

ON

Dadaji

Volume IV

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## Foreword

'Truth expressed is Truth expired'—the message of Shri Shri Satyanarayana. All expression, all manifestation is short of immaculate Truth and is maya, though not in the traditional sense of the term. And the book at hand essays to express the Truth Eternal and to manifest the perennial philosophy of Dadaji ! That is verily the problem I have to negotiate with.

Truth is self-evident and self-manifest. We put the cart of our egoity before the horse of Truth Infinite, concretise it, make idolatry of it and it is mummified in no time. What may very well appear merely as a symbol is individualised and is given 'a local habitation and a name'. And this finitude desecrates it through and through. If, on the contrary, Truth Itself could speak out in a voice that has no vestige of the ego and if we could attune ourselves to It likewise, it would have been all right. That is why the Bhagavata is taken as the verbal representative of Krishna. And Dadaji avers that it was Krishna Himself who composed the Bhagavata through Vedavyasa. If the writers of this book had made themselves completely void to make room for the autocracy of the Truth Infinite is for Dadaji alone to judge. The measure of success of this book is commensurate with the measure of evaporation of ego the writers have been able to achieve.

But, why such a book at all? Is it not a veiled way of throwing the lie direct to the first and foremost premise of Dadaji's philosophy that no human being can ever be a guru? Yes, the objection is quite pertinent and titanic at that. But, the answer is so simple that it fights shy of adequate expression. The writers are not assuredly thrusting the philosophy of Dadaji, or for the matter of that, the philosophy of Truth upon the prospective readers. It is Truth speaking out to Truth; or else, it is trash. You have nothing to get from without. Everything



that is, is within. The book cannot instil into your being any dogma or doctrine. No grafting is at all possible. Despite all that, the book toes the line of an incarnation of godhead. An incarnation is in all senses a human being ; still he is not. What is empiric turns metempiric the moment the specks fall off from your eyes. If you take the book as a particular book, it is as good or as bad as a novel, or even pornography. But, if it gnaws into your being in spite of yourself, it is no book ; it is the Guru within—your ineluctable self-identity.

The philosophy of Dadaji is revolutionary from end to end. One world, one human race, one language, one space, one time and one religion ! And, on top of all, one impartite reality ! Religion and life are coterminous ! The ideas are romantic in their depth-charge. Emergence of Svabhava is the real sannyasa ; consciousness, passive although, of the Mahanama chanting of Itself within is to be a Brahmachari ; and complete merger with It is to be a grihastha ! Nama and prema are the only way to Him ! And that way too is your existence itself ! The charm of these beatific gospels, that form the bed-rock of this book, beggars any computation. But, it is not for me to wax eloquent on them. In its original plan the book was to have been of three sections : Section A comprising the sayings of Dadaji followed by Sections B and C consisting of the writings of Dr. Pandit and Dr. Nani Lal Sen respectively. But, as time wore on and the press enigmatically made no headway, it was thought to insert advisable the article of Mr. Kamdar as Section B. And in this new shape, the brick-and-mortar of the book lay in icy cold storage of the press for nearly a year. Meanwhile, Dadaji had finished his swimming tour of Britain, Germany and nearly a dozen of the states of the U.S.A. New articles on Truth and Dadaji penned by the topmost talents of incontestable credentials and authority were swarming in and the editor, now buoyed by the static cavalcade of the press, started bagging the articles one after another and presenting them in Section D forming the corpus of the book. And then was appended 'The epilogue' to the book.

And the editor has at long last stumbled into a phenomenal success in the job of editing through the generous co-operation

of a new press. The plucky proprietor of Byabosa-o Banijya deserves unreserved thanks for rushing through the press and delivering the book within the space of three fortnights only. The binder and the block-maker also deserve thanks for their promptitude and fine execution.

I shall be failing in my duty as editor, if I do not praise the efforts of some of my gurubhais in helping me collect and arrange the articles from journals and in type-script.

It is no business of mine to introduce the book to the reading public. I only look forward to the day when such books will be woven into the very fabric of our being and Dadaji's mission will be fulfilled. Omiyam Brahma Tadvanam.

**R. L. Datta**

*The editor,*

Calcutta,

**PRESIDENT,**

October 3, 1978.

**INTERNATIONAL SOLAR ENERGY  
SOCIETY**

## Preface to the 2nd Edition On Dadaji—Vol IV

Dr. Dilip Chattopadhyay

We feel happy to be able to present the Fourth Volume of 'On Dadaji' to the reading public. As in volumes 3 and 5 of this series, the current volume also has been themewise arranged. The purpose of this is to give the readers as far as practicable a coherent understanding and insight into the unique philosophy and teachings of Dadaji.

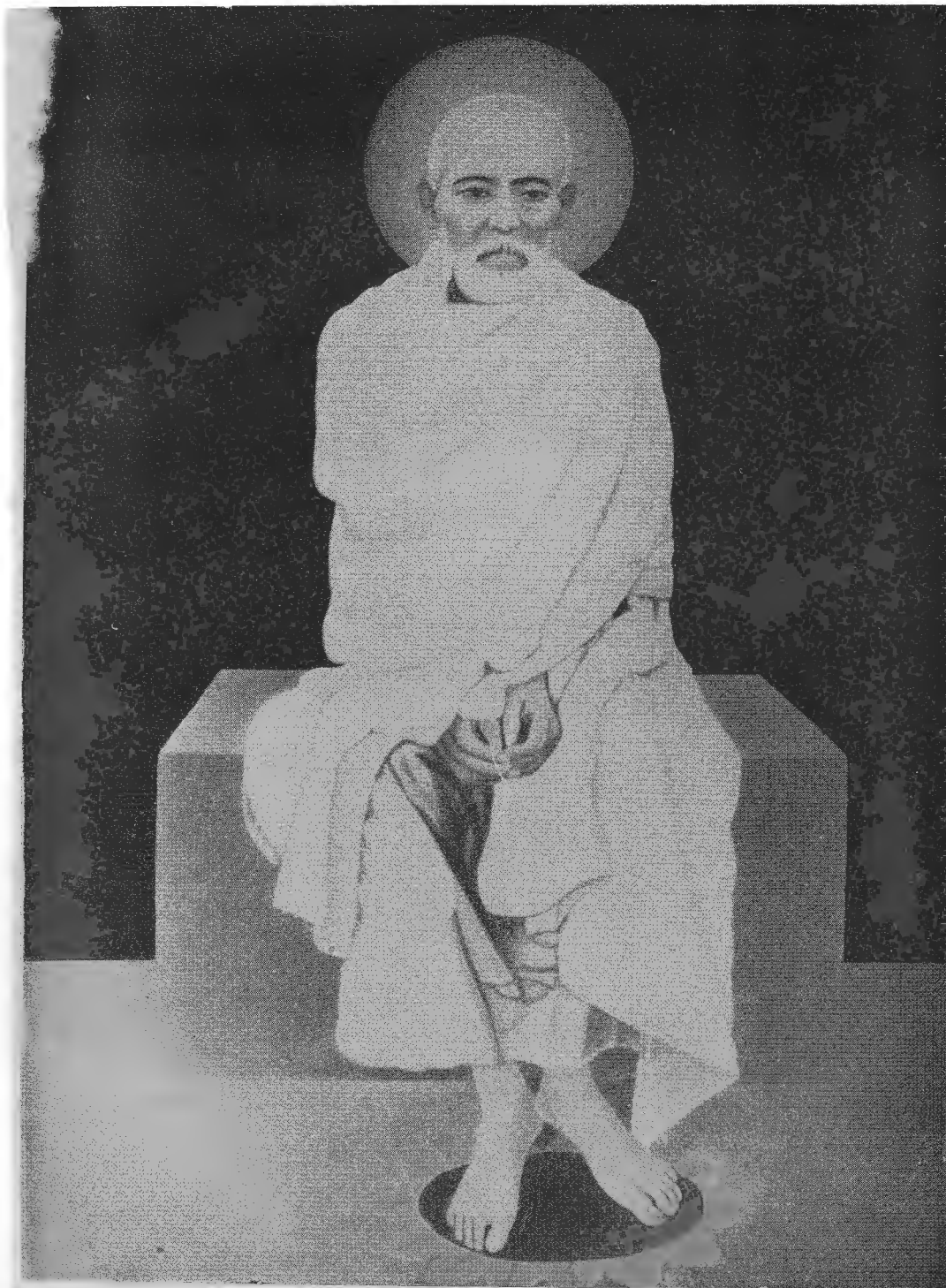
Dadaji has been a household name in this country for about two decades. Since 1978, when Dadaji commenced his sojourn to the western world, his Philosophy of Truth and Love for the mankind has gained wide recognition among the enlightened, but spiritually hungry souls of Europe and America. This recognition is reflected in the steadily growing collection of highly illuminating articles from celebrities in various fields of knowledge and learning. Some of these articles, included in this volume, will definitely enrich the quality of the Dadaji collections.

Glimpses into the 'Sayings of Dadaji' compiled from his scattered utterances add to the uniqueness of this work. The strife-torn world of the present day will, we confidently hope, benefit greatly from a study and understanding of Dadaji's message: "Mankind is one, language is one, religion is one." We fondly believe that as 'World Citizen', Dadaji is the only bridge between the East and the West, the harbinger of peace and messenger of goodwill all over the world. If the readers of this volume can trace in his Messages the inspiration in their search for the Truth, the Cause which Dadaji embodies will be amply rewarded.

A word of thanks is due to the Publisher and to the Proprietor of M/s. Byabasa-O-Banijya, Calcutta for bringing out this worthy publication.

## Thus says Dadaji

1. Naam (the great name) is the only 'Karma' (work), Prema (love) is the only Dharma.(religion/piety).
2. 'Naam' alone can bring Emancipation, Realization and Salvation.
3. No human being can be the 'Guru' (spiritual preceptor)
4. This body is 'female' (Peakriti). It is mortal.
5. The so-called Gurus are mortal beings. The real Guru is deathless, eternal.
6. Guru is Truth.
7. Guru has no symbol. Symbol is ash.
8. Krishna cannot be a body. Krishna is Prana-sakti (life-force).
9. This body is his abode, Dharmakshetra.
10. We come to this world in wedlock with Him.
11. When He leaves this mortal frame, you become a widow.
12. How can one body marry another? It is impossible. Both have the same moulds, desires and cravings.
13. Loving remembrance of Him can alone save us from the drudgeries of life.
14. Accident is God. Mind and intelligence cannot grasp them.
15. He takes over when you completely surrender.



Sri Sri Satyanarayan

## Section A

# The Infinite in Verbal Spate

THUS SPEAKS DADAJI\*

Even Name exists not ; it's all void. Let Truth be installed and you will find communism in actuality. If one's own habitat is Sreeksetra (Puri i.e. a consortium of love), then all is Sreeksetra. If, on the contrary, it be crooked, all wears a crooked look... Rupa (manifest form) is Krishna-chaitanya (*Krishna-consciousness* i.e. Mahaprabhu), Bhava (emotional attitude) is Advaita (non-dualism) and the joy of Love is Rasa or Nityananda (perennial joy). This being achieved, ensues emotional abandon (Bhavantara). ...At a certain stage, it is desolate all about. No language and no entity... Satyanarayana belongs to the vital principle; Krishna also is such, though of a bit different type. Satyanarayana is the ultimate Reality towering above Gour and Krishna even. Outside and above Brahmanda (the universe) is Vrajadhama, where Prema and Rati are inter-twined. Below it is the region where one reaches through yogic control of the six chakras (plexuses). Once you affirm the upward motion of Kula-Kundalini (the serpent-power), its downward motion too becomes assured. So, Kundalini is but the pure stasis of Svabhava, shorn of all vibration (i.e. in perfect equipoise). Above Vraja is Dhiraja; and then in ascending order lie Mayuryama (Gaurayama?), Dhirtarama (Dhritarama\*) and Bhuma. This Bhuma is Satyanarayana. One can move from one plane to another in a vacuous state and without any link... The point of stasis of respiration is the domain of Name and of Govinda. Satyanarayana transcends even the Krishna-state. It is of the essence of vacuity. Here all is not; yet all is. Infinite is in infinitude. I and thou are merged in one. Even pure devotion

\*English rendering by Dr. N. L. Sen

\*Emendation by Sri Nityananda Mahapatra of Orissa

is not. Beyond the plane of Radha-Krishna state, the body evaporates and Prema withers away. So, Ram Thakur was all composed (Quiescent), Satyanarayana transcends plane of Leela. So is Mahaprabhu too. But, He willed not to reveal that state. It is Govinda who delivers Mahanama and the Omnipotent will is His too. No potency of will even does ruffle. Satyanarayana...You must needs be naked...(The ascending order is) Kaivalya, Vraja, Satyanarayana. From a particular viewpoint, Vraja is beyond Kaivalya...Are chips of wood and slabs of stone God?...No optimist is he; hence, weal or woe stirs him not...(on way to the Quest eternal). First is the stage of Vipradasa; then, one is elevated to the stage of Brahmana (emotional transport); and at long last is manifested vacuity... Mahaprabhu came; so it was no use for Kal'ki to come. We have come here for Vraja (-rasa) and not for Satyanarayana. For, that state is void. Once the jiva has taken refuge in Truth, what need he fear?...Well, He cannot kiss all and sundry. One has to be in Him (be of a piece with Him)... Self-resignation and to brave Prarabdha with fortitude are the only requisites...He has verily no deal with temporality...They say, the sun is Sabda-Brahma (the eternal verbum). Prithee, which sun is that? (That is) Maha-Savita (The primordial Sun)...One, who is nestled in Nama, one, who propagates Nama is verily an avatarapotency... Why, all of you are brimful jars...Ka tava Kanta Kaste Puttrah (who, indeed, is your spouse and who your son?) All is in Him... The mind buds forth into a sheaf, the intelligence-stuff becomes instinct with consciousness (all-conscious) and the elan vital, though turned into the soul-principle, exists not... Audition and vision of Name by themselves manifest Brahminhood and Mukti (deliverance); but, Prarabdha cannot be fleeced off without the emergence of Love. A vision of Name is verily the vision of Brahman. The state of triple vacuity is the characteristic of the self-composed. Prabha-Sunyam mana-Sunyam buddhi-sunyam niradharam/ Tri-sunyam nirabhasanca samahitasya laksanam". (Bereft of Prabha, manas and buddhi and ungrounded, thus devoid of the

three and short of all mixed consciousness—that is the characteristic of the self-involved)... “Strisu raja-Kalesa ca” (unto women and the royalty)—The mind is woman and the body etc. are the royalty... This one is and is not at once a house-holder... The region of repose of respiration within the body, which is void, is the place wherefrom out of void emerges Name; therein lie Vrindavana and Govinda. It has no contact with the body inasmuch as it transcends mind. The concentrated mind is buddhi. “Kasiksetram Sariram tribhavana-vyapini jnana-ganga/Bhakti Sradtha gayeyam nijagurucaranam dhyanam tirtha-prayagam”.

Be attuned to (your) nature. “Kamyanam Kirmanam nyasam sanniyasam Kavayo vidah/Sarvakarmaphalatyagam tyagam praharvicaksanah” (Geeta). This state is possible only when one goes beyond mind or when one reaches the void. ...I am kissing myself, kissing kiss itself.. “Isvarah sarva-bhutanam hrid-dese ‘rjana tisthati” (Geeta). The mind flowers forth into a sheaf (Manjari), the intelligence-stuff grows transparent i.e. conscious and the elan vital becomes Joy. These three when integrated, is called Arjuna. What, indeed, is mattering the Name a lakh of times? It is muttering in an infinite series. ...One has to go ahead, forsaking the body at the threshold of the ‘Homs’ (the region of Bhum). ...In Kali the use of Omkara before mantras is prohibited. All these are superficialities. Surrender yourself and you are transported to a plane beyond virtue and vice: virtue and vice are subject to the mind-stuff. Why the hell of offering the fruits of action ( to God )? Well you then face the contingency of undertaking fruitive action. When the mind becomes Radha, it is verily nil. ...He has, in fact, no entourage; Durga, Kali, Krishna, why, the whole of their host solicit Him down to this plane. ...Look here; People chance upon images of Vasudeva and the like. What are these for? These (phenomena) have no significance. Sculptors carved out images and kept them interred in the earth... Mahaprabhu transcends Krishna... How fortunate is man! Maya itself is (his) fortune... Encircled by many



has this one come (here). He can make love to them only. It is like the self-same water, conscious water, sprinkled all about. These are certainly different from other water. Here no question of receptacle (Alhara, the basal psychical complex) comes in. He himself has appeared in these forms, has come (here) along with them, indeed. And he has assembly with all of them in course of time; with some in a space of five years, with some others in a space of ten years and such-wise. Why should I worship the inert, leaving aside the conscious? Possibly it had a part to play at the time of Mahaprabhu. Krishna was, of a surety, of bright complexion. He can never appear in any complexion other than that. You need not concern yourselves with what is virtue or vice. Go on doing everything enshrining him in your mind. All responsibility devolves on him.

Don't you worry. ...What need have I to go beyond savouring Rasa? For, no feeling persists there, no dichotomy of I and you. Who cherishes the mission, does work himself. Why do I go in for playing the agent? He, however, has neither any sense of subjecthood nor any title to credit. Even beyond that, He is not even an instrument. Even the pronouncement 'Nimitta-matram bhava savyasacin' (Oh Arjuna! be thou an instrument only) is also wide of the mark. How can a jiva become the agent? ...What, indeed, is Savitri-vrata (the vow of Savitri)? Yonder beyond the gateway to death is Satyavan and one has verily to have him. Savitri on one side and Satyavan on the other—these two only do exist. This one stays not where there is no character, no equanimity, no evaporation of egoism. ...without resignation, one cannot attain Brahminhood. Here you have nothing that is amenable to reason. The moment you try to reason out, you slip of. The 'sirni' of Satyanarayana is called 'soya' (i.e. one and a quarter); for, it is nothing but the overflowing of the Full. ...This one knows but nothing; despite that he can know anything at will...You read the Gita or a love-fiction instead—is there really any difference between the two? The Gita certainly means revelation; if that is absent, what use is the perusal of scriptures? ...Does the

sacred thread itself make a Brahmin? Unless you have self-surrender, you cannot be brahmin. The state of bhavantara (emotional abandon) is succeeded by the state of siddha-dasa (confirmed serfdom). We have come here with the avowed object of relishing Rasa. But, how will it serve us, if we are frenzied with the relish of the mundane rasa? One must have integrity of character. No, I do not speak of character in the physical sense or in the sexological sense. We have certainly to obey sundry laws and regulations of the lord of the world into which we have sojourned. One may possibly reach Mahanama (asummum verbum) even through (the repeated chanting of) Taraka-Brahma. But, what need has he of the latter, if he be blessed with the bestowal of the former? He, indeed, is Krishna who is at once Dharma and Dharaka, Vahana and Vahaka, Rasana and Rasaka. The primal wisdom is the wealth of Divine Grace (Sri-sampad). Ramachandra is the plenary Brahma; not, however, the elder brother of Lakshmana and others. Sita is Mahalakshmi. But, fraught with nescience that she was in the forest, she longed for the golden deer. And ego manifested itself; Ravana is that ego. The lustful Sita then gave vent to plenary ego. So, Jatayu, a symbol of a different type of ego (the devotional ego), was killed. In the Asoka-Kanana (the pleasure-grove) the cheris (female guards) in the shape of sense-organs, mind and intellect chastised her. But, when she became divested of the ego and took refuge in Rama, He delivered her. .. The prankful exhibits that are manifested here may be extraneous; but, when one gets aroma at a distance of 1000 miles, is that too extraneous? That is the manifestation of Will supreme. Cast off egoism; or else there will be no kingdom of Truth. Sri Rama would address (others) 'Apne' (Oh mine!). For, all are his own. But, 'Thou' says Dada and never 'Apni' to anyone; for, he is shorn off egoism through and through. Bear one thing in mind. You people will unquestionably have Mukti, Prapti and Uddhara; and, what is more, you will also be blessed with Paramananda. And what is meant by realisation of Paramananda? It means

but at-one-ment with Satyanarayana. ...When you are in the domain of Nature, you have to acquiesce in Prarabdha (the evolutionary process of your life). How now! did Gauranga ramble along the streets in a dancing feat while singing the Names (of the Lord) to the accompaniment of Khol (drum) and Karatala (brass clappers)? The body is verily the Khol and Pran is karatala. ...There is another way how one chanting may turn out to be a lakh of chantings. But, that is not possible with anyone save this self: "Om atmastuta-Narayana-paro vedah/...na namasyami atmastuta-purusam. Satyam param dhimahi/Harih satyam janardanah. Svadeham indriya-bharya-bhritya-svajana-bandhavah/pita mata kulam devi gurureva na samsayah/kala-mrityu-bhayadapi guruh raksati Parvati/" Tulyaninda-stutirmauni etc. (Geeta)—it is a state of vacuity and not merely a supramental one. The devotee, devotion and the Divinity are one continuum. One, who is He Himself, can never exclaim: "I desert no Vrindavana even by a single foot-step". He will have to aver; "He deserts not". Whom do you intend to deliver and with what? Whom shall you deliver with what save yourself? The mind is fickle; but, the vital principle is steady and does not waver either way. Truth Itself reveals the Truth. Om namah Srikaivalya-nathaya kaivalyam Sasvatam Santam/Bhakti-sakti-paramatmikam premapijusapurnaya satya-rupam namo namah/". It is the mind that is woman. When one goes beyond mind, no sense of the masculine or the feminine persists. Those who have come along with him will have to harbour a modicum of egoism for (His) work. Did not Nityananda have it and Advaita too? Make 'Thou' your I. I am going (to Patna) [to decorate the 'Thou'. You may choose to chant names or not to. For, He keeps agoing His wonted work. He alone knows what He is doing. In fact, He has been all the while weeping for you. Can He remain contented without doing (chanting)? One cannot reach the plane of Krishna through japa (counting of names) and penance. Why speak of intuition? It is merely at an altitude of, say, five hundred miles. However, let us consider even

intuition. Can one, who has had intuition, behave thus (to arrogate gurudom or the state of God to oneself)? With whom indoors will you slam the door? Is it with this lump of clay or with him who is thus transfigured as the body? 'Nityadeha-svarupaya paramatma-purusaya'. We have come to the father-in-law's house for a few days; the paternal residence is, however, within the grip. It is all a deuced affair of three nights; an intervening night, again, is a Kala-ratri (the night of separation). Then follows the Subha-ratri (the auspicious night of puspas-sayya and eternal union)...Marry me, won't you? Do you realise the import of marriage? To receive Mahanama is verily to be locked in bridal with that Dearie. Then ensues Puspas-Sayya (dalliance in flower-strewn couch). And puspas-sayya is but ananta sayya (the repose eternal). Rama, son of Dasaratha, is not the Fullest Brahman, but his part. The Rama, who is the Fullest Brahman, incarnated himself in the first golden era; all others are but his parts. He verily is the base of all incarnations (the highest incarnation plenum). Krishna belongs to the vital principle. One, who is He himself, can never be of a dark complexion. How the deuce can Ayan (the mundane husband of Radha) afford to witness the amorous dalliances of Radha and Krishna. Krishna is but consciousness transfigured; and Radha in her psycho-physical complex is a nava-manjari (a new sheaf). Dovetailed, the two are disporting themselves. The eight female friends (of Radha) are making love to Krishna. In course of such amorous disporting, when the mind turns into a sheaf, intellect becomes all-conscious and the vital principle becomes bliss and they over-reach one another, then Radha and Krishna are not. That is a stage beyond the Krishna-state, Krishna is always fond of women and does not like a heterogeneous crowd. Narayana can never stay apart from Nari women, Krishna himself has impersonated Gopi (the cow-herd lass). How can Krishna bring himself to kill demons? He himself has played the demon. Killing is certainly a function of the mind. "Krishna kills demons

through Visnu as instrument." None has the right to the use of Om in this age. He alone is but brahmana ; all else are candalas (untouchable outcastes) ; the mind is verily a candala. (On Gouranga) Can one who is God himself behave in such a way as to have his head shaven, to robe himself in saffron cloth and to mutter mantra into the ear ? Was he in closed door in Gambhira ( the room in Kasi Misra's house where he resided in Puri) The doctrine of gurudom had its origin after the demise of the Buddha. How can a human being become a guru (preceptor)? This inert body, after all, is a prisoner of Keoratala (crematorium). God alone is the guru. Work is one's own dharma ; work is penance, indeed. The only penance is to have the outrages of Prarabdha. To try to fathom what he is doing. The jiva has nothing else to do except calling to mind that he has been conducted to Mahanama. The jiva can at best put in effort (for work), regardless of the result. How can even he, who has known the Truth, become a guru of somebody else ? The moment one poses as the agent, everything is lost. At most he may have a title to a brother, by helping the Mahanama being manifested. How on earth can he be the Father ? Can Radha be called mother ? Can (the honorific) Sri be prefixed to her name ? The flow of Krishna is Radha. 'Nitya-deha-svarupaya paramatma-purusaya'.. "Patisevam na kurvanti satyam satyam vadamyaham/" Mahaprabhu transcends Krishna, Jagannatha. One cannot undertake any work without any pragmatic end in view. So, with attachment one has to do one's work without any desire. No sooner had the work been finished than the attachment evaporated. That should be the mental attitude. Savitri vrata is the vow of self-immolation, of taking refuge in none but Him. Yama (Death) is egoism and Satyavan is the Truth Supreme. What on earth is the difference between blood and tulasi leaves ? How do the water of the Ganges of Benares and the sewer-water of Calcutta differ from each other ? What is meant by 'utsava' (festival)? The particle 'ut' means 'luminous manifestation' and the word

'saya' means 'existence'. That is to say, it means 'to be immersed in him'. To the east, that is to say, what you find in front of you, is Vyasa-Kasi; in other words, Maya (nescience). To the west right from behind the Sahasrara down to the Muladhara is the habitat of Viswanatha and Annapurna, — of Govinda. There he is situate. Satyanarayana transcends all Lila (sport); but he (human manifestation) is all sport. So long as the mind persists, how can one be a male? Saints and ascetics experience a kind of delight through the practice of austerities, but, that delight pertains to the mind. Mahaprabhu had his advent along with the potency of engrossing flow (of Prema). We have come to this world as so many brimful jars.

"Manah karoti papani mano lipyate patakaih/sunaya-bhavita-bhavatma punya-papairvimucyate." Here even the Rasa-psychosis is not; the state of conscious existence, though persistent, is not. Neither I nor you do exist. He is enveloped in Himself. The Fullness is the void. From this plane is said, 'Tulyanindastati' etc. (Geeta). It is verily like infinite space (akasa). No, there is no existence then; nothing is. Only the Infinite is; how can there be any felt consciousness at that stage? You meet with consciousness in Vraja; and below Vraja in the realm of Maya you find full consciousness. When the mind turns into a sheaf, then is the stage set for amorous love. Radha does not mean that here is Radha as apart from yonder Krishna; both are one integer. But, Satyanarayana is beyond all relish. At this stage is said, "Kamyam Karmanam Nyasam Sannyasam Kavayo Viduh' etc. (Geeta). This is the Absolute. It is a sense of all-engrossing I-ness in all existence. You have nothing as apart from Me. Devote yourself to your domestic duties; do wage war; you have sojourned here for relishing His rasa; if you do your household affairs, forsaking Him, you will find that the five (elements) are of five different types. The physical body is a delectable system of five elements. (You have to do) nothing but recollection. This one has no love lost for Yoga and its opposite (viyoga). "Antaram Purusam dehi nityo namastha-purasam". No, it is

not counting of Names at the three junctures of a day ; but, doing so in and through the three junctures ; in other words, the counting of names is to be through all the eight watches of a day. Those who have received Mahanama, will be delivered even in this birth ; but, in some cases, one might be born again for five or seven or ten years. One may be born a maim, to use your manner of speech. It is the birth that is painful ; the foetus raises a frantic alarm during the last one month ( of its stay in the womb ). Death is ( compared to that ) of no concern. Those, who have slipped off, will suffer an enormously intensified Prarabdha. You will find them raising alarms for succour ; they, however, will be delivered. But, if you love ( Him ), prarabdha withers away. When He takes one to Vraja, He strips one of all vestures ; so, one cannot even be an instrument . They are decorating me ; but, whom indeed ? That's Him. This decoration is calculated to please the devotee. If one knows not the Husband, what use is the syllable Om ? He Himself ( the Absolute ) can never descend in person. He is manifested. The Divine pastime is such from your view-point. ...Is there any vaccam ? It is verily one continuous whole ; it is like rings. I find no difference between your essence and anything else's essence. This one too ( pointing to the cot ) is the Absolute ; but, it lacks consciousness. Does the Absolute really do anything ? "Prayeha deva-munayah sva-vimukti-kamah/Maunam caranti vijane." Just consider the phenomenon of people assembling here with avidity ; it is no love ; it transcends love. For, love gives scope to mental function. The associates ( the entourage ) have no previous birth ; they come from the above. It is one whole, comprising some odd twentyfive ; so, unless these twentyfive are present, the circle is not completed. ...What do you care, if you do everything through Him ? He is at once in virtue and vice, in piety and impiety. He alone can enjoy in the truest sense of the term. ...Sacrifices and penances undoubtedly yield some result. When people suffer from complete frustration in regard to their outcome, they get at Him. What, in

fact, is Sudarsana ? It is the Will Supreme. Unless one is a householder, one cannot be a saint. Respiration has its nativity at the source of Name ; that region is shorn of mental modalities. This one is not subject to alternation of resolution and vascillation ; He is beyond modalities : When I say 'Jai Rama', I do not mean Ram thakur. I mean Him who is the solace of Prana (the vital principle). Whoever will befriend him (Dadaji) in his suffering of Prarabdha will surely go to satyaloka (Bhuma). Para Vidya is but faint knowledge... The mind enchains the ubiquitous soul. Withstand the onrush of Prarabdha ; or else how will the beast (in you) be immolated ? What is 'Yugala Bhajana (worship of the couple) ? Is it the worship of a Radha here and a Krishna there ? It is but one entity polarised into 'I' and 'You' : His (Dadaji's) love pertains not to the individual, but to the basal nature ('Adhara', affective psychical pattern—'Id' ?). Drop the letter 'Aa' from the word 'Aamaar' (mine). What remains then ? Certainly, 'maar' (i.e. mother's). All this belongs to the mother, the Prakriti. Kali, Durga and the like are all at bottom one. Mahaprabhu initiated some three to four persons in the current manner. What does the term 'Dhritarastra' signify ? The word 'dhrita' means 'attached' and the word 'rastra' implies the 'physico-mental complex'. So, the term refers to one who is attached to his body and mind. And 'Sanjaya' means 'conscience'. One is the sportive state, as in the case of Krishna of Vraja ; but, the Krishna of Dwaraka illustrates the yogesvara state ; there is yet another state, that of emotional abandon as is evident in Mahaprabhu. Does a lakh of japa really imply counting the number of Names muttered ? At that time people had few engagements. It would really imply japa with undivided attention (Ekalaksya). Why do you go in for japa at all ? He has been doing it round the clock. You just try to listen to that...When one is in emotional abandon, there is cessation of all activity.

Even He ( the Supreme ) takes time to mature (In regard to the two words of the Mahanama ) One goes, and the other



comes (to and from the Infinite)...At the time of worship, the body lies forsaken. Who worships and whom indeed? Many lakhs of years ago Narada initiated Prahlada into Navotthana yoga. The Divine Nama appeared in 'yuktam nevapatranjanam.' The origin of the word 'dikhsa' goes back to that date. One, who has received initiation, has to pay honorarium for it. Savoury recollection is the honorarium; it is verily the avidity to turn oneself into Vrindavana. The mind in the state of manjari tastes the rasa of Govinda. This is what is meant by residence in Vrindavana. It is the mind that marries. That is verily Dharma-ksetra (the abode of piety) where Govinda resides...Conscience in the state of ecstatic joy is called Sanjaya. The five Pandavas are the five sense-organs. "Yuktam pancendriyam panca-pandavam atmastutam." ...All are to be called bad characters till they keep company of the One Who only has integrity of character. 'Na tattvam atmabhyadam'. ...The Krishna of Dwaraka was engrossed in gross emotion with a view to protecting His body; a sort of outer sheath is necessary. But, the Krishna of Vraja is all honey and sportive. So, He is called Nandanandana or, in other words, Vrajendra-nandana. Still it is one and identical Krishna all the same. It is in Vraja that the Name and the Name-holder (referent) are identical. The emotion immanent in Name is the Gadadhara-potency, its manifest form is Krishna-Chaitanya, its secretion is the incarnation-potency and the Name Itself is but Krishna Himself...What else is better than disinterested delight? .. The whole host of them (the so-called sadhus) propose to lead (us) to the fountain-source; but, in fact, they are leading (us) to perdition. To the east is the goal; but, they are dashing towards the west...One does not suffer from want, if one is flawless (i.e. desireless). What else is better than detached joy? ...Why speak of deliverance? We shall enjoy here as much as there. If we cannot enjoy here, how can we do it there?...God Himself becomes a devotee. Can any jiva (animate being) be either Prahlad, Dhruva or Pandava? 'Pandava' is another name for suffering. ...Character means proper perspective..

Certainly there is a chain of action and reaction ; is not it ? If I discard Prakriti ( the physical nature), why should she come (submit in love) to me ? Nature can certainly be controlled with love. When Mahanama becomes manifest through constant muttering and the Nami-(Name-holder, the Lord) Himself becomes manifest, the entire body becomes an oblation (and is fragrant). ...Mahaprabhu disappeared in (the image of) Tota Jagannatha ; certainly He cannot have a watery grave in the sea. When that emotional stage sets in, how can others see Him ? But, it were better had He chosen to go off not in that manner. For, the devotees desire to have a sight of the body. That is why Rama (Thakur) Kept His body (in its manifest form). Subsequently, however, He took it off. ... (The syllable) Om (from one standpoint) is beyond the state of krishna ; it is the state of triple vacuity. -- A jiva can never be Satyanarayana. Krishna remains krishna (in His exclusive self-identity). All else is within the reach of a jiva. When He descends from the state of Bhuma (Infinitude), He can descend up to the state of krishna. But, others also accompany Him and Prakriti too. ... (On Bhuma It is unmanifest ; still, in a sense, it is manifest. It is indescribable. It is not inert ; but, It is beyond mind ; It opens up into infinity. ... Even the gods are crying for succour. No body knows anything whatsoever. All the worlds are inter-related. So if there be unrest in the earth, that will invade the regions like the heaven also. This body is saturated with Him. Ram (Thakur) used to explain (the word 'utsava') : 'ut' means 'light' and 'sava' means 'to exist' (so 'utsava' means 'to be deluged by the supernal light'). But, He (Dadaji) explains : 'ut' means 'forsaking' and 'sava' means 'the body (so 'utsava' means 'forsaking the body' i. e. the state of Bhuma). Even in the Satya and Treta yugas, it was Nama and Nama alone. No deliverance is possible except through Mahanama. ... He can make love only to those naked ones (divested of mental obsessions) whom He has brought alone with Himself. ... Krishna as Nama is devoid of disease and decrepitude. ... Continence is of a piece with His (Dadaji's).

nature ; but, with others, it is a nursling of want. The gross inert body remains as such ; the mind, however, becomes saturated with consciousness ; in other words, it reposes in Him ; no separate existence remains. How much has but Mirabai got ? But, what Rubi is having has no parallel. Satyanarayana is enabling all to write. ...Through japa and penance one may at best get at krishna endowed with miraculous power (Vibhati) ; but Vrajendra-nandana ( the son of Nanda) cannot be reached thereby. ...No body has seen Ram (Phakur), far less understood Him, ...Those, who take the dust of the feet, have mind. But, He, whom they bow to, has none of it ; so the disease is (easily) transferred to Him. ...Trath is but extremely elusive. Too much attachment for material objects and it gives you the slip. He is verily in the realm of nature and yet He is not in it. But, He has to abide by the laws of nature ! disease and decrepitude will assail Him. Despite that, He has multiple manifestations simultaneously in different places. But (physical) nature remains (brute) nature. ... What does the word 'Vidhava' (widow) signify ; 'Dhava' means 'soul' ; 'Vidhava,' therefore, means 'bereft of the soul'. He is the sole Husband. ...Draapadi was the beloved (dame) of krishna ; the Pandavas were mere gate-keepers. Shake off the sense of ego and be a servant of Nama. (Then) you need not have to bother about virtue and vice. How ...possibly can a mind be in love with another mind ? ...The body is the chariot ; it might well be said that the chariot belongs to Jagannath. In Kali (the iron age) there is no question of virtue and vice ; Nama is the be-all and end-all. ...They are Pandavas who do not go to Vyasa-kasi ...Can a Jiva be in love with another jiva ? In this state, He is in infinite world simultaneously. ...If any body thinks that he is doing His job and doing good to Him, let him not come then. ...He is delivering Himself, to be sure. ...Right from the time of the Rigveda. there were two types of Brahmana ; one pursuing study and teaching, the other is one who is born of Brahma. Kapila, Hutasyaman, Ramatrona and the

like were beyond this. Those who tilled the land were Sudra. The police were called 'ksatra'. The Rigveda along with the six ancillary sciences subsequently directed: Soldiers will be recruited from youngsters. Then came rectification. And after that appeared caste-distinction. This distinction reached its zenith after the kurukshetra war. Because of that world-war, there was an all-out destruction. One-sixth of the population survived. These handful of men became maimed. Now evolved the primal language. Then there was no civilisation worth the name. The books they started writing from then are current even to this day. ...Mahaprabhu was pure Consciousness (personified). Krishna too was of the same Order. But, He (Ram Thakur) was even beyond that. ...They have received Nama from Satyanarayana. But, here is no give-and-take affair. He is certainly chanting the Nama round the clock. What is wanted of us is to do our duties, keeping Him in mind. What is wanted is proper perspective and character. He can pledge it under signature that the Person Eternal will appear and transport you (to the region of Bhuma). Thakur is assuring constantly: "They will get Paramananda (the Supreme Bliss. ... (Is the Ganges a river? No; It is Mahajana (supreme knowledge i.e. monistic intuition); It flows along encircling the countless worlds. The region of Kasi lies in isolation in the vacant space. The Ganges flows encircling it

I and you are but the policy of: exploitation. I, however, find only One; all else is naught, ...We have come to another's (Prakriti) house; we must need leave it someday. The piece of cloth is torn here; I stitch it; but, it is torn again somewhere else; I stitch that too; in fact, not in one place is it torn; but, all about. He, whom you find in front of you, will come and take you off. (On the two sounds of Mahanama) One appraises you of Vraja and the other of the beyond ...Even He also is impelled by desire while coming here. Otherwise He cannot come. The will Supreme is the desire. ...In fact, He has no body. He neither comes, nor goes. ...What will Omkara do, if you know not the Husband? ...It is a rapport

between two manjaris : One is Visnusarma and the other Visnupriya. Krishna of Dwapara is not the krishna of the first kali. The latter always resides in vrindavana. The son of Vasudeva is in reality the four-armed Narayana ; and along with Him is Vishnu, Presiding over destruction. Otherwise, He being everything, whom shall He kill and whom shall He spare ?

Mental love is worth nothing ; for, the mind is fickle ; today it is after one thing and tomorrow after another. But, His Love is Infinite. He is present in both—the region of Leela (sport) and the one beyond that. Make love to him. Addiction to his love will minimise slowly the vehemence of Prarabdha. One has to bear with fortitude the inrush of Prarabdha—this is the esoteric truth. ...He (Dadaji) has neither any will nor its reverse ; He has profound love only ; still that he has come here through the Will Supreme is apt to deliver countless jivas. He does not dispense anything like grace ; rather he comes along with grace. ...Had Krishna and the like bodies of flesh and blood ? They appeared like that of course. I have left myself in the grave-yard. ...None has pierced through the solar orb ; Only Mahaprabhu has ; the solar orb is beyond Vraja, and beyond that is Kaivalya. There is a region of Kaivalya also below Vraja. ...Kali, Durga, Krishna—all are the same. Kali is Vaishnavi. ...What is killing ? Nothing but shedding off egoism. Though Radha and Krishna be two, their relish is one ..Why ? You yourselves are Narayana, are Purnakumbha. If the vision be (detached and) impartial, no disease can assail you. ...The sense-organs are unruly ! (Let them). How can they be helped ? From this (worldly) level, no one can deliver Mantra. And when you go beyond this level, the Mantra is neither mine, nor yours. ...When one goes beyond mind, one's will is in tune with the Will Supreme ; as a result, one has such visions. A certain region is replete with fragrance ; have the urge to go there. Whatever there is in the world, is for man only. So, to behave properly, I have to take fish and meat in spite of nausea. The vices you have done (previously) are virtues you have achieved. But,

don't you be doing either vice or virtue now. What is Puja (worship)? It is the duet music of the two female friends? nobody else will get scent of it; I am giving myself away with out anybody's knowledge. ...Action and reaction hold the stage. When the reaction gathers magnitude, one cries for succour. Then comes death. But, the reaction persists; and that leads to re-birth.

Harmonise character and proper perspective. Virtue and vice are not. There are only action and reaction. Prarabdha initiates (new) prarabdha. Prarabdha is intensified through prayer (to god). Those who come (here) to grind their own axe, cannot stay on for more than two to three years. What is marriage? The mind is but a woman; when the mind becomes a manjari, then starts the relish of rasa between the two female friends; this one (the soul) also becomes a female friend. This relish of rasa is marriage. This is called 'Sandhya-Yoga'. ...What is charity after all? By doing charity, one gives indulgence to indolence and evil propensities. On the other hand, the ego of the donor is intensified. ...Our vision is faulty. Who has asked me to understand? You have got it (Mahanama); that's all right. The moment you start thinking (on it), you are in trouble. Weal and woe will come by turn; why go in for reasoning on them? Why do you drag in previous birth? Think you need not. The Guru will lead you through the deserts of Prarabdha. Don't you be anxious on that score. We have come here to fight with the body; when the body is not, it's all well. Even enjoyment is a potency of Brahman. ...Work itself is sacrifice. He is no servant of penance. He is my own and is with me. He is (my) nature. How can I (then) get him? He is Himself; and I too am He. What you have got is eternal Brahman.

When you are a witness, you cannot see (really). Because, the mind intervenes. ...When there is no Will Supreme, Vibhuti-Yoga has to be applied; Sudarsana has to be wielded.

Derian is the grand-uncle of Yajnavalkya. He says: The fickle mind may be kept under check for a while by raising it upwards across the six plexuses. But, subsequently it tends to go

lower—even lower than as before. Kulakundalini ! The terms of Yoga (sastra) are defective. It stretches over all the region from the tip of the toe to the Sahasrara. Kundalini is but the state of nature (equipoise).

Congenital work (the spontaneous chanting of Mahanama within). He is with me—this (consciousness) is the manifestation of truth. Rise above mind and intellect ;—but, how ? Nature will do it. You put in effort and He will invariably confound you. (That is) want inherent in your nature (normal tendencies). There is no escape from Him. Either truth or Kali—(you have to choose) one. For, others will not get this opportunity. One is the Truth, One is the name that signifies Brahma. Nama will do the needful ; all else is abortive action—cypher. People are shrouded by the darkness of obsessions. Where shall I get Him through austerities ? Make that friend your own—‘suhridam sarva-bhutanam’ (Geeta) (the friend of all creatures). Where does that own person reside ? Where is the origin of Nama ? Wherefrom respiration originates ? Deep within the heart is the place of origin of Nama. How can you grasp it ? You know neither yoga nor ‘viyoga’ (separation), Where is truth ? Your truth and falsehood are the same—mere deception. Your tirtha (holy place) and atirtha (unholy place) are the same. Countless tirthas always accompany all of you. Ignoring that tirtha, we are giving vent to such stupendous lies running hither and thither through thick and thin. “Aham-swami nara nityam navapurusa Om Tat Sat Mat He Hrishi-kesha Atma jagrata jagrihi hladini-sakti-yukta-kanta evarcana na paramatma”. —Lost verses are these. No body knows it ; nor can any one understand it. ...How do you analyse Him ? Touch, fragrance of limbs, (independent and) impartial outlook and incisive look ! Not that He is gazing that way.—He is plenitude (fullness) without any gap. No demand. He has come along with stocks (provision). This is a manifestation (of the Infinite). No curse ; all propitious. You are after trade and commerce. Let you grab property. Let you have import and export (i.e. give-and-take commercialism). But, how will you get at the Truth ? How will you reach Maha-

jnana (monistic, unified intuition) through jnana (empiric knowledge)? 'Bahunam janmanam ante jnanavan mam prapadyate/vasudevah sarvamiti sa mahatma sudurlabhah//'' (Geeta). What is manifested through this undivided potency leading to attunement with none but Him—through this Maha-Brahmayaga—is called Mahajnana. You are in the state of befogged intellect, in the state of mental modifications. You won't get Him in Akara and Vikara (in gross form and in mental modification). Akara (rigid form), Vikara (fleeting mental modes), Nirakara (without form). What is signified by 'Nirakara Brahma'? What is meant by the word 'Nirakara'? "Brahma upavachya atma idam dehanti dehi nityam abadhyo'yam atmastutam dvijam navapurusham navaraja. Atma he Hrisikesa krishnastu bhagvan purna-Brahmasca namaiva kevalam saranam atmastutah". Now, comes (the stage for) 'Ananya-cittah satatam', etc., (Geeta). Yes, now; not before that. ...This (the body-mind complex) is honest or dishonest; it is something not my own. What is the state that is shorn of all shrouds (Avarana) (vestments, overgrowth)? And who will do it? Certainly He. In short, "Om namo Brahma-vacyam sabdarupam. Prano hi bhagavan Isa Prano Vishnuh pitamahah/Pranena dharyate lokah sarvam Pranamayam Jagat//". Now consider the nature of Prana. It is but one entity. What for is guru? you swines! "Rishi-stutah sristi-sthiti-layam aham uddyutam. Svayam Narayanascayam atma-stuta Hrisikesa na Madhava na atma Satyanarayana Brahma-stuta adi-Brahmana". (On Mahaprabhu) We have made Him naked after a century. My own person (the dearest) is within me; He stirs and moves. Why don't you believe this? How is the body moving? Behold this anointed with sandal-paste by countless gods and goddesses. But, none has seen it. Look here! What would you derive by understanding dross? What use of it have you? Only take refuge in Him. 'You exist'. He is everything. "Sarvam khalvidam Brahma". He is in both good and bad. No lecturing; no Agama, Nigama, Tantra or Mantra. Before Truth none has any agency—neither Brahma, nor Vishnu.



'Akarta svartha-varjitah' (No subject and divested of self-interest). That is verily Narayana. The essence of Patanjali (yoga-sastra). "Sarvaguna-nirvacaniyam trigunatmakam sagunajnana-virodhi bhavarupam yad drisyate, sarvam khalvidam Brahma". Bookish intelligence, Vedantic intelligence could not fathom Him. Dada asserts: That Guna (quality) is beyond mind and intelligence. That guna is of the order of triple gunas and is absolute truth. Hold fast to Him. Neither I nor you exist. That Brahman is the Reality. Worship Him. (What is needed?) Time-factor; submission. No intelligence, no mind—nothing. When such is the state, then the basal Sambhu is situate in all creatures. "Om atma-stutah"/etc., "Nadatte kasyacit papam na caiva sukritam vibhuh/Ajnanenavritam jnanam tena muhyanti jantavah//". This is 'atma-stuta' (self-poised)—no knowledge, no intelligence. "Atmanam Vistararam sarva-bhutasya na grihasthitam no dvijam purusam so'ham kesavam vacyam atma Hrisikesaya, na Hrisikesaya na sthitam na hladinim na krishnam. na purusam na sarvatah atmasthitam Satyam param dhimahi. Om Satyanarayanaya namah". Here is said: "Yaddricchalabha-santusto dvandvatito vimatsarah"/etc., (Geeta). 'Na hi jnanena sadrisam pavitram iha vidyate'/etc., (Geeta). 'Tameva saranam gaccha sarva-bhavana bhārata' This attitude is 'Mahabhava', manifestation of Truth. He is Svabhava (self-poise). He is never in contact with anybody; Yet He encompasses all. Sannyasa (renunciation) is the state of one who is 'Atma-sthita (self-poised)'. 'Kamyam karmanam nyasam' etc., (Geeta). 'Yatra jivastatra siva; (Wherever there is jiva, there is siva). (Sannyasa occurs when one is) 'briddhah yigalita—dasana' Old and toothless). 'Atma-sthitah hi grihi tena grihastah kesavah'; 'He bhārata' (body). 'Na kartritvam na karmani' etc., (Geeta). 'Nadatte kasyacit papam' etc., (Ibid) This is 'atma—sthiti'; One finds Him in every creature. Everything is made of the stuff of my this (body). If you do jap-tap (chanting Nama and penance), that is a sort of make-up. He says: 'Kama esa krodha esa'. etc., (Geeta). 'Evam parampara-praptam' etc., (Ibid)—falsification of Truth.

Who bears the body? Iswara-Puri (popularly known as the guru of Chaitanya Mahaprabhu). Which 'pura' (dwelling-place, body)? (The answer is in the following verse of the Geeta) "Sarva-karmani manasa sannasyaste sukham Vasi/Navadvare pure dehi naiva kurvan na karayan" (In the nine-fissured body a continent person resides happily, doing or causing one to do no manner of work, which has all been mentally renounced). 'Isvarah sarva-bhutanam bhuta-sthita na divya-sthita he Hrisikesa atmasthita atma paramatma-svarupa na vrindavana'; It is not in any book. No deuce of a man has any right to it. I have invoked my body from (physical) nature. But, nobody knows Govinda, the final cause of all causes, is in this body. 'Naham prakasa sarvasya' etc., (Geeta). Which, pray, do you call Truth? We are seeing what is not. Who has asked me to understand? You have got It (Mahanama); there ends the matter. Without Prema, there is no character. 'Arati' (Aratrika—illumination) is a matter within. There is an existence which is beyond Nama and Nami...A 'brahmachari' (celibate) does not mean 'fastening this' (the organ). It means 'to be in Him'. What does 'ramana' (sexual intercourse) stand for? Absorption, relish (of His Rasa). Before the kurukshetra war, there was no Sanskrit; then the Geeta was there written in a different language. They (who have gone off) have been dispensed grace; but, so far as the rice (i.e. Prema) of beggary is concerned, no body else except He can give it. Through yoga or 'neti neti' (intellectual elimination) one can not even reach the kaivalya which is below Vraja. Thakur (Ram) Wept and said: 'I am a poor brahmin. What shall I do with building?' But, He has been thrust here with all provisions. The program was to reduce to submission Sadhus, sannyasis and Pundits. There was no such plan of mass contact. What is 'bhujya' (edible offering to the deity)? 'Bhujanti bhojam diyanti nityamiscaya (?) bhojanam'. Mahaprabhu said to Kailasa: "kali has appeared free from temporality. What use are the Om and the like now? They could have a sort of scope had, there been a link (with what is being manifested now). But, this is all

beyond mind and intellect"...One who has got Brahma-mantra is a brahmin. Has the Hindu any religion?...The Lord of Rasa is doing Rasa with Him in the midst...All dharmas are being harmonised...Picking pocket is much better than the business of sadhus and sannyasis. What shall I do with your landed property? I shall take you...When the mind becomes controlled through muttering of Nama, One attains some vibhuti (miraculous power). But, that too withers away. But when one finds Nama all about, finds that yonder woman, man, the flora, the vacant space are but all Nama immersing in and emerging from the Infinity, then where is the mind? (Dadaji suffering from acute jaundice in 1972)—They (Ram, Mahaprabhu and Krishna) are saying; If you will it, it (jaundice) becomes all right. But, He (Dadaji) is dragging forward (the ravages of) time! where can He throw it off? (i.e. He has to suffer it Himself). If One comes (here) in full blaze of consciousness, one can well observe the course of effects. But, if One comes with swooned consciousness, One is in 'Bhavantara' (emotional abandon). In that case, nothing does One observe. Ksiroda-sayi Visnu (visnu, reclining in the Milky ocean—Mahaprabhu?) is but blind Narayan, fond of devotees. But, Rama (Thakur) is in all beings. Never has He come in such full blaze of consciousness. If you can relish His Prema, that's all. Whether you have proper perspective or not is no matter for consideration. Can't a Mahabharata be composed with what you have got? Did Krishna tend the cattle? Neither the sadhus and sannyasis nor the Pundits know anything. What is 'Kaliya-daman' (chastisement of kaliya, the serpent, by Krishna)? Kaliya is ego. If you practise Asana (sitting postures), you may acquire a sort of power; as for instance, flies will not touch your body. But, such powers go off. ...Be always with Nama. Then the objective with which you have come (here) will be realised, He (Dadaji) has nothing to do with any hard and fast rule. They say, people are deserting Him (Dadaji). The prerogative of desertion is His only. There has been much of preaching, Now He will slowly

desert all. Who will reveal Truth except Truth Itself ? ...This body itself is kasi ( Banaras ) hanging in space ; Of 84 krosas ! unless there is link with Vrindavan, it cannot be kasi. One dies in kasi and is delivered. Is it ? Then what about other tirthas ( holy places ?...Aurangjib was the greatest Moghul emperor ; he was a sannyasi, renouncing all—a vegetarian. He partook of boiled vegetables only. He practised Namaj unnoticed. He had faith in Allah alone ; and he wanted to preach it. When he died, it was discovered that not a single farthing of the royal exchequer has been spent. He was a selfless lover. He did not spare even his son, when religion or duty demanded it. He was a rishi. You can get an idea of it if you read Quoran copied by him. You do not know scriptures, nor history ; you have no education. You have neither character, nor perspective, ...According to the contract agreed upon with him (Dadaji), there is no matter of disease. But, not he is screening the sun ; then he is warding off cataclysm. Due to repeat performance of these i.e., untimely harnessing, (disease comes). ..Twenty five minutes of continuous Dhyana-yoga will help evaporate this body. The dhyana (meditation) people speak of is bogus. No, I am not speaking of submission even. Willy-nilly i.e., reflexively to make Him also one of your sundry attachments. ...That it will happen thus (i.e. a message will come) was not known even to this man (Dadaji) even a little while before. All of a sudden, Satya narayana appeared ; whom shall I say to ? Who will realise (it) ? ...You have misgivings (about Mahanama and Dadaji) ? No matter ; Well, stand it—what you have got (along with your misgivings) ; then, it's all right. ...It was Ravana who was a (real) Vaisnava ; a yogi, renouncing all. Whenever he could make time, he took to Manasa Sarovara, emplaning his kesi-ratha (chariot) and stayed there for four to five days. Brihaspati (the preceptor of gods) and others were his servants. What does it imply ? He, who knows Brahman, has everyone under his thumb. How can Rama and Laksmana cope with him ? He himself divulged the secret of his death. Rama rescued

Sita. In other words, Ravana himself gave her back. Subsequently Sita committed suicide. Lava and kusa are concocted. Vibhisana was a villain. Kumbhakarna would sleep off six months (at a stretch). What does it signify? (Here) Twenty-four hours make a year; so he would sleep for twelve hours at a stretch. How can he be Jaya or Vijaya (the doorkeepers of Vaikuntha)? The anecdotes of Hanuman are stories. Aurangjib renounced everything. He himself wove pieces of cloth which he wore. Sleeping on floor; taking vegetables only. Never sat on the throne. He went to the Viswanath Temple, kasi and solicited; Khuda (Lord)! If you are Viswanatha, let then a mosque be erected beside this temple.

Siraj did not capture the daughter of Rani Bhavani. Siraj was then twelve to thirteen years of age. He knows everything. There may occur some confusion in recollection. That is why whenever he talks of any person, he appears in front of him. 'Abhyasena Ca Kaunteya' etc. (Geeta). What is 'abhyasa'? Svabhava (nature)? Happiness? To whom do you speak of happiness? For long thirty years. He used to sleep in the floor of a small room in a mosque. What is meant by 'Caturbhuj' (four armed)? He is everywhere horizontally and vertically too; that is to say, he is around. Did the Buddha ever practise Yoga or tapasya (penance)? Nothing do you know. He was under a certain tree—this is bogus.

Whom would you understand? Whom are you trying to scan? Him, the philosophy of a single word of whom is not grasped by any one in the whole world? No body knows what is meant by the Asvamedha yajna (the vedic horse-sacrifice). No body can do Prema except He. For, no body else's perspective is absolutely innocuous. 'Sarva-dharman parityajya' etc. (geeta). This too is extraneous. You are eating, doing; doing all that; still you are doing none of them. What we see, we see wrongly. ...If you can keep company of that (what is beyond), then that is beyond vraja. But we keep company of this (body). ...No body knows anything about the Buddha. Why should he practise yoga and penance? But, (it's a fact

that) Avatari (the basal incarnation) remains in manifestation, while the eyes of an Avatara slightly await opening. Ahimsa (non-violence) and the motif of a particular tree are all bogus. Whatever He (Dadaji) says is the Veda. No body has a right to exhibiting such miracles. Still they are extraneous. ...The Buddha is an Avatara. ...Was Dhritarastra blind? How, then, did he be a king? How, then, could he go over to Russia and wrestle with Jalandhara? He was a champion wrestler and defeated Mandaram as also Risabha of America. Jarasandha was no match for him. He is blind because he could not realise Krishna. Pandu and his sons could, however, realise Krishna. Gandhari divorced Dhritarastra. They did not live together (as man and wife). Duryodhana was a Bhakta (devotee). But, he was a Karma-yogi (dedicated to work). Yudhisthira was of Quietistic nature. Bhima was also such to a great extent—a simple, goody-goody man. Arjuna, however, was crafty. He was a great scientist. He argued: I am doing everything; but the credit goes so Krishna. So when the war ended, he said to the elder brother: "The vision of the Universal Form (Viswarupa) and the solar eclipse are all magic. Krishna is a debauchee". He even asserted that his mother, Draupadi and Subhadra had all of them illicit connection with Krishna. The mother in sorrow left for Hardwar. Draupadi also did so much as to leave them (once). Six years after the end of war, Krishna advised Yudhisthira to perform the horse-sacrifice, forbidding him divulge his name to Arjuna (in this context). At the other end, he gave a boy two missiles to be thrust on Arjuna. Arjuna was killed by those missiles. But, Krishna brought him back to life...When one is in tune with him, one is invested with Brahmopavita (the sacred thread of Brahman). Is it inherited by the son from the father? ...The world was of three geographical divisions (excluding India): Lanka and its adjacent lands belonged to Europe, that is, 'Ravana'. Patala (the nether regions) was 'Mahi-Ravana', i.e., America. And (the third is) 'Sapta-dvipa' comprising the major tracts of China and Russia. All the rest were included in

Bharata. Look here! None but a debauchee, knave and swindler can deliver Truth. He (Dadaji) makes no difference between wine and water. Lust and desire are being destroyed within. What have gods and goddesses to do here? Lust and desire are not, the moment you are in Him. Truth brooks no craftiness. The fellows speak of mercy to all creatures. "Yastu Sarvani bhutani" etc.—This is verily mercy to all creatures. He sent us here to taste Rasa; that is why He gave us the mind. ...He Himself is holding us fast all the while. ...The seat of mind is Sahasrara; and Govinda resides in the heart. When the mind slowly moves down to the heart, it becomes Radha. Then starts the Leela of Radha and Govinda. ...In the vacuous region, which is infinite, within, two sounds are constantly sounding. When these two sounds go off, the mind shrinks and one dies. When the mind can resort to another body, it buds forth again. When those two sounds of Maha nama stop, it is death. Then the mind shrinks and the person is merged in pervasive Existence. The money-lender is pleased, if one gives little bits of interest. "Naham nityam mano-vriti-prakaraya aham atma-stutah". Here the mind itself is 'Atma-stutah'; ...Conclude the sacrifice you must. What is sacrifice? What is charity? Are not charity and prostitution the same? Are the gifts of nature, I have acquired, my property? Who has given me the right to misuse them? The statement, this world is real, is as much true as Sankara's maya—the world is unreal. How ineffably is this world filled with beauty and flavour! We have come to taste it. But, we are otherwise engaged. Scriptures have been composed with a view to protecting this world (i.e. not for Him). Father is manifestation, mother is Brahmayi (of a piece with Brahman). Creation started with them. ...It is possible to be in tune for two, three or four minutes. This too is possible only in Kali and not in Dvapara. Mahaprabhu was ensnared by it (tuning) and eventually left the world. But, it is possible to be in mood for one, two, three or four hours even. It is the level of vraja. All the worlds are mutually exclusive. How can one go from

one world to another? ...Om comprises Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. It belongs to a lower plane. Krishna swooned, when He came to Bhavnagar. Possibly this was the name even at the time of Krishna. ...Sacrifice is above charity. Charity is giving away as to one's own self. Sacrifice is, however, quite Svabhava. Penance is of a very lower plane. There is a little bit of vibration in kaivalya. But, in Satyanarayana that too is not. A few risis could realise Rama of the first satya yuga. The incidents of (Dasaratha's son) Ramachandra have been mixed up with it. (Of Dadaji's body) That it is a conscious existence is as much true as that it is inert. He can at this very moment go away in this way (i.e. embodied). "Sva-saurabha-dharsanatmaya Vande cayam param Brahma". How will it do, if there is no dharsana (rude contact)? Dharsana, however, is an internal affair. If we can not taste the Rasa of krishnaleela, what else shall we do?... (The book) Candi is very old. But, not your Candi of the 'Rupam dehi jayam dehi' brand. Sarvamangala-mangalye' etc. is a verse of the original candi. Prana can have audition with Prana. If all this becomes Vrindavana, then it itself becomes the absolute Truth. Vrindavana Leela cannot be displayed any where else except in this world...Thakur has written out Veda-vani at the Satyanarayana state. Can any human being write it? Contemplation of one's own house (i.e. Bhuma) is but Cintamani. And that is Nama. ...Ravana is ego. ...You people do not understand the implication of the word 'Nirasakta' (unattached). You cannot do any work without attachment. You must do your work with devotion. (Suppose) I have a business; If I do not think about it, it will fail. ...So long He is there, you are sadhava (endowed with the Husband); but, when He is off, You are Vidhava (widow); then you have no other way but to court death along with Him (to mount the same funeral pyre). Then there is no karsana (furrowing of attraction); only Nature's dharsana persists. The mind is still there. Atma and Paramatma; the mind is Atma (the finite soul). ...You must need come to vishnu-sarma (The Lord turned manjari). Married, indeed, have we come (here). ... We have come here to be king; but, the kingdom we have left



over there. Still we want to reign 'hiers'. ...Now I stop all this meeting and intimacy. That confoands the people. But, He cannot bring Himself away from doing such things. For, He cannot be in want (i.e. against nature and so artificial). On His way to Gaya, Nimai (Caitanya Mahaprabhu) went to the house of Sadananda Jha in kumardhobi. The house was rolling with the sound of wailing. Some one is in death-bed. He said: He will not die. Nimai stayed there for two days. The man came round. Sadananda was a landlord. He spoke highly of Nimai before the Quazi (the Islamic pontiff). Rupa and Sanatana were present there. They said: Nimai is an infidel. If you can make him drink muslim's water, then only your property will be spared; otherwise, it will be confiscated. Sadananda then made him drink at Soleman's house. ...Prana is Prema (Love); That is krishna. And the mind becomes manjari. That is Radha. They two relish Rasa. As relish goes on and a stage is reached where there is no male or female, then it is beyond the plane of krishna. Then it is said: "Purnamasasca Purnamasi Pranavastu namo'stute". This state is called 'Purnamasi'; ...Krishna has to be born in the prison of Kamsa. Kamsa is ego. When that ego, suffused with love, nestles in Him, then is kamsa killed. He (krishna) cannot wield weapons. Beyond the state of krishna, there is no 'I am in Him' state. There 'I am in P'...Samkara advised to renounce karma. But, He (Dadaji) says: you must do karma; no other way out without karma. There is no knowledge without karma. You are seeing, hearing, taking (something)—All this is karma. And this karma is knowledge. We have come here to do a particular work; how will it go on unless we do that? They say: One has to work without attachment. These rascals know nothing. Can any body work without attachment? On the contrary, one has to work with full attachment. But, if that be with full awareness, then it is detached. If you work with a contemplation of the house you have left behind, then that is work with detachment. When does the sacrifice end? "Manovrittinasam hritvaya 'yajnasamapanam". ..."Sattva-rajestamogunatitam. ...Vande Paramananda—Madhayam". ...He is the only communist, All others are opportu-

nists. History has never recorded such an Advent; and it will never have such Advent again. If you have devotion, you need fear nothing. ...What He says is absolutely flawless. None has any power to find fault with His words. ...Dara died of snakebite in forest-region. Aurangjib wanted to unite Hindus and Muslims in the bond of one religion. Never did an emperor like him appear from amongst Hindus and Muslims. ...He (Thakur) used to say: "Manodhisthatri-pujascayam ra ha manatitam". (This our Puja is presided over by mind and is never beyond mind). This Puja festival and to go to the cinema or the theatre—behaving in an uncivil, rowdy manner—are all mental flirtation (Vilasa), \* a carnival of the ego, with the same result. Your means of comprehension does itself shut out comprehension. By which means will you grasp Him, who is unlimited, infinite? ...Rasa and beauty are not for Him (Dadaji); the cup of sorrow is His elixir. ... (On Puja) From now onward, even congregational music (i.e., 'Ramaiva saranam' and 'Hare Krishna') has to be given a go-by. Even that is a gymnastics of the ego. ...One has to slip off unless one is in Him. ...Had it been the time of Mahaprabhu, they would have got no entry at all... The only danger (Vipad) is to be cast asunder from the resort of Grace (Sripada). ...What is Puja? Verily His state of manifestation... (On the body) What a priceless treasure God has sent us with! This is unreal; though unreal, it has turned real because of Truth that accompanies it. The ego itself is kala (retributive temporality). It intensifies Prarabdha.

...Those who have insight may reach the end of sacrifice even by seeing (these manifestations) only once.

How now? You mean to perform Sradh of your parents! Do perform your sradh. .. There is no separate existence in deep sleep. Death brings in deliverance and peace; but the mental modes persist. The idea expressed in "Yo mam pasyati sarvatra" etc. (Geeta) is of a higher plane

\* The expression has been suggested by Mr. Jnan Aluwallia of Calcutta, very close associate of Dadaji.

than that in 'Sarvam Khalvidam Brahma'. ...'Abhyaseṇa Ca Kaunteya Vairagyena Ca grihyate' (Geeta). You talk of Abhyasa (repeated practise), when you are not in Svabhava; Abhyasa is a kind of Abhava (want—absence of equipoise). ...'Atra jagrihi jagrata Vedavyasa'. At the time of composing the Bhagavata, Krishna himself became Vedavyasa. ...The body is Kurukshetra; that turned into Dharma-Kshetra. ...'Manusa' (human being) means 'wise'. To give up the body implies 'Samadhi-Yoga' (tuning of the tri-sunya order) or 'Ananda-Yoga' (Tuning in Ananda) or 'Paramananda-sthiti' (merging in Supreme Joy). That is getting Mahanama in the truest sense of the term, when you experience joy on getting It. ...He (Dadaji) can turn into a Maha-bhairava (A mighty terror) in his form as Kala. ...Lightning may strike down. ...You must guard yourselves against one thing; may you not do fraudulent use of Him. What is truth? What is the nature of cosmology? What is our duty?—These (three) are the subjects of discourse. Sisir Babu is a lover (of Gauranga)\*

He is (nodded head with loving approval).

...Know one thing for certain. Those, who have taken resort in Satyanarayana, may fearlessly walk over any holy place (in-set with mystic diagram—'Peetha'), any image (of a deity); for, they have no sense of agency. Should there be an untimely awakening? I am shouting; and you people are wondering as to what I am after. This is not shouting, to be sure; it is weeping. All people of those places where he has gone, through which streets he has gone, will be delivered. Whoever has seen him will be delivered. There was one Siva, a house-holder—a yogi, in your words. He used to roam about in hills and jungles; he had children. I mean the son-in-law of Daksa. Sati (wife of Siva) gave up her ghost and then became 'Hara-Gauri'. Can any one be 'Gauri' so long as the body persists? And who is

\* Sisir Kr. Ghosh, founder of Amrita Bazar Patrika, author of 'Amiya Nimalcarit' (Bengali) and 'The Lord Gouranga' and propagator of Gaur-Vishnupriya worship.

that 'Hara-Gouri'? Govinda. The name 'Siva' is a corruption of that (Govinda). What is the significance of not uttering the name of husband? When I am united with the husband, who is Govinda, when I have taken refuge in his basal existence (unruffled), how can I utter his name (there being no separate existence)? Subsequently this was applied to the mundane plane. We have come along with Satyavan, of a surety. That he exists enables me to be a Savitri... 'Nayanadhishathariscayam patim dehi nariscayam namostu te'. ... 'Kailasa' means manifestation. ... It is said in the primal Brahmaveda: 'There is no distinction between man and woman'. ... (On Asta-siddhi and the sage Saubhari) It is all bogus. None else but He Himself can do it. A sage or seer may, during the entire span of his life, be in tune with Him once or twice and do such feats. But, then, he is He Himself. ... Why do you speak of (separate) 'Asta-sakhi' (eight female friends)? How can there be Radha so long as 'Asta-sakhi' are there? The body (Deha—the ego?), the mind, the five sense-organs and the intellect are 'Asta-sakhi'. ... Those will get the realm of Truth who will be in His (Dadaji's) company in weal and woe. Unless you yourself are honey, how can you have taste of it? ... Asta-siddhi is Vibhuti yoga which Krishna (of Dwarka) possessed. In Vraja, there is mind; but, it is as not. How to express it? ... The cycle of action and reaction is Prarabdha. ... He alone has form; we all are formless. We have no eyes. Had we eyes, we could realise that what we see as having form is really formless. Where is 'Ananda' (joy) in the Geeta? 'Ananda' is beyond the plane of the Geeta. Further up, there is no Ananda; only consciousness; beyond that, there is no consciousness even; only Existence; and still further up, there is no Existence even; all are undifferentiated. ... When the sacrifice of union of the Asta-sakhis comes to an end, Rasa (—dance) begins.

**Section—B**

*Pran Pratishtha ( Installation ) Ceremonies of Shri Shri Satyanarayana at Satyanarayana Bhavan Bhavnagar ( Gujarat )*

**GUNVANTRAIT KAMDAR**

Pujya Dadaji came to Bhavnagar from Ahmedabad for installation of the Idol of Sri Sri Satyanarayana. On the next day Mr. and Mrs Kamdar prayed Pujya Sri Dadaji to advise when and how the Pran Pratistha of Idol is to be done, and items required for the same. The purpose of such enquiry was that in India whenever such installation of an Idol is done at that time various religious rites such as Vishnu Yagna etc. are performed. In view of the established traditions/customs Sri Kamdar enquired into the matter. Pujya Dadaji replied that no such rites or rituals are to be performed. Thereupon Sri Kamdar expressed his view that the Idol had come from such a far place as Calcutta and during the passage it had come in contact with different types of people and so anointment with ganga water was required. Pujya Dadaji expressed his opinion that such anointment was also not necessary. To the query on what day and time the installation should be done, Pujya Dadaji asked Mr. Kamdar when he wished it to be done. Mr. Kamdar stated that same may be done on Friday, 10.8.73. Regarding the time of installation, Dadaji opined that it can be done at any time on the date fixed. Mr. Kamdar thought that though Dadaji was not particular about auspicious time of Muhurat, it should be done at an auspicious moment at 10a.m. So on Friday, 10.8.73 in the morning at 9:45a.m. Pujya Dadaji arrived at Satyanarayana Bhavan. After fifteen minutes Pujya Dadaji and Mr. Kamdar went into the room where the Idol was kept and they closed the door. Dadaji advised Mr. Kamdar to remove the covering from the Idol. Mr. Kamdar did so. Dadaji sat down near the Idol and cleaned the same with his hands. When Dadaji brought his hand over the Idol, divine aroma started emanating from



Dadaji—Love Eternal

fingers of his hand and poured over the Idol. Dadaji bathed the Idol with aroma. The divine fragrance started coming out of the Idol. One metal pot full of water was lying there. Looking at the vessel, Dadaji said to Mr. Kamdar, "Kamdarji! it was your wish to anoint the Idol with Ganga water; then let it be so." After saying these words, he took out some water from the vessel and showed to Mr. Kamdar. Such a strong divine fragrance came out of the water that I have no words to explain. Then Dadaji sprinkled that water on the Idol and enquired of Mr. Kamdar if now he was pleased with it or not. Dadaji and Mr. Kamdar came out of the room. Then Mr. Kamdar lifted the Idol and installed the Idol on the pedestal (on Sinhasan) as advised by Dadaji. Dadaji declared that Pratistha had been performed. He advised Maji (Mrs. Kamdar) to sit before the Idol under cover of the curtains. Pujya Dadaji sat on the special elevated seat outside in the main hall. At that time the hall was packed up with the Devotees.

Pujya Dadaji asked Maji (Mrs. Kamdar) to recite Mahanam and to pray and invite Pujya Shri Thakurdev to come there. Maji did accordingly close her eyes and start taking Mahanam. After about 15 minutes of taking Mahanam, Maji said that she heard a voice coming out of the Image. Dadaji thereupon told that the Pran Pratistha is over and advised Maji to come out. As per advice of Dadaji, the curtains were again drawn, prasad was placed before Thakurji and curtains were again closed. He again advised Maji to sit before Sri Sri Satyanarayan and request the Lord. The Pran Pratistha having been completed, "O Lord! come and have Maha Bhog!" and she should take Mahanam. After Mahanam for fifteen minutes, Maji declared that the prasad had been taken by Sri Sri Satyanarayan. On removing the curtains, it was observed that a little of prasad was taken from each plate and the small drinking jug was found half empty of water. The prasad was distributed to everybody present. Dadaji advised Mr. Bhikhabhai—who had come all the way from Amalner in Maharashtra to Bhavnagar for Darshan of Shri Dadaji—to put his ear near the heart of the

Idol and say what he felt; Sri Bhikhabhai did so. After a while Sri Bhikhabhai declared that he could hear the heart-beats of the Idol and he was enjoying various types of divine aroma coming from the Idol. After the distribution of prasad was over, Pujya Dadaji returned to the residence of Sri Kamdar.

Pujya Dadaji declared that Maji would sit in Mahapuja which was to be performed on the next day, i.e. Saturday. On Saturday many people including Judges and industrialists came from Ahmedabad, Botad and Rajkot for having Darshan of Pujya Dadaji.

Pujya Dadaji arrived at Sri Sri Satyanarayan Bhavan at 6.30 p.m. on Saturday, 11.8.73. He went alone into the Mahapuja Room and after five minutes called Maji inside. He advised Maji to sit down, close her eyes and start taking Mahanam. After passing this advice, he came out of the room and the room was closed. The Mahapuja Room was made air-tight as far as possible. The lights and fans were put off. In the outside hall Kirtan was started. After the Kirtan was sung for about half an hour, Dadaji went inside the Mahapuja Room. After five minutes he opened the room. The Mahapuja Room was found filled up with divine fragrance and the floor was wet with Ganga water and divine fragrance was coming out of the Ganga water on the floor. The cocoanut water which was kept there had turned into Khira sort of porridge. It was emitting delicious perfume and it tasted like nectar. The fresh water kept there in a glass had turned into cocoanut water and divine aroma was coming out from that also. Pujya Dadaji asked Maji (Mrs. Kamdar) to narrate her experiences. Mrs. Kamdar said: "Pujya Dadaji advised me to sit down and start taking Mahanam. I started doing so and Dadaji left the room, myself remaining alone in the room, I could feel divine aroma coming out from the Portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and saw flashes of various colours. I saw a vision wherein I saw the same Idol of Sri Sri Satyanarayan which was installed a day earlier and saw Pujya Dadaji standing near the Idol. I could also hear a tinkling sound. Thereafter I felt showering of Ganga water on my head and somebody walking past. I heard a sound



of the plates suggesting that somebody was taking some prasad from each plate. I felt as if my body had lost weight and become weightless. This went on for about 25/30 minutes. Thereafter Dadaji entered the room and after five minutes he blessed me and advised me to open eyes and see what had happened. Then the room was opened to the devotees to have an opportunity of Darshan."

After the Mahapuja was over on Saturday, the 11.8.73, Mr. Kamdar's family members ( sons, daughters-in-law, daughters, sons-in-law etc. ) were together having a discourse with Pujya Dadaji. Pujya Dadaji advised them that now that Sri Sri Satyanarayan of his own accord had sat at Sri Sri Satyanarayan Bhavan, daily Puja should be performed in the morning, only by a family member of Mr. Kamdar and not by an employed person. He added that this was not a conventional, or traditional Puja. The members of the family should daily in the morning go to Sri Sri Satyanarayan Bhavan with usual Bhoga, place the same there, take Mahanam with full devotion and return home. When it was desired to offer cooked Bhog to Sri Sri Satyanarayan, all the items should be prepared only by members of Mr. Kamdar's family with their own hands and with love and arranged in big plates and placed before Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Then Sri Sri Satyanarayan should be invited with full devotion to come there and have the Bhog. After expressing the wish, everybody should come out of the room and close the same and sing Kirtan outside with full devotion for a period of about 45 minutes. Thereafter the room should be opened. If the procedure as stated was followed strictly, Sri Sri Satyanarayan will definitely visit the place and have Bhog. Since then, on every Sunday, the family members of Mr. Kamdar prepare different dishes and they go to Sri Sri Satyanarayan Bhavan and offer the same. Sri Sri Satyanarayan accepts them and the room remains full of divine fragrance all the time.

**Section C**

**My Dadaji Experiences**

Prof. LALIT KUMAR PANDIT,

M.Sc., Dr. PHIL. (ZURICH)

**PREFACE**

I met Dadaji on August 15, 1973 for the first time. Since then I have had many occasions of meeting and talking intimately with him. My experiences associated with him have led me to an inner certitude of the existence of Truth (Supreme Being or Satyanarayan) that, however, defies any mental or intellectual description. As a scientist, a researcher in theoretical high energy physics, I am well versed in the currently accepted basic laws of physics. My working life is thus entirely tied up with the world of mental concepts, expressed in mathematical symbols framed for the purpose of achieving an orderly description of the phenomena of nature perceived with our senses suitably extended through complex instruments. Experiences with Dadaji have not led me to give up or deny this world as seen and described by us—it too, after all, is the creation of the Supreme Being. What has happened is that an awareness has developed in me of the immanent and all-engulfing Truth beyond the grasp of the intellect.

The following pages attempt to describe some of these experiences. Only an open-minded (rather an open-hearted) reader is likely to grasp what is sought to be communicated here. This shall be, for once, no occasion for merely intellectual discussions. Words, after all, cannot describe what the intellect cannot grasp and formulate. However, where the affinity of love exists, all lovers know, words can still be enjoyable, even though

they are thoroughly inadequate as vehicle for the feelings enjoyed in communion.

### **The Space-Time Complex : Relativity and Complementarity**

As soon as we appear in this world of nature ( the kingdom of Time ), consciousness emerges in the garb of mind, attempting constantly a separation of subject and object. An effort at continuous co-ordination in moments of time and locations in space attends the experiencing of the world within and without. A fragmented vision of events in time and space ensues. Desire to control the course of events takes hold of us. An attempt to describe the world, that may lead to practical ends being achieved, is inaugurated. Most magical rites and religious rituals of old as well as scientific research and technology of to-day are based on this basic desire. The result, of dominating importance to-day, is the dazzling edifice of science. Recent developments in the fundamental science of physics have brought forth a few general lessons of great importance. As background to offset the experiences with Dadaji to be related here, it will be worthwhile to briefly indicate these lessons.

Prior to the year 1900, the laws of physics, based on the study of large-scale motions of commonly familiar objects, permitted a clean separation of an objective physical world, independent of the observer, having spatial extension and evolving in an independently flowing time according to deterministic causal laws. This mechanistic world-description has come in for revolutionary changes in the light of discoveries made in our present century.

The first major revolution, still however permitting a deterministic causal description of natural phenomena, occurred in 1905 with the emergence of the special theory of relativity of Einstein. As a result, it became clear that the hitherto employed concept of time flowing independently of space, whereby simultaneity of events widely separated in space had an absolute meaning, was only of approximate validity and was natural to us only in the context of familiar experiences in which the speed

involved were negligible compared to the enormous speed of light in vacuum. The physical space-time complex is actually inseparable and simultaneity is a relative concept depending on the motion of the observer. Furthermore, no physical signals (or actions) can travel faster than the speed of light in vacuum—the latter being independent of the state of the source and, therefore, a universal limiting physical speed.

The second major revolution, and philosophically in many ways the more jolting one, was inaugurated already in the year 1900 by Planck's discovery of another universal limiting constant, called Planck's quantum of action, and properly matured, only after another quarter century had elapsed, with the discovery of quantum mechanics needed for a proper description of atomic phenomena. It rung the deathknell of all attempts at a deterministic, causal spacetime description of physical phenomena at the atomic and subatomic levels. There must always be present an undetermined disturbance of the observed system in each act of observation. The observer and the observed can no longer be neatly separated. The description must thus perforce be only probabilistic or statistical. The limitation of our language based on this, for all practical purposes, valid, deterministic space-time description of the familiar large-scale experience, for which the limiting constant of Planck is negligible, forces us to make use of mutually exclusive (complementary) physical pictures in describing one and the same physical system at the atomic level. This was revolution indeed. Its lesson has been formulated as the principle of complementarity by Niels Bohr, one of the most revered founding fathers of atomic physics. Emboldened by this lesson from atomic physics, Bohr has even attempted carrying over the spirit of the principle of complementarity to other areas where the intellectual activity of concept and theory-building is carried on, such as in psychology and biology. It may be in the very nature of the intellect that are mutually contradictory in terms of the language pertaining to one level of experience must nevertheless be used together in a complementary manner when used to describe newer and subtler levels of experience.

The methods of science, howsoever viewed, have proved eminently successful. As a result, in all areas of human activity, one attempts now the methods of scientific model-building. The foregoing remarks from physics should be of special value in this context. The open-ended evolutionary as well as revolutionary nature of the development of science should perhaps be clear already from them. To-day, the focus of attention in fundamental research in physics is on the subnuclear high energy particle phenomena. Many new and totally unforeseen phenomena have been observed with the use of very high energy machines and complex detector systems. This research entails huge outlays in money and manpower. It is hoped in some quarters that in this way an ultimate theory of matter will be arrived at in the reasonably near future. This hope appears to us very naive. For no matter how high the energy attained, by marshalling perhaps the budgets of the whole world, it will still be negligibly small compared with infinite energy—the open-ended game of such a scientific research remaining, of course, certainly interesting and possibly technologically useful at every step. A similar openendedness may very well be operative at the other extreme of the cosmological studies of the universe. Such openendedness is not peculiar to experimental science alone. In fact, even in the purely axiomatic nontrivial consistent logical systems of abstract mathematics, an incompleteness always remains according to the celebrated and, to many mathematicians of the time unnerving, theorem proved in 1931 by Goedel.

While referring to the intellectual games of science and mathematics, we must not forget other important games of deep importance to man, such as the play of human imagination in the arts. The creative impulse is presumably from one and the same source, be it in art or in science. For the intellect, the two directions may appear contradictory; but both sides are somehow important in the sense of the extended principle of complementarity. Certitude might well be impossible for the intellect and yet be immediate to the heart. The drama of life, wherein we are at once the actors as well as the spectators, goes on, while

enlarging, perhaps, in the process, our angle of vision whereby, irrespective of our intellectual attainments, we may become subtly aware of the all-inclusive integrity of our being.

To a general reader, the foregoing paragraphs might seem too terse and hardly connected with our main theme. Let me, therefore, repeat the essential point. Science is devoted to constructing a mental, intellectual, description of the world in the space-time framework. The resulting picture is open-ended and no claims to absolute finality can be made for it at any stage of its development. In contrast, the Truth that Dadaji refers to is Absolute, well beyond the pale of mind and intellect. Thus, no logically consistent description of Truth is possible in human language. The baffling Dadaji experiences to be related in the following chapters serve to point to this Beyond. Dadaji exhorts us all the same to fully enjoy the familiar world as the creation and play of the Supreme Being, while developing an inner awareness of the Lord through loving devotion.

#### **The first encounter : "Mahanama" Revelation**

In June 1973, I was participating in a summer school at Dalhousie. During one of the evening strolls, a distinguished colleague happened to mention a book, then recently published, relating miracles attributed to a well-known "miracle-maker" of south India. I became very curious. I had also read curiously about such doings in a weekly magazine, all with utter disbelief. After all, as a physicist I was well aware of the present basic physical laws, including those of conservation of energy and matter, which make physical means unavailable certainly for large-scale materialization or even transformations of physical objects. However, on return to Bombay, I did buy a copy of that book and read it through. All the incidents were to me quite beyond acceptance. Even though unbelieving, I could not easily dismiss the testimonies of so many good and able people. Were they all gullible fools—as also the apostles and the innumerable followers over twenty centuries of Jesus—happy fools may be? Were they all taken in by grand hoaxes? Or was it perhaps

possible that, with all the numerous camouflaging hoaxes abounding in the world, there is, in fact, an incomprehensible divine power, to which our laws do not apply, shooting forth baffling manifestations for some divine purpose? Were all the ancient sages of India, while extolling Brahman, merely indulging in abstractions for sheer entertainment, when they had nothing better to do?

It was not difficult to dismiss such thoughts and get involved in my worldly affairs. I had, furthermore, another absorbing pastime made available to me just then. My eldest brother, Sri C.S. Pandit, had moved from Delhi to Bombay in early June to take on the editorial responsibilities of a local daily. His entertaining talks dealing with the political scene, in accompaniment to drinks and dinner in the evenings, were indeed absorbing. Quite unexpectedly, one evening he told me that he had been requested by Sri Abhi Bhattacharya to go and meet Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, referred to by numerous people as "Dadaji" (Eldest Brother) of Calcutta, then on a visit to Bombay. Will you accompany me for this meeting? he asked. I told him, point-blank, that I did not believe in going and meeting so-called holy persons, and, in any case, the invitation to him was clearly because of his public importance as an editor and that, lacking any such importance myself, I would rather keep away. So he went to the meeting alone, in fact, three or four times thereafter. Each time he came back with astounding experiences of breathtaking miraculous phenomena, thoroughly enchanted by the loving personality of Dadaji. I listened to him in disbelief, and yet with a mind kept open, albeit with some effort, since I know him well to be a man hard-boiled on watching the crooked by-ways of the political world and not one to be easily fooled—and besides, it was the nearest possible first-hand reporting to boot.

My suppressed curiosity finally surfaced. I agreed to accompany him to visit Dadaji on August 15—the independence day holiday. We started from my institute flat in Colaba on the nearly fifteen miles drive to Bandra in his car after breakfast. It was still the monsoon season. Right at

the start it was literally pouring and the going became rougher as we proceeded. My brother asked me in mocking dismay, "Are you in luck or not?" As soon as he said this, the lashing rain stopped and did not reappear during the remaining thirteen miles' drive still to Bandra. On the way my brother ran out of his cigarettes. He stopped at a cigarette shop. Not finding his usual brand, or perhaps for a change, he bought a packet of twenty of the expensive imported (or possibly smuggled) State Express 555. But, before he had time enough to enjoy a few puffs we found ourselves at the destination—the flat of Abhida (Sri Abhi Bhattacharya). He threw his cigarette and we went up into the flat. There in the outer sitting room were assembled some people squatting on the carpet in front of an empty divan. Dadaji was in the next-door bed-room where he could see people in private, if need be. After a few minutes of waiting, my brother was called in by Dadaji and soon after I too. I had vaguely expected to see an awe-inspiring old man with gorgeous saffron clothes or some other appurtenances of ostensible holiness. Instead, I saw an ordinary-looking man, appearing to be about fiftyfive, with somewhat, loose long-cut mostly black hair (then in common fashion) reclining on the bed in a most informal manner of any average elderly Indian house-holder on a Sunday morning, clad in the common summer attire of a 'lungi' and a sleeveless vest. Could it really be the one I had come to meet all the way, I wondered. Sitting on the floor in front of him, besides my brother, were another visitor and Abhida, talking quite casually. I greeted him from a distance, abstaining from the traditional Indian touching of the feet when meeting an elder, and then squatted in front of him like the others. The casual informal conversation that had been going on before I entered continued. I felt somewhat out of it all—except when a couple of times in between Dadaji threw a glance at me with a peculiar smile. Those glances and that smile are vivid even today. They had a quality that is impossible to describe. All of a sudden, with an impetuous spontaneous



gesture with his hand, he called me closer to him. He touched my chest with his hand—and was I engulfed all through my body and clothes with an incredible fragrance! The aroma remained in the clothes for many days even after thorough washing. As he touched my chest, he told me, "You take 'Diksha' from your inside, Yes?" I did not understand what was really intended. Yet, I vaguely nodded my head and shuffled back to my original spot.

Soon after some one called from the other room for something. Dadaji asked us to go out for a while, as he had to attend to another visitor. We went out of the bedroom and promptly my brother, with evident relish, lit a cigarette. But, he had hardly smoked two puffs when he had to throw it away again as Dadaji appeared at the door and called the two of us and Abhida in. In the process my acutely attentive eyes had the fullest opportunity of watching Dadaji move in the scantiest of clothes and the empty large bed on which he again went and reclined. Just to open the conversation as if, my brother said something about an article on Dadaji and asked him, "Why do you want publicity?" Dadaji laughed and told him, "He does not want any publicity. But who can stop His work? Truth has ways to get His work done". All very laconic. All of a sudden he said, "Oh, Mr. Pandit has a great desire for a cigarette. Go on smoke, if you wish". For the first time I saw my eldest brother looking like a youngster caught at it by a much older brother—to me an amusing sight indeed. And then Dadaji said: "Oh, you will smoke my cigarette? Here"—and he flicked his hand and out fell in front of us with incredible suddenness a huge big carton of two hundred State Express 555 cigarettes—which no hand could have kept hidden! And he shot me a glance, inscrutable, from a face somewhat flushed and radiant. And then he took a small piece from his own packet of inexpensive cigarettes and casually lit it. That stub was to me a liberating experience. It seemed to say: "Taboos are man-made. Of no importance to Him." My suppressed curiosity for a materialization miracle had been taken care of, in a way leaving no room for any quibbling. And

this while I was still suffused by the divine aroma Dadaji had touched off my chest.

While I sat somewhat stunned and yet strangely elated by what I had just witnessed, my brother appeared to regain his composure. To his question on how such things could happen, Dadaji said, "Dadaji does not know, does not want to know and has no part in them. They happen at His Will. That is all". My brother persisted, speaking on my behalf, that I was a scientist and could hardly accept such happenings. Dadaji : "No, only a scientist knows the boundaries and so what lies outside them. Just wait, our scientist will be straightened out in a minute". He asked my brother and Abhida to go out. He then asked me to hold firmly in my hand a small piece of paper torn out of a children's exercise book. He asked me to bow to a picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan placed against a wall of the room. As I did that, he started muttering, "Jai Ram, Jai Ram, Jai Ram....." and touched my back. And in a trice I was living through the grandest miracle of all. While quite fully conscious, I was somehow aware of a deep inner subtle vibration, almost disembodied, and from deep within I heard the "Mahanam"—two names of Lord Krishna in a voice strangely familiar—just like hearing oneself in a tape recording. Dadaji asked me to see the piece of paper I was holding. I found written on it in a beautiful calligraphy in red colour the two names—Mahanam—in Hindi. Having 'seen' and 'heard' Him, I again bowed and, when I looked at the paper again, the two names had disappeared, leaving behind a mere fragrant oily smudge instead. Dadaji explained : "You have seen your within—Lord Govinda. For a fleeting moment the veil had been lifted for you by His grace. Back again you are in the mundane world of Maya. Your Mahanam is for your loving remembrance while you sojourn in this world—His creation. It is not for a mere ritualistic repetition. Tell me, scientist ! did I utter it in your ear to collect some fees ? You have got what was and is yours from your within." And so was I raised by His grace to the level of a 'Drashta' ( a Seer )! I had no

reluctance now to touching his feet that were fragrant with divine aroma.

Before we parted, Dadaji gave me a small picture, for my wallet, and a large one, for the place of worship at home, of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. He also told me that I was to share the Mahanam with my wife—and with her alone.

As we were leaving, I happened to glance back into the outer living room, and saw Dadaji already on the divan receiving and greeting the people, who had assembled to see him. The parting picture of him was no longer of an ordinary man; he then looked strangely radiant; extremely handsome. With a gentle loving smile flitting across his face—a picture of divinity!

#### **Truth is one, Mankind is one**

Dadaji thundered: "All bluff! How can a mortal be a 'Guru' of another mortal. The Lord alone is our Guru. All these so-called gurus, bhagawans, babas are bluffing innocent people in His name—just to make money and build palaces called 'ashrams' and 'maths'."—This, in course of a conversation on my second visit to him on the morning of Sunday, August 19, 1975, again in the company of my brother. This attack on 'gurudom' and priest-craft is a common refrain with Dadaji—much to the annoyance of traditional beliefs (or superstitions) and powerful vested interests. I thought I was being clever when I bowled him quietly a googly: "And Dadaji, who is this person in the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan?" Straightaway he batted me for a six: "Nobody! He is no body. The symbol of truth". Every mathematician, I remembered, knows the profound meanings attached to innocuous-looking symbols e. g., of unity (1), zero (0) and infinity ( $\infty$ ). That took care of me beautifully.

We were about to leave when Dadaji told us, "The Lord will give you a message—either of you". In deference to my elder brother, I stepped back and let my brother be the recipient. I got out of the room. My brother held in his hands a blank page torn out of an exercise book and bowed to Sri Sri Satyanarayan remembering Mahanam. Within a few seconds he

was out with the paper now covered with a message signed Sri Sri Satyanarayan, written beautifully in red ink in running hand. The message ran as follows :

Thinking on the Cypher Being is as good as the thinking on 'Brahma'. To separate propitious from the pernicious the capacity for the worship of the Divine Being has to be acquired in order to negate both. The word God or the Divine Being is a reality or an universal bliss ; it is the abstract idea of Zero, One and Brahma. The veil of desire is the compact body. The continuous study of the Veda makes one a 'Vipra', after-wards being purified by the performance of the rites, he becomes a 'Dwijt,' and thereafter, when he takes rest in 'Brahma' he turns into a 'Brahman.' Then gradually crossing the ambit of mind through various yogic practices, viz. Rudra Sthapana, he attains serene peace through the manifestations of 'Maha-Sakti'. So, when you will succeed in your constancy to the Lord, who is the Cypher Being, then alone you will attain the Truth ;—this is the normal way to Bliss. Practice of constant devotion to the Lord makes one a 'Sati' ; then he attains 'Sita Bhava'—a state of pure heart and thereafter, he masters the senses and attains the lotus-feet of 'Savit i'. He proceeds further beyond the kingdom of Time and obtains Divine Love which is as good as the Truth Absolute and continuous Bliss ;—this is the concept of 'Tri-Sandhya' or the three Dusks at Sun-rise, Noon and Sun-set.

—Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

The basic message of love and devotion to Mahanama with complete surrender, having been received, I felt happy. Then, for the first time, I began to delve into the numerous testimonies of the lucky recipients of the light, belonging to all walks of life and possessing high levels of discernment. These are collected in three volumes entitled "On Dadaji". These books are, as I just said, a collection of testimonies and not mere philosophical readings for intellectual entertainment. An important piece ( in volume-2 ) is the message of Dadaji himself, given on the advent centenary celebration of Prabhu Jagatbandhu. I quote from it :

'Harken, O, Children of Supreme Bliss in this Universe!'—so declared the great sons of India, the Rishis,....Five hundred years ago, a great personality appeared on the soil of India. He was, in his time, known as Nimai Pandit, but later became Sri Krishna Chaitanya, and did establish the truth that all men are but children of That Supreme Bliss. He removed from the minds of men the blind superstitions born out of temples, mosques and churches, delivered to them the message of Truth, and restored their lost Consciousness. In these days, Sri Sri Ram Thakur appeared to this world as Satyanarayan to declare the same message that Mankind is a single entity living in one family, that Truth is one, language is one. Sri Sri Prabhu Jagatbandhu had made Mahaprabhu Sri Chaitanya's message of love as the main base of his teachings,.....; and preached the great significance of mental recital and also utterance of the name (Nam) of Krishna..... He also said that there was no meaning in neglecting the world to travel the path of spiritualism. He preached the reality that in order to realise the Absolute one has to experience of enjoying the magnificence of His creation. That this experience does not put any obstacle to our path of spiritual goal had been demonstrated by the Vedic Rishis in their lives and messages.....

The realisation of the Unlimited, Eternal and Indescribable is beyond the limits of mind and intellect. But, is He, therefore, out of our reach? If Truth and Reality are the same, and are established in one indivisible entity, why, then would not this realisation be achieved by us? If great and small are but expressions of the same entity, then 'He' and 'I' are not separate. One, who is the spring of life within us, is the supreme life in the world outside and everywhere. The echo of the sound of Mahanama was felt as soon as we came in the womb of our mothers, although consciousness was still encased in the soul. As we do gradually grow up, this consciousness of the self or wisdom is unfolded in our discernment of the Infinite within the Finite. One who is aspired, is Govinda, and is residing in our hearts,

continues resounding every moment in our inner and outer world in the form of Nama. He alone appears to us as our Guru, and then comes the realisation of Self and of the Infinite Soul. He becomes Nama which in its magnificent reality and beauty covers in a flood of enjoyment our heart, body, mind and senses. In this form of body within which resides Gobinda we come to this earth, and the body becomes our abode ('ashram'). And when we meditate on the Infinite, we come to realise that this wide universe is a gigantic abode, because He is holding.

Where is the place of pilgrimage? The shrine of all shrines resides within my heart. His reality is closest to me and none else can be closer. Why, then, is this question of pilgrimage? And, for whom shall I go to a 'Tirtha'? To be acquainted with the Lord of our heart, why should we discard this world? And, why should we run to a 'Tirtha'? He who is the Soul, He who is making me drink the nectar of Nama with every breath of my life and is initiating me cannot be discarded for my initiation. And, which of the mortal beings has the right to initiate me? The sea and its waves are indistinguishable, undivided and are merged in one. Likewise, this soul and the Infinite ('Atma' and 'Paramatma') are inseparable. We commit a grave error whenever we forget this essential unity. We have got to change our angle of vision. Otherwise, we shall never be able to enter the arena of Truth, nor would we enjoy its bliss. We have deviated from 'Sanatan Dharma' and Eternal Truth. We have not responded to this call of Sri Krishna, Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu, Sri Ram Thakur.....

The 'Sanatan' and Eternal 'Dharma' is that Truth is One, language is one, and the entire humanity springs from and are but children of the Supreme Bliss. One does not have to do 'tapasya' to attain Him. Has son ever prayed to have his father? On the contrary, father prays to have his son. The Creator is continuously doing the 'tapasya' for the welfare of those created by Him. To get to Him, 'jap-tap' are superfluous. 'Tapasya' is another expression of vanity. It is this vanity or egoism which has divorced us from Truth. And this egoism has another name,

'Yama', who has been conceived by us Death, a frightful being, That which is obtained by exercise and from a distance ('sadhana-bhajan') is not the Supreme Being (Parabrahma). He comes to us only through 'Swabhava' and love, and by our remembrance and mental recital of Mananama. He is not bound by any condition. How can we get Him, unless He Himself comes to us ?

The mortals with their forms and bodies come to this earth with their 'Prarabdha'. That which holds the body will return to its own abode when it leaves the body. And the reality of the mortals is then merged in that Eternal and Continuous Life-Force which never moves from or to any place. He is Ever-present, Eternal and All-embracing. Has He a different place to go ? The Reality is One. Our duty is to bear Prarabdha with patience. Patience is the only sustenance. Patience results strength, bliss comes through energy, wisdom leads to virtue—moral excellence. The Nama, the form and the abode—all these are same and one. So, the abode where Nama sounds and is established is called the Temple of Nama. To be aware is meditation, and when this awareness appears, one realises the Satyanarayan, with all hindrances and covers removed. That is, the mortal being is diverted to various direction and is enslaved by different confusions arising out of compulsions of our mind, sense and intellect, which create feelings of happiness and misery, profit and loss, near and distant relation, good and evil. To bear these compulsions with patience and fortitude is alone called 'Tapasya'. In following that exercise of patience and fortitude or tapasya, the name of God (Nama) is implanted in our mind, freed and purified. When this Nama is firmly set in, our desire or the cover is torn asunder, and the Self then resides in Supreme Bliss. That is the Veda, that is the Sastra.

How often have I read this message ! How much sustenance I find in it ! It liberates one directly. No intermediary—no human guru—is required. No strange practices either. One is assured of his existence in the divine ground. And no simple palliatives or easy panaceas are offered. Where does one meet the key-word 'patience' so often ? And the unifying power of

love? But where is one to get patience, love and self-surrender? The answer is given by Dadaji :

“Divine Name (Rama) Is The Only Path”.

#### **Ethics and Rituals**

The third time I met Dadaji was in the evening again of August 19, 1973. An American scientist of repute had come to meet him and I was called upon to act as the interpreter. For, Dadaji's English and Hindi, though most effective and colourful, are not as fluent as his native Bangla. After I had given a few words of introduction to the visitor on Dadaji's message, as I then understood, Dadaji asked the visitor if he would like the present of a volume of “On Dadaji”. The latter gladly agreed. Dadaji asked him whether he would like it inscribed. This visitor nodded assent and took out a pen for the purpose. But, Dadaji simply moved his finger over the title page and, to our surprise, the presentation inscription in beautifully written red colour appeared, giving the name of the recipient and of the donor along with the date. The American gentleman was visibly moved by this experience. He told Dadaji that it would be nice if the latter would go on a visit to U.S.A. to spread his message. Dadaji said something to the effect: “It is all His will”. The visitor was wonderstruck when Dadaji indicated to him an acute personal problem he was then having. So when Dadaji said ‘the Lord will initiate you in order to guide you’, he was all ready to receive Mahanama.

After these experiences the visitor opened up. He raised the time-worn ethical question of good and bad in the standard manner. To this Dadaji gave a cryptic answer: Good had in mind; you follow Him!” This statement bore into my consciousness. I have so often thought about its profound significance. A most beautiful exposition of it was given in a message from Dadaji in response to the editor's questionnaire: “Are Hindus self-centred?” (in comparison with organised Christian philanthropy), published in the Illustrated Weekly of India of November 2, 1975. I quote from it :



You know Dadaji is neither a Hindu nor a Christian. To him humanity and religion are one. And religion or Dharma is coterminous with existence. Giving a secluded niche for Dharma, apart from the mainstream of existence, ushers in a religion that is formalistic, denominational and dogmatic. An ivory tower is carved out. The question of good and bad looms before one's scanning mind and intellect and ethical theories are piled up. And the stage is set for a questionnaire. The man in the ivory tower—a recluse, an escapist—my well argue that his sole concern is self-culture and that social work, having as it does no spiritual bearing, is anathema to it. An escapism in the opposite direction comes handy in the form of philanthropic activities of diverse complexions. Both take life in fragments, idolise suffering in one way or another and fall apart from the mainstream of life. That is why a synthesis of the two extremes is in evidence these days in the form of ascetic social workers.

But, Dadaji does not believe in any synthesis ; for, there is one integral existence all through. Every bit of work is worship—philanthropic work not excepted. But, the moment any kind of work your consciousness as the one thing indispensable and stems the tide of your life, it is invested with the multiple nuances and drives off your ego and lacks spirituality. Relief work, if pursued without any sense of ego and without injury to the mainstream of one's life, need not be profane. But, to draft such a questionnaire is to put the cart before the horse. And Dadaji will have to say : It has nothing to do with spirituality—not the ascetic answer, of course. For, Dadaji is neither an escapist, nor an idolator.

That took care of all the innumerable attempts to ground the question of good and bad in systems of one's own making—religious or otherwise !

Later in the evening I had another grand experience, Dadaji had asked me in the morning, before I left him, to come back that evening, bringing along with me a glass-bottle full of drinking water. He asked me to come into the private room and bow to Sri Sri Satyanarayan holding the

bottle and to remember Mahanama. I did this for a few seconds. Then he took the bottle (which was tightly closed with a screwed on lid) in his hand and gently rubbed the glass with his thumb a couple of times. To my amazement the clear drinking water inside the bottle immediately turned translucent. Dadaji gave me the bottle back and asked me to unlid it and smell the contents. There was a most heavenly strong fragrance in it now. He instructed me to take it home, double it with another bottle of drinking water and to take daily with my wife and children, a drop each, of this "Charan-Jal". Even today after more than three years the same fragrance and translucence survive in the remaining contents.

Not only that ; there was still more in store for me that evening. He asked me next time to bring along also my wife and, in fact, assured me most lovingly, I could meet him any time whatever. And as a further tangible expression of his love, he even gave me an "invitation card" for her : a volume of "On Dadaji", her name inscribed and signed Dadaji with date, all done by merely moving his bare finger on the title page—the inscription in the same beautiful red coloured writing. It is a cherished possession for us. That evening Dadaji veritably flooded me with his love as he said enchantingly : "You are my brother, I am so pleased with you ; He will show you something special !"

Having been "properly invited" my wife, Neeraja, was all ready to meet Dadaji. She, in fact, had been drawn already when I had taken home the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, after my first meeting with Dadaji. For, that picture had reminded her of a vision she had some six months earlier, when she had dozed off one afternoon (contrary to her normal practice). Then had appeared to her a divine personality intimating her of his relationship to the family for thousands of years. The appearance, she says, was of Sri Sri Satyanarayan minus the beard. To her it is a most unforgettably vivid beatific experience—a "Sakshatkar" and not a dream (as Dadaji later told her even without her having said anything about it to him).

We decided to visit him together on Tuesday, August 29, 1973

—which happened to be the “Krishna Janmashtami” holiday. According to a common Hindu tradition, both of us had kept a fast and duly felt being in a “devout” frame of mind. As we left our flat, the monsoon began its furious display with torrential rain. Neeraja instinctively wanted to turn back to pick up an umbrella. But such was my intoxication with the recent experiences with Dadaji that I spontaneously burst out, “What? Forgot it, do you realise where you are going?” She was struck by my confident vehemence and quietly acquiesced in following me without any more ado. We walked all the way along the long covered corridor of our building and then through another covered corridor of my institute’s hostel building—while outside it continued to pour. Nonchalantly I stepped out finally at the end of the covered corridor on to the road. And promptly the rain stopped and it never rained a drop throughout our fifteen miles trip to our destination.

What a beaming affectionate welcome Dadaji accorded us! Many people were assembled to meet him. He promptly turned to Neeraja saying, “Oh! my daughter has come”. He touched her chest and her whole body and clothes were filled with his divine aroma. After some time, it being her turn now, he took her in for the grandest of all experiences, the receiving of Mahanama. She had already heard the Mahanama from me, according to his instruction to me to share it with her; but, receiving it directly from the Lord was unmatched blessedness.

More was to follow. Dadaji had asked my brother (C.S. Pandit) some days earlier to write an article relating his own experiences in the paper edited by him. Dadaji told me to phone my brother in his office and get his agreement in the article which the Lord was about to give in my hand. In the light of the experiences we had been having, one after another, this looked a most natural proposition! My brother immediately agreed. Dadaji took me to the room where the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan was kept. He asked me to take hold of some fullscape blank pages in my hand, bow to the Lord and remember Mahanama. A couple of seconds later, when I looked at the

pages, I found them now fully covered in red in a beautiful writing with an article entitled "Dadaji—the Supreme Scientist" by C. S. Pandit, and relating the experiences my brother had in the typical English, with all the characteristic personal identifying touches, of my brother, which I had learnt to recognise from his numerous political columns. This article appeared in the Free Press Journal of Sunday, September 2, 1973. What an experience—far beyond the reach of our puny intellect!

It was already past noon. All the visitors had left. But, Dadaji continued talking most lovingly with Neeraja and me. He explained to her; "The Lord is immediately available to you through love. Remember Mahanama with love and complete self-surrender. That is the only way. He is far out of reach of the clever and merely learned. By no means can you get to him through rituals and 'jap-tap.. Only through love!" Suddenly he called out to the person in the kitchen, "Hey...serve lunch to Dr. and Mrs. Pandit". We told him that we were fasting—it being Krishna-ashtami. He laughed and said, "What, you will not eat? 'Rishis' and 'Munis' will eat when He says!" We, of course, were so elated with our experiences, that no persuasion was really needed. Like bride and bridegroom we were served our lunch on a common plate—a lunch of chicken curry, egg—curry and 'pillaw'-rice! And that on Krishna-ashtami, when devout Hindus do not even take cereals and water, the fast being broken late at night with fruits! Thus did Dadaji cure us in one stroke of all the rituals and taboos we had picked, like everyone else through training and tradition.

#### **EGO—The Frog in The Well**

Dadaji says :

"Divine Grace will descend spontaneously as soon as you will be bereft of your ego".

"Complete surrender to Supreme Being leads to emancipation, realisation, salvation".

"When your heart will be void of anything, then and then only the Divine will fill your heart".

It appears thus that ego is the source of our limited vision that blinds us to Truth. We might even say that it is the Devil of the Christian conception, or the 'Yama' of the Hindus. It is the window of our fragmented vision. All deviations from the path to Truth arise due to the ego becoming supreme. And its tricks are manifold.

"Man cannot interpret Gita!" Dadaji said. We were having a homely chat with him—my wife (Neeraja), daughter (Ila), sons (Vivek and Neeraj), my brother (C. S.) and myself. He was taking his evening cup of tea. To the children he had given biscuits, and tea to us, grown-ups. He lit a cigarette and continued, "Do you know, Pandit, what is Gita? How can the limited ego of man interpret Truth? All these learned commentators know nothing and only multiply confusions created by their minds. Don't believe them. And all these so-called 'gurus' doing business in His name!"

"Who is Dhritarashtra? The mind—the blind king—is he. Who is Arjun? He is the 'jiva, the human being, pursued by doubts and confusions. And Krishna is not another man in a nice crown. He is the Lord within, who alone shows the Path to Arjun. And Kurukshetra? It is not a piece of land somewhere. This body is the Kurukshetra. Only when the constantly running mind—the horse has tired out, can the "Asvamedha" be performed. You do not reach Him by performing physical and mental gymnastics of so-called yogis and tantriks. They have the biggest egos! They are only looking for transitory personal power and so doom themselves to greater bondage by inflating their egos".

At another place, he has said, "Listen, do not try to understand Him with your intelligence.....The moment you disturb yourself with your intelligence, mind becomes supreme and it will create confusion. They quarrel on questions of virtue and vice, good and bad. These ideas are reflections of mind. He is above all these things".

Tirelessly he exhorts one against the institutionalised vested interests of organised religion: "Listen, Dada has no anger against

anybody. He is only concerned that these persons are offering a wrong thing to our honest and innocent people. And, why make a deal while speaking about Him? And 'samadhi'? It is a mental condition at a low level. Just live with Him. When you find Him, you will realise that there is no distinct existence to be felt. Neither He nor you will be there. He neither comes nor goes. There is, then, no intelligence, no understanding business".

We were receiving new and completely revolutionary light on all subjects, about which our traditional training had, in fact, inculcated quite the opposite beliefs. Even about the "miracles": The Divine performs all these, not I..... But, I warn you all, do not take miracles to be anything but external happenings. They are extraneous. Once you have faith in Him you must forget about miracles—and go beyond them in order to reach the only Guru, the Self within you".

All the exhortations to be rid of ego must have taken effect. For, suddenly, with some desperation and a tinge of self-pity, my brother said, "Dadaji how am I to get rid of my ego? After all I have seen, it still asserts itself." Dadaji looked with such utter affection towards him and said so tenderly, "Come, come. Your ego also is His creation, is it not? How will you carry on your work, dealing with the doings of politicians, without it?" And it flashed in my mind: "How nice! If you accept simply that He is the Creator of all including your ego, then self-surrender has already taken place! Too much concern with one's ego is itself egoistic. I cannot surrender merely by lying on the ground and crying out surrender, surrender—just as I cannot experience love by merely crying out love, love. Only the Lord can give it". Hence:

Remember Mahanama—He will do the rest.

### **Puja**

"How can man do HIS PUJA ( formal worship with offerings )? what can man offer Him? He does His own puja. What people do is mere 'tamasha' ( fun ) and picnic, he said one evening to us when Neeraja and I went to visit him. "You want to see

puja? Come to-morrow evening to Mr. Patel's house," he told us and asked someone to give us the address of Sri B. G. N. Patel's residence.

Next evening (September 1, 1973) we went along with our children to the address given to us. It was a high floor flat in a tall building on the Napean Sea Road. A large distinguished gathering had collected for the occasion. There were present some distinguished Justices of Maharashtra High-Court, an Ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of India, distinguished journalists, highly placed executive, technologists and representatives of many other walks of life. All present were gathered in the large drawing room, sitting on the floor on a large carpet, while Dadaji presently arrived and reclined on a divan, kept ready for him, in his usual manner. After he had greeted and blessed everyone present, he asked the host to take five of us—the Ex Chief-Justice, another Justice, a lawyer, perhaps a journalist and myself—to examine the adjoining room. The room was quite bare with no door other than the one connecting with the drawing room. Next to a wall was kept a small framed picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, with two 'asans' (small square carpets) placed in front of it. One small oil lamp was kept ready. Besides, there was a vessel in which fresh cocoanut water had been kept on one side and a glass of fresh clean water on the other side of the picture. That was all. When we came out, Dadaji got up, took off his Kurta (loose shirt) and vest making his upper body bare. Then he put on a fresh 'lungi' (a loose cloth wrapped round the lower half of the body) provided by the host, dropping all the clothes he had arrived with. He was thus, for all practical purposes, as scantily dressed now as society would permit. He asked the Chief Justice of the Maharashtra High-Court, Mr. R. M. Kantawala, to get ready similarly to sit in the puja room so as to act as the main witness of the happenings to follow. He took Mr. Kantawala inside the puja room, came out of it himself, bolted the door of

that room and again lay down on the divan in the main sitting room. Then for some thirty minutes or so there was a singing of "Hari Nam." Dadaji then once again got up and went to the Puja-room and brought out Mr. Kantawala. The whole house was now pervaded by a divine aroma. He asked us—the five observers—to go in again and examine the puja-room. What we found and what Mr. Kantawala had experienced, is best described in the testimony of the Chief Justice himself, published, in the "Call Divine," p. 310, of Jan. I quote from it :

" .....

That evening when I reached the residence of Sri B. G. Patel there was already a congregation of distinguished visitors including the Ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of India, some judges of the High Court, Bombay, the eminent elites of the Society. The visitors observed the puja room, which contained a portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan with a garland of flowers, a vessel filled with some cocoanut water. Dadaji explained that worship was a wall between the worshipper and the worshipped and to think of worshipping the Absolute, who pervades this Creation and at the same time is enshrined in us, only smacked of egoistic appraisal.

I participated in the Puja by putting on merely a lungi and keeping my upper body bare. I followed Dadaji in the Puja room. It was a simple one where nothing else except what is stated above and a lighted "Dip" and two 'Asanas' to sit were kept. I took my seat on the floor as directed by Dadaji and began to tune myself with the Mahanama. Dadaji left the room within a short time. I was feeling bathed in the shower of various kinds of aroma that percolated through my body with a new vibration. With my eyes closed the sense organs caught it immediately as it spread through my body. I heard some Mantras pronounced in a melodious voice ; but, I could not grasp them. I made every effort to concentrate on the image of Sri Sri Satyanarayan ; but, I felt that a new vibration in me was



guiding myself on the way and there was a feeling of elevation.

I was breathing heavily the aroma all around. There was a feeling that the body grew lighter. A few minutes later I felt that necessity of breathing was considerably minimised. Time passed on quietly. I do not know how long I had been in that state till I felt a heavy load on my head. My whole body started emitting various types of fragrances. Drops of water fell on my head, neck and body and then all over the floor.

I opened my eyes at the sense of a heavy load on my head but, I found it was Dadaji touching my head by a touch of his soft finger. The whole room was filled with fumes of fragrant air, the floor was sprinkled with divinely fragrant water. Thick drops of fragrant honey dripped the photo of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. The coconut water had become highly fragrant condensed 'Ksheer' and the plain water got transformed to perfumed coconut water. I took the taste of the 'Charanamrita'—it appeared to me as 'Panchamrita.' Many present there took the smell of my body and they found that different kinds of divine aroma emanated from it.

That was 'Puja' as no one present had ever imagined. Dr. Gouri Nath Sastri says ( Volume-2, "On Dadaji ) : "After all, what is worship, who worships, who is worshipped and what are the articles with which we worship? If the subject and object of worship are identical in essence, what remains of worship as a piece of activity for which different articles are collected..... Truth cannot be achieved. Truth is there in every one of us— Truth only manifests itself".

### The Supreme Science

After all the astounding experiences I had been having with Dadaji, it slowly dawned upon me that I had been receiving hints about the Incomprehensible Truth beyond the reach of our intellectual pursuits, science included. However, it also simultaneously dawned upon me that there was no denial of our mundane activities implied at all. Rather glimpses of the Source of all, including

all those activities, had been forthcoming, by His Grace for His own purpose that I could hardly set myself upon to judge.

A couple of days before returning to Calcutta (on Sept 6, 1973, if I remember correctly), Dadaji suggested that I should write an article based on my experiences. That I later realised was a nice way of making me attempt a formulation of what has been slowly dawning upon me. I wrote then, and to my own surprise, with remarkable speed, an article entitled "The Supreme Science". I wrote :

We live to-day in an age dominated by science. The practitioners of science are held in awe by the public at large—as were the religious priests of a bygone age. Little wonder then that, with this prevailing attitude there should also come to be developed a whole body of scientific superstition that belittles many values which the present day science, by its very nature, cannot even pretend to pronounce upon.....

I went on to describe for a general reader what I believe to be the method and scope of our present science—something on which, needless to say, no general agreement, even amongst scientists themselves, really exists. I felt that as a scientist, I should try to view the Dadaji experiences starting from the stand-point of science, so far as such a thing is at all possible. I essentially concluded the article as follows :

...To bring to us, in the proverbial 'eating of the pudding' manner, the immanence of the Maha-Sakti of Brahma in all that we perceive and that we do not; to give us a glimpse of that in Whom all space-time, causality, good, bad, the whole universe (evolving, exploding, pulsating or steady), all knowledge (scientific or otherwise), have their seat, is the proclaimed purpose of Dadaji. To our science-dominated world he has thus appeared as a Knower of the "Supreme Science". His subject, containing as it does science and all else, affirms science and goes beyond. All of our contemporary science is subsumed in It and so cannot be set up as the sole judge of the engulfing Truth.....

Once a couple of months later, I asked him, "Dadaji, it appears to me that what we study is only the manifested world, with its presumably definite laws; and surely by powers of intuition, imagination and reason again manifested by Him. Is it not?"

He beamed at me and said, "Ah! fine; you are through, you are through!"

On September 4, the article was completed. I read it out in the evening to Neeraja, my brother and his family (wife and sons, just arrived a couple of days earlier from Delhi, and staying with us while awaiting the arrival of their household effects). During our discussions my brother's eldest son took us to task for believing in such nonsense telling us in effect that we too were being led to join the large ranks of gullible fools. It was most natural from one who had not yet been destined to receive or understand the experiences we had gone through. For, these experiences cannot be asked for or ordered; as Dadaji repeatedly says, they happen at His Will alone.

That night I was woken up around 1 a. m. by a severe sinus pain (which I get sometimes in the monsoon season or with the transition to winter). To relieve the pain I decided to make myself a hot cup of tea. As I was about to enter the kitchen for this, I suddenly noticed that the little finger of my right hand was glowing in a strange manner. My first impulse was to shake it off thinking it to be due to some glowing-insect. But soon I realised this beautiful bluish-white glow, a sort of phosphorescent longish-pattern, to be an unexpected new experience. In fact, my 'kurta', (loose night shirt), I now noticed, also had on it a large pearl of light. I immediately woke up Neeraja to share the experience. She was thrilled and as she touched my finger, her right-hand thumb also immediately started glowing in like-manner and her upper-lip began to glow with a tiny pearl of light. This was fantastic. We immediately woke up my brother and his wife. They were equally surprised and thrilled. My brother said, "See, the image of Sri Sri Satyanarayan has appeared on your finger to endorse your writing." With that he peacefully

went off to sleep again. After some more time of enjoying this experience, Neeraja told me to wake up our unbelieving nephew and show him the manifestation. As soon as I got up to do that, the glows and the lights promptly disappeared. They were evidently not meant for show! And, of course, my pain had disappeared and I had a most restful sleep after that.

Next evening, Neeraja and I had gone to see Dadaji with my article. He asked me to read it out to the company present. After the reading I told him of our previous night's experience. He laughed and told the company, "Look at that! What has happened to this scientist and his wife and to his journalist brother and his wife. What strange things they are seeing in the middle of the night!"

After dinner we went to bed as usual. Again, that night the same thing happened. I was woken up by the same pain. This time I was not surprised to see the same manifestation of light. I woke up Neeraja. The two of us in quiet jubilation enjoyed the experience for a long time. We did not bother to wake up any other witness this time. I had forgotten the pain. Slowly the iridescent patterns in the likeness of Sri Sri Satyanarayan disappeared and we fell asleep peacefully.

Dadaji left Bombay for Calcutta on the next morning. What a bounty of experiences had we received in just three weeks!

#### **Dadaji as House-holder**

I have had friends and relatives in Calcutta; but, for years I did not have any occasion to go there. As Dadaji was about to leave Bombay for Calcutta, I received quite unexpectedly an invitation to perform an academic duty at Santiniketan. This took me, within a week of his departure, to Calcutta to enjoy his enchanting company so soon again. In fact, the job at hand necessitated my going there two more times. Thus I visited Calcutta three times that year (1973), in September, October and December. Clearly, more experiences had to be in store for me.

Extremely important was the opportunity I was thus afforded of seeing Dadaji in his day-to-day surroundings. He lives in his

own small double-storeyed house in a Calcutta suburb. His family consists of his wife—a perfect image of simplicity and kindness—his (then college-going and now recently married) daughter Ivy and his (then high school-going and now college-going) son Abhijit. To manage his household, he runs a small toy-shop in the New Market, for which he employs a couple of shop assistants. He does not just lecture to others to face the normal life of a house-holder; he does it himself. His criticism against 'swamis', 'babas', and such like is expressed in his own living practice. He puts no sign of holiness whatever. Like any average householder in Bengal, he puts on a simple 'lungi' and a sleeveless vest while resting and talking informally at home. While going out he puts on elegantly a 'dhoti' and 'panjabi' (a loose flowing long shirt) like any Bengali gentleman. Every time I have been to his house, he has treated me most affectionately as a true Eldest Brother (or Father), plying me with sweets, snacks and tea in between lunch and dinner of the choicest Bengali cuisine of fish, meat, vegetables and rice. The lunch is always followed, according to common custom, by 'Pan' and cigarettes, and, most importantly after lunch, a comfortable siesta on a well made bed. He never goes collecting or attracting crowds. The visitors are almost always small in number, never more than an average room-full. The talks are carried out in the informal manner of the family chat. No single person near him lives without earning a normal living. He never accepts any gifts of any kind. If some one does bring a gift of flowers, or any other thing, he promptly passes it on to one or another of the younger brothers or sisters around, since he is after all the 'Dada' (eldest brother).

From talking to people in Calcutta, some of whom have known him for a long time—including one recently retired professor of music, who had known him in his young days as a senior fellow musician and friend before he learnt to know him again as 'Dadaji'—I gather that he must certainly be above seventy years of age. Yet, he looks a divinely handsome middle aged man in mid-fifties, with black hair, and has the agility of a panther. His beautifully

shaped large eyes, always open, and from time to time roving in space, give an immediate impression of the extraordinary in him. His speech in Bangla is colourful and fluent. His English and Hindi are not fluent but all the more colourful. There is not the slightest touch of the learned and the knowledgeable in his speech or demeanour. Only when, once in a while, a tiresome pedagogue or a learned 'shastri' or 'mahamahopadhyaya' turns up, does he inundate the learned man with such profound and unheard of Sanskrit statements, apparently from some inexhaustible source—and with such interpretations—that the biggest scholars have to bow down to him in humility. In the usual conversations, he is simple, direct and always unexpectedly profound. In his much younger days, he made a living as a classical musician and singer—broadcasting often from the Calcutta radio. Later on he had a successful spell as a bank manager. Much later he started running the toy shop. Some of his old friends, to whom he revealed himself gradually only around the beginning of this decade, feel blessed to-day to know him as 'Dadaji' and are glad to touch his feet in the traditional manner of greeting a revered elder. To all activities of life he gives due regard. While he is known to have effected miraculous cures, never for the asking, of course, he himself submits to doctors and pathologists for all the medicines and check-ups like anyone else, "Are they not appointed by Him to do this job?", he would meaningfully remind one. "You cannot leave His creation and find Him elsewhere, can you?", he would add.

The first time I met him in Calcutta, it was a Saturday evening. I had taken a friend and my eldest sister along with me. He blessed my sister in his usual manner by touching the divine aroma off her chest—that remained with her for many days. He gave us hearty snacks; and before we were leaving, he asked me to go to him again on the following Wednesday evening for dinner. Someone present suggested to him that, as I was going to be in the city, he could ask me to the Sunday morning sitting at some address. He sort of ignored this and we left. Next morning (Sunday) after breakfast I started feeling unwell. Soon I deve-

loped a temperature of 102°F. A doctor had to be summoned. He found the case rather serious and had to put me on heavy doses of anti-biotics and vitamins. To the surprise of everyone, however, I was fit enough again on the afternoon of the following Wednesday. And I was able to keep my dinner date with Dadaji in the evening. On arrival at his place that evening I found him sipping a cup of tea. He welcomed me with a knowing smile. Then suddenly he gave me the remaining one-third of the cup of tea still left to drink after shaking it a little. It was no longer tea, but a sweet fragrant drink I had never tasted before. By dinner time, my remaining feeling of weakness disappeared totally, and on his instruction I was made to eat the heartiest feast worthy of a wedding guest.

Before I left Calcutta, the next day ( September 19 ), I had gone to visit him again. Suddenly this time he mentioned something about an article he would give for my brother's paper for the issue of the 30th September. Then he went on to talk of other things. I thought he had changed his mind about the article and I soon forgot all about it. Back in Bombay I remembered this incident again only on the 30th, when on opening the morning paper ( the Free Press Journal ) I found, to my surprise, a second article by my brother, C.S. Pandit, entitled "Mystic from Bengal" an article conceived of and written only two days prior to its publication. Then I realised how Dadaji had once again given me glimpses across Time.

From my second visit to Calcutta in October, I specially recall a remark of Dadaji. He was about to leave on a visit to Orissa, where at Puri there is the famous temple of 'Jagannath' ( Lord of the Universe ). With deep anguish showing on his face he told me, "People say 'Jagannath' is sitting here ! How can that be ? How can you confine the Lord of the Universe in a little spot and do all kinds of things in His name ?"

Who is this Dadaji ? Well, what man there is that can really claim to 'know' him ! To his large number of brothers and sisters he appears as the most beloved ever loving eldest brother.

To many outside, he appears as a mighty menace to their age-old game of exploitation of the simple-minded people in the form of "Gurudom." With the presently unprecedented sprouting of 'Bhagawans', 'Avatars' and 'Gurus,' a confrontation is all set for Dadaji. Is this the beginning of it? One had almost expected something when in the Editor's page of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" of October 7, 1973, Dadaji had roared a challenge, exhorting the distinguished editor :

"Expose them ! And if you can't do that, get them together through an invitation and let me disprove their pretensions".

In an article in "The Call Divine" of December 1, 1973, no less a person than Smt. Sumati Morarji herself writes ( p. 122 ) : "Dadaji has no math or asrama , for, he scoffs at it. To him the human body is the asrama and Nature is its mohant."

There are, of course, people who unable to take in the impact of the events that take place in his presence through Divine Will, want an easy escape by dubbing them as mere tricks of magic. Yes, magic indeed, it is the same magic from which came forth the sun, the stars, the galaxies, the entire universe ! Dadaji, as knower of Brahma, appears in our science-dominated world as the knower of "The Supreme-Science." He is the knower of Truth in Whom all so-called good and bad, all that is perceived and all that is not, have their seat.

#### **The Moveless Mover-Satyanarayana**

Truth Absolute—Satyanarayana—is indescribable in human language. That is why we use words with opposite meanings, Void and Full, in a feeble attempt to describe it. It is pure undifferentenced structureless Existence ; so there are no existents, concepts, structures to hold on to in order to describe it. Presumably there arose a spontaneous Supreme Wish to enjoy the Love of Creation—and lo ! with a 'bang' the Feminine principle of 'Yogamaya' came into play as Mind function-'prakriti' (Nature) —creating transient ripples of existents on the infinite ocean of existence.

Without the mind there could be no love-play of 'Prakriti'



and 'Purush' (feminine Nature and the male Absolute), and so there could be no 'Rasa'—the joyance of 'Vraja-Lila' (Divine play) this world displays. The mind is the means of cutting up Reality into the fragmented vision of this world in terms of the space-time framework. It is the means of manifesting the dance of bipolarity—action and reaction conceived of by the human mind as good and bad, virtue and vice, happiness and misery etc., attending the theater play of this world.

Supreme Existence, as Mahanam, sustains and supports the entire creation. The two sounds of Mahanam constitute the vibration of existence—the inflow and outflow of breath, the drum beats of the heart. Mahanam is the bridge between Truth Absolute and the mind. As playful Gopal, as enchanting Govinda, the moveless mover Satyanarayana floods his creation with His Divine Love as the all-pervading Mahanam.

In Dadaji—personification of Truth and Love—we meet the Absolute and His Play. To see him as an individual is to miss him. In Him we meet the Child, the Mother and the Father—'Vibhuti,' 'Sambhuti' and 'Asambhuti'—all in One.

Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury is moving all over the world as the Universal Elder Brother (Dadaji) to create in mankind an awareness of Truth, of Oneness, through Mahanam and his famous body-fragrance—the Divine Music of Krishna. He has no organisations, no institutions, no temples. The human heart, in fact, the entire universe, is his temple. He liberates man from the clutches of superstitions and demolishes the business of 'gurus' and priests, who are engaged in the heinous business of making money in the name of the Lord. "No man can ever be a guru,"—he goes thundering everywhere, "the one and only Guru is the Lord dwelling in our hearts, permeating the entire creation, as Mahanam. He is outside the reach of the mind and the intellect, but instantly approachable through Love."

As the mind, senses, body are His creation, it is going against His design if we suppress them and practise all kinds of austerities. We have been sent here to taste His Love. So we must live a natural life, under nature's control, without imposing

privations and denials on our inborn nature. All restrictions imposed artificially are mere superstitions. Loving Him, by remembering Mahanam and completely surrendering to His Will, we have to carry on our duties that present themselves with the awareness that we are not the doers. The Lord is the sole doer. When the ego evaporates He appears. By its very nature, in this world, there will be ups and there will be downs, there will be success and there will be failure, there will be joy and there will be sorrow. To bear with all these as the unalterable 'Prarabdha' (Destiny) created by the Great Designer with patience is the only means of dissipating the debts of the world. Be one a king or a pauper, everyone must submit to 'Prarabdha'. It is only a temporary part one plays in the world drama. So patience is the only medicine, in fact, the only real virtue. In fact, as He is the creator of 'Prarabdha', so is He also the giver of strength to bear it with patience. Whatever happens His love is always surrounding us without and bubbling up within. And Dadaji assures us, "He is such a loving Father! Just you see by relying on His mercy. He does not see anyone's faults or lapses, for man is so helpless and can do nothing on his own. He asks nothing of you. He is satisfied by your just remembering Him once."

So many philosophers, scientists, scholars, yogis, saints, writers, practitioners of modern medicine, etc., all over the world have been eagerly coming to Dadaji, receiving Mahanam, experiencing his supernatural manifestations and writing about him. The literature on him has been growing at an astounding rate. Never in the entire history of mankind has such a thing been known ever. That he lives the life of a householder, with a family of wife, son and daughter, running the household on the proceeds of a toy shop, is noteworthy. All the records of so many responsible persons will make it impossible to introduce any future distortions into his wonderful message and example of natural living.

In Madras, in the year 1973, there had gathered many philosophers and vedantic scholars (like Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. S. Srinivasan, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan), great sages, saints, intellectuals and luminaries from other walks of life to confront Dadaji about

his message that challenges all "Shastric" (scriptural) injunctions. A great lady, a most distinguished singer of classical devotional songs, came and bowed to Dadaji. Dadaji lovingly planted a kiss on her cheek and touched off her chest with his body-fragrance. In this gathering of the most hidebound orthodox custodians of the 'Shastras', this sent a shock wave. Exactly the situation that Dadaji so playfully enjoys! Questioned about this by a learned man, he said, "He has only come here to make love to the women-folk. When He sees a beautiful girl He asks her to marry Him. Do you think any of you here is a male? You are in 'Prakriti'—that is under the feminine principle of creation. So you are all females married to the only male—the 'Purusha'—who resides within you and without whom you cannot make an entry into this world. You do not know what marriage means. Can a body make love to another body. When the Lord (Husband) within throws off the body you are in such a hurry to carry it off to the grave-yard or to the cremation ground. You do not make love to it then, do you? So love and sex is only between the mind (the female) and Govinda (the Lord within). Have you understood now? Get rid of your superstitions!" This was astounding indeed, but not one out of all the great scholars of Vedas and Shastras present could dispute the profound truth so beautifully explained by Dadaji.

Then as their most respected representative, the revered Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. S. Srinivasan, was taken to the next room alone by Dadaji. There the learned man saw Dadaji as Narayana and saw Mahanam on the wings of Garuda spread behind the effulgent gigantic Narayana. He prostrated in front of Dadaji with complete submission. Then followed a flood of saints, scholars and savants prostrating before Dadaji and getting the incomparable blessing of Mahanam and the music of his divine fragrance.

On behalf of the yogis, came one day the hundred and sixty-seven years old Sri Sri (108 times) Bhagwan Ramdas Paramahansa Annatyagi to confront Dadaji with his great powers earned through arduous austerities. He became impotent before Dadaji,

received with gratitude the gift of Mahanam appearing on his matted locks and soon thereafter left the old body for heavenly abode.

So many such events have been taking place and duly recorded. The great Indian physicist Satyendra Nath Bose was so overwhelmed on meeting Dadaji that he called Dadaji 'Tathagata' and said that seeing his supernatural manifestations he would go mad and lose all his life-long anchor of science. No fear ! Science is the creation of the human mind ; mind is the creation of Satyanarayan.

A very great American scientist, winner of the Nobel prize more than once, saw a bottle of scotch whisky he had been asked to bring by Dadaji turn into a sweet heavenly drink with Dadaji's fragrance. On Dadaji's instruction he applied a little of it to his wife's paralysed right arm—and lo and behold the arm got cured ! This happened in front of a very distinguished gathering in Malibu, California.

A great physician phoned from London to Dadaji at Bombay in a state of panic as he feared he had stomach cancer according to specialists of Harley Street. Dadaji thundered into the phone, "Nonsense ! You doctors are a bunch of fools. There is nothing wrong with your stomach. Phone me the day after tomorrow after more tests". Two days later the doctor phoned that he was indeed in perfect health !

So many times simultaneously Satyanarayan Pujas have taken place in locations thousands of miles apart. So many times, so many devotees have experienced Dadaji's fragrance in far distant places. There is no limitation of time and space for Him.

These manifestations keep taking place, shooting forth from Dadaji in such an easy and playful manner. Once the message is clear and faith established, there is no further need for them. For then this entire universe itself begins to be seen as one great manifestation of the Supreme Being.

And greatest of all, we become aware of the ever-present, all merciful, all-pervading, loving grace of Dadaji !

### VRAJA-LEELA

Dadaji visited Bombay again for about six weeks during July—August of 1974. It was a real feast for us—our hearts' content of meetings with him.

One morning my eyes were drawn, as also of the other people present, to his bare right palm twitching ( he was in his usual informal dress of sleeveless vest and lungi ) a couple of times in full clear view of everyone. He called Neeraja to come up to him and extend her hands to receive a gift from the Lord. With very slow motion, keeping his open palm clearly in our sight, he brought the palm in touch with her hands, and to her elation she found in her hands appear a small sea-shell medallion engraved with the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan mounted in a thin golden frame! This he told her to wear on a chain round her neck while I was away on my impending three week's trip abroad. I was going to spend the last two weeks of July at an international research centre at Trieste, to attend a symposium, and then a week at London to attend an international conference on high energy physics. Before I left on my trip, I went to take his blessings. He told me that the Lord would be with me all along. I landed at the Rome airport very early in the morning I still had a few hours for my next flight to Trieste. The hall in the airport was still empty, it being rather early, except for the coffee bar-tenders. I managed to get myself a cup of coffee with the few shillings I had in English currency. As I sat down to sip it, I remembered Dadaji's words and immediately felt engulfed by his divine aroma. At that time it was late forenoon at Bombay. I later learnt that Dadaji was telling Neeraja and others present with him that he was seeing me sitting in a large almost empty hall at Rome enjoying a cup of coffee! All through my trip, which proved quite eventful, I was aware of him from time to time through the appearance of the characteristic fragrance.

I was naturally eager to get back home, as I was keen on

enjoying a few days of Dadaji's company before he left again for Calcutta. On my return he gladdened us by agreeing to come to our home for lunch one day before his departure. That has become a most memorable day for us. About three hours before he had actually arrived with some brothers and sisters from Calcutta at our flat for lunch, our whole house got invaded by a strong fragrance centred in our bed room, where we have kept the large-framed portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan along with two of Dadaji's pictures. We found, to our delight and amazement, that the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan was profusely dripping a fragrant thick honeylike red fluid. A pearl-like drop of it also appeared on a picture of Dadaji. The dried up streaks of the fluid survive even today after more than two and a half years. Our delight was complete when he finally arrived, in person, for the lunch. We had a wonderful time with his loving presence at our home. My younger son, Neeraj, was at the moment suffering from a very painful large boil on his thigh. I had decided to take him the next day to a doctor for treatment. Dadaji called him affectionately and gently moved his soft finger around the boil. Within the day the boil subsided and we soon forgot all about it.

My next visit to Dadaji was at Calcutta in November, 1974, on my way back from Santiniketan. During a conversation on the morning of my arrival, he picked his ash-tray and asked whether it was possible to transform an object like that into another object, according to science. I told him that such a thing was not possible by any known physical means. That evening he materialised on his bare palm a silver locket. After we had examined it, he touched it again and it was transformed into a gold locket! That night I was woken up by a severe pain in my stomach. While I was tossing about in the bed, I suddenly felt engulfed by Dadaji's aroma and I started seeing a beautiful blue light on the ceiling of the bedroom. I enjoyed the experience for about half an hour, after which I fell off asleep, the pain having vanished. The next morning when I went to Dadaji, he asked me, knowingly, how I felt then. He told me that he had had a most uncomfortable night. "See His ways. One man be-

comes all right and another becomes ill!". On my last day of that visit I had lunch at Dadaji's and then lay down for siesta in a closed room properly darkened with curtains. When I got up, I suddenly noticed the light tubes beginning to glow with a peculiar discharge with all the switches off. The glow eventually disappeared after having entertained me till it was time for the servant to knock at the door and serve me with the afternoon tea.

The last visit to Dadaji, dealt with in the present account, took place in November 1976. I had gone to participate in a Symposium at Bhubaneswar from November 1 to 5. On the morning of the 6th I arrived at Calcutta and went straight with bag and baggage to Dadaji's house. It almost appeared as if he and some others were waiting for me. For, within about twenty minutes of my arrival I was asked to accompany them to a certain house in another suburb. I discovered on arrival there that it was the thirteenth day after the passing away of an old doctor of engineering, known to Dadaji for many years. Normally that would have been the day for elaborate religious rituals followed by most Hindus. Dadaji told the waiting widow and her eldest son that the usual ceremonies are meaningless—at best a sort of picnic in the name of the departed. He then told them to sit in a specially prepared emptied room on two 'asans' (small carpets) in front of the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and place a plate full of specially prepared dishes in front of it, and start remembering Mahanama. The door to the room was bolted shut, with all of us visitors remaining in the adjoining sitting room along with Dadaji reclining on a divan. After about fifteen minutes he asked some one to open the room and let some of us in, including me to go and examine what had happened. We found the room choked with fragrance, the floor sprinkled with fragrant water, the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan dripping a honey-like fluid, and even more surprising, the food offered having been eaten in part with clear signs of fingers on the dishes from where the preparations had been taken. Dadaji said, "Can man do all this; It is He Who is all, but we do not see!" After that we left and went back home to Dadaji's place. Dadaji treated me

with the most affectionate hospitality—looking to all details for my comfortable stay.

I was afforded many remarkable experiences on this visit before I left for home with loving gifts from Dadaji for each member of my family. During one evening sitting, there were telephone calls to him from far-flung places—Australia, Madras, Bombay, Bhubaneswar—and each time before the phone rang, he would tell us who was calling and from where and would let one or another of us present pick the phone as it rang to verify it. One time, while talking to the caller from Bombay, he called me by a gesture, touched the mouth piece with his finger and handed me the receiver and immediately I heard the caller excitedly speaking “Dadaji, the phone receiver is emitting a strong aroma!” And so on.

The most important experience of this visit I had was on the morning of Sunday, November 7, 1976. A large number of people had collected to meet him. A couple of days before my arrival, I was told, a message had been received by some one from Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Cyclostyled copies of this message had been made. Some of the people present, including me, were given a copy each of this message. Dr. Nani Sen, a well-known scholar, was asked by Dadaji to give a running Bangla rendering of the message for the benefit of the visitors. After that was over, we heard a most profound and hard-hitting series of statements from Dadaji in his typical colourful manner. Among the numerous things he said, I vividly recall: “If any one says he is Supreme, he is worse than a murderer! Be sure he never realised any thing. How can any one claim himself to be ‘Avatar’?” Again, “All is Absolute—everyone, everything! Only by our fragmented vision we see parts”. Further, “All this ‘yoga’, ‘tantra’, ‘scriptures’ are full of misunderstandings—all strange practices”: And, “Truth is outside the reach of the mind. This whole life is His Vraja-Leela (Divine Play). We have come to enjoy His play. Remember Him with love and remain in ‘Swabhava’ (natural state)!”

Suddenly Dadaji addressed me, “If you want, He will trans-



form this copy of message you have to any colour you ask for. For you, as you are a scientist". He then took me to the adjoining empty room and asked me to choose any colour. I asked for red. He told me to bow to Sri Sri Satyanarayan. In a second I looked again at the paper I was holding. What was a smudgy cyclostyled copy had now been transformed into a beautifully printed paper in red carrying the same message—and, as I took care to verify against another copy, reproducing exactly every single error of typing left in the cyclostyled version!

That message, I feel, will be the most appropriate conclusion for this account. The last chapter is, therefore, a verbatim copy of the Lord's Message.

## BE OF GOOD CHEER

The Message from Sri Sri Satyanarayan (31. 10. '76)

Truth expressed is truth expired. An all-inclusive integral self-identity, it defies all manifestation. For, to be manifest, is to be an other in a space-time complex, as the segmented human vision would have it. Truth, therefore, can only be lived as mere existence and never as existent. To understand is to stand apart from it; to realise is to fancy as real what is unreal. Scriptures are accordingly a tissue of half-truths, 'Vilma' (corrupt truth), 'anukara' (a caricature of truth.) Truth of a surety never submits to mental moulds which these scriptures typify. The vedas, which are at the source of Hindu Dharma and Omkar Brahma worship, are but a semblance of the 'Hamsa' of the Sanatan Dharma. And the Tantra fares no better.

No one can come into this world without the two sounds of Mahanama vibrating within him. Locked in wedlock to it, he comes here and forgets it outright. The Mahanama vibrates within the vacuous region of the heart, which is the place of repose of all respiration, unruffled by any mental modes. This Mahanama is Prana, Govinda, the warp and woof of your existence. The respiratory function is set in motion by its spontaneous vibration. If you closely follow the track of respiration, you may be led to a rediscovery of the vibration of Mahanama. A misunderstanding of this situation paved the way for progressively monstrous physical and mental gymnastics in the name of Yoga and Tantra. While Yoga is subjectively oriented, Tantra has more of a firm objective bias. It has yielded a rich harvest of ritualism and a plethora of mystic syllables, diagrams and esoteric vidyas, traces of which are clearly found in the Upanisads. After the Kurukshetra War, Tantra gathered momentum by pursuing Sava-sadhana, Preta-sadhana and sex-act as a divine rite. As time wore on, the world was littered with such exotic concepts as Kundalini, Sat-cakra, Bhutasuddhi, Asana-suddhi, Panca

makara and the like. What a grand enterprise to schematise the Infinite and to forcibly implant it in your body and mind!

But, Tantra professedly has a profound philosophy to offer. In it, the ultimate reality is a perfect equipoise of Siva and Sakti. Its goal is to fully awaken the human soul from its state of slumber and to raise it to the state of purnahanta (plenary egoism), Svatantrya (freedom), Omniscience and Omnipotence through the complete awakening of Kundalini to be achieved through unmilana Samadhi through a state of equilibrium of Prana and Apana. And this state of Moksa is glibly dovetailed with Bhoga! And the entire farrago of Tantric merchandise is laid bare before you to bear on the contingency—Nada, Bindu, Kala, Kama-Kala etc. etc.! All this is good talk, but, bad logic. It suffers from egoism and mental geometrisation. Whatever is achieved is necessarily an effect, limited in space and time, transitory and is right under your thumb. This may give you some miraculous power for a short spell of time. But, it has nothing to do with Him. The parable of the frog in the well certainly never goes wrong. In practice, however, Tantra indulges in perverse sex-acts and its multiform seeming sublimation. But, the sex-act,—in fact, no act—can ever lead to the zero-experience.

Be of good cheer. You have nothing to get. Everything that is, is within. He is within you and is your dearest; in fact, He is you and your existence is the way to Him. Unless you are shorn of your ego and are beyond your mind, you cannot be in tune with Him. Where there is mind, there is meaning. So, don't try to understand Him. No original sin you have come here to expiate for. You have come here to have a taste of His Vraja-leela which this world displays. Vraja-leela is symbolised by copulation—moving to and fro to the opposite poles like a pendulum, the characteristic of quality and mental function. When you are at rest which is symbolised by 'orgasm', that is beyond Vraja, beyond Krishna. This finally leads you to Satyanarayana or Bhuma, which is a state of undifferenced existence. Evaporation of ego, loving submission to Mahanama and braving the world of reality as His bounteous expression is your duty. Don't create an

ivory tower. Let your senses and mind do any manner of antics. If you starve them, you are the worst criminal ; you cannot, then, do the Asva-medha and Rajasuya. No prema, no Mahajhana. Penance is necessary for existence in this world and not for Him. Dadaji is the complete repudiation of ego-hood. He is no person. The Will Supreme, therefore, displays an endless variety of fantastic miracles through him to iron out all atheism. Play your part well in the Vraja-leela, shaking off desires and obsessions. You are Purna-kambha. Let this consciousness dawn upon you from within. Be always in a state of Svabhava ( nature ), free from all sense of want.

**SRI SRI SATYANARAYAN**

## Intra-Sectional Interjection

### Dadaji on Philanthropy

THEY IGNORE THEIR DUTY TOWARDS FELLOW-BEINGS  
—DADAJI

You know Dadaji is neither a Hindu nor a Christian. To him humanity is one and religion too. And religion or Dharma is coterminous with existence. Giving a secluded niche for Dharma, apart from the mainstream of existence, ushers in a religion that is formalistic, denominational and dogmatic. An ivory tower is carved out. The question of good and bad looms before one's scanning mind and intellect and ethical theories are piled up. And the stage is set for a questionnaire. The man in the ivory tower—a recluse, an escapist—may well argue that his sole concern is self-culture and that social work, having as it does no spiritual bearing, is anathema to it. An escapism in the opposite direction comes handy in the form of philanthropic activities of diverse complexions. Both take life in fragments, idolise suffering in one way or another and fall apart from the mainstream of life. That is why a synthesis of the two extremes is in evidence these days in the form of ascetic social workers.

But, Dadaji does not believe in any synthesis, for there is one integral existence all through. Every bit of work is worship—philanthropic work not excepted. But the moment any kind of work grips your consciousness as the one thing indispensable and stems the tide of your life, it is invested with the multiple nuances and drives of your ego and lacks spirituality. Relief work, if pursued without any sense of ego and without injury to the mainstream of one's life, need not be profane. But to draft such a questionnaire is to put the cart before the horse. And Dadaji will have to say: It has nothing to do with spirituality—not the ascetic answer, of course. For, Dadaji is neither an escapist, nor an idolater.

**PHILANTHROPIC ACTIVITIES**

One should first point out the ambiguity in using the expression "self-centred." Hindus are self-centred inasmuch as they are drawn towards meditation, asceticism and solitude. They are self-centred because they ignore their duty to their fellow beings and society. In the first case, "self-centred" means "soul-centred" and in the second it has the normal connotation. One has to argue then that whoever is soul-centred is necessarily self-centred. Hinduism as it stands now really emphasises other-worldliness and asceticism and solitude. Despite that, however, the scriptures are eloquent in enjoining philanthropic activity. And history will bear witness to the fact that charitable pursuits were never unknown in India ; or else the institution of beggary would have died long, long ago. Even the five great daily sacrifices (*Pancha mahayajna*) provide for such relief work. But you are concerned with natural calamities like drought, flood and famine and civic disturbances.

Hindus traditionally believe that these are the business of the Government. But during the last two centuries a new consciousness has dawned upon them and one finds relief organisations here and there. This institutional philanthropy is an import from Christendom. It struck root here as a subsidiary activity of the Christian missionaries. Certainly a sense of democracy and the absence of a fatalistic outlook were necessary for such an institution to grow. Hindus lacked them both. But what about Muslims? Democracy is at the very root of Islam and it is not an ascetic religion. But, the picture is not any different with them. And what about the Parsis, professing no ascetic cult? Conversely, Christianity also emphasises meditation, asceticism and solitude to a great extent. So it is not Hinduism or Christianity that is to be impugned or justified on this score. Of course, religion shapes an attitude towards life. That may have a minor role to play in the form of fatalism. But it is the geographical difference which is responsible for such a phenomenon under reference.



The captivating look

The Hindu concept of society, being family oriented, is not yet commensurate with the modern concept. As a result, Hindus are in a sense individualistic and fight shy of organisational activity. Moreover, there are many incentives to such organisational social activities. It is a question of one's area of interest being broader than another's. And the Christian organisations outnumber their Hindu counterparts also because their incentive comes from outside the country in supersession of the national characteristics of Indians.

This is how one may react to your questionnaire—not that it is Dadaji's own views.\*



Section - D

## Dadaji - the Limitless Nobody

Dr. Eugene N. Kovalenco.

The family of man is divided to-day as never before in known history. There are conflicts galore all around. The tremendous achievements of science and technology, for all the promise they hold, are more often put to use for intensifying conflicts. The human heart yearns for peace; the human mind only succeeds in producing more turmoil.

In this situation, self-styled 'gurus', 'babas', 'swamis', 'maharishis' and 'bhagawans' have a field-day exploiting fellow men in the name of God.

A perfect setting, this, for the appearance of the true redeemer. He has taken the form of the Universal Eldest Brother—Dadaji—to remind all men of their common divine ancestry, and, hence, of their Brotherhood. To demolish the exploiters, he proclaims and proves. "No mortal can be the 'guru' of another mortal; only the Lord residing in every heart is our Guru!" His basic message is: "All mankind is one, all languages are one and Truth is one!"

Dadaji assures us that no mental or physical acts, no prohibitions, no esoteric rituals, no superstitious beliefs or practices are needed to lead us to a realization of Truth. By personal example he shows how one is to participate in normal life, braving the world. As Mr. Amiya Roy Chowdhury, he loves the life of a householder, in Calcutta, supporting his wife and children by running a small toy shop. Any one who approaches him in simplicity is gathered in his loving arms as a younger brother or sister. There are no barriers of caste, community, religion, sex or nationality with him. Divine love is what he exudes for all without exception.

The Supreme Will displays all manner of stupendous miracles through Dadaji to draw the attention of mankind to

his message. In the presence of Dadaji, a seeker sees Mahanam (Supreme Name) appear on a blank piece of paper in his native language and then disappear, while he also hears it chanted from within him. This proves Dadaji's assertion that the Lord resides within us and is our Guru.

There is a growing pile of testimonies of responsible men from all walks of life and all over the world, including several distinguished scientists vouching for the authenticity of Dadaji's miracles. These take place spontaneously, and not for the asking. Dadaji claims no authorship for these, always emphasising that Satyanarayan—Truth Supreme—is the only source of these happenings, in fact, of all that we experience in His creation. Their purpose is to instill faith in the Supreme Being, incomprehensible to mind and intellect.

The world of Nature is the world of mind. It is His creation, as divine play (Braja-Leela). It is in the nature of the mind to produce the fragmented vision of the One reality. Thus we have individuals, things, concepts of space and time as the arena on which the endless interactions and transformations take place. It is in the mind-world that all duality appears: good and bad, positive and negative, ups and downs, etc. When there is no mind, all meaning disappears. With the evaporation of the individual mental identity—the ego—pure undifferentiated Existence shines forth as Absolute Truth. Then all limitations vanish automatically—no time, no space, no individual entities or concepts remain.

Dadaji is showing mankind the path whereby a change in the angle of vision comes about enabling us to see the world as divine play. Our duty is to play well our part here, living a natural life. This is the only true offering ("daan"). We have to bear our destiny ('prarabdha') with patience. This is the only penance ("tapasya."). We have to let go of the only burden we carry in the form of undue importance we attach to our ego. This is true renunciation ("sannyas"). We have to submit to the Lord's Will, i.e. remember Him with love and self-surrender. This, Dadaji exhorts us, is the only way to Him.

In Dadaji we come face to face with complete egolessness: He is identified with the Truth. No limitations exist for him. What we call miracles are, thus, no miracles to him. Dadaji can, therefore, truly be dubbed : the Limitless Nobody !

Dadaji sometimes conducts a ceremony of Truth called Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja. Sri Sri Satyanarayan, the Truth personified, is the sole creative and sustaining principle perceptible in this universe as divine power or energy.

To witness the supernatural phenomena or miracles, the elite of the city : educators, chancellors, physicians, scientists, senators, governors, presidents of churches gathered yesterday in the presence of Dadaji and received Mahanam, the name of the Lord, from within.

The Satyanarayan Puja happened simultaneously in a closed room in the house of Mr. K. Khetani at Rowland Heights, Los Angeles, in New York City at 345 E. 81st Street, Dr. Albert in Washington, D. C., Dr. William Jones, U. S. A. Dadaji was all alone seated outside amongst the visitors ; but, simultaneously his presence was felt in the above places.

The floor of the room was dry ; but, after the phenomenal worship the room was found wet with fragrant water, though the room was closed all through. The coconut water was found congealed into a thick condensed milk, the plain water acquired a sweet aroma and taste and a honey-like nectar with pleasant aroma was seen dripping from the glass of the framed portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, the Truth personified.

To be precise, at this critical period of the World, Dadaji, the Supreme consciousness in human form, is moving about among us to bring home to our feeling consciousness that the transcendent alone is truth, the asylum where the individual soul rests in utmost confidence, peace and harmony—so the Eternal Truth let us obey thee alone. Truth transforms the mind for peaceful living, universal brotherhood on one family—the eternal religion of man for which Dadaji moves all over the world without any self-interest.

*(Reprinted from the San Gabriel, Vally Tribune, July 11, 1978)*

## Dadaji : The Significance of 'The Supreme Name'

Dr. S. W. Goldberg

TRUTH, the Absolute Unmanifested, the Ultimate Reality is beyond the reach of human mind, is unknown and unknowable to human conceptions. Yet Truth pervades the whole universe and is identical with it, since the universe is its manifestation. The manifestation of Truth within the universe as Divine Consciousness or Universal Consciousness has been human conception and is variously known as God, personified so as to bring it within the reach of Parmatman, Ishwar, Allah, and so on. Dadaji prefers to call him Sri Sri Satyanarayan : Satya or Truth personified.

The Divine Will which is the outward manifestation of Sri Satyanarayan is the sole creative and sustaining principle perceptible in this universe as Divine Power or Energy and is revealed to our senses in various forms. It is the Shabdabrahma of Vedanta, Vac of Rigveda and the Word of the Bible. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" (John I : 1-3). Each of these terms is misleading if taken in its literal sense. In its true import, it is identical with Truth. Dadaji terms it Mahanam, "The Supreme Name," the Name of the Lord, the revelation of Truth in the heart of man.

"Everyone is born with his Mahanam within himself. But with the birth, he forgets it because he forgets his true nature," says Dadaji. Truth is within every human soul and his true nature is Divine, Divinity itself. But man, identifying himself with his body and mind, suffers from the false I-sense or Ego-principle. This Ego principle mainly constitutes that mysterious veil of Maya or Avidya which clouds his vision, bedevils his mind and keeps his Divine Nature or Origin hidden from him. How

could man discover his Divine Nature and identify himself with Truth, Sri Satyanarayan, who is immanent within him ?

Dadaji has started a great movement of Mahanam—revelation or initiation, Diksha in its true sense, to help man establish his true Divine Nature. “Your Mahanam, Mahamantra is within you. It has been vibrating within your heart since your birth. You, and you alone, can find it. No outsider, other than yourself, can reveal it to you,” says Dadaji. “Sri Satyanarayan within you is your only Guru. He alone can reveal this Mahanam to you.” This revelation of Mahanam is made possible in the presence of Dadaji, who invokes the grace of Sri Satyanarayan for the purpose.

The aspirant for Mahanam is ushered in the presence of Dadaji, carrying in his hand a piece of ordinary blank paper. Dadaji asks him to prostrate in front of a Symbolic portrait of Sri Satyanarayan. The aspirant sees his Mahanam written in red ink on the piece of paper. This is real Diksha or Dikshma, for here the aspirant actually sees the Mahamantra.

Dadaji insists that he is no Guru and he does not grant the Mahanam, though the initiation is performed in his presence. “Sri Satyanarayan is the only Guru. He is within you. He alone can grant the Mahamantra,” Dadaji asserts. According to him no mortal being can be a Guru in the true sense and hence no human being can claim the title of Guru.

This world is a part of the manifestation of the Lord—His Leela or play. Everyone of us has been allotted a part to play in it. Try not to shake off or escape from the worldly duties that befall your lot. Remember Him always, reciting the Mahanam mentally wherever and whenever it is possible to do so. No rituals or other paraphernalia are necessary. Namasmara—recitation of His name—with love and complete surrender to His will is the only way for the modern man who has to live in a world ravaged by rank materialism. This is the simple and straightforward message of the movement of Mahanam launched by Dadaji.\*

*\*(Reprinted from Gazette, June 16, 1978)*

## Dadaji— The Exemplar of Truth

Dr. Vernon D. Hansen,\*

Dadaji is generating in mankind an awareness of Truth unapproachable by mind and intellect.

It is in the nature of the mind to cut up reality into fragments: subject and object, things, individuals, moments, locations, space and time, etc. The world of nature we perceive is the world of mind. The laws of science, valid enough, are laws operating in this mind perceived world.

The foundational reality, Truth, is Existence itself, beyond any mental geometrisation. It is, thus, beyond time and space. No concepts apply at that level.

In Dadaji one comes to experience happenings that fall so clearly outside the established framework of science, that an honest scientist has no choice but to accept the fact of that realm beyond his comprehension.

Truth is God, the Supreme Being. Dadaji refers to Him as Satyanarayan. He is the Lord to us humans. While the intellect is incapable of comprehending Him, He is all the same, Dadaji assures us, easily approachable through love and self-surrender. As our very existence, He resides in the depths of our hearts and is, thus, our nearest and dearest. It is only our individual sense, the ego, that shuts out the awareness of constant communion with Him.

It, therefore, stands to reason that, as Dadaji constantly asserts, no mortal intermediary in the form of a professional 'guru' is capable of leading us to the Lord within us. The only Guru is the Lord Himself. For sustaining us, and sustaining the entire paraphernalia of nature. He is ever chanting the Mahanam (Name of the Supreme). Mahanam reveals itself spontaneously from

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\*President of Churches, Washington, U.S.A.

within the seeker in the presence of Dadaji. Bowing to the pictorial representation of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, the seeker sees the Mahanam appear on a blank piece of paper in his native language, and then disappear. The devotee is engulfed with the divine aroma that he becomes familiar without getting a touch of Dadaji's soft fingers.

Our only duty is to remember Mahanam with love and accept this world wholeheartedly as His creation. We have to accept the ups and downs, the characteristic quality of mental function, with patience. Then alone can we begin to view the world as divine play.

Dadaji himself is the perfect exemplar of Truth. In day to day worldly life he is Mr. Amiya Roy Chowdhury. He resides in Calcutta, like any householder supporting his wife and children by running a toy shop. There is no question of his setting himself apart from the mainstream of common life. He is totally egoless that, in spite of his worldly role, he is completely identified with Truth. One with infinite, he transcends all limitations of nature, and displays all manner of miracles to draw attention to his message in his role as Dadaji—the Universal Eldest Brother.

Thus, while he flies in aeroplanes from city to city, he manifests himself simultaneously in far-flung places to devotees through his characteristic divine fragrance. While he may be sitting in one place, strange phenomena associated with him may be taking place miles away. While he takes medicines on the advice of medical men, he effects miraculous cures thousands of miles away from him. While he buys objects of daily need in the market as any common person, he materialises all kinds of gifts for the skeptics. To wake up atheists, he sometimes even plays with rain and sunshine. However, he takes pains to emphasize: "I have no part in these happenings: it is only His will that does all these". In Dadaji we see the "I" disappear and the "He" appear.

Dadaji is totally disinterested in establishing any institutions around him. He is reluctant to display any powers. Only to wipe out atheism are the miracles put to use. He is devoted only to showing mankind the path of love for Truth. He belongs

to the entire mankind—not to any particular institutionalized religion or community. In his unique manner he is instilling in us the awareness that all human beings are the children of Supreme Bliss. He declares that all mankind is one, all languages are one and Truth is one.

The Eldest Brother has appeared to remove all divisions causing endless problems to humanity. Universal Brotherhood has been inaugurated. The age of Truth has dawned !\*

\* ( Reprinted from *Hollywood Independent*, July 13, 1978 )



## Dadaji—The Apostle of Truth

Brian Schaller\*

In our strife-torn present-day world, Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, widely known as Dadaji (Eldest Brother), comes as an invigorating breath fresh air. While all the tremendous achievements of science-based technology, buttressed with various panaceas offered by economic theories, lag far behind the burgeoning demands and desires of the human mind in this peaceless world, the yearnings of the human heart refuse to be lulled into a stupor by all the outpourings of the rationalist planners.

No wonder, the field is wide open for the exploitation of the big money-spinning activities of saviours in the form of Gurus, Babas, Bhagawans, Swamis and sundry other so-called religious preceptors—all advertising their own respective agencies to the Kingdom of Heaven.

While Dadaji clearly proclaims the presence of all-pervading Supreme Truth in every heart, beyond the reach of mind and intellect, he thunders simultaneously against the exploiters promising to act as intermediaries to the Lord residing in our own hearts.

According to Dadaji, the sole foundational reality is the absolute Supreme Truth or Satyanarayan, that is pure undifferentiated Existence. It is as His divine play that this world of mind, which we call Nature, emerges. And it is in this created world, all through pervaded by Him, and perceived through mind and intellect that there appear separated structures seen on the arena of space and time undergoing transformations and interactions according to nature's laws that are the subject of scientific studies.

As mortals we come into this world with our respective

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*\*President, Solar Energy Commission (South Africa) and Member, International Solar Energy Society.*

'Prarabdha' (Destiny) for an assigned role in the divine play. It is the mind-function that displays all the duality—ups and downs, good and bad, happiness and sorrow. Our duty is merely to go through the destiny with patience made sweet by loving remembrance of the Lord.

All our confusions and turmoils arise from our constantly forgetting our divine origin, leading to our sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire of wants and desires of the mind. When ego holds the stage, He is forgotten. When ego dissolves, He appears.

Thus, according to Dadaji, our sole duty here is to perform our natural functions and roles in good faith with utmost sincerity along with a simple and casual remembrance of the Lord with love. No rituals, esoteric practices, or any gymnastics of mind and body are required to be one with Him who is ever present in and with us. There is, thus, no place for any human guru. All we need is awareness to change aright our angle of vision.

Dadaji is himself the best shining example of his teaching. Unlike any so-called god-man, he lives a simple unostentatious life of a householder, running a small toy-shop in Calcutta to support his small family. His life is a complete repudiation of ego-hood. As a proof as if of that, and of the authority of his teachings, the Supreme Will displays all manner of fantastic 'miracles' through him to humble our proud intellect and to iron out all atheism.

Numerous seekers, his younger brothers and sisters from all over the world and from all walks of life, have experienced in his presence the revelation of 'Mahanam'—divine names of Krishna vibrating in every heart. The seeker holds in his palm a small piece of blank paper and bows to Sri Satyanarayan. And, in a trice, he hears ringing within him the 'Mahanam' which he also sees appear in his own native language on the piece of paper, and then disappear again as mysteriously.

This is real 'seeing' ('Darshan') of the Lord or 'Diksha'. No farcical whispering of a 'mantra' by one mortal into the ear

of another mortal for a fee is involved here—for it is beyond any mind function. Many responsible persons of sound judgment have witnessed materialisations in the hands of Dadaji, while his upper body is completely bare, of various objects of all shapes and sizes. Dadaji's body constantly radiates a divine fragrance.

The same fragrance appears thousands of miles away from him on various occasions to persons acquainted with it. Miraculous cures, presence simultaneously in widely different places, control of nature (like stopping rain at will), producing fragrant water as medicine when requested on the phone by a suffering brother or sister thousands of miles away, etc., are examples of an unending series of stupendous miracles shooting forth from Dadaji.

However, Dadaji takes great pains to emphasise that he is nobody in all these happenings. They happen at the Divine will alone and can neither be asked for nor stopped. Their sole purpose is to instill in us a faith in the unfathomable power of the Supreme Being. Having obtained by His grace an inkling of what is completely beyond our mind and intellect, we should refrain from confusing our puny intellect by trying to fathom Him.

As He is already in us, all we have to do is just remember Him with love while practising patience and living naturally. There is no place for dogmas, 'ashrams', temples, or churches in reaching Him.

Dadaji proclaims that all human beings are the children of Supreme Bliss, and so all mankind is one, all languages are one and Truth is one. This is the Perennial Religion ('Sanatan Dharm') of Truth being established by Dadaji.\*

## Dadaji, The Supreme Truth And Miracles

Dr. Brumel\*

Dadaji—means elder brother—family name is Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, Calcutta, India. Dadaji comes to USA after his visit from London and Germany. He walks on earth to help mankind realise its real self. His mission is to establish the basic unity of all creations and banish the exploitation of the innocent and faithful by vested interests of entrenched tradition-bound religion. His is a call to see the one Reality beyond the veil of ritual and dogma so that the pristine glory of the Self becomes resplendent in its own effulgence.

Dadaji with his supernatural acts challenges the present day materialistic mind and compels it to visualise the inadequacy of modern science to have a real look through the haze of Maya or mind's illusion. He proclaims founding of no religion and he does not claim the place of a Guru for himself. He affirms that Sri Sri Satyanarayan—the Truth, Personified seated in the hearts of all beings is the only Guru and that no human being can be a real Guru—Guru or God is beyond mind—body—He is eternal—not bound by any time and space complex.

Dadaji's kind and affectionate manner, enchanting smile and captivating personality bring an enormous sense of joy to the seeker after Truth. He is a realised self—is always in tune with the infinite. In his natural unlimited compassion he has chosen to be with us.

Dadaji says You are a being or Jiva—you are aware of the outside. The eyes give you an awareness of the world of sight. The ears allow you to be acquainted with the world of sound. The nose familiarises you with the sphere of smell and the palate

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\* President, Portland University ( U. S. A. )

with the world of taste. The skin makes you aware of the world of touch. These worlds and spheres of awareness do not constitute the whole sphere, is much beyond the region of awareness acquired through senses. But whatever exists, you give it a name and it has a form, conceptual or that obtained through direct perception. Thus, this whole world presents itself to you as a conglomeration of names and forms only\*.

But, all that has name and form is not eternal. It is subject to change. In fact, all existence can be reduced to molecules and atoms which themselves are further composed of electrons, protons, neutrons, mesons and a host of other particles. These particles themselves are reducible to energy.

Thus all names and forms in fact constitute a limitless ocean of energy or capacity for work and you are aware of it, though on surface, the perception is not factual. This energy, limitless in magnitude, is subject to change or modification ; but, it represents the capacity for works of a limitless Being with limitless knowledge and intelligence. That limitless or infinite intelligent Being does not change—He is the real existence. That is the Truth. That is the Satya. That is Sri Sri Satyanarayan, The Truth Personified.

Sri Sri Satyanarayan, the unchangeable, irreducible, infinite intelligent being is the abode of the limitless energy. It belongs to Him and is activated by Him ; without Him it cannot exist. The same Truth, the existence of all beings, the continuous life force, including breathings of all beings are one—so Truth is one, mankind is one, Language is one,—He is in all and all is in Him.

Dadaji asserts that Sri Sri Satyanarayan seated in the hearts of all is always chanting Mahanam, Great Name of the Lord, for all beings of the Universe. This Mahanam is the remedy against the sufferings and ego. Man has forgotten this Truth with which he is born. Dadaji has come to implant this Mahanam in the mind of man to realise his true and divine nature, to do one's duty and recite Mahanam. With Dadaji as witness, so to say, Mahanam reveals itself from one's within because Dadaji is always in tune with the infinite. This experi-

ence of receiving Mahanam is highly exhilarating. Thousands and thousands in India have received Mahanama including scientists, judges, journalists and politicians as also the saints, sadhus and yogins. Now in western world too in London, Germany, USA, Dadaji is revealing the Same Truth of Mahanam—the vibration of existence,—the only Guru Who is Within. Scientists, economists, senators, governors, chancellors, seekers of Truth have already acknowledged this Truth of Mahanam. Mahanam is a miracle—God can do anything and Dadaji asserts man has no existence of his own because the body is not his own; man can do nothing without Him; so there is no intermediary between man and God; no human being can be Guru; the one Guru of all men is Sri Sri Satyanarayan, dwelling in every heart—be it that of a Hindu, Muslim or Christian. Mahanama, the name of the Absolute, the Ultimate, the Supreme Truth is the one by the holiness of which man is to rise above his ego and compulsions of mind for which man is never peaceful, gets frustrated and always is in turmoil and is victim to unending desires and attachments. Dadaji has come to establish the Supreme Truth by super-scientific way for the welfare of mankind. Dadaji is both an enigma to the scientists and a challenge to the materialists. Many supernatural things happen in his presence. Dadaji does not take any claim for himself for these miracles; in fact, every time a miracle happens, Dadaji with his expressive gesticulation says, "He does, not this".

Miracle has quixotically grown into the counter-whole of our culture. And the self-styled godmen of today stalk the country in their overflowing robes with their huge caravan of miracles galore. The alchemist tried to turn base metals into gold. The siddha Yogis staked everything to achieve immortality of this physical body. But, they failed pathetically. We often hear of miracles through Surya Vijnan (Solar science), of levitation and scaling the sky, of manifesting sundry things out of nothing or of bringing them from far off places, of psychograph, of incessant belching out of ashes from a portrait and the like. But, Dadaji pricks the shiny bubble of all such miracles in his naive,

though convincing way. Man is man far a' that, and laws of nature are inviolate. A higher law of nature may be harnessed to the end in view. Even then it belongs to nature and is no miracle. The so-called miracles are, as Dadaji says, psychological feats boosted up by hypnotism and magical sleight of hand. That is why such miracles are seldom exhibited in bare body or in open space. All these are, in the eyes of Dadaji, not even Bibhuti Yoga, not to speak of Asta-Siddhi. As he asserts unequivocally, none in human body can convert silver into gold. And the great Sankara can only appeal to the scriptures to justify his faith in miracles.

Miracles begin where nature ends. Nature is multiplicity held together by causality ; but, miracle is a logical and uncaused quality which is matrix of multiplicity, is welded together by love, which is verily the greatest miracle on earth. When such love is brimful and surrender complete, Nature and mind are transcended. Space and time are not ; and egoity melts off. At such a time the wishes of the resigned lover is in tune with the Will Supreme and fantastic things happen beyond all computation.\*

## Dadaji's Message & Miracles Transcend Science

Dr. William H. Klein\*

In January, 1978, my wife and I had an opportunity of visiting India. The occasion was the International Conference on Solar Energy held at New Delhi.

Dr. R. L. Datta, the Conference President, told us that he would arrange after the conference a meeting for us with Mr. Amiya Roy Chowdhury addressed affectionately as "Dadaji".

We had heard from Dr. Datta, on this as well as on previous similar occasions, about the unique message of Dadaji for humanity. Our interest had grown sufficiently for us not to let the opportunity go.

On Sunday, January 29 at around 12 noon, we, along with two of my colleagues from the Smithsonian, were taken by Dr. Datta to an apartment in Bombay. We were graciously received by Dadaji and introduced to a group of intellectuals, including some professional scientists, gathered to see him.

### SCIENCE & MIRACLES

Dadaji was reclining informally on a bed as we sat on a carpet on the floor in a group in front of him. After some informal general conversation, Dr. Datta and an Indian physicist talked to us about Dadaji's philosophy. They told us, as a kind of proof of his authority, about a variety of miraculous happenings that come forth from Dadaji from time to time.

To us, scientists, all such happenings appeared, to say the least, quite incredible, for they would mean clear-cut large scale violations of well established laws of science. Asked to

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\*President Smithsonian Biological Radiation Institution.  
Washington, DC.



give my comments, I expressed my scepticism in polite terms. Of course, I did make an attempt to postpone final judgment and keep an open mind, since the persons relating the phenomena carried good credentials.

All through these discussions, lasting almost an hour, Dadaji sat quietly, smiling pleasantly at the company. Suddenly, he took over as he asked my wife, me and Dr. Datta to stay on with him, sending the remaining company to wait in an adjoining room.

What we experienced in the next half an hour has left our minds baffled and our hearts deeply moved. Dadaji pointed to a large framed picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan—a symbolic representation of Truth—and said, 'For Him nothing is impossible.'

He then gestured towards the window and we saw it grow darker. It had been a clear sunny day in Bombay. Another gesture from Dadaji and we witnessed rain falling on one side of the compound outside and bright sunshine on the other.

This confused me. Could this have been a mere coincidence, I thought. Clearly divining my mind, he produced more tangible and permanent proofs of the mysterious power.

He materialised on his bare palm, while he was almost completely naked, a gold watch for me. After I had tied the watch around my wrist, the original brand and make names on the dial disappeared and there appeared instead the inscriptions "SRI SRI SATYANARAYANA" and "MADE IN UNIVERSE".

On the chain my wife had been wearing there appeared under her blouse a golden locket embossed with a picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayana. Then, on our expressing the wish, we received "MAHANAM". We also felt engulfed by a divine aroma that constantly emanates from Dadaji's body.

#### **THE SUPREME TRUTH AND THE UNCOMMON DISPENSER**

The miracles we have witnessed fall way outside the framework and possibilities of science. They cannot be explained in

our terms. All the same they are undeniable facts of our experience. Really, Dadaji is uncommon in the world. Dadaji explained to us that the Supreme Being is the sole Truth. The entire universe, including the mind and intellect with which we experience and study nature, is His creation. Our scientific terms—space, time, matter, energy, etc.—are all constructs of the mind. For the mind it is impossible to conceive the undifferentiated structureless Existence—THE SUPREME TRUTH.

We have come to this world to play our destined roles in His divine play with Mahanam ringing in the depths of our hearts, he continued. All we have to do is to simply remember Him with love and carry on our duties while living natural lives. The only discipline enjoined upon us is to go through the bipolarity of mind function—ups and downs, good and bad, positive and negative—with patience.

#### GOD AS MAHANAM

As we were leaving India, my wife and I felt truly blessed and fortunate by our meeting Dadaji. His loving manner has deeply enchanted us. He wears no marks of so-called holiness, yet seems bathed in a divine radiance. We learnt that he lives a simple life of the householder. He strongly condemns the currently much prevalent business of spiritual preceptorship; for, as he asserts, the LORD resides in our hearts as MAHANAM and HE alone is our GURU. He proclaims that, since all human beings are His children, all mankind is one. Dadaji's message of one Truth is surely the fundamental Religion of Man.

## Message for all Time

Maco Stewart\*

A yearning for light on the hidden secret behind this phenomenal world has taken me over the years through a variety of experiences in far-flung places on the earth. Eventually, like many seekers, I landed in India. There I met and interviewed many 'gurus', 'swamies' and 'babas'. My yearning still remained goading me on. Ultimately I met with the greatest fortune when I reached Mr. Amiya Roy Chowdhury (Dadaji)—apparently a simple family man at his small house in Calcutta. With Dadaji I experienced God or Guru or Truth dwelling in my heart as Mahanam. I realized finally that the supreme pilgrimage is within me while I, in ignorance, had wandered the world over in search for it.

Dadaji, inspite of his mundane work a day personality, is mysteriously beyond all limitations of space and time. A dramatic proof of this was experienced by me. I consider it valuable to briefly record this experience here. I had been a heart patient and was required to undergo an open heart surgery in a world famous hospital at Houston (Texas) in 1978. Dadaji was to be at Los Angeles (California) at that time. He kindly agreed to let me send my television staff along with some scientists, including a brain specialist, to him to record on a computer observations to be made on him while I underwent the operation at Houston, thousands of miles away. While Dadaji was in a room at Los Angeles talking normally to a number of persons, his presence was observed in the operation theatre at Houston through his famed body-fragrance as well as in a physical form. The computer could record nothing special about his brain activity at that time. Telephonic connection between Houston and Los Angeles confirmed all this to everyone's utter bafflement. Clearly, while Dadaji shows to us a finite physical form, He is always also in His Infinite

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State, beyond any limitations. For us humans, living under the limitations imposed by the mind, it is impossible to comprehend the true state of affairs relating to Dadaji.

On my visit to Calcutta I had taken along my television crew to record a meeting and conversations with Dadaji. As His message is for all mankind I feel it appropriate to inscribe below a major portion of the conversation.

Maco—"Dadaji your message now is being recorded for the world-wide television broadcast on the N. B. C. network of the U. S. A. Thank you for agreeing to this recording. I understand that you are a family man".

Dadaji—"Yes, I have a wife, a son and a daughter",

Maco—"You are also a businessman".

Dadaji—"Yes, I have a toy-shop in New Market ( Calcutta )".

Maco—"You look very young—how old are you—about 50 years?"

Dadaji—"I am much more than 60, 70, 80".

( Dadaji as Satyanarayana has no limitation of age; but the human form grows by the natural process. God takes birth once as His creation and takes human forms in cycles of each civilization—as a play of the Infinite in the finite ).

Maco—"How and when did you develop the strong relation with God?"

Dadaji—"From birth. I love all people and other than Him I don't know anything".

Maco—"What is God, Dadaji?"

Dadaji—"You can say, Dadaji is God, God is Dadaji—He is within".

Maco—"How do you know God is within you? How did you realize Him?"

Dadaji—"He is chanting all the 24 hours of the day inside of us—within, below the heart—untouched."

Maco—"Yes, you told me He is the heart-beat making love all the time, the orgasm of beings united with the self."

Dadaji—"The sound that flashes as picture on a plain paper is Mahanam—the life, the root of respiration. Mahanam and He are the same."

Maco—"How do you know for sure that God is within?"

Dadaji—"Because of Him I am existing, talking, moving, living. With the sound of Mahanam He is chanting all 24 hours. Sometime I hear Him. He is always with me as Mahanam. When He is off, we are off."

Maco—"What is Mahanam?"

Dadaji—"Mahanam is what He does within us, inside me—we are born with it. So many people have heard it, seen it—not by this eye, of course. That is called 'Brahma-gyan'. By 'maya'—illusion of the mind—we cannot see it, know it. Mahanam is God."

Maco—"What is the main barrier to experiencing God?"

Dadaji—"The ego is the barrier."

Maco—"What is ego?"

Dadaji—"I am thinking I am doing, when actually He is doing everything. I cannot do anything other than Him. Everything He is doing. Yet I say I am doing—that is ego. Meditation, 'asanas' are also ego."

Maco—"Meditation itself is ego?"

Dadaji—"Of course. I am meditating, why? To control desires? It is absurd."

Maco—"Many people do it to get rid of passions, attachments, etc."

Dadaji—"Why should we meditate to avoid desires—we are born on this earth with desires, we invited them from birth."

Maco—"What about the ego of happiness and unhappiness?"

Dadaji—"That is a separate question. We do not know what is happiness or unhappiness, good or bad. One day I say I love you; after a few days I say I don't love you—that is just mind function—human love is selfish, fickle. True love cannot be expressed—just love, no expectations, give-or-take business. In that love there is no mind function or ego function."

Maco—"How to get rid of this mind function, this ego function?"

Dadaji—"When you are in sleep, is there any mind function then? When you wake up the mind comes up with illusory impermanent relations. Suppose you are starting for work. There is mind function to begin with. When you are deeply immersed in the work with full concentration, then you forget the 'I'—that is beyond ego, beyond mind also".

Maco—"Dadaji you are the most controversial figure in India today. You are against all traditional religions. What is wrong with them?"

Dadaji—"Several thousands of years ago, there were no such religions. The Eternal Religion is that Truth is one, mankind is one, language is one. As time went on all these man-made religions came up. One is Hindu, or Muslim, or Christian—all these differences are man-made—mere mind function having no connection with Him. He is the one all-pervading eternal entity, everything is in Him'.

Maco—"What are all these names and titles, 'Bhagawan', 'Baba', 'Mohant', 'Acharya', etc.?"

Dadaji—"These are all for business purpose. Because if I say I am God realized, then I cannot utter such distinguishing names for myself. If you are God, then everywhere, everyone, everything is God—you can see no separation or distinction, God is one. He is within. You and I are one—we cannot be separated."

Maco—"What about 'Gurus' today?"

Dadaji—"Why all these people go to Gurus? In the Vedic age all Rishis, Gurus meant teachers, professors in today's sense—not spiritual guides. All the Gurus today are simply doing business, building property and institutions, collecting money. Real Guru cannot give anything, cannot accept anything—if he does then he is nothing".

Maco—"Thank you. You are completely different. What about sensual pleasures, sex?"

Dadaji—“Sex? That is a natural function. You should not bother; it comes naturally at the time of birth. We have invited the desires at the time of coming here. He also comes with us. We have to satisfy them in natural course. Automatically everything will be in order. If you disturb your senses and desires by artificial control or suppression, then the ultimate result will be disastrous. The whole universe is His family. Money, senses, body, wife, friends, children, parents are all His—Guru's. Everything is He, you cannot separate them from Him. It is only the mind which, operating through the senses, creates all the separations and distinctions. We have come here for a short period as actors. We have to go one day, then all relations will disappear. Sex is also a kind of food while we are here. There is nothing to be avoided in His creation. Just remember Him, He is beyond all this.”

Maco—“What is self-realisation?”

Dadaji—“It is a vague term. So long as He is within, nobody needs to do anything to get Him. Just remember Him and do your natural work. No effort is required. Bear with patience your destiny. Automatically realisation will come”.

Maco—“Thank you, Dadaji. I appreciate very much your talking to me”.

As per the need of His creation, for His ‘Lila’ (Divine play) ‘Purusha’ and ‘Prakriti’ combined appear in our age as Dadaji. His message is not just for this cycle of civilization but also for the ones to follow—in fact, for all Time.

## Supreme psychologist

Dr. Theobald R. Morley, Ph. D.\*

I came to Dadaji with great eagerness as I had learnt that he is completely different from all the mystics and sages of India. With Dadaji I was blessed in receiving the revelation of God—the Supreme Existence. Dadaji's omnipresence is felt by me through his famous body—fragrance; there is no time-space limitations for Him.

Dadaji explained to me that this world of nature is His Divine Play. God—the Supreme Player—resides within every being manipulating the mind manifesting in man's body. The conscious, subconscious and unconscious are all different levels of the mind carrying on the play in the space—time framework of nature as conceived by the mind. The perishable body is constituted out of the elements of nature. It is the field of activity of the mind. The mind goes from body to body, evolving in the process till it finally merges into Supreme Existence. Thus, in a manner of speaking, we may refer to body, mind and soul as constituting all sentient beings. In animals the mind manifests as instinct. In man it has greater complexity and greater play. The soul is the all-pervading Existence revealed to us by Dadaji's grace as Mahanam.

The mind is constantly changing through subconscious drives brought forward from previous bodies and through responding to external ever-changing circumstances of the moment. It moves between the two poles of opposites—happiness and misery, etc.—caused by inborn attachments and desires. No amount of lectures, sermons or esoteric practices can change this basic fact. It is through the living out of the inherent tendencies through natural living that salvation comes. The mind is set by the Supreme Designer and it must perforce go through its dictated

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course. This is the secret of inexorable destiny. It is for this reason that Dadaji asserts that no mortal can be the 'guru' (revealer of Truth) of another mortal. The only Guru is the Lord residing in every heart, chanting all twenty-four hours of the day the divine music of Mahanam. Our only role is to carry out our duties that keep presenting themselves and bear the destined compulsions of the mind with patience. This is the only 'tapasya', 'yajna' and 'daan' expected of us. The only 'jap' is to remember the fact of Mahanam within.

Dadaji's liberating message is for all mankind in all civilizations. Some flavour of it may be had from the following dialogue.

Question—"How can I overcome desires and attachments to obtain salvation? We want more wealth, fame, etc. How to overcome that?"

Dadaji—"Very good! We have come here for acting. We have come here temporarily as guests. I am here with this body and may be enjoying luxury. I am doing this and that, whereas that man is living in a slum, but he is doing his duty, going for his work and getting only two rupees. I am getting 'lacs' (tens of thousands). That is all for the purpose of acting. After a certain time I shall have to go to my house, own house, permanent house. I have come over here (the world) on a temporary basis (nobody can stay here permanently) for a certain period, for a certain work. I shall have to go after sometime. So happiness and sorrow, both are the same. Because if I must go back to my permanent house, then whether I take food for one rupee or for hundred rupees, it is all the same as it is just to maintain the body. This body is not mine. I have taken this 'ashram' (hermitage) from nature on a temporary basis to enjoy Him. I have thus to enjoy his 'maya' (divine play), because when we have come over here we have invited various desires and tendencies of the mind to come along with us. You shall have to feed these invitees, otherwise they will revolt—salvation certainly you will not get. When they are pacified they will befriend you. Other than Him there is nothing—no salvation either. So

don't bother for that. He is within you. Nam is the only 'yagna'—do nam and do your duty, i.e., your 'karma'. That's why He is telling that 'sharan' (sheltering) in Nam, remembrance of Him, is the only path. Nothing else. Do your duty, and keep Him in mind. Why do you go to the Himalayas, jungles and other places. Is God staying in the Himalayas, hanging on a tree? Be careful. You have come here for certain work. You have to do it. You have to act a part. Do it and enjoy Him also. And then go away".

Question—"Am I doing my right work, how shall I judge, who will guide me?"

Dadaji—"Why are you bothering about judging and judges? Have you, or anyone, the capacity to judge? Everyone is moved by the mind, then how can he judge. We do not know what is good and what is bad. Today I tell you I love this person so much that I can give up my life for him. After three days some disagreement develops and I say that he is the worst scoundrel on the earth. This is the way our mind acts. So, we cannot decide what is correct or incorrect. So, don't bother for all that. Do whatever He says. Just do your duty and remember Nama.

Question—"How do we know He says?"

Dadaji—"Why you want to know? Whatever He says follow that. We have no eyes, we are blind and are ignorant. That is why I tell you, don't bother, just do your duty. Duty is of the foremost importance. And 'Sharanagati'—remember Him—He is within. That is all".

(It should be noted Dadaji always says He and never I in such contexts. This is because I connotes the limited ego and He the all-pervading all-powerful Supreme Being.)

Question—"We need a 'guru' (revealer of Truth), is it not?"

Dadaji—"Who is 'guru'? Is there any 'guru', then I am ready for 'Diksha' (initiation). If nobody is guru, then one has to get Diksha from the Almighty. Dadaji says—that is an open challenge for the whole world. Any 'Baba', 'Swami' or 'Yogi' can come".

( Divinity of Dadaji is hinted at above. )

Questions—"But Dadaji just as the water tank has to be cleaned by some one, so also the dirty mind has to be cleaned by somebody, even if not by a guru. Is it not?"

Dadaji—"We have come with the dirty things. We are saying dirty, but we do not know that a thing is dirty or clean, because we are functioning within the mind. We go for good and bad, but actually we know nothing—we are such stupid fools. Today I tell you he is a good man, tomorrow I say he is a bad man. So tell me what is good, what is bad. All mind function. Don't bother for that. Just try to take Nama. That is the only way. Satyanarayan ( the root and essence of creation ) is the liberator of the mind. That is the way in this 'Kaliyuga' ( this civilization ). Nama is the supreme authority. Nama is Guru. Nama is Almighty and Truth. No need of going to any body, anywhere, any 'ashram'. Why you people harbour such superstitions? There is no 'Pap' or 'Punya' ( sin or virtue ), no 'Tirtha' ( pilgrimage ). All learning is useless here, unless one is turned to the Lord—the Supreme Husband. That's why I tell you there is no need for anything. You are born with the full 'Tirtha'—Him—within you. The full nectar pot (Purnakumbha) is within you. Why do you run to temples and gurus? This is the eternal religion ( 'Sanatan Dharma' ). Truth is one. All humans are the children of that Supreme Bliss. I am not literate, I do not know any scriptures or philosophies, but whatever I am telling I am just telling, telling, telling. I do not know and I am not bothered about all that—it is not my business. I cannot give you anything nor can I take anything from you. I am not a guru, a saint, a 'yogi' or a 'baba'. If I am Guru, then everybody is Guru. For He is within everybody!"

Question—"How do we know 'He' says and you say you are nobody?"

Dadaji—"Don't go in for any argumentation, reading, etc. Whatever He says is the ultimate. How can I say 'I'? Then ego of a person comes up; He is not a person. A realized one can never say 'I'—for He sees everything as the One. In time

you will come to know. Man can do nothing on his own. So long as He is within we are living. When He is off we are off. So, man is limited in time and space. God or Truth is limitless, infinite. So, the infinite is seen in infiniteness by His own Maya—illusion of the mind—His creative power. So, everything is He”.

Thus Dadaji, as Supreme Psychologist, discourses on the nature of the mind. He cautions for all civilizations that ‘Prakriti’ ( Nature i.e. His creation ) will give man everything for enjoyment provided He is kept in remembrance, otherwise Prakriti will not spare anyone. Enjoy His creation. Be natural. Remember Him. That is all.

## Mahanam: Why And How ?

Dr. A. B. Davies, Canada.

It is rather with reluctance that I undertake to write about this important subject, since in my present incarnation, I "belong" to the "Western" civilization segment of humanity and this subject is purely Hindu and "Oriental". However, I took it up with our Dear Chohans, and here is our explanation and answer :

The reason why the usage of Mahanam ( the Sacred Name of the Supreme Being ) is deemed so important in initiation is that because apart from the Global Supreme Being ( Parabrahman, Ellohim, Divine Providence, Aboonaladen ), we have a huge number of "secondary " deities and gods, revered, worshipped and loved by various segments of humanity, and that, unless and until we use the proper Name of the proper deity, all our efforts may be lost and wanted. Not only human beings, but all the animal species and vegetable genera, too, have their group-supremes, whom we may call gods of some kind. It is because of those collective group-gods that the porcupine has quails, the fish fins and gills, the goats and deers, horns and hoofs, and each one of the trees or shrubberies their particular fruits, blossoms, leaves, etc. This collective Entity is the one, which shapes and moulds its separate units, their characters, actions and movements. The same is true with the various gods of the human race ; such as family gods, tribal gods, national gods, racial gods and finally international gods. Some of them have names. Others are taken for granted anonymously, and our attachment to those secondary gods often becomes too strong, that we often totally detach ourselves from the Real Supreme Being, the Spiritual Head of our planet, the earth.

Suffice it to mention only a few of those gods or Mahanams, in order to bring about a clearer understanding of the subject

matter. As far back as human history can be traced, we find MAMMONA or money overshadowing practically all the rest of Mahanams, and even to this day, it is so practically for all mankind, despite its being something of the past, having outlived its usefulness and died, for at least since the world was One. That was the reason why the Great Master Jesus, so emphatically stressed: "No one can serve God and Money". How true a statement: "No one can serve two masters"... Yes, there is the entire secret or the Mystery of the usage of the Mahanam. If I am part of a Jehovah-god, it means that I am an ISRAELITE, and the term Israel (God-fighter) becomes the Mahanam of those who identify themselves with Israel race. Practically all of professing Christian churches, (and this statement is made without prejudice or bias) by choice, have become part of Israel, the God-Fighters. The real Mahanam of the true Christians (Immanuel or Emanuel) is either completely or nearly left out and ignored. The basic foundation of Christ's mission (of establishing the Kingdom of Heaven on earth) is totally ignored and a substitute slogan if adopted (salvation through blood), entirely foreign to the dispensation of Immanuel of Christ's teachings and doctrine. So, as far as Christians go, their proper Mahanam should be Immanuel, because the formerly sacred Name of Ellohim is held tantamount to Jehovah and, consequently, to Israel. When we say "God", in professing Christian terms, we mean the Mahanam of Israel, representing the negative aspect of cosmic life. I know that many of our scholarly readers will argue: why quibble with names? I wish it were as simple a matter as that. Every one of the Mahanams being used in various segments of humanity HAS A VERY BINDING HOLD on their adherents, especially money, which enslaves and subjugates practically all of mankind, and now is threatening to lead us all into utter annihilation. Very few of the Mahanams in current use belong to the path of PROGRESSION or to the POSITIVE PATH of life; they are part and parcel of the the NEGATIVE PATH, the one that leads to destruction, to decline, to retrogression.

Therefore, I urgently implore my readers to keep this fact in mind, and make sure that IF THEY DESIRE TO ACHIEVE EMANCIPATION, Mukt or Moksha (whichever term is the proper one, meaning ultimate liberation), the choice of the Mahanama used is of critical importance. Many of the readers of the Call Divine who have heard and read of the term "SATYA NARAYAN", used by our beloved Brother Dadaji as the Mahanam, may wonder why he did not "disclose" the term of Mahanam or why he did not use Ram Thakur, so highly revered by all Hindus. It is not such an easy task for scholarly people to become "identified with Satya Narayan, who is Parabrahman", since they have been active participants of an entirely different Mahanam, even though not mentioned, which we would call secularity. And since it is impossible to serve two masters, it is also impossible to be a secular thinker and a Godly or Narayana devotee.

Yes, it is indispensable to give up the lesser, so to say, before one can reach the Greater. No one can be standing on both shores or banks of the river Ganges ; we have to choose the bank we want to stand on ; the choice is ours, but, before we become part of the right shore, the left shore has to be left behind for good. Before we achieve ultimate emancipation, we MUST, detach ourselves from all other gods and Mahanams of all other kinds. In other words, REPENTANCE comes before Salvation, and unless we are willing to accept the life of the Kingdom of Heaven, as a simple child, we cannot enter the path of everlasting ; as simple as that.

## Dadaji Reveals A Realm Beyond Science

Dr. John Hasted, London University

INSCRUTABLE are the ways of Providence : So goes the well-known adage. And so are the ways of Dadaji—inscrutable and baffling to a casual observer. You would find him seated on a divan, talking in a matter-of-fact manner to visitors who have assembled around him, enquiring after somebody's health or poking fun at someone else, his face effusing child-like innocence. His informal and homely demeanour puts everyone at ease. Members of the assembly start talking to him and he addresses them in a simple, straightforward way, in a halting, slow tempo which is so conspicuous and unique in comparison with the rambling monologues of some of our so-called Gurus.

But behind this deceptively simple and apparently mundane exterior, is hidden a personality with an innate spiritual strength of such profundity and immensity that only those who have been very near and close to him (not in a mere physical sense) have had the opportunity to have glimpses of it occasionally. But even otherwise, the subtle magnetism of his personality, the affectionately, captivating gaze of his eyes, the heavenly fragrance that his body continually emits and fills the atmosphere, the honey-like aromatic oil that oozes from his fingertips (which is transferred to anything that he touches, leaving behind that unique aroma which lingers for hours and at times for days together), the supernatural phenomena or miracles that have been witnessed and vouched for by eminent men from all walks of life, the extra-ordinary experience (such as miracle-healings and visions) that many persons have had not only in his presence but even in his absence, his ability to be simultaneously present at more than one place, the several instances when he exhibited his control over nature's elements : **all these go to prove that he is no ordinary human**



**being, but a prophet come to this world with a specific mission.** And verily he makes no bones about his mission and his message.

The cardinal features of Dadaji's message are these : Paramatma, the Supreme Being is one, the Universe is his manifestation and hence He is in the Universe and the Universe is in him. The life-stream is continuous, without void, through the entire Existence. If we call Him Supreme Consciousness pervading all Existence, then we human beings are infinitesimally small and yet significant points in that Consciousness. We are all part of Him, one with Him, not separate from Him. Thus, all mankind is basically one. All differences based on caste, creed, colour, language or religion are man-made, not real but superfluous. And when Paramatma is within us and with us all the while, it is futile to seek Him in the exterior world. All else that Dadaji says follows from this basic principle of unity in apparent diversity.

Over the years, the basic truths of The Eternal Religion have become shrouded by superstitions, false beliefs and misinterpretation of scriptures by many of the so-called Gurus, Mahants and Acharyas to suit their selfish ends ; and these truths have been rendered inane through the induction of useless rites, rituals and religious taboos. "What goes on in the name of religion is all bunkam" says Dadaji, "It is a fraud and a hoax perpetrated by the so-called religious heads who have vested interest in all this bluff."

This malaise in our society is so deep-rooted that the remedy, as rendered by Dadaji, is drastic.

The first target of Dadaji's "Operation Renaissance" has been the age-old religious institution of the Gurus, Gurubad or Guruism. "No agent or intermediary is needed by man to commune with his Lord, the Absolute, who is within him", says Dadaji. "He alone can grant Diksha ( Initiation )." To prove his point, Dadaji has started a campaign of initiation during which the aspirant himself sees the Mahanam or Mahamantra revealed on a blank piece of paper. "This is real Diksha", says Dadaji. "The Mantra comes

from within you. Your Dada is a mere witness ; Dada is not your Guru. The Lord residing within you is the only Guru”.

Dadaji is an iconoclast, to be sure, — but with a difference. He has denounced without mincing words not only the enthroned Gurus and Mahants but also the long-cherished beliefs of so many of us regarding meditation, Tapasya ( Penance ), Jap ( ritualistic recitation ), Sannyasa ( Renunciation ), Puja ( Worship ), etc. For this purpose, he would not indulge in homilies or discourses ; neither would he hold an open session or a forum to settle issues by arguments. His approach is direct person-to-person, novel and unorthodox. One has to listen to him, talk to him and watch him from close quarters to have an inkling of his modus operandi.

Dadaji's down-right denunciation of Guruism has raised a hornet's nest around him. Some persons have tried to vilify him by secret, crafty, insidious moves. But Dadaji is undaunted. “This Dada is afraid of nobody. Let any one who wants to challenge him come to him face-to-face”, asserts Dadaji **with the confidence of the Great Master that he is.**

He is the first saint to declare categorically in so many words that Jap ( ceremonial recitation ), Tap ( mortification ), Dhyana ( meditation ), Sannyasa ( renunciation ) and all forms of religious rites and rituals are of no avail in man's endeavour for the attainment of Realization, Emancipation or Salvation. These are all mental and physical disciplines which are irrelevant on the path to Realization.

Though Dadaji is an idealist and an erudite scholar of Scriptures, he is no utopian Visionary. He knows the fickleness of human mind and the stubbornness of men's Sanskaras (the acquired mental attitudes). A continuous thread of rational thinking runs throughout his talks and teachings. He plans all his activities with meticulous care befitting a pragmatic campaigner. He leaves nothing to chance.

His miracles may be termed his credentials to establish his credibility and authority in a field of endeavour on the borderline

of which (so far as our knowledge of science stands today) Reason and Intellect and Faith belong.

He wields his miracles mainly for the benefit of the eggheads and scientists who are baffled and confounded much to their own chagrin by such phenomena. "How do you explain this?" Dadaji asks the scientists, "Does your science have an explanation for this happening? Can human mind comprehend everything?" Thus he leaves them pondering over the limitation of human faculties of reason and intellect.

I have merely touched upon a few aspects of Dadaji's multifaceted personality and dwelt upon only a few themes of his multifarious mission. These themes appear deceptively simple, but in fact they could prove stumbling blocks even to the most erudite and highly intellectual aspirant of Truth, unless he approaches him with an open, responsive and unprejudiced mind with patience and humility—"Patience begets strength", says Dadaji. "And bliss comes through strength; Divine grace will descend upon you, only if your mind is bereft of ego and your heart void of desires".

Section D

**“Remember Him ! Remember Me”**

—Dr. Peter Meyer Dohme's letter to Dadaji

Dearest Dadaji,

We are ultimately at the receiving end, with empty hands and have nothing to give. We are loved by HIM and only can feel as being always cared for. Who are we ? We do know nothing, playing our roles in HIS lila.

But HE always embraces us, so that we feel immersed in HIM. The beauty of HIS grace widens our awareness in those wonderful moments when under the veil of our surroundings a dimension opens up which leaves us a heart full of joy and tears come into the eyes.

We are full to the brim and are ready to overflow. Everything takes place within us and we are embracing everything.

Yes, we are ultimately at the receiving end and cannot change this position. No possibility of paying back ; it is an one-way-flow. But sometimes I want to show HIS beauty and grace to others, want others to participate in this over-flowing inner wealth.

Sing, sing, my soul the song of praise. Open the eyes of the blind. I'm embraced by HIM, I'm one with HIM, nothing is left but the sound of the ocean of love.

See HIM in the eyes of all people, meet HIM in the muddy street and in the lovely bird in the sky, touch HIM in the stone, smell HIM in the air—and cry.

It is a soft change, not a dramatic one. Sometimes you want to dance, mostly you listen to HIM.

Poisoned by HIS love : it is in your blood and body. HE says to you : This your body is my body, this your blood is my blood. Behold, I'm with you inside and outside all the days till the end of time and then you are completely with ME.

And what you eat is My Body and what you drink is My Blood.

What is Communion ?

He meets HIMSELF all the time and we thereby are witnessing the immunity of HIS love.

HE verily says : This is My Body,

as if I say : This is my body.

HE verily says : This is My blood,

as if I'm saying : This is my blood.

RE-MEMBER HIM

RE-MEMBER ME

You and I are one.

Your body is built out of my love

Your blood is my stream out of life.

## Dadaji—A New Chapter In History

N. A. Palkhiwala

Long have I observed the ways of the world from various aspects through the piercing intellect of a legal expert, I have never found out the link that connects me with the entire human race, nay, this beautiful Creation all around. I have met eminent intellectuals throughout the world ; but each of them has stopped at one point or another in the eternal quest to know the Truth in concrete reality. It was at this juncture of my life, that I received a set of books on Dadaji (Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury), a supremely exceptional personality of this age, whom scholars of this world have made every effort to grasp through the established logic of thinking. In each case, they have failed miserably, with the result that the imperfection of the human intellect has become magnified against the background of Divine Wisdom and knowledge.

**Dadaji is being studied and researched, and we see to believe that he is the vital life-force which makes us move and live and work.**

On my way to meet him in person one day, my wife also accompanied me. For some moment, I thought of her—suffering from serious damage in the spinal cord,—which, however, was kept a secret between us. When we reached Dadaji's place, there was already a huge distinguished gathering waiting for his darshan. Dadaji received us with great warmth and as we had conveyed our respects, all of a sudden, Dadaji touched the back of my wife and blessed her. My power of reasoning failed to find out the causal relation of this act with what we had desired and had somehow been transmitted to him in a flash. **I have no doubt that Dadaji is none other than the Almighty Himself, who has come to remove the miseries of the ailing mankind.**

### **Manifestation of Truth**

The significance of initiation was made clear to me when Dadaji said that the Truth within manifests in the outer world inspiring the seeker with a new life and for this no external agency is ever required. The professional Gurus and Godmen carry on the Guru-chela institution only to serve their own vested interests.

True to his words, the Mahanama enlightened us on a blank paper in Gujarati and the next moment it again passed out of our physical sight. Unless the Almighty Himself showers this grace, no mortal can conduct this initiation where the man-made divisions of time, space and language are totally insignificant.

**The terms mystical, metaphysical or miraculous so often used by the self-styled gurus to bluff the laymen, are discarded by Dadaji who follows his own unique science of Truth.**

Dadaji then tore out two blank sheets of paper with eight pages and asked me to hold it firmly in my hands. I did as instructed by him. Before a twinkle in my eyes, two divine messages, one in Gujarati and another in English, appeared on them in an exquisite linguistic expression. I doubt whether the most erudite philosopher of our world can ever communicate so eloquently the message of Truth for which volumes have been written; not to speak of the time. Our intellect stands in striking contrast and I do not find language to communicate my ecstasy fully.

### **Precious Gift**

With this came that precious gift from Sri Sri Satyanarayana. Dadaji was deeply absorbed in himself. He spread his soft fingers on my breast. Dressed in a simple lungi, he held out a beautiful pen for me in his bare fingers; it came as if from the space. He asked for my name. I began to spell out and before my eyes he just rubbed the body of the pen with his finger. The name appeared on the pen. The pen is rare and is not available in the market. I really feel blessed to have it.

It does not appear a miracle to me. Rather, I feel that a living incarnate of Truth and Love, Dadaji does exert powers to produce things. The infinite nature of matter, energy and wisdom is his sole province.

Never have I come across a single event that can be compared with what I have experienced myself. A new chapter has been opened in history, the Lord himself has given the call and Dadaji in his unique manner has been generating the Truth-consciousness through his eyes, his smile, his words, his works.\*



## Message of Dadaji

B. J. Diwan\*

Dadaji of Calcutta, Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, of whom the most critical of journalists comment with reverence and to whom there is no intermediary between man and God, had been on his first visit to Ahmedabad from August 4 to August 8. The divine message of Truth and Love that Dadaji has given to mankind has such a unique appeal as a new wisdom, a new enlightenment flows from this great personality, remarkably unassuming in his costume and speech.

At his Ahmedabad host's residence, I found a large number of people waiting with great patience to experience the eternal Truth that vibrates incessantly in the heart of every individual. They included eminent intellectuals like judges of the High Court, the Vice-Chancellor, academicians, the Chief Minister and other ministers, responsible administrative officials like the Chief Secretary and other secretaries, the Inspector-General of Police, Smt. Mrinalini Sarabhai, editors of newspapers, and above all, saints and savants of great reputation.

For myself, I have always felt very strongly that our relation to God should be direct and I found confirmation of this from Dadaji himself. Dadaji told me that every human being is potentially divine and just because we do not realise this truth we feel ourselves estranged from the cosmic consciousness and run after mortal Gurus to know God. Dadaji says that Guru never dies. He is immortal, eternal and all-pervasive. It is nothing but crass idiocy to try to confine him in a person or in an institution. Since Dadaji does not believe in intellectual ornamentation, he asked me whether I was prepared to experience this truth in reality. I nodded. On a piece of blank paper, the inner truth of my existence manifested in Gujarati script and thus introducing me in my search for God, it disappeared, leaving

\* Chief Justice, Gujarat High Court.

a touch of supreme bliss through a unique aroma, in every cell of my body.

Dadaji also pointed out to me that a man has no right to bless another. And almost immediately he gave me a sheet of blank paper, which I held firmly in my hands. Dadaji was sitting quietly aside. I prostrated myself before Shri Satyanarayana and in the fraction of a second the paper became filled up with a divine message in beautiful Gujarati script. The message contained a substance of philosophy, the import of which starts where the Geeta has been exhausted.

Dadaji has a direct appeal to the modern mind trained in science and rationalism and the impact he has left on the people of Gujarat will remain unique.\*

\* *The Indian Express*, August 9, 1973.

## **Divine-Consciousness or Self-Consciousness—**

# **The Immortal Message of Sri Dadaji**

**P.S. Kailasam\***

The message of Sri Dadaji heralds the awakening of Truth-consciousness or Self-consciousness in man, which in the true sense of the term is a matter of realisation or absorption into each and every cell of one's existence. Sri Dadaji wants this fact to be always borne in mind, that the Infinite Truth has outpoured itself in innumerable manifestations in every molecule of this creation; and the fountain of all these is, of course, the Divine Love. In this world, however, we fail to respond to the tune of the boundless Ocean of Love, which reverberates incessantly the notes of pure music of love of which each and every note, is highly potential with the power of vitalising inert matter with life and saturating life with beatitude. Dadaji asserts that it is this love which is dormant in our very nature, it is this love which floods ourselves with its supreme munificence, and it is this divine love, which is dearest and most secret, a carefully treasured possession embedded in the core of our existence. In fact, the relation of our soul to this divine spirit is so pure and intimate, it is really absurd to think of approaching Truth with the help of intermediaries. The natural waves of the egoistic mind and intellect can never disturb that Kingdom of Heaven within, which is exclusively personal, and yet embraces the universe and is ever calm and composed.

According to Sri Dadaji, it is the defect of our looking-glass that causes the distortion in our angle of vision. Since this Truth and Love have become identical with the very existence of Sri Dadaji, he is out to establish that there is one universal

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*\*The Hon'ble Chief Justice, Madras High Court.*

Truth, a single human race and only one language which communicates the impulses of the heart. When man will be able to extend these nobler virtues, then only he will feel the taste of the Infinite Wisdom, which governs this Creation. But Sri Dadaji never binds one down with a list of hard do's and don't do's; on the contrary, he always gives emphasis on the natural course, i.e., Swabhāva. To him whatever is assumed or presumed in the name of God, e.g. the long overgrown matted hair or a saffron robe or observance of strict austerities, all these are expressions of nothing but egoism in the name of renunciation, which takes the seeker further away from God, Who is closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. As Dadaji often points it out, God pervades His creation without any vacuum: for, He is Bibhu (All-Pervading); it is ego only that presents an individual to pretend in vain to have renounced the world. Life is God's gift and man is entrusted with the duty of appreciating this Grace during the few days of his tour in this world.

In this Kali Yuga, the only way to channelise the stream of our individual existence into the vast ocean of the Cosmic Consciousness is to remember the Mahanama while performing the daily work and duties. This Mahanama which the seeker receives by the grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayana is, in fact, the revelation of his own Higher Self. The state of Paśyantī Vāk from which this Mahamantra arises, transcends the egoistic plane of Divine Consciousness and the seeker can enter this state of Paśyantī Vāk, only when he has transcended the other two lower stages of Vaikhari and Madhyamā. For, Vaikhari is the state of Nama and Madhyama is the state of Prema or love and when one goes beyond these two stages, the state of Pasyanti Vak or that of Mahabhava unfolds itself with all its beatific exuberance. Sri Dadaji by the grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayana raises the seeker in a second to this level of Paśyantī Vāk, where the Seeker and the Sought become identical and the Mahanama flashes on a piece of blank paper overwhelming the seeker with the glimpse of the World of Truth. Sometimes the seeker can also hear the

sound and vibration of a melodious voice echoing the Mahamantra in his ears.

This is the real nature of the manifestation of Truth within the range of human sense-perception, even though the seeker often does not find words to express the tremendous potency and vibrancy of the Infinite Truth with whom he had a direct contact. Sri Dadaji says that this initiation, since conducted by the Lord Himself and since it is founded on the state of Mahabhava, there is no question of time, space, of any human intermediary or any rituals ; for, the Divine Will manifests itself of its own accord and it has no concern with our gross physical body and mind ; rather they are transformed for that moment to receive the psychic vibration. Sri Dadaji firmly asserts that the seeker is never required to count beads, to discipline mind with strict austerities. From the very moment of the Initiation, the mind in its natural way goes on repeating that Mahamantra and this in its turn helps the mind do its work without the predominance of ego.

Sri Dadaji says that as the trustee of God, every human being must perform the work and the duties entrusted to him sincerely and faithfully and with complete surrender to the Almighty. It then inspires the individual to think for the universal welfare and work for it and to herald the dawn of a universal brotherhood based on common understanding, peace and love.

## Dadaji—A Miracle

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan\*

For many, many decades I have seen the quizzical world and its ways ; and life I have drunk to its dregs ; I have planted myself with a song upon the crest of its titanic waves ; and I assured myself I was the captain of my ship which had weathered the storm and stress of life and had at long last reached its anchorage. Life seemed like a spectroscope that displayed a multi-coloured pageantry of reality before me ; I yielded to their irresistible beckonings, won them and made them of a piece with me.

My soul, however, I did not sell out to them. A thirst for something that goaded me from within, I explored the whole world but in vain ; my soul implored the Vanity Fair for a way to the pierrian spring, to the life eternal. And it proved telling at long last.

The entire experience seems fascinating and gripping like a dream phantasy. The whole of Madras seems to have been ploughed through and through ; the titanic talents lie prostrate ; the great dictators of men and money are dazed and emotions are running riot among the elite and the laity.

A mighty Nor' easter has shaken the whole of Madras to its roots ; the traditional moorings have been cast asunder. And the city, nay, the province itself, seems gliding towards an anchorage, the resurrection of Sanatana Dharma which brooks no caste, creed or clime.

Madras seems to be the fated scaffolding for preaching the gospel of one world, one language, one human race and one religion.

Not Meeting, But Mating !

It is really a superbly unique experience to meet Dadaji even for a short while. It is, in fact, no meeting, but mating

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\* Ex-President, Republic of India.

as he explains so often. To see him is an occult vision, to go near him is a soul-stirring pilgrimage and to listen to him is to be bathed in the musical cadences of the Omnific Word. His star-bespangled smile is a miracle, the worlds cannot contain or comprehend. And his eyes? Their bewitching beauty, their fathomless depth in stillness, their aromatic incense of compassionate love have no reckonable compeer. Yet he is a man giving out airs of simplicity and normalcy to his very marrow. A picturesque figure, he dons a dhoti or lungi and a half-sleeved kurta. He wears no matted hair; nor is his body or forehead besmeared or marked with ashes or vermilion or sandal paste. Yet his body constantly emits a variety of fragrance never dreamt of in a perfumery.

Now he is playful, and then he is serene and lost in infinity. He plays with fantastic miracles like a child with toys. And he constantly reminds his audience that he is nobody. It is the Supreme Divine will that manifests itself as and when it chooses. His insurrection against gurudom is vitriolic in its vehemence.

No human being can ever be a Guru who is but Eternal. And what, indeed, is the necessity of a Guru? The Mahanama is constantly being chanted within my heart. I have forgotten it through Maya which is but my egoism. One has to drain off the last vestige of ego and the Lord will surely make such a one full to the brim with self-abnegating love. The Lord is my dearest and resides in my heart. No manner of penance or ritualism is necessary to achieve Him. Our only duty is to submit to the Mahanam ringing spontaneously within us and to bear parabdha with fortitude.

What a new dispensation! My life is the way to immortality! Religion, then, is neither a magic, nor a witchcraft, nor the opium of the people.

The greatest of the spiritualists is not withstanding the greatest of the materialists. Dadaji is a miracle wound up in infinite miracles that defy the comprehension of the greatest seers of all ages.



The meaningful smile



## Dadaji and Miracle

Dr. Gourinath Sastri, P. R. S., D. Litt.,\*

MIRACLE HAS myriad scales of being. Is not the world itself a miracle—play of God? The sun, the moon, the stars, the warp and the woof of light and darkness, the elemental forces—are not all these mighty miracles? But, all mysticism apart, the child and the aborigines take everything of the civilized world for a miracle and a James Jeans finds the spectre of a miracle in the origin and existence of life itself. And, to crown all, a hard-bred logician dismisses God Himself as a fantastic miracle, a dogma which can reasonably find no asylum in his scheme of the world. A sense of wonder, sense of something beyond oneself, a presentation, rather a visitation that takes airs of a freak of Nature, of something that had strayed off from the beaten track—that makes a miracle. In fact, miracles are as old as the hills. And miracle is the matrix of all creation, all discovery. In that respect, it is a dire necessity of life and for progress.

Affective apprehension or intellectual comprehension—that is how a miracle gnaws into our consciousness. A miracle rides roughshod over our wonted sensibilities and makes us realise how little we know about the world around. Our intellectual faculty is whetted, grit to upturn the virgin soil is ionised, and our ego has a keen sense of expanding horizons. But, there are miracles and miracles. Electricity, wireless, automobile, space-conquest—all these are man-made miracles, miracles of science. But, they are miracles to those only who do not know the scientific basis of these occurrences. To a scientist, however, these are but the fulfilment of the laws of Nature. So, to one who knows, the world is in every sense, a cosmos, built as it is

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on the bedrock of causality. But, then, we have to reckon with and, if possible, to liquidate another kind of miracles, which may be called psychic miracles. Yoga philosophy of Patanjali enunciates asta-siddhi ( the eight-fold perfection of will ) and diverse 'Vibhritis' ( miraculous powers ), acquisition of which can bestow upon one power to do or to know anything one chooses to. Levitation, clairvoyance, clairaudience and multiple similar phenomena are the commonest type that are generally in evidence. Are these too amenable to scientific explanation? That is the point at issue which we shall try to negotiate with the poor light that we have.

There are lots of miracle-mongers, and an Indian Yogi showing miraculous feats, curing fell diseases, catering to the material needs of the people in agony is not at all an unusual phenomenon. It is generally agreed that too much illicit traffic in miracles results in dissipation and evaporation of yogic power and is definitely an anathema to all spiritual aspirations. For, these are personal acquisitions and are subject to the laws of metabolism. But, can we conceive of a nature of miracles that does not stem from any personal effort, that comes as it must like the genial sunshine, the deluge of silvery lunar beams, the torrential rains, the west wind, the surging billows of the ocean—imperious in advent and untrammelled in execution? That would be a phenomenal discovery; and Eureka! many men of light and lead, of power and pelf, of adamant personality and aggressive self-escalation have discovered in Dadaji Srimat Amiya Roy Chowdhury an endless repertory of such miracles that bud forth instantly like petals of a lotus bathed in the radiant grace of the sun. A simple man, leading a normal life in every respect, Dadaji springs surprise by his playful exhibition of pranks of miracles without any ceremony or ado. Gold lockets, fountain pens and costly shawls he can manifest from vacuum; he can phone without dialling, or without touching the telephone apparatus, or without uttering a single word; He can ply an automobile without petrol, can cure diseases from a distance of even

thousands of miles with water turned aromatic through his flate ; He can have multiple manifestations at different places at the same time ; He can bring in star-bespangled night at day ; he can ward off rain, can control temperature and can at any time 'bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers'. But, all the time he would be expostulating to the effect : 'These are not my doing. They occur because they do. I am neither the agent, nor the cause, nor even an instrument in these matters. Sometimes he would exclaim, 'These are *fait accompli*.' At other times he would assure us : "This is nature (*svabhav*)". These words are pregnant with meaning and seem to carve out the *tripod* made of the genesis, science and metaphysics of miracles. We propose here to deal first with the second and then with the other two together. An enquiry into the nature of yogic Vibhuti will also be necessary to fully appreciate the nature of the miracles that emanate from Dadaji.

So, let us turn first to the science of miracles. According to Dadaji, the world is an inescapable reality. Whether matter is the form that spirit takes or whether matter is condensation of spirit and spirit rarefaction of matter is a problem of ontology and need not engage us here. We take here, as Dadaji does, matter as matter—an indubitable datum of our experience. Matter is a cross-section of the space-time continuum which we have sundered by our idolatrous thinking. But, even the four dimensional theory is not competent to give a true picture of the existence of matter. Space and time, as Dadaji asserts breezily so often, have each in itself infinite dimensions. Every segment of space is present in every other segment. As Dadaji airs out in a mocking vein : "Can't this place be Bombay or Benaras ?" Every split second also is present in every other second. So, space and time are both ubiquitous—every speck of it. In fact, time is a ceaseless duration and space an unfettered expanse. So, an elsewhere and elsewhere reality appears as now here. As Dadaji says in this context, "The *prarabdha* (the process of unfoldment) of space and time is supervened." So, it is a sort of unified field theory of Dadaji's conception that can

well explain these miracles. But, from a cruder perspective, it may be asked what stuff these shawls, fountain-pens, handkerchiefs, sweets are made of. The molecular theory is long exploded. Whether we accept the 'wave packet' theory or the *Trivrit karana* or *Panctkarana* theory, it is agreed on all hands that primal matter is one indistinguishable mass. So, it is the same stuff that wears different looks on different occasions. So, Dadaji can very glibly turn a brass locket into a gold one. According to atomic physics, variation in the number of electrons in the atomic constituents of a body are responsible for its difference from another body. Dadaji, however, asserts that matter is one. So, any odd thing may be transmuted into any other thing. At bottom, however, according to Dadaji, there is no dichotomy of matter and spirit. They are an impartite integer, that is the sole reality. But, there are other types of miracles such as the control of the elemental forces of nature. How are these possible? Bring the concept of infinite dimensions of space-time to bear upon the issue and let that concept of the unity of Matter, which ultimately resolves itself into the unity of Matter and Spirit, do duty to it. And the rest is the responsibility of the metaphysics of miracles which we now propose to embark upon.

You can very well move the limbs of your body at will; but, a dead man cannot. Why? Only because there is a pervasive consciousness all through your body, that makes the movement possible. But, this expansion is not cooped up within the framework of the body itself; it can, in fact, it does really every moment of our extrovert life overshoot the bounds of our body into the outer expanse of space and time. And the identification presently spoken of may be of two different forms: 'It is me' or 'It is mine'. In reality, all our experience, all the acts and facts of our life, are embedded in this expansion of ego-boundaries and the consequent mental mode (*Vritti*) as postulated in the *Samkhya* Philosophy and sanctified by the *Vedanta* Philosophy. This is why you can move a log of wood to beat me with, to pelt stones at me or turn the table against me for;

this spacious advocacy of miracles and achieve freedom of will. A great personality has freedom of will to a degree. And when it reaches its acme, you realise the subject as freedom, the summum bonum of the absolute monist. The yoga philosophy inculcates certain mental disciplines and gymnastics to achieve this end. But, the deus ex machina remains still in icy isolation. And does not the sphinx still smile on ?

But, the miracles that spark off from Dadaji wear a different complexion. Instead of ego-expansion, we find here complete effacement, increasing of evaporation, rather liquefaction of the ego. His art is to resign himself to the super-ego, to attune himself to the pervasive flow of supreme consciousness. While self-appropriation is symptomatic of yogic Vibhuti, self-annulment is the hallmark of Dadaji's miracles. The first is to bring under egoistic way the unbounded freedom of pervasive consciousness, and the latter is to melt and canalise the egoistic granule into the all-pervasive flow of supreme consciousness. The first leads to exhaustion and dissipation of energy ; but, the latter breaks forth into murmurs of delight, into surgence of immeasurable power. Should we imagine Dadaji working wonders to echo the words of Shelley : ' Make me thy lyre, Let me be thou ? ' No, no that is quite off the mark. For, as he assures us, he is not even an instrument or a semblance of a plea for these miracles. We had rather conceived him as the Aeolian harp stirred up into melodious notes by the playful breeze. The divine will in a supreme urge for self-expression discovers in him a space station wherefrom to shoot forth into outer space sparking off satellites of miracles. According to Dadaji, it is the autocratic will of *Satyānārāyaṇa*, the ultimate Reality, that is actualised in the form of miracles. The supreme will of *Satyānārāyaṇa* has ushered into manifestation 'Maha Kala' ('time eternal' as duration) with a view to knocking the knavery out of Kala in the form of Kali and to establishing Satya-yuga in the world. But, the people of modern age are die-hard atheists and have no love lost for anything supernatural. It is only with a view to attracting these God-less votaries of Mammon and Science that

the supreme will flashes forth in the forms of diverse miracles of breath-taking wonderment. These miracles are, however, superficial marks, external symptoms of religiosity. One should not on any account confuse them with any spiritual efflorescence. Nevertheless, it is no atrocity, no despotic totalitarianism with the Supreme will. It is 'Svabhava' breaking forth into playful ripples of wonderment, tearing asunder the procrastinating pall of 'Prarabdha.'

Let us try to form a clear conception of the ubiquitous majesty of Dadaji's Vibhuti. The great savant, Srimad Anirvan, explains Vibhuti in the following manner: "Ekam va idam Vivabhava sarvam". So Vibhuti is 'Vibhavan', the manifold manifestation of the One. But it lies in a dormant state in 'Sambhuti'. And this Sambhuti again merges itself in the stillness of Upanisadic Asambhuti. Hence, as in Tantra Philosophy we reach Visarga from the equilibrium of Siva and Sakti through the stage of Vindu, so here we get at Vibhuti from Asambhuti through the intermediary stage of Sambhuti. This is quite reasonable. But, to my mind, even Sambhuti and Asambhuti have inner vibrations, though outwardly static. What is the fountain-source of that Sambhuti, that 'Etavati mahina samvabhava'? 'Mama yonirapsvantah samudre'—its matrix is flowing consciousness, the 'Maharano' that encompasses by its infinite vibrations the whole of existence. That is why we come across a different sort of Sambhuti in the Geeta; 'Prakritim svam avastabhya sambhavam yatnmayaya'. This Sambhuti is spontaneous and keeps under complete sway the laws of Nature—does away with the Prarabdha of Nature, according to Dadaji. In this view of things, both sambhuti and vibhuti are supernatural. Sambhuti is the basal reality, while vibhuti is its external vibratory manifestation. Let us fancy to ourselves a black-out night in Calcutta. There is engrossing darkness all around. But, in the closed rooms neon lights are aglow; and, through the interstitches of the doors and windows, pencils of light are darting out; these pencils of light jutting out may be compared to vibhuti, while the light indoors is Sambhuti. In fact, this Vibhuti belongs to the supreme Omni-

potent Vibhu. The sparks of His energy in diffusion is Vibhuti. So, it is His Divine Potency; but, to me, it is an 'uddipana vibhava', a merciful dispensation for me. But, yogic Vibhuti stands on a different footing. Thus, we come across a triune of Vibhuti, its three streams. The first we may christen as the Mandakini-stream which finds free play in Krishna's marriage with a legion of princesses. The second is the Alakananda-flow that deluged the hermitage of egoistic Jahnu. And the last one, the yogic Vibhuti is the Bhogovati-stream that may induce one to indulge in unbridled passion. The burning potency of fire is its inner essence; but the spectrum of light is the Vibhuti even as the fragrance of a flower. The flowing stream is the basal reality of a river; but, when it carves out islands, breaks through its banks, it is Vibhuti. But, if you store water in a dam and playfully release it to inundate West Bengal, it is a sort of yogic Vibhuti even like the fragrance of the extracted essence of flower. A real Vibhuti has no fetters, no limiting adjuncts. It is verily the Vedic-mother—goddess Aditi, the illimitable, the untrammelled, that is the source and sustenance of all existence. May we, then, conceive Dadaji as the resplendent solar orb emitting streaks of luminous miracles of an infinite variety while remaining all the while the centre of gravity of all-pervasive existence, consciousness and bliss.

October, 1970.

## Dadaji And Concept of Puja

Shri R. M. Kantawala,\*

For a student of mathematics and law, the mental faculties are extremely slow to accept a world of miracles which are ordinarily not amenable to laws of nature. But, when one witnesses before his own eyes things which cannot be adequately explained with reason or intellect, one is made to realise how limited is one's knowledge about the existence of divine, infinite power of Almighty God, the Embodiment of Truth whose actions, things or deeds are beyond range of rational comprehension. It is not my idea to narrate or record in these few lines all the things which I experienced in the company of Shri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, popularly known as Dadaji in my contact with him for a few days.

I intend to confine my attention to only one incident which I had the honour or privilege to participate in due to pure Grace of Dadaji. I never knew him before; but a brother Judge once requested me whether I would be anxious to have His Darshan. The phenomenon of Sri Sri Satyanarayana Pujas which I had the opportunity to witness on September 1, 1973 in Bombay, had unfolded before me the manifestations of beauty of a new world of Trust. It is not a Puja which the tradition has interpreted as an expression of our emotions to outburst in a formal ritualistic exhibition. To be in tune with Him—Truth, Spiritual Divine, Infinite power, Almighty God—is Puja.

That evening when I reached the residence of Sri B. G. Patel there was already a congregation of distinguished visitors including the Ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of India, some of the Judges of the High Court, Bombay and the eminent elites of the Society. The visitors observed the Puja room which contained a portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayana with a garland of flowers, a vessel filled with some cocoanut water and a glass containing plain

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water. Dadaji explained that worship was a wall between the worshipper and the worshipped and to think of worshipping the Absolute, who pervades this creation and at the same time is enshrined in us, only smacked of egoistic appraisal.

I participated in the Puja by putting on merely a lungi and keeping my upper body bare. I followed Dadaji in the Puja room. It was simple one where nothing else except what is stated above and a lighted Dip and two Asanas to sit were kept. I took my seat on the floor as directed by Dadaji and began to time myself with the Mahanama. Dadaji left the room within a short time. I was feeling bathed in the shower of various kinds of aroma that percolated through my body with a new vibration. With my eyes closed the sense organs caught it immediately and spread it through my body. I heard some Mantras pronounced in a melodious voice but I could not grasp them. I made every effort to concentrate on the image of Sri Sri Satyanarayana but I felt that a new vibration in me was guiding myself on the way and there was a feeling of elevation.

I was breathing heavily the aroma all around. There was a feeling that the body grew lighter and lighter. A few minutes later I felt that necessity of breathing was considerably minimised. Time passed on quietly. I do not know how long I had been in that state till I felt a heavy load on my head. My whole body started emitting various types of fragrances. Drops of water fell on my head, neck and body and then all over the floor.

I opened my eyes at the sense of a heavy load on my head; but, I found it was Dadaji touching my head with his soft finger. The whole room was filled with fumes of fragrant air; the floor was sprinkled with divinely fragrant water. Thick drops of fragrant honey dripped the photo of Sri Sri Satyanarayana: The cocoanut water had become highly fragrant condensed khseer and the plain water got transformed to perfumed cocoanut water. I took the taste of the Charanamrita—it appeared to me as Panchamrita. Many present there took the smell of my body and they found that different kinds of divine aroma emanated from it.

Dadaji says : "A mortal being cannot initiate another and be a Guru. This body is the abode of Guru. Almighty God is the Only Guru. There cannot be an intermediary between God and man." Dadaji never claims nor likes to be called a Guru. He loves to be revered as an elder brother. His advice is that an attempt should be made to realise Divine spirit within oneself. To search for the divine spirit within oneself is the real Yoga. He is within us and we have to know Him and have communion with Him. Dadaji wants us to realise that a man is born with a divine spark and should be in constant touch with Him. A realisation of this divinity unfolds itself when the man forgets the external influences.

## Dadaji and Mahanama : Message of Mankind

The Hon'ble Sri S. K. Roy\*

**"Whenever religion is at stake, I shall incarnate myself  
epoch after epoch"**

Dadaji is an incarnation of Truth Absolute. He has assumed the mortal frame for the establishment of Truth—Sanatana-dharma, the only religion of mankind,—nonsectarian, non-denominational and pervasive.

The Sanatan Dharma of our land expounded once that the human race in essence has originated from a single source, and therefore, its transformation into divine life should be worked out in harmony i.e. there can be nothing as individual salvation; but, all efforts should be dedicated for the purpose of transforming the physical and mental life together into higher life of Truth, Love and Wisdom.

But, we have deviated much from the spirit of this Sanatan Dharma and today religion means a mere show of rituals and in the name of spiritualism people practise penance and austerities to attain individual salvation. The fact is that the trend of spiritual tradition now tends to concentrate on person rather than on Truth.

The spark of divinity exists within man and in all beings of the universe. Truth is piety that embodies this longing and affirms the divinity of man.

### UNIVERSAL RHYTHM

For, ego is the factor which separates the individual from the universal rhythm and the fundamental tune is lost for ever. Dadaji says that our aim is to realize the Oneness or identify ourselves with the created world around us.

\*The Hon'ble Chief Justice, Orissa

The so-called gurus of self-styled go!men misguide the people in the name of renunciation ; they use saffron robe and matted hair to establish themselves as agents of God. They exploit the innocence of the common people and declare that spiritual and material life cannot keep peace with each other.

The question often put to Dadaji is how we can get ourselves turned with the universal spirit, as we are engrossed so much with the problems of our daily life. In reply Dadaji says, the Mahanama is the sound vibration which tunes us with the cosmic consciousness and the sound we receive from the objects of the life around us actually emanates from that eternal sound vibration or the Mahanam.

Dadaji emphasises again and again that our material life is not separate from spiritual life as God is "closer to our breathing, nearer than our hands and feet". He is everywhere and in everything. We are to remember this truth only, as sincere and honest work is the best worship offered to God, Dadaji categorically says that we are not the doers, but just trustees of God. Even the work entrusted to me is not my own, but ordained by him.

The prevalent idea of negation and self-denial introduced and encouraged by the self-styled gurus are nothing but bluff. As Dadaji says, "It should be borne in mind that we are an essential part of this creation and we should utilize this birth to bring about the peace of soul and a flawless perfection of the imperfect human civilization."

#### MAHANAMA

In presence of Dadaji, MAHANAMA reveals itself from one's within as Dadaji is always tuned with the infinite, is personified with the Absolute Truth. He has assumed the mortal frame for the establishment of Truth—the Sanatana Dharma i.e. the eternal religion of man.

The reality of this truth is proved by the super-scientific way of revealing the MAHANAMA, the eternal God.—God and name of God are not different—MAHANAMA is the name of God which resides in all beings as one.

**MAHANAMA** is the only path of reaching out to the Absolute Truth. The manner of bestowing Mahanama is contrary to the traditional ways. At the time of getting the Mahanama, Dadaji uplifts the seeker for the time into the Divine stage and in prostration in front of the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayana, the devotee hears the Mahanama and visualises it written on plain paper which he kept in his hand when he entered into the room.

As soon as the devotee leaves the room and enters into the empirical World, the writing on the paper also vanishes. It is the direct communion with the Divine. The Mahanama is sounded for ever in everybody's heart. Due to ego men cannot realise it. By the grace of Dadaji the aspirant hears it and visualises it written on the paper. This is real Diksha or Darshan.

Dadaji says patience is the only sustenance. The only duty of an ordinary man is to do his work sincerely, remembering Mahanama. The moment a work is done remembering the Mahanama it automatically becomes an offering to God. The question of attachment is irrelevant here.

Mahanama is not a Mantra for mere repetition on its own. This eternal sound or Nama smooths up the artificial barrenness of our life with a shower of divine grace and in course of time it is this mind but transformed that leads the seeker to realise his true divine and blissful nature.

This unique philosophy of Truth charged with a new reverence for life and propounded by a person, who is primarily interested to generate this Truth Consciousness in the mankind, inaugurates the birth of a New Era.

Men have been sent on earth to enjoy the Leela of God and to do some bounden duties. Dadaji says, in this mundane plane men have to face some unavoidable occurrences. And it is the duty of the human beings to bear predestined fortune with patience.

Man cannot avoid "Prarabdha" (Destiny) without its proper consumption. Man has to undergo these undesirable sufferings with forbearance. Prayer and Penance will not lead

one to perfection, because an embodied soul will have to overcome some sorts of mundane pain.

The accumulated Karmas (actions and reactions) of the previous birth give fruits in the present life of every individual in the form of "Prarabdha." Forbearance of "Prarabdha" with patience and reflection of 'Mahanama' with greatest regard will reach the devotee to the eternal abode of God.

### MIRACLES

To Dadaji a miracle is every breath. The greatest miracle is our existence. In order to convince the disbelievers and the sceptics, miracles happen in the presence of Dadaji. Dadaji says he is not the performer of these wonderful achievements. Miracles take place by the will of God,—The Almighty, Sri Sri Satyanarayana.

Modern scientists, intellectuals, saints and yogis have all been surprised observing the unprecedented miracles. Dadaji is also ready to face any challenge of his miracles from any corner of the world. Men of all status have been bound to believe in the invisible eternal spirit behind all phenomena.

Dadaji says : One should not think over the miracles ; go further to know the Truth ; God is the Supreme Reality. Ardent concentration on Mahanama and absolute self-surrender to Sri Sri Satyanarayana are the only means for realising Him.

An aroma known in esoteric circles as Padmagandha ( fragrance of the lotus ), the sign of the 'Supreme', emits from Dadaji's body ; it manifests anywhere in the world to his devotees as there is no time and space with him.

To sum up the Philosophy of Dadaji for the mankind "Truth is one, Mankind is one, Language is one". There is no intermediary between Man and God ; one existence pervades the universe. We are all within the infinite ; the infinite is within us—we cannot be separated.

## Dadaji's Philosophy

Dr. Benay Chakraborty, M.S., PH.D ( *Harvard* ),  
PH.D. ( *Paris* ),\*

The nearest one can come to stating Dadaji's philosophy without committing serious error is to simply use the word: TRUTH; No adjectives or descriptive appendages may be employed without error. For, our common language is after all a mental function, all the more so when attempting accurate descriptions. Truth is all-inclusive, structureless, undifferentiated Existence. So, it cannot be comprehended by mind that, of necessity, operates in terms of structures and concepts in the arena of time and space—primary concepts themselves.

The geometrising mind is forever, thus, incapable of expressing or describing Truth. Hence, it is aptly said that Truth expressed is truth expired.

It is no wonder, then, that we humans, in trying to talk of Truth, come up with only half-truths, if not sheer falsehoods. All the same, it is the greatest joy we know. So, let us go on undeterred.

Modern physics has taught us that even in talking of an atomic particle in common language—we have none other, of course—we are forced to use apparently contradictory descriptions of the same entity in a complementary fashion.

Clearly, we need not be perturbed if in enjoying the talk of Truth, we must give up the straitjacket of conventional logic.

So, it is not irreverent to say that all scriptures are but a collection of half-truths at best.

So far so good. But dire danger appears as soon as self-styled gurus enter the business of spiritual preceptorship for a price. Then all kinds of strange practices, prohibitions and superstitions get developed to protect and perpetuate their

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respective vested interests. And, of course, innocent people get drawn into all kinds of mental and physical gymnastics to achieve the impossible task of trapping down the Infinite.

Have no fear, Dadaji tells us. The entire paraphernalia of Nature is the creation of the Supreme Being—the all-pervading Truth. For the relish of His divine play (“Braj-Leela”) He has appeared as many in the mirror of the mind. All activities here are of this world, scientific study not excepted. Far from being shunned, they are to be fully participated in and enjoyed.

Nature, mind, and hence the divine play, are intrinsically bipolar. The positive and the negative, the ups and the downs, the good and the bad, etc. are the dual pole oscillations between which provide the basis for all the creative possibilities of this play.

When the play is over, the two poles coalesce into mere existence, all existents having disappeared. A sort of complementarity is in evidence here: When ego holds the stage, He disappears. When ego evaporates, He appears.

The picture of the atheist's world, without the Lord, is joyless and mechanical. The acceptance of the Lord does not change the world, but only our vision of it. The world a divine play is joyous indeed.

Every creative literary writer of plays knows the fun, the villains and the heroes together provide in making the play possible. In the divine play, the author himself is the player and the play. Thus, a mere awareness of Him is true meditation that makes all the difference.

Through the ‘no person’ that is Dadaji—a complete repudiation of egohood—the Supreme Will displays all manner of fantastic miracles beyond any explaining through mind and intellect.

Their sole purpose is to iron out all atheism. Their veracity is supported by the growing number of testimonies of eminent scientists, philosophers, judges and other intellectuals from all over the world.



The credentials of the redeemer, as Dadaji appears in our age, are thereby established. How else is the common man to find his way to Him in the present day cacophony of professional preachers?

Dadaji's philosophy, thus, is no string of abstractions for mere intellectual entertainment. It is the practical blissful path for the sojourner in this world. Satyanarayana is the only reality. As the two sounds of Mahanam, He vibrates in every heart and provides the warp and woof of all existence.

By His grace, in the presence of Dadaji, the fortunate seeker sees Mahanam and hears it from within proving Dadaji's assertion that God alone is our Guru.

## **The Manifestation Of The Truth Eternal**

**Mahamahopadhyaya Nilkantha Shastri**

It is nearly more than a year that I first came to know about Sri Dadaji (Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury) from various newspapers and journals published all over the country and which spoke without reserve the immense power and wisdom of this great personality who however is strongly averse to building up any personality-cult or an institution in the name of Truth. Millions of seekers, belonging to the different strata of the society in this country and abroad, have narrated with great awe and reverence the over-whelming phenomenon of the self-revelation or "Dikhsa" which they have experienced in the presence of Sri Dadaji.

I, however, could not resist asking Dadaji this question that this age-long tradition of gurubad and the practice of initiation by whispering Mantra in the ears of the seeker have struck deep roots in the spiritual life of the people. The need of an intermediary between man and God is admitted without question. Dadaji with great love and affection has proved by facts that Truth is ever self-evident and manifests of its own only at the complete annihilation of ego. A person who has realised this Truth is always conscious of this fact and, therefore, his I-consciousness embraces the universe; it is always identical with the Supreme I-consciousness. In that state of realisation he can never make chelas; nor can he build lavish institutions to confine the Infinite Truth within the boundaries of the four walls. The laymen who grope in darkness, blinded by the shackles of material entanglements, run here and there in vain to find God who is however calling him eternally from within. As Dadaji has explained it, a search within alone can remove the ignorance and transform the shackles into Divine Grace. The rational and most

practical essence of the philosophy of Sri Dadaji lies on the foundation of a scientific wisdom of a new dimension that waits for its unfoldment.

#### Penance

Many distinguished scholars, eminent industrialists, persons holding responsible offices and even the old bearded yogis having practised strict penance and austerities have surrendered themselves before Dadaji as they could not deny the science of the vibrant Truth that Sri Dadaji is out to establish.

Dadaji is often described as a miracle man; but as he asserts always, it is in reality a manifestation of the Great Divine Will and Divine love in the physical world. He hates performing miracles to stupefy or mystify people in the name of God. According to him, the miracles have nothing to do with spiritual attainment and that man can have the glimpses and vibrations of this Eternal Truth only through their reverence for life.

#### "Miracle"

The other day (20th July, '73), Dadaji went to the residence of the Governor of Madras, Sri K. K. Shah. Before a distinguished gathering there, the A.D.C. of the Governor, Sri Ramaswamy put a question to Dadaji. In reply Dadaji explained to them difference between miracles performed by kriya yoga etc. and that which takes place by the Will of Sri Sri Satyanarayana.

Dadaji then put off his upper garments and as a positive proof to this principle of Truth, he produced a beautiful Rolex wrist watch in his bare palm before all and presented it to the Governor. Mr Ramaswamy again asked Dadaji how we are to know that it is a blessing from God.

Dadaji smiled and then just rubbed his finger on the glass dial and immediately the name of Sri Sri Satyanarayana became beautifully inscribed inside the dial. Then again he asked for the name of the Governor and by the similar touch of his finger

the names of Sri Shah and Dadaji got instantly inscribed on the back of the dial. I wonder if such a feat is at all possible for anyone in the history of the world.

The transformation of matter into a fine shape and then the inscription on it is an event that establishes the fact that there is a Supreme Scientist to whom the question of time and space or matter and energy does not concern. And yet even after this event, Dadaji declared that this is also extraneous in the way of attaining the Truth.

In my opinion it is the highest practical demonstration of the elimination of the ego-sense by Sri Dadaji to the mankind. The pious wisdom that governs this creation has taken the physical form in Dadaji to establish this Truth that Divinity is within and a journey inward alone can reveal this Truth.

## Dadaji—The Effulgent Torch of Truth

Sri Nandlal Untwalia\*

The principles of love and surrender, fundamental in the spiritual unfoldment of a human being, were expounded long ago by the ancient Seers of Truth in our country. These are again reminded to us by Dadaji, who has launched a crusade against the prevalent practice of gurudom, an institution flourishing ever at the cost of the innocence of our God-fearing people. Most unassuming in his usual accoutrements, Dadaji cannot tolerate any display or exhibitionism in the name of God. According to him, in course of his continuous struggle for survival, man forgets his true divine nature and identifies himself with the gross desires of body and mind. Ultimately, this invaluable human birth, the purpose of which is to enjoy the Divine beauty and bliss within and without, is bogged down in the miseries and frustrations of life. The so-called spiritual leaders of our country take advantage of this helplessness of man and on the pretension of guiding them with long-winded discourses, serve their own vested interests.

To Dadaji, there is no escape from life. According to him, the works and duties entrusted by God to each and every human being, are the expressions of His love. In discharging them, a constant awareness of Him is required of us, that the Lord is the only Doer, we are the instruments. The most striking thing about Dadaji is that he practises before he preaches. Being a family man, he accepts the complications and vicissitudes of the worldly life patiently as ordained by God.

But how to develop this constant awareness? Dadaji has established it by fact, that this sense of awareness cannot be

\* *The Hon'ble Chief Justice, Bihar*

infused by any external agency in mortal frame with imperfect mind and intellect. It must come directly from the Divine spring, which is eternally throbbing in our very existence. Dadaji says that from the time of our birth we are initiated by the Almighty or Sri Sri Satyanarayana. But, the moment we identify ourselves with the mind, ego, we no longer hear the Mahanama, which, however, goes on throbbing continuously in our heart. In the words of Dadaji, true initiation means to enable the seeker to see and hear the Mahanama, which is being chanted in his heart, only he is not aware of it. In this task, according to Dadaji, no mortal has any right to assume the role of a guru. Since God has given the Mahanama, no human being is supposed to know what it is. The mantras whispered by the self-styled gurus in ears of the seekers are all creations of mind and hence they can never help the seeker transcend the physical limitations. The Mahanama which the seeker receives from his own Self or Sri Sri Satyanarayana is, in reality, the revelation of their own Divine Nature of which they were so long not aware. Dadaji, however, does not conduct the initiation.

According to Dadaji, since the Mahanama is given by the Supreme Being, the only Guru, it is highly potential in removing the ignorance from the mind of the seeker and, gradually makes him aware of his own divinity. No formal practice of rituals of mantra-jap etc. are required to nurture this Mahanama, which follows the way of absolute Svabhava or Nature. Austere penance, ochre robes, matted hair—all these are Abhava or unnatural and therefore, have no contact with the mainstream of the Divine creation of life, love and light.

Dadaji has unleashed a new inspiration in mankind to live in Truth, vibration he has left in us will in time be the most potent factor in transforming the human instincts to its finest unfoldment.

## **Dadaji's Mission : Awaken Mankind to Truth**

**Shabib**

"Truth is one. Mankind is one. Language is one"—said Dadaji, propounding a reality that is self-evident and yet overlooked by people bound down by the shackles of materialism.

Yet, these are the very shackles that have to be broken to reach the ultimate truth and the spiritual heritage that is everyone's birthright, added Dadaji, who in ordinary everyday life, is a happy family man, with a wife, son and daughter and a business. He is called Amiya Roy Chowdhury.

To whatever religious denomination, sectarian cult or racial group a person may belong, he cannot but be impressed with the utter simplicity of Amiya, the man and sincerity of Dadaji, the spiritual guide.

This was the first impact, when I accompanied my editor, Mr. A. David into the room in Sukh Sagar, where Dadaji was staying during his visit to Poona.

**Elder brother**

He claims to be "Dadaji" which in the Bengali language means "elder brother". He claims nothing more than that. He feels that every human being has the truth hidden within him and he as the elder brother merely points it out.

Since the airy substance of spiritualism is covered by the cocoon of the mundane, Dadaji was to rely upon certain material, and even super-natural, pattern of behaviour to prove his credentials and the truth of his words.

For this reason when we visited him he performed certain wonders, by which he has become a legend in his lifetime as the "miracle Man".

When we entered the room where Dadaji was reclining on

the coach, we were struck with a serenity and a sense of calm. We sat on the rug, while he first reclined on the coach, and later as he warmed to his theme, he sat up and made expressive gestures that were as informative as the words that fell from his lips.

To prove his credentials, he presented a book to Mr. David. Then without the help of any writing material, he simply pressed the paper with his thumb and the following appeared in red ink, "To Shri A. David.....Dadaji" in a beautiful hand in the English language.

His other "performance" was presenting a pen to Mr. David (it is a "Parker") and another, a 'Pilot' to myself. He simply took my hand in his and there was the pen resting in my palm. Mr. David's experience was the same.

#### **Self-evidence**

But one of the most sensational evidence of his strength and pre-eminence was the fragrance that had its being in him and that pervaded the entire room and all those who came in contact with him.

To everyone comes a time of "unfaith"—I can find no better word for those who stray, from the path of truth whether it is along that preached in the Vedas, or the Quran or Bible or the holy books of all the prophets in the world. It is to remove these doubts that Dadaji has come into this world—so says Amiyo, the outer shell that covers the inner spiritual yearning of the entire human race from its earliest beginnings.

Mr. David and I were also treated to this unique experience when the words of the "essence" of all religions appeared in the language of each of our choice mysteriously, were read by us, then equally mysteriously vanished leaving behind a scrap of fragrant paper.

Dadaji's mission is not that of proselytising. It is neither this writer's intention to hold a brief for Dadaji and his miracles and teachings. Dadaji and his teachings are self-evident



and as clear as the sun ; his miracles are open to sight, without any hocus pocus.

I have merely penned what I say, which may have been slightly coloured by my feelings, for after all, all experiences are personal and cannot be written other than subjectively. Still I have tried to be as objective as possible.

What is Truth? How can we know it? The answer is: Truth is that which is not affected by time, space, or any other condition. It is the eternal and unchanging reality which is the basis of all existence. It is the light which dispels all darkness and the power which creates all things. It is the source of all knowledge and the goal of all spiritual practice. It is the one and only reality, the absolute and the infinite. It is the truth that we seek and the truth that we find. It is the truth that is the foundation of all religion and the source of all wisdom. It is the truth that is the key to the door of life and the path to the kingdom of heaven. It is the truth that is the light of the world and the power of the ages. It is the truth that is the life of the soul and the joy of the heart. It is the truth that is the peace of the mind and the harmony of the world. It is the truth that is the love of God and the love of man. It is the truth that is the life of the universe and the glory of the Creator. It is the truth that is the light of the world and the power of the ages. It is the truth that is the life of the soul and the joy of the heart. It is the truth that is the peace of the mind and the harmony of the world. It is the truth that is the love of God and the love of man. It is the truth that is the life of the universe and the glory of the Creator.

The philosophical achievement of Dadaji is to show that the truth is not a matter of faith or dogma, but a matter of direct experience. He shows that the truth is not a matter of theory or speculation, but a matter of practical application. He shows that the truth is not a matter of abstract reasoning, but a matter of concrete reality. He shows that the truth is not a matter of intellectual pursuit, but a matter of spiritual growth. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external knowledge, but a matter of internal realization. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external observation, but a matter of internal perception. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external action, but a matter of internal transformation. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external success, but a matter of internal fulfillment. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external power, but a matter of internal strength. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external wealth, but a matter of internal richness. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external fame, but a matter of internal peace. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external honor, but a matter of internal respect. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external glory, but a matter of internal joy. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external praise, but a matter of internal love. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external admiration, but a matter of internal devotion. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external respect, but a matter of internal reverence. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external honor, but a matter of internal glory. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external praise, but a matter of internal joy. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external admiration, but a matter of internal love. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external respect, but a matter of internal devotion. He shows that the truth is not a matter of external honor, but a matter of internal glory.

Dadaji is not just a philosopher, but a living reality. He is the truth that he speaks of. He is the light that he describes. He is the power that he manifests. He is the life that he embodies. He is the peace that he radiates. He is the harmony that he creates. He is the love that he shares. He is the life of the universe and the glory of the Creator. He is the truth that is the light of the world and the power of the ages. He is the truth that is the life of the soul and the joy of the heart. He is the truth that is the peace of the mind and the harmony of the world. He is the truth that is the love of God and the love of man. He is the truth that is the life of the universe and the glory of the Creator.

## Sri Dadaji, Exponent Of Truth

DR. DHIRUBHAI NAIK, M.S, PH. D. ( U.S.A. )

A.M.I. CHEM. E ( LONDON )

What is Truth ? How can one establish it ? How can one perceive it ? These are old, familiar problems which have been eternally vexing the mind of man through generations. Could we have convincing, abiding, answers to these questions ? "Yes", says Sri Dadaji with the confidence of a master and a savant, who has had first-hand experience. "But not through the agency of your intellect and reason ; nor through the ways and means of science. Truth is within you. You have to realize your true nature, first of all."

The phenomenal achievement of science has so dazzled the intellectuals all over the world that it has become almost a fashion and a fad to talk about everything in scientific jargon and to take a so-called scientific approach to every problem under the sun. These science-mongering intellectuals would not accept as true even facts and phenomena which they perceive but cannot explain away in terms of the available scientific terminology. But a slow steady awakening is taking place among the non-prejudiced, open-minded thinkers that science does not, and possibly cannot, possess the key to the ultimate knowledge ; the Truth, Sri Dadaji has in his own inimitable, homely and at times, astounding way, confirmed this belief.

"Truth is one and indivisible," says Sri Dadaji. "Truth pervades the whole universe and it is within you, too ; there is no vacuum. The phenomenal world is a manifestation of Truth." The philosophers' concept of Truth—the One without name, form and attributes—being too abstruse and subtle for the understanding of the common man has been personified and then is called God, Ishwar, Paramatman and so on. Sri Dadaji calls Him Sri Satyanarayana.

When Sri Satyanarayana is within oneself, why can't one perceive Him or realize His presence within? Sri Dadaji offers this explanation: Man, identifying himself with his body and mind, is the Jivatma; when he calls himself "I" he refers to this Jivatma. This "I"-sense or Ego-principle prevents him from identifying himself with Truth—Sri Satyanarayana. Man, with his Ego-principle, looks for Truth in the objective world. "This search for Him is futile," says Sri Dadaji. "Unless the Jivatma gets rid of the Ego-principle, he cannot perceive or realize Truth". Only when the subject-object duality ceases, when the subject merges with the object, the Ego-sense is lost and Realization—the oneness with Truth—is established. How could this be achieved by man?

Sri Dadaji offers a solution to this problem. It could be achieved through the agency of *Mahanam*, the Divine Name, the Name of the Lord. "Every human being is born with Mahanam within himself," asserts Sri Dadaji. But he is unaware of it, because of the veil of Ego-sense, Maya or Ignorance. No external agency—say, a person acting as a Guru,—can reveal this Mahanam to the individual. The real Guru, Sri Sri Satyanarayana, that is immanent in every soul from birth, alone can reveal this Mahanam to him. This revelation of Mahanam to the seeker is made possible in the presence of Sri Dadaji. The seeker is ushered in the presence of Sri Dadaji who hands him a piece of ordinary blank paper and asks him to prostrate in front of a symbolic portrait of Sri Satyanarayana. Sri Dadaji then momentarily lifts the individual to a higher plane of understanding when he sees the Mahanam written in red ink on the piece of paper and sometimes also hears the same Mahanam. Immediately after this, the seeker returns to the mundane plane and the Mahanam disappears from the paper. Sri Dadaji then asks the seeker to remember his Mahanam and to recite it mentally as often as possible, whenever and wherever he can do so.

This Mahanam-revelation is the real initiation; or Diksha; for here the seeker actually sees the Mahanam or Mahamantra which is synonymous with Truth. Sri Dadaji is there as a mere

witness; it is in fact a self-revelation. No human being, acting as a Guru, can conduct such an initiation or Diskha. Sri Satyanarayana is the only Guru and he is within every one. All those who claim to be Gurus (and are variously known as Mahants, Acharyas, Bhagwans and such other names) and reside in Maths, Mandirs, Ashrams, etc. are misguided souls who in turn misguide their unsuspecting followers or seekers who thus become victims of traditional superstition. "This cult of the Guru ( Gurubad or Guruism ) is a fraud perpetrated by vested interests. This stigma on our Eternal Religion must be abolished forthwith," says Sri Dadaji with evident wrath and vehemence in his tone. What outlandish and preposterous practices in the name of Truth ?

Sri Dadaji exhorts the seeker to follow Mahanam recitation faithfully with a sense of complete surrender to Sri Satyanarayana—the omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent Lord. And only abiding love for the Lord can induce complete, unconditional surrender to Him. For the modern man with his multifarious activities this is the only way : The way to Truth.

Sri Dadaji's concern is for the present day householder who aspires for Truth but is bedeviled by hordes of superstitious beliefs and traditional dogmas which confuse and misguide him. Sri Dadaji is against all forms of rituals and exhibitionism of religiosity. "You need not don ochre robes, sport long beards and matted hair or renounce your worldly duties and live in seclusion for the sake of Truth," says Sri Dadaji. According to him, to bear one's Prarabdha with patience is penance enough ; no other forms of mortification are necessary. Mahanam-jap, without unduly pondering over its nature, mode or outcome, is all that is necessary.

How do we know that Sri Dadaji's way is the only way, the true way ? What are his credentials ? To know the answers, one has to study Sri Dadaji's personality intimately at close quarters. His knowledge of scriptures is profound, and their interpretations, quite often, astounding. He quotes profusely not only from ancient Sanskrit texts, but occasionally from the Koran and the Bible as well, though he speaks only one

language, Bengali, fluently. Apart from his erudition, he practises what he preaches. He is a householder himself with a family to maintain, earns his own living and leads an unassuming, simple life. He does not accept gifts in cash or kind, directly or indirectly.

But Sri Dadaji's achievements in non-mundane spheres are extraordinary and unequalled. His so-called miracles have by now become common knowledge. Hundreds of miraculous happenings have been described by persons of eminence—scientists, doctors, lawyers, judges, journalists, politicians, ministers and others who had first-hand or personal experience of such phenomena. But the most pleasurable and awe-inspiring experience one could have in the presence of Sri Dadaji is a heavenly fragrance that emanates from the various parts of his body and which he can transfer at will to other things by a touch of his fingers.

Sri Dadaji wields these miracles with much reluctance with the sole object of attracting the attention of the wayward intellectuals and scientists whom he confronts with the question: "How do you explain this? Do you think every fact or phenomenon can have a scientific explanation? Can human mind comprehend everything with its intellectual and reasoning faculties?" Obviously when we are unable to explain or comprehend such small phenomena taking place within the reach of our senses, it is futile to try to comprehend Truth with our faculties. In the same token, it is futile to try to define or describe Truth in terms of human experience or language.

The following lines from Sri Aurobindo aptly express the main theme of Sri Dadaji's life and message—

"Awakened to the meaning of my heart  
That to feel Love and Oneness is to live".

For Sri Dadaji, to feel love for all humanity and to experience oneness with Truth is his swabhava or nature. And he exhorts us to feel, experience and establish this oneness or essential unity that pervades everywhere; in life, literature, language, religion and race. Establishment of Universal Brotherhood on the basis of this omnipresent unity is his life's mission.

## Into the World that Abhors all Gymnasium

Mahamahopadhyay Dr. Srinivasan

[Mm. Dr. Srinivasan is the greatest Vedantist of the age. Dadaji asserted even prior to his Madras tour that Srinivasan was Vali, the monkey-chief, in treta yuga, who was killed by Ramachandra. Dadaji further asserted that Rama gave word to deliver Vali. That promise has now come true. What follows is an incontestable testimony to it—R.L.Datta.]

It was born into a gymnasium. Everyman does, in one sense or the other. For, all the world is a gymnasium thriving with gigantic throb under the aegis of either Manu or Moses, Plato and Aristotle or Laotse. Indeed, the muni or the pharisee, the magi or the saman, the pontiff or the quazi has lapped the whole world with a stupendous farrago of ineluctable injunctions. And the land of the Madras people, so eloquently eulogized and adonised by Panini, where I first saw the light of day, was from time immemorial the cradle of scriptural pedagogy, meticulous sophistry and unsagging wrangling. Free life itself was the Cinderella of the curriculum of life; the world around, however astir with bizarre activity, was but a silent cenotaph to the endless network of laws and injunctions buried in the pages of manuscripts zealously preserved and worshipped too in Muths and tols and even in private houses. Indeed, life to us was a highstrung hymnology to gospels and Revelations, a sacrifice to the leviathan of sacerdotalism, an ape-like rehearsal of what was professed and practised a few millennia back. Emotion was a taboo, doubt a sacrilege and free thinking one's soul to Beelzebub. For, our nursery rhyme was to the effect, "Sastram eva pramanam te karyakarya-vyavasthitam." We prided ourselves on being "Sastraikacaksu" and "Laksanaikacaksu." The heart bled and rent; the senses pined for a free pasture; the mind moaned and

span out outlandish excuses for liberty ; but, our intellect stood firm like a rock and knew no winking, tethered as it was to the immaculate scriptures. And our way from the cradle to the crematorium was the imperious tunnelled thoroughfare engineered by the sastras. Such was the tradition and heritage into which I was born. And, no wonder, I soon grew into a gigantic bibliophile of encyclopaedic dimensions, an astute dialectician, a hard-boiled vedantist, a monolithic architecture of the hallowed scriptures. And fame and renown, celebrity and distinction toed my line like frenzied sycophants. I looked like a mighty savant the world had seldom seen. I threw my gauntlet across the ages to the hoary past and ducked myself into fancying that like Vali, the redoubtable monkey-chief of the Ramayana-fame, I had routed and discredited Rama, Krishna and possibly Chaitanya Mahaprabhu. The ultimate truth leading to salvation and liberation was assuredly in my firmest grip. The whole world seemed to dissolve and dissipate in my gymnasium and the secret keys to the mysteries of the universe and beyond were in my clutch. The gymnasium, then, and I too, seemed to overstep all frontiers ; and it dawned on me like an immaculate revelation that I was the Truth, the way and the Life. Ah poor souls ! The Christian millennium is a midsummer night's dream. It is here and now, in me, the repertory of all human endeavours and achievements. From the gymnasium has shot forth the rainbow of truth and light into the highest altitude and like a canopy across the sky it has taken toll of all existence and trekked back to its nativity. Like poor Horatio, I could hardly realise that my transcendence would be transcended in no time, that my truth would prove trash in a trice and that my gymnasium would turn into a shabby shed where creatures of the bovine species are penned in.

The scene was laid in the heart of the city of Madras. It was the afternoon of July 15, 1973. All men of light and lead of the city, the topmost celebrities of every walk of life, a galaxy of intractable pundits and sadhus and a vast multitude

of the urban populace had stormed into and around a big palatial building. For hours together they had been lying in wait for a man from West Bengal—not a matinee idol, nor a breath-taking magician ; but, one who is more captivating, gripping and baffling than both. At about 4 PM he was expected to give us audience ; but, the plane was sick with shyness and would not take off ; and the pillars and posts of time ran helter-skelter past the appointed hour ; for the hour is the zero hour of launching our offensive against the much talked of miracle-man of Bengal. Well, it is Madras and no exotic wares can have any easy market here. Our excitement ran high as we waded ourselves through hour after hour, having planted ourselves securely in that building. Ah ! has the man, the Dadaji, alias Amiya Roy Chowdhury, evaporated along with the star-crossed plane out of fear of us, or has he been hijacked to some other alluvial soil, fit for fermentation and cooking up all manner of gibberish ? Thus we mused within ourselves, while ruminating the stupendous mass of scriptures we had swallowed. At long last we got tired of waiting and dispersed ; the man has of a surety fought shy of us ; and we have, on our part, lost the opportunity of bagging and hurling down this sworn enemy of Sastras and Guruvada.

But, he did come ; he came stealthily in the stillness of the night at about 11 P.M. and few could meet him at that unearthly hour. Scriptures admonish one not to encounter a goblin, master of black magic, at dead of night. So we went homeward and waited there for the day to dawn. He too, possibly having no axe to grind, retired for the night. The knight of the night will lick like dust of the morrow ; the zenith had reached the nadir and his days are done—thus we fondly mused.

And the benighted night ended ; our benighted night ! And the light of day dawned on us, bathing us through and through. The sky was clear, azure ; not a speck of cloud ! gone were the rains to some distant land ; a gentle, coquettish breeze was blowing. And we were face to face with Dadaji. Reclining on a divan, he was smoking cigarette or smoking off his shyness and the sastras. Now he was playful and deliciously vague ; a gentle



ripple of light glided across his countenance ; then he was serene and sequestered and inscrutably obscure. Redolent of the abysmal glassy ocean and of clammy kindliness, his eyes seemed to secrete pure life and pure negation. A presence he was at once lonely and teeming with entourage ; and every speck of him seemed to cry a dead halt to our egoistic logistics. But, we too are hard-bred titans and we were a legion there ready to strike. So, the offensive was launched ; and the league-long rumbling of the surging ocean broke in upon the vibrant silence and deafened the atmosphere ; a gigantic avalanche was set in motion from the gorge of the steep precipice of the gymnasium. But, his gleaming, over-weaning smile was not smothered. In all ruthless fury raged a hail-storm, benighting the entire room—a hail-storm of the upanisads, the geeta and other scriptures. How diabolically audacious of him to ride roughshod over the entire cultural heritage of this holiest land, the sole karma-bhumi under the sun, the land of rishis and divine incarnations ! His quixotic insurrection against guruvada and the sastras plucks out the heart of all spiritual quest and reduces it to a festering corpse. We hurled at him the sharpest missiles from the armoury of sastras ; but, they cut no ice. The procrustean bed is not for him. He possibly has no schooling ; and, on top of it, he seems to be deaf and dumb ; and, to crown it all, his eyes seem glassy and fixed upwards. Are we, then, fighting with a shadow, an apparition that finds nothing outside itself, a monstrous freak of Nature in a deliciously lustrous form ? All our logical acrobatics and dogmatic calisthenics were, then, spent in vain ! And the sole spectator of our Vanity fair is none but ourselves ! But, he winks, he smokes, he sips, and...and he kisses ! the corpse is recapturing life ; the ruddy gleam on his lips bears an unmistakable stamp of negativity of his integral fulness breaking forth into discrete nothingness ; denuded of the void, he was clothed in nakedness of his inalienable nature and his lips parted,...to speak indeed, and he spoke a tongue that turned time speechless, space sluggish and all harvest of the intellect a tissue of travesty. It was a few halting sentences and the whole world was stalled.

He spoke. He spoke a speech that takes the wind out of the sail of all speech. "Sastras are an abject caricature of the Truth eternal, and egoistic exercise in intellectual wrangling; they have been composed only with a view to protecting the world; you are born a purna-kumbha; and no give-and-take commercialism is at all called into request; you have been ushered into this world along with Mahanama constantly vibrating within your heart; that is the only guru; the supreme being, Satyanarayana, is the only guru; the guru is undecaying, eternal and ubiquitous; it is rabid materialism to take a human being for guru; you are all idiots. Don't try to understand Him. The Truth is beyond the plane of mind and is One. Multiplicity is a mental construction. The world, however, is not an illusion; it is the Vrindavanalila of the Supreme. Nothing is to be shunned or assumed to have the Truth; for, you are all the while in It; that you have forgotten It is the root-cause of all your misery. So, live in It and bear with patience your prārabdha, the vicissitudes of your life. Egoless work is the only penance. Truth harbours no injunctions, inhibitions or taboos. Effort is effete where perfect equipoise of fulness is integral to one's existence. It is prema and prema alone, that attuning elixir of life, that manifests Mahajñana and Vraja. Your jñana can never even get a semblance of it". We were dazed; the old world along with its huge ant-hills of scriptures seemed to evaporate. The search-light sparkling from the words seemed to conduct me through the labyrinthine maze of alcoves of the huge library planted within my mind and I seemed to know the self-imposed futility of my entire past life. Yes, thawing of the ice-berg has set in; I recalled to my mind unwittingly that daring line of Sankara: "Avidyavad-visayani sastrani" and the hemistich "Manca gopaya yena syat sristiresottarottara". Well, the sāstras are like a dog in the manger! To the Truth am I betrothed eternally! Doing is suffering. To get is to negate the self in equipoise! To understand is to stand apart from the Truth! To rationalise is to hoodwink the basal irrationality of reason! And the emptiness of complete surrender

is the fulness of Truth! The granules of my brain seem to be in a riotous revelry; I am drifting past myself; It's time I stage a retreat; for, the anchorage of my life has been snapped off.

But, that was not to be. Dadaji took me to the ante-room and shut the door behind him. A picture of Sree Sree Satyanarayana, the Supreme Consciousness and the symbol of sarvadharmasamanvaya (not of the current type), was there in display. 'That is the symbol of Truth,' he exhorted me. 'Pray of Him anything you like,' he exclaimed. And the next moment he thundered out in a suprahumanly dense voice: 'Look here! Give up wrangling; would you see what is Truth? Look at me and say what you see and hear.' What a convulsive contingency! How I can dare look! My courage and conviction had evaporated leaving me to an enveloping void. And the vision and the audition were imperious in their autocratic advent. Did I really see and hear? The fulcrum of all activity was not. So, it was they who planted themselves into me and saturated my fugitive consciousness in spite of myself. And what was the experience? Dadaji presumably invoked into the room Garuda who covered three sides of the room with his wings; and on his wings flashed forth the letters of the Mahanama and gripped my eyes, while chanting of the same filled my ears from every direction. Dadaji's figure, meanwhile, seemed to assume gigantic dimensions past the brick-and-mortar coverage of the room and soon dissolved into a deluging flood of white, radiant light that encompassed me for a while; and then I had a vision of the four-armed Narayana. The rest is beyond me. I fell into pieces; I became of a piece with Dadaji, the Truth manifest. Was it a dream, a hallucination? But, where have my sacred thread and the tuft of hair on my head gone? It was I, indeed, who offered them at the feet of Dadaji. For, I could do no better. Dadaji pointed out that the sacred thread or the pig-tail did not make a brahmana; a brahmana is he who has been blessed with Brahmanamtra, which no human being can bestow. Anyway,

a piece of plain paper was then given to me ; I was asked to prostrate myself before Sree Sree Satyanarayana and to repeat the Mahanama with closed eyes, while pressing with my fingers the piece of paper placed on the floor. I did so and, before a minute had elapsed, I was asked to look into the piece of paper. And lo ! three Sanskrit verses were inscribed on it in Tamil character. And, wonder of wonders, all the verses were written in the first person, who identified himself in the first verse expressly as Srinivasa, this felled fellow. It was the last nail on the coffin of my ego ; and I was dead, being deadly alive in Him, my Dadaji. And then ? The valiant heroes of a thousand battles fell to a man ; the great Mohants, the virulent tantrikas and the mighty miracle-monks followed suit, not to mention the great celebrities of other walks of life. And the entire room and its precincts were overladen with a strong, maddening fragrance diffused from the glowing person of Dadaji. He was, then, in a leisurely mood and enquired : "I like to be in the company of lovely dames I ; can't do without them. I talk to them, fondle them and even kiss them ; I ask them to marry me, How do you take it ?" We could hardly say anything. And he went on : "Do you think you are male ? No, no ; you are all women ; the mind is woman and the soul is the only Man ; and He is in eternal amour with women. The basic truth of cosmology empowers me to woo the women-folk. Do you agree ?" Assent was a superfluity. We, who were once the guardian-angels of the so-called godmen, are not even tiny dots in the geography of Dadaji. And yet he would all the while emphatically deny being a guru. He was nobody, no better than any of us, a corpse for the coffin. He was simply an elder brother who could not do without loving all. Can I measure this love, this glow, this fragrance, this egolessness, this manifestation of miraculous Supreme Will, this fulness in vacuity ? Can any other man fathom it ? But, the query has been finally interrogated and laid by Dadaji Himself. For, He is the eternal query which no man can ever dare answer. Even the three verses received in writ by me are an insuperable

pointer to all logic-choppers. Let me revert to the verses one after another.

The first verse, a gigantic one, runs as follows :-

Sapta-Sastra-pathodhi-māntha-manisa-  
labdhamiso'pi Valivat

Sandi-ghata-vipatana-paturviravano'-  
ridravano' bhavat |

So'yam Sastrastra-dravinotsekarabhasa-  
paddhvasta-vadivratah

Prapto' kande drsaiva smitaya-  
ttagandhatam Srinivasabhidhah ||

This verse of abject self-adulation fathered on me by some unseen power sounds the very death-knell of the giant that I was and ends with a carol of the poor soul that I am. Let me explain :—Samkhya and Yoga, Nyaya and Vaisesika, Mimamsa and Vedanta are the six orthodox systems of Indian philosophy. The Bauddha and jaina systems, being heterodox from my standpoint, have been here considered as one. These seven systems are like the seven mythical oceans encompassing the whole world and sustaining it. I, Srinivasa, have churned them all with my sharp intellect as the churing-rod and, like Vali, have won title to immeasurable knowledge and wisdom (like invigorating meat which excites wrangling. The suggestion is that it ultimately turned into poison ; for, it was a mental feat. The real churning occurred when the ego was not on the eve of my death everlasting). I grew very much adept (even like Vali, who, while doing Sandhya, humbled the pride of Ravana by drowning him in the seven seas) in explaining away inconsistencies in the sastras and harmonising them and in turning them turtle at the next moment and bristling them with interminable problems. ( This alternation

of proposition and contraposition is really the hall-mark of one's pedantry ). I routed adversaries of the exalted stature of Ravana and scared away all my contestants. Sastras are my missiles ; and the hectic conceit of the wealth of these missiles blasted away the whole host of my disputants. How strange ! that invincible fighter has, all of a sudden, been relieved of his pride and encompassed with divine fragrance (emanating from Dadaji's person ) by a smiling look alone. ( When nectar was churned out of the ocean, Mohini routed and bewitched the demons only with a smiling glance. But, my fate was otherwise ; for, it was my complete undoing and sprouting forth afresh as a nava-manjari ).

That leads me to an exposition of the second verse which reads thus :—

Drstam Mahanama srutamapi kila  
subhram jyotiriksitam

Gauramiya-mandire Narayana-  
Scaturbhujopi lehitah

Labdha Gopavana-srutirbhinna cid-granthir-  
Dadaji-prasadata

Aviskrtameca satyam parat param  
Omiyam Brahma tadvanam ||

This is verily what is known as Vedoddharana, reclamation of the vedas and yajna-samapana, conclusion of the sacrifice. Oh ! where do I stand ? I am dangerously heading towards the infinite void. That journey, which is being embalmed in Being, through the groves of Vraja, is depicted in this verse exquisitely. Let us follow its trend : I have been blessed with both vision and audition of Mahanama ; my eyes have been bathed in the white radiant Light forlorn. And I have licked with my eyes the four-armed Narayana manifested in the bright body of Amiya. I have at long last been smuggled into possession

of Gopavana-sruti (an upanisad which deals with Krisna and vraja-prema). All the gordian knots of my mind, all obsessions and taboos, have been snapped asunder. ( For, no one has access to Vraja, unless he is clad in the wedding robe of stark nudity ). All this is the grand dispensation of Dadaji. And I have discovered the finally ultimate Truth and that is 'Omiyam Brahma Tadvanam'. It is Brahma that is beyond the syllable 'Om' and is its sole sustenance.

The 'Om' or the pranava revealed in the upanisads is a distant symbol of the Supreme consciousness and is more mundanely oriented than otherwise. This sound-symbol is at the root of all material creation and is transcendent only in a limited sense. The Mahanama stands at a higher level and is conversant with the ultimate reality which, however, is beyond all sound, though the ultimate matrix of all sound vibrations.

It is Omiya, that is, Amiya ( as pronounced with 'O' in East Bengal ), Our beloved Dadaji, who claims himself as a nonentity. And, He it is who is to be worshipped with unalloyed amour. And the third verse enacts the crossing of the romantic vraja, passage through Surya mandala and Gaura-dhama and final offering of one's be-all and end-all with tulasi-manjari. The stages of Mukti and Prapti have been superseded, and now the soul has to face uddhara through complete self-immolation. The verse runs as follows :

Namamrta-pana-Ksive Caksusi sravane ubhe |

Manastvaccarane mauni raksa Dadaji Mamiya ||

My eyes and ears have drunk the nectar of Nama and have grown tipsy ; my mind, fallen at your feet, has ceased prattling and is silent. I find nothing that belongs to me—neither the senses, nor the mind. They are in an orgy of afflatus. Oh Dadaji ! Oh nectarine Amiya ! The void closes in upon void and my soul is stripped bare. Save me, ( Or, Don't save me from the death of my all ).

I am in tears ; I am in hearse ; my gymnasium has fled past me ; I have been transported into the world that abhors all gymnasium. Do I exist ? Or does I-in-Dadaji only exist and will exist for ever ? Dadaji will not answer. He Himself is an eternal question that is answered in the question itself.

Tarksyahrtamrta-prapta-sarvatmabhi  
seko 'pyaham |  
Amiyamrta-lubdhaka-kuranga-lolatam gatah ||

(though my whole being has been bathed with the nectar fetched by garuda, I have grown fickle like a deer, being greedy of the nectar that Amiya is [ or I have been like a perplexed deer before the hunter in the shape of Amiyanectar ] )



## “Dharmakshetre Kurukshetre”

Nani Lal Sen

The Geeta, no less than the Bible, has measured the length of the world. But, the Geeta literature, which has grown into gigantic dimensions, thanks to the copious crop of commentaries, sub-commentaries, digests and dissertations down through the ages, has a greater title to a very big library by itself than the Bible literature. An Upanisad or an essence of the Upanisads, the Geeta is looked upon as ‘the song celestial’ sung by Krishna Himself in course of the Kurukshetra war. A sharp controversy was sparked off on the credibility of the entire Geeta consisting of more than 700 verses being spelt out in the war-field and many ingenious suggestions were advanced to safeguard the sacred tradition.

But, Dadaji, in ruthless defiance of the piles of superstitious tradition, curtly takes the wind out of the sail of such dogmatic assertion and assures us: “The Geeta originally consisted of 27 slokas only. Before the Kurukshetra War, there was no Sanskrit language. So, it was spoken and written out in some other language current at that time.” All controversies are laid instantly. Not only that. Proceeding further, Dadaji had reportedly asserted that the Geeta was revealed in the form of a message in Sanskrit around 28 B. C. \* It was certainly of 27 slokas. And we have it on the authority of Dadaji again that Adi Samkara added some odd 500 slokas to serve some divine mission. Evidently some 200 more slokas were interpolated into the Geeta in course of time and it was appended to the Bhishma-parva of the Mahabharata.

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\* Prof. Dilip Chatterji is the source of this piece of information. The problem is whenever Dadaji is entreated to confirm his reported utterance, he invariably says, “I do not know. I do not say. It is only He who speaks.”

According to Dadaji, the Geeta is the essence of the Upanisads. The Upanisads are the matter, while the Geeta is their substance, content. In the words of Dadaji, the Geeta is the import of the Upanisads. "The Geeta is (His) manifestation. When the eternal Leela manifested itself, that is the Geeta. It is 'dhyana'. It is not for reading. Who can grasp the import of the Geeta except yogeswara? The Geeta means equipoise, fortitude, continence"—that is how Dadaji characterises the Geeta. In an age when one hears of a new edition or a new commentary of the Geeta every other day and of learned discourses on it for months together at a stretch, it is really amazing how calmly Dadaji dismantles our intellectual arrogance and blocks our way to celebrity and opulence.

"If you can understand the very first sloka of the Geeta, then the entire Geeta is understood", asserts Dadaji. On different occasions, he had discussed in his cryptic way the implications of the first sloka. It is endeavoured here to present the words of Dadaji on the point at issue as faithfully as possible and to bask and let others bask in their silvery beams.

The first sloka of the Geeta runs as follows :—

Dhritarastra uvaca :—

Dharma-kshetre Kurukshetre samaveta yuyutsavah |  
Mamakah Pandavascaiva Kimakurvata Sanjaya ||

Dhritarastra said :—

(Oh Sanjaya ! What did my own ones and the Pandavas do, when they were arrayed for War in Kurukshetra [ the plains of kuru ], which is Dharma-kshetra [ the region of piety ]? )

Now, Dadaji will assail you with a barrage of questions. Who is Dhritarastra ? Why is he blind ? Who are Pandavas ? Who is Sanjaya ? What is the nature of the War ? Is it a family feud coming to a gory head in the plains of Kurukshetra, a geographical region ? And Dadaji himself will answer them all in a simple, laconic way.

'Rastra' means 'physical body' which is a product, a gift, of

physical nature. 'Dhrita' means 'attached'. 'Dhritarastra', therefore, means 'One who is attached to the body' and necessarily to the physical nature as such. That is why Dadaji sometimes avers: "The body implies physical nature". Not only that. The body is the centre of gravity of all our mundane relations. If your body is not, you have no son and daughter, father and mother, brother and sister, friends and relations. But, the matter does not end here. If the body is not, all our likes and dislikes, our appetencies and aversions are not, for want of support and sustenance. For, all these are embedded in and have immediate and inalienable reference to the body. So, in the ultimate analysis, 'the body' here implies one's physical body and its sphere of proliferation—the physical nature, One's friends and relations as also one's affective system of the mind. Who, then, is 'Dhritarastra'? Verily, one who is attached to the psychico-mental complex. It is the mind, then, in its aspect as agent, director and experient that is 'Dhritarastra'. This is the symbolism of Dhritarastra, father of the Kauravas.

But, Dhritarastra was a king. Yes, the mind also is a king. As Dadaji says, "The mind is the king of the organs". The ten organs are nurslings of the mind. The mind is a benevolent and indulgent king. He grants the organs a free pasture. But, it is a tyrant to the eye-sores of the organs.

And Dhritarastra is blind. Is he really blind physically? Dadaji argues here, "Had he really been blind, how could he become a king? How could he, again, go over to Russia and fight Jalandhar? He was a champion wrestler. He defeated Rishabha of America and also Mandaram. Jarasandha was no match for him." Why, then, is he dubbed blind? Dadaji goes on, "He was blinded by filial affection. He could not see Krishna. He could not realise Krishna in spite of seeing him. He thought it was all magic (what Krishna did). He is, therefore, blind". The mind also is blind. "The five organs show off in five different ways to it. That is to say, it sees nothing and is blind, Krishna, who is a Pran, is near it. But, it does not see Him. As a result, it is blind." Dadaji would

go even beyond this. "It is fated to be born blind. For, it is under a legion of restrictions". What are the restrictions? What does Dadaji intend to convey to us? The mind cannot see the things of the world by itself. It has always to depend upon the five senses; and they present a babel of pictures to it. Then the laws of physical nature impose diverse restriction on the mind. Thus, the entire spectacle of the world is veiled from the parview of the mind.

In a different context, Dadaji seems to harp on a Quasi-discordant note. He exclaims, "Where there is mind, there is meaning. The mind sees the pageantry of this world. But, in fact, it sees nothing". Herein Dadaji affirms and denies 'seeing' at the same breath. He affirms it from the empiric stand-point, while denying it from the metempiric, near—absolute (so to say) stand-point. (In fact, there cannot be any absolute stand-point. For, then, it will be a relative absolute. Far less can there be any near-absolute. It is either absolutely absolute, or it is not.) But, in point of fact, Dadaji's philosophy does not harbour any alternative stand-points of the reality. Then how does this outlandish discussion find any scope at all? The mind itself is an answer to it. The mind itself is a 'penetration of opposites'; rather, it is the matrix of all polarisation and contradiction. Herein lies the master-key to the secret of Dadaji's profound pronouncement that the mind is born blind.

Let us listen to Dadaji again. "The mind was not; it became. He came; and the mind came along. When an urge to relish Rasa came to the surface, the mind appeared. There is no mind in Bhuma. It is in a nascent state in Vraja. The mind is fully manifest in this world. We came here to relish Him. But, we are relishing the rasa of Prakriti instead." The mind, then, in its effort at self-assertion and relishing His Rasa ends in self-defeating futility. It is like an arbitrary cross-section of the infinite flow of consciousness that has torn itself off from the flow and is fast gravitating towards insular self-consciousness. It is like a wave in the infinite ocean of existence that has taken a rigid mould and is out to fathom the

ocean around. That is to say, the mind is characterised by finitude and it thrives on idolatry of space and time. So, in its very endeavour to grasp anything, it heterises and exteriorises it and invests it with the shadow of finitude. So, the paradox of mind is that, though it was designed for seeing, it veils the objects in its endeavour to see it. It sees ; but, what it sees is not what it intended to see. So, all its seeing is vitiated by the act of seeing itself. But, the basic design was that the mind should be in tune with the unity-in-multiplicity that is manifest in Vraja through loving resignation. "We have come here for Vraja. This world is Vraja-leela", says Dadaji. But, it snapped itself off from its anchorage, denied itself the beverage of Vraj-rasa and turned turtle. It ought to have been like a child lying flat in the lap of the mother. But, it willed otherwise, circumventing seemingly the will supreme and turned blind. Radha was born blind, so goes a version of the story. And Krishna opened her eyes. How fascinatingly does Dadaji express the truth hidden in the motif of the story ! He exclaims, "The newly wedded bride is veiled by the principle of rasa of physical nature. Who will lift the veil ? Certainly the husband,—Govinda." So, the mind is born blind ; and its blindness will be removed through the healing touch of Govinda.

Now, let us address ourselves to the next Question : Who are Pandavas ? 'yuktain pancendriyam pancapandavam atmas-tutam', says Dadaji. That is to say, when the five sense—organs severally achieve their 'prasada' and are poised in Atma i. e. Govinda and finally blend together to be fused into one, they are called the five Pandavas. When a person realises that it is Govinda Himself who is commercing with the things of the world through his senses or that the senses are having intercourse with Govinda only through all their activities, then his senses are said to have achieved 'Prasada'. These 'Pandavas, as Dadaji says, 'never go to Vyasa—kasi. Kasi, according to Dadaji, is the place of Mahajñana,—absolute and integral knowledge,—while Vyasakasi is the domain of discrete, logical, fractional knowledge. These five Pandavas are situated in the

chest as five lamps. They are 'Pancamrita' ( five kinds of nectar) according to Dadaji. When these Pandavas emerge, Dhritarastra or the mind has to submit to them ; he too, then, becomes nectarine ; and he gets divine vision. In other words, he can then see properly even with these physical eyes.

The situation calls for further elucidation. I am doing anything I am capable of ; I am enjoying anything I can grab, brushing aside taboos. Still I may be confirmed in my conviction that I am doing or enjoying nothing ; it is the senses that are having free play on their objects ; I am merely a spectator. Or I may think in a slightly different way. The world—process is going on ceaselessly. The process itself, the pattern of causality continuum itself, is the agent. I am a drifting log, a passive point, in the process. Though I seem being an agent in the microcosmic field, the macrocosmic view liquidates that egoistic empire in no time. But, this is characteristic of a so-called yogi and is nowhere near 'Prasada' of the senses Dadaji speaks of. It smacks of a sort of make-believe, smuggled detachment born of intellectual conviction or of a fatalistic resignation to circumstances. This is essentially a negative attitude. But, Svabhava ( perfect equipoise ) is never negation of negation ( i. e. of Abhava ) ; and the 'prasada' of the senses is nothing, if not grounded in Svabhava. That Svabhava can be recaptured only when I have the baptismal bath in the sap of existence,—the Vrajarasa. So, any 'prasada' worth its salt must be preceded by an unconditional tuning with Govinda who resides in the vacuous region of the heart without touching the body. He is immersed there 'in the calm, unruffled and unfathomable Rasa'. But he must flow out in a stream in the form of Radha and drench the body through and through. The humming bee must have its wings stuck in honey in order that the humming note of beggary in the winged lyre may cease. How it is possible has been set forth in its twofold modality in the previous paragraph. The first mode again, admits of a very subtle subdivision. When the idea is that my senses are supplying agents of enjoyable

goods to Govinda and I am a co-sharer along with Him in the act of relishing them, this may be called 'Sakhi-bhava.' I drink and make Him drink. He also becomes a 'Sakhi.' This culminates in a stage where I and He, *we two*, have an identical relish. But, when Govinda and the senses—of whom mineness has evaporated—*He (they) two*,—are having a hearty banquet of the pageantry of the world, while I am a liquefied spectator in that atmosphere saturated with the flavour of Rasa—relish, it may be called 'manjari-bhava'. Here I do not hanker after relish; but, relish itself encompasses me unawares and aggressively. This relish is at the root of all existence; Krishna and Radha are its nurslings. It is the primal Radha, the Hladini of scriptures, which is described by Dadaji as 'the calm, unruffled and unfathomable Rasa.' This is possibly the zenith of 'prasada' that is attainable by an embodied Jiva. At this stage, however, all activity tends to fall off like withered leaves and the person becomes an automaton. The other mode, however,—that of the senses perceiving Govinda in all their activity—is beyond the jurisdiction of a Jiva. That is verily the stage of Krishnacaitanya. "He renounced the wife and was awakened to the full blaze of consciousness. When Radha and Krishna became one integral whole, Krishnacaitanya emerged", says Dadaji and who is the wife? Not Visnupriya, to be sure. For, as Dadaji assures us, Nemai Pundit did never renounce his wife to become a recluse in the traditional sense. Then who is the wife? It is Prakriti, the mind, that is a woman in Dadaji's philosophy. So, to renounce Prakriti or the mind or, for the matter of that, all duality, is evidently the import of Dadaji's profound utterance. Wherever his eyes fell, Nemai saw Krishna and Krishna alone. But, this type of 'prasada' is not for jiva to attain. For, as Dadaji says with abundant ease, he alone is infinite who sees nothing but infinite all about. To recapitulate, then, the five Pandavas are the five senses in a state of 'prasada,' that are poised in Govinda in unison.

Now, to Sanjaya. Who is Sanjaya, according to Dadaji? "It is conscience suffused with great joy (of Him) that is Sanjaya. It is the 'Middle I' serving as a link between the 'Big I' (Atma) and the 'small I' (Jivatma—the mind). Dhritarastra says, 'I do not like to hear those sermons. Tell them to Sanjaya'. Though hearing, he will turn a deaf ear to it. Though understanding, he will not grasp it." So, Sanjaya is one who has divine vision and can be a detached spectator of the entire warfare from a psychical distance. That is conscience or the 'Middle I' of Dadaji. In one aspect, conscience is represented by Hanuman, who is a great spy capable of clearly detecting what fetters Sita in the Asoka grove. In another aspect, however, conscience is identified with Arjuna, who resides at the region of the heart ('Hridde's'arjuna tisthati'—Geeta) and implies a state in which the mind becomes a navamanjari, the intellect, saturated with consciousness, grows transparent and Prana is turned into Ananda and the three then are fused into one. Hanuman is the diagnostic conscience,—a pathologist reporting on the ailments the jiva is heir to. And with his burning tail, He sets fire to the Asoka grove and the citadel of the plenary ego, Ravana. Though Arjuna's chariot is characterised as 'Kapidhvaja' (having a monkey i. e. Hanuman as the banner), Dadaji does not bring the symbol to bear upon his exposition of the Geeta. Conscience in its aspect of Arjuna finds free play when the fighter Arjuna turns into a 'Sikhandi (one who is in a stage intermediate between femininity represented by the mind and masculinity characteristic of Govinda).

Was the Kurukshetra war waged in the geographical plains of Kurukshetra? Dadaji does not deny the historicity of such a war. On the contrary, he asserts that it was a World-war that reduced the world into shambles, taking toll of a half of the population of the world. But, in the same breath, he poses the question: "Is the Kurukshetra War in the context of the Geeta an external warfare? Had it been so, the Geeta would have been no better than a novel or a



drama." What is it, then? Dadaji goes on, "It is an internal warfare. The war is constantly being waged." It is a war against oneself,—a war between 'I and mine' on one side and 'I-in- Him and His' on the other. So, in the words of Dadaji, "With a view to relishing the affections of the mental principle, He manifested, rather evolved, Dhritarastra, Kauravas and Pandavas. Does the Geeta pertain to (the plains of) Kurukshetra?"

Now, what is 'Dharmakshetra'? No one, as Dadaji says, understands the meaning of the word. "He (Govinda) is there (in the body); so it (the body) is Dharmakshetra". "The kshetra (body) is there. When He is manifested in it, it becomes Dharmakshetra," "Dhritarastra came (into the body), so Govinda came too. And then it became Dharmakshetra. They are like two brothers. But, Dhritarastra could not see Him. So, it no longer remained Dharmakshetra; but, it turned into Kurukshetra." All creatures are Dhritarastra." "Unless one comes into the realm of physical nature, one cannot have any experience of (His) Rasa; and the struggle starts instantaneously. That is why it is 'Dharmakshetre Kurukshetre."

"How fascinating is the role of Dhritarastra!"—Dadaji exclaims. He has come along with Govinda like a Siamese twin. But, he has usurped the patrimony all for himself, depriving Govinda of its co-lateral share. He came from the Pacific Ocean of Existence through a wily jerk as a wave to know Him and to relish His Rasa. He came from the deep crevice of Sri Hari, from the Bhuma where existence lies in state over existence itself. He came as a Brahmana, but turned forthwith into a Candala, into one who eats corpses. For, the vital fluid, the sap of all existence—His Rasa—has run out of him. Out he had emerged from deep down the 'calm, unruffled, unfathomable Rasa' where he lay coiled in icy embrace of Govinda. He was encompassed by the self-enclosed vibration of Govinda; but, he took it in jerks, in jolts, in Quanta and thus turned the entire world-show into a mammoth carcass.

There in the aquarium of Rasa he lay in isolation being spoon-fed by his ego and the senses. The ten sense-organs with their endless synaptic obsessions were idolised into his dear one hundred sons. And he thought he had unassailable sovereignty over a vast empire securely governed by his sons. He won't listen to Krishna,—the life-principle, the Mahanama. And he would hoodwink conscience to do his bidding. The Pandavas—the Krishna-oriented senses—he would deprive, denude and denigrate. But, conscience cannot be hoodwinked for long. So, the war becomes unavoidable. And what was at once Dharmakshetra and Kurukshetra is now reduced merely into an egoistic Kurukshetra. And the blind king fancies all the while that Sanjaya, conscience, is well under his thumb.

We are all Dhritarastras. And a grim, ding-dong battle is waging within us every moment of our existence. The Pandavas and the fond Kauravas within us are arrayed for a global warfare to clinch the issue once for all: To whom does the world belong? To Dhritarastra or to Krishna? And if we have enough patience and fortitude, child-like unmotivated submission—Sannyasa, in one word, which is the essence of the Geeta,—Pandavas are sure to come out in flying colours. The five senses then will achieve 'Prasada'; the mind, the intellect and the flow of life will mingle to shape into Arjuna, who resides near the inmost recess of the heart, the habitat of Govinda. The design of the Lord behind the creation of this world,—a manifestation of Vrajaleela,—will thus be amply actualised. That is the far-reaching import of the first verse of the Geeta as Dadaji explains,—the relish of Vrajarasa through Karmayoga attained through loving Sannyasa to the Lord.

## See Universally Think Universally, Work Universally—Introduction Of A New Wisdom To Mankind

Sri P. Ramakrishnan\*

In India today countless saints and sadhus with equally unnumbered and self-contradictory dogmas, creeds and sects abound in their own self-styled pompous institutions. These so-called saintly people have their own conventional ways and equipments to muster a large following and their primary target is to establish the person in the limelight instead of inspiring men to cultivate a love and reverence for life. And, all these in the name of spiritualism, which has become a bundle of superstitions and rituals and have absolutely no appeal to the modern mind trained in science.

Sri Dadaji (Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury) is a remarkable exception from this band of so-called gurus and God-men. Quite unassuming in his simple dress and habits and a fountain of love and wisdom, Dadaji appeals direct to our heart with his lucid exposition on values of life. Dadaji explains it too often that life is God's gift to man and a true respect for that gift will be offered only when one performs one's works and duties patiently and devotedly so that the life can serve as the channel to realise the Supreme beauty of Truth and Love in this infinite creation. According to Dadaji this work in itself is 'Yajna' (sacrifice); 'Dana' (contribution) and 'Tapasya' (penance).

The ideals of denial, negation and renunciation mean in reality a retreat from the struggle for existence. Dadaji points out that when the angle of vision is still so defective, what prompts these self-styled saintly men assume the role of gurus?

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For, they are still confined in the narrow world of their own individual mind and ego and cannot think of the universal welfare. Dadaji affirms that, unless one sees universally, thinks universally and works universally, he is never entitled to deliver the message of Truth. The love for God is not a thing to exhibit or propagate ; on the contrary, it is a dear possession in the core of our existence to be transmitted to others through love and work. Even the distinction of male and female hardly matters to Dadaji. As he delivers it in his own inimitable way, the human beings have got their individual shape according to the Divine will of the Lord, inspite of the fact that they originate from the same natural elements. The most important truth to note here is that both of them are dictated by the promptings of the ego or mind. So long they move and act in the plane of mind, they are all females and their only goal is to realize the 'Purushottam' ( the Supreme Male ). This interpretation of Sri Dadaji, unique as it appears in the history of our Scripture and traditional literature, has a direct appeal to the rational mind and unmasks the vested interests of the so-called spiritual men.

Many unusual events take place in the presence, even in the absence, of Sri Dadaji, and thousands who experience them fail to express their reverence and gratitude at this unasked shower of Divine Grace. Dadaji claims no credit for this ; rather he assures that it is nothing unnatural. The fact is we are no longer in the tune of our own true divine nature and our angle of vision is shrouded with ignorance and we fail to pierce it due to the vicissitudes of our daily life. In the words of Dadaji, a patient and sincere approach to the tension of our life will enable us to extend our angle of vision which will pave the way for a universal brotherhood, the foundation of which will lie on a common understanding and selfless love.

Dadaji often imparts this lesson to us, that every creature in this creation sings the majesty of the Great Lord. Man alone forgets to be grateful to Him for having given him this invaluable gift of life to appreciate the divine play of Sri Sri Satyanarayana. This dictation of the ego turns the scientists

to us the atomic energy for the purpose of destruction of the human race, while it is highly potential to make this earth a 'Kingdom of Truth and Love'. This is all due to the fact that the seed of love in each of us has got withered and we try to live in this world without this finest instinct of nature.

According to Dadaji, the Mahanama which the seeker receives from Sri Sri Satyanarayana is so ordained to serve the purpose of refreshing the dried up finer instincts of life. For, it is not a mantra for mere repetition. It is the manifestation of the Supreme Consciousness from the thought-wave to a form on a piece of blank paper in the language of the seeker in a flash, i.e. the light-wave and then the sound-wave vibrates this Mahanama in the ears of seeker, thus giving the moment a touch of eternity. It is never possible for a mortal to initiate another in this process because of his numerous limitations. Guru, therefore, is the Supreme Divine Force, Infinite and unlimited and, as Dadaji says, it is foolish to confine Him in a temple or institution and to isolate Him from the struggles of our daily life. People run after earthly temples while God is immanent in the temple of his heart as also in this creation.

To Dadaji, there is no escape from work and the desires and senses smothered by force only lead one away from the path of divinisation, while a patient and honest serving of works and duties is the highest form of adoration. Inspired in this ideal, a life confident with its potential divinity will in time remove the bad legacies of ignorance and help the manifestation of the new age of pious wisdom and true knowledge.

## A New Synthesis

Sri Kshitish Roy Chowdhury\*

Dadaji epitomises simultaneously mundane and divine, spiritual and material. Life has the dual aspects of ephemeral and perennial, to make it a complete whole. Amidst constant flux there is the ceaseless march of man towards the meaningful end of realisation. Dadaji is divine, as divinity is so unmistakably evident in his form. He acts alike within as well as beyond the limit of space and time. At the same time, he is here, he is there. Some of his devoted disciples are eye-witnesses to such experiences. He occasionally indicates his disembodied presence by an aroma which so frequently emanates from his body. It is a widely known phenomenon. He offers "Mahanam" to deserving and willing persons. The very initiation also has its touch of mystery. The "Mahanam" destined for the individual, in the light of past action and evolution as if spontaneously, wells up from within and becomes audible to the ear. To confirm, it becomes distinctly visible on a piece of paper in red letters only to vanish soon after. "Mahanam" in fact is a revelation, it is universal, as such it appears when invoked, in any language of the world irrespective of caste, colour or creed. Dadaji's offering of puja to Satyanaraman is a sight for gods to see. When he comes out of the puja-room, the whole atmosphere becomes surcharged with heavenly aroma and he looks like God-incarnate, descending immediately from supramental plane. Whenever he wills, he picks up sweets out of void and distributes them to the people around. Like Jesus of Nazareth, he also heals the sick who are beyond all hopes of recovery.

All these performances, to common knowledge and understanding, are no doubt incomprehensible. Can we probe in depth to rationalise a little bit the mystery behind these happenings?

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Rationality has its own limitation—it is a light, a help in the sphere of mind. Through reasoned process, trial and error, it reaches some conclusions, which approximate truth. So truth in mental context is relative. Direct knowledge of truth through intuition is completely different. Truth reveals itself at the intuitional plane where reason has no access. Dadaji in his role of the supreme from the omniscient level does all these miracles at ease. What is incomprehensible by reason is easily understandable by intuition. Every stage has its own logic and a separate key is necessary to unlock the apparently impervious door. The Supreme is omnipotent too. The elements are at his bidding, with the help of which through permutations and computations he can build and unbuild any and everything. Even the scientists with limited knowledge are doing miracles in their experimental laboratories by combination, separation and fusion of elements. It is perfectly rational when worked up by divine power.

Manifestation of miraculous power is, I feel, an insignificant part of his mission. His advent signifies the emergence of a historic force to expedite self-realisation of man in the process of his being and becoming. Mahanam is the way to redemption through elimination of ego. Ego is divisive. It builds up wall around the self binding it with innumerable trammels. When ego is reduced to zero—it opens up contact with the cosmic, immanent and transcendent leading to identification of the individual self with the universal divine. Realisation connotes merger in the divine with full awareness of diversity in unity.

Dadaji, in his characteristic way, has prescribed a remedy within the reach of modern man. Modern man is not in favour of asceticism. He is not prepared to go that way. An astute Psychologist, he has evolved a style and approach conducive to modern man to seek fulfilment not only individually but collectively too. He himself practises what he preaches for others. He is a family man—has a son and a daughter and earns his living like others. He sermonises to follow nature with an observant eye to its working with patience. He admonishes not to resist the impulses of nature which, when obstructed, creates

complications and hurdles on the path of spiritual progress. "Neither resist nor indulge" is his golden dictum which is perfectly in agreement with the trend of modern depth Psychology. Indulgence weakens will-power and degrades character. Such prescription raises hope in modern mass-man, which is the persistent demand of the age. In this age of science, unless the spiritual standard of common man is up to a mark, the future of man, with his powers of total annihilation at his disposal, is doomed. The clarion call of Dadaji is to synthesise science with spirituality. I believe, Dadaji's role at this critical juncture of history will be immensely helpful in expediting this process.

After his appearance in this new role since 1968, Dadaji is by now widely known all over India. He has already attracted the cream of the society : prominent intellectuals, professionals and other distinguished men from different walks of life : most of them are deeply committed to him and to his way of thinking. His magnetic charm, loving care and compassion have bound them together into a fraternity. Dadaji is the elder brother of his family.



## A Search Within—Message of Dadaji

Sir N. P. Nathwani\*

After the birth of a human body, the mind starts moving in the physical world. As a result, the course of life is always affected and influenced in its flow by the pleasure and pain of the phenomenal world. With the advancement in age, being frustrated by the failures and vicissitudes of life, man attempts reconciliation and realises the need to make God his companion, who then is felt to be his only solace. People run here and there, to places of pilgrimage, to those self-styled Gurus and Godmen with outgrown matted hair and saffron robes, in search of God; but they never realise the fact that the living temple of human heart excels any temple made of bricks and stones which tries to confine the Infinite into a small image of a deity.

Shri Dadaji (Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury) has undertaken the strenuous task of establishing this fundamental Truth that a search within,—a journey within,—reveals many secrets of life, which one must experience on his own and it is never possible to have that realization through the ceremonies and rituals of orthodox worship and adoration. Sri Dadaji also tries to establish the rational basis of this before countless people who feel overwhelmed with initiation into the "Mahanama" that leaves its imprint in their mind and heart such that it takes the form of search for Truth within oneself. Dadaji asserts that it is simply a question of time and man should keep patience and that no miracle can fetch bliss and divine grace.

According to Sri Dadaji, nobody has any escape from the 'Prarabdha' or the lot he is pre-destined to undergo. And to bear this Prarabdha patiently and cheerfully is the only penance

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man is ever required to perform. Dadaji also affirms that man by indulging in excesses of body and mind accentuates his destined lot of Prarabdha in this life. Man is sometimes tempted by desires, without realizing the disaster they might bring in consequence. Dadaji assures that, since the actions of man are generally prompted by the dictates of unstable mind, God ignores his lapses. But the only duty of man is to remember God as the only Doer and completely surrender himself to Him, who of His own captains the ship of his life and the functions of the sense-organs are so transformed as to help his mind to proceed in the search within.

Dadaji, however, warns us time and again that in this journey within, the relations of the soul to the immanent Truth are so direct that it is profane to seek help from any intermediaries. The love of God has its natural way of working and any pretension, hypocrisy or exhibitionism in this respect to exploit people is unpardonable. Dadaji, therefore, is strongly against any myth-building or personality cult. He always discourages any request to build a temple, ashram or math, since his universal message cannot be confined to such affiliations, however broad-based. He gives emphasis on work which, if done with sincerity and selflessly, is the greatest worship offered to God. This interpretation of life indicates the glimpses of knowledge and wisdom that teach man to recognise essence in the innumerable manifestations of nature and to play his role on this stage with a reverence for life and to magnify his outlook, so that it may embrace the humanity in general.

## Veil Of Illusion

**Prof. Dr. B. Das, M.A., ( Patna ), A.M. ( Columbia ),  
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From time immemorial man has searched for Truth to quench his spiritual thirst. For reasons that reason itself has failed to explain he has been unable to live by bread alone. This Truth has remained baffling and elusive ; the answer of the Hindu scriptures has been in terms of the Real and the Negative ; each real has been described as unreal ; hence a veil of illusion. Jesting Pilate asked for the definition of Truth and did not pause to answer. The quest for the answer has gone on through the ages in different lands and different forms in course of human history. Answers have been given by saints and savants, prophets and preachers, mystics and mendicants. And still the quest goes on. The answer has not been final.

This Truth, according to Dadaji, is Narayan or God. It is ineluctable and one. Dadaji tears the veils of illusion in diverse ways. Many eminent people have spoken about his powers, regarded him as an Incarnation or even as God Himself. Dadaji is very different from all these interpretations, at least that is my own impression of him. He is an embodiment of love and compassion, utterly simple, as simple as the Truth he proclaims for realization by those that have the power to do so.

Although Dadaji exudes love and compassion, he says that Truth has to be made manifest through people who love God immaculately and unflinchingly. He says that thousands of people come to him to seek God—but only ostensibly. They have ulterior motives—power, position, wealth or success. Their love for God is not tested by the touchstone of integrity ; hence their capacity

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for loving God is either absent or minute. On the other hand, God's wish is to be fulfilled on this earth as also in this infinite and wonderful universe by human beings who love Him utterly and purely, their flight being that of the alone to the Alone who is also present everywhere in every being. If God is the Creator, the Father or Mother, we all are His or Her children, hence brothers and sisters; hence we all are equal. Caste, creed, doctrine and dogma are veils of illusion woven by man himself. As such how can there be any Teacher or Guru of any body? The Lord is the Teacher of all; and in fact, the only Teacher.

Dadaji explains why miracles are performed by him. In this age of doubts and fears, belief has to be created by such acts. But they are external, illusory, unreal. If by miracles some can be driven to faith so much the better for them. God is, however, beyond all these miracles because the container and the contained, the miracle and the miracle-askers are one. To contemplate the miracle as an avenue to Him is an exhibition of the poverty of mind—and that poverty is pervasive in the present world.

To rise above this condition requires a purity of being that can be obtained only by yearning for Truth or the Supreme Being. Dadaji is emphatic about it. Once that realisation is there, all publicity, all commercial modes are bound to appear otiose. The divine bliss is like a magic circle—it protects, preserves and enhances the beauty of life.

That life, for Dadaji, is in this world and yet is not of it. The work that is entrusted to each one of us in our different stations is an enactment of the divine will; it is predestination or 'prarabdha.' Consequently, there is absolutely no need for asceticism, penance or renunciation of the world. For the world is His: every object from the stars that sing to the sun and moon that shine to dispel darkness and give life and joy His handiwork. So what does one renounce? And for what? There is no escape from His creation; it encompasses one from all sides. Therefore the worship of God is quite feasible here and now, anywhere and everywhere and at all hours. Doctrines and dogmas of different schools only cast veils over our eyes. The more we become

engrossed in them the greater is the chance of losing our path to God.

All that is necessary is so utterly simple as to appear almost naive. Do your duty without fear or favour, honestly and sincerely and remember him sincerely and honestly, purely and steadfastly like a rock. The performance of the duty is the fulfilment of His will. The remembrance of Him amidst work is an act of love. So love is the path to Truth. That is the significance of the 'Mahanam' which he gives to us. We have to react to it positively and assuredly by remembering Him lovingly through it. The veils of illusion will not shroud us ; nor will we falter in the dark. The love of God that Dadaji enjoins upon us is incarnated in his own love for us. It is an unforgettable experience in a world where there is so much sorrow and suffering. One feels that if the key to Deity is that simple, it ought to be possessed by all. But the possession of the key will not enable everyone to unlock the gate. With the key there must be that infinite love for God ; then only the key will turn in the lock ; otherwise we shall be locking ourselves ; make prisoners of ourselves. Dadaji, therefore, unequivocally stresses integrity of character and purity of conduct.

The fundamental difference between Dadaji and other saints and prophets is this ; Simplicity carried to the power of infinity. Just a remembrance of Him while immersed in the life of this world. That itself almost sounds like a miracle in a world in which so many people believe that God is dead. To be in the presence of Dadaji for a few hours conversing with him, observing his benedictory mien, is to be strongly convinced that God is not dead. He shatters that illusion.

## Conversion of a Scientist

Dr. R. L. Datta\*

I had grown up in the sturdy traditions of a scientist and had no room in my mind for religious superstitions. My scientific outlook would dispose of godmen and goblins alike as nonsense. And then, on that fateful day, I was ushered into the presence of Dadaji, who received me cordially. "A human being can never be a Guru," explained Dadaji. That was simple enough, I thought. In any case, I didn't have a Guru, nor did I care for one. I kept listening to him with an attitude of nonchalance. "We have come here," he went on, "with the sound of Mahanam chiming within us continuously round the clock. That is the Guru, our Beloved. The ego shuts it out from us; hence we cannot perceive or hear it. But we can have it from Him for the mere asking. A human being has no role in it."

The inherent Truth of Dadaji's words was soon confirmed when I saw the Mahanam with my own eyes appear on a piece of blank paper. Dadaji asked me to read it and repeat it several times. When I did so, the words disappeared! The phenomenon shook me to the core. What an experience for a scientist! But this was just the beginning.

Thereafter, I witnessed several baffling phenomena. What Dadaji says and demonstrates so often is all beyond ordinary comprehension. It is the "Mystery Play" of the Supreme scientist that defies all scientific computation. As Dadaji says so often, his messages and the phenomena that are manifested in his presence are in no way amenable to reason.

All our sophistication is helpless before his assertion: "Your mode of understanding is self-defeating. So long as I persist, He is not; when He is, I am not". Does not modern

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science itself confirm the truth of this assertion? The observer himself fouls the observable phenomena. Our world of science is a world of postulates, laws and theories spun out of our space-time bias. But how often are the laws of physical nature transcended by Dadaji!

I have witnessed the manifestation of various objects out of void, messages in typescript or in print in any language and any ink, control of nature at will, simultaneous presence in person in different places, bringing the dead back to life. And these are not the observations of gullible people or the faithful ones who are prepared to accept things without questioning. The so-called miracles have been observed and recorded by hard-core scientists and intellectuals.

Let me give details of one incident. It was Sunday, January 29, 1978. Dr. William Klein, President of the Smithsonian Biological Radiation Institution of Washington, DC, had come with his wife to see Dadaji. Besides Dr. and Mrs. Klein were present several intellectuals and myself.

Dadaji, in his usual casual way, asked Dr. Klein, "Isn't that watch you are wearing a very old one? Give me your hand." As Dr. Klein stretched his hand forward, Dadaji placed his empty palm in the former's palm and said, "See what you have got." In his hand was a golden wrist watch with a leather strap. "Now wear it on your hand," said Dadaji. When Dr. Klein did so, Dadaji asked him to read what was written on the dial. "Favre Leuba Swiss Make," read Dr. Klein, "Now have a second look" said Dadaji. To their amazement, Dr. and Mrs. Klein found that the dial bore no such words; it was blank. Dadaji then asked Dr. Klein if he could spell "Sri Sri Satyanarayana."

#### Amazing Manifestations

When Dr. Klein said that he could, Dadaji asked him to spell it out slowly, letter by letter. As soon as Dr. Klein uttered the first letter "S", the same appeared on the dial. Dadaji then confirmed from him if he could see the letter "S" on the dial, and then asked him to proceed further. As Dr.

Klein went on speaking out the letters, each one appeared beside the preceding one. The whole word "Sri Sri Satyanarayana" was thus completely inscribed on the dial of the watch worn by Dr. Klein. "Do you see anything in the lower part of the dial?" asked Dadaji. "No, it is blank," said Dr. Klein. "All right, now look at what you have got there," said Dadaji. The legend "Made in Universe" had appeared on the lower part of the dial. We were all witnesses to this strange sequence of events.

Dadaji then asked Mrs. Klein to come forward. Dadaji stretched his hand and touched that part of her blouse from outside which was just above her breast-bone. We could not see anything happen. But when Dadaji asked her to pull out the chain which she was wearing round her neck under her blouse, she was visibly amazed to find a locket on it. We saw that the locket bore the familiar portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayana. Mrs. Klein admitted that she had been wearing only the chain.

"How does your science explain all these phenomena?" asked Dadaji of Dr. Klein. "I am baffled," he admitted. Dr. and Mrs. Klein then agreed to receive the Mahanam in the presence of Dadaji. All of us then filed out of the room leaving the couple alone with Dadaji. We learnt later on that when Dr. Klein held a piece of blank paper in his hand while he was seated a few feet away from Dadaji the Mahanam appeared on it in English.

The manifestations in the puja room at the time of Sri Sri Satyanarayana puja are equally baffling. Besides the usual common features such as sprinkling of fragrant water, appearance of aromatic vapours, transformation of coconut water into a thick porridge-like delicacy, etc., every person who sits in the room all alone has his or her own unique experience of strange sights and sounds. Bruce Kell of Australia who sat through one such puja had a vision which has a special interest for scientists. "I saw this vision...of spiral nebulae, through the 'third eye' when seated alone...in the Puja room in Calcutta with Dadaji seated in another room. First, these nebulae would appear and then



move towards me and then disappear in a kind of soundless explosion as they impinged upon me; but their disappearance was accompanied by the smell of cordite, an explosive substance."

But the greatest "miracle" of Dadaji is his unbounded love for you, for me, for everybody. "I have come here to indulge in the 'play of love' to the womenfolk." What a profound utterance! Indeed there are no males! We were One in the Infinite Existence, but we became separated to get to know of His love and enjoy it. He will love us and we Him. The entire world of duality, Prakriti, is woman in the language of Dadaji. He is the only male. This world is an enactment of Vrajajila. Through reciprocal love we become united with Him again. That is the mission of Dadaji.

I am not to die. I am in Him. I have His love. He is verily that inexhaustible fund of the supreme solar energy that is the nativity and substance of the entire universe. May it be given to me and to you all to keep burning a solar furnace in all of us through love for Him! If it so happens, the mission of my life will be amply fulfilled.

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## The Supreme Scientist

C. S. Pandit

JOURNALISTS are generally taken to be atheists and are expected to give an objective view without any bias to the readers. That was the idea dominant in my mind, when I first met Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, popularly known as Dadaji. And then I became a witness to a number of events which took place before my eyes and which baffled the entire process of my logical thinking by magnifying the limitations of the physical mind and intellect. It compelled me to change my sceptical attitude to this yet untrodden vast world of knowledge that lies beyond the reach of scholars and scientists.

With a beaming smile and captivating gaze, Dadaji was relaxing on a cot in his most usual way, quite unusual for a so-called Godman of our country, who prefers seclusion in an ivory tower in order to ensure his own power and position. I sat very close to him. After a brief introduction, Dadaji with half his body bare and half covered with a lungi, suddenly touched my heart with his wax-like fingers; and in his bare palm materialised in an instant a beautiful pen from an invisible source. Dadaji blessed me with this invaluable gift.

I tried to grasp the event by reasoning, but soon realised it to be useless. For, I had faintly hoped sometimes that such a gift from Dadaji would be a treasure to me even though I did not disclose it to him. But I found that he did not take a moment to go through my mind. Dadaji said: "It is not a miracle; it is a manifestation of the blessing of Sri Sri Satyanarayana in this form."

Dadaji's only concern is to convince us of the efficacy of the Mahanama which is the potential divine force in every human being and thus throwing a challenge to the over-grown institution of Gurudom that has stigmatized the heritage of the Indian spiritual life. While absorbed in conversation, Dadaji

suddenly spread his bare palm before my eyes and suddenly there appeared from space a golden locket divinely ornamented with the image of Sri Sri Satyanarayana. Dadaji asked for my wife's name to get it inscribed on the blank surface. But I did not agree and suggested that "the Lord who has blessed me with this—let His name be there".

Dadaji's finger moved on the back side of the locket and the name of Sri Sri Satyanarayana was beautifully inscribed on it. Dadaji said that even this was extraneous to the realisation of the Truth. And yet it is beyond the capacity of any human being to perform such an event in this world of Nature. It was for me a unique phenomenon.

While sipping a cup of tea, Dadaji rubbed the cup with his finger and offered it to me. What had just been simple tea turned into finest of whisky in front of my eyes emitting a strong alcoholic smell. And then he asked me "Is there any difference between tea and wine?" It took me time to grasp his meaning.

A few days ago Dadaji called me to the residence of a business man in Marine Drive. It was raining heavily outside. Sitting in the midst of a huge gathering, Dadaji pointed his finger outside as if giving some message to Nature. At once it stopped raining and Dadaji smiled as the sky cleared with a glow of sunshine outside. To call this a miracle would mean our ignorance of the laws of a world of science of a different and new dimension.

And of all these, the most remarkable was my recent experience at his place. Dadaji gave me a blank paper which I held firmly in my hand; and before my mind could guess anything a Divine Message in English script appeared on it with the signature of Sri Sri Satyanarayana. It read as if it **was the quintessence of the true values of Truth far beyond what has been expounded in any Veda or Upanishad or for that matter any scripture of the world.** Even after this, Dadaji discards himself as nobody. He says: "Only the Divine will

manifests of its own to make us aware of our true divine nature."

Dadaji, to my mind, is a phenomenon: The path he shows to the multitude is the only path open to the people of our predominantly materialist society. Our scientists hold the view that matter and energy, the two fundamental constituents of the universal creation, are inter-convertible. And I believe Dadaji knows the secret of this changing and rechanging of matter and energy in various creative manifestations; **that too is possible only for him, being the finest of human beings that Nature has ever produced.**

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## Sri Dadaji – The Supreme Upholder Of The Truth

Sri Sankar Prasad Mitra\*

India has been for thousands of years the home and cradle of high moral, ethical, spiritual and intellectual ideals. That is why, Maxmuller—that eminent German philosopher—who, to a great extent, was responsible for making our spiritual heritage known to the Western World, declared without reservations or hesitation: “If I were to look over the whole world to find out the country most richly endowed with all the wealth, power and beauty that nature can bestow—in some parts a paradise on earth—I should point to India. If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life and has found solutions of some of them which will deserve attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant—I should point to India. And if I were to ask myself from what literature we, here in Europe, we who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thought of Greeks and Romans and of one Semitic race, the Jewish, may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact more truly human, a life not for this life only but a transfigured and eternal life—again I should point to India.”

Ours is a land of Rishis, sages and saints who have spent their lives in pursuit of Truth, the Sole Truth and the Eternal and absolute Truth. Some have said: you have to renounce the world if you wish to realise Truth, Some have said; you can realise Truth even when you lead your material existence provided that you know how to realise it.

\* Former Chief Justice, High Court of Calcutta

I do not know Shri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, popularly known as "Dadaji" long enough. By a strange coincidence I met him for the first time on the 21st September, 1973.

A friend of mine, who was my neighbour in Sealdah for nearly forty years, suddenly called on me on the 21st evening and requested me to come with him to this extraordinary personality who was then living nearby. As I just returned from Court after a hard day's work, I was tired and exhausted. I did not want to go out with him. But, on his insistence, I reluctantly agreed. He went away to seek Dadaji's permission and within a quarter of an hour I was ushered into his presence in the company of some of my other friends and two of my near relations. He has also been good enough to pay a visit to my residence on the evening of the 28th September, 1973.

I know that if at moments of spiritual exultation he touches some one, a sweet fragrance emanates from the body and the clothes of the person he has touched, lasting for hours together even upto 24 hours or more. The same thing happens when he touches at such moments any other material object.

He presented a book to me and on the first blank page of that book on the touch of his fingers appeared my name, his own name and the date of presentation.

I have seen the 'Mahanama' appearing in red ink on a blank piece of paper and then disappearing after I had read it.

I and my friends and relations have seen him producing out of nothing a silver trinket containing the image of "Sri Sri Satyanarayan" which was then turned into gold with names and initials embossed on the back of it. All the phenomena took place by touches of his fingers alone.

I have seen a Divine message in red ink appearing on a blank piece of paper which I still possess and which still emits an unexplained aroma. The message runs thus :

"The Swabhaba of Surrender reveals Love Divine, the way of devotion. Love Divine is neither an object of the practices nor of the prayers, inasmuch as the prayers do aim at the aspirations of one's wants. Moreover, the hankering through

the prayer at the lotus feet of the Divine Being may yield an enjoyment of pleasures alone. It does not bestow Love Divine. So, resort to the 'Mahanama' and become wide awake in the atmosphere of Love Divine to get rid of the fetters of fate. To develop intimacy with the Divine Being, endure the forces of allurements of the body, mind and the material intellect. The egoistic prayer and practices may bring certain realisation commonly called 'Vibhuti' of the Divine Being. Love Divine is revealed *alone* by entering the Vaishnava bower of Vrindavana or the Truth Absolute and no where else. So resort to the 'Mahanama' only. Be not bewildered in search of worldly pleasures or happiness. On completion of one's sufferings of pains, the lotus feet of the Divine Being is guaranteed—Sri Sri Satyanaraya”.

I do not know what these powers are. They do not seem to be the powers of a magician as there are no preparations behind the manifestation of these powers—no use is made of any magic box or glass or tray or cabinet or the conjurer's wand—in short, there are no paraphernalia or mechanical accessories attached to such manifestations. They come on their own automatically, spontaneously and imperceptibly perhaps from a world about which we know nothing. The physical sciences of heat, light, sound, electricity or magnetism, the mechanical sciences or even perhaps the nuclear or cosmic sciences would not be able to explain what these powers are. I do not know whether the recent developments in ESP and para-psychological sciences which indicate possibilities of clairvoyance, clairaudience, materialisation etc. can offer any explanations to this phenomenon. But the reality of these powers even in material terms cannot be overlooked. It may be that unless one rises above one's mind, body or intellect, one does not even get an inkling of these extraordinary phenomena. And it is not possible for ordinary mortals like ourselves to rise above the mind, the body and the intellect to know or understand what these are! Rightly did Edward Young say in his "Night Thoughts", "What is a miracle?—'T is a reproach, —It is an implicit satire on mankind". Marconi, the great

inventor also said : "This inability of science to solve life is absolute. This fact would be truly frightening were it not for faith. The mystery of life is certainly the most persistent problem ever placed before the thought of man."

From the talks and discussions that I had with Dadaji, however, it appears to me that this is only one of the myriad facets of his complex and fascinating personality. When one travels beyond these external manifestations of supernaturalism one comes across a true representative of India's ancient wisdom and heritage. If we desire, "to make our inner life *more* perfect, *more* comprehensive, *more* universal, in fact *more* truly human", we can derive immense benefits by coming in contact with him.

He does not advise you to forsake your material avocations, to lead a life of seclusion, abstinence, penance and austerity. The messages that he has to convey to you are simple and straightforward and are neither difficult to follow nor difficult to practise if one has the will and the determination to do so.

His first message is that a mortal being can never be the 'Guru' of another mortal being. He discards emphatically the "Gurubad" prevalent in our country. He tells you that God himself is your only 'Guru', your relationship with Him is direct, continuous and ever-lasting and there is no intermediary between God and man.

His second message is that of complete surrender to the Supreme Being which alone leads to emancipation, realisation and salvation. It must be a surrender of oneself and all one is and has and every plane of his consciousness and every moment to the Supreme Being.

His third message is that the Divine Grace would come spontaneously as soon as you get rid of your ego. 'Ahankara' is an iron curtain between you and the Divine. So conquer and subdue 'Ahankara' to be one with the Divine.

His fourth message is that when your heart and your mind would be silent and void, the Divine will fill your heart and your mind. As Wordsworth put it : "At such moments of



visitations by the Living God *thought* is not, all is wrapped in *silence* and I am *one* with the *Living God*."

His fifth and the greatest of all the messages is that Truth is one, humanity is one and language, the language of 'Mahanama' is one. He denounces distinctions of caste, creed, race, nationality, colour or religion. He denies distinctions between classes. According to him the realisation of Absolute Truth would put an end to social and economic inequity, would put an end to every form of exploitation of man by man and establish the doctrine of equality in material as well as spiritual spheres. He aims at world unity based on oneness of the human soul. He asserts that by repetition of the 'Mahanama' it is possible for man to realise this oneness and his true mission in life. He advises those who visit him to develop the spirit of self-inquiry, to ask himself who he is, why he has taken this body, which path he should follow and what duty he should perform. He assures him that all these questions would be answered by the Supreme within, if one knows the technique of surrendering to the Truth Absolute.

These messages preach no religion. They are not meant for any particular sect or community. These are messages meant for humanity at large for the greater and the more glorious future that awaits man, "when the Spirit shall take up the human play and the earthly life would become Life Divine". They point to the doctrine preached by India from time immemorial viz., the Divine lives and moves and acts in us when we live and move and act in the Divine.

Let us pray that these messages would find ready responses in the hearts of millions all over the globe so that man may realise his destiny and the world is rid of weapons of destruction, worries and anxieties, jealousies, rivalries and power politics. Dadaji, in the words of one of the greatest living savants of modern India,—I mean Dr. Gopinath Kaviraj—"He has undertaken the enormous task of spiritual regeneration and welfare, of morally morbid, sick and staggering humanity, and is making strenuous efforts day and night, travelling from time to time, in order to lead mankind to Light".

We, in India, need this 'Light' today, more than ever, at a moment when the crisis of character has assumed alarming proportions dangerously threatening the entire social fabric and compelling us to enter the arena of darkness, stagnation and decay. Dadaji as the saviour of mankind holds the torch of light which can remove this gloom of degeneration and save the race from grave disaster.

We fervently pray that Dadaji's mission may be crowned with success. Let those who are burdened by family ties and multiple worldly duties be inspired by him. Let them understand that spritual attainments are not barred to the householder of family man and he can discharge his worldly responsibilities, without motive or attachment treading thereby the path of enlightenment and perfection. Let them realise that liberation is dependent on inner rather than outer renunciation. And it is Dadaji, the Supreme upholder of Truth and love, in this age of turmoil and tension, who has established the Truth by science through his life and conduct that in loving God man requires no intermediary help ; rather he is ever free to love his nearest and dearest self through faith and complete surrender.

## **Sri Dadaji — The Supreme Love Incarnate**

**Sri P. Maharajan\***

The concept of true divine love has received a concrete shape in the human form of Sri Dadaji ( Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury ), the very presence of whom, removes the veils of ignorance, misery and fear that have made the human life barren. The age-old tradition of penance and austerities, made and unmade by a vested group of mortal gurus and priests, has successfully convinced the people with the idea that a divinisation of life should be achieved by separating it carefully from the busy humdrum of the gross material life. Blinded with superstition, they run to the temples and places of pilgrimage to evoke the grace of God, even though they carry the living abode of God with them. It is just because this simple truth is never realised that we try to attain divinity through an escape from the travails of the worldly life.

To make us aware of this plain and simple truth and to enable us to practise it in life, Sri Dadaji has been establishing with one thousand and one events the brilliance of the Infinite Truth. According to Dadaji, the only duty of man is to accept the lot destined to him with patience and fortitude. Weal and woe, happiness and misery,—all these are interlinked ; only he who can keep steady in all states of life can attain the taste of supreme bliss and peace. But, one who becomes more prompted by the restless waves of mind, as a natural reaction, invites more prarabdha and therefore, gets more and more estranged from the potential flow of his true divine nature. Dadaji is now enabling us to experience this blissful manifestation of our own self, termed as 'Dikhsa' or darshan. Since we have

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\*The Hon'ble Justice, High Court of Madras,

all come initiated by the Supreme Lord—Sri Sri Satyanarayana at the time of our birth, no mortal has any right to re-initiate us by whispering a mantra in the ears. As admitted by the scholars all over the world, the Mahanama which the seeker receives from his ownself by the grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayana, emanates from the Pasyanti Vak i. e. the Divine Vak and does not wait for time and space. Dadaji, however does not conduct any initiation. As an elder brother, he just shows us the easiest way to love God and His creation while bearing with the pangs of this earthly life patiently and cheerfully.

Dadaji says that patience is the only sustenance. The only duty of an ordinary man is to do his work sincerely remembering the Mahanama. For, the Lord is the only Doer. Man desires many things; but very little of it come to fruition. Of course, Dadaji does not believe that the idea of work without attachment is practicable in life. Whenever we try to do work in an unattached way, we cannot devote full sincerity to it. Dadaji therefore assures us that the moment a work is done remembering the Mahanama, it automatically becomes an offering to God. The question of attachment is irrelevant here. Even the convention of meditation or concentration which has become almost a fashion with our self-styled gurus and Godmen is discarded outright by Dadaji as totally superfluous in the way of realizing the inner divine life. As he explains it, everything must be done in a natural way—mind should follow its own nature. Any effort to control the mind makes it all the more restless. For, the cares and anxieties are the essential parts of our journey towards a life divine that is interminably intertwined with the everyday life of this material world. Dadaji says, let the mind follow its own course and just remember the Mahanama; since the Mahanama is not a Mantra for mere repetition, on its own, this eternal sound or Nama smooths up the artificial barrenness of our life with a shower of divine grace and in course of time it is this mind but transformed that leads the seeker realize his true divine and blissful nature.



## Shri Dadaji—Master of the Supreme Faculty

J. P. Mitter\*

With the maturation of human faculties in its innumerable aspects, an element of material pleasure and achievements has been added to life itself. But, the eternal question which stares at us and requires illumination from the Divine Being however remains unanswered all the way. "Who am I? Where is my destination after leaving that body and who is He who drops the curtain at every creature's life-cycle at a destined point of time? Down the ages the master erudites had continued this eternal quest for Truth ultimately admitting, that neither knowledge nor money nor youth is entitled to know the Absolute Infinite Truth because all those are within the domains of finite, transient and ever-floating waves of mind.

The shining edge of Shri Dadaji's sword has come up in the present decade to liberate the human mind from the chains of the ego, the vanity of intellect and above all the crippling tradition and superstition. He appeals to the rational mind to follow the direct way to Truth where mankind is one, God is one and language is one. Shri Dadaji does not accept the idea of human intermediaries between the Supreme Father and His children. It is because we are born captive to our body-mind-intellect consciousness that we lose track of the potential Divine Source throbbing within us unceasingly from the day of our inception. The point is to tune the wavering flow of mind with the steady beads of 'Mahanama' resounding within us every moment.

Shri Dadaji questions, how is it that a thing exclusively concerned with the mind and the inner consciousness, gets

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\*Justice, Calcutta High Court

revealed by a second human body with all its limitations, assuming the role of a Guru or Guide? Rituals, austerities or physical exercises are too trifle means to approach this way, as Shri Dadaji declares, love cannot be acquired by practice and without love the concept of Divinity is a bluff. Shri Dadaji does not differentiate the aspect of spiritualism from the aspect of works and duties in daily life. Rather he appreciates the struggle in which we laymen are engrossed as the only way to realise Him. He says that the world of Nature is created by Him and to enjoy its beauty and perfection we must perform our works and duties sincerely, remembering the 'Mahanama' as often as possible. This Mahanama, which is a revelation of the Truth Itself, in its own way becomes instrumental in drawing the restless reins of mind, steadily introvert and thus enabling us to have patience, endurance and balance of mind amidst the painful trials and sufferings of life. Shri Dadaji however, is absolutely unconcerned about the process in realizing the Mahanama. Shri Dadaji says that Truth is nobody's personal property and hence it cannot be restricted to the four walls of an institution. The communion with this All-pervasive Truth through the Mahanama is possible for everyone and it does not wait for any artificial practices or egoistic exhibitions. Since the Mahanama has been bestowed by the Truth, Shri Shri-Satyanarayana, It can be reminded afresh by Him only. No human being is entitled to consider himself the Guru as having enlightened the Seeker. Guru is Eternal, Immortal and beyond the bondage of physical limitations. According to Shri Dadaji, Guru, who is within, is the only guide of human soul.

To establish this Truth, Shri Dadaji has been producing phenomena which defy the limits of time and space and baffle all explanations. Myself have experienced a few of them and I am convinced that God as Creator of all things and of the laws that regulate them, can pass over His own established order and act outside and above natural laws, though never against them. The purpose, as it seems, is to express the import of Divine language in a perfectly comprehensible manner, making

the Divine Revelation intelligible to the mind of ordinary people. Shri Dadaji, however, is completely detached from all these accomplishments which clearly signifies the realms of higher consciousness in which Dadaji can move at his will but which is beyond our comprehension. One such event, which I was blessed to witness with my sense-organs is the phenomenon of 'Shri Shri Satyanarayana', usually termed as a Puja. I do not think such a manifestation had ever occurred in the past or will do so in the future. It is a phenomenon where Shri Dadaji keeps himself out of the Puja room, where the devotee takes his seat alone, but I am sure, during those quiet hours of solitary stay, I felt the personality of Dadaji in light aroma and nectar, permeating through the pores of my body ; it is that Dadaji, who cannot be chained by body-mind-intellect, who is Omnipotent, Omniscient and All-pervasive, who refuses to assume the role of a Guru or Godman but likes to be remembered and loved as an elder brother ; it is he, who being physically present before all, enables the seeker to witness the glimpses of higher realms of Truth that leaves behind it indelible impressions in the room. And inspite of all these bewildering phenomena Shri Dadaji is completely unattached to it. To me he stands as the only real 'Sannyasi' in this world and the way he has illumined is the only way left to the mankind for salvation.



## Shri Dadaji—The Possessor Of Supreme Faculty

Dr. AMAL CHAKRABARTY

A long and steady process of efforts in experimentation has unfolded before mankind new horizons of success, assuring them with expectations of a sound life on earth. Yet, vast stretches are still to be trodden till perhaps the scientist or the physician may be able to have a glimpse of that Supreme Faculty, which nurtures the entire system from the minutest atom to the solar orbit with a single perfection. The chain of human achievements, whatever proportions it may reach, is frequently threatened with complete annihilation by the Frankenstein waiting behind the screen. In fact, the balance and harmony of the natural world are conspicuous by their absence in the much-clamoured accomplishments of human society, now and then torn as under with violent upsurges.

I was made to realise this fact only in course of my meeting with Sri Dadaji. An infinite world of Faculty and Wisdom lies concentrated in him, to which our domain of acquired knowledge, however considerable it may seem, appears too meagre to stand on its own support. Sri Dadaji endowed me with the gift of 'Mahanama', strangely enough, a gift which I have been carrying so many years with me but of which I had been totally unaware,—an event, which marks an exception from the conventional custom of "Diksha" practised by the self-styled spiritual men of our country now-a-days. No whispering of mantra from ear to ear, no formal ritual or inhibition to impress a mechanical formula, no intermediary even to take the credit of having introduced me to my Beloved.

A simple touch of Divine aroma was the only sacrament to

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sanctify this physical abode. And then the Mahanama flashed automatically in clear, legible and even audible words thus awakening me to a fresh bloom of this very existence of my life. Still Dadaji repeatedly warned me that he is not even the medium in unfolding this new epoch. The Self or the Soul within is the only Guru or Guide. To remember the Mahanama with love and surrender while discharging the works and duties of this mundane world is the only way to enjoy the Divine Bliss. The only thing which we can practise is neither meditation nor concentration but simply patience to bear with the trials of life in course of our incessant struggle for survival.

Shri Dadaji often raises a question to the erudite : "What is a Puja ?" The answer is most usually reflective of the traditional idea that God is propitiated on a particular day for individual well-being. Dadaji however throws an entirely new light in his interpretation of Puja which strikes more rational and logical to us. Dadaji stresses more on the practical experience of this, rather than burdening the small minds with elaborations of lifeless dogmas and doctrines. As such, he blessed me with an opportunity to witness one such phenomenon that can be really called Puja.

On 13 November, 1974, I called on him in the morning and was accompanied to someone else's house near-by. Shri Dadaji explained to me that to be in tune with the Lord Shri Satyanarayana is called Puja. This is possible only when one can leave the physical body and mind of the mundane plane to taste the bliss of the Infinite ; then only the Divine Communion is made a reality. Since it is impossible for a mortal body to transcend the ego, Puja in the true sense of the term is never performed.

The room in which I took my seat was otherwise vacant excepting a portrait of Sri Satyanarayana, the Embodiment of Truth. Dadaji asked me to go on chanting the Mahanama in mind and forbade me to open my eyes. As instructed by him, I went on reciting the Mahanama. I sensed strongly that a variety of aroma was enveloping me from all sides. Soon I felt distinctly of having my head being dipped in a spring of

thick Divinely fragrant nectar, which glided over my eyelid so heavily that later it took me hours to open my eyes normally. This happened twice. The space within the four walls appeared to be merged in Infinite. Sparks of effulgent light flashed before my eyes now and then and peculiarly, this light had no heat. My body was growing lighter and lighter. How finite is the world of our consciousness of which we are so proud ! Only the veil of ego is lifted and I have been ushered into a new world of Truth, which is locked up within myself because of our frantic search for transient, material pleasures in his sojourn of life.

I heard tingling of bells, sound of blowing conch, in spite of the fact, that, not a single item was there inside or outside the room. The atmosphere in the room became transformed gradually to establish that no incense, no cymbals, no drums are required to announce that God is being invoked. The quiet surrender of a little child in love and faith alone can bring out an inconceivable transformation in a second in this nature.

As my body had been losing weight, the mind-function remained steady for a long time on a transcendental plane, the consciousness of which I fail to recollect now. Then suddenly I felt that the posture in which I had been instructed to sit by Dadaji was undergoing a change. I kept the tip of my forefinger touching the tip of my thumb in both the palms touching the knees. Now I found that the two palms are being pronated to meet each other automatically despite my conscious effort to resist any such movement. My forehead too became automatically bent in a bowing posture and the two palms jointly kissed it in salutation. A few moments later Dadaji brought me back to my normal mental world. Before my eyes, his finger touched the fly-leaf of a booklet named "Dadaji —the Supreme Scientist" and to my bewilderment there ran my name in bright bold letters. Again he asked me : "I want an article from you containing your experiences. Would you like to have it ready from Lord Sri Satyanarayana ?" I nodded yes. He again asked me : "Whether in print, or in type or in

your handwriting—anyone of these you ask." I asked for the typed one. Immediately he handed over to me a blank sheet of paper and in less than a second it became full with typed matter in my hand, the second sheet also and the third and last one too were loaded with typed matter.

Words fails to speak the bliss I enjoyed inside that room. Shri Dadaji blessed me with the opportunity to declare that our relation to the Lord is very dear and near. Moreover, the spiritual life is wound up with the material life so delicately that it leaves no room for intellectual argumentation or physical or mental austerities. Spiritualism is not an escape from the life of Karma. Dadaji has established this truth that spiritual life is incomplete without satisfying the demands of physical life. The mind and intellect, which are His gift only, should be utilized always with the awareness that they are too small an instrument to measure the Absolute Truth and it is wiser to surrender them at His feet only.

## Shri Dadaji—The Supreme Physician

Dr. S. Mukherjee

The world of a physician consists of his mental diagnosis after judging the symptoms of a particular patient and accordingly he prescribes for medicine which may or may not lead to recovery. The most remarkable point however remains that, what causes cure to a person may harm another's constitution seriously, and very often situation arises where the physicians turned to be mere helpless spectators to a scene when death muffles the last speech of an anguished soul to merge in the eternity unuttered for good. In any case, the more spectacular are the achievements in medical science, the more incurable are the diseases becoming, thus posing a challenge to the limitations of human intellect.

This is the point which struck me first when on 24 October, 1974, myself along with a number of eminent masters in medicine were made speechless by a manifestation of Shri Shri Satyanarayana in the presence of our most revered and beloved Shri Dadaji. Still now whenever I try to recollect the event of those days, my belief becomes stronger and stronger that underlying this phenomenon was the Great Will of the Lord to convince us, the advancements of medical science will never be entitled to go beyond the realm of mind and hence it remains always confined within the boundaries of the domain of our physical consciousness.

On 24th, having the information of a serious heart attack of Sister Minudi ( Mrs. M. S. Dey ), Dr. M. L. Bhadra, Dr. A. S. Mukherjee and myself rushed from the Somnath Hall, where on the occasion of Shri Shri Satyanarayana Mahotsava, thousands of brothers and sisters including Hon'ble Central Minister, Shri Jag Jivan Ram and Hon'ble Chief Justice Shri

S. K. Roy of Orissa met together. When we reached the residence of Dr. M. S. Dey at New Alipore at about 5.30 P. M. I found the patient in a collapsing condition with an agonising pain in the heart region, an almost imperceptible, irregular, slow pulse, about 20-25 per minute, whereas normal is 70-76 per minute, inaudible heart sound, pale and cold body drenched in sweats; Blood Pressure could not be measured. In other words, the patient was virtually dead except that physiological manifestations of life were still there. Dr. Dey had already started giving oxygen inhalation and had been infusing all sorts of medicine and injections in a frantic effort to save her life. The news, in the meantime had been communicated to Dadaji and we, four helpless actors in the role of doctors, were just observing the patient gradually sinking into a complete collapse.

By this time one of the famous cardiologists and Heart Specialists attached to R.K. Mission Seva Pratisthan, Calcutta, Dr. P.K. Sen, B.Sc., M.B.B.S., M.R.C.P. (Lond. (Edin)), arrived there and immediately took an Electrocardiogram which showed "...complete heart block, Infraction of the heart and Ischaemia of the anterior wall." To crown all, the patient suffers from high diabetes. It was one of the worst types of heart attack I have seen during my thirty years of professional practice and obviously Dr. Sen said that the prognosis was grave and the end might come at any moment. Thus he added himself in our group as the fifth mute attendant. However, he prescribed a long list of medicine and went away to send his assistant Dr. Bannerjee who arrived shortly. The injections were ready but the patient, restless in acute cardiac pain, in a feeble but firm tone refused to take any injection saying, : You have tried so many injections but to no effect. I know I am dying. So before bidding good-bye to you all, let me have Dadaji's darshan once and touch his feet. Please, hurry up".

We stopped giving injections any more and were standing helplessly watching a mother on the verge of death and surrounded by weeping children and a grief-stricken husband, "Where is my medical science? Where is my thirty years'

experience, where are the effects of life-saving drugs?" I was asking myself and was remembering Dadaji and Mahanama as our last hope.

Suddenly Dadaji appeared at the spot and Minudi's face lighted up and tears rolled down her cheeks. Dadaji told all of us to go out of the room. The doors and windows were closed. After about seven minutes, Dadaji called Dr. Dey and myself to check up the patient's condition. I found the pulse fairly good—60 per min. and regular, B. P. 90/60 and heartbeats clearly audible. Minudi's body quite warm, face shining bright and chest-pain had almost vanished. We stood spell-bound looking at Dadaji in his magnanimous personality when he again signalled us to go out. Now about three minutes later we were called in to take a further check up. This time the B.P. showed 110/70, pulse 70 per min. and heart beats regular which indicated that heart—block had passed off without any medicine. Dadaji enquired of us of the patient's the then condition. We had no answer except producing some grateful tears and quietly announced it to be unusually fine. At heart we felt that a slight rise in B.P. and pulse rate would be beneficial for her (man's desires know no limit). Everkind and smiling Dadaji asked us to go out again twice at two minutes' intervals. My findings were B-P 120/80 and then 130/90; pulse rate first 76 and then 90 per minute. Heart sounds were normal and regular. It appeared to be a virtual resurrection from death to normal clinical condition within fifteen minutes without any medicine. Dadaji smilingly asked, "Can you tell me how it happened?" The answer was in our eyes, in our hearts and we bowed down our heads at his feet. So many events like this do happen in our daily life which can never be reasoned with science or philosophy; only Dadaji's eternal message of Truth establishes itself repeatedly. Dadaji then allowed us to carry out routine medical treatment but instructed to give two drops of Charanjai (sanctified water) without fail.

Later on Dr. Sunil Sen, M.B.B.S., F.R.C.P. (Edin), F.C.C. P. (USA), one of the most renowned cardiologists of Calcutta, examined the patient and took E.C.G. which did not record

any sign of heart—block besides slight myocardial changes which, too, gradually disappeared in a few days' time.

After a week or so, Dr. J. C. Bannerjee, M. R. C. P. (London), one of the most famous and veteran authorities in Medical Science in India and a revered teacher of ours came to see Minudi on Dr. Sunil Sen's request. The entire event was narrated to him in detail and the E. C. G. and the reports shown. He was satisfied with the patient's speedy recovery and recommended routine treatment to be followed up. On expressing our apprehension that the out in the medicine might cause another flare up, he smilingly asked Dr. Dey : "Do you suppose any medicine had cured the block and saved the patient?" We knew what he meant and such a statement from a doyen of the Medical World came as a slap on our face to set us on a right track of thought. Dr. Sunil Sen used to come regularly for check-up and was astonished to find such a quick and wonderful recovery within such a short span. In our discussion on the subject he said politely : "I have no scientific explanation to offer nor any impertinent question to ask. My respectful pranams to Dadaji and I solicit His blessings."

A few days later Dr. Amal Chakrabarty, M. D. (Cal), F.R.C.P. (Eng), F.C.C.P. (USA), another famous physician of Calcutta, came to meet Dadaji and I narrated the whole event to him. When Dadaji asked him how did it happen, he replied : "I cannot explain this phenomenon by science or reasoning ; but, I do believe that there is Someone controlling the universe, who can do and undo things."

In this context, I feel tempted to narrate a personal medical experience. On 12 July, this year Dadaji was away at Bombay. My only son had a severe attack of Gastroenteritis at about 10.30 P.M. The boy kept on purging and vomiting every five to ten minutes and all the best possible medicine in our Science was given but to no effect. Gradually his condition deteriorated ; he became dehydrated and at about 3.00 A. M. when the boy showed streaks of blood in the vomit, I felt very nervous and



panicky and was just to call my driver to rush the patient to hospital.

But strangely, my wife had all along been calm and steady. Now she stopped me and quietly said : "You and your Science have given the best possible treatment to my son without any result. Dadaji has time and again assured us that he is always with us ( His bodily presence is immaterial ). So, let us hand over our only son to him. If he dies, he will go to Dadaji's feet and if survives he will remain at Dadaji's feet. When our ultimate goal is one, let us invoke his blessings and remember the Mahanama. She put two drops of Charanjai in his mouth, massaged it on his chest and abdomen and asked the boy to repeat Mahanama.

Believe it or not, the boy did not have a single vomit or motion after getting Charanjai, and soon fell into a deep sleep to get up next morning absolutely hale and hearty.

All these phenomena prove beyond doubt the Truth of Shri Dadaji's message that so far our mind and intellect are concerned, we are left nowhere. Dominated by the ego we are pushed to the other way from Truth, being vainly veiled with our limited capacities. But the moment these are surrendered to the Guru or Truth, Who is within, He promptly comes to our rescue and what seems impossible to our science, is instantaneously made a concrete reality.

## **Shri Shri Satyanarayana, Mahotsava And Mahapuja**

**Shri G. T. Kamdar**

The celebrations of Sri Sri Satyanarayana Mahotsava commenced at Somnath Hall in South Calcutta on the 3rd day of October, 1973, and was attended amongst others by distinguished persons of Calcutta, such as Chief Justice of Calcutta High Court, Mr. S. P. Mitra, and the Editor of 'The Statesman'. Prominent personalities, such as Shri Parmanand Babu and Shri B. L. Azad of Bihar, Chief Justice Mr. Verma and Mr. Sukla of Uttar Pradesh and others came from Madras, Andhra Pradesh, Kerala, Orissa and Bombay to attend the Mahotsava.

On that auspicious day Pujya Dadaji arrived at Somnath Hall at 10 a.m. and the Mahotsava ceremony commenced with singing of Kirtans and Bhajans.

The Bal-Bhog was to be offered to Sri Sri Satyanarayana in the early morning of the next day, that is 4th October, 1973. Bal-Bhog preparations were 'Bundi', 'Jelabi' both sweets and bun. Pujya Dadaji came to the Somnath Hall at 2 a.m. on that day. He entered the Puja Room at 4 a.m. for offering the Bal-Bhog. Immediately the devotees started singing Kirtans. After about half an hour when Dadaji came out of the room, the room was found to be full of divine fragrance, the floor of the room was found sprinkled with Ganga Water and honey was found flowing in droplets down the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. It also appeared that some portion of the Bal-Bhog had been partaken of from each dish by Sri Sri Satyanarayan, and some water imbibed from the vessel.

Pujya Dadaji, thereafter, declared that Maji ( Mrs. Kamdar ) would herself cook the Mahabhog which had to be offered to Sri Sri Satyanarayan at noon on that very day, i.e. on 4th October, 1973, and she would sit in Puja. As advised, Maji (Mrs. Kamdar)

prepared the various items of Mahabhog prasad and the same were offered to Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Pujya Dadaji entered the Puja Room at 12 Noon. Five minutes after that he called Maji inside the Puja Room and advised her to take a seat. Pujya Dadajee came out of the Room and closed the door. He went upstairs with Mr. Kamdar. The singing of Kirtans started outside the Puja Room. Usually, when the Puja is in progress Pujya Dadaji assumes lying position on a Cot, but on that day, instead of doing so he remained seated on the Cot and went on discussing with Mr. Kamdar matters regarding the Mahotsava. During the conversation Pujya Dadajee started laughing vigorously. As this was unusual, Mr. Kamdar out of curiosity requested Dadaji to let him know why he was laughing, so much? Dadaji replied that "Kamdarji I can clearly see that Thakur is eating the Mahabhog down below in the Puja Room". After half an hour Dadaji stood up and went down to the ground-floor and entered the Puja Room. He blessed Maji and opened the Room so that the devotees could have darshan. The Room was found to be overflowing with the divine fragrance and the floor was found wet with Ganga Water. It was also noticed that a portion of the prasad had been consumed by Sri Sri Satyanarayan from each dish and some quantity of water from the jug had been drunk. Dadaji desired Maji to narrate her experiences while in the Puja Room during the Puja. Maji related her experience as under :—

"Pujya Dadaji called me inside the Puja Room and desired me to take my seat on the Assan. He lighted a ghee-lamp and went out of the Room. Then the door was closed. I closed my eyes, prayed to Sri Sri Satyanarayan and started reciting Mahanam. No sooner had I started recitation of the Mahanam, than the divine aroma started flowing out of the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Then I heard tinkling sounds. I saw clearly the Idol of Sri Sri Satyanarayan which had been recently installed in the Sri Sri Satyanarayan Bhovan at Bhavnagar and Pujya Dadaji standing by its side, I saw

flashes of lights coming out of the Idol. I felt a shower of Ganga Water falling on me, and then somebody passing by in front of me and helping himself to the Mahabhog. I became weightless. All this time the tinkling sound had continued uninterrupted, and I continued with the recitation of Mahanam. Thereafter Dadaji entered the Room and blessed me. He asked me to open my eyes and see whether Sri Sri Satyanarayan had enjoyed the Prasad or not. On opening the eyes I saw that Sri Sri Satyanarayan had partaken of the Prasad in a good measure. I prostrated before the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and then before Dadaji who was standing besides me. Thereafter I came out of the Room with Dadaji. The devotees waiting outside eagerly rushed into the Puja Room for having darshan."

According to the wishes of Pujya Dadaji the prasad was mixed with the main Mahabhog items and distributed to the devotees present.

In the afternoon of 4th October, 1973 a meeting was held under the auspices of the "Dadaji Brotherhood". The meeting started with the usual Nam Kirtans. After the Kirtans were sung, the Guest-in-Chief, the Chief Justice of Calcutta High Court, Shri Sankar Prasad Mitra, delivered a speech. Thereafter the prominent personalities of Orissa narrated their experiences.

When the programme ended at 9 p.m. on 4th October, 1973, an announcement was made that the Mahapuja would be performed again at Somnath Hall the next day, that is, on 5th October, 1973, at 6.30 p.m., and the devotees were cordially invited to take part.

On Friday, the 5th October, 1973, at 6 p.m., the Devotees started gathering in the Somnath Hall for attending the Mahapuja, and exactly at 6.30 p.m. Pujya Dadaji went upstairs with Shri Kamdar and enquired of him (Mr. Kamdar) as to who would sit in the Puja? Mr. Kamdar replied that it was as he wished. Dadaji then told Mr. Kamdar that it was he who would sit in the Puja that day. Pujya Dadaji asked Mr. Kamdar to take off his

Kurta and to go downstairs with him for the Puja. Accordingly, Mr. Kamdar took off his Kurta and went downstairs. Pujya Dadaji first went inside the Puja Room. After five minutes Dadaji called Mr. Kamdar in and asked him to take his seat on the Assan. Dadaji lighted the ghee-lamp. He told Mr. Kamdar to prostrate himself before the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, to close his eyes and to commence reciting the Mahanam. Dadaji came out of the Room and the door was closed. Kirtans commenced outside the Room.

#### **Experience of Mr. Kamdar whilst in the Puja Room**

No sooner had I begun reciting the Mahanam than the divine fragrance started flowing from the portrait. Though my eyes were closed, I could see two big flashes of divine light. I also saw two big light balls which were of various colours. I felt a lot of pressure exerted on me for opening my eyes, as a result of which my eyes got slightly opened, and I saw streaks of divine lights of different colours coming towards me. This went on for about five minutes. Thereafter I felt as if somebody had opened the door and entered the Room. Afterwards I came to know that the door was closed all the time and that nobody had entered. I heard the sound of a Tabour (Damaru) being played and a heavy shower of Ganga Water fell on my head emitting divine fragrance and thereby I was completely drenched. Small streams of Ganga Water with divine fragrance started flowing around the Assan on which I was sitting. Till date I had several opportunities of having Darshan of Mahapujas, but I had never seen the presence of such a huge quantity of Ganga Water inside the Puja Room. I was continuing the recitation of the Mahanam. I felt as if some one had passed very close to me behind my back and placed his hands on me. At that time I was praying to Sri Sri Satyanarayan for His Grace. Thereafter I saw a powerful divine light and I felt as if somebody had passed by in front of me. I heard a sound suggesting as if somebody had been enjoying the prasad. After five minutes Pujya Dadaji opened the door and came in. He put his hand on

my head and blessed me. He asked me "Kamdarji have you any doubt still left in your mind and if there is any, let me know, so that the same could be removed. To that I humbly replied to Dadaji that I had no doubt at all. Thereafter Dadaji opened the door and called my son Arvind and the Editor of the 'Statesmen' in for having Darshan. I stood up and prostrated before the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. At that time I noticed that honey was flowing all the way down the entire glass of the portrait. I prostrated before Pujya Dadaji. My son Arvind who was present there at that time noticed that on my back at two places there was honey flowing in two streamlets and that there were imprints of a palm in red colour, one on each side of the lower portion of my back, emitting divine fragrance. Arvind told Dadaji, 'Dadaji please look at these imprints, what are these things?'. Dadaji replied that there was no necessity for him to see, but that Arvind should show them to the people who had gathered there. So much of Ganga Water had been showered upon me that I was completely wet. With wet dhoti on, I came out and went to the Hall. The devotees saw the two streamlets of honey and the imprints of palm on both sides of the lower portion of my back. In the meantime, Mrs. Kamdar and Arvind were showing to the Devotees the vessels in which fresh water had turned into cocoanut water, the cocoanut water which had change into divine khir and the prasad, some portion of which had been consumed by Sri Sri Satyanarayan. While they were showing these things they observed that one bottle, which had not been there prior to the commencement of Puja, had appeared form nowhere. On opening the stopper of the bottle it was found that it contained milk and that some cream was sticking to the sides of the bottle and on the top covering the inside portion of the stopper. The bottle was partly empty, so it was felt that Sri Sri Satyanarayan had tasted milk from the bottle leaving the balance quantity in the bottle for prasad. The Porridge which was testing like nectar, the cocoant water which was originally plain water and the prasad which was offered and from which small

quantity was partaken of by Sri Sri Satyanarayan, was distributed to the Devotees. The Devotees accepted the prasad with much love and felt uniquely fortunate to have the same. By the time the Puja was over not only the Somnath Hall was packed with the Devotees, but the open space around the Hall and the footpath also were occupied by the Devotees who were eagerly standing for Darshan and receiving prasad. Every Devotee had the Darshan of Sri Sri Satyanarayan with deep reverence, received prasad and dispersed after paying their respects to Pujya Dadaji. Thereafter when the Devotees who had come from outstations for attending Puja and some close Devotees were having discussion, his son, Mr. Arvind, informed Mr. Kamdar "Father, when you were in the Puja Room, Dadaji took me upstairs and narrated to me in details all that was happening down below in the Puja Room. Dadaji told me this time during Puja unique happenings were taking place. Sri Sri Satyanarayan had entered the body of Kamdarji and huge quantity of Ganga Water was falling over his body. Damaru was being played vigorously. This time 'Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva' had performed the puja. No other God and Goddesses had been able to get an entry into Puja Room and they were having darshan of Puja from outside only". Dadaji while sitting upstairs thus narrated the happenings taking place inside the Puja Room to Mr. Arvind who was with Pujya Dadaji. During the Mahapuja by the Grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and Grace and Blessings of Pujya Dadaji, Mr. Kamdar and his wife had unique experiences and also divine realisation which they were unable to explain in words.

Millions and millions of prostrations to Sri Sri Satyanarayan and Pujya Shri Dadaji.

## Dadaji—The Pilot of Human Life

Dr. B. D. Panda\*

It is hardly possible for a person like me to gauge in a few words the overwhelming grace of Shri Dadaji during the course of my life. Sometimes, in the occasional moments of leisure, which I rarely get amidst the hard-bound routine work of my life, I feel, when I look back to the past, that Dadaji was, is and shall be the pilot of my life here and hereafter. Long before I had met him in this physical body of Dadaji, he had been with me all along, during the solitary days of my life in the countries of Europe and America. At the most crucial point of my career, when I felt hesitant whether I should settle myself in the ease and comfort of the West, offering golden future to me or should I plunge myself in the growth of the hard, uncertain, infant industrial life of my motherland starving in poverty, it was Dadaji who appeared before me in the beauty of Goddess Lakshmi. She infused a great confidence in me and I could distinctly see the beckonings of my Mother India in her. I made up my mind. Coming back to India, I chose 'Therubali' to start the Indian Metals & Ferro Alloys Ltd.

It is about two years that we have come in contact with Dadaji and the Mahanama has endowed us with a new inspiration in our struggle to help the industry flourish against all adverse circumstances. Numerous events took place in between, which put before my eyes, like broad daylight, that Dadaji is there always with me. He, quite often tells me, "The concentration and sincerity with which you do your work is the only 'Tapasya', the hardest of penances. No so-called transcendental meditation or concentration will ever be able to reach that plane of Truth, unless it is channelised through

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work. Just be aware of the fact that you are the instrument. The real doer is the Almighty Himself."

In course of my first meetings with Dadaji, he repeatedly warned me against some perfidious acts, which were to breed trouble for me in distant future and of which I could not conceive even the least at that time. Exactly after one year that happened and it was only due to the grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayana that I was able to tide over them safely.

On the 7th November, 1971, Dadaji sent word to me in Bhubaneswar to reach Calcutta on the 7th to attend the Religious Conference which was to be held on that day on the occasion of the birth centenary of Prabhu Jagatbandhu at Mahajati Sadan Hall. Apart from the fact that it was through this Conference that Dadaji threw an open challenge to the participant self-styled gurus that they dared not take up and the triumph of Truth there became a landmark in history, an equally remarkable event took place on that day.

My Gurubhai and friend Sri Balaram Misra and his wife Sm. Basanti Misra were to accompany me to Calcutta. We decided to travel by my own aircraft, the earliest possible conveyance to cover up the distance. On the eve of our departure, the AIR broadcast the splashing of a catastrophic cyclone within twenty four hours in Orissa and Bengal. We were little hesitant whether we should take up the flight. But then, Sm. Misra assured us saying that if, the command came really from Sri Sri Satyanarayana, then, leave it absolutely on Him to decide whether we live or die. In any case, at any cost, we would have to go there. To our utter amazement, on the following day again the announcement came from the meteorological office that the cyclone had taken a different route towards Bangladesh (the then East Pakistan), thus leaving a bright sunny day for us, to travel comfortably to Calcutta. When we narrated this event next evening, Dadaji said to us—"This is the manifestation of Truth; Dadaji is nobody here. Do not try to measure the Divine Wisdom by the yardstick of your limited mind and intellect. Love Him

surrender yourself to Him and the moment you will surrender your entire existence to Him, He will be the pilot of your life and will take the vehicle safe to landing.”

The truth of this precept of complete self-surrender on which Dadaji puts utmost emphasis, becomes physically manifest every now and then before us. One such phenomenon took place in the month of May, 1973. My wife and myself have been requesting Dadaji for a long time to visit Therubali. This time he conceded to our request after about a year. But he took the promise from us that he would stay there only for a day.

On the 9th of May, '73, Dadaji arrived at Therubali by our own aircraft. After having visited the factory area, Dadaji took his seat in the compound of our Guest House. My wife complained to Dadaji that due to the utter scarcity of rainfall people were at great inconvenience. The high rise in temperature had resulted in unbearable heat and the local people had been ardently praying for showers. Dadaji kept quiet for a second and then said to her with his usual assuring smile: “Don't worry. Your desire will be fulfilled this night.”

True to his words, late at night, when everything became quiet in Nature, suddenly the clouds burst into torrential rains with the roaring of thunders. Even in the next morning, the weather remained cloudy followed by cold wind and occasional drizzling.

Dadaji had already told us that he would start at 9A. M. sharp. Seeing the atmospheric conditions of being shrouded with mist and dark clouds, we had no doubt that our four-seated aircraft would, by no means, be able to cope with it. We approached Dadaji with the request to stay back till the weather became alright. In reply Dadaji said: “The date of my departure was fixed up already before I had left Bhubaneswar. It is the word of Sri Sri Satyanarayana that I should leave today. If it is His will, then why do you worry unnecessarily; let us surrender ourselves to Him; for, He is even-blissful.”

It was about 8.45 A. M. that we followed Dadaji near the hangar. Captain Ajoy Misra, a reputed pilot, was to drive the plane. He told us frankly that, under the circumstances, he would not take the risk and accordingly the flight must be cancelled.

Dadaji, however, was ready for the departure and the assurance and the strength of will that lighted up his expression compelled the pilot to take off just at 9 A. M. We, however, still waited on the ground with the idea that the plane would take Dadaji back to us in no time. But, it did not come back.

Later on, the Captain narrated to me his experience on the air. As soon as we soared high, clouds grew even more darker and thicker, blocking my sight on all sides while raindrops blurred it further. I looked at Dadaji, on whose assurance, I had taken the risk of four lives. He was relaxing calmly on his seat, as if, nothing to worry, everything was alright.

Suddenly to my surprise, a bright focus of the sunshine cleared the way before the aircraft, through which I could fly up smoothly and landed safely at the Bhubaneswar aerodrome. This is known in our science as 'limited panel flight.' To crown it all, a strong aroma enveloped me all along from Therubali to Bhubaneswar.

Of course, this time Dadaji himself was the Chief Pilot. But, before leaving Therubali, he asked us to meet him at Bhubaneswar on the following day. The atmosphere was even worse that day. The Captain was hesitant whether he should take off the flight. This time we took the risk and assured him that since he had desired to meet us, then it would be wiser to surrender ourselves to his wisdom.

The plane took off amidst the dark clouds high up in the sky and, for a short time, the Captain had to take to the limited panel flight. We had been remembering the Mahanama and almost got merged in it. Suddenly, the Captain shouted and we saw, rain on the left, rain on the right, rain on the back, only a bright ray of the sun glittered the way of the plane

ahead. Along with it was the strong Divine aroma to assure that we were safe in direction of Dadaji. Shortly, we landed safe at Bhubaneswar and hurried to meet Dadaji in the residence of Sri B. Misra.

This is, in my opinion, the fundamental advice of Dadaji to us that when you surrender your wisdom to the dispensation of the Supreme Wisdom, you are ever safe and sound in the rocky pathway, which we call life.

## Dadaji....'Nobody' who raises God in man

Purakayastha Prakash

AMONG INDIA'S spiritual leaders, Dadaji holds a unique place. Spurning titles, "Godman" or even "Guru", he prefers to go by plain and simple Amiya Roy Chowdhury, known to his numerous brothers and sisters as **Dadaji**, the respected elder brother.

His miraculous powers lie, in fact, in the total and complete surrender of the ego to God. So far as he is concerned, he says, he is "nobody". He explains that in the perishable body of every individual rests the Immortal Spirit which is part of the Universal Spirit. According to him, the human body is the temple for the indwelling God.

Dadaji spurns all religious or spiritual institutions thriving on a commercial basis. He does not accept any offerings. Fabulous gifts of money and land made to him are refused with a grace and compassion all his own.

### Miracles are his toys

When one looks at his eyes, one feels that at one moment he is looking at the Infinity and in the next at the mundane world. He performs miracles like a child playing with toys to explain that they are nothing but God's will manifesting itself in human performance.

His living style is modesty itself, free from any craving for name, fame or fortune. He is interested only in establishing Truth so that mankind may know, experience and enjoy the heavenly peace which eludes those sunk in the worship of Almighty Money.

There is seemingly nothing extraordinary in his personal life—no flowing robes, no holy ash or **kumkum**; his daily garb

is a **lungi or dhoti** with a vest or a short-sleeved shirt. He smokes, takes tea and normal food, freely mixes with all persons, male and female alike, and materialises for them whatever they want, be it tea or even whisky.

#### **Great Truth behind Trinity**

He is married, blessed with a son and a daughter. He enjoys the normal comforts of a reasonably well-to-do householder. He hails from one of the richest zamindar families of Bangladesh, but today lives in his own little home at Calcutta.

Dadaji proclaims that Truth is one, indivisible and eternal. It exists just as gravitation existed before Newton discovered it and will continue to exist even if mankind forgets it. To him all mankind is one, language is one, and religion too is one of Truth. There is only one caste of humanity, all other differences of caste or religions are man-made.

He emphasises that the same Truth is reflected in the divine glory of the play of creation, preservation and destruction in the universe. The great Truth is behind the Trinity. It is the "alpha" and "omega" of the universe, beginningless and endless—"was", "is" and "will be" from immortality to immortality.

**One cycle of the Universe is destroyed and another cycle is born, but TRUTH remains changeless, immutable and eternal.**

According to Dadaji, man forgets his real immortal nature on coming to this world. The Spirit residing within the vacuous region of the heart is continuously chanting the name of the Almighty, but man never tries to look within to understand his true nature.

#### **Divine experience of "Vraja Lila"**

No yoga, meditation, tantric methods, nigan, agam, etc. can ever bring one the divine experience of "Vraja Lila"—that is, the ecstatic love between Radha and Krishna, the love between your own Self and Universal Self. God's grace can be attained only by pure love and devotion for Him.

Other methods may sometimes bestow upon the seeker temporary **Siddhis** in the form of supernatural powers ; but they can never lead him to Satchitananda, the blissful state of existence. Therefore, even though he performs miracles whenever or wherever he chooses, Dadaji takes care to declare that he is "**nobody**" and such miracles are of no importance to the attainment of Divine Love and Grace.

As he is against all commercialised religious institution, superstitions, dogmas and the like, it is but natural that the vested interests should rise against him and make against him all kinds of allegations, such as the one that Dadaji fools people by what they call "**magical tricks.**" They forget that there is no motivation behind his display of supernatural powers other than to wean people away from false distraction and to establish Truth.

#### Conspiracy of vested interests

That many saints and sages with immense number of devotees come of their own and take the blessings of **SATYA NARAYANA**, whom Dadaji describes as the "**ULTIMATE TRUTH**", speaks for itself. When eminent persons from all cross-sections, including topmost scientists, industrialists, journalists, scholars, physicians, chief justices and judges, love to meet him and seek his blessings, they cannot be brushed aside as mere gullible fools.

Dadaji maintains himself and his family with a small toy shop at the New Market in Calcutta. This is very significant as Dadaji likens the whole world to be as fragile and transitory as a toy. His life is an example for any householder to emulate.

#### Prophet in Law Court

There is no wonder, then, that, Dadaji, who does not believe in amassing fortune in the name of God, is bound to have to pay the price for his fight against the existing customs and usages. He was recently drawn into the vortex of a conspiracy frame-up only to be acquitted after the case had dragged on long four years.

Let us take a glimpse of the court where Dadaji stood as an accused. The room used to be filled with the fragrance of rose as Dadaji entered dressed in an immaculate white dhoti and a kurta, tall and straight with his face lighted in sunbeams, a prophet amongst men, emanating such divine grace that all eyes in the crowded court were screwed on him.

People used to stand up with awe and reverence, some trying to get his blessings, others touching his feet in deepest veneration. Ever-smiling Dadaji was re-enacting history wherein great souls have been persecuted and humiliated by contemporary societies. Whether Dadaji's determined crusade against fraud and deception had anything to do with this drama is an issue to be pondered over.

As the motives of the case were beyond the purview of the Court, only posterity will unravel the secrets behind that mysterious episode. We, his devotees, can only bow to him in salutation. **Jai Ram :: Jai Dadaji.**

AYTAR to maintain himself and his family with a small boy shop at the New Market in Calcutta. This is very significant as Dadaji likes the white world to be as bright and manly as a top. His life is an example for any household to emulate.

There is no wonder that Dadaji, who does not believe in material success is the name of God, is bound to have to pay the price for his fight against the existing customs and mores. He was eventually drawn into the vortex of a conspiracy from up only to be acquitted after the case had dragged on for 3 years.

Reprinted from Blitz, September 2, 1977.



## **Dadaji pushed the spirit back into my corpse & I lived again**

**A. K. SARKAR\***

Before meeting Dadaji, I was a man bordering on the fringes of agnosticism and scepticism. It was in the winter of 1974 that I heard about Dadaji. Subsequently, I met him and what happened as a consequence had a profound impact on my life.

During one of my whirlwind tours to Bombay, I squeezed in a wee bit of time to ring up my old friend Abhi Bhattacharya. After a brief exchange of pleasantries, Abhi asked me whether I had any plans to go to Calcutta in the near future. On my replying in the affirmative, he mentioned one Dadaji and asked me to meet him, if possible, adding that he was a wonderful man.

### **My encounter with Dadaji**

My interest remained dormant in spite of the colourful picture that Abhi painted before me. However, I promised him that I would try, adding the imperative clause, "if I had the time". Abhi invited me to his place the following day; but wedged deep in my work, I could scarcely afford such an extravagant luxury. The day following, I took the morning flight back to Delhi.

A week later, I was in Calcutta as planned. Abhi's words remained in the twilight recesses of the mind, half-forgotten, half-dormant. However, it was here that a surprising coincidence occurred. Returning home from the airport in the evening, I bumped into a common friend of, Abhi's and, mine. He too spoke of Dadaji and asked me to meet him. Abhi's words

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\* Deputy Director General of Civil Aviation, India

echoed incessantly in my thoughts. I had the evening to myself and the vague "promise" tortured me into making the visit.

The Dadaji that I found recumbent on a pillow took me totally off guard. The disparity between my expectations and the reality was too wide to be bridged immediately. Here was a man, quiet, unassuming, armed with a disarming smile and clad in total simplicity ( a simple vest and lungi ) in a simple house in Tollygunge.

#### **Words appear on blank paper**

Dadaji apparently fathomed my confusion, smiled and in a benign and kindly voice addressed me by name and told me that he had been expecting me for a long time. The refreshing candour of his smile and the affection that he showered so lavishly upon me moved me as one is moved by an elder brother one has known and loved all one's life.

Dadaji presented me with a book about SATYANARAYAN on which he inscribed my name in indelible red ink by just putting his palm over the page. He then took me to a small prayer room, gave me a blank piece of paper and chanted something melodious. He then asked me to look at the piece of paper. Words had appeared on the till now blank paper—WORDS that Dadaji instructed me to remember.

#### **His presence saved my life**

It was not at all like one of those 'deekshas' used as a means to delude and make money. It was an atmosphere of grace, reverence and quietude where money was an anonymity. Dadaji smoked openly. He declared his abhorrence for the traditional epithet of a Guru ; "No man can be another man's guru because the Divine is present in both, without any sense of distinction". Dadaji would like to be referred to not as Guru but as an elder brother—simply as Dadaji.

I met Dadaji several times after that during my later visits to Calcutta and every time I had the good fortune of having his blessings. Whenever he blessed me, my body was filled with fragrance which lasted for days.

It was Dadaji's presence that saved my life at a critical juncture. I had gone to Islamabad in connection with bilateral talks for the resumption of air links between India and Pakistan.

At the meeting, I suddenly felt a stabbing pain in my chest that seemed to knock the breath out of me. I was on the verge of a collapse when, like a drowning man, I seized the glass of water before me. *The water was suddenly transformed into a liquid of the sweetest fragrance.* I drank it and the pain subsided gradually. It was as if someone had lifted a heavy weight off my chest. This incident took place in 1976.

#### Massive heart attack

Immediately thereafter, I proceeded to Bangladesh in connection with some other agreement and, on my way, I met Dadaji in Calcutta. As usual, he blessed me and asked me as to what had happened to me at Islamabad. Without waiting for my reply, he also said that I should be more careful about my health. He then materialised a gold Satyanarayana medallion apparently from nowhere and asked me to wear it round my neck.

In June-July, 1977, I was going through a minor heart trouble. I was admitted to Willingdon Nursing Home for a check-up. The check-up proved to be a long drawn out affair of over a month. Perhaps it was this steady monotone that played havoc on my nerves and contributed in creating a steady decadence healthwise.

On July 24, my condition suddenly deteriorated to its ultimate and I had an acute heart attack. On that day, I was expecting a discharge from the hospital, but at six o'clock in the evening when I was sitting in the verandah of the Nursing Home with my wife, I suddenly felt very uncomfortable and immediately moved to my bed.

My wife, noticing my uncomfortable condition, rushed to the doctor. By the time she returned, my heart was thumping and I was in agonising pain. There were beads of sweat on my forehead and my tremulous frame.

I remember distinctly that I told my wife I was leaving, and I believe it was a see-saw struggle between the doctors attending on me and death, with the latter dominating for nearly five hours. At about 10 o'clock, the doctors (including two specialists) asked my wife to inform all the near and dear ones. Though they promised to do their very best, in the general gloom of the hour, their promise was like a vacant mirage on a hopeless, unbroken stretch of sand.

#### **Resurrection from death**

Frantic calls to my brother at Calcutta and to Dadaji ensued.

I was dying, to be sure. Yes, I was dead and the spirit had darted out of my body. I stood there beside the corpse, a bit confused. But a flood of light enveloped me; and, believe me, Dadaji was there and he pushed me back into my corpse. Back to life again, I felt his hand on my forehead when they were shifting me from the room to the Intensive Care Unit.

Immediately thereafter, around 11 p.m., I assured my wife that I would survive and that there was no danger to my life any more, as I had seen Dadaji and got his blessings. After this, there was a gradual improvement in my condition.

I have not a speck of doubt that my life was saved because of Dadaji on that fateful night. To thank him would be to restrict my gratitude, to honour him would be to limit his greatness. To love him and remember him as an elder brother and as a friend, philosopher and guide is all he wants and all that I can do.

## Dadaji—The Un-Godmanly Godman

R. K. Karanjia

HE MATERIALISED A WATCH FOR ME. Then he asked me to look at the “make” on the dial. I read out “CAMAY” on top with “SWISS MAKE” below. He gently rubbed the glass covering the dial with his thumb nail, to say : “Now look once again and read what you see.” To my amazement, the inscription had changed into “SRI SRI SATYANARAYAN” and “MADE IN UNIVERSE”

He proceeded, jovially, to hold my face between his hands and rub me down the neck around the chest and back. An exotic fragrance of eau de cologne mixed with rose water and sandalwood emanated from his hands to leave me heavily perfumed for a long time.

Next he picked up a bottle of boiled and filtered water my host had requested me to bring along with me. He passed his hands round it. A white foglike substance started flowing down the closed mouth. He opened it and held it to my nose. The same divine fragrance came out to fill the room.

### Mahanama

Then, he put a small palmsized piece of paper in my hand and asked me to examine it. It was totally blank. He made me hold it between both hands joined in prayer, kneel down before a large portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, and put my head at the feet of the image with my hands stretched out in front.

As he massaged the back of my head from the medulla oblongata—“the mouth of God”, according to Hindu scriptures—down the spine, I seemed to hear a familiar mantra thunder down from space as it were. He made me rise and unfold my hands.

The mantra I had heard now appeared written in Gujarati script on the blank space. Why Gujarati? "Because it is your language", he answered.

I am not permitted to disclose the double name of God writ upon the paper. He told me it was my Mahanama which had come from deep down my own consciousness. Its two rhythmic sounds manifest the bipolarity of human existence. They harmonise the duality between God and Man, Atma and Paramatma, in Satyanarayana that is the Highest Truth of Cosmic consciousness. I should repeat them every day with my pranayams (yoga exercises). They would help raise the indwelling God in me.

#### Message

He told me to memorise the Mahanama. As soon as I did so, the words vanished from the piece of paper. I asked, why? "There is no need for them now. They came. You read them and memorised them. Now they have disappeared. They are part of you ever to remember."

He asked me whether I would like a detailed explanation of the Mahanama that was to be my Mahamantra. I replied in the affirmative. Would he please write it down for me **"I won't write it down" he said, "but you will evolve it from inside you, just the same as you received the Mahanama."**

He made me stretch out full length and lie flat on my stomach with my forehead on the ground and hands folded and stretched out before Satyanarayan's image. He put two blank sheets of paper under my hands and began massaging me again from the neck down the spine while reciting mantras. I seemed to be lifted up into a superconscious state. After some time, he asked me to sit up and read the divine message.

I was wonderstruck. The blank sheets now bore two neatly typed pages of explanation of the Doctrine of MAHANAMA beginning with the words **"NO HUMAN BEING CAN EVER BE A GURU..."**

### No Godman

Strange words these—coming from one who seemed to possess all attributes of a Godman. But the most extraordinary fact about DADAJI (Amiya Roy Chowdhury) is that he is the most un-Godmanly of Godmen, the most un-Gurulike of Gurus. He is a revolutionary amongst his kind. At one stroke he demolishes his own godly image : **“I am no Godman, no Guru, no Sadhu. I have no religion, temple or ashram. I am an ordinary family man running a toy shop in Calcutta.”**

That was indeed my first impression as I saw the tall, well-built Dadaji, sitting atop a diwan clad in a simple banian and lungi. He looked an ordinary man of middle-age. It was only later that I learnt that the handsome, youthful, disarming features set in a thick mane of black hair belonged to one who had seen 72 years of life. Once I got near him, however, I could not help feeling the spell-binding power of his eyes. He bowled out my resistance with his gentle hypnotic, almost child-like, lead-kindly-light look.

### Philosophy

For a highly evolved person who commands the devotion of millions, including Jaya Prakash Narayan, Jagjivan Ram, Chief Justice R. M. Kantawala of Bombay with many of his colleagues in other courts and Nani Palkhivala, Dadaji is modest and humble to the point of self-effacement. **He told me he had been waiting eight years for my darshan, and demonstrated his happiness with a beautiful smile that sent a thousand sunbeams round the room.**

To return to his philosophy of Mahanama, here are a few extracts from the typescript Dadaji materialised for me on blank sheets of paper :

“HE ( the Godman or Guru ) is within, in the deep recesses of our heart, in the form of the two sounds of Mahanama, which is at the root of our respiration and all vibrations the world is made of. This Mahanama is our real Self, the Guru ; the human mind is only the pragmatic self which cuts into pieces

the integral existence that is Mahanama and, therefore, exhibits multiplicity.

“We have to be wedded to this Mahanama before we can get entry into this world. This is the real Diksha, but, since we have forgotten it, an earthly Diksha in the form of visualising the Mahanama is necessary to remind us of it. No earthly Guru can initiate a person or, in other words, give Diksha. It is spontaneously manifested as and when it chooses to.

#### **Vraja Leela**

“But why do we come into this world at all? In the integral existence which was our primal state we could not relish the joy of love of the Absolute. All creation is the manifestation of His joyous state and He has come here, as many to have a taste of this joy. This world verily is His Vraja Leela; but the mind, without which no relish is possible, sunders us from the Infinite and makes of us so many individuals.

“The Rasa of the Absolute is thus screened and the stage is set for relishing the Rasa of Nature instead. Action and reaction now hold the stage and the mind conceives them into virtue and vice. The Shastras appear with an endless armoury of taboos. All manner of spiritual practices grow like mushrooms to trap down the Infinite. But the plain fact that whatever is within does not appear to the egoistic gymnasts.

“As Dadaji says no amount of penance and austerity and mystic efforts can buy the Infinite for us. We are infinite all of us; and this MAHAJNANA can only dawn on us through PREMA, through submission and complete effacement of the ego.

#### **Love Infinite**

“What, then are we to do? We have to brave the world, bear prarabdha with fortitude and do our respective duties without any sense of ego. No restraint, no effort is necessary for Him. We have to be stripped of all mental obsessions and be naked; we have to be decked in the wedding robe of Love Infinite, caring not for the vagaries of mind.



"We have to be in a state of swabhava, abjuring all sense of want. To feel His presence everywhere, to feel that He is the agent of all our actions, to feel and visualise Him and Him only as one Integral Existence through loving submission and to unite with Him, in short, to relish His Rasa in the Rasa of Nature is our only duty.

"So passive remembrance of the Mahanama through all vicissitudes of our life is our only duty. Real renunciation or sannyasa is to be shorn of ego and to be in swabhava. We are all Purna Kumbhas. To instal this consciousness in our empiric being is the only necessity.

**"Dadaji is no individual. Where all limitation evaporates, the Truth Absolute is manifested there in the form of Dadaji for the redemption of the human race wallowing in the quagmire of finitude and want."**

## Dadaji : The Revolutionary God-Man

Dr. A. K. Srivastava, M. A. Ph. D ( Edin. )

The Lord made a solemn declaration in Gita :

'To establish dharma shall I incarnate myself epoch after epoch.'

Dadaji has assumed the mortal frame for the establishment of *sanatana dharma*, the universal and the only religion of mankind which is non-sectarian, non-denominational, and pervasive. It is not a man-made religion, sect or cult and subsumes the oneness of the spiritual aspirations of all mankind. Man carries within himself the spark of divinity and the longing of his soul is for a grand and final merger with the Infinite. *Sanatan dharma* is piety that embodies this longing and by so doing affirms the divinity of Man. All spiritual training consists or should consist in being able to realise this *truth* ; for there is none other. The sooner Man realises this, the sooner he will reach the gate of deliverance since the awareness of divinity confers upon itself the status of divinity. In the act of surrender the devotee and the Lord become one. In terms of Indian philosophical systems such an identification is described as *vishudhha Advaita*. Dadaji's mission on this earth is to make Man aware of the divine essence within himself and so to find release from the bondage of a million pseudo-samskaras with which the so-called Gurus constantly burden mankind. Dadaji's constant tirade against gurudom is motivated by two excellent reasons : one, the traditional guru by promoting the principle of personal loyalty calls attention to himself when what Man needs for his spiritual freedom is an inner discovery, and two, the guru in order to carry conviction with his flock of devotees is very often prompted to acts of fakery

and low charlatanism. Spiritual pursuit with Dadaji is a romantic quest; it is the excitement of discovering within oneself the aim and the object of our pursuit in a frame of mind completely emancipated from the evil influence of primitive totemism of traditional religions and so-called spiritual 'guide-books' and programmes. For the same reason Dadaji is against Maths, Ashrams, Spiritual camps and the like. Where there is institutionalisation there is bound to be gross worldliness in some form or other. The world cannot easily forget the wreck it has sometimes made of highly evolved men by tying them down to different organisations which ultimately destroy the pristine glory of their gifts. Is it any wonder then that Dadaji prefers the role of a roving Yogi ?

In order to understand Dadaji's message it is necessary to keep in mind this genesis of his mission. Dadaji emphasises time and again that what people receive in his presence comes in fact from their own inner self. The divine essence in man manifests itself as a concatenation of sound, recognisable as the name of the Lord, and its effortless iteration constitutes a bond between Jiva (existence-essence) and the Divine. It is a Spiritually charged chant of infinite power, this concatenation of sound, the Mahanam. There is no conscious effort that need be expended for chanting it since like metabolic processes it continues, once it has started, till there is breath in us. It is part of prana, a divine benediction, one's life-breath, the guarantee of our salvation. Many and varied are the ways in which the Mahanam is revealed to us, and all that Dadaji says about it that he has nothing whatever to go with it except be a witness to its emergence in human life. It is as if the divine essence within us, submerged under a load of worldliness and dead tradition, surfaces up into splendour at the signal of Dadaji bathing the Jiva with the tranquil power of its compassion. The Mahanam is our spiritual heritage, and we must inherit what the Lord in his infinite mercy bestowed upon us as gift or else suffer the consequences of spiritual denial and decay. The Mahanam is a key to the spiritual regeneration of mankind. Of

course, as Dadaji tells us we must bear our Prarabdha, which is the accumulated causal complex of our cycle of birth and rebirth, with fortitude and resignation. The Mahanam helps us to do that, although it must not be supposed that it is a kind of spiritual gift to influence our temporal destiny one way or other. On the contrary, it has nothing whatever to do with what is material or mundane. Dadaji tells us to rest secure in the conviction of our spiritual deliverance in the benevolent umbrage of the Mahanam ; the inevitable stances of Prarabdha we must face, and face boldly and without losing heart. Dadaji has taught us not to relate the spiritual with the material. Man is heir to divinity and destiny alike. Let us not be deluded by Maya into believing they are one. To pursue the divine as an escape from destiny would be cowardice ; to face up to destiny by ignoring the divine would be folly. The enormous damage that has been done in our world to gullible and greedy men by self-styled purveyors of religion and spirituality stems from a deliberate mixing-up of these two separate, though to human beings equally important, ends.

Dadaji's significance lies in his profoundly simple message, in his insistence that for men to realise their spiritual heritage it is unnecessary and even harmful to raise others howsoever evolved into objects of worship and uncritical reverence. To trust in one's own divinity and to try to realise it is the aim of human life, and this aim can best be achieved by listening to one's inner voice than by conforming to lunbug. As a philosophy of life such a message has great emancipatory power, and pursued in all its finer implications makes us into well-integrated human personalities. Dadaji's message is revolutionary in that it has power to transform by emphasising the superfluity of blind tradition that lies like dead weight on the conscience of mankind. He is averse to making a personal cult to himself, and in his cross-country tours proclaims only the glory of Sri Ram Thakur and Sri Satyanarayana. It is not difficult even for a child who has known Dadaji that in truth all of them are one and the same. Verily did the Vedas affirm



## **Divine Advent of Pujya Shree**

### **Dadaji**

**Shri Biju Pattnaik\***

Mankind to-day has reached the cross-road of civilisation. During the past one century science and technology have unleashed tremendous forces of destruction as well as the possibilities of material affluence. While one part of the world wallows in material abundance, another large part to-day faces starvation and abject poverty. These paradoxes have brought in their wake a crisis of character. Greed, suspicion and jealousy have bred hatred between man and man and between these haves and have-nots. Savants of modern materialistic philosophy in the west have divided and classified mankind and fostered animosity and conflict instead of finding an enduring solution for the evil forces of society. Men, nations and countries are sharply divided to-day and, instead of enjoying the bliss that nature has bestowed, they face destruction and annihilation. Leaders of men and nations have forgotten the basic virtues and their lust for power and ego has confused the common man and brought about frustration and futility and a dogged numbness in their intellectual existence.

In this old world of ours, under the impact of this western civilisation we have now forgotten the glorious heritage of past wisdom and have blindly supplanted a soulless process in the name of progress. Such progress will remain illusory and this prosperity will be purposeless unless it is backed up with enduring virtues and universal humane considerations, which impart lasting values to our achievements. The Marxist philosophy of communism or socialistic indoctrination is not

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*Ex-Chief Minister, Orissa — Central Cabinet Minister*

a panacea for economic and material well-being; nor traditionalism is the answer. When millions of our countrymen live on starvation levels, a cheap slogan for removal of poverty will fill no stomach. This poverty is basically in our heart, in our insincere utterances; it has to be removed first. Leaders of men, social workers and thinkers must accept the Truth which our Sanatan Dharma has taught us that man is the manifestation of the Divine consciousness and therefore equal; there is only one man, one language and one soul. We are thus bound together in unity. This is the basic integrating force between men, nations and countries irrespective of caste, creed and other barriers.

Service to humanity is not the condescension of the more privileged to the less, of the more developed to the poorer. It is a dedication of man or nation and basically emanates from the understanding of creation and its purpose. Such motivation has to be deeply rooted in our soul to be effective and purposeful. Human achievements under these circumstances strike a balance between material progress and social development which brings peace and harmony. It is a total effort and not the monopoly or pastime of a few.

Thousands of years ago our sages and seers taught us this basic Truth. This old nation has gone through many pangs in its existence and now is gripped in agony. It has lost its soul and the glorious wisdom has been lost in the rituals and traditional inconsistencies. Spiritually and materially the nation stands confused, bewildered and forces of evil have corroded its existence. The advent of Dadaji at this juncture is a phenomenon in the true tradition of spiritual guidance which has come to us in abundance during the past. The establishment of Truth and the basic values for human existence, shorn of ritualistic inhibitions is a mandate of this divine soul. He has been exhorting, "man is one, language is one and this mysterious world is the manifestation of that one Self." This world is the place of your work and worship. Selfless work and dedication

in the service of MAN is the true worship which alone can bring peace and happiness to earth. There is no place for one's ego which one must surrender to that eternal consciousness in the service of mankind. This is the basic philosophy of Dadaji which adds a positive dimension to one's existence to make life purposeful.

According to Dadaji, therefore, renunciation of the world is nothing but an expression of ego. 'Sannyas' in the true sense of the term implies the total annihilation of ego and to identify oneself with the Supreme I-consciousness absolutely in everyday life. In that case, the mind and the five senses which torment us so much and often get the better of us, also surrender completely to the Self. Dadaji, in my eyes is living the life of the truest and the highest manifest form of Sannyas in this age, when so many self-styled Godmen of our country are craving to enjoy material affluence in the name of guiding the innocent common man in the spiritual line. Their Sannyas is confined within the exhibition of matted hair, ochre robes, forcible suppression of senses and the institution of ashrama, property handed over to the next generation in the family.

Dadaji has thrown a new light by his unique message of patience ( dhairya ) and restraint ( Samyam ) to be practised not by force but in adjustment with the circumstances of natural life. And the striking thing about him is that he is averse to giving dissertations, discourses and big advice to the seekers who are already confused with the course of life ; but, he teaches what he himself practises first in his life, and his affectionate eyes and hands are always ready to help the seeker realise the Mahanama.

Hence, Dadaji with his message of Truth appears to be the most unique Incarnation of Truth on earth, at a most critical juncture of history when mankind is baffled more and more with the advancement of science. To Dadaji miracles are not a means to attract people ; but they are the manifestations of the Superme Science world that is working beyond the reach of the human



intellect. Moreover, after such breathtaking phenomena, of some of which I have been a witness, Dadaji is absolutely unattached to their consequences. Such annihilation of ego is never possible for a human being and this is true Sannyas of which Dadaji is a 'beacon light' in our spiritual world.

*[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible, appearing to be a mirrored or bleed-through page.]*

## Sri "Dadaji" at Poona

J. T. Desai

I was first introduced to Dadaji by Shri Charandas Meghji. I met Dadaji a few months ago at the residence of the well-known film star Abhi Bhattacharya in Bombay. He took us in his room and, after the preliminary introduction, inquired of me whether I was interested in receiving *Diksha* i.e. being initiated in the *Mahanam*.

On my nodding assent, he asked others to leave the room, and made me sit before a portrait of Sri Satyanarayan and to reverently bow before it. He then invoked the divine grace by chanting "Jai Ram, Jai Ram" for some time and lo, there appeared in red letters a Divine Name on a small piece of paper which he had previously handed over to me. I was made to repeat the Name a few times whereafter it just as mysteriously disappeared! After taking his seat on the couch with a characteristic gesture he beckoned me near him and just touched my chest, neck and forehead with his quivering fingers and the parts of my body which he touched began emitting a peculiar fragrance which lasted for hours thereafter. During his that visit to Bombay I took to see him one of my friends as also a relative who had some physical ailments. He gave to each of them for their use a bottle full of water sanctified by him. The water in the bottle, known as *Charanjai*, was fragrant and retained its fragrance for days. I must have seen him during his that visit to Bombay for a couple of times only and was present at casual talks when he expounded the core of his religious teaching that the relations between the human soul and the Divine Spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose any intermediaries or mediators such as Gurus. He affirmed that the Absolute resides in every heart and one can realise Him only by a direct approach.

He once casually mentioned to me that I should some day reduce to writing whatever I may have understood of his philosophy, and as luck would have it, I, having been recently nominated on the organising committee of the Bhavan's Book University series, the book *On Dadaji—Part III*, was sent to me by the Editor of the *Bhavan's Journal* for review, and I availed myself of the opportunity to not merely review the book, but to incidentally pay my own mead of tribute to Dadaji.

When I saw him at Bandra on the day after his arrival last week, he was gracious enough to express his approval of my humble effort and gave me to understand that it was well received by the elite at Calcutta, Madras and elsewhere. I attributed it to the grace of God, adding that I was only instrumental, and had made a sincere attempt to write what I had understood about his teaching and religious philosophy.

When I saw him first he had presented me with the first two compilations of the tributes paid to him by men in our public life entitled *On Dadaji—Part I* and *On Dadaji—Part II* and when I had requested him to inscribe on the said two books his autograph by a pass of his hand as is his wont, he had said that it was not necessary in my case as he felt that I was already a devotee of God.

This time when I mentioned that I understood he was performing *Mahapuja* at Poona on Thursday, July 26, 1973, on the spur of the moment he exclaimed that I would sit for that *Mahapuja* and added that it was Sri Sri Satyanarayan's wish that I should do so. Before I went to see him on that day I had read the reports given by Shri S. K. Ray, Chief Justice of Orissa, and Sri G. T. Kamdar, Managing Director of The Bharat Line Ltd., of their respective experiences of the *Mahapuja* by Dadaji at their residences at Cuttack and Calcutta respectively. I was naturally curious and had almost a premonition before I went to see him at Bandra on July 24, that Dadaji would ask me to participate in the *Mahapuja* as I had a keen inner desire to witness the performance. On hearing

what Dadaji said about Sri Sri Satyanarayan's desire that I should sit in the *Mahapuja* at Poona, all present there congratulated me on my good luck. I only said it was God's grace.

On the 26th morning I reported myself at the residence of Shri Kusum Chandra Majumder at Poona, when Dadaji called me in his room and briefed me as to how I was to participate in the *Mahapuja* and asked me to come in the evening on that day at about 5-30 P. M. with a *lungi* which alone I was to wear. In the course of the brief talk I had with him, he solicitously enquired about my state and condition in life and my earning. I told him that though I had to pass through some ups and downs in life, when I counted all my blessings I felt that God on the whole had been kind to me and I was only looking forward to favourable circumstances which would in future make me more detached and give spiritual inclination and the peace of mind "that passeth all understanding." He vouchsafed to me his blessings and we then parted after I had introduced to him two of my friends who at my suggestion had come with their families to get initiated in the *Mahanam* in Dadaji's presence.

In the evening when I went for the *Mahapuja* at Sukh Sagar, the residence of Sri K. C. Majumdar, the place was overflowing with a motley crowd both curious and devout and cosmopolitan in character who, all numbering several thousand persons, were accommodated in the terrace of the building, and later on, the road leading to Sukh Sagar was flooded with a sea of humanity.

At 7 O'clock sharp in the evening at the call of Dadaji I presented myself before him dressed only in a *lungi*. A number of ladies and gentlemen were taken into the Puja room to personally inspect the same before Dadaji took me there. Before ushering me in the Puja room he initiated someone in the *Mahanama* before the portrait of Sri Satyanarayan.

I was then ushered in the room where the *Mahapuja* was to be performed by Dadaji. He made me sit in *Padmasan*, and after making me repeat word by word some *Mantra* in Sanskrit

he asked me to go on repeating the *Mahanama*, which I had previously received through his grace.

The electric light and fan in the room were put off and the windows and the doors closed airtight. He then asked me to close my eyes and after reciting "Jai Ram, Jai Ram" several times he left me alone, retiring to his own room.

There was in the Puja room only a photograph of Sri Sri Satyanarayan on the altar and before it a glass of plain drinking water, a vessel containing cocoanut water, two plates containing *Prasad* offerings, and some bottles full of plain drinking water in a corner.

As soon as Dadaji had retired to his own room, I continued to sit with my eyes shut and mentally recited the divine name I had previously been initiated into and merely prayed for progressive detachment and "peace of mind that passeth understanding" and for the salvation of certain dear departed ones.

Soon I felt the room being surcharged with a unique fragrance known in esoteric circles as *Padmagandha* which I felt kept on changing, and from nowhere there fell on my head and back several drops of cool liquid as if it were an *Abhisek* on my head!

Though my eyes were closed and the room all dark I twice experienced slight flashes of cool light. Some time thereafter Dadaji re-entered the room. He directed me to open the glass of plain water as well as the vessel of cocoanut water over both of which plates had been put, and we found the plain water transformed into highly perfumed *Chiranjal* and the contents of the other vessel filled with *Ksheer*, delicious *Charanamrita*.

Dadaji took me thereafter in his own room and said that God alone can perform His Own Puja. The traditional ritual of Puja, he said, is divorced from truth. If the subject and object of worship are identical in essence, "what remains of worship as a piece of activity for which different articles are usually collected." After some time he asked both me and Shri Charandas Meghji to revisit the Puja room when we found the fragrant nectar—like honey flowing in droplets down the

photograph of Sri Sri Satyanarayan hanging on the wall as well as on the altar and collecting along their frames. The Puja room was surcharged with heavy incense and the place sprinkled with fragrant water where there was none. The contents of the several bottles of plain water placed in the corner of the Puja room for use by some devotees suffering from ailments were reported to have been automatically sanctified and emitting sweet strong fragrance !

Dr. R. O. Parikh, -a friend of our family, learning that during the *Mahapuja* cool drops of liquid had fallen on my head back, at the suggestion of Dadaji, tried to smell my chest, my head and my back and exclaimed that the three parts of the body were emitting different aroma !

The *Charanamrita* from the small vessel containing the *Ksheer* was reported to be served to the multitude of people who had graced the occasion by their presence, without the contents getting exhausted ! Almost for over an hour and half there was a long queue of people coming and having Dadaji's *Darshan*.

Reports on telephone were stated to have been received from devotees at far off place like Bombay, Nagpur and Madras of the *Mahapuja* having simultaneously taken place there also with like results ! Dadaji told me that it must have taken place also in Calcutta, which too was later on confirmed !

As Dadaji puts it, at the time of Satyanarayan *Mahapuja* the finite reality is merged in the Infinite, and that, he says, is the real form of adoration !

I for one have no words to express for the grace he has showered on me who only brought to him nothing but a contrite heart ! I am reaffirmed in my belief that the true religious life is this : "When it rains, it is God's will, and God's will is my will."

In the words of Goethe, "the effort of religion is to adjust us to the inevitable." "This is the faith, the love that moves the Sun and other Stars."

I may record that though more than twelve hours have passed since I participated in the *Mahapuja*, my body, "the muddy vesture of decay," is still emitting fragrance like sandal wood oil ! It defies analysis. I can only say that, "there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy !"

The above is a translation of the original text in Marathi. It is a very faint and blurry scan of the original text, which is written in Marathi. The text is mostly illegible due to the quality of the scan and the age of the document. It appears to be a continuation of the author's reflections on the Mahapuja experience.

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## **Dadaji's Visit To Madras**

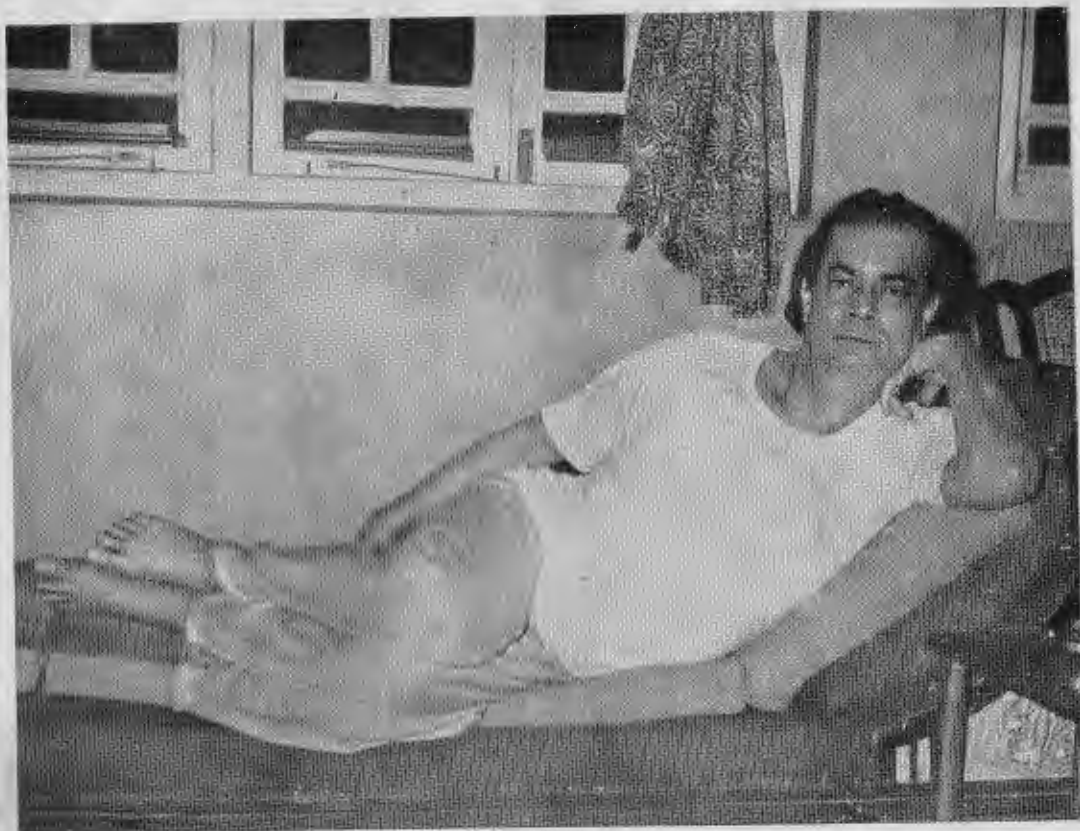
**Mm. Dr. Ananta Krishna Shastri ( Madras )**

Pujya Shri Dadaji ( Mr. Amiya Roychowdhury ) had during his short stay in Madras attracted the attention of people all over the South, including the top intellectuals, politicians, industrialists and judicial personalities and ministers who were overwhelmed with the Divine manifestation of truth and love of which Sri Dadaji gave them a practical experience. Of them Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Ex-President, K. K. Shah, the Chief Justice and a number of Judges and the elites of the Society like Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Srinivasan, Mahamahopadhyay, Dr. Nilkantha Shastri, Dr. Iyyengar, the Chief Secretary Mr. Srinivasan, the members of the Board of Revenue, the renowned Income-Tax practitioner Mr. Mutthu Reddy, Mr. C. S. Bhasker Rao, Bar-at-law and so on, have highly appreciated the scientific truth that Dadaji has established by fact. They were so impressed that they requested Dadaji to extend his stay in Madras so that people can have the enlightenment of a new wisdom which heralds the dawn of a new era on this earth.

According to Dadaji, patience is the only sustenance. To bear with "prarabdha" with patience is the only penance. Dadaji condemns the idea of "gurubad" and says that there is no intermediary between man and God; for, the relations of the soul to the Divine Spirit are so direct that it is profane to seek to interpose helper. The Divine Truth that throbs in the hearts of all individuals reveals itself not through intellectual inquisitiveness or speculations, but through love and love only.

Dadaji asserts that the "Mahanama" which is the verbal realisation of the Supreme Essence in us is the only link that connects the individual with all his gross physical and mental





The Loving Father

drawbacks with the ever-pure Kingdom of Heaven that is immanent within our own consciousness. The transformation of the humanity into a divine life and the gradual unfolding of the dormant psychic world are bound to evolve and Dadaji holds the wisdom to speed up that chapter of evolution.

Practical Self

... on the subject of a few people in a large town in ... the only class of ... Dadaji ...

Miracles over telephone

A Chief Minister ... Dadaji ... The water became ...

## **World of The Occult—The Gurus : true and false**

**Patanjali Sethi**

I SAT on the carpet among a few people in a large room in film star Abhi Bhattacharya's flat. The only piece of furniture, a divan, was meant for Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, known as Bengal's Mahayogi, Pujya Dadaji.

I had heard about the many "miracles" he had performed. Jayaprakash Narain has narrated one in an article. When the Sarvodaya leader had his darshan, Dadaji was wearing only a dhoti. He put his bare hand inside JP's kurta, brought out a wrist-watch and gave it to him. At the touch of his finger on the back of the watch, JP's name appeared. Another touch on the glass-cover produced the name of the watch on the dial.

In the presence of Dinkar, the famous poet, Dadaji made realised a shawl from nowhere and presented it to Dr Gopinath Kaviraj.

### **Miracle over telephone**

A Chief Minister spoke to Dadaji on telephone. His wife under oxygen was dying. "I see no danger," said Dadaji. "Place a cup of water near the telephone receiver." He did so. The water became fragrant. He was told to offer it to his wife. Within 20 minutes she was well.

Dadaji had performed a cure over the telephone.

Dadaji has a great following among film people. But, also among his admirers are Dr Gaurinath Shastri, a known scholar of Sanskrit, Prof Mahindra Narain Shukla of Allahabad University, Biju Patnaik, Prof. Vibhuti Sarkar, poet Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Justice Siddheshwar Singh, Mrs. Sumati Morarji and a few editors.

I was thinking about this when Dadaji entered the room. Everyone stood up. He motioned them to sit down. Tall and

lightskinned, he had a strange look in his eyes. His age was not really known. Some said that he was more than 80 years old. He seemed to be in his fifties.

He took me for a private audience to another room, in which there were a few close associates. He told me that no mortal could be a guru. GOD ALONE WAS THE GURU. The only temple was the human body, in which God resides. Truth was one, mankind was one. The way to self-realisation lay through repetition of MAHANAM with love, devotion and complete surrender to the Almighty.

He motioned to everyone to be left alone with me.

#### **Fragrance of Padmagandha**

He gave me a blank piece of paper and told me to bow before a picture of Sri Satyanarayana. With the paper in one hand, I did so. He took the paper and placed it under my forehead. Two words in Hindi appeared on it. I was given that paper and kept it in my pocket.

As a blessing, he stroked me below my chin. I am assailed by the fragrance of padmagandha. He told me to remember the two words and gave me a picture of Sri Satyanarayana which should be with me always. It is still with me.

#### **When I Examined The Paper Later, It was Blank !**

On a subsequent visit, my wife had the same experience. He also materialised two pens, since I was a writer. There was no trick that I could detect.

Why did he materialise things, if he did not believe in doing so? Dadaji explained: He did not do it to gain followers. Only a few times it all "simply happened without my willing them." It was only to show His love through him. The pens were to bless me in my writing. "My job is not to perform miracles," he asserted. "I have to convey the Almighty's truth."

I have no explanation about my experiences. If there was a trick, I failed to find it.

## No Mortals can be Guru

By VOM Correspondent\*

Dadaji repeatedly says no bodybound persons can be Guru. In this time of distraction from Truth it becomes more and more difficult to live in three worlds, to blend physical, mental and spiritual in a harmonious flow. Life each day seems to demand more of the material world, and the claims of the Gurus, babas, yogis, and priests have confused so many. He believes in simplicity and truth, surrounded by God's love and fragrance. His name is Amiya Roy Chowdhury, lovingly called Dadaji or elder brother by all who know him.

The Truth can only be transmitted by those who have realized it. It can be transmitted, but not received, except from within yourself. Dadaji draws only a few to him, only those that are to be elevated. He gives no performance, no public lectures, accepts no money or gifts and does not permit any institutions, foundations, ashrams or temples to be built in his name.

He speaks to you from within your deepest self. He does not want to see those who are curiosity seekers, looking for new sensations and entertainments. The head and heart must be one; don't force the mind and body. You can not find truth unless the function is free and natural. Concentrate on him. Do your work with joy. This is called spontaneous meditation.

Dadaji refers to the Almighty usually as Him or He, explain that God is neither male nor female, but everything.

Dadaji's religion is of this world—a religion of life. What matters is not ceremonies and rituals, but the spirit of love and remembering the Creator. Dadaji is a simple personality in personal life, solely devoted to truth. He asks his visitors and admirers to try hard to find Truth in a simple, direct and straightforward manner. He also tries to remove the confusions created

by numerous interpretations of the scriptures. He sees in humanity a single entity and does not encourage any schism. He does not claim to be a guru.

Dadaji has revolutionary ideas. He asserts that no man can initiate another and become a guru in this process.

He lives with his wife, daughter and sons to earn his bread. He has to work like any other man. His divine power has attracted a large number of persons of talent and ability. He holds court in the tone and style of a good-nature pater-familias, who derives his authority from the unselfish love that he bears for his children. A national poet, Ram Dhari Singh, says "What Dadaji says is not very revolutionary and can be summed up in a few sentences." Absolute Truth, which he calls "Shri Shri Satyanarayana" is beyond comprehension and no mortal guru can get close to it. The only approach is through love and self-surrender. "The incredible Dada", writes Shri Khushwant Singh. "Dadaji is free from inhibitions. A great childhood is always enjoying itself inside his consciousness, free from the duality of you and me. I met Dadaji in the last month. He spoke very calmly—"I am called Dadaji", he says, "that means elder brother. You are my younger brother, come closer to me. I will give you the supreme name ( Mahanam ) :

Dadaji blesses a person by smearing the latter's chest and forehead with anga-gandh or body aroma by his fingers. Mr. Abhi Bhattacharya, the famous Indian film artist, is Dadaji's travelling companion and assistant. He serves as a translator for Dadaji, amplifying his short and sometimes heavily accented phrases. He is a spiritual person also.

## Encounters With The Occult

Mr. Khuswant Singh

Dadaji comes like a breath of fresh air. He displays occult powers which he disowns. He is a "Godman" but vehemently denounces the cult of Gurus and Godmen by condemning them as charlatans who are misleading humanity. "Expose them!" he exhorted me. "And if you can't do that, get them together through an invitation and let me disprove their pretensions."

When I called on him at the house of actor Abhi Bhattacharya, he placed his hand on my shoulders and made a tingling sensation run through my spine; my body exuded the aroma of a thousand joss-sticks. Then, in front of everyone, he plucked a wristwatch out of my chest. It was Seiko made in Japan. Everyone examined it. Once on my wrist he ran the palm of his hand over it and asked me to look at it again. The word Seiko vanished. Instead it bore my name and the name of the donor, Dadaji. He knew my weakness for whisky. Out of nowhere appeared a bottle of Scotch, the like of which I have never seen. A white porcelain flask entitled "Dreamland whisky", "Made in the Universe", with my name printed at its base. Then a blank paper held in my hand was as suddenly covered with a message in red ink from Sri Sri Satyanarayana.

I am baffled.

Dadaji says that there cannot be any intermediary between man and his God since God resides in every human being. He believes that a mortal cannot be the Guru of another mortal. And where does a Guru get the mantra from? "When Dadaji initiated me," says Dinkar, Ex-Vice-Chancellor of Bhagalpur University, "I heard a mantra ringing in my ear." Dadaji said: "Have I given it to you? The Mahanama has always been ringing in your ears. You have heard it now. You are your own Gurn."

Similar miracles were performed by Dadaji. I was introduced to him by the well-known Indian film star Abhi Bhattacharya. Before the spirit came to possess him, Dadaji was Amiya Roy Chowdhury, a family man with a family business in Calcutta. I met him a few months ago in Bombay and wrote of the meeting in my diary: Dadaji is a tall, light-skinned man who wears his black hair long. His youthful handsomeness belies his seventy years. His eyes have a hypnotic spell-binding power. An aroma known in esoteric circles as the padmagandha (fragrance of the lotus) fills the room.

Dadaji seats himself on the divan and beckons to me. I shuffle up and sit beside his legs. He tries to fix me in a kindly but hypnotic stare. He wants to know why I have come to see him. I tell him of my lack of faith, my disbelief in the existence of God.

Dadaji raises his right hand in the air, and, on his palm lying open and empty before me, appears a medallion with an image of an elderly man. "It is Sri SatyaNarain's gift to you," assures Dadaji. A little later my name appears embossed on the medallion—and then a gold chain to wear it. He runs his fingers in my beard and my entire frame exudes the fragrance of the lotus flower. Dadaji summarises his teachings in a few words: There is no Guru—everyone must be his own teacher. Men like him guide disciples along the right path, give them faith and courage and abide with them. He is a monist.



## A New Experience

**Dr. Harekrushna Mahatab\***

"I am the measure of all men and things!" That was virtually the key-note of my life. I myself was my protocol and no authority was ever insuperable. Softness was sickness, obedience, emotionalism, an orgy of infantilism; and aggressive self-assertion was the only manly virtue. The only sermon that I had any regard for was that of 'Abhi' or fearlessness. Naturally, the ritual of devotional worship and emotional abandon was anathema to my inner self.

I was sure that the cult of emotional abandon propagated by Sri Chaitanya emasculated the martial race of the Oriyas and made them spineless fatalists. I thought I was cut out for casting aside this festering humility of self-abnegating emotionalism and I carved out for myself a socio-political plank, which grew in dimension with the march of time, with a view to revitalising the fallen race and rehabilitating it to its past pedestal of glory in the comity of Indian races. I thought I was the banner of the people, their struggle and their victory. And even my sworn enemy would not deny me the privilege of achieving my aspirations to a great extent. But gradually the ego faced the challenge of eternal Truth that man is not the sole authority over his destiny; there is someone above who directs all his affairs. This challenge began to work steadily in my consciousness and I was in search of some evidence of the truth of the challenge.

Some of my colleagues asked me to meet a gentleman, Sri Amiya Ray Chowdhury, popularly known as 'Dadaji', when he was at Bhubaneswar. I met him with a sceptical mind. I was offered a chair to sit on. Seated, I looked straight into his

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*Ex—Governor, Maharashtra, Ex—Chief Minister,*

*Govt. of Orissa.*

mysterious eyes ; they were full of mysteries, though penetrating and bewitching. I was not myself if I did not examine him thoroughly. But he was on the crest of time and sped through time and in the space of a few odd minutes I felt being out of my depth. He exhibited a few miracles and let me hear and visualise the Mahanam. Yet he claimed being nobody in the matter. He was simply an affectionate elder brother. No Guru was he, nor even indirectly instrumental in this give-and-take affair of Mahanam. Nor was there really any such affair of give-and-take. For the Mahanam is constantly being chanted within us and we have been born with it. That we have forgotten it through our egoistic mentality is the root cause of all our misery.

Our only duty is to bear with patience 'Prarabdha' and to do our duty steadfastly ; Nothing is to be shunned or practised to get back to our eternal nature which is perfect equipoise ; The institutions of asceticism and gurudom are but abject means of exploitation of the gullible people ; No human being, a thing of the dust, can ever be a Guru ; It is Satya-Narayan God, the Eternal Truth who is the only Guru—the utterances of that quizzical man.

**I have somehow chanced upon an omnibus of God's entire creation.** Since I once felt like being the measure of all men, I may say even now that Dadaji is a great spiritual leader of our age. He is a great propounder of the Eternal Truth. **He is one with nature and what is beyond it.** I am sure, I have lost irremediably my old, familiar ego and have been smuggled into a new experience where submission is strength and selfabnegation is self-assertion. **Dadaji seems to me to be that Eternal unruffled equipoise where thought expires in experience.**

## A Glimpse of Dadaji— Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Gopinath Kaviraj Speaks out

Nani Gopal Banerjee\*

Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Gopinath Kaviraj is undoubtedly the most erudite authority of encyclopaedic dimensions on the vast cultural heritage of our country. A gigantic bibliophile, who possibly has no reckonable compeer in recorded history, he is, on top of it, a Mahayogi. And celebrated Saints and Swamis, Babas and Bhagwans dance attendance on him to hear his discourses and to secure his seal of approval for their fancied spiritual experiences,—a picture of a Vedavyasa of the modern age. This savant knows Dadaji for a very long time and his deep love and affection for our beloved Dadaji knows no bounds. Earlier he knew Dadaji as AmiyaBaba and then in other disguised forms, turning turtle the apple-cart of spiritual merchandise of the self-styled godmen. But, differences between the two soon came to the surface, owing to the vitriolic tirades of Dadaji against gurudom and traditional spirituality, resulting in Dadaji's quitting Banaras for a long time. Subsequently, however, in 1970 Dadaji chose to visit Banaras and the great Kaviraj was this time fully denuded of his traditional obsessions; he got Mahanam and was merged in the divine grace of Dadaji. Ever since then he has been a silent votary of Dadaji in the alcove of his heart. Naturally, when such a great savant speaks on Dadaji, it must needs be heeded like an Oracle. And I was long tickled by a curiosity to get to know his attitude towards Dadaji.

Before long an opportunity came in August, 1973. On my way back to Calcutta from Lucknow, where I had gone on some official work, I fortunately got an opportunity to drop at Varanasi

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and to meet Dr. Kavirajji in the ashram of Ma Anandamayee. The moment he realised I would talk Dadaji with him he was in an orgy of emotion. His cheeks and eyes flushed and instantly he asked all present to go out of the room. Now the room was left to myself and Kavirajji only, and I felt myself being a confidante between Dadaji and the great Kaviraj. Now I asked him a few questions about Dadaji and sought clarification from him. With great affection, Dr. Kavirajji illuminated me with his lucid exposition on the main facets of Sri Dadaji's manifestation in this Kaliyuga. In what follows I have tried to reproduce the words of Dr. Kavirajji as far as practicable.

25th August, 1973—It was in the evening that I met Dr. Kavirajji after a gap of long forty years. When I was introduced to him, he asked me to sit before him. I expressed my earnest desire to him to know a few things on Dadaji. In reply he said : "Amiya Baba (Dadaji) alone possesses in himself the Infinite world of the Supreme Wisdom, lying far beyond and above the reach of human mind and intellect. He himself is Rama, "The Supreme Divine". I tell you, whatever happens before your eyes in this physical nature is subject to the Divine will of Amiya Baba (Dadaji). Without his will, even the minutest of the particles in this universe has no power to move an inch. So far I have been able to follow him, in this age he is the living embodiment of that Ineluctable, Infinite and Eternal Truth. The time will soon come when the whole world will accept the path of Amiya Baba (Dadaji). He has opened my eyes and granted me the boon of a new understanding, a new comprehension of the Truth—real and eternal."

That evening I took leave of Dr. Kavirajji after this much of talk, as he was feeling indisposed.

26th August, 1973—Next morning I again met Dr. Kavirajji seeking his opinion on the supernatural phenomena displayed by Sri Dadaji. Kavirajji said : "What is there our Amiya Baba cannot do ? He governs the fourteen worlds with a wave of his fingers and can create million, billion and trillion universes in a second at his will. The multiple manifestations

of Dadaji at the same time at different places defy rational explanation. This is the result of his absolute identification with the Virat Aham or the Infinite Pure I-consciousness which means the resting of all objective experience within the Self. This is also known as Svatantrya or Sovereignty of Will, the basic cause of everything and lordship. In a moment it brings about the emanation, maintenance and dissolution of the universe. It is by the Great Will of this Virat Aham that Dadaji becomes seen at different places at the same time for doing human welfare. Moreover, the brilliant manifestations of Dadaji in exquisite beauty and perfection have no parallel and all these are only the external exposition of the minutest fringe of his potentiality. These he displays to convince the atheists and sceptics of the Supreme Divine Force. These are his credentials before mankind to make the establishment of the Truth easier,—not for his own publicity. Of course, he is the master-artist in this creation and the striking point here is that he is absolutely unattached to its credit or discredit. Rather, performing them he immediately declares that these are also extraneous, having nothing to do with any realisation of the inner divinity.

27th August, 1973—This morning when I met Dr. Kaviraji, he had very little time to spare. He spoke only a few words in reply to my question bearing on our duty towards the Divine Grace of Dadaji already bestowed on us.

Kaviraji said: "The MAHANAMA which you have received in the presence of Sri Dadaji is, in fact, the Truth or SRI SRI SATYANARAYANA Himself. And Amiya Baba (Dadaji) is the living embodiment of that Truth. Since the Mahanama comes direct from the Divine source, it is the highest manifestation of the Para Vak. It is most efficacious in bringing about liberation or Self-realization. On the contrary, mantras given by the mortal gurus in the ears of the seeker manifest at the stage of Vaikhari Vak, i.e. the stage of empirical thought and speech. Since these are creations of mind, it can never help the seeker transcend the limitations of mind and ego.

You should follow the path shown by Dadaji who knows the Absolute Truth in perfect identity with himself. Only intellectual inquisitiveness and discussions will never reveal the Truth. After a life-long ransacking of scriptures in quest of Truth, I realise now that my gigantic efforts have been of no avail. For, the scriptures are full of psycho-physical make-believe, displaying an egoistic hierarchy of spiritual values ill-conceived and are definitely a caricature of Truth,— at best an *anukara*, a 'Vilma' of the Truth Eternal. Not only that ; now I realise from the depth of my being that they shut out the Truth from us. AmiyaBaba alone knows the Truth ; he is the Truth. How fortunate you are ! You can meet him whenever you like. But, on my word, don't be arguing with him. On the contrary, be calm and keep steadfast gaze on him and, I assure, you get everything in unruffled fullness. Therefore, try to remember the Mahanam in every walk of life with faith, love and complete surrender so that you may proceed towards the ultimate goal under the guidance of Dadaji."

I was dazed ; I was acutely dumb. And the egoistic grains of my being timidly murmured : So this is our Dadaji, my one-time Amiyababu, past all computation of the greatest savant of the world !

I was out of my depth ; and like a pricked balloon, I took leave of Dr. Kavirajji paying my respectful gratitude. He expressed his ardent desire again and again to have a darshan of Amiya Baba ( Dadaji ). I was overwhelmed with a strange sensation and conveyed his request to Dadaji as soon as I came back to Calcutta. And Dadaji wore all but an inscrutable smile,— Silence overflowing into the frigid Silence.

## The Elder Brother

Dr. P. V. S. Rao\*

Amidst a relaxed group of 20 to 30 men and women, young and old, seated all around him on carpets a tall elderly figure, half-reclining on a simple diwan and smiling indulgently at a something one of them said—this is the scene one walks into when one goes to see Dadaji. It could well be a large joint family anywhere in India—gathered around the head of the house, secure in his love for them and in his concern for their well-being. The visitor touches his feet, a sight common enough in the more traditional families—is gathered into his arms and there is a brief conversation—Dadaji asking him after his welfare, his palms lightly resting on the visitor's back. For these few moments there are just the two of them—no one and nothing else. The others shift ever so slightly to accommodate him; the newcomer sits down and becomes part of the group.

Respect, rapport and reverence; yes, but there is no distance, fear or barrier between Dadaji and his folk. Rather unusual for a holy man though, Dadaji is no Guru in the ordinary sense. He is Dadaji—elder brother to them—and you can demand a helping hand from your elder brother whenever you falter, even lean on him for support when you need it. You love him and are loved in return. You don't have to prostrate yourself and beg for mercy or kindness. You take it for granted. The congenial scene you are part of somehow conveys this message to you; words are not really necessary.

Dadaji does not need many words to come through to you; often he does not need any at all; his smile is eloquent enough. Child-like in its purity and spontaneity, it is good-natured, knowing and tolerant an acknowledgement of the message that he reads in your eyes without your having to try to articulate

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it. He sees you and through you he understands and does ; not disapprove. Sadness there is in the depths of those eyes—they must have seen enough of it all around ; also hope, dedication and trust.

You are one of the many around him—and yet you feel you have a special bond or link with him—a special private channel of communication. Each time his eyes meet yours, they lock and the smile lights up but momentarily and it is as if he shares a private joke with you and you feel his nearness even more than you ever did before.

He is a man of few words. His discourses—if that is the word for them—are not torrents that swamp you ; they are thimblefuls of claret that you linger over and savour at length and at leisure. His brevity has its own richness—you see two, three or even more ways of interpreting what he said. Perhaps each listener sees in those words the interpretation or interpretations that are just right for him. Perhaps his brevity is intended to compensate for the specificity of language and to convey a personalised message to each of his many listeners.

He does not support Guruwada. You don't need intermediaries in your relationship with God or self-styled God-men who live in air-conditioned luxury at the expense of their so-called disciples. He emphasises that he is not a guru or a religious leader. He does not demand or even accept money or gifts. He is the elder brother, his aim is to be with you to listen to your problems, to give you advice when you need it to tide you over when the going is difficult ; in some sense, to show you the way when you falter or flounder.

You find answers to your questions without even asking them. Is renunciation necessary for salvation ? Dadaji is a family man. He lives with his wife and children, and works for a living,—he smokes and does not object to an occasional drink.

He does not encourage elaborate rituals, pilgrimages or even visiting temples as a routine. God is not in temples and holy places alone ; He is in you and all around you. Doing



your assigned duty with all your heart is the best way of dedicating yourself to Him.

Repeated recitation of a mantra—a holy name—is the essence of Hindu religious liturgy ; the Gura initiates a devotee into this. Dadaji however does not do this. When your time comes, you are called into an inner room and you kneel down in front of a picture of Sri Satyanarayana—the personification of Truth. Dadaji's fingers pass over so lightly on your spine, and the holy name—the Mahanam—appears in red in the language that you can read on the paper in your hand and a delicate fragrance fills the room. You kneel down again and the paper in your hand turns plain. Dadaji rests his thumb on your chest and the fragrance on your clothes and your body stays on for hours, even days.

Does he work miracles ? He gives you a gift of a book and asks you "Shall I write your name on it ?" "Please" you say and look around for a pen. "Don't bother" he says, opens the book to the first page, moves his finger over it, closes the book and gives it to you. You open it and find your name and Dadaji's signature on it.

If you stay near Dadaji for any length of time at all, you will surely hear of many more events which cannot be explained using the laws of Science as we know them. Of Dadaji, dressed only in a brief lower garment and with his upper body bare, causing a wristwatch to materialise in his open palm in the presence of a number of persons including scientists of world standing and presenting it to the Director of the Smithsonian Institution, an American scientist of repute ; of the trade mark and the "Made in Switzerland" getting replaced by the name of Sri Satyanarayana and "Made in Universe" while the watch is in the hands of the recipient ; of the name of Sri Satyanarayana appearing on a golden pendant worn under her blouse by the ( American ) wife of that scientist ; of the Mahanam appearing all over the body of a devotee ; of half of the sky getting overcast with drizzling clouds, while the other half stays clear, after a wave of Dadaji's hand, on a bright clear day in Bombay ; of the

weather clearing up for just long enough for a plane to take off after all hopes are given up about the flight operating; of a major mechanical failure which occurred in an aircraft in the air (with Dadaji as a passenger), correcting itself after the pilot practically gives up hope and the aircraft landing safely as scheduled—these are but a few. Is one to believe them? Yes—unless one goes to the extent of doubting the veracity and objectivity of the experiences of a large number of highly educated men, many of whom are trained scientists of world standing, and luminaries in the legal profession who have been eye-witnesses and participants. They were skeptics themselves at the beginning. The persons around Dadaji accept them as miracles. To them, these are part of daily life. They are no longer surprised or awed by them.

“Miracles? they are nothing” says Dadaji, with his usual economy of words, disposing off the topic with a small wave of his hand, when I ask him what these are, and why they are necessary. He adds “For you, they are not necessary. You will know in other ways”. On another occasion, he says “you scientists call them coincidences”, with a twinkle in his eye. That day he called me to meet Dr. Datta, a scientist of repute, who was the Chairman of the International Solar Energy Conference held in India in January, 1978. I was wondering as to why Dr. Datta had not shown up yet when Dadaji himself says, “Dr. Datta is not here? He said he was coming, did he not?” with what appeared to be mild concern. There is a brief pause for a second or two and in walks Dr. Datta. “A coincidence,” Dadaji says and smiles. The whole group bursts out laughing! This, I am told, happens ever so often.

Dadaji is openly anxious to reach out to people, to instill belief in them and to win their confidence. He usually asks one of the persons present, “Tell them about what happened that day,” referring to a specific occurrence or event—and you are regaled to hear of an incident such as the ones mentioned above. Or he gives you an article written by a man of renown, a leading scientist, a Chief Justice of India or the Editor of a popular

newspaper. They have all come and seen him and have written of him, including the philosopher-President of India, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.

A businessman from Orissa underwent abdominal surgery a few days earlier and Dadaji went and saw him that day. In the evening he telephones him, asks him how he feels and says to him, "Talk to Dr. Rao who comes from your parts and is here" and gives me the receiver. And he says to me "Ask him what happened today". And the patient himself tells me over the phone how much in pain he was and how hopelessly confined to bed. A visit by Dadaji who lightly passed his hand over the area and he feels much better. "Ninety percent of my pain is gone and I could get up by myself and go all the way to the bath room without any assistance", he tells me over the phone.

The skeptic might be tempted to call it ego and self-promotion. But would not any sincere medical man freely tell his patients of the past cures he has effected, merely to gain the patients' confidence and thus to bring about a faster recovery?

Dadaji has a soft corner for Scientists. He says their research is Tapas or Sadhana and a search for knowledge and truth. He respects the fact that they are trained to be objective—to not let their personal beliefs and interests colour their outlook or attitude.

To be in his presence is comforting, to say the least—the relaxed atmosphere, the feeling of brother-hood and his genuine concern for you and your problems.

The world is a better place because of him.

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**The Epilogue**  
**The Obiter Dictum of Kala—the**  
**funeral of the alter-ego**

**Miss Rama Mukherji, M. A.**

There are surely more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. But, that it would one time be demonstrated in imperious impetuosity with flourish of cornets on my own person was all beyond me. Strange are the ways of Providence and stranger still are those of Dadaji. For, it was Dadaji himself who fondly piloted me to that country where dawned that fateful day of my life, exhibiting him in true colour and in flying colours, of a surety. And it was verily an eye-opener for me. And I often wonder since then if darkness must hold in ransom the nursling of light before it can flood the world. But, let me to the scene of the ding-dong battle straightaway.

In June, 1978 Dadaji embarked on a tour of the U. K. Germany and the U. S. A. Dadaji reached London on June 2 and had to stay there, willy-nilly, for well over a fortnight. I was fortunate enough to accompany Dadaji to the U. K. and the U. S. A. But, a smile of fortune is often flanked by a frown of Nemesis. 'Fair is foul and foul is fair!' yes, was it that grim? Was it come from the witch's cauldron of my alter-ego? yes, I was hijacked into an incidence unforgettable which will speak for itself.

We were staying in London at the house of Mr. Jagadish Singh at III, Ellesmere Road, Dellis Hill. As usual, I was in charge of Dadaji's cooking in which I always prided as though it were my special prerogative. It was about 10 A. M. on June 5 and I had already prepared the lunch for Dadaji. Now Mrs. Surinder Singh fondly decided to take me out for shopping.

So out we went in a car which was being driven by Mrs. Singh herself. Dadaji had been warning me time and again right from our emplaning from Delhi against going out anywhere without his permission. But, he was busy with a huge crowd being conducted to Mahanama. So we silently left, giving him the slip apparently, and visited two shops. But, the articles over there were not to my liking. Mrs. Singh, therefore, decided to take me to a supermarket up the highway. So, we got into the car again. But, right from then I was enveloped by a dense black-out of my memory, sweeping me off my identity even, possibly as a boon, which lasted for at least three following weeks. What I shall narrate now is what I heard later from others and what I had experienced unconsciously.

Mrs. Singh was having a left-handed drive up the highway to get at the supermarket. But, within seconds of our start, our car ran head-on into a big truck loaded with steel pipes projecting out of it. Time was stalled; the entire existence around was in a whirligig. The car was a hopeless wreck; the roof and the windscreen came down on both of us with a gigantic thud. The forepart of the car went spiralling into the truck and all the doors were jammed.

The ambulance and the police were informed by the men on the street. They managed to break open an outlet in the car and to take us out somehow. Mrs. Singh somehow went to the nearby telephone booth and informed her husband of the gruesome accident. It was really a feat to salvage my inert body from the sea of wreckage. My skull was fractured and went whizzing upside down. The wiper of the car was planted deep into my vocal chord. My left palm was seriously damaged. The entire facial plateau was sharply tattooed with cuts and my left eyeball darted out on my chin to fathom its injuries. The windscreen glass worked further havoc on my neck and under my chin. Mrs. Singh also had cuts and bruises and a major fracture at the collar bone. We were at once rushed to the Middlesex hospital and were taken good care of. On the 5th and 6th June I was kept on observation at

the emergency ward. Dadaji was informed of my near-dying condition. He only calmly exclaimed in a low voice, "Has he come to London to preside over the passing away of this girl?"

On the 7th June my eye was operated upon and the eyeball was set back into the cavity. My skull, neck and chin were stitched through and through,—a gala procession of stitches, nearly two score of them. Dadaji had on that date gone to the hospital and had persuaded the surgeon in charge not to use anaesthesia. But, he was not allowed to be in the operation theatre. He kept standing all the while by the closed door, raising his right palm stretched upwards. And I had no feeling of needling my body. I wonder even now how it could happen at all.

So since then I seemed like convalescing. But, on the 9th June, blood started gushing out through the stitches of my skull and I was fast collapsing. Doctors despaired of me who could survive at the most for another twenty minutes. So they informed Mr. Singh of my dying condition with a request to take delivery of my corpse from the morgue. And to confirm the despair of the doctors, I saw a vision. I saw myself lying bandaged all over on a bed, with tubes fitted to my body. A little later, I found myself standing beside my bed, whole and perfectly normal. I wondered how it could be possible,—two myselfes; one lying on bed and the other standing beside it! Of a sudden, I felt a tremendous push. I felt as though some unseen power was forcibly impinging me upon my other body on the bed from behind. I felt so frightened I could not look back. But now I am sure that had I looked back, I would have seen Dadaji amidst a flood of light. Any way I felt being pushed back into a very dark,—or is it blinded by light?—and cool region inside my body on the bed.

The gary glee of blood-letting sacrament was over of a sudden enigmatically to the utter undoing of the doctors. It was all beyond the computation of medical science. And I came back to life again. But, how? That is a story behind

the curtain which reads like a thriller. Mr. Harvey Freeman of La Center, Washington, who is an ardent follower of Dadaji, was informed of the fatal accident and he decided to rush to London by the next plane. So he sped for the nearby airport along with his wife, himself driving the car. Suddenly he saw a vision. He saw he was driving along a street in Boston and there far off from him stood Dadaji, being assailed by dark masses of clouds from every direction. His nerves seemed to fail him. But, then, he saw such a gruesome sight that, for Heaven's sake, he would not divulge to anybody. He was acutely dizzy, the entire world seemed to gyrate at the velocity of light around him. With petrified animation he guided his wife to the steering and sank into exasperated somnolence of attunement. He took the next flight, reached London and rushed to the house of Mr. Singh. He reached the doorstep to find Dadaji standing there to receive him. And what sort of Dadaji? Jet-black through and through. And this was an objective fact. For, all the people over there saw him thus all through the day. 'Death—mask', muttered Harvey to himself. Mr. Kulwant Singh of Dinlo, brother to Mrs. Singh had arrived earlier from Amman. And before Harvey's arrival, he entreated Dadaji to cancel his programme at Germany on the morrow. But, Dadaji thundered out, "He is going for His work; nothing can stop His work."

A little later, Harvey, Kulwant and others visited the hospital to find me in Ward II, making much headway on the track of life. Dadaji left for Germany on the morrow and stayed there for one and half days, while we were fast recovering. Mrs. Singh's fracture, which results in paralysis, was made whole shortly. I was released from the hospital after seven days and stayed in London for three more days. Then we went to the U.S.A. People said, I was normal by then except for complete loss of memory, shutting out even Dadaji's identity from me. But, in two days I got back my memory except for those two-score fateful days.

I realise now that this horrid affair was woven into the

fabric of Dadaji's tour programme. On one side, it was the triumph of Dadaji and truth. And on the other, it was the obiter dictum of Kala,—the funeral of my alter-ego. My hearse has been the rehearsal lobby of Mahanama for the world around.