcastically said to her, “My, my! What makes you weep? Word is afoot your husband is Bhagavan himself. Why not go ask him to save your father's life?”

The comment was a shock that Boudi, a gentle lady, could not bear; and, it reminded her of her husband's adverse predisposition to these people whom he often referred to in mock anger as “Yadu-kula” (large family of Lord Krishna who die by infighting). Boudi, a docile timid lady, returned home and flew into a titanic rage, pouring wrath upon her husband, saying, “You stupid, unmannerly fellow! You ought to have gone there at least once to sympathize with us. Your unsocial manners have ignited their wrath and they have dubbed you a phony trader in spirituality, a hypocrite. Why do you cheat on people with your phony airs when I know for certain you do not make a business out of it? If you are really capable, save the life of my dead father and redeem my lost esteem with them.” Dadaji instantly thundered, “Shut up you crazy doter! Don't disturb me. Who do you think you are to get your father saved by me? Go get the bier-bearers ready for your father's final march. I will go when I will go.” The poor lady, so severely mauled by her husband's words, did not go back to her father's house, but shut herself up in her room to cry out the passion of her tousled emotions. After ten minutes, Dadaji made for the dead father-in-law's house next door and upon entering reduced everyone to brute silence as if those gathered were painted on a canvas, for they all had had brushes with his temper tantrums in the past.

“What's the row about?!” he shouted at them. “Is he dead? Oh what a gentle riddance from his manipulative heirs! Have the bier-bearers come over or is it left for me to get them together? Well, then, fetch me a cupful of clean water and clear out of this room.” He took the cupful of water and slammed the door shut behind him after taking care to close all the windows

in the room first. Everyone waited outside the room in sizzling expectance until he opened the door after about five minutes. What he did during those five minutes no one knows. When he came out of the room he looked ruddy and forlorn, perspiring and radiating rays of Divine Aroma. He said to someone, ["Give him a glass of warm milk,"](#) and left quickly through the crowd with no concern whatsoever, returning to his home. Inside the room the dead man was seated on his bed with folded palms, with tears trickling down his face, muttering, "My Narayan Baba, my Narayan Baba" (my Supreme Father). Thereafter Mr Das Gupta daily took the dust of his son-in-law's, Dadaji's, feet until the end of his life many years later.



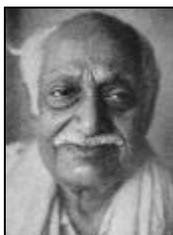
Jayaprakash Narayan
(Oct 11, 1902 - October 8, 1979)

Jayaprakash Narayan, the great socialist leader who successfully fought despotism resulting in the permanent damage to his kidneys, was kept on dialysis in a hospital in Bombay for months toward the end of 1978. In early 1979 his condition worsened rapidly to the great concern of the entire nation of India. All efforts to stem his vitality giving way and efforts to bring him out of the woods failed and he died in the small hours of the morning on March 22nd. The shocking news was broadcast on the radio and TV throughout India, paralyzing the whole nation, shutting down schools, colleges, offices and businesses. An impromptu session of the Indian Parliament passed a resolution of condolence and was the session was prorogued (suspended). The national flag was flown at half-mast in his honor as he was the only hope and light of the nation during that arid period of enveloping gloom. All government offices were closed for the day.

However, all this ended in near comic relief for an hour and half later it was announced that Mr.

Narayan had bounced back to life and was fast improving. There in Calcutta Dadaji was in bed with a high septic fever, uremia and blood dysentery. He could not take his early morning walk that day in Tollygunge Lake area. Later in the forenoon, he divulged to some visitors that he had to take this poison on himself in order to grant a new lease on life to Mr. Narayan. When Dadaji was told that Mr. Narayan's death had been announced on radio on TV, he calmly said, ["You will soon hear another broadcast breaking news of his coming back to life again."](#) And the next day when Mr. Narayan's condition had improved amazingly to the point where dialysis was no longer necessary. Mr. Narayan was given a clean bill of health to his death on October 8, 1979.

What Dadaji did is not known to anyone, the only thing to be recorded is that some time between 8:30 a.m. and 9:30 a.m., he told everyone he was to be left alone in his room with the doors closed for 15 minutes. After that he opened the door and let visitors in; he was looking ruddy, gasping for breath, perspiring profusely and the room was filled with Divine Aroma. He was given a glass of water to drink and then he embarked on conversation with visitors. It must be noted that this is the only case of resurrection in which Dadaji had to bear the physical brunt of the death causing disease. Curiously enough he took it upon himself 3-4 hours before effecting the resurrection. Possibly he gave a long rope to the destiny to enable it to deal out the final blow before neutralizing it. And, he had to recycle posthumously his body to make it livable for some years and that was verily the cause of his illness.



Gopinath Kaviraj
(1887 – 1976)

In the previous subsection I referred to the death of Gopinath Kaviraj and his subsequent resurrection by Dadaji. In 1971, one day Dadaji had Satyanarayan Puja in the house of Dr Manash Maitra. He went into the Puja room at 12 noon and was on the point of coming out at 12:45 pm when at that very moment Dadaji saw Kaviraj breathe his last and Dadaji instantly fell down unconscious. Dadaji came back to his senses at 1:45 pm and told the gathering he had been with Kaviraj who was dead. Dr Maitra urged by intense skepticism went stealthily all the way to Benares to verify the words of Dadaji. He came back to Calcutta the next day to confirm what Dadaji had said, that Kaviraj died at 12:45 pm and was miraculously resuscitated an hour afterward. There is no indication Dadaji appeared in person in Benares, however based on what he said, he was there with Kaviraj while appearing in a state of unconsciousness in Dr Maitra's home in Calcutta, and brought Kaviraj back to life while remaining invisible so as to avoid sensationalism.

How fantastic! It sounds like a fairy tale indeed, but some cardinal points are incontrovertible history. As Dr Maitra reported them, they are: Kaviraj died at 12:45 pm in Benares; he came back to life at around 1:45 pm; at 12:45 pm in Calcutta Dadaji reported to visitors that he saw Kaviraj die and instantly fell into a swoon; Dadaji awoke at 1:45 pm to report Kaviraj was brought back to life. One might argue that Dadaji knew of the twin events by clairvoyance and clairaudience, and had no role in resurrecting Kaviraj, which would suggest that Dadaji is a liar, psychotic or self-obsessed. Based on multiple other incidents of resurrection, healing and other breath-taking extraordinary events attributed to Dadaji, one can easily add this event to the voluminous, documented evidence of his supernatural powers.



Dadaji – Los Angeles CA 1987

In December 1987 Dadaji was visiting the United States and stayed in the home of Harish and Darshana Jambusaria in Los Angeles, California. On December 15th, I was in New Jersey having a phone conversation with Dadaji. He said in a composed voice, "Here in Los Angeles a man died of a heart attack. So this man (Dadaji himself) got there an hour later and gave him a slap on the cheek. And the dead man was immediately brought back to life." I have no further details on this incident; it serves to confirm that Dadaji did spontaneously speak of resurrection and his ability to bring it about, however, as unflinching reality.

Previously I referred to the time that Mr Anil Sarkar, Director General of Civil Aviation, died in a foreign country. Now I will detail the account of his death and resurrection which happened early in 1977. He suffered heart problems and was under continually under the supervision of eminent physicians. His wife, Mrs Leena Sarkar, who was close to the heart of Dadaji, was assured by him that so long as she was by him, nothing fatal would befall him. Dadaji also advised Mr Sarkar to inform him before undertaking any travel whatsoever. In 1977 Mr Sarkar was struck down by a massive heart attack and rushed immediately to Willingdon Nursing Home in New Delhi.

I'll mention here that Dadaji generally disapproved of his intimate followers being hospitalized even in critical condition. Anyway, Mr Sarkar was fast failing despite the doctors' best efforts. Soon worse came to worst and he died. Cardiac massage failed. Mrs Sarkar was

escorted to the side of her dead husband. Raising heart rending alarm, she rang up Dadaji to inform him of her husband's death. "How can it be?" rejoined Dadaji, "He must have come here there. All right...get a cup of water for Charanjai." She held the cup of water by the phone and it became milky white Charanjai. Dadaji instructed her to massage her husband's chest with the fragrant water while muttering Mahanam (Gopal Govinda). This was happening while the doctor was preparing a death certificate. Before half a minute has passed Mrs Sarkar felt her husband's chest vibrating and then felt his pulse begin beating. She called for the doctors, who, bewildered, rang into the hospital room gaped in amazement as they heard the dead man cooing, "Dada, Dada..." "Who is Dada?" inquired one of the doctors.

In a faint voice the newly resurrected patient narrated his experience. Mr Sarkar said he went out of his body into a flood of gleaming light redolent with the Divine Aroma of Dadaji. Suddenly he chanced upon Dadaji standing beside him. Before he could bow to him, Dadaji thrust him back into his body. All those present in the room experienced the strong diffusing of Dadaji's Divine Aroma and identified as such by Mr & Mrs Sarkar. After he convalesced in short order Mr Sarkar was back to his official duties in a fortnight.

The cases of Mrs. Dey and Ms Roma Mukherji detailed in the previous subsection were spectacular incidents of resurrection, but in the case of Mrs. Dey she was not declared dead but was put off as dying irretrievably within half hours time at most. Roma, though moved to the hospital morgue, was not declared dead by doctors. Neither case was referenced in this section because there was no death certified in either incident.

How does Dadaji effect resurrection? It is out of our bounds of understanding for us. We may rephrase the question: What has Dadaji to do to effect resurrection? We only have Dadaji's words to guide us. First Dadaji says we have to know what death is. He says life is the vibration of two sounds of Mahanama, which generates our respiration. When the two sounds of Mahanam coalesce, respiration ceases, and the mind is wrapped in an enclosure of the two sounds and leaves the body in a swooning shrinkage. That is called physical death. So, life is not a mechanical affair.

The shrunken mind, encased in the two sounds of Mahanam become One, remains in dormant state until it gets a new physical vehicle to work out its unfoldment and blossoming which is synchronous with the unfoldment of the One sound back into the two sounds of Mahanam. This is called rebirth, transmigration, metempsychosis (transmigration of the soul, esp. the passage of the soul after death from a human or animal to some other human or animal body). This rebirth is spearheaded by a strong desire suddenly emerged from the dormant mind in a bid for its immediate realization.

At death all the reactions and drives remain in a latent state in the frozen mind. What Dadaji does while resurrecting is, as he says, is to "thrust forcibly the mind into the body." The body in this context means the body left at death. The scenario of rebirth is fully demonstrated by Dadaji when he brings a person back to life. He sets in motion some unfulfilled drives or desires of the dormant mind and thrusts it into the gravitational field of the body. The mind with the One sound once again becoming two as Mahanam are reinstalled into the body which is revived by the two sounds of Mahanam. It is done by the Will Supreme embedded in Dadaji's very nature; His Will that cruises simultaneously through endless worlds. We humans remain in awe at such supernatural manifestations.

Chapter 3

A – Nature in Aromatic Doldrums

During the past 50 years scientific achievements have risen to staggering heights bordering on the incredible. Even Albert Einstein could not possibly have imagined what wonderful discoveries would be made. The great and mystifying impact of these discoveries have so amazed the populace that scientists began being viewed as omnipotent gods treading the dusty earth, rubbing shoulders with mere mortals only to elevate them to higher altitudes of knowledge and prosperity and security. What scientists advocate bear the indelible stamp of infallibility. It appears that modern society is caught in a mass hysteria caused by the aggressive dogmas and advances of science, which has ushered in an involuntary sycophancy (servile flattery) of the Canutian court (Canute the Great; historical Viking conqueror who became King of England in 1016). Scientists have made spectacular conquests of land, sea, air and outer space.

But the multi-armed candelabrum of science that sheds light on the world around us has cast a pall of a shadow at the base. The blessings and light of science are bred into our modern existence; they have made for ease and luxury in our lives. Yet, science is nowhere near stamping out our basic ills and limitations imposed by the laws of Nature. The polarization of haves and have-nots continues to grow beyond measure. There continues an explosion in production, with attendant waste, wars and pollution, as well as a population explosion. Tremendous breakthroughs in medical science and surgery continue, but the rate of mortality increases; epidemics and pestilences continue raging rampant in one or another part of the world constantly. Nature has been irremediably polluted by the wanton waste of our consumer economies; a giant hole has opened in the ozone layer the result of pollution. The greenhouse effect threatens the creatures of the planet and extinctions of species are on the rise. Modern science has not produced any weapons to overcome these disastrous results of earlier discoveries and ensuing commercial applications, the focus being bottom line profit and consumer self-indulgence by the growing masses.

Science cannot affect the forces and processes of Nature; cannot make rain in drought-stricken areas; cannot stem floods, hurricanes or tornados, nor can it turn the direction of even a gentle breeze. It cannot control sunshine, the rise and fall of temperature or infinite other forces of Nature that serve to maintain this blue planet. However in Dadaji, there is one who is perfectly human, his obliquely oriented, ruddy, forlorn eyes; his crimson velvety palms, his Apollonian profile, who can affect any forces of Nature with perfect ease through the fiat of Supreme Will. It all happens like involuntary reflex responses, although at times attended with the waving of the index and middle fingers which too may be involuntary reflexes.

That is Dadaji whose extravagant brain damning exploits I have set to describe and document in this book. He frolics with Nature in so many ways and so often over the years it is beyond reckoning. Many and varied have been the occasions, before different groups of people and individuals, in many different countries, in different seasonal cycles, year after year, when people have witnessed Dadaji harness Nature to his Will. Who are the witnesses? Celebrated scientists, many Nobel Laureates, philosophers, statesmen, literary talents, heads of State, top industrialists, famous film personalities, educators, politicians, people from all walks of life, levels of accomplishment, and strata's of society.

Many witnesses wrote published articles of the supernatural, extraordinary events they experienced in Dadaji's presence. However, subsequent to witnessing what is utterly unexplainable, their bewilderment evaporated and skepticism surfaced; some disavowed him



Dadaji – 1971 Bombay, India

preferring to remain in a familiar reality that provides a false sense of security and unreliable understanding based on science that is ever-changing over time and disproving laws that formerly believed to be truth. That is why Dadaji so often exclaims that the mind is the real female characterized by extreme fickleness of the mind drawn constantly back and forth by the bipolarity of worldly objects; the real male is the Supreme Truth which stands in stoic isolation beyond all modalities of mind. Our espousal and rejection, our certainty in affirmation and negation are both temporary and elusive figments of mental obsession. So while scientists hold characteristically changing and ever-elusive convictions about laws of nature and the universe, we continue with our enchanting story of the supernatural wooing and bewitching of Nature by Dadaji.

I will begin with the scene often repeated of Dadaji immersed in spiritual discourses of staggering profundity with Gopinath Kaviraj, the greatest savant of modern India. In this instance in Benares took place in a fairly small room filled with many great scholars and monks. When the discussion rose to a high pitch, the pencil rays of the sun were darting in the eyes of Kaviraj to his great discomfort. Someone suggested the shutters be closed to give the savant some relief, but Dadaji opposed it, saying that would make the room more stuffy. With folded palms, Dadaji suddenly invoked the sun saying, "Oh sun! He is having serious talks with Kaviraj; can you deflect your rays away from his eyes during the period? Please do it." Within a second or two, the sun's rays staged a retreat from the room and never intruded again during the discourse. Needless to say the intellectuals and Sadhus present were rooted in place in profound amazement, stealing a look now and then on the resplendent Dadaji in divine afflatus (divine communication of knowledge; inspiration). Dumbfounded yogis, themselves having unusual powers, asked amongst themselves to find someone who could match Dadaji; they failed. Kaviraj, himself a towering stalwart in yoga and Tantra practices was stunned and exclaimed in a tremulous voice, "You are God, Amiya Baba! You are God, indeed!"

Previously I narrated the Batanagar incident at Mr Das' home but will recount it here briefly. Dadaji was seated in a chair within a pandal (temporary platform and panel structure used for public meetings) encompassing an area of roughly 4,000 square feet. After frolicking in the sun for awhile, Dadaji addressed the people around saying, "Look here! The rays of the sun will not dare penetrate into the area throughout the day." And so it happened; to the southeast of the pandal an unusual spectacle unfolded. It appeared as though the sunlight, turned molten gold and unable to trickle into the marked off area, had settled in quivering thick layers fit to be drunk by anyone who had mastered the art from Dadaji, who was used to drinking palms full of golden nectar from the sun's rays in the 1960s, as witnessed by many people. At those times he would go out of the Puja room on the first floor of his home to the adjoining portico to the east and stand with cupped hands facing the sun. In a few seconds his hands were filled with golden liquid which he would drink in the presence of those who happened to be visiting that morning. Nowhere at no time has such a feat been recorded in human history.

In 1973 Dr Salil Mondal, a devout follower of Dadaji invited him to come conduct Satyanarayan Puja at his residence at Burdwan, nearly 50 miles west of Calcutta. Dadaji reached there on April 14th around 8 am along with a bunch of associates nearly 30 strong. After breakfast all present gathered in a commodious hall on the first floor at about 9:30 am to hear Dadaji talk. Meanwhile streams of local people, mostly professors, doctors and lawyers, reached there to fill the room to overflowing. Lively discussions were underway about Jesus Christ, Sankara, the Islamic prophet and his predecessors, Nurul Alam, Janganam, Rasul and Imam, the cast system in India, and so forth.

At about 11 am the rays of the sun started peeping into the room through a wide window. A follow of Dadaji teased him, "Dada! You are here in the room, how come the sun's rays dare to enter here?" "So you want them off?" responded Dadaji, "Let it be so as long as we talk." Dadaji then waved his right hand toward the window and the rays left forthwith; and remained stalled outside as long as Dadaji was there. He left the room about 12:30 pm and the sun's rays once again shined into the room. It must be stated here that to the south of Dr Mandal's residence there was a narrow lane about 12 feet wide, which was skirted by a building foundation under construction and there was no conceivable barrier to the shafts of sunlight that would have penetrated the room during the period Dadaji was there.

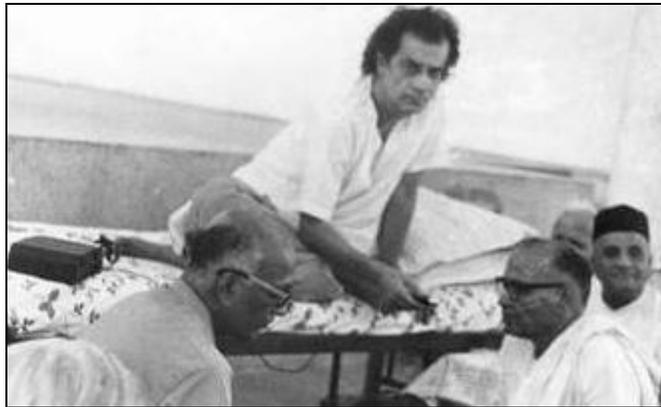


Ramnath Goenka (1904 – 1991)

On June 25, 1972, Mr Ramnath Goenka, the baron of the newspaper industry in India, invited Dadaji to his palatial residence to have a first hand experience of Satyanarayan Puja. While arrangements were being made for the Puja, and large numbers of people were assembling in the hall. In adjoining room Dadaji was talking with Mr. C.R.Irani, Managing Director and Editor-in-Chief of the Statesman newspaper. Mr. Goenka in the course of his last minute supervision of the Puja went into that room and finding it very dark asked Mr Irani why he had not put on the light. Dadaji promptly reacted saying, “Wouldn’t the sun give us light for awhile, if entreated!” Immediately, the

darkness of the room was dispelled by a white mass of light that lingered there until Dadaji left the room for the chamber where the Puja was to be held. Mr Goenka, his ego already dying, entered the Puja room. Behind closed doors, alone with the framed portrait of Satyanarayan, he experienced a rich harvest of multicolored huge Sandesh (sweet Bengali snack made of milk and sugar) bearing the inscription “Sri Sri Satyanarayan” in Tamil and Persian characters.

Toward the end of August 1973 Dadaji and Mr G.T. Kamdar (Salt King of India) went from his home in Bombay to Madras to pay a visit to Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan (President of India 1962-1967) who was nearly bedridden at the time. During their visit there was loadshedding (cyclical power outages) in the locality. Dadaji requested the rays of the sun to light up the room around 8 pm and the room remained lighted throughout the period Dadaji was delivering Mahanam. His impassioned talks were tape recorded at the time. (Note: To listen to these recorded tapes go to web page at <http://dadaji.info/AUDIO/AUDIO.HTM>)



Dr. Radhakrishnana (left), Dadaji (center), Mr Kamdar (in black hat) – Madras, India 1973

While this intimate rapport was going on Mr Kamdar saw two Dadajis; one faced Dr Radhakrishnan and the other was smiling at the former one. And, there was another Dadaji, as he later learned, reclining on the divan in the room set apart for Dadaji in the Delphin House, Bombay residence of Mr. Abhi Bhattacharya. There was a triumvirate of Dadaji universal. Who was the basal Dadaji? I will discuss it later in the following sub-section.

In 1971 Dadaji was riding in a car with some of his associates in a fleet of cars headed for the Malabar Hill, Bombay residence of Mr Deshmukh, who in 1978 was appointed Chief Justice of the High Court. While riding along Dadaji suddenly asked, “Do you want the scenario of Jayadratha’s killing in the Kurukshetra War reenacted?” It was around 11 am at the time and the others in the car quickly said yes. The fleet of cars stopped at the behest of Dadaji and then with an inscrutable smile he said, “Look to the right of you. There is the Arabian Sea. What do you find there?” Suddenly



President Radhakrishnan & President John Kennedy – USA 1963

the sky above the sea darkened and the moon and stars started peeked out to greet Dadaji and his entourage. It was a startling though exhilarating sight to see. “[Now look to your left. What hits you hot there?](#)” Lo and behold it was the sun shining in its unassailable brightness. The spectacle before them revealed a pageantry of coincident day and night; of the sun and the moon ruling the sky and observed on land at the same time. The spectacle, never before seen or recorded in human history, lasted for nearly five minutes.

The scene Dadaji referred to in the Kurukshetra War described in the epic Mahabharata was when Arjuna resolved to kill Jayadratha before sundown, failing which he would torch himself to death. It was nearing sunset and Jayadratha was out of Arjuna’s reach, safe and secure behind an impenetrable barricade of Kaurava soldiers. Krishna eclipsed the sun totally and in the darkness proclaimed the sun being down Arjuna was headed for a fiery funeral pyre. So Jayadratha and the soldiers rushed out to observe and forthwith and instantly the sun shone again and Arjuna made short work of Jayadratha with a fierce arrow.

Krishna’s exploit was of a simpler order compared to the complex spectacle exhibited by Dadaji, which was compounded by the reversal of the law of Nature. Why then did Dadaji recall the Kurukshetra exploit at all? In the first place, Dadaji had not yet declared his public manifestation which he did in 1972. Second, Truth has to be served in digestible quanta lest confusion leading to skepticism grows rampant. Later in 1973 Dadaji asserted categorically that Justice S.K. Roy’s Puja experiences were far above and beyond the vision of universal form by Arjuna, and this equally applies to Puja experienced by Mr Kamdar, Dr Nanigopal Banerji and others, including Mr Bruce Kell (Note: Mr Kell’s account of his Puja experiences is narrated by him in an audio recording available at webpage <http://dadaji.info/AUDIO/AUDIO.HTM>). And thirdly, we knew nothing better.

Now let us turn to Dadaji’s play in diverse forms with inclement weather. I will preface with a few stories about how he controls vigorous aspects of Nature to do his bidding.

In 1981, during Dadaji’s tour of USA, he was residing in a palatial estate by the sea in Malibu, California. During his visit he was having weighty discussions with scientists, bigwigs, and well-known personalities in the TV and film industries. In the course of discussion one day there was a violent storm raging, coming in off the Pacific Ocean. The tumultuous sounds of the storm whipped rains and strong gusty winds penetrated the glass windows drowning out the voices of Dadaji and the others. What to do? Scientists in the room were helpless to quiet the storm, but it was inopportune to move the large gathering to another room. Dadaji suddenly suggested, “[Can’t it be quelled?](#)” Before anyone could respond, he waved his two fingers a wee bit and the violent sounds of rain and wind calmed to silence.

A similar thing happened in India at the residence of the eminent parapsychologist Dr Hemen Ganguli. While Dadaji was talking with him, a gusty wind was, time and again, disheveling his hair to his apparent discomfort. Unable to stave off the winds Dr Ganguli apologized, but his face beaming Dadaji exclaimed, “[Can’t the wind stage a turnabout?](#)” And, the wind reacted instantly and calmed.

Returning to the area of Malibu, California, I will narrate a bouncing frolic of Dadaji that actualized the fantasy of King Canute. Dadaji was having his usual morning walk along with some associates along the beach. Suddenly he stopped and inquired, “[Can the waves reach this high were we are standing?](#)” Everyone agreed it was impossible. With a smile, Dadaji said, “Well then just watch for awhile.” The next moment a gigantic breaker surged ashore and broke into a crest of foamy spray that washed the feet of Dadaji and receded to deliver the fragrance of his feet to the ecstatic ocean.



Chief Justice B.N. Deshmukh

In 1970, Dadaji with a large party of associates visited Cuttack in Orissa. They were hosted in a large Circuit House. Satyanarayan Puja was slated for the day after they arrived. Expecting a large crowd of 300 or more people, the organizers thought it would be good to erect a large pandal over the entire crowd, but decided against it due to the large expense. They confirmed this decision with Dadaji, however someone informed Dadaji that the weather forecast for the Puja evening was for a heavy downpour. Dadaji ignored the information. The evening of the Puja music was playing and Dadaji was seated on a small covered stage the crowds gathered in front of him. After awhile a cold wind blew and it started to drizzle. The organizers worried that it would end in a fiasco for which they would be blamed and be required to reimburse the sponsors of the Puja for expenses if it failed.

Dadaji cast an oblique glance at the rumbling sky overcast with dark clouds and with a sphinx-like smile exclaimed, "Cool off! Nothing to worry! Calcutta is going dry. A heavy shower for hours would be most welcome to Calcuttans." Fading rumblings and winds continued for some time but no rain fell on the buoyant throngs. Music resumed and Puja manifested perfectly on schedule. The Puja over Prasad was distributed to everyone and the crowds dispersed taking the enchanting fragrance of Dadaji with them through their enchanted sleep until waking the next day. The morning newspapers in Orissa and Calcutta flashed headlines: Deluge in Calcutta, Heavy Shower throughout the Night. This confirmed that Dadaji could send forth clouds as ambassadors of flood to far off regions that cherish them so intensely, and effect a double crossing of the weather forecasts in Orissa and Calcutta.

The people in West Bengal are feverish soccer fans and the two teams, Mohanbagan and East Bengal are sworn rivals for well over a half century. The soccer shield final was on September 24, 1977. The two rival teams were in contention. On that day, a Saturday, Dadaji was having his lunch around 1pm. As usual, Dr Sanjit Roy, a physician, and Miss Hena (Mana) Bose, both very close to Dadaji's heart, were in attendance to be sure that Dadaji was not cheating on food served him. Suddenly the sky became overcast with dense, dark, rumbling clouds and it started raining. Mr Roy and Miss Bose were both Mohanbagan fans and were alarmed at the prospect of heavy showers stalling the Shield final play because their team seldom fares well in a water logged playing field. Mr Roy expressed his heartfelt wish and entreated Dadaji, "Dada, please see that Eden Gardens where the final is to be played remain free of rain."

Dadaji sat silent with his hand raised for awhile and then said, "It will rain all about heavily, but Eden will be out of bounds for the rain." Miss Bose saw her chance to get her wish granted and demanded, "You have to ensure that Mohanbagan can save its skin." Dadaji smiled and responded, "Well, then, let it be so. The game will end in a draw." And so it happened: Calcutta was flooded by a torrential downpour and although it rained all around it, Eden Gardens remained quite dry, enabling both teams to display their skills to the fullest. The match ended in a draw, both teams scoring a solitary goal.

The Eden Gardens situation is different from that at Cuttack as the whole of Cuttack was shielded from the raging storm predicted to hit there, which instead hit Calcutta at Dadaji's expressed wish. Whereas in Eden Garden somehow although it rained heavily throughout Calcutta a barricade of clear sky was visible; this isolated it from the adjacent flooded regions.

This kind of phenomenon was witness by many individuals on many separate occasions including by Dr Lalit Pandit (physicist) and his brother C.S. Pandit (Editor). On one occasion the brothers were walking a long distance to see Dadaji who was visiting Bombay. Although it was raining all around them, they remained dry as no rain fell on the path they were walking. This phenomenon also occurred during airplane flights, too, as in the separate experiences of Mr. Harvey Freeman and Mr B.K.Panda, an industrialist of Orissa. In the first instance, Mr Freeman and Dadaji were flying from Colorado to Washington DC when the weather grew threatening due to a massive snow storm making the flight path hazardous. The pilot announced the plane would be landing at an alternate nearby airport. When Dadaji heard the announcement he went forward to the pilot's cabin, blessed him, place his palm upright before the planes front window and returned to his seat. The weather cleared and the pilot resumed their original flight plan and landed safely in Washington DC without difficulty.

A similar thing happened to Mr Panda when he was due to escort Dadaji back to Bhubaneswar from his industrial plant site located in a distant locality. The weather was very inclement that day, right from the early morning; rain showers, hail storm, thick fog, violent winds.

Mr Panda had his own corporate plane but the pilot refused to take off saying he could not do otherwise due to weather conditions. The pilot took Dadaji for just another self-styled hypocritical Guru and had to be persuaded by Dadaji to take off. The pilot reported the entire flight was conducted cruising along between two fluorescent lines of light advancing forward in keeping with the plane's speed. The plane thus reached Bhubaneswar without having to contend with the ravaging storm forces of Nature which had been let loose around them.

In June 1974 Dadaji visited Bombay to stay there for nearly a month. Bombay's water supply depends on three or four lakes that are filled with rain water each year. That year there was a drought and in June the water levels were fast receding with no sign of monsoon approaching. The municipal leaders were deeply concerned; their anxiety grew into feverish agitation finding no way to replenish the fast depleting water supply in the lakes. On July 5th, some of them contacted Dadaji, who first toyed with the scientists suggesting they provide a solution. Then, graciously, Dadaji said, "You have enough water reserves for two days left. Don't you worry. You will get it to overflowing in the nick of time."

The night of July 7th, the sky blackened and burst out in a torrential downpour for two consecutive days, deluging Bombay. Normal life was thrown out of gear; circular trains were stall for a full seven days due to the record breaking rainfall dumping more rain than in the last fifty years. Skeptics may say it was a freak of nature; one may ask how would Dadaji know of it two days in advance?

In February 1978 Dr William Klein of Washington DC, USA and Dr R.L. Dutta of the Solar Energy Commission, came to Abhi Bhattacharya's house in Bombay. As usual, Dadaji was reclining on a divan while visitors were seated on the carpet in front of him. Dr Dutta introduced Dr Klein to Dadaji who said, "Oh my goodness! Such a big scientist! You can burn the earth down in half an hour! Can't you? You can at least make rain and stop it at will." The scientist was silent in the face of Dadaji's ridicule. Such teasing was interspersed with serious talks for nearly an hour. Then Dadaji sat up cross-legged and asked everyone except Dr and Mrs Klein and Dr Dutta and Abhi to leave the room.

"Man has no power for sure," said Dadaji. "But nothing is impossible with Him," he said pointing to the framed portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayana. "Do you want proof?" Intrigued, Dr Klein breathed heavily in the room becoming supercharged with Dadaji's fragrant Aroma. It was a bright sunny day in Bombay. Dadaji gestured toward the window and darkness engulfed the sky. Another gesture and it started raining cats and dogs. Dadaji cracked a joke on the two scientists, "Go stop the rain. The rain god is afraid of great scientists. Order him and he will obey."

Dr Klein went over to a window and the rain stopped immediately on that side of the building, the sun shined above. "Come back," said Dadaji. When Dr Klein returned to his seat, on the sunny side it started raining again. "Go again and stop it." Dr Klein went back to the window and the rain stopped. When he returned to the center of the room the rain started again. The experiment was repeated once again with the same result. Then Dadaji asked him, "How do you explain it?"



"Coincidence," shot out Dr Klein showing repulsion and discomfort. One may ask, can a scientist affect such coincidence at will? Instead of asking, Dadaji materialized a gigantic pumpkin, then a bottle of whiskey, and finally a Favre-Leuba gold wrist watch. (**Favre-Leuba** has been creating exceptional mechanical time pieces since 1737 making it the oldest Swiss watch brand.) The scientist put on the wrist watch, and when Dadaji passed his finger over the face of the watch the dial became blank, then it was imprinted "Sri Sri Satyanarayan: Made in Universe". Then without giving a moments respite to the dazed onlookers, Dadaji patted the chest of Mrs Klein once and a necklace with Satyanarayana locket (image at left) hanging from a chain appeared hanging around her neck. They later described it was a relief when Dadaji's profound manifestations stopped as their hearts pounded rapidly and they received Mahanam.

Incidents of Dadaji stopping rain occurred so often they cannot all be recorded. I will outline just a few of them.



Dadaji and Dr Om P. Puri
Chandigarh, India 1986

Dr O.P. Puri, Professor of Physics at Chandigarh University had a long rapport one day with Dadaji. He was preparing to leave on his motorbike to return home but to his great dismay it started raining heavily. Dadaji asked him to come back inside and touched him with one hand and the window pane with his other hand, saying, "Now, go home." Dr Puri went outside and the rain stopped; he rode his bike in the sunshine and upon reaching home and going inside the rain resumed.

Similar incidents happened with many individuals on their way to some business or to visit Dadaji or return home. With some the rains stopped as soon as they got down from the conveyance; with others the rain was on hold so long they

were able to reach their destinations on foot; with others it rained all around but did not fall on them walking to their destinations. About the last phenomenon, one day Dadaji observed, "The shower of rain goes on unabated, but it does not fall on that person's way. This can be done even with interfering with the Will of Him who makes the wind, the sun, the moon and others move."

In 1970, Dadaji visited Bhubaneswar where he presented Satyanarayan Puja at the home of Mr Balaram and Mrs Basanti Misra, two of his great devotees. People gathered from remote corners of the capital of Orissa to witness Puja. When it started it also started raining heavily to the misery of those gathered and those who had not yet reached the house. Dadaji asked all present to remain seated and then he said to the rain god, "Please go off." It stopped raining instantly.

A similar thing happened when Dadaji visited Mr Das' house at Batanagar. Dadaji reached there in the afternoon and found, as he told me an hour later, on his arrival there the rain goddess was present with heavy clouds on her back. "I requested her," Dadaji said, "to have patience for only 24 hours after which she could unload herself to the full. It was already drizzling, but it stopped immediately." Dadaji left Batanagar the following afternoon and reached his destination, Dr Madhusudan and Mr Minaty De's house. Immediately upon his departure a severe cyclone started which devastated not only Batanagar, but also Calcutta and an extensive area thereabouts.

Similarly on August 12, 1973, when Dadaji visited the multi-millionaire industrialist, Mr Jawaharlal at his Bombay residence, it started raining heavily with gusty winds. Before the windows and shutters were closed the rooms were splashed with rain to the discomfort of all gathered. Dadaji watched it and with a wave of his two fingers stopped the rain forthwith. On August 22nd, he again fingered off a heavy downpour while he was having talks with visitors at Abhi Bhattacharya's Delphin House in Bandra area of Bombay.

In October 1986, three Americans were due to arrive at Dumdum International Airport in Calcutta, to attend the annual Utsav Celebration. It had been raining heavily for two weeks. Mrs Munjit Singh and Mr Parvitar Singh were to bring them to Dadaji's home from the airport. They were very concerned that the roads might be flooded and if the rains continued they would become impassable. When they mentioned their concerns to Dadaji, he smiled and said, "You are going to do the job for Satyanarayana. He will get it done, for sure. Don't you worry. From now on there will be no rain till the end of the week." And so it happened; the ride to and from the airport to meet the three Americans was made without difficulty or diversion.



Mr Parvitar Singh

Early in 1970, Dadaji made a visit to Bihar and Uttar Pradesh (U.P.). While he was in Lucknow it was severely cold. A skeptical journalist, Mr. S N Ghosh, came to visit him with the express intent of exposing Dadaji as a hollow fraud. He entered the room where people had gathered to sit with Dadaji who was reclining on a divan. Instantly, Dadaji sprang up to sit cross-legged. Someone introduced Mr Ghosh as a great journalist and Dadaji greeting him with a chuckle and said, "Of course you are a great journalist, but this severe cold cuts me through to the marrow. Can you or your scientist friends change it for warmer weather?" "Impossible," answered Mr Gosh. Dadaji smiled and said, "Which is why he (Dadaji) always asserts man cannot do anything, but He can do anything He chooses. Watch!" Within a few seconds the temperature started shooting up, leveling off at 65 degrees Fahrenheit, and it remained at that, flouting the weather forecast, until Dadaji left that place. Such a fluctuation of temperature and that within minutes, was never experienced anywhere in India and it may be asserted not possible anywhere in the world unless there would be some kind of massive natural disaster such as violent volcanic eruption or nuclear holocaust.

In April 1972, Dadaji, along with six associates, was going to Lucknow by train in a third-class compartment. As the train was steaming off more and more towards the vicinity of U.P., the mercury was rising in a fury. At one point the scorching heat wave grew unbearable and Dadaji was perspiring through and through. One associate requested Dadaji to prevail upon Nature to tone down the temperature, if not for himself, at least for his docile followers. But, Dadaji was not ready for it, for it would lack spiritual motivation; it would be a self-seeking exploit that should never be indulged. Eventually Dadaji was moved by their pathetic plight and casting a glance out the window at the sky outside, he moved his two fingers twice and presently the sky became overcast with dark clouds and the temperature plummeted. The heat wave was broken by a cool wind blowing from the south; within 15 minutes it started raining. The hot fury gone, the temperature grew pleasant and enjoyable.



1973 Madras - Dadaji (center right),
Abhi Bhattacharya (standing behind him)

In July 1973, Dadaji, along with a huge number of his associates, undertook a memorable tour of Madras, the breeding ground of diehard traditional scholars of staggering statures. At the time Madras was sweltering under the heat of summer; mercury shot up to 118 deg F and there was no sign of relief in the near future. The heat was amplified by the large gathering of Pundits, at least a hundred strong, each quoting in fearful succession his own select verse from a scripture to wind his point against Dadaji. Their efforts agitated Dadaji to a degree because he was not a staunch believer in scriptures as such, which in his opinion more served to cover up Truth than reveal it. So in this heated situation, Dadaji seized upon this opportunity to confound them all with supernatural afflatus (inspiration; divine communication of knowledge). For he knew to argue and wrangle with them, one by one, was an impossibility.

So, Dadaji asked, "Can't the whole of Madras be air conditioned?" At this outrageous proposition, the entire hall of granite souls responded in gigantic peals of laughter, ridiculing Dadaji. Someone said, "Monsoons are four months behind us!" Dadaji became incensed, for he was not in the habit of swallowing the defiant opposition to pronouncements of Truth. As he often said, "He (Dadaji) has come into this world to rout and convert misguided godmen and gigantic scholars and scientists. It's just two or three minutes for these hypocrites and egoists; but he is patient infinite for well-meaning skeptics." Dadaji, sitting cross-legged said to the great Vedantist, Srinivasam, "Go open that window; invoke the rain god in Sanskrit to cool it a little bit."

"How crazy he is," muttered Srinivasam to himself. He thought this would be the undoing of Dadaji and to bring about his ignoble downfall, as provocateur he did the bidding of Dadaji and invoked the rain god. And, lo and behold a cold wind swept across the city ushering in dark clouds and it started drizzling, to the brain-rending amazement of the redoubtable Pundits and infallible meteorologists. The temperature fell to an agreeable degree and continued at that level for the four days Dadaji was visiting Madras. When Dadaji departed for Bombay the drizzling stopped and the temperature shot up again to its previous high.

Toward the end of January 1977, Dadaji paid a visit to Chandigarh in Punjab province. The entire picturesque city of green was then passing through shivers of cold waves with the sun playing tyrant throughout the day. The temperature fell below zero degrees Fahrenheit. Dadaji seized this opportunity to trounce the scientists, university professors who upon being asked by him, humbly said they could not change the weather. Dadaji bowled them over by administering to the rise in temperature to 50 deg F with gleaming sunny days till he left the city.

In the course of his European tour in 1978, Dadaji along with Harvey Freeman and Dr Goldberg went to West Germany. At the time Berlin was under the grip of a persistent snowstorm, which is not unusual in that country at that time of the year. Dadaji threw the gauntlet to the great scientists who came to visit him. Dadaji demonstrated the cessation of the snow storm then and there and announced through Abhi Bhattacharya that it would remain clear of snowfall until after his departure at which time it would stage a normal comeback. Nature behaved in perfect deference to Dadaji's wish.

B – Dadaji in Spatial Facsimiles Synchronized Multiple Manifestations

It's a tale oft told in Indian spiritual history, though unfortunately seldom heard in the Western World or other countries. It's a tale in which a person is said to be simultaneously present in his own form in different places mutually distant or in the same place in different positions of space. This is called Kaaya Vyuuha (proliferation, manifoldness of the body) in Yoga literature. In the first Kali Yuga, Krishna of Vraja, who is identified with the conscious vital principle in the entire creation and with Mahanama in the vacuous region of the heart, is said to have disported himself in Rasa Leela with 1,600 Gopis, assuming severally as many forms.

Lord Krishna of Dwarka is said to have simultaneously married 16,000 women of the harem of the decapitated King Naraka, making as many discrete forms. He is also said to have assumed seven discrete forms to engage in gladiatorial fight with seven bulls at the same time unto their taming to win the hand of a princess, Satya, in marriage. It is also fabled that a Seer named Saubhari enjoyed conjugal life with fifty princess wives, assuming fifty separate forms.

Dadaji, however, rejects the Saubhari story outright, adding that the postulation of yogic powers by Patanjali is but a stale winter's tale. No Yogi or godman can perform the feat more than once or twice in an entire lifetime; and, it is not the person, but the Supreme who is doing it. So the Yogi or the godman cannot arrogate the agency of such multiple manifestations. Dadaji, too, does not arrogate to himself the agency of such multiple manifestations. And, Dadaji said that he is not always conscious of these multiple manifestations (of himself) when they occur for it is a beyond mind, beyond intellect multi-pronged projection or proliferation. But, because Dadaji can repeat these phenomena at will, we are justified in a way to foist its agency on him. At time, though very rarely, Dadaji is fully conscious of his multiple manifestations and their activities. Needless to say, they are not visions or shadowy apparitions in dreams; on the contrary, they are companions of our waking life...eating, talking, walking, singing, and dancing with us in the full blaze of our conscious and active lives.

Let us recapture a few random samples of Dadaji's multiple manifestations, public and private, the number of which is beyond reckoning, particularly because of the incidence of private manifestations. A few examples have already been presented, as for instance, the sudden appearance before Dadaji's wife who was threatened by a cobra in the kitchen; the appearance on two different occasions in the house of Mr Dinesh Bhattacharya; simultaneous presence at Abhi Bhattacharya's house in Bombay and before Dr Radhakrishnan at Madras in two discrete forms; and before Mr Rabi Dutta rescuing him from the Seoraphuli confectionary tragedy, and so forth.

In 1968 or 1969, Dadaji was reported to have been simultaneously present in eleven houses in different areas of Calcutta, belonging to eleven different families. It was revealed later when a large group of people was gathered and someone said, "Dadaji was with us on such and such a date between 3 pm and 4 pm." Another person disputed it, saying he was at their home on that date and time. Then a third person came forward to negate the previous two statements, saying she wondered how they could tell such brazen lies, for Dadaji was in her home, sleeping with a blanket covering him from 2 pm to 5 pm on that day. Another lady promptly disputed her

assertion saying, "You must be lying at least about the time, for between 4 pm and 5 pm, I was with Dadaji at his residence, serving him tea and porridge and talking with him." The four disputants tried to settle their disagreement without success. In desperation they went to Dadaji for arbitration.

Dadaji burst into a peal of laughter to hear this and adding steam to their bitter argument exclaimed, "Don't you worry. There will be seven more claimants on my being in their company during the disputed period of time. We will decide the issue after that. He was in three other places, outside Calcutta, also at the same time, but word may not reach you at all." Within a weeks time seven other claimants turned up to report being with Dadaji on that date and time, putting the argument to rest for good.

On July 8, 1973, Chandramadhav Misra, in Orissa located many miles south of Calcutta, was saved by Dadaji from a head on collision with a rashly driven truck. Mr Misra saw Dadaji standing with outstretched hands on the highway in front of him. When it happened Dadaji was at home in Calcutta talking with us. He became silent for few minutes, and then told us in detail of the incident with Mr Misra asking us to record the time. Later that evening a long distance phone call came from Mr Misra who confirmed the details of the incident Dadaji had described to us.



Mr Singh helping Dadaji out of the car – London 1983

In 1969 and 1970, on several occasions Dadaji urged Dr Bibhuti Sarkar to ascertain through phone calls that Dadaji was at that time also present in the homes of Dr Maitra, Mr Mukerji and Mr Ghose. It was promptly confirmed thereby.

In 1979 or 1980, Dadaji was walking along a street in London with Mr Parbitar Singh and others. After some time Dadaji strayed away from the group and walked to the top of a knoll alone and stayed there for awhile. Then he returned to the group and walked in their company. When they returned to the Mr Singh's home, his wife informed them that Dadaji came to their house and talked to her for awhile during the same period of time he was alone on top of the knoll.

On Friday, October 31, 1980, between 8 pm and 9 pm, the eldest son of Mr Dinesh Bhattacharya, the jester, came out of the office in the afternoon and went along with three friends to a restaurant on the Chowringee Road. They sat at a table and were ready to place their order and just then he saw Dadaji standing beside him. "Oh, you are here!" said Dadaji, "You are very hungry, I guess. OK, I am placing orders." Then he took a seat beside him. After awhile food was brought on a big tray and dishes of shrimp cutlet and Chinese food were

served to the four of them. But, they wondered, who placed the orders? Not they. Dadaji stay seated at the table. After the food was finished, Dadaji asked him, "Would you have a drink?" Then the server appeared with champagne. Dadaji cautioned him, "Look here, your father is an honest man; and after death he is sure to come to me. Don't ever hurt his feelings. You don't know your liver shows a spot in it already. So drink, but don't indulge. Do ask your father and

Jatin Bhattacharya to come to this man's house (Dadaji's) on Sunday." The son asked, "Where?" Dadaji replied, "To the house of Dadaji on Anwar Shah Road."

His two friends had meanwhile left and when the son had finished his drink, Dadaji said, "Go, and hurry home. I, too, am going." He went out wondering who paid the bill and walked to the minibus stop where he met Dadaji again who asked him, "Could you not get into the bus? Oh you want to chew betel leaf! There's the shop. Don't be scared in the dark. I await you to come back." When he came back chewing betel leaf, Dadaji said to him again, "Get into this bus; I, too, am getting in." So he got into the bus, but somehow Dadaji did not; however the entire ride home along the bus route, it was redolent with the Divine Aroma of Dadaji.

Two days later on Sunday, November 2, 1980, I met with Mr Bhattacharya who narrated the entire story to me. He inquired if I or anyone else was with Dadaji between 8 pm and 9 pm the previous Friday when he saw him at the restaurant. I told him that on Friday when I went to Dadaji's house at 8:30 pm I found him watching TV and shortly thereafter he went to his almirah and unlocked it with his keys to check the contents. Boudi, his wife, said that she was at home with Dadaji from 7 pm, and that Mr Madhusudan Dey, an attorney, was with Dadaji from 6 pm. Dadaji did not go out of his home that evening. His grandson was down with a high fever and he massaged the ailing boy for awhile and later went to the roof of his house to take his evening walk for nearly half an hour. After that he came down with a fever; meanwhile the boy's fever was gone. That was all Dadaji did that particular evening.

There was a sequel to this story. When I met him that Sunday evening, Dadaji, of his own accord, narrated a similar story that happened in California in 1980. He said that during his annual tour of America when he was meeting daily with large groups of visitors, one evening Black Hoyle, a film producer and admirer of Dadaji, decided to visit him after 9 pm after an irresistible call to a liquor shop. So, along with two friends, Hoyle went into a bar and was enjoying the revelry of drinking rounds of liquor. After awhile he saw Dadaji entering the bar and apprehending his displeasure, Hoyle set his glass down on the table. Dadaji indulgently said, "Take the draught in full; but, don't take any more." And, come sharp (to my place)." So the group finished their drinks and sped to the place where Dadaji was scheduled to hold audience.

When they reached there, they met a group of people departing and wondered if they got tired and had given up on waiting to see Dadaji. They asked, "Why are you leaving? Dadaji must have just arrived." A bit confused the departing group said, "We have been here with Dadaji since 7 pm." Hoyle and his friends went straight to Abhi Bhattacharya and asked if Dadaji had left earlier and just returned. Smiling, Abhi said, "No, no, Dadaji didn't go out. Just go to him." So they joined the group sitting with Dadaji and after taking their seats, Dadaji, curiously enough, changed the subject of his discourse and started light-heartedly to plead against over-indulgence in drinks.



Roma Mukerjee at Satyanarayan Bhavan - 1982

On March 10, 1974, a daughter-in-law of Mr G.T. Kamdar entered the Satyanarayan Bhavan in Bhavnagar (city in north west India) that the family had constructed. She came to take out the offerings previously served to the marble statue of Satyanarayan. As she opened the door, with stunned horripilation (goose flesh), she discovered Dadaji making modest work of the food offerings. She stood rooted to the floor, overcome with tears of joy and tremors of alarm.

When Dadaji finished eating, he planted a kiss on her left cheek and departed. The fortunate lady turned back only to get a strong Aroma of Dadaji; he himself was nowhere to be found. At the time Dadaji was in his Calcutta home, talking to some visitors. This was not the first time Dadaji appeared as a vision in the flesh at the Satyanarayan Bhavan; they were not few and far between, but copious and at time in rapid succession, witnessed by different members of Mr Kamdar's family and by others, too.

The Kamdar's family grand matriarch and paragon of devotion Mrs Champaben Kamdar had such visions galore. Dadaji

appeared unto her, kissing and hugging her or standing in front in a blessing posture, in health and in sickness, until her self-outpouring demise.

In 1974, Professor Doctor Dilip Chatterji was in America doing his Masters in History. On the morning of March 8th, he was having his breakfast when he saw Dadaji standing before him in a benign posture. He prostrated himself before Dadaji and took the dust of his feet after kissing them; then they talked for awhile. Dadaji revived his drooping spirits with words of encouragement, kissed him and went out of doors not to be traced again except for his lingering Divine Fragrance. On another occasion Dadaji appeared before him, thrust Sandesh (Indian sweets) into his mouth, blessed him and evaporated.

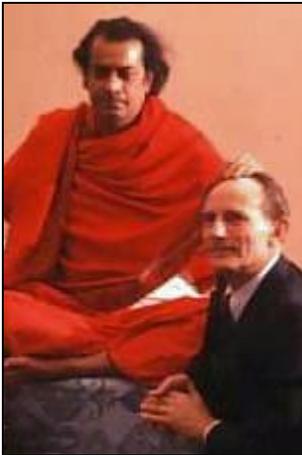
Previously I referred to Atulananda Chakrabarti, the author of The Dada Movement. (free download of book at <http://dadaji.info/FREE.DADAJI.BOOKS.HTM>) The boss of his grandson-in-law was for some time insisting on him to take him once to Dadaji. But the guy, for reasons best known to him was deferring the matter indefinitely. Naturally his boss grew very impatient and was on the lookout for an opportunity to go by himself to see Dadaji. Soon the opportunity presented itself; in 1978 Dadaji was going to undertake his first tour of Western countries. From Calcutta he would go to London via Delhi, halting there for a few days. On the day of his departure, Dadaji reached Dumdum Airport in Calcutta round 6 am. The plane for Delhi was to depart at 9:30 am. The word reached the boss about Dadaji's flight plans and not knowing the exact departure time he, along with Abhi Bhattacharya's sister who he picked up on the way, drove to the airport that morning, reaching there at 10:00 am. They went to the VIP waiting room and both saw Dadaji there seated on a sofa, profusely garlanded and surrounded by hundreds of devotees. They couldn't get through the throng of people, so they went outside and waited in a convenient niche. After a half hour had passed, they went back inside and found the waiting room vacant. They learned to their dismay that the plane had departed at its scheduled time of 9:30 am. Both agreed the vision of Dadaji they saw sitting on the sofa was too vivid to be brushed off as fantasy, particularly because it was shared by both of them for a considerable period of time. Another day the boss, his wife, son and daughter were watching their television set and saw

Dadaji waving his hand while disembarking from a plane, but such a scene was never broadcast on any Indian TV station.

On July 26, 1974, Mrs Santi Sen, my wife, went to Ballygunge on some business in the afternoon. At about 7 pm, while returning home in a bus, she thought of going to visit Dadaji at his home to tell Boudi, his wife, that she would come again the next day and bring cooked food, including her choice of vegetables. While she was musing thus within herself, she saw Dadaji walking with a downcast look by the Vivekananda cloth store; he held the dangling skirt of his dhoti in his left hand. There was a sea of heads of the crowds walking around him, but Dadaji was walking in leonine mien (noble manner) along all alone. His neck was shining bright, his black hair flowed from his head and he was wearing a delicately twisted dhoti and half-sleeve shirt. She was suffused with Dadaji's Divine Aroma. The next day forenoon I went to meet Dadaji and the first thing he confided was, "Yesterday evening your Dada was in four places: at home talking to Dr Nanigopal Banerji; reclining in a bed in the house of Minudi (Mrs Minati De); in the house of Gopal Banerji; and, near Kalomanik (my wife, Mrs. Santi Sen)."

In April 1974, Dr Tikadar, Deputy Director of the Geological Survey of India, was conducted into Mahanam by Dadaji. When he got home, he was amazed to hear that Dadaji had come to his home and visited his wife and kissed her at the very same time.

Mr Bijoy Ghosh, along with Mr Joydeb Dutta, was known to those in Dadaji's circle as his photographer. Mr Ghosh's niece lives in London with her physician husband. She does Satyanarayan Puja regularly. One day when she was making arrangements for Puja, a person in a Lungi and half-sleeve shirt appeared before her husband in his medical chamber located in his home and said, "I am suffering from acute back pain. Oh, you wife knows me very well. I reside at Prince Anwar Shah Road in Calcutta." The doctor had not met Dadaji before and politely offered him a seat, saying, "Let me fetch a cup of tea for you." His wife prepared a cup of tea and went with her husband to his chamber, but there was no Lungi-clad Bengali in half-sleeve Kurta to be found there. The lingering Aroma of Dadaji infected them for quite a long time and the wife had no difficulty recognizing it as Dadaji's, although she confirmed it with her Uncle, Mr Bijoy Ghosh in Calcutta.



Dadaji & Dr Karlis Osis
Calcutta 1974

In December 1976, Harvey Freeman, Dr Karlis Osis and his associate Dr Heraldsson arranged for a Dadaji congregation at Washington DC. Though at that time Dadaji had not yet travelled to USA or even Europe, the gathering was a great success from all points of view: attendance, devotion to Truth, and the unexpected final manifestation of Truth in an appearance by Dadaji. They started singing Ramaiva Sharanam song composed by Dadaji, and Hare Krishna. After awhile the entire gathering was rendered speechless when Dadaji appeared on the Dias and started playing on the harmonium and singing in his melodious voice. Everyone was enthralled. There was a tug of war between the music and Dadaji's Divine Aroma which filled the room. After awhile Dadaji stood before the microphone and addressed the congregation. It was a sequence of events that they could not have imagined; they were spell bound and joy overflowed as their eyes were riveted on Dadaji. After awhile, Dadaji disappeared. Later Dr Osis reported the whole affair in a letter to Dadaji who was at home, in Calcutta, at the time of the gathering. Dr Osis' letter was read out by Mr Balaram Misra, Chief Executive

Engineer to the Government of Orissa, to people gathered in Dadaji's home on January 8, 1977. A letter from Harvey Freeman with details of the gathering had arrived at Dadaji's home a few days earlier; Harvey reported that "Truth spoke" on the occasion.

Now I will share two stories about Gautam Mukerji, a gay young man and son of Dr Samiran and Mrs Gouri Mukerji. Gautam was given to drumming about in childlike exuberance when seeing the supernatural powers of Dadaji, in sharp contrast to Gautam's silent, unceremonious love for Dadaji. For his devotion he fared often as the butt end of ridicule by his friends. One day in December 1980 while Gautam was busy at his desk in his office, his friends started to tease him saying, "Is your Dadaji omnipresent like Nrskingha (man-lion incarnation)?"

Unswervingly, Gautam replied, "Yes." There was a lull until the lunch break and meanwhile the friends had hatched a sinister plot to ridicule and ostracize him from Dadaji. When Gautam was eating lunch at his desk, his friends were lunching in an adjoining anteroom, the door of which was alternatively being slammed shut and flung open time and again by a violent intriguing wind. Eventually the door closed without reopening. His friends shouted, "Hi, Gautam! Here is your chance. Ask your Dadaji to appear here, open the door and fix it to avoid further banging and closure."

It was an acid test for poor Gautam, who was lost in himself in Dadaji submission. Dadaji suddenly appeared there wearing a maroon lungi and half-sleeve shirt, looking shiny bright in forlorn majesty. Dadaji opened the door, fixed it so it would no longer bang, and then chirped out to them, "So you have it all." Before they could recover from their shock, Dadaji disappeared leaving behind a strong suffocating Divine Aroma never smelled before by them. Gautam experienced joyous abandon.

The second story about Gautam Mukerji is of a different sort, for it does not bear upon the multiple manifestations of Dadaji at all. It deals with the multiple manifestation of Gautam himself, monitored of course by Dadaji. In fact, Dadaji was present in person on the spot before and after the operation of the incident. This is a new dimension of the multiple manifestation motif of Dadaji. To preface this story I will narrate a few other similar incidents.

A lady in great torment tried to visit Dadaji at Bhavnagar, but there was a huge crowd gathered there and a stampede of men ensued, denying her entry. In great dismay she returned to her hotel; as she arrived she found Dadaji and Abhi Bhattacharya standing beside the entrance gate. Dadaji talked to her for awhile and the two disappeared thereafter. Now in this case, not only Dadaji but Abhi, too, had multiple manifestations; this has been called the second dimension. There have been such two dimensional manifestations a number of times in Calcutta, Bombay, Delhi and London.

On another occasion, Mrs Madhuri Maitra, wife of Dr Manash Maitra, nurtured a false vanity that unless she accompanied Dadaji, no Satyanarayana Puja would happen at all. So on one Puja occasion, she resisted going with Dadaji saying she would have to look after her ailing mother-in-law who would otherwise be left alone. Dadaji went to attend the Puja along with Dr Maitra and his son. The music started. When Dadaji entered the Puja room, the tempo of the music began rising, soon reaching a crescendo. Everyone was lost in the rapture of the music. But someone struck a discordant note and pushing gently into Dr Maitra whispered in his ear, "Look over there. Your wife is lost in singing with closed eyes. She can't avoid being in the Puja." Dr Maitra was a bit confused, but he and his son both saw her singing with full absorption. How could she come? With whom? They were puzzled. Dadaji came out of the Puja room and the music stopped. Prasad was distributed and after that they took leave of Dadaji to return home. Looking for his wife to accompany them, she was nowhere to be found. They rushed home only to learn from her that she did not stir from the house all day. Here we find multiple manifestation of Mrs Maitra only. This type of second dimensional manifestation occurred several times in Calcutta, the blessed bunch of beneficiaries (i.e. manifestees) being Jatin Bhattacharya, Dinesh Bhattacharya, Minati De, Roma Mukerji, Hena Bose and Geeta Das Gupta.

Now returning to the Gautam Mukherji story; his father Dr Mukerji was involved in a terrible car accident in May 1975, as narrated earlier. When the first had report of Dr Mukherji's accident appeared in print, Dr Osis expressed his desire to tape record a statement of Gautam on it. So Miss Hena Basu took Dr Osis to Gautam's house. At the sight of Gautam, who answered the door, Dr Osis involuntarily shouted, "Gautam! But, I have taken your statement yesterday at Lansdowne Road." "No," said Gautam, "I was not there yesterday or any other day. I never go to any house except Dadaji's to meet him." Even his stubborn denial did not appease Dr Osis who insisted, "No, you were there. You spoke to us. Here is the tape." The tape recording was played for Gautam to hear. "Is it not your voice?" inquired Dr Osis. Gautam found himself in an enigmatic situation, the voice was his undoubtedly, but it was an indubitable fact that he was not present in the specified house on that day. Gautam took it that it was another trickery of delightful Dadaji, who loses no chance of cracking mighty jokes on him. Dr Osis overwhelmed and out of his depth, stood speechless for awhile, then said, "So, this too can happen."

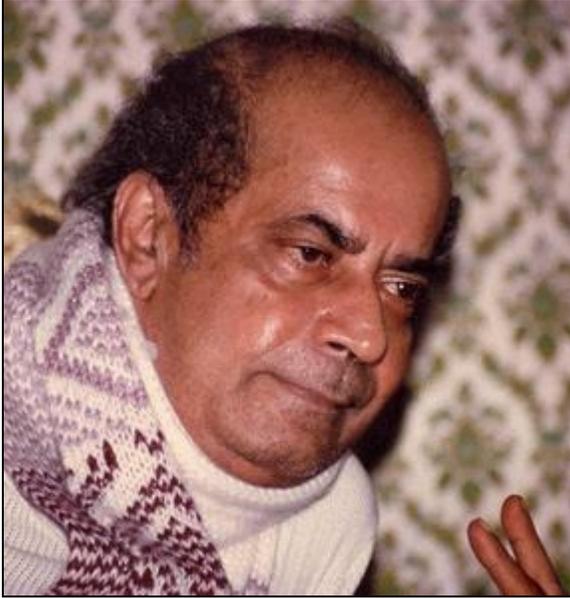
At this point the perceptive reader will ask a two part question: First, of the many Dadaji's synchronizing one another which one is the original, the basic, sparking the others of his kind; or,

all of them identical in every respect? Second, so far as the second dimensional or secondary manifestations are concerned, are they of equal status with their originals? That is to say, is Jatin Bhattacharya appearing in the company of Dadaji in a place where he has not physically gone, illusory; or, is he real for the time being?

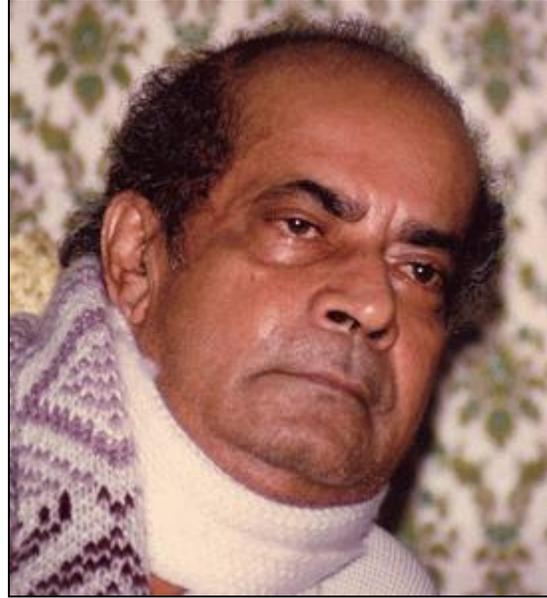
Let us address the first question. Gautam's story proves indisputably that the secondary manifestation is not illusory, but real. It is real not merely as a presentation qua presentation; but, it has activity; it participates in meaningful social behavior. For, the Gautam presented by Dadaji at Lansdowne Road (these secondary manifestations are Dadaji's doings), gives a statement tape recorded by Dr Osis. All of the activity conducted by the secondary manifestation remains unknown to the primary manifestation of Gautam and Jatin. And, unfortunately, in these incidences of secondary manifestations (Jatin and Gautam) what the primary manifestations were doing at the time has not been recorded. Therefore, we do not know if the primary manifestations, for example, were put to sleep or inactivity during the brief representative career of the secondary manifestation. Gautam and Jatin, and others, had nothing to do with their secondary manifestations by way of causing them, monitoring them, knowing about their activities or their final disappearance.

Now how about the many Dadaji's manifested simultaneously in mutually far distance locations. My experience confirms that on the eve of such manifestations, Dadaji is often seen to cease interaction with visitors, breaking the trend of conversation, and remains in a removed posture for some time. At times he is reported to be sleeping in one house and he simultaneously appears in distant places. It may be presumed he is the driving force behind these multiple manifestations when he lapses into no-bodyness. The change in his appearance is noticeable and a profound stillness and equanimity pervades the atmosphere. No one present is inclined to talk or approach him and break the profound atmosphere which is never mentioned or explained. It is a beautiful feeling to be present in those times where Dadaji is clearly in a profoundly altered state. Dadaji lapses into no-bodyness and elevates those gathered to a peace beyond understanding. At such times, it seems Dadaji wills multiple manifestations knowingly. At other times, he doesn't know them at the time but learns of them when people ask him about his simultaneous appearances at distant locations. However the background situations differ from time to time. At times Dadaji remains animated, talking with visitors while multiple manifestations are on the wing.

We have it on the authority of Indian scriptures, particularly the Bhagavat that the body-mind complex that remains even when the others are gone is the basic, original body; that is the source and sustenance of all other body-mind complexes presented in different places at the same time. That is to say, the Dadaji with whom we are having daily repartee is the basic Dadaji who is the source and sustenance of all other Dadaji's presented differing groups of people at different places simultaneously. But, there is another episode to consider before making a final observation on this subject.



Dadaji animated and talking with visitors
Bombay 1985



Dadaji in no-body state
Bombay 1985

It was an incident that occurred in 1968. During this period of his life Dadaji used to enter the Puja chamber in his home around 5 a.m., coming out two or three hours later. Meanwhile the adjacent rooms of the house were filled with visitors. The ground floor of the house was crowded as was the narrow passage from the stairs to the chamber. Mr Jatin Bhattacharya and Mr Anil Maitra were seated on the stairs. Almost two hours had gone by but Dadaji remained in the Puja chamber with the doors closed. A strong Divine Aroma was diffused all about. Suddenly Mr Bhattacharya noticed Dadaji coming out of the bathroom and returning to the Puja chamber. Simultaneously Mr Maitra saw something different; he saw Dadaji going upstairs heading toward the Puja chamber. Shortly thereafter, Dadaji came out of the Puja room chanting "Hari Krishna". Mr Bhattacharya inquired, "How is it we witnessed you earlier coming out of the bathroom and at the same time coming up the stairs headed toward the Puja room?" Dadaji smiled and joyfully said, "That is verily the one sought after; if you could get hold of that, it would have been your supreme fulfillment."

What does his comment imply? It is the indelible experience of many that Dadaji becomes transformed into Satyanarayana in the Puja room, possibly implying that Dadaji is nascent, potential Satyanarayana. But the two men saw Dadaji, not Satyanarayana. The implication may be the same, Dadaji in the Puja room is nascent Dadaji in manifestation. That is to say the latter is the greater of the two, so Dadaji cannot cause such a manifestation; even then he can make it possible by his nobody-ness. He cannot presumably do that anytime at his sweet will like he does the multiple manifestations. Mr Bhattacharya asserted while reporting the incident, "Dadaji is struggling hard to manifest that Dadaji to us. I have track with that Dadaji only." But this becomes irrelevant when it is noted that the two manifestations of Dadaji in this case were not witnessed by all those present at the time; whereas, often multiple manifestations are witnessed by all present. So it is reasonable to conclude that the Dadaji of our daily experience is the source and sustenance of all multiple manifestations of Dadaji; this conclusion is supported by the scriptures. The real, ideal Dadaji is also manifested by him. His state is free from the limitations imposed by the body and mind; he can assume that state any moment, but doesn't persist in that state for long lest his body be evaporated.

There is another sort of manifestation which is of much higher order. It is not a spectacle projected outside of yourself in particular segments of space and time which may be shared by many spectators. It is a flash-out of many divine forms including Dadaji within the vacuous chamber of your heart. It is your exclusively personal experience when your personality is reduced to the minimum. It does not, however rest at that; it flashes forth, not only the multiple

manifestations of divine forms but also the divine sounds in the form of dialogues, interjections of joyous rapture of togetherness and at-one-ment including even the vocabulary of physical fun as a symbol, all divinely oriented, a veritable ballet recital in the Hollywood of your heart in which you are both a participant and spectator.



Ruby Bose and Ann Mills – Utsav at Somnath Hall
Calcutta India 1983

Below I will present some enchanting excerpts relating her experiences from Ruby Bose's personal diary.

Name is being chanted of itself in keeping with the rhythm of respiration. Respiration is moving like a pendulum from the left to the right within me, initially slowly, then faster. The place where Name is being chanted within now reveals a shrine. Dadaji is there standing in the portico, clad in white dhoti. The portico overlooks a garden where Radha and Krishna are being swung to and fro. Krishna is clad in a yellow garment. Dadaji is standing beside the swing monitoring the swinging. The swing is moving in keeping with the rhythm of respiration....Dadaji is diffusing strong Aroma....waves of Divine Fragrance with the chanting of the Name. It invades the entire room (bathroom). Name chants on; I am the listener. Name makes a cruise through my body, in the chest, knees, feet, hands and so forth. Dadaji says, "I will teach you the art of experiencing Divine Bliss through yoking to Him. Mahanama is the passport to an unexplored region." Dadaji is standing in front of me. Behind him is a sunny flight of steps upwards. Dadaji is shrouded all over by whitish and bluish clouds of fog. His face only is visible. He now stands behind me and then sits. The Name is rising upwards within me and then is being sprayed all about my head like a fountain. Then suddenly I felt something gigantic rolling up within me; after that it unrolled itself downward.

Dadaji says, "He has no body; so He neither comes nor goes." Then Dada, standing beside Satyanarayan, calls me, "Come here; do Mahanama;

To put it in a simpler way, you witness within your heart Dadaji and other divine forms talking between themselves with Dadaji's associates and with you, enacting love dramas, merrymaking and so forth.

According to Dadaji it is the rarest possible good fortune in the shape of the loftiest spiritual dispositions and superabundant grace that entitles one to be saturated with such profound experiences in the heart. To this day, Mrs Ruby Bose, wife of Bombay-based film director, Mr Satyan Bose, has been having such colorful intimate experiences constantly with few intermissions since 1971 when she first met Dadaji.

When Dr Gaurinath Sastri was reading out the printed address of Dadaji before the congregation in Mahajati Sadan Hall, Calcutta on the occasion of the centenary celebration of Prabhu Jagadbandhu, he began with, "The assembled intellectuals...." Ruby, who was in Bombay at the time, heard in her heart, "The assembled cows and goats..." Her heart was constantly tuned to Dadaji's prankful words and diverse physical manifestations of Dadaji.

now, do you realize?" While the Name is being chanted I suddenly discover Dada reclining on the framed portrait of Satyanarayana who appears as a transparent film upon his body.

Hearing the chanting of Mahanama from within the heart, I see a shadow upon my body. It felt like Dada is doing something, leaning over my body. Suddenly it felt like a paint brush caressing my face and I felt something stirring within my chest. I discovered it was Dada's feet moving gently causing the Mahanama rhythm chanting within. Then going into the dining room I saw in the dark room a blazing sun, like a lofty podium of light moving back and forth, growing in size, and bursting forth in a deluge of white radiance. Dada says, "You have now become me." The chanting of Mahanama keeps time with the sound of cymbal within my heart. Within me the sound starts gyrating around me.

Then I find a gigantic shrine with many arches through which I pass with the chanting of Mahanama. On the walls around are engraved the images of gods and goddesses. In the interior on the slab of stone is seated Dadaji smiling gently. I notice a fly on my saree and brush it off; the odor of sandalwood surfaces and Dadaji says, "You are but Radha." The chanting Mahanama reaches my cerebrum, and then permeates all about my body which starts rocking in the tune of Mahanama. The jingle of trinkets begins within my heart and I shout, "Hi, Krishna!" within myself. I hear "Hi, Radha!" Both are sounded from within me.

I am singing 'Ramaiva Sharanam' and Dada starts singing with me. He sings a line, and then I repeat it. Thus, within me, we sang the whole of it then we sang 'Hare Krishna'. After that Dada says, "It is the murmur of love." I asked, "Is love a living thing?" He replied, "Yes, it is." I ask Dada from within me "Has it any form?" He replies "No; Truth is Love, Love is Truth."



Photo: Utsav 1986, Ruby Bose on right looking at Dada in Somnath Hall, Calcutta

When Dada talks with many people, he also talks to me from within. Dada is constantly talking within me and I hear my voice within too. I hear within me the voices of Bibhutida, Manadi, Madhudi and Geetadi in response to Dadaji's queries. Joking with me, Dada exclaims, "My, my! Here is Madhudi and Manadi, too." Then he explains (within me), "God is beguiling Himself thus. You are just a listener." He again starts singing with me, "Suffering brushes with the fake Krishna, I chanced upon the real Krishna. I got Krishna to my liking." Then he sang,

"Govind Amiyamadhav, Amiyamadhav Govinda, Gopala Govinda Thakur Dada. Vishnusarma Vishnupriya. Gopala Govinda Vishnusarma Amiyamadhav. Vishnupriya. Gopala Govinda Amiyamadhav Gopala Govinda." Again Dadaji urges me, "What! You are not thinking of me but of Amiyamadhav! Do think of me, invoke me." "Who are you?" I ask from within. "Gopala Govinda," sounds the reply. "I am Gopala Govinda, I am Amiyamadhav. You do really think of and invoke me when you do the same to Amiyamadhav." Then within me sounds a query in a female voice, "Govinda! Where is your letter? This one is addressed to Amiyamadhav." The reply came instantly, "I am Amiyamadhav for sure."

Another day I asked, "Why do I get the odor of new cotton fabric and hear two voices within?" The reply sounded within me, "Splendid! It is ineffable. It cannot be explained in words. The two voices are the sounds of rapport of two female friends, of two Manjari, of Radha and Krishna. It's direct residence in Vrindavana." Dada asks questions within me, another voice responds. Once voice advises to do Mahanama; another voice does it. I am just overhearing them. The two voices are indulging in orgies of falsehood. One voice says, "I am mad in love for you." The other responds, "I, too, am mad in love for you." Then my voice sounds from within me, "I, too, am mad in love for you." Another voice says, "I am mad in love for you all." Who are you all?" I ask. A different voice replies, "Me, you, and Govinda."

The above is a tiny segment of the grand drama of Rasaleela that is being enacted within Ruby's heart daily almost around the clock. It is the most consummate Rasa deluging her entire existence; body, mind, intellect and representative intuition in the spate of the flavor of Mahanama turned fluid. It is undoubtedly an order of manifestation of Dadaji that is far above and beyond the multiple manifestations that have been presented in the foregoing pages. Human history does not provide any information, however scanty, about another person who had such superb experiences in the alcove of the heart. One may announce without any fear of contradiction that Mrs. Ruby Bose is one of the foremost creations, manifestations, of Dadaji, the supernatural, omnipotent wizard capable of affecting anything.



Dadaji & Boudi – Calcutta 1978

According to Mr Abhi Bhattacharya, his cousin Mr Atin Khan also enjoys the supreme fortune of hearing within himself the voice of Dadaji talking to him, as Abhi says, "in a more dynamic way". For now, in the absence of concrete facts, I am not in a position to dwell on Atin's experiences. However, one other person having such experiences galore is Dadaji's counter whole, his spouse, Boudi. She does not come into the limelight of observation, but one day she asserted there is no need for her to go sit near Dadaji to hear his discourses or witness his exploits as they, on the contrary, became manifested to her as a matter of course. Boudi's great responsibility is looking after Dadaji and the family in a way that is not prejudicial to his messianic activities, relieves her of becoming bogged down with such manifestations constantly. It is apparently helpful to Dadaji that Boudi be kept in the dark at times without thwarting her natural title to such divine experiences.

Wonder of wonders! No sooner than the above paragraph been written than the mailperson delivered a letter from Abhi Bhattacharya as a special scriptural manifestation of Dadaji to me. Abhi wrote to say, "During my talks with Atin, Dada often speaks through him to make discussions spicy.

Dadaji enjoys our talks, for example, we were comparing the strong Divine Aroma of Dadaji with the Rigveda concept of the breeze blowing, the river flowing saturated with honey and Dada chimed in within Atin, "[The two brothers are rubbing shoulders to squeeze out the consummation of the Rigveda lore.](#)" Abhi also wrote, "One day I was tape recording the melodious music of Atin at Alipore in Calcutta. During a time of crescendo of the music recital, electric power was cut off and my recorder stalled. Instantly Dada bade Atin within, "[Get going, get going!](#)" The music continued without any break and it was well recorded despite the power outage; possibly the recorder was activated by the current of Dadaji's life force." Such dynamic sonal manifestations of Dadaji within Atin Khan corroborate similar experiences by Ruby Bose and others.

Abhi's letter goes beyond describing Atin's experiences; it reveals a new dimension, a new spiraling arm to the Dadaji-galaxy --- Ms. Ann Mills, the wonderful editor of "THE TRUTH WITHIN - DADAJI". Abhi wrote, "Now Dada is up to it with Ann. She couldn't bring herself, in the teeth of heavy odds, to edit the manuscript of a book penned out by me so Dadaji demanded

within her, 'Complete your editing soon'. Now she is working on my manuscript full steam.”
(NOTE: Abhi's book DESTINY WITH DADAJI is available at
<http://dadaji.info/FREE.DADAJI.BOOKS.HTM>)

So it turns out that many people are beneficiaries of Dadaji's sonal manifestation including Dadaji's wife Boudi, his daughter-in-law Madhumita, Mrs Ruby Bose, Mr Atin Khan, Ms Ann Mills, Dr Chandrakala Swarnkar, Roma Mukerjee Melrose, Mrs Anju Walia, Mrs Kamala, Mrs. Niranjana, Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm, Harvey Freeman and a legion of others.

But that does not end the tally. There is another lady, Mrs. Ranu Sanyal, the granddaughter of the great Yogi Lahiri Mahasay, who happens to exhibit a different pattern of Dadaji manifestation. She is often possessed by Dadaji; and, in that state she give voice to many things about Dadaji and against his detractors, often identifying herself as his mother. She sometimes speaks in English, a language unknown to her. Finally she falls into a swoon and the Divine Aroma of Dadaji comes from her body.

There may be others who might have had or are still having these sonal and/or visual manifestations, for some are disinclined to speak publically about their intimate experiences with Dadaji. A few others, meek and unassuming people, do not get into the limelight to disclose their hearts to others. Apart from that, sonal manifestation may take other different forms outside oneself; one may hear something whispered into ones ear by Dadaji. Or, Dadaji may speak out from a secluded niche of a room or from an adjoining room. Also, sonal manifestations may emanate from a portrait of Satyanarayan or a photo of Dadaji.



Satyanarayan Portrait dripping with fragrant
Divine Nectar in Puja Room at
Somnath Hall, Calcutta – 1983 Utsav

One day Mrs Santi Sen, my wife, was anointing the Satyanarayan portrait with dots of sandal paste. Suddenly she heard a feeble voice supplicating, "Please don't anoint me, I suffer pain." She stopped the practice for a long period of time, relapsing later to resume her sandal anointing habit without consequence. Photos of Dadaji have also been reported to have talked many times in extreme emergency; for example to Mr. N.D. Jaisural, who hears Dadaji speak within him and also from without. Earlier I mentioned how Dadaji's portrait smoked cigarettes from the hand of Mr. Khan and ate chops from the hand of Abhi Bhattacharya. The uniqueness of the matter is that it happens when they are present to observe. Another sort of manifestation is swirling cigarette smoke in a room, suggesting Dadaji is there smoking, when he is in fact not physically present and no one else is smoking. It is mostly followed by a deluge of Dadaji's Divine Aroma.

At times it has been observed that a Satyanarayan portrait appears to have anointed itself, exhibiting dots of sandal paste and also streaks of divine nectar, a fragrant honey-like

substance on the glass, which on some occasions spells the word OM. At other times a portrait is found sweating, possibly indicating how hard Dadaji is trying to save some one in the family from grave danger. Finally, a portrait hung on the wall with strings and hook firmly set in place suddenly drops and bounces off the marble floor undamaged, timed as if to express Dadaji's approval of and rejoicing in a decision taken by a family in a critical situation, as happened to Mr. Nikhil Dutta Roy and many others on different occasions.

So far I have written about Dadaji's multiple manifestations presented to the eye, the ear, and the nose. Now I will describe tactual-auditory manifestations; experiences which happen mostly to a multitude of women of various ages, and now and then to men. Individuals have described walking alone on their way to a destination and feeling like someone is following them. They turn back over and over, hearing the sounds of footsteps behind them only to find no one

there. Others describe someone clinging to them or pulling at their garments from behind them. Looking back and around they found no one there. Repeated incidents of this kind of undetected trickery struck terror into their hearts and at that very moment of scary desperation their spirits were boosted by Dadaji's Aroma. They instantly knew Dadaji had granted them the good fortune of making a Gopi out of them as they participated in the sequentially unfolding mystery play of Dadaji's self-manifestation.

A similar experience occurred to a couple when during sleep; both of them felt someone lying in between them, separating one from another. The wife felt she was fondled all night by Dadaji and in the morning her husband found her bosom redolent with Dadaji's Fragrance. With great relish, Dadaji shared such spicy stories before a gathering of people, much to the great discomfort and abashment of the woman. It was Mr and Mrs Dinesh Chakravurty of Batanagar who were the proud participants of such profound frolics of Dadaji and they won't grudge their names being published in such a colorful setting.

Now I will relate two stories about a strange, weird, ghostly, indeed, sort of manifestation in which Dadaji plays it all alone in a house, the residents having all departed to their respective vocations. Stories such as these are legion; however it will suffice to mention these two representative events. In 1973 in the home of Mr Dinesh Chakravurty of Batanagar, which is a colony of the employees of Bata Shoe Co who are a closely knit community, drawn closer through their intense interest in Hari Samkirtan (congregational singing of the Lord's Name) hosted weekly throughout the year by various families in turn each weekend. It is their principle pastime, entertainment and social forum. That is why Dadaji loves them so dearly.

One Saturday night, Mr Chakravurty, after supper, went along with his wife and only daughter to a nearby house where singing had begun. Before leaving home he confirmed the doors and windows were all shut and locked. The music continued in full swing and soon it rose to a thrilling crescendo; all present were lost in its overwhelming melody. Somehow, contrary to his usual experience, Mr Chakravurty was missing the rapture of the song as he was constantly being prodded by a nagging confusion trying to recall if he had locked the door when he left home. He grew fidgety. Eventually he slipped out of the congregation and went home only to find his house in a rapture of lights in all rooms. But, no one was home and he'd left the lights off. As he watched through a window one light bulb, came on then went off, on, off, on, off in rapid succession. His courage failed him and he raised the alarm calling a neighbor to help him. Many people surrounded the house thinking there must be a burglar inside. Meanwhile the bulb stopped flickering and Mr Chakravurty unlocked the front door. This done those gathered carefully opened the door, went into the house and started looking cautiously in every room for the miscreant. They found no one. Mr Chakravurty thanked them for their help and asked them to keep an eye on the house when he returned to the congregation.

He returned to the congregation in high spirits convinced the episode was of Dadaji's making, even though his joy was limited since it was limited by the absence of Dadaji's Aroma which typically confirms his presence during such mysterious experiences. However, later when they returned home after the music ended, and unlocked the door to their home they were drowned in a deluge of the strong Aroma of Dadaji. On the morrow when they woke up from a blissful, rapturous sleep, they rollicked with surfeiting joy to find implanted on the cement floor of their bedroom the tiny footprints of the toddler Krishna. The imprints remained whole for years thereafter; the last notice of them was in January 1991. Thus Dadaji demonstrated that if you submit, he will look after your safety and security.

The second story is as follows. One evening Dr Samiran Mukherji went to his medical chamber to attend to his patients; Gouri Devi, his wife, went to a relative's house and their son, Gautam, went out to have a jolly time with his friends. The house was empty until they returned home around 9:30 pm. On entering the house they were faced with a stuffy foggy atmosphere as though withholding something that would unfold itself shortly. Gautam was annoyed to find his room in a hopeless mess; books piled on the floor, Dadaji's photos had changed positions and some were facing the wall, and the entire room of furniture and other articles was plastered with red and pink powder. With a thrill, Gautam then realized the fugitive hand of Dadaji was active in the house during their absence.

He looked for the radio, his parents being concerned it had been stolen, and he found it in another room by a wide open window overlooking the next building. His neighbor yelled, "It's

not nice of you to try our patience in such savage fashion. Who was it that kept the radio playing at top volume with the window flung open?" Gautam replied, "I do not know. We were not home." He took his radio back to his room and went to tell his parent of Dadaji's intrigue.



Gautam Mukerji and his father Dr. Samiran Mukerji
in their Calcutta home - 1986

Meanwhile the phone rang and he went to answer it. "Hello, Gautam speaking," he said. "When did you get back home," the caller queried, "around 9:30 pm? Your father?" Gautam replied, "All together, around 9:30 pm." "Do you have a full time male housekeeper?" the caller asked. "No, never, but why do you ask such a question?" Gautam asked. "Look here," quipped the caller, "I rang up your mother and someone answered the phone saying she was not home, that she would return around 9:30 pm." Then I asked the same questions about your father and yourself in succession, and the man who answered replied the same. Who might the fellow

be? When I argued with him saying they are all returning home from different places at the same time, 9:30 pm, the fellow replied, "Tonight they are." Gautam said, "You know it all then, but you don't trust me, so let go of the matter." Then the entire house was deluged with Dadaji's Aroma reminding the family of their renewed submission to Dadaji.

C – Playful Omniscience

What is omniscience? Scientist will scoff at the question outright, for even they are only near-omniscient in as much as they know all worldly happenings, so they claim, in broad outlines ever since after the Big Bank explosion. However this is sort of sketchy, if not disputed and dubious, information about the different geological epochs of the Earth and its atmosphere is but knowledge, at best, of the important milestones in the evolution of the earth and the diverse forms of life on it. But, that is the farthest from what is connoted by omniscience.

All the scriptures of the world tell us that God is omniscient; that He knows every moment whatever happens anywhere in the unimaginably vast universe; that even a blade of grass moving does not escape His notice. This is what Omniscience really means.

To elucidate, God knows all occurrences in the infinite space around in the three dimensions of time bearing upon the universe and its creatures, collectively and severally, in general and in particular, in the abstract and in the concrete in their minutest ramifications. So, it goes without saying that any form of occultism, astrology, voodooism, crystal gazing, clairvoyance and clairauidence can by no means entitle one to such omniscience. Nor can Nostradamus who used to look into a brass bowl filled with water at dead of night and make startling predictions lay any claim to such omniscience. For, his spectacular predictions are flanked by equally spectacular misfires. And the omniscience we are going to deal with herein does not depend upon a diagram, a crystal ball, a brass bowl, a magic staff or any other tool or propitious time for its emergence. It happens of itself through the inscrutable power of the person who exhibits it. At best, it needs an ogling upwards, and nothing else.

How can a person, conditioned as he or she is by the body, mind, intellect and so forth, briefly, by the discrete individuality, aspire to be omniscient? The question may equally well be set off against the God of certain sectors of human society. For, there are some theological

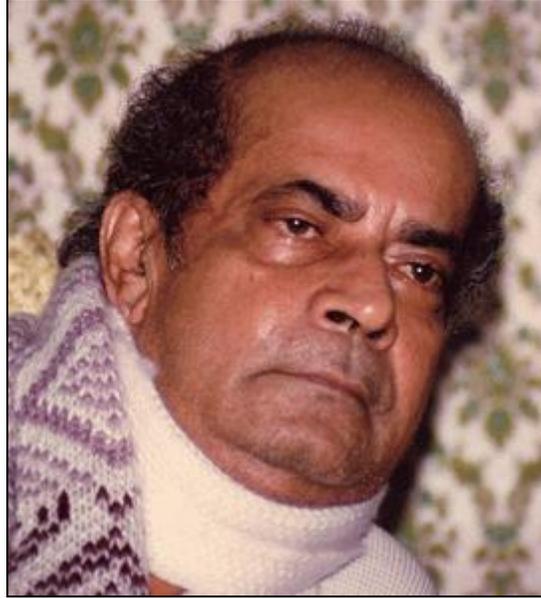
systems in which God is accorded omnipotence and omniscience while divesting Him of omnipresence. If God, without being omnipresent, can be omniscient despite that limitation, why should not humans at least have a potential for that? The Indian scriptures also affirm, beside the Absolute Brahma, a personal God residing in a particular realm. But, they hold at the same time that the body of God, which is non-different from the Spirit, and His realm are both infinite. So they are both omnipresent. Apart from that, they further assure us that just as the rays of the sun located in its sphere are disseminated all about, so the power and knowledge of God pervade the entire existence. That evidently must be the argument offered by the other theological systems to bear upon the present issue. But what about humans? How can the concept be at all even a debatable issue for them?

Let us start negotiating it from a commonsense point of view. Many must have noticed a strange phenomenon appearing in recurrent strains in their lives: the phenomenon of the coincidence of an identical thought, desire or question in two persons and that quite out of context. Suppose you are having dinner with your spouse, son and daughter and are discussing gastronomic delicacies with them. Suddenly you say, "The mortgage payment must be made this Saturday." Or, "I must make a money order to my Mummy this weekend." Or, "Let us go visit Luray Cavern this weekend." Comment made out of context and your spouse immediately says, "Excellent, I too was just going to say the identical thing. You have forestalled me by a second or two." This coincidence may happen between not only close relatives, but also between friends, acquaintances, and even between two people who have never met before. That is why some thinkers speak of a "community of minds" or a "pool of minds" from which your mind can get a clear signal of the thought processes in another mind at a particular point in time. This can only work in an extremely limited sphere for a limited number of times in your life. And, that too, is not at your beck and call like the power of a thought reader.

Let us now consider a cognate situation. Suppose you are talking to friends or your family. And, quite contrary to or leagues apart from the trend of talks, you say, "Hi, Mr. X has not been calling us for the last one week or so. What has happened to him?" Even before you finish a phone call comes from Mr. X. Or, you may just express your anxiety for your son's delay in arriving home from his office; and, the next moment you find his car driving into the garage. Or, imagine an altogether different scenario. Your relative is in great trouble in a very distant land, and you grow worried to the point of being tormented by macabre thoughts without any ostensible reason. These all demonstrate that while the mind can sneak into the thoughts of another mind, the coming or present events may cast their shadows on minds emotionally attached to the person in the grip of a catastrophe. This is what thought reading and telepathy are all about. And if this faculty of the mind is developed and cultivated through yoga and other means, it may lead to clairvoyance and clairaudience and other astounding mental feats. Nevertheless, it can never lead to anywhere near omniscience which is a supramundane feat inaccessible by human means.

Dadaji clears the mist thick-set around the concept of omniscience. He tells us that space and time are concoctions of the mind. "Where do you find space?" He asks us, "It is but a speck." Just as is time. The geometrizing faculty of mind improvised space and time in order that it may function properly and grow, grow and function properly through a sequence of endless interdependences. Beyond mind, that is to say, when the mind is dormant, being only a passive receptor, shorn of its ever-changing modalities, there is only one reality with many facets interpenetrating one another without exhibiting any real difference amongst them. This is the plane where you can have real contact with the 'community of minds' and can thus know and predict anything you like. We see through the mind encased in the body that spurs it on to diverse activities. The mind and the body are limitations to themselves and to each other.

The mind is freer than the body, and being charged by constant bipolarity keeps spinning out discrete, self-sufficient images, moulds, systems that are mutilated, insular fragments of the monolithic whole of the one reality. Realities of mind are like so many isles cut off from one another, floating in the ocean of consciousness. Our intellect and imagination integrate and synthesize them, in diverse ways, to form different hierarchies of groups according to homogeneity, affinity and working compatibility. Confusion is worse confounded, and we finally divide the whole world into two warring camps, each harboring internecine strife's now and then.



In the beyond mind state one may catch contagion of the split vibrations...supramental, though derivative and low-graded...upholding the psychophysical universe manifested all about and may have glimpses, like flashes of lightning, of elsewhere and elsewhen happenings around the world. Dadaji is sui generis. The world had never before witnessed such a colossal manifestation of the Divinity. His mind is Mahanama Itself. He Himself being beyond even that. And, His body, though material, is yet transcendental...though every other second, from our standpoint...every point-instant of His mundane physical existence and is the keyboard of the infinite vibrations sparked by the Will Supreme in a bid for formal creation. It is a fait accompli for Him, His omniscience. As He Himself has asserted, **“One who has contact with the vibration has Infinity in one’s grip.”**

Dadaji further asserts, **“There is such a neutral force in this world that you may witness from any point of space incidents occurring in any other point of space.”** Science has no knowledge of this neutral force, though Dadaji knows it all. IT is normal with Dadaji to get to know anything that happens, happened or will happen anywhere in the vast universe known to modern science. The Indian scriptures and Dadaji also speak of infinite universes. A universe is a group of planets revolving around a single sun. A different sun, a different universe. There are as many universes as there are suns. Science to this day has not categorically affirmed the existence of any other sun. Be that as it may, Dadaji takes toll of the infinite occurrences in infinite universes all the time. What monstrous gullibility! Maybe it is far above and beyond the gullibility betrayed by any modern lay person in respect of the outer space research by modern scientists. But, dear me, it can’t be helped anyway. Dadaji moves faster than light, faster than even the mind to make everything possible for Him who appears to be at rest while moving His pastes. Of that I will speak presently.

So far we have been trying to negotiate omniscience from the viewpoint of ‘Superscience’ as postulated by Dadaji, thus steering clear of the charge of flouting his full-throated forbidding to the effect, **“Don’t try to understand.”** Now the same is being negotiated from the ontological point of view. He has given ample proof of the fact that He resides in all as Truth Within through Mrs. Ruby Bose, Mr. Atin Khan, Mrs Chandrakala Swarnakar, Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm and Ann Mills, as well as a good many others. He is in the heart, in the mind, in the body of all as Mahanam, as also in external nature, controlling, propelling and waylaying them all. He is the mind, the body of all minds and bodies. He gives rise to waves of thoughts...of love, of hate, of jealousy, of lust and cupidity, of fraud and hypocrisy, of skepticism and denial...confusing people and setting them one against another and again reconciling them. He confounds the policeman, the ticket checker, the customs officer, the pilot, even the heads of states to save His ardent devotee. These are all well documented facts that go to prove His control over all. Being within all, as He is in reality, and

which He asserts verbally now and then in the third person, it is only natural that He would be omniscient, however difficult it might be for us to swallow this fantastic proposition.

The plethora of incontrovertible facts point overwhelmingly to one conclusion: His immaculate omniscience. But, what does that mean? Does it imply that Dadaji knows everything at the moment of its occurrence through every point-instant of His life? No, that is not possible for one coming as a human. Dadaji assures us; the Absolute can never come as a human. It has Its Manifestation through Godly incarnations. Dadaji is the fullest manifestation of the Absolute on earth, the like of which has never appeared before in creation. It will never occur again until and unless there is a new creation. This is an esoteric truth which has been delivered to us, in reality to Abhi Bhattacharya, Dadaji's servitor, counter whole by Dadaji. The Indian scriptures, too, cryptically speak of this truth in a different setting. Be that as it may, even then Dadaji, as we know him in human body, cannot know everything, every moment of his life. For in that case, his body would evaporate after a time. Despite that, Dadaji can know in a split second anything of the past, present, or future occurrences at will. Beyond that he knows everything of the universe-drama as consciousness, thought not as self-consciousness. His constant omniscience holds together the diversified universe-process that would fall apart without it. That is why He often is heard to say, "Even if He sleeps, He doesn't sleep really, one eye remains awake all throughout. Otherwise there will be all out destruction."

In the foregoing pages we had innumerable occasions not merely to refer to incidentally, but cruise silently through the incidents of His omniscience that is woven inalienably into the fabric of His supernatural exploits. Indeed, omniscience is at the base of most of such supernatural manifestations. It is omniscience that spurs Dadaji on to supernatural activities in infinite grace to negotiate the rough edges in the lives of devotees. It is omniscience, again, that prompts Dadaji to manifest from the Void valuable goods, as, for instance, a bottle of scotch whiskey for the thirsty palate and the fidgety mind of a devotee, or a gold necklace, a Rolex watch, a platinum-gold-diamond fountain pen to pander to the craze for razzle-dazzle of this or that devotee. It was omniscience yet again when Dadaji said to Mr H.P. Roy, a noted Bengali industrialist, at the house of Mr Parimal Mukerji in Ritchie Road, Calcutta, "Don't you have two thousand five hundred rupees in your pocket? Give it presently to Harvey Freeman. And, you have to give him five thousand more later. He has lost everything somehow." The dared Mr Roy gives the entire bundle of money out of his pocket to Mr Freeman and when counted came up to just the said amount of money.

One day, Mr Nikhil Dutta Roy, ardent lover of Dadaji, came to visit at his residence around 3 PM. It was long past the time for lunch; and it was far ahead of tea time for Dadaji. But, seeing Mr Roy, Dadaji went into the bathroom and came back in a moment holding a big earthen pot filled with Rasagollas, juice balls of heavy cream, a delicious variety of Bengali sweets. Dadaji made him devour them and after the princely voracious repast, Mr Roy confessed he was dead hungry and famished to the point of groaning when he arrived. Is not this omniscience?

If you prefer to call it thought reading, likely to be demonstrated by a multitude of psychics the world over....really?! Is thought reading so effortless and spontaneous? Is it able to tell you your pulse rate, blood pressure, cholesterol and sugar count, as Dadaji has done numerous times upon seeing someone come to visit? Is it thought reading when Dadaji inserts a packet of Benares sweets into the trunk of the care of Mr P.C. Sorkar, the world famous magician, forestalling his request for the same upon his arrival at Dadaji's residence? Is it thought reading when Dadaji says, "Can the judge, the public prosecutor and the defense lawyer function in a court without gowns on? A gownless court will hold audience tomorrow." The truth of his statement was confirmed on the morrow. Is it so when Dadaji says, "I have come to Orissa for Besanti (Balaram Misra's wife)." Or, "I have come to Germany for a renowned professor and orientalist (Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm)."

To be continued....

