

On Dadaji

Volume V

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Editorial Note

The Editors consider it a special privilege to be able to place this historic volume (No. 5) "On Dadaji" before the reading public. Certain features add uniqueness to this Collection on Dadaji. Up to-date the Dadaji Collections fall into two phases: the pre-1978 and post-1978 Collections. The Volume IV, appearing in 1978, marked a parting of the ways, as Dadaji's Overseas Mission of carrying the Message of Truth to the Western World commenced from that date.

Since then eminent Scientists including Nobel laureates like Dr. Linus Pauling, Dr. Paul Berg, Dr. Arneberg, Dr. Prigogine, to name a few, have contributed highly illuminating articles on the various aspects of Dadaji's personality and his Philosophy of Truth and Love.

In the present Volume, Dadaji may appear to the reading public as a phenomenon rather than an individual. It would be unworthy, however, to suggest that Dadaji indulges in self-publicity. He never speaks for and about himself, as he considers himself "Nobody." On the other hand, his Himalayan personality and fathomless Ocean of Love have electrified the civilized world to speak out what they see and feel and think about this "World Citizen". The writing on the wall indicates that even during his own life time, the world has accepted Dadaji's Philosophy of Truth and Message of Love. This is an unprecedented phenomenon in the spiritual world. Dadaji's life itself serves as a beckon light.

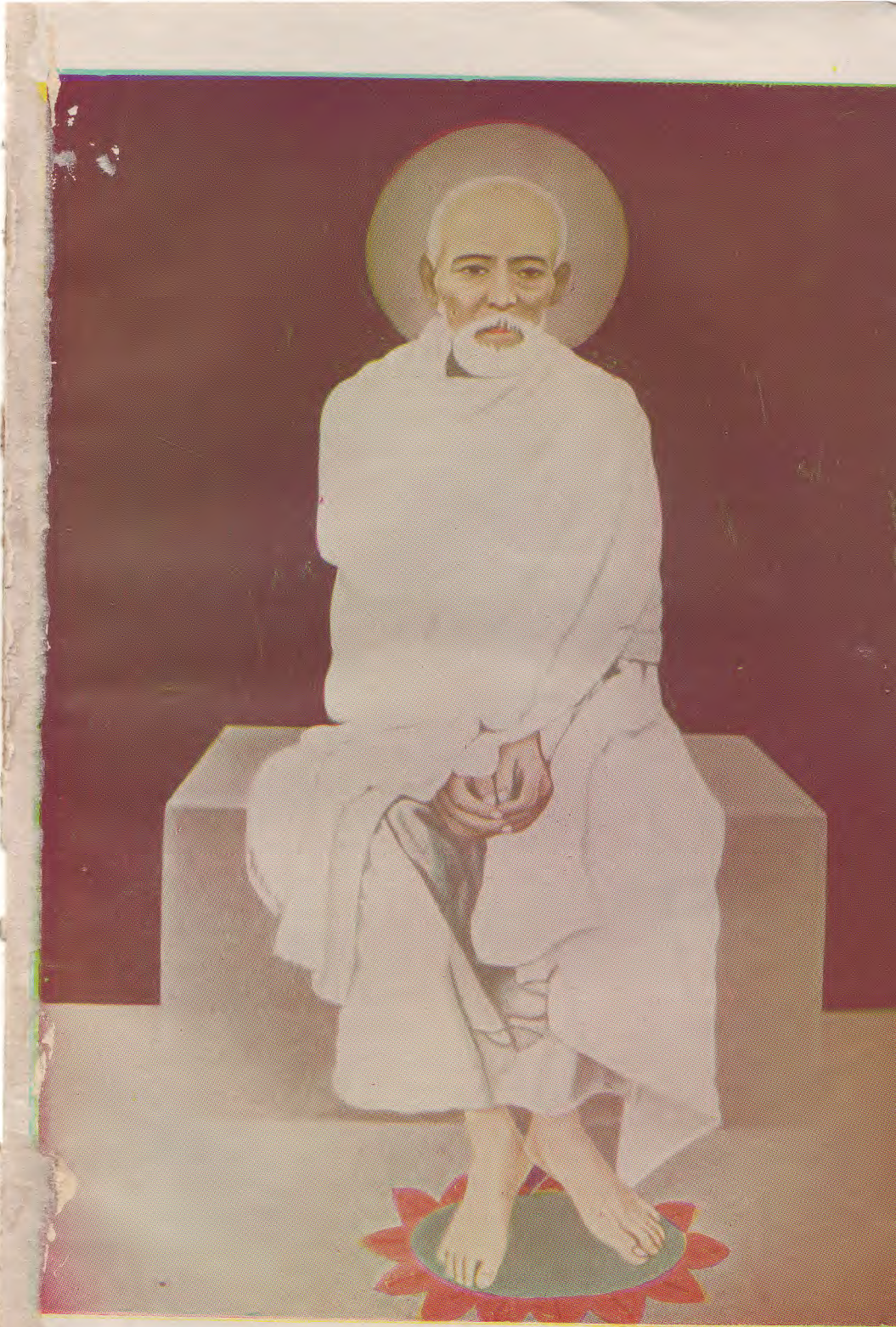
The articles in the respective Sections have been the matically organised as far as practicable.

The Volume, it is earnestly believed, contains enough materials for future researchers to plunge deeper and work on a faithful and scientific biography of Dadaji, for which

time is ripe. According to one of the scholars, "Dadaji has not come to repeat history ; on the contrary, he is out to create history."

Dr. N. L. Sen, the chief-Editor, had to leave for the United States when this Volume went to the Press. The mantle of the Editorial job thus fell on the other members of the Editorial Board. Dr. Sen has, however, contributed the Glossary, besides one article in this Volume. The Sayings of Dadaji at the end of the Volume render the same instructive. The Editors acknowledge with gratitude all efforts that have made the Volume what it is.

Thanks are due to the Proprietress of M/S Byabosa-o-Baniya Press for bringing out the Volume in time.



Sri Sri Satyanarayan

Foreword

1978 has rolled imperceptibly into 1982. "Imperceptibly", indeed. For, we do see nothing. We seem to see and experience the so-called hard facts of our life, the sea of changes that have occurred in and around us during this short period of four years. But, as Dadaji asserts, we see only hollow shadows. Our eyes are rebels, our mind an usurper. Could we really see the truth, we would have been, in spite of ourselves, wooed by the gripping grace of the stallion strides of the Divine manifestations across the global amphitheater. Divinity manifests itself through space and time in order that we may be deluged by its baptismal flow in the ups and downs of our life,—in our hectic activity and in our brute repose. We, however, have failed miserably. But, there are a few associates of Dadaji who feel space and time as an expansion of Love-Integer. Being themselves parts and parcels, rather molecules, of that Love-spasm, they also cannot see. There is yet another group of associates of Dadaji, who, like Wordsworth's Skylark, being 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home', can well see the march of Truth on the space-time canvas of their conscious existence. They see matter as matter and yet see it being constantly sanctified by the spirit. And from the worldly point of view, they are the real impressarios of Dadaji's Divine play. If they call for another volume, a volume V of 'On Dadaji', none can cry it down as an egoistic effort or a routine performance.

Indeed, the time is quite ripe for such a volume. Articles came pouring in from different corners of the world with the passage of time and they are now being embodied in a shapely volume. The previous volume stands witness to how galaxies of philosophers and

scientists headed by Dr. Radhakrishnan, Mm. Dr. Srinivasan and Dr. Merriam, Dr. Brian Schaller, Dr. William H. Klein, Dr. Kobalenco, to name only a few and saints of the stature of Sankaracharya of Conjeevaram, Ramanujacharya, Ramdas Paramahansa, Brahmananda Paramahansa, Mahamandaleswar Krishnananda Paramahansa (the great Babas, Acharyas and Yogis not being excepted) have been negotiated to Mahanama with a song. But, thereafter Dadaji had been five times to Europe and to America and several times to Bombay, Delhi and Chandigarh. And giants of men like Henri Miller, Linus Pauling, Michael Holroyd, Peter Meyer-Dohm, the Great Lama, the Sankaracharya of Sringeri have since submitted to Dadaji's loving embrace. And Harvey Freeman stands there like a colossus as a link between the two epochs of Divine Display. So, it is desirable on all counts that a new volume, embodying the experiences and granite convictions of these topmost intellectuals, should soon see the light of the day, delighting love's fancy-fair in the hearts of all.

We express our inability to make room for all the articles at hand. Even in the same breath we are sorry we could not get articles from much-expected quarters. Sincerest thanks are due to our Abhida, Mr. Abhi Bhattacharya, draped in the saffron fragrance of Dadaji's joyous spate, whose untiring zeal in any Dadaji affair has enabled us to have the manuscripts at our disposal. Though living in Bombay, he is never apart from Dadaji. He is, in fact, another name for Dadaji in a matter-of-course key. And our Pitaji, that Octogenarian Kamdar? He is the salt of all knowledgable earthiness, epitomising as he does the Rajarshi Janaka of Purana fame, and has been lending savour to all the Dadaji activities of the Brotherhood. The editor feels no compulsion to crave the indulgence of the readers the world over. For, he knows that he himself has been edited by Dadaji and he rises or falls with him. Can Dadaji ever have a fall except for this volume being an autumnal fall of Dadaji himself?

The Editor

IMMORTAL SAYINGS OF DADAJI

- * Divine Name (Rama) is the Only Path.
- * The mortal being can never be a Guru by any means, God Himself is the Only Guru.
- * Patience results in strength.
- * Bliss comes through energy.
- * Wisdom leads to Virtue-Moral Excellence.
- * Complete surrender To Supreme Being leads to Emancipation (मुक्ति) Realisation (प्राप्ति) Salvation (उद्धार).
- * Divine Grace will descend spontaneously as soon as you will be bereft of your Ego.
- * When your heart will be void of anything, then and then only the Divine Will fill your heart.

(When we requested Dad.ji for his message, he asked for a piece of paper. Then he stood up, remained silent for a few minutes. We found his message written in red ink on that blank piece of paper by invisible hand.)

Introduction : Part V On Dadaji

I have been afforded the privilege of writing this introduction. My hope is that it will inspire you to search for and find your own true being.

Scientists generally believe that in this modern age of computer science, all technological, biological and information pertaining to all the sciences is readily available.

From this general fund of accumulated knowledge and information, proven and unproven, we go ahead in our specialized field and bit by bit, sometimes patiently sometimes impatiently, try to solve the mysteries of Creation of the Universe itself. On occasions our work is rewarded by a breakthrough, by uncovering some aspect of the creative process. These breakthroughs we hope as dedicated scientists will always benefit humankind and make the load of life easier and more pleasant and healthful.

We are sorry to say that this is not always the case. For each benefit of discovery, there is also a detrimental force. We see that utilization is the vital factor.

One is nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize or one is awarded this same honour and prize for the dedication of time and energy for the benefit of their fellow human beings. Often the final outcome is one of destruction. This Nobel Peace Prize was founded by a man, Alfred Nobel, the one who discovered the most highly explosive and combustible combination of elements in his time. This explosive can be used to cut tunnels through mountains, and rocky areas for roadways, thus saving so many man hours of toil. Yet, its main purpose was to kill and cripple more men, women, and children, and destroy more property than ever before in history.

We in the world of the physical sciences are too limited. We grope in the darkness and semi-darkness.

Some of us have been blessed by a Grace descending in the form of one called Dadaji. His science is the science of Truth, His laboratory is the laboratory of Love, His gift is of God, and His prize is truly the noblest of all Peace Prizes.

He opens up to the world of science incredible and immense possibilities. We have strayed so far from the simplicity of the Creator itself. We have become so complex in compounding our formulas, proving them and in a few moments disproving them.

How does one from the world of my scientific training and professional capacity see this man of miracle, who by His touch changes basic elemental structure, water to fragrant perfume, cancerous cell tissue to healthy tissue. We say seeing is believing, but this is not so, for I have seen, my worldly eyes have given witness to these phenomenal happenings of Dadaji. My mind cannot fathom how these-things occur, yet my heart takes wing and soars with this new found Truth within, that Dadaji has revealed as Mahanam.

A greater love we cannot know, for at that moment I asked that He marry me, merge with me, and never leave. He smiled, touched me with His Fragrance and said you are my wife, my lover, my sister. I am in you, you are in me, we cannot be separated.

The marriage took place, Science and Truth were united. Knowledge and wisdom had joined, reward was no longer a Nobel Prize, the laureate was of Love. How wonderful it is to now view the One from which all stems, to see all emanating from the main source. How difficult it was before, to try to trace all the forms back to their origins.

What can I give you Dadaji, I asked, what may I do for you in return for this gift of God that you have bestowed upon me. Bathed in the bright sunlight of the Malibu day, He said finally, there is no question of giving or taking. Nothing to give, nothing to take. Dadaji can do nothing. Do not be Dadaji's disciple. Remember God, listen to

Mahanam, take Name always, do your duty and enjoy His creation.

You have already done more than enough. You have in a moment gone from being a top-most scientist to being a top-most lover of God the Almighty, the super above all scientists.

Dadaji's science of the absolute is never destructive, except in the sense of exploding myth, superstition, limitation and the charlatan nature of organized religion and professional godmen and religionists. This science is always constructive. It gives the world scientist a great clue as to the secret way to tap the unlimited, unknown, unpublished world of creation. Perhaps if we had instrumentation to measure and find out who Dadaji is, and what His powers are attributed to, we could read into the embryo of life itself.

In conclusion, I give thanks that my consciousness has not been broadened by the Dadaji experience, to give me more worldly knowledge. I have been given a glimpse into the limitless, infinite, and transcendent consciousness of the One Almighty God. Dadaji says language is one, yet our scientific community speaks with a terminology sounding so impressive. We speak of protons, neutrons, atoms, bioplasma, protoplasma, catalytic equations, and today we are speaking of limbic brain areas and biofeedback.

Dadaji's language is all encompassing. He says *LOVE* is the answer to unlock the secret of secrets, the mystery of mysteries. Perhaps His word is actually a scientific equation :

$$\text{Love} + \text{Omniscience} + \text{Veracity} + \text{Energy} = \text{GOD}$$

Message of Satyanarayana

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 Omkara Brahma worship, are but a semblance of the 'Hamsa' of the Sanatana 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 syllabus, 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-chakra, Bhuta suddhi, Asana-suddhi, Pancha 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 geometrization, 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-lila which this world displays. Vraja-lila is symbolised by copulation,—moving to and fro to the opposite poles like a pendulum, the characteristic of duality 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 undifferented 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 Mahajana. Penance is necessary for existence in this world and not for Him. Dadaji is the complete repudiation of egohood. 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-lila, shaking off desires and obsessions. You are Purnakumbha. Let this consciousness dawn upon you from within. Be always in a state of Svabhava (nature) free from all sense of want.

SRI SRI SATYANARAYANA

How fortunate is man ! Why, maya itself is his fortune, —the treasure-trove. No, not the ill-conceived maya of the illusionist. Maya is manifestation ; and all manifestation is self-expression of Ananda. Maya is the protocol of the Infinite in Its joyous spate into finitude. The invariable constant of the entire pageantry of manifest existence, it is the brick and mortar of the circorama the world is. It is the necessary bill of exchange for the concretisation, individuation of the Infinite. It is maya that gives form to the amorphous, defines the indefinable and sustains the self-identity of all discrete existence. It is your hidden treasure, —unacknowledged, though inalienable and ineffable. If you deny it, you deny yourself; and that impetuous denial reaffirms it unflinchingly.

Your earthly sojourn is not to expiate for any original sin. The world is not a purgatory, a vagrancy home. You

came here not as a convict. You came here as an explorer, a conquerer, trailing down the avalanche of joy on the bedrock of tranquil existence self-poised. This treasure-island displays before you the Vrindavana Leela,—the bi-polarity of attraction and distraction,—the attraction of the basal essence of all existence, i. e. Mahanama within and the distraction of passive nature,—of which you came here to drink deep. The mind emerged as a mirror, a transfixing apparatus of the Infinite with its principle of limitation, of heterisation in time and space. In fact, the mind is self-asserting joy of the Infinite. The functional potency of the mind is maya. Where there is no mind, there is no manifestation, no felt consciousness. The mind and maya are, therefore, necessary in order that you may relish the rasa of Vrindavana Leela. Your child may tell you some day : “Papa ! I hate the children’s swimming pool. Why, it is a bondage, I must go to the lake.” Would you agree ? You have to use specks. You might take it into your head to throw it off and exclaim : “It’s all maya. Others have nothing to do with it.” Would you look saner for that ? The newly wedded bride has been inducted into the father-in-law’s house. She has to conform to the norms of discipline of the house in order that she may have any title to the company of her husband ; or else her very existence will be in jeopardy. But, the child grows into a man and the children’s pool is not ; the normal sight is restored and the specks are shelved ; and the bride grows into a housewife and the husband is at her beck and call without any formality. What you call maya is then the mode of your enjoying potency, the principle of your growing maturity, of your progressive realisation of the joy of life through the antinomies of the Lord’s love-rapport with you. Maya, then, is of a piece with you,—your be-all and end-all. You are in her motherly lap in life and death. It is your cradle, your spring-board, your coffin. If you deny her, you deny me too ; for, she is my inalienable potency, my mode of self-

expression which is in no wise exotic to my ineluctable nature. The moment you try to reject her, she turns into nescience, the deluding potency,—a stifling hallucination,—the greatest blasphemy one can conceive of. In reality, however, she is your mother,—the principle of manifestation,—while I as father am the principle of conservation. She is my eternal grace unto you. But, you have disgraced her and are wallowing in the stagnant pool of sundered phenomenality defeating my design for having you to drink of Vrajarasa.

Be, then, of good cheer amidst the encompassing flow of my grace. What need you reject of the world? What need you restrain? Don't you disgrace me by restraining your senses? Don't you Ostracise me by observing fast and other austerities of body and mind? Why should you at all care for yamas and niyamas? Be in a state of nature, finding my grace all about you. Work and duty are beckoning at you. Brave them, embrace them and be with them without any egoity and consequent sense of success or failure. If all is grace, have they any meaning, any pertinence? If you make me an other, you shut out my grace and find fault with everything about you, including myself. But, I am your nearest and dearest. I am that I am. I am your essence. My grace is your enveloping mother and I as fortitude and equanimity am your father. Make a bridal of we two in your life. And at long last you will awaken to the consciousness that we are but one inseparable integer. I myself am the maya. The entire world is me. What, then, do you care for any guru? You don't require any, for, He is within you as Mahanama. And no human being can ever be a guru. Shake off all mental obsessions and trappings and be with me in the eternal dance of ecstatic existence. I cannot be achieved. I am your residual consciousness in deep slumber which is inextricably woven into your being.

Dadaji is Truth and Love personified. If you look upon him as a person, you miss him. The Infinite is in rapturous manifestation beyond all dimensions through him,—the greatest vehicle of the Divinity the world had ever witnessed. Not to see him, but to be seen by him is the profoundest grace human life on earth can conceive of. Omiyam Brahma Tadvanam.

Sri Sri Satyanarayana

Dadaji—Truth Absolute In Human Form

(An Introduction to Dadaji's Letters)

Abhi Bhattacharya

It is my Destiny that, apart from being a movie actor for the last thirtyfive years, I have come in closest touch with Dadaji during the last ten years. I have been moving with him throughout the world for the cause of Truth. It is due to my destiny and not due to any meditation, ritual or worship. As a result, I am able to write about Dadaji and his message for all mankind. Dadaji means Elder Brother (of all humanity). He moves all over the world selflessly and alone without any organization behind him to establish Truth of Existence, God, Life. To him all mankind is one and there is one Truth. An advent of Divinity takes place in every cycle of civilization at the extreme height of materialism every four to five thousand years. This civilization has seen the rise of materialism in a virulent form and so comes the Absolute One with all the creative forces,—beyond human comprehension.

Top scientists and intellectuals the world over write about Dadaji and Truth. These testimonies are recorded for the future so that no distortion may be possible. Dadaji does not write himself. He had, however, once written the following letters in Bengali and I have collected these and translated them as they apply to and are of great benefit for all mankind, even though addressed to a close devoted sister. His letters point to the truth of existence and living relation of man and God for all time. To understand the letters, one must know first why Dadaji is the Elder Brother for the entire mankind even though he

is a family man. My experiences with him, including travelling with him all over the world, have enabled me to realise that hidden in his mundane personality there is another Dadaji—the all-merciful Supreme Consciousness. He prescribes no ritual, no penance. He proves scientifically that God, Truth or Guru resides within us as destiny and body's existence; or soul or Atma or Prana, *eternally* vibrating as Mahanam (Lord's name) which, therefore, is to all human beings as the one root of existence. The body is thrown off when this vibration leaves it. There is no gap of time and space with Dadaji as He is all-pervading. Nothing in the universe can escape him. He knows the mind of man and is the Creator of Destiny. So, he advises in these letters from the supreme level beyond mind in order to alleviate man's condition as the ups and downs of destiny unfold. He is free of all worldly education given in schools and colleges; but the highest of intellectuals, yogis, and scientists of the World somehow turn up to meet him and are baffled in the face of his supreme knowledge. Why? Because He is the Supreme Existence, come first time on earth in human form as Sri Sri Satyanarayana—Truth personified. Dadaji sees everything as one 'He', so he never says 'I'.

Dadaji though present with mind in our mind-world, is always in the beyond-mind infinite state. To us he shows a little bit of mind and looks ordinary and thus shows us that we are in this world of mind to play our roles as destined and no one can avoid this. Prana or soul eternally vibrating as Mahanam, is the existence at the root of respiration holding intact the body. Mind is pushed at birth into the body; so mind's unfulfilled wants and endless desires move the body with happiness and suffering by turn, till mind comes to Him for His Love and ultimately merges with Him, the ONE. This is the purpose of creation of which man is ignorant. He is the soul. So, we have soul+body+mind. Man has no existence of his own.

Beyond body, mind and soul is Satyanarayana, the Zero, Para-Brahma, the One-Absolute, the cause and source of creation which is manifested with mind and body as Nature. Mind is limited, individual, emanating also from His power. Beyond body and mind everything is One, 'He', the Absolute. He thus appears as many controlled by Him. This is Dadaji.

All this may seem unbelievable ; but the time is coming when mankind will have to accept this reality. Sri Sri Satyanarayana is Destiny. Now, Man has to face the worst of days till large-scale destruction so that he may be born with awareness of Truth and stabilised mind, and eventually be also freed of mind and escape the cycle of births and deaths. So, Dadaji selflessly advises all mankind as an antidote for the destined suffering, "Somehow remember Him, Who is within ; Remember Mahanam". He and His Name are identical. He is one in allbeings. Ignorance of this fundamental truth creates all the miseries. And because He is the one existence in all and since beyond mind there is no language even, so mankind is one, religion is one. All differences are man-made. For the same reason no human being can ever be a GURU. "GURU is within ; be tuned with Him".

When Dadaji blesses anyone, he touches the chest a little below the heart. It is from this region that the self-revelation of Mahanam arises, the place of residence of the Lord or the GURU. A divine Fragrance is associated with the blessing and touch of Dadaji. This Fragrance can be manifested anywhere in the universe at anytime. It signifies that there is no gap, no time and space with Dadaji and that He is omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent. It manifests as a sign of His Love and Grace, to remind us of His presence, to develop in us a consciousness of Him, the Dadaji of beyond body and mind—the Absolute. He is within ; so it is enough just to remember Him as Truth—SATYANARAYANA that alone exists. All forms and

objects are perishable, mortal, that only come and go. We are born with a given individual 'I'-sense. The Big 'I' is He—When the body goes off, the mind remains with Him to be manifested again and again in different bodies till it becomes free and is merged with Him—the One, the Absolute Truth, Sri Sri Satyanarayana.

'Letters from Dadaji'

To

Calcutta.

Miss Pratima Choudhary
Exponent of Bharatnatyam
Bombay.

Go through your daily activities, Karma (whatever one does is karma). Actions and reactions in the mind lead to one's activity. Let the fruit of action be decided and be bestowed by Him (Almighty God); because the result comes from Him. Man has no existence of his own; because his exit from this mortal body is inescapable.

Man always tries to put down another out of jealousy, contempt, anger, etc. But those who depend on God in full faith, none can make them small or harm them. Go ahead with this firm faith. So many, varied problems and hindrances must come; otherwise man won't understand and realise how and why He is the best of all friends and companions and the dearest one who keeps us protected in all calamities and adversities (which are unpredictable). As you have met Him direct and have received His grace, you have nothing to worry about. He is with you to guide you to the right path. Leave it to Him.

10. 12. '74

Dadaji's love for his own person* is very personal and secret; no second man has the right to know it. Yet, this love is so deep as to be opposite to the love which

in worldly idiom is styled as "out of sight, out of mind". The greater the distance, the intenser the attraction for him. Though based on the body, this love makes no room for fickleness of mind. On the contrary, this love embodies only the vibrations of the life-force symbolised as the steady, unchangeable Nama. That is marriage. One has, in reality, to be wedded to Him. He Himself sets the stage for His own manifestation. Patience only is required to feel it. You will find that He, as the dearest, is showing you the way through your devoted immersion in all your actions.

[N. B. * Own person—Aapan Jan (Bengali). It is He. Dadaji finds Him in all. So, all are 'Aapan Jan' to Him, though from the worldly point of view, one who has a basal aptitude to submit to His love, is His 'Aapan Jan'.]

7.1. '75

The Love which you have for Dadaji is not for the physical form. Dadaji is beyond form. If one's love is fixed on Dadaji of human or physical form or body, expectations, exchanges, reactions, hopes, confusions, misunderstandings, disillusionment, tiredness, depressions, ultimately recession, and separation will come to stop the flow. In this Dadaji there is a Dadaji in you, in me and in all beings, omnipresent, at the root of vibration of life. Actually, it is for the taste of this love that human beings are created and come into this world. But human beings instead become slaves of their ignorance and forgetfulness. His love cannot escape the cycle of births and deaths full of miseries. Your actions, betrothed to Him (Dadaji), will elevate you to a state of inexplicable ecstasy into the World of Truth. Your responsibility is to perform your actions (Karma) with full sincerity and honesty. Dadaji is in open manifestation with you all the time. Unless one is free from the covers of mind's compulsions (in relation to one's bodily and external attachments), one cannot come closer to (Him),—the state of Vraja, where physicalities don't

exist. Covers of mind are hindrances to being in Vraja. So, whom He loves, He does not allow him or her to keep the covers of the mind. Your duty is to have patience only.

14. 1. '75

Do you know how Dadaji's letter is like ? Even before His letter reaches, vibration or rhythm wafting the touch of His love, reaches the recipient in advance, to be followed by the waves of sound. For, language or concepts of the mental domain are for creatures (human) only. Men fast to those words and proceed in search of what is beyond language and mind. But, that in no way can touch the life-force—(because of the hindrance of) time and space.

The worldly life which man leads is covered mostly by a fall of artificiality. And this fall itself has the stance of (or has been posing as) truth to us. When a few fortunate men try to come out of this fall with a disconsolate heart, then the Guru, the Almighty, 'gets them by the hand and leads them to the world of genuine affection, love and attachment where He exists as the husband, father, son, friend and at the same time Dadaji in one. But, His chosen one alone has contact with Him.

You are fortunate. The love that you are eager to offer Him, does not come about with one's own wish. It does not come to Sadhus and Sannyasis inspite of all their austerities. Yogis don't get it by Yoga. Common people do not feel this love blinded as they are by illusion (Maya). Your one hand is assuredly held by Him and the other one is left free for the world of action. So, go ahead, with your work ; no need for worry. Dadaji is always with you.

23. 1. '75

Sincerity and spontaneity of love seated in your heart now gets more deepened by the revelation and touch of

Mahanama. His Nama and He are the same. Dadaji can never even dream of offering himself as Guru. But beyond the body there is a Dadaji seated within the hearts of all beings as life eternal (Prana), in whom you too, your body apart, are in identity. That is Satyanarayana and the only Guru. The only duty of all human beings is to have communion with Him, i.e. to carry out all activities of life with Him as the refuge. Mind tends to, if once let loose, let a man run amuck like an unbridled horse. But unless the mind is at rest, man cannot taste the nectar of His love. Taking refuge in Mahanama, the mind comes under the sway of that bridle (Mahanama). Then weal and woe, smile and tear, fame and infame, though tickle the flesh, drop off by themselves. Be with that compresent dearest friend ; then there is nothing to fear.

19. 3. '75

Just consider how deep and delicious love is. So long as it is manifest, it centres round the body, yet it transcends physical consciousness. Whoever has fallen a prey to such love has courted death (physical), dumping ashes upon the world. That is to say, the agony of the triple torment (i.e., physical, mental and atmospheric) of the world cannot disconcert (i.e. agitate) that lover.

A vast field of activity lies stretched before you. Cross it, in His company with patience. Keeping company of men brings disappointment. But, the more one is Immersed in His love, the intenser grows the beckoning of that nectarine World. Unless one is immeasurably fortunate, one cannot get at that much which you have realised at this your age. Man, though become crippled and placed even at the door of death, forgets to take refuge in Him and being under the sway of birth and death, time and again, falls a prey to Destiny. But you have received His grace, don't worry.

2. 4. '75

You are inseparably yoked with Him for eternity ; but due to compulsions of varied worldly activities, we are involved in temporary bondage of attachments and forget that tie or yoke with Him. But He, who is beyond all bondages, keeps in embrace His own persons and directs them manifestly to their way of action. So, go ahead fearlessly in all activities of your life. The outcome is with Satyanarayana—do not worry.

22. 4. '75

New Year of the calendar is man's creation (in mind is the space—time complex—but He is beyond time and space). Calendar-time is just a cyclic recurrence of time (fixed by mind of man, which cannot generate any new light). But, the day in which the mind is born anew even in this body, is verily the new moment, the beginning of the new year. For, though drowned in worldly activities before, the mud of attachment does not touch him. For, his activities are not marked by the braggings of the 'small I'. And even if the senses run their way, the bridle is held by the Lord Himself (the Designate). The end of being embodied is to realise this birth every moment of it, but man never bothers to get at this truth of life. Nobody feels grateful that He, who is all merciful, continuously showers His grace on His created beings. He always waits to relieve...Your sincerity will take you to the course of nature where no sense of poverty in the shape of want has any place.

10. 5. '75

We think we will become happy by receiving so many things of life but later we find these do not bring real happiness as expected. So, we are hurt time and again for our ignorance due to time-gap (between the present and the future). So, the Guru (the Lord) always shields His dear

child. Take refuge in Mahanama with patience and you will find that what brings good will come to pass in time. Man can do nothing, has no power of his own and cannot get things always according to his expectations. God bears the burden of those fortunate ones who depend on Him.

Calcutta is hotter than Bombay, but it does not matter, one gets accustomed. In other words, we get seasoned when we realise that one Supreme Truth pervades the Universe manifesting different colours, forms, tastes as also weather conditions.

23. 3. '76

To hold on to man with great expectations or to keep faith in man is to be led into frustration ultimately, because man's mind is fickle, is in constant agony through the impact of mighty waves of conflicts ; but within this man He exists as the vibration of existence (Life) and He is steady, unchangeable, waveless, full of constant desireless love, mercy and beauty—He is Truth. Trusting in man one ultimately gets jolted and suffers. So, man has to hold Him who is within as Prana-Rama, the eternal existence of every being ; without Him we are dead. He gives us jolts so that we can be ready to taste real happiness with Him, to make us free of Maya—illusions of mind and attachments. You need not be over-excited with profit nor be depressed in loss, both are His gifts. So, go ahead in His 'Sharan' (remembering Him).

Human beings are born in the body with Him from His blissful world to get real 'ananda' or ecstasy by the taste of His Love in this mortal and transient world. But, our superstitious human involvements and irresponsible attitude towards Him in ignorance, do not allow us to come near to Him or to feel His Love for which we get the rare human birth. We ignore Him in pursuit of worldly deceitful

pleasures, profits and attachments which please now and depress the very next moment. We waste the precious human births given to us, we cannot give up the superstitions of our egoistic livings in the world and so we forget Him,—the Truth. Even when He comes in our presence we don't realise it. The Nectar—Pot (He) is within, ever wakeful. One's family, father, mother, relatives, friends etc. are created solely to give us the varied taste of His love through them. Instead, we get too much attached to them and forget Him and suffer ultimately. It is like enjoying the outer husk of a cocconut, the tasteless part, while overlooking the inner substance of the cocconut which gives the real taste. Practising full faith and devotion to Truth, mind gradually gives up the superstition and gets composed in time to be freed of external illusions. To complete the endless journey of the mind is called the end of Yagna (ritual). Then only Yogeswar or the Supreme Lord takes man in His Lap—and the mind is freed from the tiring and helpless living in the world that causes endless sufferings.

16. 5. '76

To be born with human form in this mortal world has only one happy object, that is to relish the joy of God's Love. But it is the tendency of the human mind only to run under the compulsion of innumerable allurements and attachments. But, even being involved in them what a supreme blessing is this human birth. No other beings, Devas, Devis, Gandharvas and Kinnaras who live in another world created by Him, can ever taste this love of Him till they are born as mortal human beings. It is the nature of man's mind to be on the run. Even Sadhus, Yogis, Sannyasis and Rishis cannot check or control the mind by themselves. Only by doing one's Karmas (whatever one does is Karma i.e. actions, activities in day-to-day living) of life with Nama Sharan of the Lord (for His name and He are the

same, i.e. remembering the Lord who resides in every being of the Universe) can one get one's mind stabilised. Let mind follow mind's compulsions, dictations—you do your work. When you have once met Him (His human form) be certain He has fixed up your destination as designed by Him ; what is real and blissful will be there for you. He has been holding your hand, you don't have to worry—very few can have this fortune.

10 3. '76

You must have understood that whatever man does in his daily life with utmost sincerity and remembering Him or His Name, and practising patience, becomes real Tapasya (Penance) which is the highest offering to Him. So, go ahead in your work with Him. You will find He has already arranged right things for you in right time which egoistic man cannot achieve. Future is unknown, unseen, unachieved, not in man's hand ; so man always worries and dies in uncertainties. He who is Truth is beyond time and space. Man is limited by mind in time and space. But He is steady, all-merciful. He helps and guides those who follow Him in His Sharan (remembrance), dependence on man is unnecessary. Dadaji never looks back, but moves on. To move with Him (Dadaji) is difficult. Certain rulings of His have to be accepted for right living smoothly—Truth manifests through genuine hearts—(We don't know Good and Bad—so He guides those who follow Him). Only do your duty—that cannot be avoided—the rest leave to Him. Worldly love is tainted with selfishness and falsehood, Today's love will be upset tomorrow when interests clash and differences crop up. So, human love is selfish—it is not steady and constant in degree. That is why sorrows and blows and jolts come to cause hurt, making our life burdensome. But, for one who gets the taste or touch of His love, none can stop his or her progress in the blissful path.

10. 7. '76

Man's life passes through stages of childhood, boyhood, youth and finally, old age. So, he becomes wise because of his experiences in relation to the external world. Similarly, there are stages of unfolding of different inner potencies which, by time factor, help him to get into the divine Lap of His all-merciful existence. This unfolding of inner potencies of one's mind, does not result from austere meditation or rituals. It is a spontaneous change-over of the minds' unsteadiness into repose in the deep recess of the heart where His eternal existence vibrates within us. Man cannot achieve this by rituals, meditations or by any effort. This comes about through a natural flow of life ; not through escapism discarding the natural flow of life. In this experience of natural internal showering of His grace, there comes first an upsurge of feeling and words to express ; then the earnestness of mind is stirred up. But, gradually the mind gets into a weighty silence ; the need to express in words ceases and there remains then only deep silent communication with Him that is inexplicable. And this means being immersed in the unique taste of His joyful state, in the fragrance of His love.

19. 7. '76

Man cannot truly love man ; the mind attached with the body automatically develops self-interest, attachments, attractions, distractions, wherefrom come tiredness, depressions, differences till as a result of various trials the mind becomes conscious of, and gets yoked with Him, who resides within as the holder of the body and mind. Till then we cannot relish the taste of constant bliss. But He who is within us is always vigilant on us. He gets moved by our constant repetition of Nama. With His touch your works will be all blissful, joyful. Sadhus, and Yogis, want to attain this state by efforts, rituals, meditations, austerities ; but they cannot get His love, a real joyful state. Man

gets it only through the natural process of living. Even the Yogis who try to get it only by austerity, if they ever get anything at all get only dry, tasteless insipid superstition. You and all who have met Him (Dadaji) have found a natural love in the Worldly atmosphere, and now have been opened fully by His touch for receiving immortal bliss. Man is born, ultimately to get a fraction of this experience. But, having been born with our forms and mind, mind runs to such various directions with unbridled passions for love and hate, loss and gain, and sundry allurements, that there remains no scope for tasting His love. Worldly attachments, the play of Maya, are very strong. So, in consequence come innumerable problems, unseen, unpredictable unbearable events of life, causing burden and bondages full of sufferings and miseries. Your intensity of devotion for Him is there. Now leave the rest to Him.

25. 7. '76

It is wrong if one thinks one's life is fulfilled just by getting His divine contact. Many crooked and narrow-minded men will come to blow off or dampen, the Lamp that has been enkindled by Him in you or in any one. In the beginning you will have confusions and conflicts within yourself; then your relatives, friends and others from all directions will try to get you floating in worldly pleasures. They judge man by body, physical form (cannot see innerself beyond body) being slave to their own mind's perspectives and images. They lose themselves in the whirlwind of mind's pleasures and excitements in one moment and in the next moment wail and cry in deep despair with life's sorrows and ups and downs. You have to be amongst them to taste the variedness of life; otherwise like Sadhus and Yogis you will become an escapist running away from natural stages of life, scared of men and women around you. Sadhus and Yogis avoid responsibilities

of natural life and become escapists, ritualists and achieve nothing. Your integrity lies in your keeping control, and balance and practising tolerance and forgiveness. This will prove that, even though you live amongst this sort of men and women who are slaves of mind, you are different from them. This control and balance cannot and do not come through austerity or hard practices. They come through submission to Him. His touch, the consciousness of His being within, becomes firm, helping us to face Worldly jolts, ups and downs.

24. 6. '75

Worldly life is full of stress and strain; the best medicine is to have patience—and forgiveness is the highest virtue. Man always wants God, Bhagwan or Truth to suit according to his mental pictures or image. According to Dadaji, where there is mind, there must be actions and reactions and waves of desires. Satyanarayana is beyond mind and intellect, beyond man's reach, but dearest to all, residing within as pure existence—as life. He holds them firmly by the hand who don't try to understand or assess Him. He remains far far away from those who try to understand Him. Above all, He is all-blissful, all-merciful. Human beings may run away from Him, not want Him, still He is always with them, ever helpful. If one thinks 'I will make an effort to love God' then one cannot reach Him. Dadaji has no saffron robes, no Jata (matted hairs). He is amongst you all as simple and natural as elder brother. If one is His own, one will accept Him as supreme in His natural state of living looking like man. Never trouble yourself with what is happening here and there and with faults of others. Whatever you have received in life, take that as His blessings or grace and the road to peace is opened.

31. 1. '76

Actually, we don't understand what real happiness tastes like, so we remain ever deprived of that taste. Our natural

tendencies are to get involved in the cycle of births, deaths and calamities. When we walk daily with the conscious-companionship of the dearest, nearest, Supreme Soul, then only is awakened our inner Divine Consciousness. But going without Him or keeping Him away, we always remain in wants, we go in for the heartless love of man, lifeless inert matter that cannot take us near to the love of Krishna or Krishna Bhakti. To Dadaji, real character means to put 'God', Him, at the helm of one's affairs. No one should, under any circumstances, shun Him for any worldly interests—that is real strength of character—strength of mind. Man falters in life and suffers by discarding Him, but can't do anything without Him. Have faith in Him, unflinching faith. Remembering and depending on Him makes one fearless in life whatever may happen.

25. 2. '76

After all, human body is perishable, decaying, and has various problems ; but whatever He does is for a great cause, all for good. Whatever He has destined for man, good or bad, is for a great cause. He is ever merciful. Man has nothing else to desire for than His grace which makes man's life glorious and significant—otherwise one is just born to die without purpose ; so seek His grace, do not worry.

7. 1. '76

When love of man or woman is for that Prana, Dadaji, (Existence, Soul or Atma), it is divinely beautiful ; because it is not man's love (by fickle mind) that ever fluctuates. His Love is not like the love in the World of mind. For Dadaji, it is difficult to keep His body or to be in His body or human form—unless His own destined people come. Though they seem to be staying at far away places, they are with Him day and night in an inseparable state or union, because He is beyond body and mind. His body will fall off unless He comes with a little bit of mind to move

amongst His own destined receptacles. It means, when He comes in human form, He brings His own destined people, to talk to. In His love there is no distinction between man and woman. He is within all as Prana. You may call it love or whatever you wish, it cannot be expressed in words. The moment you say, "I love my supreme husband" or He expresses He specially loves a human body with mind, the love instantly becomes trivial and frail like waves of the fickle mind's love ; but His love is beyond body and mind—an unique, inexplicable love that keeps the heart full of joy unknown to the nearest person.

For your present griefs and afflictions of mind, just have patience ; then, one day, your feelings will transcend to a finer state which will keep your mind full in various ways with inexplicable Truth, unaffected by worldly tensions while you will be nicely doing your duties. That is the taste of supreme bliss brought by Him. Have you marked your Boudi (Dadaji's wife) ? How simple she is like a child, full of love within, beyond the afflictions of wants and demands. That beauty of hers cannot be understood unless one is deeply and inwardly tuned with her. Truth seems to be too hard, but it is blissful. His ordeals commandments, dictations are flawless with this faith, go ahead.

10. 1. '76

Actions performed as offerings to Him, the Guru—Parameswar, bloom fully with His glory. They do not reach the fulness of expression so long as there is mind, intelligence and pros and cons about their results. When one feels "I am helpless, my strength fails", He comes to hold the rudder. Mind of man runs like a horse. Every moment millions of thoughts rise and fall in the mind with tremendous restlessness. Again, when this mind says, "Oh Govinda" and takes refuge in Him, it gets calmed down and the heart gets filled with an unique sense of love. Being always in the midst of men with their selfishness, jealousy, hatred,

the mind is afflicted with pain; but these afflictions are shaken off like dust through devotion. This Divine touch not only lays the golden path; it also makes the entire process of life extremely refined. The line of new activities, which are placed before you, must be followed with utmost sincerity; the valuation and fruits of your actions are not in your hand. Practise them with patience. To be born as a human being, the greatest and foremost qualification is to learn restraint and patience. He who has destined you for penance of a specified art is all the time with you—so long as you are in 'His Sharan', He is there with you.

25. 7. '76

As love for Him gains ground, it becomes so deep-rooted and secret that even the next person does not know of it. Amidst hard blows of life and narrowness of man, this love remains unsullied, unlustful, be it in man or woman. This love for Him is inseparable, irremovable; no external influence, human oppositions or distance can remove it, and separation can't destroy it. It is so strong that nothing can weaken its root. You will feel, year by year, in gradual steps, that He gives you extra life-force—vitality with various manifestations.

9. 9. '76

When man loves from the heart, He thinks for him, He worries, thinking always for his well-being; still, somehow, some sense of self-interest remains, no doubt. Because, even a mother who is the World to her children, their greatest nurse and a religious abode, is not free from self-interest. But remember, objectives which we cannot attain with utmost efforts and thoughts of which keep us worrying, at once get fulfilled with His mere touch or wish. That is the test of Supreme Guru. So, leave all your hopes and yearnings to Him. He will get your things done. Do keep

His remembrance, you will see how He has smoothly designed your (man's) way.

About the case (Conspiracy of human Gurus wanting to defame Dadaji), the question of patience comes again. (Dadaji challenged human gurus calling them frauds exploiting innocent people in the name of God. Truth of Dadaji won. The Conspiracy failed against the Truth personified, the Almighty Dadaji).

26. 9. '76

Utsav means His full manifestation to the assembly of the brotherhood of men. Utsav cannot be of man, it is of Truth. Significance of Utsav is to elevate man's ego to Truth in His divine light. Without this human body no other beings and no other World divinities can taste His love. In this body of man resides Govinda—so the body is to be treated as His Temple and taken care of. Devatas and Devis do great penances to get this mortal human body for tasting His love.

1. 9. '76

Whom does man love? By love—I don't mean just physical attraction or getting one's interests fulfilled. True love, which transcends these interests always leads one to think benevolent thoughts. You must have seen various mental tendencies of man, various actions and reactions but when a man loves a person from the heart unselfishly, he stands against all odds to see that his beloved is not harmed in any way. One who can love this way, may be man or woman, it proves one truth that our birth is just for this Truth. Otherwise, all one has are worthless entanglements: lot of wealth gets amassed in banks, responsibilities to guard possessions and wealth increase, and people become constantly watchful of fame and wealth, various ways/methods haunt one to be alert to keep away from any scandals, to avoid being defamed.

But, one who loves or can love silently does not allow his love to become known, even to the one he loves. This silent love is Tapasya or Penance. Let not anybody know of this love. If the next person knows of this love this Tapasya becomes ungentle, loses its integrity, becomes affected. You are now with the Supreme Guru ; that is the phase you are in.

The safety-locket of Him you have tied in your heart, will make your journey of life smooth. Wealth, fame, learning, love or lack of love, will not bother you. If you have tasted the love of that immortal He, He can extend His love from any distance. Few understand or realise it and few understand inspite of blows and counter-blows. But some, after remaining involved for births after births in the net of attachments, ultimately become fed up and seek Him to save themselves from involvements, miseries. "Save Me", they say today or tomorrow, "Oh God, save me". Path and goal are the same in the final analysis.

6.10. '76

During Utsav, (gathering of His Universal Brotherhood) brothers and sisters come from all over the World. Its purpose—only goal—is to rejoice (internal communion) together in His presence—H. P. Roy was here all these days. You will hear details of Utsav from him. Harvey Freeman came from the U. S. A.—what a realisation he has of Him, silent, divine consciousness. Dadaji says "Truth manifests itself". This experience Harvey is taking to his country. Abhi-Da will tell you further details.

24. 10. '76

It is man's habit to criticise and comment; but do not bother; whatever people may say the gossip automatically gets reduced and damped. So, don't indulge your mind. If you indulge, mind becomes more restless and confused—patience is the only solution.

3. 11. '76

You have written, you don't think of past, present and future. It is a most difficult task—whoever can get rid of this thought cannot be pulled down by punishments or blows. Intriguing time cannot pull him down. Man nurses recollections of the past, thinks for the future security, but does not take care of the present and throws away its gifts. But, he who can fully relish and utilise his present, without worrying about present, past and future, really enjoys the state of Vraja, His love. Everybody is harsh and comments on Maya, calling it illusions of mind which cause sufferings. But this Maya makes us forget the unbearable blows of life's events, obliterates the impact of so many strains and humiliations of life and we get energy to rise again with old memories brushed off. How many days we can or do live is not important, how we lived or live, is important. Keep it in mind.

Whenever there is a movement to uproot the age-old 'Sanskars' or superstitions there are always great agitations against it.

The case against the movement of Truth proves the corruption and mental derangement of the conspirators, the human gurus. Nothing to worry about. As He (God) creates dangers, so He also lays the path of peace. Our duty is to watch His Leela, play of Him, as passive witnesses.

15. 8. '76

You could not catch what I meant. Without attachment nothing great can be achieved in the World, no great creation is possible. In Bengali language, we call it "Asakti"—so the word attachment is mostly misunderstood. In its application there can be a difference of hell and heaven. Behind great works of art is the driving force of this attachment or love of creation that brings about Union of the artist and the created art into one identity—the Union generates new forms of creation—the interpretation

of attachment to work as told in the Geeta is self-contradictory. If there is no expectation for the result of the action or effort to create, then that action cannot bloom in fullness nor can it be an object for offering to the Lord because that attachmentless action cannot have put life into it. "Work through complete concentration," Dadaji says. When one is deeply lost in action concentrating on the work, when the action and the actor become one and the sense of the individual self is forgotten, it becomes true meditation. penance.

Prior to your dance programmes, you feel jolts of conflicts, concern for the right or wrong approach to the best composing of your actions, but when you are engrossed with concentration in your performance, do you remember to consider the results of your actions? The aim or target is that the performance should be beautiful in all respects. Let it be an offering to Him—the Lord. This attachment is called Love. Expectations, calculations of give and take are redundant. There is a pleasure in giving with no question of return; but this is a most difficult proposition. You must not stop here; don't think this is all—centering around this you have to expand your vision and consciousness—make it your sole motto. You feel pain or concern for a few limited number of persons in your circle, but when this feeling will transcend to humanity in general, then, will the human birth be fruitful and worthy. In pursuit of our activities in life, so much of sorrow, so much of humiliation, narrowness, meanness make our heart heavy with pain that our progress or movement gets retarded. But, when we become inspired with thoughts of Union with Him, the dearest of dearests, or we get re-inforced by His love's touch, no hindrances can block our way because attachment is for HIM, the nearest and the dearest.

5. 9. 1976

There is annual Utsav—gathering of Dadaji's Universal brotherhood to prove mankind is one, religion is one as

Truth is one—so brothers and sisters from all over the world who have tasted His love in Dadaji, the human form of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, attend this Utsav once a year to enjoy oneness of brotherhood, with Him. Universal Love in silence elevates the mind of man from the ego state to a newly born mind. Mother (Durga) festivals or utsavs celebrated conventionally just remain mere farce and entertainment with external fanfare. So join this utsav to enjoy the meeting of brothers and sisters in His presence.

Body and Life (Prana) bestowed on you by God are to be fully enjoyed and tasted. It is futile to account for them.

27. 12. '76

You should consider as His blessing the event which has upset you, hurt you. Parents with strong hands control and command their children for their welfare; but the children under emotions consider the parents to be harsh. Yet these children, when they grow up, feel that parental control on them was a blessing in disguise. The Supreme Father's love and affection are million and billion times more superior to worldly parents' love, because in it there is no mind, no expectations, no judgment, no narrowness of a relationship of give and take. So, in facing the blows in life from any one, any corner, any sphere of life, be certain that it is only His Supreme Will in operation, man being merely an instrument.

26. 9. '77

Being born in this World, we forget the existence of our real best friend, the Lord who is our own and repose confidence in others thus inviting our sufferings and griefs and restlessness. Nearest and dearest is He who is Truth—beyond actions and reactions, beyond death—eternal love—omnipotent. When man is born with body, his mind comes with all the senses and it drives him forcibly and blinds his vision so that he fails to assess things in the

right perspective. Man who undertakes all activities remembering Guru or God will be able to tolerate whatever blows he gets in life. He will find his senses and desires become his friends, giving him the feeling that they have all been beneficial for him, otherwise he would have been helpless in madness of grief. When we are powerless to know what is stored for us in every moment, it is better to put all confidence in Him who is all-merciful. Sadhu, Yogi, Muni, Rishi even doing hard penance for ages cannot restrain the mind. So, let mind be your friend to take you to natural courses. Then you will feel how much joyful life is.

22. 8. 1977

Man born with body inevitably brings various types of destined sufferings. But we aggravate them further by our mentality, intellect, thoughts, actions and reactions. If we analyse the misfortunes, it naturally comes to our mind to ask whether any way exists to avert or to get rid of them. The only answer is that through all the afflictions of life, only He can live in peace and happiness who can surrender all his fears, thoughts, desires, expectations of loss or gain to the Will of the Supreme Lord. It will be a great mistake to blame any particular person or make anybody responsible for the untoward situations which trouble us. All these are destined. What has to happen will happen and none can avert it. But Guru, the Lord, is taking you through all these problems for your future welfare so that you may not fail to brave much greater misfortunes or blows or jolts in the future unknown to you. As you are getting Him, keep peace, accepting this challenge gladly. Do your work with Him.

6. 5. '79

Dadaji always asserts that man will enjoy three-fourths of life and one-fourth he will suffer. But we lose our patience and do not accept even that one-fourth part of

sorrows given by Him. Patience is the highest of all penances in the world as Dadaji interprets. Due to emotions or impatience we very often misunderstand our acquaintances and intimates. We curse them and in consequence our mind grows remorseful. So, Dadaji advises "Don't accuse or find fault with others ; caution yourself". It means, if one has regard for patience, God Himself in course of time, extricates him or gets him to pass over the untoward situations that beset life. People have seen how Dada, Boudi and their children have suffered so much for no thing, but had patience—Dadaji shows how man should accept or face life, patiently. A time comes for the difficult situations to change. Truth wins, it is established and proved. Whenever you have tumults in mind, try to remember this very often. Man can do this much, the key is with Him, the Guru.

2. 6. '79

You have written that I am suffering in this extremely high temperature due to power-cut. Yes, but know it for certain that as soon as this suffering is over or gets reduced, another problem will start. So, patience results in strength, there is no other way.

22. 4. '79

Dadaji always reminds his brothers and sisters that to live life successfully is also a great challenge. Every moment in different activities of life we are multiplying our problems some times consciously, some times unconsciously. Results of such actions gradually become unbearable and fill our mind with despondency, sense of insecurity and failure. Worldly affluence and wealth are of no help. Every man should face this challenge individually, in his individual capacity. But he, who can completely depend on the Guru or God residing in one's heart, will find that the Lord carries his burden and eases all difficulties. This

human birth is rarest of all births ; so try to live this life, keeping Him in view. No use being concerned about the future. This time your Boudi (Elder Brother's wife) is accompanying me to the western world to make full use of the tour as she withstood extreme hardships all her life with great patience, unfathomable by man, for the cause of Truth and for Him.

8. 4. '79

Living in this world, in our daily affairs there come anger, sorrows, afflictions. If we indulge them and let them victimise us, our mind will never be free of complaints and we won't be able to go near Him ('Dadaji as Lord and Elder brother'). So, it is profitable to shun those feelings of afflictions and go ahead while under His shelter, God, Guru or Supreme Being or Nama, whatever you may call Him, never takes cognizance of any offence of man, which He could because man never cares to think of Him in appreciation of the gift of all the enjoyable things of life. Instead, He still loves His created beings. Similarly man must shun all sense of affronts and afflictions brought on him to enable him to feel and realise Him and thereby attain a state of bliss. So, depend on Him alone. Don't worry for my health so long there is a body ; it is bound by its nature to be afflicted ; no human beings can escape this inspite of all yoga or practice of austerities. Rituals can't get us out of body's inevitable sufferings. Dadaji shows how one must patiently go through the ordeals ; so have patience. Guru or His Name is the sole strength of man in living against all odds and uncertainties. Dependence on Him makes one fearless.

Calcutta

29. 6. '77

Received your letter. You are so dear to me. Why such despondency conveyed by your letter ? We are born to undergo our individual destiny. One who makes that life

splendoured in divine consciousness becomes a pilgrim to an inner world and can happily bid adieu at last to this beautiful world. Within you there is a priceless wealth, your companion is Satyanarayan—Truth—the Supreme. The work to which you are devoted fully will fill your inner self with that divine splendour. One who is fortunate to achieve it has to tolerate lots of humiliations and pains. You can assess it to a certain extent from my life. These afflictions are all superficial dust flakes that drop off and do not enter inside (mind).

Dadaji

Calcutta—18. 7. '77

In the context of your letter I will say only one thing that the one you are so upset with is really your well-wisher. It will be wrong to assess a person by his one momentary action. Generally, that is the mistaken way one acts. He who has long been to you like a father, a friend and has given so much affection all through, you must not misunderstand him even if he ever becomes harsh with you; it may be he is driven to the action by the pressure of mind, intellect, circumstances and events around him. It is always advisable if you can forget and forgive in case he has really done any wrong. I can understand you are hurt very much. Most judgments of our mind are based on such trivial actions arising out of force of circumstances.

We can make ourselves good human beings if we can adjust ourselves to all these events with patience and forgiveness. So, without putting further importance on these events in your mind, you should follow what I said and you will have peace. If you don't follow that, you may in your unguarded moment hurt any one else in future (in reaction to events that have hurt you). Keep this in mind, remember Him, everything will be alright.

Dadaji

30. 7. '77

Jai Ram...

I am repeatedly telling you, when you have once got the shelter of Satyanarayan, He (Dadaji) will test you in various ways. So, your duty is not to get agitated when these sorts of events hurt you. There is a saying of Him, (from Bengali) :

Whoever seeks me I pull him down (put him in all dire adversities) ; even then if he does not leave me and still seeks me, I then become his humble servant". ("to pull him down" means to steer His dearest ones out of worldly attractions, which lead to sufferings that man on his own cannot overcome). You do everything, see everything, listen to everything but do not get so deeply involved as to invite sufferings through them. Of course, He will ensure this, you don't have to make any effort for it, just keep Him in your remembrance.

Jai Ram...

Calcutta,

You are always in my sight. Dadaji's destiny is such : He is to carry everybody's grievances, responsibilities of the Universe. As you are always internally linked with Him, external storms and stresses will not affect you.

Dadaji.

Calcutta—10. 7. '77.

Those who are my own are always with me. Whatever happens to them happens for their good. May be some time their load of sufferings is very heavy ; know it to be certain it is manifestation of His supreme grace (Kripa). You are so dear to Him, in contrast to those who throughout their life remain slaves to their mind and desires and due to ego and self-importance do not even once remember Him, nor can love Him. From the very beginning of your life He has kept you close to Him (without your knowing) ; so He controls your destiny. Take care of your body which is the channel for experiencing His love—(He only gives us our forms and minds).

Calcutta—10. 9. '77

Your inner suffering touches me, too. If He is your inner self residing within you, then you do not have any existence of your own apart from Him. Being born with human body in this World is itself "Prarabdha" (destiny). One who has taste for His love wants to be born again and again with human body because this taste of His love cannot be possible other than in this human birth. A painful blow becomes bearable to a great extent by His remembrance. Just think, what a heavy blow it would have been if you did not have His contact. As He is inflicting blows on you, so is He also giving you the capacity for bearing the sufferings. Otherwise man would go mad. As one tolerates these unbearable situations of life with patience, a time comes when He himself resolves all the problems of life.

So, the saying goes of Him (from Bengali) "who seeks me intensely I put him in all dire adversities, and if he still seeks me then I become his humble servant" (He, the Almighty, by His wish and touch takes away the Worldly attractions gradually to bring one to a blissful peaceful state which man cannot realise on his own due to intensity of illusory worldly desires). So, why do you worry? As a challenge you proceed with patience to see your destiny to the ultimate end.

20. 5. '79

You have written all your hopes and aspirations in life have ended. Dadaji says this thought also is not in man's hand. You might be knowing how the blind Bharat-Muni having done all sorts of penances etc. had to undergo in his old age bewilderment by getting infatuated with an infant deer (all the acquired merit of austerities vanishing in a moment). Nobody knows how the destiny works till the end of life. So, Dadaji says "try to live every day of your life in such a way that in the end you have the

consolation that you have successfully utilised all the days and years with the gift of body, mind and Prana (life) bestowed by God on you. Numerous thoughts, problems, anxieties, worries, fears etc. are there all around all the time to dislodge us from that goal of being with Him. Three-fourths of our life is spent in those thoughts, problems and worries. So, Mahanam is the safety-shield (guard) which definitely leads us to the fundamental goal. Do you know the reason ? Nectar does the job of nectar, poison works like poison. So, depend on Him when it has been your fortune to have once tasted that nectar (Amrit).

Dadaji.



Mr. & Mrs. G. T. Kamdar

Mrs. Champabai G. Kamdar : **No Obituary**

Mr. G. T. Kamdar

In the twilight hours of the evening of 29th September, 1981, the Lord Almighty in His abiding mercy gathered to Himself a Soul that was devoted to Him and beloved of Him, Her name was Mrs. Champabai Gunvantrai Kamdar.

Champabai was born in a family of a middle-class business community on the 1st day of June, 1907, in a small village called Dumana, situated in the District of Dhrangadhra of the State of Gujarat, in the Union of India.

In those days education for girls was frowned upon, and, therefore, Champabai received only basic education of reading, writing and counting in her vernacular language, Gujarati.

As was customary in her community, Champabai was affianced to one Gunvantrai, son of Tryambaklal Kamdar, at the tender age of nine years, when Gunvantrai himself was only four years her senior. The marriage would have taken a little longer than it did, but unfortunately Gunvantrai's mother expired in the year 1918, leaving behind her husband and a large family of children. Before she left this world, she expressed a desire that Gunvantrai should be married as soon as possible so that her large family could be looked after by Champabai. In deference to her wishes, Champabai and Gunvantrai were married in the year 1921, and from the very day of the marriage she took Gunvantrai's father and the other family members to her heart and looked after them as her very own till she breathed her last.

Gunvantrai's father was an Engineer, and he had to

travel from place to place with his entire family. Gunvantrai, however, chose the business career at an early age, and had to move about on his own leaving his father and the family to be looked after by Champabai. The family passed through difficult times during the years 1924 to 1931, but Champabai remained undaunted and with no thought for herself, she persevered to protect the family as much as possible from the hard times they were passing through.

In 1931 two events of importance took place. The first one was that Gunvantrai's father resigned from service. The second was that Gunvantrai with the entire family moved to Porbandar, and he himself began a new life all over again as an Industrialist producing Salt. From that year onwards the family began to prosper ; so much so that Gunvantrai established another Salt Works at Bhavnagar in the year 1943.

From their very childhood Champabai and Gunvantrai were deeply religious, not in a ceremonious or ritualistic or orthodox manner, but in their profound and abiding faith in the Lord. They staunchly believed that God was Omnipresent, Omniscient and Omnipotent, and that He was the Sole Creator, Provider of the whole Universe. Their abiding faith in the Lord brought them peace, prosperity and wealth in abundant measure. There were naturally ups and downs, but they regarded both these phenomena as the Gift from the Lord Almighty, and accepted them most willingly as such.

From her mother-in-law, Champabai had inherited a large family. God was gracious to give her also a family of her own. Champabai and Gunvantrai were blessed with seven sons and four daughters. In due course all of them married, and they also had children. The children's children in their turn had sons and daughters of their own, and the Lord was pleased to make it possible for Champabai and Gunvantrai to fondle their great-grand-children on their knees.

Champabai's love and compassion were unbounded and made this large family live as one united in deep affection. Her forgiving nature was a by-word. Her compassion was not circumscribed by her family, and was extended not only to their near relatives, but to all those with whom she came in contact. Thus, in this way Champabai and Gunvantrai provided for and protected, over and above, their near and dear ones, those also whom they employed without making any discrimination as to religion, caste or creed. They also did not forget the poor and the needy. Their helping hand was not for raising monuments to themselves, but for providing education, health and maintenance of religious Institutions in a most unobtrusive and self-effacing manner.

In spite of the pre-occupation with bringing up a large family, Champabai never once allowed Gunvantrai's father to feel that he was not wanted. She served him and looked after him as if she were his daughter, and he blessed her from the time he retired in 1931 till he passed away in 1948 much revered and loved by all his near and dear ones.

From 1948 onwards the Almighty deemed it desirable that Champabai and Gunvantrai should have advantage of association with God-realised persons. Thus, it so happened that they came in contact with many Savants and Saints from whom they eagerly learnt and absorbed the ways of the Lord. They became pupils of Swami Ramdasjee in the year 1949 until his death in 1963. They also came in contact with Param Hans Hansdevji Avadoot, Pujya Paglababa of Vrindaban and Pragnathji of Uttar Kashi. Their search for the Self and the Supreme continued unabated till in 1972 they had the good fortune to come in contact with Shri Amiya Roychowdhury—Pujya Dadaji, from whom they derived a considerable measure of Divine satisfaction and whom they served most devotedly.

The Lord Almighty had been good to Champabai also so far as her health was concerned. However, there was

one small drawback and that was that Champabai was visited by periodical attacks of Bronchial Asthma. She took them as visitations from the Lord and they soon passed. On the 17th of June, 1981, just 12 days prior to her demise, when she was at Bhavnagar, Asthma struck her again. Her family thought this was one of her usual periodical attacks, but she told them that this time somehow or other the attack was different. She expressed a desire to have all the members of her family near her as soon as possible. So they came from far and near. There was no dearth of medical attention. Doctors were flown to Bhavnagar from Bombay, and all measures for negotiating the attack were taken. Although to those round her she looked very ill, she herself insisted that she had no trouble, no pain and that she was alright till her very death. Her only desire was that her children should recite prayers or epic poems or hymns, and the last days of her life were thus spent. At times she joined in the hymns herself, and at other times she merely beat the rhythm with her thumb and fingers, and happiness suffused her face. Thus, she detached herself from worldly affairs and became one with the Lord. As a matter of fact she must have known that her time to depart this world was coming near, because as early as six months prior to her demise she had divested herself of all her belongings and distributed the same amongst her children.

In this way she passed the last 12 days of her life in constant communication with the Lord by way of prayers, hymns and conscious meditation. Just four days prior to her breathing last, Gunvantrai's sister came to visit her. Champabai told her she was perfectly alright, but so far as she was concerned 'This Fair would last only four days'. When her visitor had gone, she told her eldest daughter "Let us go". Thereupon her daughter asked her where she would like to go. She replied, 'To the Abode of my Lord, my Heavenly Father. Why, Dadaji has come here to lead me to that land of eternal bliss.' Her

daughter pleaded with her not to talk in this manner, and that she would recover her health soon. One day before her end, she again repeated to her eldest daughter that the time for going to the Abode of the Lord was at hand and only one day was left for it.

Knowing that her time to depart this world was imminent, she made three requests to Gunvantrai. First, she did not desire any charity to perpetuate her name. She only wished that the poor may be fed and that certain Ashrams may be given quiet financial help. Her second request was that no prayers should be made for the good of her soul. She said she had endeavoured to live in the way of the Lord, and that she would reap whatever she had sown. No amount of prayers by others could help her Soul. And the third and the last request was that there should be no mourning after she had passed away.

The fateful day of 29th September, 1981 dawned. To every one's surprise the fever, that had been Champabai's constant companion, had left her, and she was normal. The family rejoiced that this was a sure sign that she would recover. Unfortunately, the fever commenced rising at about 11 in the morning, and Champabai commenced reciting the Lord's name. With hymns ringing in her ears and the Lord's name on her lips she remained conscious till 8 O'clock in the evening. Thereafter she became unconscious, and the Lord Almighty gathered her gently, peacefully and quietly to Himself at 8.15 P.M.

True to his promise Gunvantrai carried out all her three requests. He himself did not mourn her demise, nor did he allow the family to do so. But they will always keep her memory green in their minds and hearts as long as they live. She was very close and dear to them when alive, and she would always remain so even after her death.

May the Lord Almighty in His abiding Mercy admit the Soul of his devoted Daughter Champabai to His Fold, and may He be pleased to grant her Eternal Peace. Amen !

Mahapuja, Mahanam and Revelations

Mr. & Mrs. Gunvantrai T. Kamdar

Sri Dadaji, the very embodiment of love, performed Sri Sri Satyanarayan Mahapuja in the Sri Sri Satyanarayan Bhavan at Bhavnagar in December, 1972. The divine scenes that we witnessed at that time, and the manifestations we experienced, created deep within our hearts an overwhelming desire, that would that we had the good fortune of taking part in the Mahapuja by the grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. All this, of course, would happen only with the grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, we knew.

Recently my wife, Mrs. Champabai Kamdar, and myself had been staying at Calcutta for the past four months or so. During the stay it was the dear wish of Mrs. Kamdar that we should request Pujya Dadaji to perform the Mahapuja at our Calcutta Residence located at 33-B, Ezra Street. At last when Dadaji returned from his Orissa tour on 20th May, 1973, we took the opportunity of requesting him on the 22nd May, 1973 to perform the Mahapuja at our place. Pujya Dadaji immediately accepted our prayer and said "This is as if I have to perform the Mahapuja in my own house; the house is fated to witness it. Besides, I have the permission of Sri Sri Satyanarayan to do so." He then seemed to be turning something within himself and said, "Majee (Mrs. Kamdar) will sit in the Mahapuja". On hearing this, the followers who had been crowding the hall were wonder-struck, and inquired with surprise, "Is it true that Majee will sit in the Puja?" Thereupon Dadaji assured them that it was Sri Sri Satyanarayan's desire that "Devi Bhagwati (Mrs. Kamdar) should sit in the Puja." This brought home

to me how much elevated and blessed a soul Mrs. Kamdar was that she was given the grace of sitting in the Puja. This happiness at my wife's good fortune and the natural pride was slightly tinged with the disappointment that I was not given to share the grace with my dear wife. I, however, took consolation in the fact that that was what Sri Sri Satyanarayan desired. It was decided on that day that the Mahapuja would take place at our residence, 33-B, Ezra Street, Calcutta, on Saturday, the 26th May, 1973.

During the next two or three days almost all the followers of Pujya Dadaji came to learn that in consonance with the wishes of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, Mrs. Kamdar was to sit in the Mahapuja to be performed at our residence on the 26th May, 1973. So far no lady had the precious fortune of sitting in the Mahapuja. Since this honour was being conferred on a lady for the first time, each and every follower decided to attend the Mahapuja on that day, and to derive benefit and blessing therefrom. Was it not an occasion to the entire congregation for an object-lesson to the effect, 'we are all women'?

Once the decision was taken to perform the Mahapuja at our place our family commenced making the necessary preparations.

On the morning of Saturday, the 26th May, 1973, my good lady and I presented ourselves before Pujya Dadaji to discuss matters relating to the Mahapuja to be performed on that day. All of a sudden, Pujya Dadaji looked upwards in his characteristic oblique way, turned round and said to me, "Sri Kamdar will also sit in the Mahapuja along with Majee". Hearing this I experienced an indescribable joy and thought to myself that Sri Sri Satyanarayan had granted my prayer. In my mind I bowed to Him with deep reverence.

After finalising arrangements with Pujya Dadaji, we returned home and completed all the arrangements for the

Mahapuja due to take place that evening. But, thereafter on that day, the happenings that took place made us feel that Sri Sri Satyanarayan was putting us to a severe test. These happenings were as under :—

- (1) That memorable day of the 26th May, 1973, till the afternoon was bright and clear. At 2.30 in the afternoon, dark clouds gathered and it started raining with unusual violence. As our residence is located in a low-lying area, it became flooded with $2/2\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water. Likewise many low-lying areas in Calcutta were flooded. Indeed, waterlogging during the monsoons is phenomenal in Calcutta. In my mind a doubt began to appear as to what was going to happen. Pujya Dadaji had called for the car to arrive at 4:00 p.m. at his residence on Anwarshaw Road. Taking stock of the situation, I decided to send a responsible person with the car, who would acquaint him with the situation that our street had more or less knee-deep water, and, therefore, to avoid this difficulty, Pujya Dadaji might decide to arrive slightly later than the scheduled time. Before, however, doing so, it would be better if the situation at our end was ascertained over the phone. I, therefore, sent two cars to Pujya Dadaji at 3 O'Clock with my representative incharge.
- (2) After the cars were sent out at 3 O'Clock, the shower of rain grew heavier. As if to complete the disaster, the Electric Power was cut off round about 4 O'Clock in the evening. I was considerably upset and began to consider as to what was the best thing to be done. All of a sudden, by themselves Pujya Dadaji's words came into my mind, "Act well your part". Thereupon, I ceased thinking and left everything at the feet of Sri Sri Satyanarayan.



Dadaji—the embodiment of Truth

Strangely enough this made me believe that whoever wished to have the Puja performed, and whoever wished to do the Puja, would look after everything. With this thought and uttering the Mahanam to ourselves, my good lady and I sat down quietly composed.

- (3) At 10 minutes past 5 it was still raining, when my representative telephoned me that Pujya Dadaji had already left for our residence. With this telephone call the Electric Power that had been cut off was restored. What I had considered to be one of my difficulties was thus automatically resolved.
- (4) There now remained the problem of the water which remained flooding our Street to the height of $2/2\frac{1}{2}$ feet. I did not know how the car would be able to come through this water. Thinking it over, I decided to place one man each at the two entrances of our Street with the instructions that when Pujya Dadaji arrived he should be placed in a Rickshaw and conducted to our house. I made arrangement accordingly. To our utter astonishment, at 5.45 p.m. my representative came running up the stairs to announce that Pujya Dadaji's car had arrived. My wife and I rushed down to welcome him, and met Pujya Dadaji climbing up the steps very blithely, and smiling broadly as if he had no difficulty on the way whatsoever. To this day I cannot say how the car was able to negotiate the Street flooded with $2\frac{1}{4}$ feet of water.

We escorted Pujya Dadaji upto our sitting room, and made him comfortable on a Cot. We gave him the traditional welcome with garland. The welcoming ceremony being over, Pujya Dadaji turned to Sri Khemka, who was present, and said "Khemkaji, Kamdarji was perturbed as to how, with such a heavy shower on, the Mahapuja would

take place and whether everybody would be able to attend the same; but see the will of Sri Sri Satyanarayan." And in a little while the rain stopped and the followers started flocking in. Within about an hour about 300 followers had gathered together.

At about 6:30 in the evening, Puja Dadaji, while having his tea, called Mrs. Kamdar and myself by his side, made us sit down, and told us how we were to take part in the Mahapuja. He said that there would be neither light, nor fan; doors and windows would have to be closed, and that we would have to keep our eyes shut, and not to be afraid of anything. Dadaji uttered several instructions in a jovial frame of mind.

Having had his tea, Dadaji desired that those of the followers, who were new, and had not previously witnessed the Mahapuja, should be shown round the room where the Puja was to be held, as also the articles which were to be used during the Puja. These followers were to be shown the vessel filled with cocoanut water, as also the vessel filled with ordinary water and were to be informed of the changes that would take place as a result of the performance of the Puja. In pursuance of his wishes I led Dr. and Mrs. Pooler and one or two other persons of legal Profession and Professors of Colleges to the Puja Room, showed them everything and explained how the room wears an altogether different look after the Puja.

As it struck 7 O'Clock in the evening, Dadaji changed his clothes and entered the Puja Room. He remained there all alone for about 10 minutes. Thereafter he, in his inimitable and well-known manner, helped three persons be conducted to the audition of Mahanam.

Thereafter Dadaji called Mrs. Kamdar and myself into the Puja Room. He made us sit down on the asana, and drew a ring around us. The doors and windows were shut and the fan and the lights were put off, and Dadaji asked us to keep our eyes closed. He desired us to repeat the Mahanam

which we had received before. I could feel that Pujya Dadaji had gone behind us. Out of sheer curiosity, I could not help myself turning round to see what was happening, and I saw him absolutely without clothes (in the digambar state). I turned my head away and closed my eyes and went on repeating the Mahanam. Immediately thereafter we felt drizzle of water on us and we heard Dadaji going out of the Puja Room and closing the door behind him.

A little while we felt vibrations all through and all over our bodies, totally unlike the rigours occasioned by cold or fever. Following upon the vibrations, we saw with our eyes closed, a flood of cool light interspersed with flashes of lights of various colours. The intensity of the light was such as if a thousand suns were shining on us, and all this with eyes firmly closed. The rays of these coloured lights clearly seemed to be running towards us. Along with these marvellous lights, commenced the flood of divine fragrance filling the Room. Then we heard the peal of several bells ringing together in a rhythmic manner. In a little while we saw, with our eyes still closed, on Mrs. Kamdar's side each and every Lord of Heaven walking past to the right of me. At that time from their bodies a divine fragrance began to emanate. In this manner with 14 Lords of the Heaven passing by, we experienced the delight of 14 different perfumes.

After the last Lord of Heaven has passed us by, we felt as if large drops of water were falling behind us. Then immediately there was a gust of icy cold wind blowing from behind us. There were three such waves of this icy cold wind and then the vibrations that we had been experiencing all along, so far, ceased. With the cessation of the vibrations we felt that our bodies had lost weight and we remained in this weightless condition for about 10 minutes.

The entire experience in the Mahapuja Room, which I have narrated above, took about 25 minutes in all.

Some one is bound to raise this inescapable question, "You were taking part in the Mahapuja with your eyes closed ; then, how could you see what you say you saw ?" There is but only one reply to the question, and that is that Sri Sri Satyanarayan and Pujya Dadaji granted us the Divine Sight to see all that we saw, and to have the Darshan of the Devas, the Lords of the Heaven. Not only that, but all through these 20 or 25 minutes of Divine Experience, we heard the peals of the bells and experienced the Divine Fragrance and the Heavenly light.

Thereafter, we felt that Pujya Dadaji had opened the door and had entered the Puja Room. He placed his hands on our heads and uttered a Mantra twice. On both these occasions he asked us to repeat that Mantra. Our body was weightless, our eyes were closed, and we could not get up. Pujya Dadaji helped us get up by lifting us up from our elbows and pulled us back. We felt that in a twinkling of an eye Pujya Dadaji had picked up the low seats (Asana), and then he asked us to open our eyes, when we seemed to lose our weightlessness and to regain our original condition.

We opened our eyes and prostrated ourselves in reverence before Sri Sri Satyanarayan and Pujya Dadaji. Thereupon, Pujya Dadaji asked us to open the vessel containing the cocoanut water. I opened it and saw that the cocoanut water had become a sort of Porridge (Kshir), and that a delicious perfume was emanating from it. Pujya Dadaji then asked us to open the vessel containing ordinary water, and so doing, we found that the water had turned into cocoanut water.

As if these two extraordinary phenomena were not sufficient to fill our souls with ecstasy, we were delighted to behold :

- (a) that honey was flowing in droplets down the photograph of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and collecting along its frames : and
- (b) that the dishes filled with dried fruits, and those with grated cocoanut had finger marks on them as if the Lords of Heaven had partaken of these offerings. Our hearts were overflowing with holy delight.

It appeared to us that Pujya Dadaji was desirous of demonstrating to us the power of the Mahanam, or what that power could do, because he made us both sit down again and repeat the Mahanam for 108 times. Accordingly, we sat down, closed our eyes and after repeating the Mahanam 108 times, opened our eyes and got up. We then saw that the water which had been turned into cocoanut water had thin strips of cocoanut floating on it. We again prostrated ourselves in reverence before Pujya Dadaji. He brought us out of the Puja Room, and asked the followers who were waiting outside to enter the Puja Room and have Darshan. What remained most inexplicable was the fact that Mrs. Kamdar, being an Asthma patient, had worn an woollen cardigan and yet for twenty-five minutes she sat inside that airtight room and never felt any breathing trouble for a single moment. Rather, she was overwhelmed with the transformation in her physical body effected on this occasion by the grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

On this occasion the cocoanut water which had become Porridge (Kshir) tasted like nectar, and those of the followers, who had occasion to savour the Porridge (Kshir) offered on previous occasions, proclaimed that they had never tasted anything so sweet and delicious as the one on the present occasion. The Porridge (Kshir) invariably always happened to be white in colour. At the time of this Mahapuja, however, the Porridge (Kshir) was of Almond colour, and a Divine Fragrance was emanating from it.

I have endeavoured my best to describe this Mahapuja as faithfully as I can; but this is an occasion and incidence so joyful and so holy that mere words fail to describe it. Indeed, this is ineffable.

I place this little endeavour of mine most humbly at the feet of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and Puja Dadaji, whose grace enabled my good Lady and myself to experience the Divinity residing within us, with millions of prostrations in all humility, deep reverence, and profound affection.

Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja

(at the residence of Jatindranath Bhattacharya on
25th October, 1973.)

G. T. Kamdar

In the State of West Bengal Sri Kali Puja is considered to be an event of great spiritual importance. This year the festival day fell on Thursday, the 25th October, and was celebrated with a good deal of traditional eclat and rejoicings.

At the residence of Mr. Jatindranath Bhattacharya, a close associate of Dadaji for more than the last three decades, Kali Puja was being performed annually in the traditional manner with the help of a Brahmin priest. But, last year there was a break with tradition and Dadaji himself, no priest, did the Puja out of love for his dear friend. But Puja Dadaji is not at all in favour of any Puja as it is traditionally performed. He holds that all these so-called traditional Pujas are mere shows and they do not constitute the real essence of Puja. He, therefore, informed Jatindranath Bhattacharya that on this festival occasion, that is on the 25th October, 1973, Sri Sri Satyanarayan Mahapuja would be performed at Jatindranath's residence. He requested that this information be conveyed to all the devotees.

On the appointed day, that is, on Thursday, the 25th October, 1973, the devotees started assembling at the residence of Jatindra Babu from 11 A.M., and commenced reciting the Nam Kirtan. Puja Dadaji arrived at 12 noon, and after gracing the assembly with his presence for about half an hour started moving towards the Puja Room at 12:30 p.m. At that time Arvind Kamdar was with him, and Puja Dadaji asked him, "where is Majee (Mrs.

Kamdar). She has to sit in the Puja room." Arvind told him that Majee was already present and went to call her.

So far when somebody was to sit in the Puja room, it was customary for Pujya Dadaji to go into the Puja Room, stay there for about five minutes, and then call the person who is to sit in the Puja Room. This time, however, there was a slight alteration in the procedure. Instead of going into the Puja Room first and staying there for five minutes or so alone, Pujya Dadaji took Majee along with him into the Puja Room. He then requested Majee to take her sit on the Asan and light the ghee-lamp. Majee carried out Dadaji's wishes, and then Pujya Dadaji asked her to prostrate herself before Sri Sri Satyanarayan and commence reciting the Mahanam, which she did. Pujya Dadaji then came out, closed the door, behind him, and lay himself down on the Sofa. The Nam Kirtan by the assembled devotees continued.

Along with others I was also doing the Nam Kirtan. I had closed my eyes and was completely engrossed with the Nam Kirtan. About 25 minutes must have thus elapsed and then appeared to me that the ethereal form of Pujya Dadaji had come out of the Puja Room, had walked towards the Sofa and had gradually merged with the physical body of Pujya Dadaji reclining on the Sofa. I saw this all very distinctly and clearly. Then Pujya Dadaji opened his eyes, sat upon the Sofa and put on his Kurta. He called me and said to me, "Please go near the Puja Room, open the door slightly and see what is happening inside". In deference to his wishes I went near the Puja Room, opened the door slightly and saw to my great surprise that Majee (Mrs. Kamdar) instead of sitting on the Asan was sitting in the space clearly about four inches above the Asan. What was more was that the whole Puja Room was filled with the fumes of divine fragrance and Majee herself

with closed eyes, it seemed to me, was devoutly repeating the Mahanam.

I was so greatly overwhelmed by the sight I had seen that I could not speak. I gently closed the door and went back to Dadaji. Pujya Dadaji inquired of me as to what I had seen, and I told him of the amazing experience I had the good fortune to witness.

Again, generally, it is customary for Pujya Dadaji to get up from the Sofa about five minutes prior to the termination of the Puja and enter the Puja Room alone. He would stay in the Puja Room for about five minutes, and then invite others into that Room for Darshan. It would be observed that on this occasion Pujya Dadaji did not go to the Puja Room alone, but instead asked me to open the door a little and see what was happening inside the Puja Room. Therefore, it strikes me that Pujya Dadaji is disclosing by and by his Divine Identity.

Thereafter Pujya Dadaji took 5 to 7 gentlemen with him into the Puja Room and helped Majee get up. He then requested Majee to uncover the utensils containing Mahabhog offered to Thakurjee. When Majee did so, it was seen that Sri Sri Thakurjee had not only partaken of the Bhog from each utensil, but had also consumed some water. After this Majee prostrated herself before Sri Sri Satyanarayan, and coming out of the Puja Room, she prostrated herself before Pujya Dadaji. Thereafter other devotees also had the good fortune of having the darshan of the Room.

Dr. Nanilal Sen, who was present, requested Majee to let all present know of the experiences she had in the Room. Majee narrated her experience thus :

"On entering the Puja Room with me, Pujya Dadaji asked me to take my seat on the Asana and to light the gheelamp. Whilst I was doing this, Pujya Dadaji stood by my side. I saw that all the Mahabhog offered

included Brinjal Stem, Cooked Rice, Rosogolla, Fruits, etc., was covered with Banana leaves. There was also a glass filled with water. Pujya Dadaji said to me, "please prostrate yourself before Sri Sri Satyanarayan, close your eyes and commence reciting the Mahanam. I am going out." So saying Pujya Dadaji went out of the Room and closed the door behind him. I started reciting the Mahanam. There was no light or fan, nor anything or anyone else in the Room.

No sooner had I commenced reciting the Mahanam than the divine aroma started flowing in the Room, I also saw the divine light emanating from the photograph of Sri Sri Satyanarayan before me. After about five minutes I felt as if my throat was choked, so much so that it seemed to me that I would have to stop reciting the Mahanam. Immediately, I prayed to Sri Sri Satyanarayan, "Oh Prabhu, please help me." soon after my throat opened out and I could go on reciting the Mahanam. I heard the sound of the Bells and felt that the Ganga Water was being showered on my head and on my back as well as all around the Asana on which I was sitting. It was so specially perfumed that the entire Room smelt delightfully divine around. Gradually, I seemed to be losing weight. I seemed to have felt that somebody was moving in front of me and I heard noises as if the Banana leaves had been removed and some one was partaking of the offered Bhog. Ten minutes later the door was opened and Pujya Dadaji accompanied by Kamdar and other devotees entered the Room. Dadaji helped me to stand up and I prostrated myself before Sri Sri Satyanarayan and before Pujya Dadaji. I came out of the Room, and the devotees present were able to enjoy the divine fragrance which had been showered on my head and on my saree by the perfumed Ganga Water. Amusingly enough, the perfume emanated from my head was different from the one flowing out of my saree."

This perfume remained even after a lapse of eight days or so. Such is the experience of Mrs. Kamdar.

After Majee had related her experience, the devotees present savoured the Mahaprasad and prostrating themselves before Sri Sri Satyanarayan and Pujya Dadaji took the leave of their host, Jatindranath Bhattacharya.

After this Mahapuja a conviction is growing upon me that through the grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayan to mankind, Pujya Dadaji has been gradually disclosing himself to us. I also feel that as the days go by, we all devotees of Pujya Dadaji are destined to have Divine Experiences of deeper and deeper order to enable us ultimately to perceive the Eternal Truth within all of us.

My heart goes out to Dadaji on all fours to be embalmed by the resonant silence that Dadaji is.

A Divine Revelation

G. T. Kamdar

I very vividly recall the first time when Pujya Dadaji revealed his omnipresence to me and us. It happened this way.

Mrs. Kamdar and myself had the good fortune to be received into Pujya Dadaji's grace on the auspicious day of 6th April, 1972, at Calcutta. As we sat at his feet, Mahanam (Holy Name of the Almighty) revealed Itself to both of us through his munificence. He told us at that time that he was not our Guru, because no living being could be a Guru to another. The Guru of all Gurus, Sri Sri Satyanarayan, dwelt in the hearts of all of us, and that chanting the Mahanama in our hearts and mind, day and night, was the only way to eliminate the ego and to realise the Absolute Truth, that is, Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

Some months passed by, when all of a sudden (say in the month of June or July, 1972) I developed a severe backache. The Doctors called it Slipped Disc. We were at that time in our house at Bombay, and I was confined to bed with this illness. Any slight movement caused me excruciating pain. This, however, did not deter me from reciting the Mahanam. In fact, I welcomed this affliction, in as much as it gave me undisturbed opportunity to indulge myself in reciting the Mahanam. Doing so brought me indescribable peace of mind. The garland of Mahanam that I was weaving started wafting a faint fragrance enveloping me. The fragrance grew stronger in a second, and all of a sudden I realised that this was the fragrance which always pervaded the place where Dadaji was present. To make sure that I was not labouring under any olfactory illusion, I called out to my wife and children, who came rushing into my room, no doubt under the

mistaken apprehension that my pain had increased. I reassured them and asked them whether or not they also smelt divine fragrance in the room. They immediately said that, that was the first thing they had noticed when they came rushing in. The fragrance became stronger as each minute went by and gradually turned into a veritable fog of fragrance. The whole room was full of Dadaji's personal aroma, when all of a sudden Mrs. Kamdar shouted with joy "Here is Dadaji". I was enthralled and asked "where?" trying to get up at the same time. My wife replied "There he is at the door". As my endeavours to get up proved fruitless, I got up with a sudden jerk and looked at the door. Dadaji was no longer there, and with a final thrust of agony all along my spine through the top of my head, the pain had also disappeared. To this day the pain has not recurred.

The wonder and the beatitude that pervaded my heart ever since shall last so long as I live. How did Pujya Dadaji in Calcutta know that I was ill in Bombay, and how could he be present in Calcutta and Bombay at the same time, and how could he relieve me of my distress so instantly? Being a mere mortal, I do not know the answers, but Dadaji knows. He is what he is.

From that memorable day onward the members of my family and myself have experienced Dadaji's omnipresence on very many occasions. Although he had never since that day appeared in person, as a divine revelation of his omnipresent powers, his fragrance had visited us a legion of times. Pujya Dadaji in person had sanctified our homes at Calcutta, Bombay, Bhavnagar and Porbandar several times, and had performed his inimitable Pujya Ceremonies, bringing joy, happiness and bliss not only to the person sitting during the Pujya, but to all those who witnessed them.

Pujya Dadaji had granted my family and myself many bounties which are normally considered as miracles. One of these happened some time at Bhavnagar where Pujya

Dadaji had installed the statue of Sri Sri Satyanarayan in the Sri Sri Satyanarayan Bhavan. On Sunday mornings the members of the Kamdar family prepare the cooked offerings, that is Bhog, by themselves and offer them to Sri Sri Satyanarayan in the Satyanarayan Bhavan. Then they withdraw, closing the door behind them, and sitting outside they chant Mahanam for half an hour. They then approach Sri Sri Satyanarayan with full heart and to their joy find that He has graciously partaken of the Bhog. Thus, the Kamdar family receives the blessings of the Lord through the grace of Pujya Dadaji.

Pujya Dadaji is an unprecedented manifestation of true truth of anonymity. He is omniscient, and omnipresent, and also omnipotent, as not only myself, but many of his devotees, can testify to the miraculous cures he has effected. He is a nobody that is out to bud forth in the hearts of all who are open to the vibrations of truth, of Mahanam. Truth with him is no institution, no code of laws, no austerity, no grotesque make-up, no physical acrobatics and far less any inhibitory auto-suggestion. It is life unsegmented by our egoistic drives, it is nature reasserting itself on the clogged life-stream. It is remembrance of being shorn of any becoming. It is the ever present we are apt to project back and forth into sundry dimensions. It is a point-instant ever expanding through viscous love unto infinity.

Pujya Dadaji says in one voice with Lord Krishna, that the Truth Absolute or Sri Sri Satyanarayan resides in the devoted discharge of destined "Karma". He does not merely say so, but he puts it into practice, because he himself is a householder with wife and children, and has a small shop in the New Market at Calcutta. He says that renouncing the world, growing long hair, wearing saffron clothes, or no clothes at all, and retiring into the seclusion of the Himalayas in search of the Absolute Truth are of no avail. He says, the only Tapasya or penance necessary

is that one should bear one's Destiny or Prarabdha with patience and fortitude. Renunciation there must be, but it is not of this world or of Karma, but of the vagaries of mind ; because the Lord dwells in us, it is futile to seek Him in Shrines, Temples, Holy places or even in the Himalayas.

The renunciation of the mind means that whatever one has to do, namely, "Karma", it should be done in the name of the Lord only, without any anticipation, motivation or desire whatsoever for the ultimate result. And one can only do this, says Pujya Dadaji, by taking the Name of the Lord with which one is born, that is, the Mahanam. For the Kaliyuga, that is the present age, the only path to the Lord Almighty, the Absolute Truth, Sri Sri Satyanarayan, is by invoking Mahanam, recited, repeated, resounded in your heart and mind, in your hours of joy and in your hours of sorrow, in your waking moments and in your sleeping moments. Wherever and whenever you may be, say the Mahanam with grace, with abundance of joy and with complete surrender, and Sri Sri Satyanarayan will surely lift you up to Him, says Pujya Dadaji.

The European Symphony :

Divinity Within

Denis Judd*

To me, a scientist, meeting Dadaji has been an enchanting experience beyond normal comprehension. The incredible has become credible. Is there any transcending of nature? Is there a Supreme Being or God to whom our laws of science do not and cannot apply? With Dadaji I have experienced, as have numerous people the world over, such supernatural miraculous happenings that the answers must be in the clearest affirmative.

His body and touch produce a characteristic fragrance. This fragrance is felt thousands of miles away from him to those familiar with it on special occasions. In his bare palm, while he is almost completely naked, may appear a silver or a gold locket, or a pen, or a watch or some other present for you. The names of donor and recipient may get transcribed by a mere touch of his finger on these objects. In closed and sealed rooms hundreds of miles apart, there may take place simultaneous manifestations known and described by many witnesses as the Satyanarayan Puja (Worship of Truth). He may cure an ailing devotee

* Professor, London University

thousands of miles away. Blank pages held by a recipient may get instantly filled with a Divine Message. Any number of such incredible experiences have been documented by many witnesses, all persons of high standing and good judgment.

Why all these miracles? Dadaji replies that they are tokens from the Supreme Will to instil faith in the sceptical atheistic intellectuals of today. There is Truth Absolute outside the reach of man's mind. It transcends the natural laws that the mind formulates.

And, according to Dadaji, Truth is not only transcendent but also immanent in His creation. The Lord resides in every heart in the form of Mahanam (Supreme Name). Many witnesses have been seeing Mahanam appear on a blank piece of paper in the presence of Dadaji.

Dadaji every time emphasises that he is nobody in all these happenings. He is only your elder brother (Dada in Bengali, his native language). The experience of Mahanam is to establish that our Guru is the Lord residing in our hearts, and no limited human individual has the right to act as the guru of another fellow human being. Everyone, everything is in essence divine.

From the one all has arisen as nature. The mind conceptualises and produces the fragmented vision. This is the divine play we have come to relish in the world. Every individual has an assigned role called 'destiny.' The ups and downs of destiny must be borne with patience. They are equally necessary for the play to be possible. We have to perform our worldly duties with sincerity and utmost care, remembering with love the Lord within. Loving surrender to Him as our existence in all that we go through is the only true spiritual path to be followed in this world. All taboos and superstitions must be shaken off, as also all kinds of rituals one might have picked up due to traditional training. Then only can one be truly free internally.

To show the way to his younger brothers and sisters, Dadaji himself lives the natural life of an average householder in Calcutta. He earns his living like anyone else. He is against all institution building in the name of God. Does the Lord of the universe need our buildings and money? Can He be enticed and cajoled by our ego-boosting exercises and rituals? He can be approached only through love and self-surrender.

Dadaji is the universal elder brother. To him all mankind is one, since the One Truth resides in every heart. So, all institutionalised religions and cults that divide mankind are discarded by him as meaningless products of our egos. To be one with the Supreme One we have to be rid of our petty egos and feel His fullness within us through loving submission to Mahanam.*

* Vide Mirror. Wednesday, July 4, 1979

Dadaji :

Concept of Godhead & Mahanam

(Great Name of the Lord)

Rev. Dr. Peter Cianchi*

The concept of "Godhead" as spun out by seekers down the ages with the contributions of their respective individual realisations has worn a peculiar shape where the child of the Immortal Father practices hard to renounce his Father's creation and tries to escape in a refuge, secluded from the vibrant flow of life of the material world. In the present age, these mechanical practices followed by meditations, concentrations and so on, that have assumed enormous proportions, strangely, however, to realise one thing that every atom of the Lord's creation carries a potential Divine Spark animated by the Creator Himself.

While the common man is thus confused between the gross day to day struggle for survival and the observance of penance for the sense-organs in the attainment of Divinity, the confusion is further abetted by the human Gurus whose vested interest it is to establish their own personality cult instead of God at the cost of these people. Mr. Amiya Roy Chowdhury of India, known as Dadaji, (means elder brother) in his brotherhood of the world, has been revealing in his unique way the real truth of making us conscious of the potent Divine Truth that each of us carry within us from the moment of our birth. This is the way to the Mahanam.

Sri Dadaji declares that the love and affection with which the Lord has been bringing up even the minutest

* Minister, Church of England.

particle of this universe, leave no room for observance of penance or physical or mental acrobatics. The Supreme Energy which vitalises our span of life is omnipotent, omniscient and all-pervasive. We are required to perform our duties with which we are entrusted, sincerely and faithfully, appreciating the beautitude of his flawless perfection in every moment of our sojourn here. The moment we tune ourselves to the "Supreme Will" that 'Let thy will be done,' the oars of our lifeboats are propelled by the Lord Himself. The Mahanam once realised within, itself takes up the task of tuning the predominant human mind function in balance with the tranquil 'soul' which is the external existence of all created beings, forms and matters that eternally vibrates as Mahanam, which is awakened only at the annihilation of ego.

Now, the Mahanam since being bestowed on us by the Lord, no human being, Dadaji says, has any right to make another aware of it. Moreover, any mantra whispered by any mortal to the other, is absolutely a creation of mind and hence has no efficacy in producing Divine bliss, which transcends the limited frameworks of mind and intellect. According to Dadaji, 'Diksha' means Darshan i.e. to see. One should realise his own Mahanam within by seeing it. The seeker experiences the projection of the Mahanam on a piece of blank paper in his own language in the presence of Dadaji, sometimes in his absence also. After he has perused it, it disappears from the paper leaving it blank again. Dadaji explains that the Lord is so dear to us and His Love so engrossing that we are just to recite this Mahanam casually in the midst of our daily life. The rest we have to leave to Him, the Doer, who can be touched and moved only by love, surrender and piety.

We are really fortunate in having Sri Dadaji amongst us who has undertaken a prodigious task of teaching human beings to look within so that the obstructions in our angle-

of visions are removed and we are enabled to have a taste of the quiet tranquil bliss which we possess but of which we are ignorant totally.

Dadaji has proclaimed that the Mahanam, the name of the Lord in the soul of every man or woman, is the symbol of one truth, one language and one Mankind.

“No Human Being Can Ever Be A Guru”

An Encounter with Dadaji

Dr. Peter Meyer-Dohm*

Like many others I have met someone who is called simply Dadaji, the Elder Brother. He is Amiya Roy Chowdhury, and lives in Calcutta. He has astonished many people because of various inexplicable occurrences which he has caused or which have taken place in his presence, and there are many people who love and honour him.

Such people, who stand as it were with both feet firmly on the ground and who are very much representatives of our scientific age, were usually taken by surprise when they first came into contact with Dadaji. He astonished them with things which are simply impossible with ‘miracles’. This astonishment created the opening for his message.

Many have given accounts of their experiences, and the reports of these well-known scientists, lawyers, philosophers, politicians, and others now extend to four volumes and resemble each other in many respects. Usually it is the impression made by new and wholly unusual things which has prompted the words.

All this has to be stated in advance, so as to make clear the fascination of the man who is called simply Dadaji and who himself stresses repeatedly that he is nothing special and can do nothing. He is an enigma. And the way in which we experience Dadaji will reveal what we are and what we believe.

An inner prompting and my scientific duties took me to India nearly two decades ago. There, I have never sought

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contact with gurus, sadhus, or other holy men, but have deliberately left it to 'chance' whether I crossed their paths or not, and in fact this rarely happened. I had been told of the many astonishing powers (siddhis) which are attributed to such men, but these 'miracle powers' have never aroused my curiosity. In this respect it was less a question of doubt, rather something akin to disinterest. More important to me were the encounters with people, in the course of which my heart grew warm because I was able to experience love, wisdom, and kindness—radiant love. And this was what happened when I met Dadaji.

I met him for the first time in Germany. He had come one summer's day to the neighbouring town of Witten, to the house of an Indian doctor who invited us and others, mostly members of the Indo-German Society, to his home. At this time I did not yet know anything about Dadaji, and in my expectation there was a considerable amount of cautious scepticism. How could this be otherwise in view of the large number of travelling mantra-dealers and pseudo yogis? I accepted the invitation together with my wife, because I wished to enlist her judgment and her intuitive assessment of people. Dadaji did not conform to the ideas and expectations of most of the guests. The man who lay there on a couch smoking cigarettes and watching the throng of visitors in silence wasn't at all like the gurus in books. Indeed, in the course of the afternoon and evening we were able to experience him as an 'anti-guru', commenting strongly and sarcastically on the business of yoga and mantras: "All these so-called and self-styled Bhagawans, Maharishis, Babas and Gurus are bluffing innocent people, to make money." His English was simple and he frequently sought for words.

As I have said, Dadaji scarcely met the expectations which are attached in these latitudes to the Indian export article 'guru'. After two hours those people had left who had either waited in vain for some miracle or other to

happen or who from the first had in fact had their doubts about the genuineness of this man and who had missed the interpreting of holy writings and words of wisdom from an eloquent master. Dadaji was not so talkative as one of his companions, an American ; but, after all, it wasn't for him that people had come.

During this time, while Dadaji was calmly observing us, I myself had the feeling of having to wait. When after the longish reports of the American time had come to ask Dadaji, I was very astonished to be able to make some comments on Dadaji's answers and I learned from my own words things not known to me before. The number of those present decreased even more when Dadaji asked who would like to partake of 'diksha'. I didn't know what his question meant but nevertheless expressed my willingness. In the upper storey of the house there now took place for a small group something I later read as the account of many others who had already experienced much the same. After I had gone with Dadaji into an empty, perfume-filled room in which some gifts lay on the floor in front of a picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, I was asked to hold a blank sheet of paper between the palms of my hands on which there appeared two words written in red Roman letters. This "Manifestation of the Mahanam" occurred after Dadaji touched my back and my head. Later Dadaji changed some boiled water which was inside a closed bottle into a perfumed liquid through the glass.

It was Dadaji's physical nearness which for me was the real experience ; the appearance of a man giving out love, who didn't give the impression of being eighty at all and who showed nothing of the frailty common to people of this age. Next to me on the floor of the small room sat a robust, bare-torsoed man, and from him and from the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan there came a wonderful fragrance.

For a Central European all this is very unusual, and yet the scene had nothing unreal about it. In the original sense of the word it was natural and took place in a kind of mental sobriety, far removed from any emotional rapture. I attended to everything that happened with heightened awareness, registered it all as facts without surprise, photographed within myself as it were all the proceedings- which even today I can see clearly. It was a kind of attentive distance from which I observed. And when I ran over everything in my mind the following day it was not the actions and incidents, the 'miracles', which counted, but it was Dadaji's own person, his emanating love and kindness. In the foreground was something which it is difficult to describe : a feeling of happiness. That was also the impression of my wife, who had not taken part in the diksha-ceremony, but had experienced the meeting with this person as deeply as I had. On this memorable evening we went home richly rewarded.

Dadaji had come to Germany for one day. It had been an excursion from London and he was on the way to the United States. Immediately afterwards I was again completely taken up with my daily occupational routine, but I remained constantly in the memory of what I had experienced and wished to clarify my own ideas about it all. Often I would sit in front of the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan which Dadaji had given to me and which seemed to me to be thoroughly unusual. This simple print does not show any jewel-clad divinity, nothing extraordinary or deeply symbolic, at least at first glance. A modest, elderly man, wrapped in a yellow cloth, sits on what looks as a square hewn stone, a gentle glow around his head.

What was I to do with this picture which was supposed to represent 'the personification of Truth'? I was unsuccessful in getting any closer to its meaning. But when I was gazing at the picture in a state of absorption of the

mind, a strange change took place. The figure moved into the background and was superseded as it were by a clear geometrical picture. Behind the top of a clearly outlined isosceles triangle, which stood over a square, there shone a brilliant circle! A fascinating experience, which suddenly brought the content of the picture home to me, because the square, triangle and circle spoke to me as symbols—and, more important still, *behind* these symbols, as an expression of the Truth, was Silence. All this together: the person, the symbols, and the 'dimension of no-symbol' made up the deep experience.

There is something wonderful about God as a person. When I was young He was close to me without having a particular figure or shape.

"Gott, De ine Gute reicht so weit,
so weit die Wolken gehen :
Du kronst uns mit Barmherzigkeit
Und eilst, uns beizustehen."*

This is the opening verse of an old protestant hymn, which always used to well up in me at those blessed moments when I experienced Him suddenly within myself. Everything around me seemed to speak to me only of Him, whether it was Nature in flower or the ruins of the terrible war. Later, as an adult, I learned that it was better to keep such happy experiences to myself. In our Western society much is considered to be emotional gush which has a very real foundation—and mockery can hurt a lot. But I did not need to hide my inner happiness and unshakable certainty.

My first encounter with the Indian-continent was so impressive because here I found people—sometimes among intellectuals as well—who felt and thought in a similar

* "Lord, Your kindness extends so far, / As far as the clouds do go : / You crown us with your compassion / and hasten to our aid."

fashion to myself, who spoke openly about their inner experiences and their inner goals. One has to discover India with one's heart and in this I was successful from the first day.

It remains to me to record two previous experiences which perhaps make my first encounter with Dadaji appear more understandable. First, there were the delicate masterpieces of the Kangra paintings of the Bhagavata Purana, which tell of Sri Krishna's Lila and which deeply delighted me when I came across them in 1967 in Jaipur. They led me in turn to the Gita Govinda, a book which speaks of Divine Love and which ever since, together with the Bhagavad Gita, which I became acquainted with through the commentary of the revered Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, has belonged for me to the most beautiful things which India can give to us. Only today did I realise what a good preparation this was for my meeting with Dadaji.

And then there is one more experience : once, in a state of great dejection I had the good fortune to come across a quotation from the Visnupuranam, in which the great sage Vyasa speaks these astonishing words : Excellent, excellent is the Kali Yuga !” And what is it that distinguishes this Dark Age, the Kali Yuga, apparently so far removed from divine grace ?—“The reward which a man obtains in the Krita age by abstract meditation, in the Treta age by sacrifice, in the Dvapara age by adoration, he receives in the Kali age by merely reciting the names of Keshava (Krishna).” This statement moved me considerably and was like an indication of a close and ever-present source of aid, for the name of Krishna and Krishna himself are in so inexpressible way identical.

Assuredly the ‘preparation’ which I wished to suggest with these two experiences contributed to the fact that meeting with Dadaji, the man who says “No human being can ever be a guru”, had a strong after-effect. Mahanam with his reference to Lord Krishna proved to be a seed

which soon bore fruit and aroused the longing to know more and to understand even better the miracle of God's love. What that means I can only describe with the words of the highly esteemed philosopher and former Indian President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, who wrote in 1973, overwhelmed by his meeting with Dadaji :

"The Mahanam 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 duty is to submit to the Mahanam ringing spontaneously within us and to bear prarabdha with fortitude."

Religious leader Dadaji leaves skeptic wondering

Kay Brookshire*

'I am everything. I don't claim to be any religion. Religion is one,' he said. 'All over the universe is my temple.'

Dadaji sat cross-legged on a double bed with an orange and white polka-dot canopy. His hand-rolled cigarettes were on the bedside table, and a pop bottle filled with his purified water was on a nearby dresser.

The small Indian man with a square face and intense brown eyes described in broken English his view of God, the truth and the universe. He sought occasional help in translating from those around them.

In Calcutta, his home, he is a toy store operator. His name is Amiya Roy Chowdhury. Those who have visited him in his home for his spiritual advice call him Dadaji, meaning elder brother.

THOUGH HE MAINTAINS he is neither guru nor messiah, his style is akin to that of a guru.

"His whole purpose in life is to reach a few people, key people, and once again remind them of the truth, and to blow away all superstition," said Harvey Freeman, a former minister who now lives in a Washington state commune and is a follower of Dadaji.

Dadaji is holding court this week in the bedroom of the fashionable Montgomery home of Jasjit A. Singh, vice president of manufacturing for Schauer Manufacturing

* Post Staff reporter, The Cincinnati Post, Thursday, July 13, 1978.

Corp, Blue Ash. He's doing no public speaking, but simply accepting visitors interested in learning more about him.

SINGH MET DADAJI in India in early 1976, when he went home to visit his parents.

"I spent about two hours with him. I was totally taken over," Singh said.

Dadaji wore an orange "Lungi," a traditional Indian garment that wraps around his waist during an interview Wednesday.

He said he is somewhere between 70 and 80 years old, although he would not tell his exact age. He looks more like 50 or 60, having only a few streaks of grey in his dark hair and no wrinkles.

He said he travels on the income from his toy shop and accepts no money or gifts.

Dadaji describes his philosophy in short English sentences.

"I AM everything. I don't claim to be any religion. Religion is one," he said. "All over the universe is my temple."

"I am not a miracle man, but it has happened for the non-believing person," he said of the miracles attributed to him.

He eyed the skeptic interviewing him, saving his surprise.

"**WILL YOU ACCEPT** something from Him?" Dadaji asked, his eyes rolling heavenward.

The skeptic nodded, expecting a message from Dadaji. Instead, his hand came from behind his back carrying a new, man's wrist watch.

Ignoring protests, he presented the watch pointing out the brand name and the words "Swiss made" between the five and seven o'clock markers.

LATER, THE pot-bellied, guru Indian tapped his fingernail against the watch crystal. Then he pressed his fingers down on the face of the watch for several seconds.

The brand name and "Swiss made," had disappeared. Instead, the words "Sri Sri Satyanarayan," the name Dadaji has given to the one truth in the universe, appeared, along with the inscription on the watch face, "made in dreamland."

He maintained he was not responsible for any of the strange happenings.

'THAT IS A manifestation from Him,' Dadaji said, rolling his eyes heavenward again.

Why I made my excuses and left

Toni Holloway

I had been sitting cross-legged and barefoot on the floor of a house in Bradville for three hours talking to an Indian holy man.

But when he invited me alone to an upstairs room to enjoy a mystic revelation of the name of God, I am afraid I made my excuses and left!

Now don't get me wrong. I do not doubt for one moment the sincerity of Dadaji—which means simply “elder brother”—but miracles and revelations are just not for me.

Dadaji is on his second visit to Britain staying with Bil and Anji Walia at their home in Kingsfold, Bradville.

Trying to fit Dadaji into any particular pigeonhole is by no means easy.

He is not a guru of the Maharishi mould. In fact, he insists that gurus are quite unnecessary because God is within each person, and the only way to find God is to look for Him in your own heart.

“Are you a teacher then,” I asked Dadaji, as he sat cross legged on a divan.

Through his interpreter, an Indian doctor practising in Ilford, Dadaji explained that he aspired to no other title than that of universal elder brother.

Are you a reformer? Are you trying to put right what is wrong with other religions?”

But no, Dadaji certainly did not see himself as an Eastern version of Billy Graham. He is no jet-setter with a palatial residence in California. He is a toy-seller and a family man with a modest home in Calcutta.

Friday, July 6, 1979.



Dadaji—the way he speaks to everybody

He has refused to have a temple built in his honour and will accept no gifts.

Indeed, Dadaji has been known to give his followers gifts—miraculous watches which say “made in Switzerland” one minute, and “made in Dreamland” the next, at the touch of his fragrant fingers.

It is this strange fragrance which is the trademark of Dadaji. Those who have experienced it, claim that it lingers for days. It can also appear spontaneously thousands of miles from his presence.

To my untrained nose the only thing which could be smelled in the room was Indian incense—and followers have described the strange aroma variously as jasmine, sandalwood or roses. Strange that it is not lavender or lily-of-the-valley.

Dadaji prefers to play down the miraculous abilities that are claimed for him. They are not important to him, although they seem very important to his followers.

A young boy at the meeting asked Dadaji to cure his hay fever.

Dadaji merely smiled, gently touched the boy's nose, and rubbed the top of his spine with his fingertips. He never claimed this was to cure the boy, but everyone assumed this was the case.

The “revelation” which I declined was one of the two ceremonies which Dadaji performs.

Dadaji chooses one of his followers and takes them to a private room. The follower bows before a portrait of the Almighty and then Dadaji gives him a small piece of paper.

On the paper, writing mysteriously appears in red ink with the secret name of God in the language of your choice.

The other ceremony, of Puja, is rather different and offers the follower a glimpse of the Absolute, of Eternal Truth.

But Dadaji does not claim that he is the source of these

revelations—rather he is a catalyst, enabling the change to take place, but not actually causing it.

As he says himself, 'Anyone who tells you they can take you to God is simply not telling the truth—no person can be a Guru. Every person has a guru inside themselves.'

Dadaji's lieutenant, a retired Indian filmstar called Abhi Bhattacharya, pressed anyone who would listen with cuttings and learned tracts about the powers of Dadaji.

In them the overwhelmingly simple philosophy of Dadaji was expounded and interpreted at great length resulting in what can only be called mumbo-jumbo.

It seems that despite his own best intentions, a cult has grown around Dadaji which undermines his philosophy that organised religion is unnecessary.

LETTERS*

Hamburg/West Germany
1.2.79

The man to whom my last pilgrimage is destined is called Dadaji. By many he is considered the greatest sage of India. The most outstanding scientists and artists of India are devoted to him. The surprising thing, however, is the fact he is only a small businessman in New Market, Calcutta, who has, at the age of 73, retired from his business. He does not own a temple or an ashram. In a suburb of Calcutta, between slum huts and luxury vilas, he lives in a small unpretending house. Kindly he helped me down from the lorry into the water (Calcutta at the time was in the grip of the floods in 1978).

"Come upstairs to the first floor," he said, "where it is dry. But please don't kiss my feet. They are no Lotus feet. No man should kiss the feet of another person." The sage laughed. It is a broad, open almost childlikesmile. But the conversation is unexpectedly slow. Dadaji does not see many visitors. He does not know how to talk with a foreigner. Only during my second visit does he open up.

"I am called Dadaji," he says, "that means Elder brother." You are my younger brother. Come closer to me. He blesses me by touching my Hippy-hair with his hand. "Because you are my younger brother, I will reveal to you the deepest wisdom of the East today," And he raised his voice, "Conrad, go home to the west and lead a normal life."

* Stern Magazine : Guru. In India after interviewing all gurus, the author gets only blessed by Dadaji in his Calcutta house. Translation of these letters has been sent from Germany.

The electric light goes off. Several times a day the electric current supply breaks down. The sage does not feel disturbed by this. He lights a candle. "Dadaji," I object, "I have come to India in order to find my Guru."

"According to my experience", said the wise-man from Calcutta, "all Gurus are swindlers. They deal in the shadiest business of the world. They deal in illusions for poor souls. They make a business of the misery of the people and of their immaturity. If a Country is in Order and a Person really grown up he will not require a Guru. He can himself cope with his problems. Grow up. Go home. Put an end to religious tourism !".

I shook my head. That means "yes" in India. The wise man fetched two glasses. But I still have one question. "Dadaji, I have come to India in order to learn something about meditation."

"Meditation", the wise man of Calcutta said, "is an especially highly developed form of idleness. Haven't you got a profession, a family, any friends? A normal person has, after all, no time for such things."

"And Yoga?" "That", said the wise man, "is also such a humbug. I consider all these complicated bodily postures an ostentatious self-torture. It is not even a good technique of relaxation. Swimming is far more relaxing. Also going for walks." He offers me a cigarette. "Smoking", he says, "also relaxes."

"Dadaji", I say imploringly, "I haven't come to India to learn to smoke but to find God." "God", answered the sage, "is within you. You don't need to seek him. Fulfil your duties, do your work and enjoy your days' Whiskey, cigarettes and love. Then you will feel within you what no Guru can sell you : the living God, the true God who has created you and loves you."

Dadaji was pouring me a drink. In Calcutta, in the middle of the floods, my soul found God. And on this I had a double whiskey with the greatest sage of India.

Hans Conrad Zander Weg V am Kalscheurer
Weg 12 5000 Koln 51 Tel (0221) 365 365

11. 3. 79

Dear Mister Bhattacharya :

Being back home, the first thing I want to do is to thank you for your gentle letter. I am a bit worried because the parcel with all the copies I sent to Dadaji seems not yet to have arrived. Probably I should have sent it by air mail, but the package was so heavy I gave it to the normal post. If unfortunately it should have been lost over the ocean, please write to me.

Your friends in Germany have certainly told you that Dadaji is the only religious leader we met in India of whom I had a frankly positive impression. That's what I have written in my article. It was a great honour for me and for Jay to be received by a man who in such an eminent way represents truth to the West as well as to the East.

Please tell me in time the exact date of Dadaji's arrival in Germany. Although I am an awfully lot of times abroad, I hope it will be possible for me to meet him again. Tell me if he comes to Hamburg, since I am most often there and not in my home in Cologne. Since there is a second man at Stern office with my name, please write to this address :

Hans Conrad Zander
"Stern" Ausland (which means foreign desk)
Postfach 30 20 40
2000 Hamburg 36

The most important thing : Please tell Dadaji my deep respect and love.

Hans Conrad Zander

Brussels,
9th September, 1979

Dear Abhi

Thanks very much for your letter. In fact, I was quite surprised about it as I did not expect a letter from you but from Dadaji. And just see what happens. In one day I receive two letters from India, one from Dadaji and one from you. I was very happy with the article from the "Blitz" and the other paper with the introduction and philosophy of our Elder Brother. I have read all with great interest; thanks again. However, one thing I found a bit strange. The letter I received from you was open and the only content was what I mentioned above; I have a feeling that something was missing as the letter was open at two sides of the envelope. I cannot tell if your letter was opened by someone or if it was damaged in Post offices on its long trip to my home. Anyway strange is it, don't you think so?

As I am interested to know who you are I asked Dipu, Doctor Bhadra's son, if he ever met you. So I told him the whole story and then he told me that you are one of India's greatest moviestars. I was really confused. Why somebody like you was giving me information about Dadaji. You can imagine that I feel very honoured. It must be wonderful to make movies. It is a pity I do not know any of your films. It happens only by exception that one can see an Indian movie on television or cinema. My favorite films are the romantical ones, like Dr Zhivago, or Gone with the wind. What kind of movies you make?

You know Abhi, one time, a few months ago, Dipu and I had big discussions about strange things which happen in India. I am very interested in things which cannot be explained. These are all the mystical things. Here in Europe, what we know about India? When we start talking about India we know only very few things. Yoga is coming from India, and the terrible news reports of people suffering from hunger. For the rest mystical stories are coming from

India. So I asked Dipu to tell what he has seen or may be was part of. Then we discussed also that certain yogies can cure people when they are in high state of meditation and so on. Then he told one time a story about a man doing magnificent curing and that man was Dadaji. I did not know that at that time but I got interested in that man he was talking about and after a while there was only one subject left to talk about and that was Dadaji. Dipu told me a bit about his philosophy and as you probably know I have already now contact with Dadaji and wrote him a letter. One cannot imagine how many things can happen in a few months.

In the beginning I was suspicious about all that kind of things. You should understand that nowadays one is cheated before one can realise. I am of the opinion that one should first investigate a bit and then trust. In fact, like that I did and I can already tell you that I am sure of what I am doing. I will tell you about a remarkable thing what happened with me.

It was the 19th of August, I returned home from doing night-shift and my wife collected me at the bus stop. We drove home and talked about one thing and another and we decided to go to bed as I had worked whole night. My wife joined me into bed as she was still tired. We both fell asleep and I had a dream or vision, call it like you wish. I dream that I was sitting with my wife in the kitchen and I asked her if the postman had brought us something. Yes ; she replied there is one letter. I asked her from whom and she answered she did not know ; but there was an Indian stamp on the envelope. So I said, that must be a letter from Dadaji as at that time I was waiting for his reply on my letter. Then I see this letter lying on the table and it was already opened (?). I stretched my arm out to grasp the letter and suddenly it moved forward ; so I could not get it. I looked at my wife and said, "look what's happening. I want to pick up the letter but

I cannot !” Then I said again, ‘It must be from Dadaji ; may be he is in this room at the moment but we are not able to see him’. Then I suddenly remembered that these things do happen ; I think I read that somewhere. Then I told her to smell the air as it is then possible that you are aware of an unknown fragrance. At this moment my dream changed. I saw myself lying in my bed. I was floating about 30 centimetres on the right side of my physical body. I could see that it was bright daylight in our bedroom (in fact it was in the middle of the day). In fact I felt quite comfortable, I was not afraid, there was no fear of not being able to get back in my body. Then I saw a very big light passing the window and at the same time, a deep warmth came from my feet up to my head (like when the sun is away and then comes back but in this case 100 times stronger). I heard immediately a voice at my right side speaking English to me. In fact, I could not follow all what was said. (sorry ! but my typewriter breaks down here. I use another one)

The only words I heard were “Peter...India...laws of nature...” I looked in the direction where the voice was coming from and I saw Sri Satyanarayan next to me on my right side. He stood there in a bundle of radiant white light. Then I woke up. I realised at once what had happened. I looked at the clock and it was just after 13. h. As I did not hear all what was said to me I closed my eyes again in the hope I would get the whole message in case there was more. However nothing happened. When I got out of my bed later that day I remembered what had happened during my sleep and during evening dinner I told my wife about it. I told her that probably my mind was so busy with Dadaji and Sri Satyanarayan that I started dreaming about it. My wife was looking at me with big eyes. She said, ‘Do you know what I dreamed ? I saw a portrait of Sri Satyanarayan in my dream just before I

awoke. I asked her at what time she got out of the bed and she said it was about 13. 20h.

Well, Abhi this cannot be coincidence, can it ??? Two people can dream about a billion different subjects but when they dream about the same, at the same day, same hour, then it must have another meaning. From that time I am convinced that God is with us. What do you think about it ? Please tell me.

I do hope you are in good health and when you have time I would like to receive a reply on this letter. Receive best wishes from

Peter de Bruijn
Belgium

*Extracts : Copy of a Letter from Prof. Dr. Peter Meyer Dohm to Dadaji.**

dt. 2.2. 1980

Prof. Dohm writes to Dadaji

"Some days ago, I read in my diary about our first encounter in Germany on 10th June, 1978 and the following weeks in which Mahanam unfolded itself within me.

"I was embarrassed by the richness of events and experience. One day in August, 1978 I suddenly felt that I should write down the following lines which I now have translated for you (Dadaji).

Page 1. "Gopal Gowinda
Beginning and end !
You spank in my heart !
You germ of the Becoming !

* Dr. Dohm is Rector of a W. German University and represents W. German Government to the World Economic Conferences. He translated into English the significance of Mahanam 'the God or Guru' who is within as vibration of life and destiny of all mankind which is one.

Gopal Gowinda,
Embraced by the Heart, the
Divine Mother !

Page 2. Gopal Gowinda
You are my soul measure,
destroying Avidya !

Gopal Gowinda
Encircling your Kingdom within me
as well as your outer King-
dom, the whole world !

Gopal Gowinda—Enfolding my life from within
according to your Will !

Gopal Gowinda
Let my life be fulfilled—

Gopal Gowinda
in your love and splendour !”

When I wrote these lines, I still did not have an understanding to your Philosophy, but I feel that something is in this “Bhakti Mahamantra,” as I called it. It is an expression of deep romance, aroused by Mahanam.

“I turned this to be an appropriate expression to an inner urge to express love and light within me, and one day in September, 1978 I visualised within me a radiant cone, like the top of a mountain with beaming light pulsating itself several lines into my head, that way in connection with repetition of Mahanam.”

Looking into old diary leaves I am aware of the extra-ordinary effects of my connection with you,
“Truth cannot be expressed, but only lived”.

Bochum, 28 Dec. '80

Dearest Dadaji,

I think, I mentioned already some time back that it is not easy to write a letter to you. Or better : it is not possible to write at any time I choose. Many sheets of paper, starting with "Dearest Dadaji" and filled with some incomplete lines, are witness of this. Whenever I sit down with the intention to write to you and look at the blank paper, nothing comes... Either I get lost in an inner conversation with you or I start thinking. In the meantime I have found out that writing a letter is an easy task, when it comes "unintentionally". It is the same thing I learned during conversations with you in Calcutta. The most meaningful contributions come unplanned, so to speak "by the way."

During the last weeks I have often tried to concentrate on a letter to you. It was useless. Some times I came into some sort of exchange with you, sometimes not. Looking back to these fruitless efforts I know now that I was not in a state of open-mindedness or what you may call it; I was so oily to become overwhelmed by the so-called "duties of the day."

Only with the Christmas Days began a "creative pause" and I was fortunate enough to plunge again into the shining sea of joy and happy remembrance of Him. It now has become clear to me that I myself had blocked the way and that makes me able to write to you.

You know that Christmas is one of the great Christian festivals. In the memory of my own childhood Christmas Eve plays an important role : The shining Christmas tree, the festive atmosphere in the house (because of the "Christ-child being present, but invisible," as I was told), all the pretty gifts... It is a somehow sentimental memory. And when I saw our own children three days back marvelling at the Christmas tree and the glance of the candles glittering in their eyes, I had a short moment of sentimen-

tality. I felt myself again a small child and under the impact of the story of the Holy Night...

But, Dadaji, is it the very *date* of the Christmas Eve, which matters? Are there not many such "dates" in the calendar? We have set apart a day in the year for the commemoration of a birth, which according to tradition took place in Bethlehem. I remember the great German mystic, Angelus Silesius, saying :

"Though Christ a thousand times
in Bethlehem be born
And not within thyself,
Their soul will be forlorn."

This means : It is not the outer event that matters, but the inner, individual—not fixed to a day of the Church year.

And yet, I'm not fully content with this interpretation : Not a "birth" takes place within us, for *we come already into existence with Him*. He is there always ! Inside and outside ! Only during "day" we are normally not aware of Him.

Looking out of the window at this late hour I only see the darkness of the night. The well-known, detailed picture of the garden in front of the window has gone ; it is all in darkness. I cannot make out separate things, no trees, no bushes, no distance—and only after a time I see the faint glimmer of the stars.

Thus I understand the "*Holy Night*" : There is no separateness of things ; the night as a *hole*, a womb ; the motherliness of the night—and in the midst of night His Splendour : a poor (pure) child, being at the same time an old, unadorned, poor (pure) Man. And when the "day" of the mind comes, things have changed, have become "new" : Their separateness fades away because His light is superior to every light of the day !

With our selfishness we illuminate the night, so that we can guard our property (and we are not aware that we

are imprisoned by our fear to lose things). But the experience of the night without space and movements is marvellous: at first I felt lost and without orientation and really alone—but then I discovered: I'm not *alone*, it is *all one*! and the darkness is only hidden light, a fact which now becomes obvious. Light=Life=Love!

What I need, is the proper perspective to look at things, but it is still not easy to come to such a view. In this moment I remember that you have given me the advice: "Let writing write itself out through you." When I look at the fragment of the book with the title "Man as Householder", which I started one year ago, I feel utterly incompetent with that matter. This was planned by me to be a book along scientific lines, linking some ideas in the field of development research with the outlook on individual and world problems conveyed by your philosophy. I tried hard to bring both things together, but I have to admit that I did not succeed till now. I know the reasons, why I was doomed to failure: First of all, I remained bound to the level of argument I'm accustomed to in the field of economics or sociology; but from there I only came to concepts of man's responsibility for this world. You have already commented upon this ("No utilitarianism or altruism", you wrote sometime back). And secondly, in writing the pages of the manuscript I was always aware of potential readers to whom I had to explain my point of view. Thus I was always interested in their approval of my arguments.

There was a moment, when I suddenly felt that I was selling mind-born concepts, dry ideas. I was following the rules and regulations of the scientific business and tried to copyright things, was collecting literature and formulating footnotes—the writing did not write itself out through me.

Besides some portions of the planned book, where I was able to follow your advice, I only experienced "heart-born writing" with my letters to you. Writing to you takes place in a kind of intimacy. I'm aware of your love

and understanding and your readiness to correct my views.

Last time you were mentioning that some of my letters were good for printing. This gives me the courage for the proposal to publish our correspondence under the little "Man as Householder." May be, that I'm able to write the originally planned book in the years to come and after having developed the ability to combine scientific argument with inner vision. In the moment I feel too much short comings and I shy away from second-hand thoughts and concepts. I want to discover for myself the truth ; and truth only can be lived...

To live means to transcend. And is not Evolution a process of transcending borders ? About this one may talk ; more important is the inner urge to act out of that understanding. There is a secret connected with those borders : One is aware of them only short before they have been reached ; and after they have been transcended, they are forgotten.

He is borderless. But we need borders to grasp His immensity, step by step. It is a process of growth, natural growth, and all will fail, who try to *plan* this process. I have surrendered to His Will. I have no wish to reach Him, for He is there. He is with me as he has been all the time in the past—and this will be also the future state !

It needs such experiences to understand that to speak of one's responsibility "smacks of egoism", as you wrote in one of your letters. I needed some time to find out the real meaning of your remarks. "Can you shoulder the responsibility of your small family even ?" And : "No utilitarianism or altruism". As you know, responsibility is an important ethical category in Western thought and your hints were for me in the first instance somehow disturbing. It is very strange that I did not find time or better, forgot to ask you for a comment, when there was an opportunity for discussion both at the time of your

visit to Bochum and my presence in Calcutta. Yes, Dadaji, you are right : I'm not able to shoulder the responsibility for my family, for I'm not the doer. All my planning is in vain, when I rely on my abilities alone. The responsible man does his duty always remembering Him. To respond means : to answer by action to His Will.

I'm not responsible for my family—I love my family, and that is much more ! Responsibility was to do with causes and effects ; avoid bad and cause good effects. But love has nothing to do with good and bad *effects*. Love is His expression, not looking for fruits.

With responsibility mind comes into play. We cannot avoid mind but mind can be illumined by Him. The illumined mind ("always remembering Him") is, I guess, a proper guide, for it acts like a mirror.

In pondering about responsibility and ethics I remember the wives of the Mathura Brahmins bringing food for Krishna inspite of the religious rites, which were against that. They acted irresponsible (according to the rites their husbands were performing) because they responded to the urge of their hearts, responded to Him. When we feel His love, our power of discrimination grows ; we begin to develop a sense for what is genuine and what only is a dry concept. Because altruism is thought of as the contrary to egoism, it is on the same level. Altruism—that means : to avoid egoism. And thus it is "egoism in disguise".

Love does not plan ; love tries not to avoid and to cause. Love is no instrument, no technique. Love—that is His Eternal Presence. It is most wonderful and utterly unexplainable.

Why to be against egoism ? It plays its role and will fade away, when the mind starts its love-affair. Time will come ; all what we need is courage and patience.

Some weeks ago I was confronted with expectations, which are commonly connected with the so-called

"troublesome decade", starting next year. A friend of mine was interested to learn my opinion regarding an astrologically expected crisis in 1988, when time seems to be ripe for another World War, as they say. As you know, I never really tried to understand astrology, and in spite of many positive experiences with astrological forecasts I'm very hesitating in trusting an astrologer. Only if his prognosis happens to be in line with what my own inner expectations or inclinations say, his words are of relevance for me. I guess, there is an inner awareness at work; this awareness seems to me more important than all forecasts following a certain technique, of which we may become dependent.

We are very much conditioned by the selection of events we call history or experiences and I feel that the images of the future are mirroring past events, coloured by our value judgments of "good" and "bad". I remember very well certain literature which gives a description of past events and such destined to come, thus prolonging history into the future. While reading such a book I suddenly had the impression of watching an endless stream of time. I was not so much interested in and fascinated by this, big stream and how it looked—it was rather the *power* making the waters of time run. I wanted to plunge into the deep to feel here and now its power of creation. In that moment the time—scale and also the different characteristics of periods as well as past and future events were of no interest to me; there was a *power*, making everything *new*—it was the *Now*, out of which flows time.

And here another line, you wrote to me, has to be remembered: Be like a log of wood in the water. I'm sure that this means also not to be concerned with projections of the future, but *to be*. And to be honest: most of the people, who are so fascinated by future events, miss to do their duty now and here.

Sometimes back I learned about people, who selected Ireland as a proper place to settle down, for this island country is said to be safe in the time of cataclysmo, Europe has to suffer. But, Dadaji, where am I safe? If He wants me to survive in the midst of a cataclysm, I will. No escapism! So I'm patient. It is wonderful to be a patient of the Supreme Doctor, the curer of the disease of selfishness. But like all diseases this one has also to play an important role in the drama of my life. Egoistic desires are not "bad"! they have a certain function in the development of character; these desires will fade away, giving places to an overwhelming desire for His overflowing love! Oh, how often I want to tell others: Accept yourself as you are! He loves you as you are; Feel this love and leave everything to Him. But this is not a matter of argument, of words. This message can only be lived, like you do it.

Many times I read Henry Miller's article "The Great Designer" you gave me last time. I feel very much moved by the words of this admired and great writer; he expresses important thoughts in a far better way than I could do it: "You are a role set by the Great Designer. Do play your part well, alive to the fact that you do whatever He chooses you to do. He is the pilot of your life and you have come here at His will to taste of His overflowing love." You are a role—how often I was aware of this performing my duties. And how helpful was this insight in many incidences where I was asked afterwards, how I was able to manage things under so difficult circumstances. In fact, many times I felt my pilot so very near that I really performed a role in constant connection with Him. One prominent sign of this state: Total absence of fear and one-pointedness of decision. There are no "pros" and "cons" left; You know exactly what to do (and this is not always easy to explain to others).

I have also found out that the difficulty of some decisions are connected with barriers of the mind. Basically it is clear, what to do, but the mind does not accept it, and it is nothing but distrust in the inner vision, when one starts "arguing" in the mind—and after long mental detours you come fortunately to the same decision. Looking back to this process one feels that all the arguing was not worthwhile. Is this not a process of learning? How otherwise could one dare to rely on one's intuition?—

Dearest Dadaji, I want to close my letter with a short report about a very fortunate development, which took place during the last weeks. You know that we will have to go to Brunswick next year. Our search for a new house was in the first instance not very successful, but then we were offered a new home in a little village near Brunswick, which is exactly what Uta and I were talking of since years as an ideal house. It is located next to an old park with beautiful trees; a huge hilly forest is bordering the village. I hope that I will be able to sign the contract of purchase in the first weeks of the new year. And I'm sure: You will love this your new house; I hope to show it to you when you come to Germany and visit us!

It is my plan to come to India for a week's time 7th or 8th of February, '81. I have still to find out whether I will be able to come to Calcutta for one day or so at the end of the week. I will have to go to Madras and Hyderabad. As soon as it is ready I will send you my itinerary.

Uta sends you her love. She has had so many encounters with you during the last month and was already sitting down for a letter to you, but she did not write it. But love needs not to have the vehicle of a letter.

When I look back to the time in Calcutta, I feel at once being present in the joyous crowd assembled there. This is not only a memory of a past event, but something more. It seems, as if connections as strong as that between us, can

be built up to others. I felt very much inspired by long talks with R. L. Datta and by coming into contact with Harvey Freeman, whom I met the second time after 1978.

But now I have to stop. I only have to add that the children wish you a happy New Year. Looking forward to meeting you perhaps in February,

Affectionately Yours,
Peter.

Destedt, 1 Jan. 1982

Dear Dadaji,

Again and again I have pondered about the words you wrote to me after our first encounter in Calcutta: "There is no distance between you and me." For a long time I thought these words were indicating a certain nearness and indeed I witnessed in some instances your very presence. But now I have come to another understanding: Also nearness is still distance, and memory and imagination are able to play a misleading role.

It was through the Name that a glance at the deeper meaning of your words was made possible. There seems to exist what I may call an identity, and it is a state beyond nearness; it is the end of separation. Should I dare to say: You and I are one in the Name? Oh, Dadaji, I feel like a pregnant woman, but what might be born is beyond my power of imagination.

There is nothing more wonderful than the Name! Whenever the Name wells up in my consciousness I have to smile because of the sweetness of love in my heart. Very often I feel in such moments all the shortcomings of my language—there is no possibility left but to remain silent. and I also made the experience, I guess, a poet must be accustomed with: The wish to chisel out of the language a poem or something else. Since some weeks I have developed a keen interest in writing. I try to refine my style

and to become able to speak in a language adequate to a message—for which I wish to be open and which I do not know yet. All of a sudden I had to start writing poems (mostly about trees) and by this I followed an urgent inner desire. It is as if autumn leaves, the foggy November, the icy and snowy days of the Winter are my teachers and I discover new and deeper meanings. I do *know* nothing—it's all beyond understanding. I'm only responding like a lover, who is not able to choose his beloved one, but only responds in love.

This report would be incomplete if I would not mention also the dry wasteland, which sometimes stretches between such wonderful experiences. After we met in Witten in June, '81 I have also gone through patience-testing times. I learned from these periods that nothing happens without purpose. Thus, my reaction to very strong bodily pain in my back (lumbago) was—inner joy! I myself and also Uta wondered about this normally very unusual mood under such circumstances. And still today, after three months of medical treatment, I'm not depressed by the fact of being restricted in my movements. Dadaji, it is all part of His wonderful play!

When I spoke about the wasteland I meant those days and weeks, when the mind veiled many beautiful vistas and experiences. But to complete the picture: The camel had enough water-bags pull with hope to cross the desert area!

May I talk about a problem I had to face since our last meeting? I promised to write a short article about your philosophy within a week's time. I remember well your being surprised by this my promise (Harvey was witness), but I felt in your presence able to do the writing on the spot. But after I had come home I became aware of so many inner and outer difficulties that I was not able to drop down a single line! Having promised to write something I began to suffer some sort of depression being unable to fulfil the promise. I started to write to you, but

it was in vain. I simply had no words. Thus "a wasteland period" began and I had to learn the lesson. I am not able to promise such a thing. HE wills, not I. HE has HIS time, I cannot force HIM. And I realised also that to apply the mind in fulfilling the promise was the main hindrance...

Oh, I remember : Once you wrote to me "...Let writing grow into your life as one of your duties. Let writing write itself out through you." I try to do this—and try not at the same time, it's so difficult to explain ! I have to be patient and to surrender to HIS Will.—

There are some moments of great importance, teaching immeasurable lessons full of meaning. I never will forget my experience on the way to Witten in June 1981. I wanted to meet you there and was driving my car on the autobahn with the maximum speed inspite of the heavy traffic. Thereby I was listening to music from a cassette. It was the Jupiter Symphony by W. A. Mozart. After a while the music ended and I was fully absorbed by the traffic on the road. Suddenly I had the feeling of being immersed in HIM. It was like a wonder. Although I was driving, I did not think ; and while I was meeting the always changing challenges of the traffic with full concentration, I was *at the same time* above that all. It was limitless joy ! I was one with the whole landscape around me, but also with the road and the car, with clouds and heaven—with everything ! There was seemingly the one level of action and reaction : driving the car at the maximum speed in a perfect manner. And there was the other one of all-embracing silence and pureness of joy, in which I was bathing...

I do not know how long this state did last ; it ended with the conscious awareness of the two levels, and the idea came to me : This is a wonder ! But the second thought was : I have sensed a Reality, which is present all the time—a timeless Reality.

Who was driving the car? I could not make out any "I" to do the job. It was sheer self-forgetfulness. And thus the "re—membrance" of HIM took place (to become again [re] part and parcel [member] of HIM). You said so many times : "Remember HIM always"...

Dadaji, what an experience ! What a lesson ! But what is left ? I'm trying to describe an undescribable fact. Memory is like a dry flower and I ask myself why I try to store such events in words. This is not the way to sense it again. It is such a great difference between a face-to-face reality and its record.

One thing I believe to know : There is no "technique", no "recipe" or "way", which leads to such experiences. It all happens according to HIS Will—a gift unexpected. It is not the result of a certain performance. I cannot do it—it's all the grace of HIS love, the unveiling of HIS Name.

But, there is the kiss of the Lover and the bride remains with the ardent desire. In her intense longing HE is present as a promise, foreshadowing the next encounter. In the meantime she is doing her duties, beaming with Love, which is HE. And thus she discovers that HE always is present, and when she suddenly hears the music of HIS flute, she rushes to the forest for the dance.

This is HIS lila : Not a steady state, but dynamic like everything what lives. It all belongs together, night and day, health and sickness—but it starts to have the same inner quality for me. And this inner quality of love endures and stretches out into everything around. I see the tree—and it is a tree ; and the fence is a fence and the road a road. And there outside I meet HIM as well as inside : HE is not different from what I see with open eyes. But, there is one thing new, and I have no word for it. Inter connected-ness ? I don't know. It is a constant interplay, a force...and I myself play my minute role in the great drama of life according to HIS dramaturgy. But, at the same time HE is together with me, the player.—

Dear Dadaji, I would love to see you as soon as possible, but at the moment I see no opportunity to come to India. May be that I will meet Harvey in America, when I happen to go there in February. But this is not yet decided upon.

Uta sends all her love. She speaks very often about you and with you but has difficulties with writing a letter.

With love,

Yours Peter.

Bochum, 5. Sept. '80

Dearest Dadaji,

This is the third time that I start to write to you and I hope not to be disturbed, for our conversation by letter is for me the same as if I sit in front of you and ask questions, try to explain ideas, which have come into my mind, and listen to your answers and comments. My questions and your answers : Since some time this is a sort of hindrance in our correspondence ; in that moment, where I start to write down a question, your answer comes. So, why to write down questions ? I have had so many conversations of this kind with you, I have received so valuable help by comments of the "non-letter type", that sitting in front of the paper with a pen in hand is a very special thing. At last it is of help for me to write down experiences and ideas. Writing is a kind of meditation in front of a mirror.

But again : This is a letter to my Elder Brother, who still stays with me in my house—in spite of his "bodily departure" after his visit two months ago. I try to understand this ambivalent reality of absence *and* presence and I confess that I'm only able to accept the fact, *not* to understand it. You are so near, you are here—and I'm penning a letter to Calcutta ! But it is good to write these lines, because thus I become aware of a reality which is a mystery.

Of course, I know this normal feeling of the presence of a member of the family, who seems to be in his room

inspite of his absence. "He is all the time here around"—this is normally an expression of the fact that we are living with the picture—galleries of our memory and are used to project persons into their surroundings. We imagine a presence—and we may be very disappointed by realising the absence. I myself easily remember the armchair in our drawing room you had occupied during your visit, sitting next to Srimati Rukmini Devi Arundale. I also, of course, remember the fragrance, which was caused in my bedroom by sprinkling your photo on the small table next to my bed without entering the room—an unexplainable event! I have stored in my memory all moments of our encounter during your stay in my and Dr. Khetani's house—and still, this is past. But your presence *now* and *here* is actual reality! and it has been actual reality all the time back. It is like this: all of a sudden I realise your presence; mostly not that of "another person" in the room, but more a sharing of consciousness. At many moments, when I write down something in my diary, when I ponder about a question or a problem, when I try to explain to a guest, friend or student a difficult idea or want to help him through certain hints, I suddenly know you are present—and it's not me who speaks. This is a very peculiar thing, which I cannot describe in a better way; it is some kind of amalgamation with you. You will know what I mean. It is not strange and I do not lose my identity, but I'm "in tune" with you at such moments and I'm enthusiastic about it.

One day you said to me: "You do not know, what you are talking about," and I was a little bit disturbed by this remark. Was I talking nonsense? But in the meantime I have experienced several times that I do not *know* what I'm talking, for I do not repeat what is already in my mind. Something new is coming, something fresh—astonishingly new, at least for me. And what is most important: For me it is creative truth. But from what

source does it come? It is not *my* truth, *my* knowledge, which I have, so to speak, acquired before. It is rather an unexpected gift and I did not long for it.

These are moments of great inner joy and upwelling thankfulness, and I would love to give such moments a longer duration. Talking to somebody and trying to help him I'm taught myself! Who is the teacher? Only He. He, who resides in my heart! Who dwells in the region between inbreathing and outbreathing. The Point in the Lotus...*He*. It is most wonderful!

Another idea comes into my mind, He—reading books I very often found deeper meanings of sentences, which in the past I did not notice. Till short ago I considered this to be a very normal process of naturally growing understanding. But now I have come to the conclusion that basically there is *nothing* in books and in scriptures. *It is all inside us*. Everything is inside; but because we discover ourselves in the "outside" Mirror World we come to false conclusions. In other words: Nothing comes out of the book; I read everything into it. Right reading is a creative performance. I heard you saying: "all holy scriptures are distorted." They are broken mirrors, glasses darkly—sometimes partially helpful, of course.

Since long I know the experience of a process, which is very helpful in making me understand myself and many other things: I'm sitting in my library, doing my normal work. Suddenly I have the strong desire to look into a book of a certain colour in the corner of the shelf. Very often the title of the book does not matter and I do not expect something special. I open the book somewhere—and there I find an answer to a question I was longing for. Or it is a certain comment, which fits very well into my activities.

Thus I have come to the explanation that there is an "inner guidance" in making ideas conscious. Instead of

growing in my mind without the aid of a mirror, I'm guided to take such a "book mirror."

I know, it is a strange idea that nothing is in the book but letters and that the whole content is within us. "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive," says the Bible (and my inner understanding of this matter). Am I right ?

It was short after your visit to Germany, when I realised by reading poems that I was only in search of a poetic expression of an idea I was not able to utter in proper words. Poems, you know, are excellent mirrors, because there is so much place for truth between and behind the lines. And I discovered a beautiful piece of poetry, knowing at once that I should write about this to you. It is a poem by the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke (1875—1926), whom I love very much. The trouble is only that it is impossible to give you an impression of the beauty of the languages. I will read it to you in German, when I come to Calcutta in October. This is the translation, which only tries to convey the meaning in the medium of a language, which is not my mother-tongue :

"Those, who attempt to seek You,
Are tempting You.
And those, who have found You,
Will bind You
In image and rite.
But I want to embrace You
As the Earth embraces You.
In my unfolding
Your Kingdom
Is growing."

Is this not a beautiful poem ?

To *seek* Him is mind-business (sometimes real money business, when the selling of techniques and recipes is involved). Why search for Him ? He is always there ! And to tempt Him means to go astray. He may permit the seeking, but nothing can happen against His Will.

And are we not imprisoned by images and rites : Static and repetitive mind—pictures of utterly dynamic forces !

He who seeks to *paint* the Sun will fail. He is everything ; everywhere—and He is illuminating 'also the mind by making us understand (?) that this also is He. This illumination we experience as a change of quality of thoughts.

In writing this I'm looking out of the window. The sun is rising and the trees in the garden change their quality : Trees before sunrise are different from trees in the fresh new light of this very day.

Is this nonsense ? Are these not the same well-known trees day and night ? How I speak of hanging trees ! But I'm sure : There is a constant flow, a constant change. I myself change with every heart-beat. Everything is new in each second. It is an immeasurable change, an immense totality of changes going on all the time. And I feel myself part and parcel of this flow, which seems to 'come from one distinct source. This flow, this energy is the message. There are new aspects and perspectives every moment. Everything is fresh. "New" means Presence, neither past nor future. "New" = "Now". The "Now" is a dynamic point...

It is beyond explanation. But we try to bottle it, to fix it by plans, to boil it down to columns of dates—dry mind stuff. Tinned goods without fragrance and taste.

I'm reminded of the story of Sri Krishna lying as a tiny baby in a cradle in the shadow under a milk-cart. And He destroys it and the whole load of earthen ware and glass vessels with milk and curds by a kick of His tender feet—demanding the pure, fresh milk of mother-love from Yasoda.

What a wonderful, heart-warming story. It is love which opens the sources of wisdom, and this new quality of thought I was talking about is nothing else but the radiance

of love ! Dadaji, I'm so filled with this love, filled with Him ! There is nothing left to desire—only to remain in this love consciously always.

6.9.'80

I wasn't able to go on with writing. Sometimes there is no other room for activities left.

Some days ago I was asked about the practicability and usefulness of a planned study in the field of so-called, "spiritual language" ; i.e. the mode of verbal expression of Gurus, Bhagwans, etc. On the first instant I did not understand, what "spiritual language" could be. Does it mean the individual vocabulary of these "spiritual teachers" ? My younger friend, an expert in the field of languages, told me that there should be a difference between the normal way of expression and the "spiritual" (i.e. inspired) one.

Now, this is not my field. But I'm quite sure that one is led astray in trying to find out from texts a special "spiritual language". I myself did not find it with you. The "language of the heart" is highly spiritual, although using normal words and normal sentences. The language used may not differ in a single item from the normal way of use in family, business etc., but the meaning it carries for him, who received the message, can be highly inspiring. What really inspires is the One Language you are talking about, which does not exist in differentiated words but as the essence of communication. Language is one : Your original language is Bengali, mine is German, we try to communicate by a not fully mastered medium, English, but that is the communication on the mind-level. There are other layers of consciousness and other means of communication—where it becomes *communion*. This is the realm of the One Language, I guess.

A text, a word, a sentence is nothing really without the receiving part. It is fully up to his ability to be open to

such a "spiritual content," to become inspired. I remember a very interesting conversation with you by phone from the house of Mr. Someswar in Madras last Winter. He rang you up in Calcutta and it was a rather short exchange between us; you were very much concerned with my and my family's well being. I do not know, why I did not tell you about a wonderful experience I had made short before: Everything around me was stuffed with sun, was radiating like the sun—a Sun-like existence all-around. The sun was not a distinct radiating star far away, but "incorporated" in the sand and the stones, the plants and the trees, animals, and men—everything permeated by sun, the radiating light being the whole essence.

I did not tell this on the phone, though I had planned to do so, when I came to Mr. Someswar. But on the phone you suddenly inquired: "How do you like your place (Kalakshetra)?" And you added in the same breath: "A lot of sun there, yes?" I became aware of the more profound meaning of this statement after our telephone talk was over. "A lot of sun"—this hit exactly the point, and was to others only a statement about the weather conditions. It was some sort of communication between us, which took partially the "mind-road", after my actual experience having been connected with you on another level.

Coming back to the constant change of the trees outside and of everything around, I now know that this is the same experience as the "sunny" one in Madras. What a Power! What a Beauty! An Ocean of Love...

Dearest Dadaji, this has become a rather too long letter. It is very inspiring to have you here *and* in Calcutta. Communion causes communication! I hope to see you in Calcutta during the Utsav days and try to come some days earlier. I'm planning to leave my place for Madras (via Bombay) on the 26th Sept., but it is still not fixed. There is an Indo-German Seminar going on from 2—5 October

at the I. I. T. Madras, for which I am the responsible German part. I'm still unable to give you exact dates of my further program, but I have to leave Calcutta on the 19th Oct. for Germany. As soon as my itinerary is fixed I will inform you.

The last weeks were overshadowed a little bit by the consequences of my decision to leave University and to re-direct my activities. And only recently my doctor discovered a certain health-weakness due to the fact that there was no time for real holidays. I will tell you about this, when I come, but I'm already using your help: Uta and the children are well and we enjoy the last days of the summer. Uta would have loved to come with me and to meet you, but this is not possible this time. Please give my love to your family. Looking forward to embracing you soon,

Yours Peter.

P. S. : Could you respond to this letter before I leave for India. P.

Delhi Airport, 19 Oct. '80

My dear Dadaji,

I want to use the time in transit at Delhi airport for thanking you for the heart-warming experiences of the Utsav-days in Calcutta. Although I had read something about this gathering of sisters and brothers around you, I was not able to imagine what this would mean for me.

Now, first of all, it was wonderful to meet you again and to have so much time to be together with you. I learnt much in all these days and many questions got their answer. And secondly, it was uplifting indeed to meet so many old and new friends, having come together in the same spirit of love, which is truth.

Out of the many impressive events during Utsav I only can mention very few. So it was for me a kind of revolution, to sit next to you and to watch some women and girls

drawing near to you to greet you or to say good-bye : How love brightened their faces with a shining light. How beautiful ! And I, as a silent observer, witnessed here a miraculous change of the attitude of people coming into personal touch with you. It was as if they responded to radiant love.

Another important thing is to listen to the experiences of so many people having come into touch with you. This really is overwhelming ! It is one thing to read about it, and another to follow the very personal explanations of others, to share—so to speak—the fruits of their experiences—and to find out, how it changed them. I met also one or two sceptical people, having watched “miracles” several times and still not being able to open up for the unexplainable (which simply has to be accepted) and to grasp an inner meaning on another than the mind-level. I found it rather difficult to argue with them. Who has no eyes to see...it isn't the argument that matters ; argument relates to understanding. *Understanding* means to fix a certain standpoint. But how can such a dynamic force like life be understood ? You have to leave your point on the shore you have stood for such a long time and to plunge into this stream to find the truth.

When you first told me that I should address the Utsav meeting one evening, I fell spontaneously into a well-known habit : I tried to note down a line of thought to prepare myself for this task. But in doing this I became aware of the absurdity of such an approach. And thus I was led to remember the many, many instances, where I responded to a certain situation without preparation—and with a remarkable result. So my small and unprepared contribution was also a test for me, and I felt very inspired by your presence. (In the Latin verb “inspire” you have “spiritus” =spirit ; it is the spirit “that maketh alive” !) It is not this way how the message of truth is spread—by being inspired and by inspiring others ? But I do not like the

word "spiritual" in this context and I guess, you have also some reservations.

The events which were reported from those present in the Puja-room were really fantastic. I would love to have a written report, for I did not note down everything. Is this possible? What is the importance of these events in the whole of Utsav? And does it have a history?

At the end of the transit time and thus this letter I want to thank you again for the fragrant welcome in Dr. Mukherji's house. It was a pleasant experience to sleep one night in a room with pictures of you from which honey was dripping. I was reminded of your house in Bochum where the same thing happened, but not on such a large scale!

I'm very happy in looking back to the last days. It is a pity that Uta could not be present. But not only from her letters I know that she was with me all the days.

Dearest Dadaji, thank you very, very much for all your loving kindness, the hospitality and the precious gifts of the Utsav days.

Embracing you once again,
Yours son Peter.

15th April, '79

Dear Dadaji,

Around the Easter Days I had the opportunity to ponder about all what happened since my visit to Calcutta and also to Bombay. Surely, there was a mountain of work waiting for me when I came back home, and the possibilities of writing something about my experiences diminished very soon. I only could make a rough sketch of my ideas and to note some items. But inspite of all the business I was involved in, I managed to be in constant awareness of the great and precious gift I had received. HIS love being always with me!

In your letter of 8th January you demanded me to write something on HIS philosophy. I would love to do so and I am sure that time will come for this but first of all I must find out for myself what I have been bestowed with and what it means to me, I hope to have done some decisive steps in this direction by plunging time and again into the shining sea of the Bhagavatam, by listening from within to the words of the beloved Gita Govinda, to try to play with HIM as one of the gopas, to realise HIS lila and that Vrindaban is here-all this is such a precious gift, a fore shadowing of things to come...

Thank you for your short note and the cuttings. Wonderful that you are planning to come to Germany ! But June is unfortunately a very busy month for me with little room to meeting you, and my wife will have had another surgical operation and be bound to the house. I would love to have a longer time with you, but it will become Winter before I am free for India ! I am nearly ready with some writing about my meeting you the first time and hope to send it soon after translation. I try to do my best, relying on a process of inward growth.

My family sends best greetings and wishes.

With much love,

Peter.

Supreme Existence

Prof. (Dr.) I. Prigogine.*

Scientists, philosophers and artists, all try in their own respective ways to grapple with and describe the varied facts of the drama of existence in which they, along with their fellow-beings, find themselves participating. Nature is the name given to the totality of the phenomenal world. The pictures, descriptions and theories of the happenings in nature keep changing. The perceiver of all these varied activities is called the mind. The constant propensity of the mind to assign names—Nature, body, mind itself, etc.—does not succeed in removing the veil of mystery, the pattern thus woven grows only ever more subtle. Concept forming is in the nature of the mind. Basic to the attempt at comprehending Nature is the primal concept of the space-time complex. And pray what *really* are all these entities—Nature, Mind, Space, Time, etc.? Never mind, one has to start somewhere—the play is on and the fun is in the playing.

Having entered the dominion of Time, human beings, as so many transient limited individuals, suffer from the myriad diseases of the ego. Desires hold sway. Hopes and fears come to harass. Pleasure and pain appear by turn. Time takes its toll; if not disease, old age appears culminating in inescapable death. Rich or poor, wise or foolish, learned or ignorant, no one can escape this inevitable fate. It is, therefore, not surprising that, in spite of all the spectacular developments in science and technology, the inner man is hungrier than ever for solace and a dependable anchor. Everyday the world comes up with newer crises, newer problems, always beyond the capacity of man.

* Professor (Dr.) Prigogine of Brussels University, Belgium, is the foremost, expert on Thermodynamics.

Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, known as Dadaji (meaning Elder Brother in Bengali) has appeared on this confused scene for the redemption of mankind. His basic message is that the phenomenal world is the manifestation of Supreme Existence—Truth Absolute. All human beings are the children of one Supreme Father and so belong to one family. It is only the ignorance of this basic fact that leads to all the fragmentations of mankind into different religions, castes and warring creeds.

Dadaji asserts that no man can be the 'guru' (spiritual guide) of another fellow-man. God is the Supreme Existence that pervades and supports all alike and is therefore the one Guru of all. As the Lord He resides in the core of every heart. His presence can be realized through Love only.

That Supreme Existence is not another subtle abstract construction of the mind, but the all-powerful Creator beyond all conceptual categorisations is proved by the fantastic supernatural miraculous manifestations associated with Dadaji. Numerous persons with the best credentials—distinguished philosophers, scientists, technologists, justices, industrialists, journalists and even professional magicians—all over the world have been witnesses and recorders of these manifestations.

Dadaji silences all the endless questions of the mind and intellect in a unique manner. From the Supreme Existence there appears to a recipient on a blank piece of paper the Supreme Name—Mahanam—of the Lord and then disappears. Mahanam is also heard from within. A divine fragrance manifests at the same time. This characteristic fragrance of Dadaji can appear to one anywhere in the world at any time. It is not possible to understand these manifestations, for mind has no role here. Time and space set no limitation on them. Faith in Mahanam is the only reliable anchor while one lives out the destined term in this world.

Supreme Existence is limitless, without form or structure, beyond all mental categories. According to Dadaji, from this indefinable Void (Satyanarayan) arises spontaneously as Supreme Life the all-pervading vibration of Mahanam, which is the one Divine Substance of all creation and is our true Self. For the purpose of Divine Play this primordial vibration appears embodied as Nature. Supreme Consciousness thus appears in the garb of the mind which is the means of projecting the endless fragmentations of appearance. The mind, enraptured by creaturliness becomes oblivious of Truth and goes through all the buffetings according to preordained fate. Mahanam revelation is thus imperative to wake up the mind to an awareness of Truth.

It is important to note that human language and logic partake of the limitations of the human mind. Therefore, they are quite incapable of dealing with what is beyond mind. So, all intellectual discussion of Truth are worthless. Mahanam revelation, properly viewed, annihilates all doubts and instils faith.

All mortals come into this world with their respective destinies to play a part in the divine play in accordance with His Will. Our only duty, therefore, is to keep faith and play out the part with patience, remembering with love the Lord residing in our hearts as Mahanam. No wishful thinking or any esoteric rituals can change Destiny. Through love and self-surrender, and through it alone, in due time can we attain blissful oneness with Supreme Existence. To spread this message of His Love Dadaji has been selflessly moving all over the world as the Elder Brother of all mankind.

Life Itself Begs Life From HIM

Dr. SHEO KUMAR*

Yes HE is our DADAJI, alias Amiya Roy Chowdhury from Prince Anwar Shah Road, Calcutta. The captivating and bewitching smile with a twinkle in the eyes, HE is clad in an ordinary silk lungi and Banyan, reclining in a sofa sipping special Darjeeling tea and smoking Wills cigarettes. To the ordinary people this simple attired man is a holy man from the East, from the long lines of wise men coming over the centuries from Bharat (India). But, to the seeker of truth and lover of God HE is (Param Purush) the eternal Pearl and not the shell seen by most people who come to see HIM out of curiosity. Some come to see miracles while others for alleviation of their worldly sorrows, misfortunes and diseases. But the real lover and genuine seeker just gazes at HIM and does not ask for any favours or lessening of his Karmic sufferings with patience and fortitude, as nature (Prakriti) though made by HIM, has to take its course.

Let nobody bemoan that they were not given the hint of the truth of the supreme birth and lament later on over the lost opportunities after HIS disappearance from the worldly stage as happened in previous manifestations of truth (Avatars). Alas! it will be too late to write like Milton's Paradise Lost.

Beware of the opportunities being given to you all to hear the gospel 'Truth' from the truth HIMSELF. Because in no other Yugas (Million Years) man has been fortunate enough to be near to HIM, to touch, cajole, and serve HIM from close quarters in a family atmosphere. It is due to

*Trustee, Sanatan Dharm Misson, U. K. President, World Spiritual Society, U. K. Branch. President, Oriental Music Society, London. Hon. Medical Officer, Brands Hatch Motor Circuit (Kent)

HIS absolute grace, HE is an eternal lover of nectar from the selected Radhas. His flute resounds in the hearts of the selected and chosen few, who have tuned their hearts to that frequency. Let this Raslila continue, till HE decides to call it a day. Let us rejoice, dance and become ecstatic in HIS eternal loving tune, till our Radha soul unites for ever with the Supreme (Paramatma)— UNISON—
—with DADAJI—SATYA NARAYAN.

Dadaji—The Divine And Fragrant Philosopher

Dr. Bernadette O Keefe*

The question is :

Can there be more than one philosophy of Truth ?

The most amazing person on the Earth today, one called Dadaji (Elder Brother) answers the question in the simplest and most profound way possible.

“Worldly philosophers and schools of philosophy are not correct. Truth which is the only reality of life and existence is one. Therefore, all the so-called systems of thought are confusing and misleading. They also separate people rather than uniting them as sisters and brothers of the one Creator.”

There are many students of philosophy, and few philosophers. Most of the great philosophers were students of others, trying to improve, expand or even deny the thoughts of their masters.

Dadaji tells us that the only true philosopher or Guru is within. The wisdom of Truth cannot be gleaned from books, lectures or studies at universities.

Although I am a professor of philosophy at a major world university having studied the major philosophies of East and West, nothing has touched me and my work so deeply as my encounter with Dadaji.

When I searched and researched the philosophies of India and prepared them for a large published volume, I thought I had concluded my personal search into the world of Truth as well. Because my being was touched at its very depth with Dada, I want to share some of my personal

* Professor of Philosophy, Oxford University

experience with you. The dictionary defines philosophy as an inquiry into the most comprehensive principle of reality, the search for wisdom. The philosopher is described as a lover of wisdom, yet how I realize after my experience with Dadaji that all known schools of philosophy are open-ended, incomplete and of the mind.

A few years back while Dadaji was visiting London, my husband and I were called to His attention and visited with Him. After chatting with Him for a few moments He touched me with His hand and I was bathed in the most divine fragrance which lingered for days.

How quickly and simply this Divine master of philosophy who was beyond all philosophy explained Truth. How clearly He blew away the superstitions of the mind and opened the windows of our hearts. How lovingly He revealed the philosophy of Truth. He took no credit saying He knows nothing.

This Dadaji has not studied at universities nor read the great works of the Ages or the sages. He is not lettered and holds no professional credentials.* Yet, the great minds of the world today come to Him for advice.

Dadaji creates no new systems or school of philosophy. He seeks no students, accepts no payments, writes no treatises and seeks no fame or recognition.

He helps us reveal to ourselves the name of the Divine with us (Maha Nam). This name is one for all peoples for all time. This Truth is chanting within us twenty four hours a day, Dadaji says, and just to be aware of it, to do one's duty is more than enough in the way of worship, meditation or penance.

At this first meeting I told Dadaji that my mother was in a hospital dying of cancer and that the doctors gave her at most a few weeks to live. He told me to bring a bottle of water. He touched the bottle and the water became fragrant. He instructed taking the water to the hospital,

In the most conventional senses of these words.

giving mother a few drops and rubbing some on her body. That night for the first time in quite awhile she slept peacefully with a minimum amount of pain. Dadaji the next day instructed that we remove mother from the hospital and take her home. The doctors advised against this action as she would surely die in one to two days. We carried out Dadaji's wishes and two years later mother is well and alive. Dadaji takes no credit for this healing saying, "It was the Will of the Divine."

My experience with Dadaji revealed that my search for Truth in the outer academic world had been in vain. The Truth had been with me all along. How clear everything became. How simple it was. How could I have overlooked it all those years.

Dadaji said, "Remember the Creator, He loves you, try to love Him. Without God there is no life, no body, no mind, no Truth. Do your duty, your work, as your devotion itself. Work done properly is love itself. Remember the Creator. Enjoy life. Do not force anything.

The word "philosophy" comes from the Goddess or Mother of Wisdom called Sophia. Dadaji is the Father of Truth.

To live in this way of Truth as shown by Dadaji will help us to comprehend the principles of reality and give us insight in the world of the action and reactions of the mind.

Dadaji is the Buddha and Krishna and Jesus of today once again reminding us of the values of Truth and Love. As before in history only a few will recognize this messenger of Truth, some will try to crucify Him and His message of Truth, others will try to pervert, commercialize and institutionalize it.

Truth,—Mahanam will always be present with us, no matter who tries to destroy it, it will be to no avail. Truth shall persevere and overcome all ignorance with its wisdom.

Was it a miracle...in Milton Keynes ?*

By Kevin Allen

SOME 25 people emerged from a house in Kingsfold, Bradville, last Thursday night, wondering if they had seen miracle.

Attracted by city-wide publicity they went to "glimpse into the phenomenal personality of Indian prophet Dadaji".

But Dadaji didn't change the faces of watches by rubbing his thumb across them, as his followers claimed he could. Nor was everyday metal turned into gold.

But one woman at least, was convinced she had experienced something inexplicable. Mrs. Nymal Ahluwalia was selected by Dadaji to take part in his demonstration.

Dadaji led her into a room containing food and water and a photograph of him. The door closed and Dadaji remained with Mrs. Ahluwalia for ten minutes. He then left the room.

Dadaji's followers claimed that while he was sitting among them he was also in the room with Mrs. Ahluwalia. When she left the room the water had changed into a milky-coloured substance, splashed across the floor.

A strange aroma filled the room and honey-like oil had dripped on to Mrs. Ahluwalia's head and photograph.

Afterward Mrs. Ahluwalia of Wembley, London, said : "After Dadaji left the room I sensed somebody moving around inside. I saw flashing lights and heard a tinkling sound."

The 'miracle' took place in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Belbir Walia. They met Dadaji in India, and when they heard he was coming to Britain, invited him to Milton Keynes.

Dadaji was due to return to Calcutta this week after a 17-day stay.

* Gazette, June 16, 1978.

Dadaji*

Khushwant Singh

It is not very easy to explain why one is drawn towards people with whom one has nothing in common and repelled by others who share one's values and interests. Despite my oft proclaimed allergy to godmen I go out of my way to meet some if they happen to be in the vicinity. In so doing I have got to know some of them well enough to have affection for them. There is very little communication between us but, as they say, the vibes and the chemistry are good. For me no visit to Jaipur is complete without a call at Hathroi Fort to see Shradha Mata. I can't make anything of her Tantric jargon but love to hear her berate me as a self-opinionated ass. It is the same with Swami Muktanand of Ganeshpuri and Dadaji. Neither of them speak much Hindustani or English, they give me no *diksha* or *prasad* but even a few moments with them are exhilarating.

I see more of Dadaji than others. I am closest to him but I understand him the least. When I met him first many years ago in the home of the actor Abhi Bhattacharya I was spellbound by his sparkling hypnotic eyes and explained away the objects he materialised out of the air as due to my drugged perception. The post-hypnotic effect was at times very prolonged. He had planted in my mind that whenever I recalled him, I would smell the aroma of the *padmagandha* with which he dowsed me (he does it by running his fragrance-free fingers on your head and back). And so I do. What makes Dadaji more enigmatic is that while he denounces all godmen, gurus, bhagwans,

*The Overseas Hindustan Times, Thursday, July 8, 1982. Khushwant Singh, the author of this article, is a Member of Parliament, and Ex-Editor The Illustrated Weekly Bombay.

maharishis, swamis and sadhus, his innumerable admirers worship him almost as their deity. These include scientists (Linus Pauling, three-time Nobel laureate being one), heads of renowned universities, Supreme Court judges, senior executives and luminaries of just about every learned profession. "*Ham to parha-likha kuch nahin hai,*" says Dadaji in his Bengali-accented Hindi and then proceeds to expound the Vedanta. "The *Dharamakshetra* and *Kurukshetra* that the Geeta speaks of is your body; the Pandavas and Kurus are the forces of good and evil battling within you. All that really matters is a person's character—not his wealth or eminence in society. My job is to guide people to build their character. I have nothing to give except the *maha naam*. Don't be misled by all these charlatans who pass off as Bhagwans and Jagadgurus. How can mortals on whose carrion vultures will peck at be gods?" And so on.

I nod my head in agreement because there is nothing he says that I disagree with. I bring the dialogue down to earth: "Dadaji, tell me why are people scared of dying and death?"

He realises I am talking about myself and looks perturbed: "Aren't you in good health?"

"Very! Disgustingly healthy. Only my mind is obsessed with death. Please help me to get over this morbid obsession."

He grabs me by my shoulders and draws me towards him almost knocking the turban off my head. With his fingers he traces patterns down my spinal cord and runs them through my beard. A shiver runs down my body and the aroma of a thousand *agarbattis* envelopes me. "From now on you will not think of death," he commands. I nod my head, touch his feet and take my leave. I thread my way through the throng of admirers, locate my chappals out of the hundreds of pairs and walk away with a jaunty step. Dadaji has made me *mukt* of deathphobia. In the evening I find myself writing about dying and death.

The Voice of America :

The Great Designer*

Henry Miller, U.S.A

Word is the means of creation in me as a writer. It expands and overflows in a joyous spate. A whole pageantry of characters are thus born. Moralists may judge these men and women of my creation according to their value systems. To me such a judgment is an outrage. The characters have their roles on which the whole play rests. Success of the play as a whole is all that matters. Why blame the characters ?

That must surely be infinitely more true of the Great Designer, who created the world and me, I imagine, as an outpouring of His joy. With Him too at the beginning was the Word. Good and bad according to our moral values can surely be of no consequence in His eyes. It is His play. Our own literature consists, at best, of only feeble copies of His Cosmology.

With this kind of inner attitude, I have always reacted sharply against the fetishes of sin, repentance, purgation, hell, perdition and such other dogmas. All these fetishes

* H. Miller's article appeared in San Gabriel Valley TRIBUNE Saturday, July 28, 1979.

are so many bottlenecks stemming the free flow of life. I imagine the true messiah to be all-embracing, displaying equal love for the saint and the sinner.

And, I have felt for a long time that the messiah must be round the corner. For these are the worst of days in man's history. And if, therefore, the redeemer must make his appearance, then these are also the best of days. What a soul-stirring beatific experience to find myself in his arms so unexpectedly one day! He suddenly took me by storm, breaking through the portals of my heart and filling my being with the omnific sound.

Yes, Dadaji, that enigmatic personality annihilating all personality cult, that omnipotent nobody, came to me in flesh and blood as a Christ of love, a Buddha of wisdom, a Krishna of supreme yogic power, a Chaitanya of the profoundest emotional abandon and a Govinda of the most deliciously amorous masculinity. And he conducted me to Mahanam—the be-all and end-all of my existence. I have thus been made aware of the divinity within my core. I have found the omnific word inside me. And Dadaji himself is identified with this inner divinity.

Who is he then? He claims to be no more than my Elder Brother—Dadaji. How fascinatingly he assures me about the principles that guide my life and vocation! 'Don't you bother yourself with virtue and vice; they are all mental constructions and have nothing to do with Him—the infinite ocean of Love. They are just actions and reactions ruling mental function. The entire world process is one. Only you take it in fragments. You are a role set by the Great Designer. Do play your part well, alive to the fact that you do whatever He chooses you to do. He is the pilot of your life and you have here at His Will to taste of His overflowing love. Flow with the stream of life, without attempting to stem its tide. You are one with Him, and yet separate so that you may love-play with Him. You can miss this supreme relish only if ego is allowed to

wallow in self-importance. So, merge yourself into His all engrossing love'.

So goes his reassuring message. He goes even beyond, from love-play to pure consciousness and then on to the void of structureless integral existence. But he repeatedly comes down to draw his brethren into his arms. He continues his liberating message: 'No human being can ever be a guru. The Mahanam, which is your true self, is the only guru. You have come here wedded to that Mahanam, which is the life-principle at the source of your respiration and is the warp and woof of all creation. Submit to Him in love and confidence. Shake off all shackles of superstitions and taboos. Don't go against your nature. Let your inner drives lead your sense-organs wherever they will. Be a passive spectator of the drama. No asceticism, no austerity, no penance, no physical calisthenics, no mechanical muttering of mystic syllables. All these are egotistic activities. Your inner fulness can dawn only when the ego is fleeced off. Only then you are in the wantless state. It is the limited mind that constantly suffers from wants'.

Dadaji thus removes the sense of limitation from which man suffers. There is only one Supreme Existence. Only one Truth. Why then should there be any divisions in the human race? The same Mahanam rings in every heart. Hence, all mankind is one. All logic chopping stops in front of Truth that is outside the reach of mind, but ever approachable through love and self-surrender.

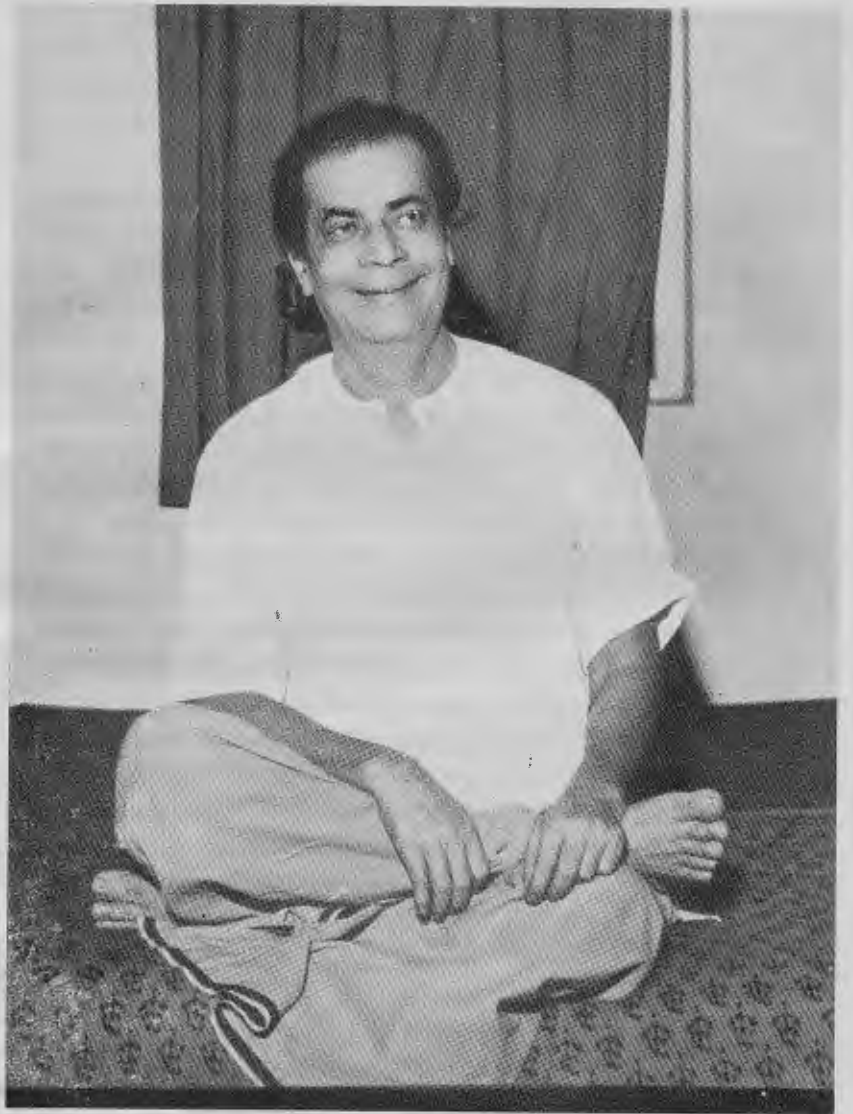
Dadaji And The Nuclear Existence

Dr. Linus Pauling*

All existence is polarised by insistence, all becoming by being, all fulness by vacuity,—indeed, all matter by anti-matter. Existence is, at bottom, negatively oriented, while insistence has a stance of brute neutrality. And there is a copula, the Essence or persistence, which is positively poised. Existence, persistence and insistence,—negative, positive and neutral,—electron, proton and neutron, a facile equation although. What is facile may in its profundity be ineffable; but, the atomic structure of all existence is a gospel truth of science. Negativity essentially propels motion, orbiting round the nucleus of our egohood,—an unstable nucleus always prone to decay radiation. The orbiting goes on ceaselessly until the electron becomes free, until the neutron changes into a proton. And, let us say, then the proton changes into a neutron and a positron is emitted. The electron and its anti-particle, the positron, collide and are both destroyed. But, matter is indestructible and the law of conservation of energy is inviolate. One wonders how it fares if a theologian brings Absolute, God and human existence to beat upon this physical description of our existence. Would it sound so much grotesque and puerile as to provoke ridicule?

And Dadaji, that enigmatic and ever-elusive personality taking constant refuge in anonymity, that foppish Don Juan with freezing aggressiveness, that citizen of the world around and, may be, beyond us, seems to spell out similar things in terms of spirituality. His Satyanarayan as existence qua-existence, as the infinitely loaded void lying

* Dr Pauling's (three times Nobel Laureate) article appeared in San Gabriel Valley TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, JULY 28, 1981



Dadaji—with his ever-loving smile

in state in the unfathomable ocean of triple magnetism, may very well represent a neutron in the backdrop of an anti-neutron. Then comes his principle of all-engrossing consciousness feeding upon itself ; the Big I, as he describes it, the 'Godhead' of some scriptures which may very well take after a proton. Here there is no negation ; only position and all-out affirmation. Now come the two stages of joy self-poised and joy of Christos or Love, the two aspects of the viable God. And we, human beings, are like electrons. Orbiting the nuclear existence is our fated duty. We have to do it without any sense of agency, submitting ourselves to the magnetic momentum of the nucleus, as Dadaji affirms so often. We are ushered into existence through electro-magnetic radiation as photons, as beta particles, and our ego chooses to carve out a wily path for ourselves. There's the rub, says Dadaji. Dadaji rejects outright the causal pattern of the ontological universe and drives home into our consciousness trans-causal omnipresence of events much in the manner of the principle of indeterminacy obtaining in the sub-atomic level. As he informs us time and again, we have come here to stage each one a predestined career and have to reckon with the time factor to reach the end of the tether. It is the Will Supreme that fashions us out as it would. Causality is a freak of nature occasioned by the curvature caused by our egoistic mass. That brings in its wake an irresistible gravitational pull that dwarfs and enchains us to the morass of auto-magnetic insularity. And we start chopping into fragments the impartite reality, the continuous, unsegmented flow of life. Segmentation of egoistic cell runs apace to people the world with discrete notations of phantasmagoria undreamt of in philosophy and science. We now see chaos and multiplicity in stead of unity of existence. How to transcend this causality ? Dadaji assures us, the frame of reference has to be thrown off ; to shed off the last vestige of the ego and to be in tune with the ever-

flowing elan vital. Why, there is no mind but minding. Man has no power ; he can do nothing. Not even a tiny bubble in the life-stream, he has no separate existence in reality. And, wonder of wonders, how dare he pose as a guru, a Mohant, a Bhagavan ! The guru is within. He is my inalienable self. He is within all of us, as Dadaji asserts, as two sounds of the Mahanam which are being chanted by themselves round the clock and form the warp and woof of all existence. To submit to that Mahanam in love and to do our duties without egoism is the ethic enjoined for us by Dadaji. No asceticism, no physical acrobatics, no egoistic efforts. Truth and existence cannot be achieved. They are right through you all the while.

And Dadaji, this displayer of breath-taking fantastic miracles that dislodge the entire batallion of scientists the world over, this proclaimer of the profoundest philosophy of love and integral truth, dubs himself as a nobody. 'Don't trust even this man. He is a fraud, a cheat, a liar. He can do nothing. He is destined for the grave. It's all His doing. If He chooses to do something, well and good. If not, well and good. It does not affect this man either way'. What, then, is Dadaji ? Is he the anti-body, the anti-matter which effect the decay and destruction, in this case, redemption, of the discrete particles that we are ? Is he the neutron turned proton and the proton relapsed into neutron in the backdrop of the anti-neutron ? Is he the nuclear existence of this world-show ? One who has gone beyond all multiplicity by putting on achromatic lens may possibly negotiate the question.

Relevance of Dadaji

Dr. Derek C. Bok*

President, Harvard University

The modern world has to contend with a legion of crises of diverse dimensions—crisis of faith, of culture, of scientific and technological pretensions, of population explosion, of failing natural resources, of political and ideological strife and of the liquidation of the heart. The appalling advancement of science has but reduced the entire world into an 'Air-Conditioned Nightmare'. The age of freedom was ushered in the wake of 'recognition of necessity' and an inordinate urge to change the world has enchained the human species a thousandfold more. We do not have the knuckle even to fight out our issues—straight away. We have broken into pieces the old world, but no 'brave new world' is as yet round the corner. The malady of the present age is that we are in multiple minds, are explosive anonymities, seeking refuge now in orientalism and then in aboriginalism, finding no haven of solace anywhere. We are frozen with aborted excitement between Scylla and Charybdis and no Ulysses seems to be anywhere near us.

But, Dadaji has come to us. He is right now with us, a picture of informal integrity, now reclining on the divan like a Jesus without any bearded solemnity and then sitting crosslegged like the Buddha under the shade of the Bodhi-tree of perfect equanimity, smoking a Wills cigarette in deference to the Will Supreme and chatting or fondling the ladies assembled. Why is he here? Why are we, mostly materialists and atheists or agnostics, sitting on the floor before him, deflowering the ironed purity of our trousers? What will he deliver to us and, may be, to the

* This article appeared in Express A7, Thursday, July 24, 1980

modern world at large? We are no customers of yoga patents or mystic trances or phoney miracles. It is quite in the fitness of things that a few states have banned the entry of grotesque traders in spiritualism. But, we have invited Dadaji into our land where time is money! And we are spending hour after hour on him daily! What is he, indeed? What are his credentials? Yes, he is an atheist. The greatest iconoclast the world has ever witnessed, he does not believe in any 'homespun' God who stands in icy isolation from us demanding bribe and austere worship to reach Him. To Dadaji, God is existence itself. It is I, you or even a speck of dust. God is unsegmented, infinite ubiquitous existence. It is, as Dadaji so often says, the 'Big I' as apart from, though infiltrating, the small or pragmatic 'I', the mind. The sole integral reality through an urge for self-expression out of super-abundant joy ushers in bipolarity and mind which latter gives rise to individuation, finitude and multiplicity. Demonology gets a robust start-off and our life is littered with quixotic mythology forming into the corpus of our distinct cultures, which Dadaji glibly dismisses as trash. 'In the name of God, we have toyed with ghosts and raised Frankensteins', Dadaji would thunder out. He would readily agree to religion being dubbed as 'the opium of the people'. Even beyond that he would assert: Traditional religion is the breeding ground of all our maladies,—social, political and spiritual. Demolish all churches, mosques and temples. The real church is your body or the entire world. Is he not an atheist much beyond our depth?

And he is an agnostic with a new vintage. God never submits to our understanding. The very process of knowing defeats its purpose. Whom would you know? And with what? Whatever you know with your mind is but a ghost. And beyond mind there is no meaning, no expression. Truth cannot be known or achieved. It can only be lived. It is you yourself. It is what remains of you during deep

sleep. The dearest of all, your identity,—that is He. How can you get Him? Do you have to practise austerities and physical acrobatics to get your dearest? You can get nothing from outside. Everything that is is within. No human being can ever be a guru. The world is real: for, He Himself is the world. You have come here to have a taste of Him through the ups and downs of life. Take them as His blessing and do your duties. What would you renounce? Him? Don't be a recluse; don't make an ivory tower. Be normal. Eat, drink and be merry with Him in your heart, as though He is doing all this. You have turned the world into a dungeon, a purgatory. Virtue and vice are mental constructions. Action and reaction only do matter. But, you have to go beyond causality. How? Through loving submission instal Him as the agent. Make yourself void and He will fulfil you. Shake off all sense of want. You are full to the brim.

Does it not sound revolutionary? Don't we feel like breathing a fresh aromatic air? By his atheism, Dadaji liquidates the old world; and, by his agnosticism, he ushers in the brave new world' in which space and time are tiny dots, patience and fortitude are the only penance and all work is worship. The poet of life, the philosopher of existence, the seer of rapturous nothingness and the experient of colourful anonymity, Dadaji is with eternity. He is the alpha and Omega of all our aspirations. That is the phenomenal relevance of Dadaji for our age,—why, for all ages to come.

Dadaji And Truth

Dr. Eugene N. Kovalenco*

President, Industrial Research Guide, (U.S.A.)

The Jestling Pilot asked 'What is truth ?' But he did not wait for a reply and truth was crucified. But, can truth be crucified ? Dadaji, who has come to our country to grace us with his weird looks and nectarine words, would sharply retort, 'No, truth can never be crucified. Even historically speaking, Christ was never crucified physically. His preachings were not accepted. That is crucifixion. But, christianity spread like wild fire. And Christ was never a Christian ! Revealing and incisive words. But, Dadaji, a normal family man having two children, calls himself an unlettered nobody, a do-nothing fellow, who has sojourned into this world to move about as a gay Lothario enjoying the delicacies of life to the fullest measure. Yet he toys with nature and with the greatest intellectual giants oftener than one can dream of. Here now he is sitting in front of us talking casually of the hidden facts of antiquity and of the fallacies of scientific dogmas that confound all of us. And he always gives discourses on Truth. Not the mundane truth of our conception as opposed to untruth, but the basic absolute truth he speaks of. From his short, pithy and poignant sentences it appears that he has a profound philosophy to deliver ; and that philosophy is fully based on his concept of Truth and Reality. It is good of us, then, to hear patiently from him his philosophy of Truth and to size him up, if possible, with the yardstick of our ego.

What is Truth, then ? Does the question pertain to the Christian Trinity or theology or the Vedic pantheon or the Brahma of the Upanisads ? No, he never talks in the old-

*The author is a Nobel Laureate, San Gabriel Valley TRIBUNE A7
July 29, 1980

world language. One need not be an erudite scholar to follow the import of his words. On the contrary, erudition is likely to be a hindrance, an obsession. His language is simple and precise and the ideas he breathes into it are unconventional and revolutionary, and yet they are planted into our hearts as self-evident truths. One wonders afterwards why they did not occur to one earlier. That is why Dadaji says that Truth is simple, though profoundest. To Dadaji, Truth is one, single, impartite reality. It cannot be many, for that many will delimit and characterize one another and will eventually be devoid of any self-subsistent character, thus being unreal. Truth must be self-subsistent. It is one reality, one substance, nay, one space, one time, one world, one humanity and to speak in a bated breath— one human being. How does Dadaji characterise that Truth? 'Truth is Existence', Dadaji assures us. All else are either existential modes or mental fictions. 'Not inert existence of dead matter,' Dadaji goes on, 'it is live existence. It is existence as vital principle, though at the rock-bottom even beyond that. That existence expresses itself as consciousness, and consciousness manifests itself as joy. That is the description of the basal reality. This may be otherwise described in the inverse order as self-love, consciousness as identity and simple vital impulse respectively. And the World is the manifestation of that super-abundant self-love, that overflowing joy.' At this point Dadaji grows lovingly serious and exclaims, 'He is all-love. Can He do without loving all of us? He is the World,—its flora and fauna and human kind. We are all His better-halves turned worse wholes through the knavery of our ego. We are, in fact, He Himself.'

But, how does a 'He' come in all of a sudden? Does it not smack of anthropomorphism and the liquidated old-world vocabulary? 'No, no,' Dadaji dismisses our misgiving with a smile. 'It is the Supreme Will as the vital spasm that ushers in the Primal 'I', the 'Big I' and the world-

shoot. This 'Big I' branches off into individuated 'small I's'. This small 'I' is a not ; the 'Big I' is the only reality. So this 'He' is the Big I. The small 'I' is a reality in so far as it participates wilfully in the play of the Big 'I', as Dadaji assures us. The World is His Self-expression. We have come here to relish His self-subsistent joy which has overflowed as creation. The mind was designed to relish this joy through the vicissitudes of life. But the mind revolted, sundered itself from the Big I, trying to usurp His empire. That is our malady, the malady of finitude, of individuation, of weighing anchor from the Nativity and, as a result, of being storm-tossed in the uncharted ocean of endless want. But, really speaking, we have no want. We are full to the brim. We are, at bottom, the Big I. Can He keep us in want ? It is the worst blasphemy we are indulging in. Our only duty is to submit to Him in love and trust and to do our mundane duties devotedly and without any sense of agency. Why, you, I or not even He is the agent of the World-Occurrences. If you insist on an agent, it is His joy that is the real agent. He resides in all of us as the Big I in the form of the two sounds of Mahanam ringing within us round the clock. That Mahanam is the warp and woof of our existence. When the two sounds coalesce into one, we are not as individuals. That is the philosophy of Truth, of the World and of ourselves.

That is the philosophy of Truth of Dadaji, a new kind of existentialism characterised by the Supreme Will, the Big I and the small I and, most of all, by joy and love and undifferentenced knowledge. His philosophy of one reality, one substance, one World, one human race, one language and, ultimately, one human being has a special relevance for the present strife-ridden world. 'Philosophy is manifestation. The sun, the moon, the stars are His philosophy' asserts Dadaji. One really wonders if Dadaji exemplifies perfectly the manifestation of Truth, love and egoless undifferentenced knowledge. 'We can't be separated' says

Dadaji. Let us keep looking at him, basking in his pure love and wait for the appointed hour to verify the truth of his words. For, that loving submission is the butt-end of his philosophy.

Dadaji, the Elder Brother

Dr. Pauline Arneberg*

In the search for Truth we find those that touch our intellectual curiosity. Others offer to sell us methods, techniques and mantras. They claim these will help us attain God or "spiritual realization". One person called Dadaji, meaning Elder Brother, has come on earth to present the simplest yet deepest and most radical philosophy of Divine Truth ever presented to the human race.

He makes no claim of being God, Messiah, Guru, Miracle Worker or even being a teacher or guide. However, in his divine presence all forms of phenomenon take place. These are beyond the scope and understanding of all mental and physical sciences.

As a loving Elder Brother would do, he comes at his own expense around the world each year to share the wealth that the Supreme Authority has revealed to him.

Most people seek favours or concessions. They beg God for some change that will reap them more money, better health, power or political position. Few seek Him for the sake of Him. Dadaji has come to help us ourselves by becoming in tune with Divine Love.

We come asking Dadaji, "From where have we come? Why are we here? What are we to do? Where shall we go?"

Dadaji smiles and says, "What is this world? Is it all a dreamland? We have come from God, from Love. There is only God, Who is our Father, Mother, Lover and Best Friend. We are here to fulfil our destiny, to do our duty, to work properly, to be free from the work itself—not to change our destiny by force, but to love it in faith."

* Dr. Arneberg's (a Nobel Laureate) article appeared in the Los Angeles Times, Sunday, July 19, 1981/W

Dadaji is not here to change our destiny, but to lend the quality of love to it. We have come to taste His Love. We have come to taste His peace. We have to come to live as One with Him.

Man can do nothing of himself; man cannot be a Guru. Within the heart of man is the Guru, the Dispeller of Darkness. The illusion is that we are the doer. The ego is important to the extent that it helps us to do our work of karma. It is the first stage. When we realize that the work isn't self, that it is God, and when we become one with it, this is called Yoga or Union and it is no longer a mind function.

Dadaji says the Divine Creator of Truth is chanting, is singing us a love song twenty-four hours each day. He does not say that there is one God or two, or three Gods or the devil; he says there is only God. There is no niche or corner in the universe where this Truth does not exist.

Then why is there the need for temples, churches and religions? Why is there the need to collect money for God when all is God? Do not exploit others in God's name. Instead, become the elder brother or sister who will then help others to help themselves and spread the gospel of Truth. All organized religion is for the purpose of business and is man-made superstition. Truth is One and there is no monetary fee for it. It cannot be bought and sold in a market-place. Beware of those claiming this exclusively as their own.

We have come from Him; we shall return to Him. We are here for a short time in this body to feel His love and to love those around us, to do our duty, and to enjoy those senses and feelings. He has sent along with us at the birth of our bodies. Learn to feed all the appetities of life discriminantly and enjoy the lila, the play, of the Divine.

Then Dadaji touches you and His fragrance explodes and all parts of your being are touched. You come away from his presence, but his presence and fragrance linger on. This is

more than enough devotional or religious practice, for you have been reunited with our Elder Brother and through him have realized the truth has always been with you—that who you really are was never born and can never die, that you too are loved and that Love, His Love, is the final expression of Truth and the only answer to all problems and questions of life.

The Divine Chemist

Dr. Paul Berg *

In the world of applied science we break down, analyze and classify all of the known physical properties according to their chemical make-up. For instance, we understand that water is basically H₂O-two parts hydrogen, one part oxygen, but why this is so is not really known. There is an intelligence in the Universe that maintains these constant balances.

One person called Dadaji defies all the laws of applied science in chemistry. He is in tune with the divine science and deals in the chemistry of love, the chemistry of life, the chemistry of existence itself.

While the applied scientist goes from all forms of creation back to their origins, the divine scientist Dadaji starts from the One and sees clearly all creation manifesting from it. Because He is in tune with and only sees the one substance he is able when it IS His Will to manifest something from nothing, to change water to wine, or fragrant healing water, or plastic to metal, showing the scientific community that with God all is possible.

His divine chemistry baffles science. As one scientist said, "Dadaji, if I keep coming to you I will become a mad man, you defy all the laws."

Dadaji speaks and says, "there is only one substance and it is constantly changing form. This is He or the Divine, without name or form yet containing all names and forms. This chemistry is beyond mind. We are not chemicals, we are Temples of the Divine. The body chemistry may break down or become out of balance. The mental chemistry may become disoriented; however, the chemistry of the spirit can never experience a breakdown. It is untouchable. No fire is hot enough to burn it, no nuclear weapon is powerful enough to

* Dr. Berg is a Nobel Laureate, San Gabriel Valley TRIBUNE TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1981

destroy it, and no flood is deep enough to drown it. So, why be nervous, why be afraid. Just try to remember Him. He is both within and without, giving you life and loving you constantly."

Know that this is the ultimate peace. In the body and mind there are constant wars and temporary truces. His peace is always.

When Dadaji inscribes books without the use of ink or pen, when he engraves metal without tools, the scientists of the world bow down, surrender and realize the Divine science is the Truth. Then they may proceed as the Einsteins have done knowing that man of himself is capable of nothing other than that which the Divine permits.

Finally, Dadaji smiles and those around him feel their hearts filled with love : Dadaji speaks and says "love is the only answer to everything. Love is the Divine itself. Do not say 'I love you' to any person unless it is free from good or bad, or any other conditions. Love that is of the world is a great mental disease".

Dadaji's science is both practical and applied, here and beyond. It is the nuclear bomb that explores and destroys all superstition. It is truth and for this the world bows before him.

Mahatma Maco Stewart
Room 1222
Fondren Bldg.
Methodist Hospital
6516 Bertner Street
Houston, Texas 77030
July 22, 1979

Dadaji
18675 Fieldbrook
Rowland Heights
Los Angeles, CA 97148

Dadaji :

My elder brother, I have been thinking of you so much during the past month and saying that Mahanam with great

happiness since I left India. Unfortunately, during the first week of June when I returned to the United States I had a heart attack and have been receiving good care at the best heart facilities in the U. S. After recuperating for a month, I had another attack which occurred a couple weeks ago and I am now back in the hospital in Houston from where I will talk with you tomorrow, Monday morning. I am enclosing the chapter in my forthcoming book on our experience together. This, together with the television broadcast, I will update Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning with your blessing.

The plan which I have described to Abhi would be as follows :

Tuesday, July 24th about 3:00 p. m., Dr. James Hardt and Don Mettert my Chief will arrive at 18675 Fieldbrook, Rowland Heights, Los Angeles, California to set up their equipment prior to your arrival. They will expect your arrival about 5:30 where they can shoot a rehearsal sequence for our Wednesday experience. What Dr. James Hardt does is to record your normal biological rhythm, such as pulse rate and temperature as well as your brainwaves that come from you as the witness that is the miracle of God making love to us everyday. If possible you might rehearse at that time the witnessing activity on Wednesday morning when I shall call you at a prearranged time from the operating room here in Houston. What they will be doing in Houston is

- (1) Sending a tube up my artery that will enter my heart;
- (2) Sending dye up the tube into my heart so that they will be able to see on the television machine exactly where the blockage is in my arteries (these blockages are like rust in the pipes leading into the pump that is my heart).

- (3) When these blockages have been located, I will call you at your number (213) 965-9593, where I will be told about the blockage and then will be able to speak with you.
- (4) I will have some distilled water available which I will take as you direct.
- (5) We in Houston will then be able to see if the arteries clear up or if a heart operation will be necessary.

I am enclosing my chapter so that you and Abhi can understand exactly how I feel about my elder brother and this opportunity. If I am cured, that will be very beautiful, and if I am not, that's okay too, and will in no way interfere with my love and faith in our witnessing of the Mahanam.

Don't be frightened by all the gadgetry as the love and faith we have and all that is, is what is important. Technology as part of the wisdom can be an aid and not an enemy of all that we can show.

With Love

Mahatma Maco.

Maco Stewart is cured—came later twice to India to meet Dadaji—Computer test proved Dadaji is beyond-mind state of one existence and there is no time and space with Dadaji. Everything is one and in one forms are different.

Dadaji

Mahatma Maco Stewart

A. Roy Chowdhury is the owner of a toy-shop, about 80 years of age, has two children, a grandchild,* and lives with his wife in Calcutta. He doesn't have an ashram, western followers, cosmetics, flowing saffron robe, nor a Mercedes. Roy Chowdhury is called Dadaji (Elder Brother) by many thousands of Indians who have realized God in his presence. Among these are half the Indian cabinet and many of the leading industrialists, movie producers and actors.†

This mild and loving Elder Brother has provoked a storm of controversy by his simple attacks upon traditional religions, and the modern Gurus. About traditional religions Dadaji says :

"God is not religious. He cares not for Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Muslims, Sikhs or Hindus. He loves and blesses the atheists also...why the temples, churches and ashrams ? No scriptures ask for them. They are the business of men, exploiters. Don't make a business out of God."

In the same vein he feels that all the traditional paths to self-realization as God-realization are so much humbug. He states that in each of these paths, be it acrobatic mental performances during meditation ; the acrobatic torturing of the body by yogic posture, the finer points of scholarship of the scriptures, the numbing repetition of mindless ritual, the masochistic deprivation of senses or the grace of spiritual guidance of the Guru are humbug and at best different forms of ego-attachment. As varying forms of ego-attachment that are temporarily substituted for other ego-attachments, these practices are often strong hindrances to enlightenment. "In remembering God and realizing his love, there is no room for mental and physical acrobatics."

* Two grand-children at present.

† Besides scientists and intellectuals all over the world.

"Give up all outer appearances of religious attitude to realize Him. He decides the right time for an elevation to higher states. Do not force anything...let it all happen naturally."

Dadaji insists that he is not a Guru because the only Guru is God. Only God is the doer of all things, everyone else is an actor. Dadaji says "Wisdom is knowing you are only an actor. Ignorance is when one thinks he is not." Dadaji has a great emphasis upon work as karma-yoga. The essential thing about work is to start and become immersed in it as God's way of the world but do not become attached to it by expecting worldly results, or by feeling that you are the creator or doer of the project. "Work itself is God, if it works of itself and you are a passive spectator...just perform the duties with which you are entrusted, faithfully, accepting His Will. Don't worry, for worry makes you the doer. Penance is necessary for existence in this world but not for Him." What Dadaji is saying is that we don't have to torture our mind or bodies to find God. Just doing our best in our daily lives is rough enough. Self-punishment of any type is some type of ego trip and has nothing to do with God. "Being a saint or a monk has not to do with God but acceptance by transition."

For Dadaji and those who have become God-realized in his presence, the experience is difficult to describe...The God within you is the sound of God's name repeating itself in your heart, which they call the Mahanam, the Great Name. Dadaji advises "Recite Mahanam casually in the midst of your daily life. The rest leave to Him, the doer." The way that you arrive at this name for this God within you is not particularly important to Dadaji. God's name is constantly being chanted within you but you can't hear it. One way of unveiling the Great Name of God to yourself is performed in the private presence of Dadaji. The experience as written by hundreds of Dadaji's fellow-travellers was quite similar to my own. Other observers write that they produced a piece of paper of their own which Dadaji had

requested, and then with their own two hands held the paper on which miraculously appeared the Great Name, Mahanam in red handwritten ink in any language or languages or scripts that might appeal to them. In my case, Dadaji took a piece of white paper from a pad on his own table into the next room where I held the paper while touching my forehead to it on the marble. When Dadaji directed me to, I looked at the paper and in the upper left corner in longhand red ink was written two Indian words which were for me the Mahanam. After reciting the Mahanam with an inhalation of the first word and exhalation of the second several times Dadaji requested that I again look at the paper and the writing was gone. He then requested that I should not disclose this Mahanam to anyone. I agreed. I inhaled a marvellous musk spicy fragrance which filled the air around me both then and throughout the entire day at various intervals. Having read of this experience by others I had mentally requested the magical message to be in Swahili since this was a language that I was relatively sure would not be familiar to Dadaji nor would it ordinarily be associated with me. The fact that the piece of paper was not a piece that I had brought from the Oberoi and that the Mahanam did not appear in Swahili but in Hindi was just fine by me. I had no expectation and the experience was immensely rewarding and stays with me a very great deal of the time. I had planned without TV crew to leave that morning after our first encounter to go for another interview in Madras. Dadaji requested that I come to his house again that evening rather than go to Madras. Dadaji said that he did not wish to have my entire TV crew with our bulky equipment in to film what was personal between us but that it was okay if I brought along a silent movie camera. I said fine, that I was looking forward to being with him again but would appreciate another interview at the crack of dawn the next morning for our full TV equipment since in Calcutta all power fails at 9 a. m. This was agreed to by both

of us in good spirits. That evening I returned to his house with the Indian NBC cameraman, Mr. Bhasker from Bombay. Dadaji met us in the early heat of the evening wearing only his lungi (Indian long wrap around) bare from the navel up. I was still in great spirit flowing with the Mahanam and had experienced this fragrance many times during the day. Dadaji called me closer. While sitting at his feet he stroked my back, my chest, and then from under my beard produced a beautiful watch that I am now wearing. It certainly is unique looking with revelled glass crystal, purple and silver face with gold marking and hands. My eyesight is so poor I couldn't read the original markings on the watch, which were read by Bhasker to me as ("NINO", "Swiss made"). Dadaji then took the watch and touched it, whereupon the inscription was supposedly changed to be "Sri Sri Satyanarayan ("MADE IN DREAMLAND). Miracle, or magic, matters not to me. It is the holograph I have of my experience that is all-important. I can understand well the feeling of those who have had the same experience as I :

"Reaching a Divine orgasm when you are reunited with yourself...His secret footprints, his secret fragrance, his secret music follows in your heart and everywhere, God is the sound of your heartbeat, making love twenty-four hours a day."

Dadaji is very clear about the incompatibility of ego and self realization. Unlike the other Gurus and religious thinkers he believes that the ego can just drop away without any conscious effort or retraining. Dadaji sees the ego as the main thing separating an individual man from God and looks at Gurus and religion as man-made ego creations that keep man from seeing God in himself. Note how similar his analysis of ego is with that discussed in the Sixth Principle.

"Your mind is attached to what you think others are thinking about you. Ego is the basis of many other blinding ailments." The "I" becomes most important and God is not thought of. Someone gets their feelings hurt when

criticized, or is flattered when praised, that is ego. A criticism or praise is nothing but a word or sound, yet it affects deeply some centre inside us. And that is the seat of the ego. Unless you are shorn of ego and are beyond your mind, you cannot be in tune with Him."

Although Dadaji lives in the world of business and the family, he is still aware of human love as a possible attachment. Whenever there is the feeling that "I" possesses another person there is ego-attachment. In America we are well aware of the romantic love centered syndrome where someone's true love has been "lost" or stolen like any other possession. Remember the song "I'd rather have a paper doll to call my own than a fickle-minded real life girl." Dadaji says "Human love is fickle and fragile and imbued with egoism. Remember Him. His love is pure, everlasting." For Dadaji the ego is not destroyed but drops away when the first principle happens: Self-realization. The second and third principles only happen when the first has already become manifest through the Mahanam within. The immediacy of time does not seem important to Dadaji. "This time of the body is temporary-we are actors and are paid according to our performance." To Dadaji there are two forms of truth: the temporary changing truths of scientific theory and the Truth of God which is one, with all things. It is this identity of truth, self and God which is beyond scientific measurement or demonstration that makes miracles part of reality according to Dadaji. God can cause inexplicable things to happen since He is beyond the limitations of time or space. Dadaji attributes any of the so-called miracles that happen in his presence not to himself as a doer or agent or instrumentality of God but simply as an open witness to what God does on specific occasions. Many miracles of all types from materializations of objects, filling sealed rooms with water on the floor and fragrance in the air to curing the incurable and bringing people back into their bodies from death are all attributed to Dadaji. According to the writings of such instances, one of the most common occurrences is for

Dadaji to heal by long-distance telephone calls. According to the voluminous testimony when Dadaji receives a call in Calcutta from even London or the United States he can ask the caller to place a cup of distilled water before him which will be changed through the Mahanam into Holy Water. When the critically ill person tastes the water many thousands of miles away the water has the holy fragrance associated with the presence of Dadaji. According to these testimonies the sipping of this water produces miraculous cures inexplicable by medical science. According Dadaji what distinguishes this type of miracle-working from that of others is that he does not wish to be seen as the doer of such a miracle but merely the actor-spectator in a drama written by God. His criticism of the modern Guru phenomena to material wealth, fame and worship by devotees is the motive of all the Gurus.

“No person can be a Guru. Each person has within the Guru who is God...Don't look to Gurus, yogis, babas and saints, look within...no person can initiate you into God. This is all humbugism and exploitation. As soon as you say—“I am the Guru, I am the doer, you are an egoist. When those who sell God, realize Him, they will be out of business.”

Dadaji advocates the full use of all your senses, as having been put into human body as part of God. As long as a person keeps repeating the name of God to himself his senses, will never usurp his total being. Sex like the other senses, like eating and drinking are things of the body which are fed by the spirit so that all of life should become a continuing celebration.

“Remember Him, do your duty, Enjoy.”

Dadaji In U. S. A.

Dr. R. Haroldson, Phd.*

As a votary of science, I am nurtured heart-deep in the theory of Relativity and the concept of Complementarity. I take for granted that matter is finally reducible to energy and that the so-called objective realities are mere subjective illusions. An absolute truth is a chimerical fantasy. For a frame of reference is always there to vitiate it. I can very well conceive of a situation in which length of an object becomes zero and its mass infinite, while time stands still; of a contingency, shorn of any frame of reference and presided over by a single lone object, in which space and time are not and motion becomes a synonym of rest. Even then, a positivist that I am, I yield my palm to agnosticism in respect of God and religion in all fairness to my scientific avocation. For, the theory of Relativity has cut across any Absolute Being absolutely. And there is no God, no religion, no supernatural miracle.

But, one may try to pay back the scientist in his own coin. "Is not your theory of Relativity itself relative?" One may confidently blurt out, "Can you ever go beyond a frame of reference whatsoever? Can have even an inertial frame of reference? You yourself, your mind, verily, gives the lie direct to it." And he can well dictate terms with a scientist in an outlandish way: It may be possible at a certain stage that the mind serves as an inertial frame of reference. Go even beyond that and conceive a situation, as you have already stumbled into, in which one single object exists, in which one impartite integral existence only is. And fancy this existence, for your convenience, as

* His article appeared in the A2 EXPRESS, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1979

* Director, American Psychical Research Institute, U. S. A.

a continuous flow of energy. If the word is not already tabooed, call this very energy 'God', the eternal life-principle. Is He not omnipresent? Verily. Is He not Omniscient and Omnipotent? Certainly when He is manifested as vibration, as sound, as the Biblical Word. How now! Am I then to take sound rather than light as the master-key to God and the mysteries of the Universe? Does God exist then? And if He does, in what relation does He stand to me? No, these are questions outside the pale of science and should be dismissed forthwith.

But, such dismissal can never be absolute. And, fortunately for me, I was soon absolved of the perfidy of such perditious hescience. And I was transported to a region where my science has no access. For, I chanced upon a man shining in white radiance, an Indian and a Bengalee at that, though he himself claims no geographical nationality, who scanned me with a piercing, though kindly, look and routed me in no time with his simple and vibrant words to the effect: "Don't you believe in your existence? What makes you live, move and have your being? That is the soul, everybody's; and the soul is God. What exists when you are lost in sound sleep is the soul, the life-principle, God. Your mind, the architect of science and other relative truths, is the empiric, finite soul,—the matrix of all frames of reference. Its finitude is self-secreted and self-imposed. Once your mental being, your ego, is merged in the infinite existence,—the soul,—you recapture the absolute vision which is your birthright." The words seem to have a sensible and sincere ring. An inertial frame of reference seems to have been discovered. This man clothed in dancing starlets of light,—Dadaji alias Amiya Roy Chowdhury—is it. Why, I myself see to be such a reference.

Dadaji conducted me affectionately to Mahanam—the Logos, the Word—manifested before my gilded eyes and into my ruddy ears with a soporific cadence. "This is the be-all and end-all of your life, of all existence, to be sure.

The matrix of all multiplicity, it is the eternal refuge of all existence. The two sounds epitomise the bipolarity of our life here in this world. Wedded to this Mahanam, which is being chanted of itself round the clock in the vacuous region of the heart, have we come into this world which is an over-flowing of the joy of infinite existence. Existence, consciousness, joy—the order of progressive manifestation of the Infinite. In existence qua-existence, the two sounds are in perfect identity. That is Satyanarayan, the symbol of basal Truth. The Mahanam is His joyous manifestation. Submit to it in love and brave the world. Do your work with Him as the agent. Have patience with the vicissitudes of life which are tokens of His infinite love. Don't restrain, don't indulge. Be natural, shorn of all inhibitions. Religion is nothing divorced from life. Work is worship, when the sole frame of reference is the soul, the vibrant Mahanam"—weird gospels of a weird luminosity transfigured as a man like us !

A queer specimen of the homo sapiens, Dadaji seems to trifle with the social norms and the laws of nature. He fondles lovely girls, often kisses them and asks : "Marry me, would you ?" And at the same breath he remonstrates the menfolk, saying : "Do you think you are men ? You are all women. Mind, the nature around which is mind's secretion, is the woman. He alone is Man. We have come here to make love to Him. Be bathed in His love and vibrate through the actions that come your way. Drain yourself off to Him : be stripped of all the vestments of obsession. He will clothe you in wedding robe of love and make you full. He is your dearest, He is you yourself. No effort, no austerity, no external agency is called into request to get Him. The institution of Gurudom is sheer commercialism." Who is he then,—this Dadaji ? He plays with rain and sunshine, cures fell diseases, materialises watches, fountain-pens and sundry other things, sends aroma to far-flung places, transforms silver into abiding gold and has

multiple manifestations. And yet he assures us : "He is no body. Not even an instrument. All these happen through the Supreme Will of Satyanarayan for the edification of the unbelievers." But, the miracles that flash forth from him are inconceivable. And he advises us to attach no importance to them !

Am I speeding past the visible world with the velocity of light ? For, I find this delicious omnipotence—my Dadaji—all about me. Have I at long last achieved the inertial frame of reference ? Who is he, indeed ? I wonder in what relation he stands to Satyanarayan,—in manifest identity ? Has Jesus been resurrected in the fullest blaze of love and wisdom to establish the kingdom of Heaven on earth ?

Dadaji And The Phantom of Guruism

Dr. Eugene Kovalenco*

Dadaji always asserts, 'No human being can ever be a guru.' And why? That 'why' comes at the same time from a commoner as also from a topmost intellectual. It is my submission to negotiate in what follows the question in the light of Dadaji's own exposition of the same.

A human being in flesh and blood can never be a guru. For Guru is infinite and eternal, Omnipresent, Omniscient and Omnipotent. He can never die. If He dies, what else remains? He is the source and sustenance of all existence. Nay, He is existence itself. He is also death and its sustenance all the same. And death can never die. But, the body is a convict of the crematorium. It is finite, transient and inert. When the mind is identified with the body, the sense of 'I' emerges and the body has its functions, This 'I' is clearly a limitation, the 'I' enmeshed in physical consciousness. The mind, the finitising principle, may be divested of the sense of the body in a state of stupor. Then it has no functions. Inert it lies with all its affects, impressions and faculties nestled in the Infinite Consciousness that is the only guru. Even then it is finite inert, though devoid of the sense of 'I'. So, the mind, even at this stage, cannot deliver the mantra. But, there is a state of the mind when, in loving submission to the all-pervasive 'I-ness' of the guru, it is in perfect tune with that infinite consciousness. Infinity, then, has an easy flow through the mind. At this stage, it is possible to deliver the mantra. But, at this level, it is neither yours nor of anybody else's. For, the sense of 'I' is not. And at

* Nobel Laureate, Dr. Kovalenco's article on a different aspect of Dadaji has appeared elsewhere.

this stage, One sees Brahma all about. Whom shall he then give Diksha and how? It follows, therefore, that the mantra is manifested of itself without any human agency. And you blurt out with an obstinate egoity: 'I deliver the mantra.' How funny of you! Your mantra undoubtedly pertains to ghosts and goblins. And you are surely in tune with them.

Nor have you any need of a human guru. You have come into this world along with Diksha. Without it, nuptial yoking with the two sounds of Mahanam, Govinda, you cannot see the light of day in this world. So, Diksha is your heritage, your congenital belonging. It is a fact that you have forgotten it. But who can help you remember it? Not a human being, to be sure. It is possible only for one who is fully grounded in Divinity and has no sense of ego. Even then he is no individual person. There is no give-and-take affair, no agency, no causality in Diksha. If you feel you have Diksha at the moment of its manifestation, you have it not. Whatever you get must go off. Whatever is bound by space-time and causality is finite and perishable. So, earthly Diksha is nothing but the consummation and fulfilment of an inner urge in you for manifestation of the basic reality of your existence, the two sounds of Mahanam, at the appointed hour.

Not only that. You are Purnakumbha. You have nothing to get from anybody else. Everything is within you. Truth, the Infinite Consciousness, your God, is within you; He is your dearest. He is you. You cannot have Him. You can only live Him. If you can size up Truth, it is untruth.

But, you may still whine and demur: 'Who will show us the way?' Why your existence itself, your entire life itself is the way. There is no point of return to Divinity. The entire plane of your life is a homage to the Truth

Infinite,—in love, in submission and in utter vacuity of all the vestures of your ego. You love Him, you live Him, you see him, you smell Him, you hear Him, you touch Him and you taste Him. You be in Him. And He will surely be in you ; He will be you. The story of all life will end there in endless existence.

Dadaji

Harvey Freeman

Surely the greatest act of mercy in my life was when was brought to the home of Dadaji some years back.

My search and research into the world of Truth, that took me to so many gurus, saints, maharajas, yogis, babas, ashrams, gurukulas, churches, temples and synagogues, was at an end. Sad to say that it was all in vain, for as I gathered much information, I realized that none of the former were in Truth representations of the lives and teachings of the great Masters,—Krishna, Jesus, or Mohamed, or of the Old Testament. Rather than joining us together they had separated humankind and were the cause of most wars, past and present.

I entered the hall, not knowing who this Dadaji was. He sat there looking so beautiful, yet so plain. He appeared so strong yet so gentle, so wise yet claiming to be so unknowing. He called me, I went to Him, and we embraced and kissed.

I felt like a son finding his long lost Father. He surely looked like a God. No words were necessary.

The fragrance of a few days before, that was a mystery, was explained by His touch. The Mahanam that started chanting in me three months prior appeared on a blank piece of paper.

For the past five years I have accompanied Dadaji on His world tours. The experience is wonderful and overwhelming. Great statesmen, educators, scientists, industrialists around the world, come for His wisdom.

By His words, deeds and touch He is re-establishing Truth. He makes no claim, saying it is all from God. He permits no one to make a business of Truth in Dadaji's

name. No gift or donation can be accepted by Him as bribe for special blessings or favour.

He states clearly and sharply, that all Truth in organized religion has been perverted. Those in the business of selling God-realization are particularly misleading and can never bring God-realization.

When you read anything about Dadaji you must leave behind the limited world of cause and effect, probability, possibility, luck, fear, wrong and right.

Come into the world of Truth and Faith where all things are possible, where healings and that which we call miracle takes place naturally. Where you can choose to no longer be a victim of circumstances, but a survivor in God.

These seeds of wisdom which Dadaji offers need not be taken up or planted. You need do nothing. They will either fall on the fertile deep soil of your life and blossom forth, or fall on the shallow earth of your mind, sprout for a moment and be destroyed by the first harsh or cold encounter with life. Then, again, you might be a skeptic, not ready and these seeds will fall on the rocky soil of your being and never germinate.

Dadaji's religion is of this world, of this body. It is a religion of life and love. It is all about remembering the Creator and the fact that the Creator has never forgotten you.

Dadaji's interest is not in telling you who Dadaji is, but in reminding you who you really are.

With the message of this book, if your life has been one of darkness, light will surely come. If you have been living in the light, how much brighter it will be.

The Almighty Supreme God you have been seeking in temples, churches, mosques, dolls and idols will have at long last been found in yourself, and in everything you

experience. Perhaps a few come in each age who have the attunement of total love of God and we are all blessed by their experience. Dadaji does not come as messiah or saviour, but as a beautiful example of our potential and possibility to live in a total awareness of Truth.

Letter

P. O. Box 176
Northridge, CA 91328
U.S.A.
November 15, 1981

Dear Abhi,

I hope that you do not mind that I am typing this letter. I figured that it would be easier for you to read this than my handwriting. I had thought that you were going to write me after arriving back to India, but I guess that I was the one to write you first. I know that you receive a lot of letters from people ; so let me refresh your memory as to who I am. We (Judy and Tony Cureton) met while visiting Dadaji, when he was staying at Sally's house in Malibu, California. We saw a lot of each other there. While Dadaji was visiting in the home in North Hollywood, you gave us a photograph of Dadaji. We still have the picture. In fact, it is in a frame in our living-room. Hopefully, that is enough information to help you remember who we are (smile).

Many things have been happening to both of us, and we are continuing to stay with Mahanam. There are a few occurrences I would like to share with you, Abhi. It is difficult to know where to start. It seems that no matter what happens, one thing becomes more and more clear—I do not know anything. I am increasingly realizing that my only hope is to trust in God, to become more and more like the child who loves and trusts absolutely and completely. The insights that I have been having have so far led me to realize that the mind is like a child, who needs direction and guidance. It is through Mahanam that this guidance comes. If I experience anything, but love, I am experiencing the mind. The mind is truly very

insidious. It has tricked me many times into thinking that I was drawing closer to God, and all I was doing was reinforcing the separation between me and God—between me and LOVE. That is why I say that if I am experiencing anything but love, then I am experiencing only my mind.

There have been times, while repeating Mahanam to myself, that everything around me was singing Mahanam also. Such a feeling of oneness, isn't that LOVE? Presently, while staying with Mahanam, I often feel a flowing in the heart area of my body. I see the mind doing its thing and feel apart from it. Is this one of the reasons that Dadaji blesses the heart area while one receives Mahanam?

As Dadaji told us, "Many things will happen, but stay with Mahanam." I find that this is so true. It is more clear now as to how activities such as yoga and meditation can be harmful to a person. Because the mind is so insidious, it can use these seemingly mind-liberating activities as traps to reinforce the mind's grasp...to increase the separation from God.

You know something, Abhi? Even though I am saying all of these things, I realize that I really do not know anything. All I can do is my best and trust God. All I can do is trust in God.

Among some of the other things that have been happening, pertains to the water which Dadaji blessed for us. We have been using it as directed by Dadaji. I still do not understand why Dadaji gave us those instructions; however, we continue to use the water according to his instructions. Once, Judy burned her hand badly while doing some cooking. We used the water twice on the hand. As a result, what would have taken a couple of weeks to heal was healed overnight. Another incident pertaining to the water is that the volume of the water in

the container increased approximately two inches. This occurred at a time when my mind had become locked on something and I was having great difficulty in directing it back to God. Needless to say, the stranglehold of the mind was broken, allowing God to come back in.

Abhi, I realise that whatever good that seems to come from me, is not really from me, but from God. I also realize that whatever is destructive does come from my mind. Many things that Dadaji had said to us, repeat themselves daily. One of the statements I remember Dadaji often saying is not to focus on Dadaji, but on God. It helps me to remember not to focus on people or things, but on God. But even more than that, Abhi, to focus on the God in all of us, not the externals.

I truly do not know anything, but to stay with Mahanam, to trust in God, only ; to trust in God in others only.

We look forward to seeing you and Dadaji again. Yet, Abhi, I feel that even if I were not to see Dadaji in physical form again, he is still with me. As with his fragrance, there is no distance or space. Also there is no time...that (time) is a function of the mind. This was shown in the healing of Judy's hand. However, I am not totally free from the limiting influences of my mind. So, Abhi, tell me please, do you know if Dadaji is coming again next year and when next year that may be ? There are many people to whom I've been talking who want to meet Dadaji. As we both know, some will change their minds. But of those who will come, there will be some who will hopefully receive into their hearts the love which pours forth from Dadaji.

I just realized something, Abhi. The reason I felt so free while in Dadaji's presence, or even in the same house, was because of the love which so profusely comes from Dadaji. Is that why Dadaji says not to focus on Dadaji, but on God ? And is not God Love ? No wonder I felt the

tears building up in me while waiting outside Dadaji's room, before receiving Mahanam. Is that why after receiving Mahanam, I felt such freedom from the past, from my "sins?" Is that why I felt so much in the present, that nothing else existed but that moment? No wonder all I could tell Dadaji was that, "We love us." I felt and still feel such an oneness with him. I find that this oneness is increasingly spreading towards others, also towards myself. Often with Judy, I find myself increasingly aware of the oneness of us. It is as if my mind steps aside and from somewhere deep in my being a feeling comes and expresses itself in the words, "We love us." It is almost as if I go into a trance of some sort. I do not understand it, Abhi. I merely trust God and go onwards.

I know that the water Dadaji blesses and his fragrance are not what we are to focus on. All these things do is to help quieten the mind so that God may be known more easily.

Abhi, I say all these things and experiences that have occurred, yet I realize all the more that I do not know anything. All I know is that I need to trust in God and one of the ways that helps me to do that is to stay with Mahanam.

Trusting God,
Tony Cureton

'Miracle man' bad-mouths gurus

Jeanie Senior, Correspondent*

He's a guru who doesn't believe in gurus, calling them charlatans.

Amiya Roy Chowdhury, also known as Dadaji (Elder Brother), is visiting in Oregon from India this week, holding court in private homes in Portland and Eugene to expound his religious teaching.

"Become a disciple of God, not the worldly gurus.

"As soon as you say, 'I am the guru,' you are an egoist.

"If you are one with him, you are the temple, the world is the ashram."

A resident of Calcutta who said he is 79 but who looks much younger, Dadaji insists he is not a guru, not a yogi, not a religious leader, not a teacher.

"A spiritual leader—what do you mean by that?" he asked, smiling. "How can I say that I am a teacher? I am moving everywhere, I don't know why."

Dadaji has been accompanied during his Oregon visit by Harvey Freeman, former head of the Centre for Truth religious community, which operated the Centre Family Restaurant and the Centre Family Pizza Parlour in Portland.

Freeman is the author of several books about Dadaji, several of which were offered for sale on a table in a West Hills home where Dadaji visited in Portland. In his most recent book, "Song of Truth, World Dialogues with Dadaji," Freeman said that he had met Dadaji "by what seemed a divine coincidence."

Dadaji was billed in newspaper ads announcing his Oregon visit as "the miracle man of India." His followers say he can cure mental and physical illnesses and manifest other mystic powers—materializing objects, such as wrist-

* The Oregonian, In The Pacific Northwest, Tuesday, July 13, 1982

watches and cartons of cigarettes, and causing writing to appear on blank sheets of paper.

Dadaji also is noted for "His Fragrance." According to a booklet that describes him as "the Supreme Scientist," "Dadaji blesses a person by smearing the latter's chest and forehead with this 'anga-gandh' (literally, body-aroma) by his fingers. The person carries this aroma around just not for the particular day, but in most cases, for several days together even after regular baths."

Dadaji's "body aroma," which smells rather like a mix of potent shaving lotion and extremely strong incense, is indeed lingering. But its odor draws mixed reviews from persons who are not followers.

Also accompanying Dadaji on his travels around the United States are a cook and secretary and Abhi Bhattacharya, described in Freeman's latest book as "a famous Indian film artist and Dadaji's great travelling companion and assistant." Bhattacharya serves as a translator for Dadaji, amplifying his short and sometimes heavily accented phrases.

At Dadaji's direction, he pulled out a box of snapshots and pointed to pictures of Dadaji blessing several people—none of whom were named, but all of whom were identified as scientists, journalists, doctors. All are "selected people," he explained.

One of the "selected people" to whom Dadaji spoke at one time was the man Oregonians and others know as Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. Dadaji and Bhattacharya both smiled deprecatingly when the bhagwan's name was brought up.

Dadaji who said repeatedly that "no mortals can be gurus, God is the guru," recalled that Rajneesh had come to see him in 1971 or 1972. They met in Bombay, he said, and Rajneesh wanted to talk about Tantra which Bhattacharya described as the process to get the Divine Being whom Dadaji calls Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

"At that time, he was not a big name," Dadaji said of Rajneesh.

Characterizing the bhagwan as "an ordinary lecturer" who achieved "gurudom" and accompanied his rise with the trappings of wealth—ashrams and Rolls Royces—Dadaji and Bhattacharya pointed to the contrast with Dadaji's life-style. They also suggested that Rajneesh had come to the United States because his following in India is "not that much."

They said that Dadaji asks for no money, publishes no articles, accepts no gifts and permits no institutions, ashrams or temples to be built in his name. An ashram, Dadaji said, would be "just another headache."

Bhattacharya said "(Dadaji) doesn't take anything. He moves on his own. He is a family-man. He has a house in Calcutta. He is self-sufficient, so he doesn't have to approach anybody for anything."

Asked about his background and his work career, Dadaji explained that when he was 9 years old he journeyed to the Himalayan region to visit with the yogis and gurus and to ask them why they were there, practising austerities and penances.

Dadaji recalled that he said to the gurus: "He is everywhere God is everywhere. The whole world is his ashram, so why have you come to this particular place?"

Otherwise, he was not specific about his experiences. But Bhattacharya explained that he was a "great classical singer," known as Professor Roy Chowdhury, and that his brothers are famous scholars." "But he never went for schools, he went for the truth."

Dadaji, The Word Immanent

in Stoic Transcendence

Dr. Aziza Mohammed El-Mazati, Phd *

Bred and nurtured in the spiritual tradition of Islam that I am through my millennial fore-fathers I have implicit faith in the Quaranic gospel of La ilaha illa' llah' as against multiform latitudinarian idolatry, and in the gospel of Muhammad Rasula'llah' against the phony claims of a legion of painted pageantry of godmen through the ages. I know that 'We are nearer to Him than the jugular vein' as the Holy Quran asserts ; that the Prophet never arrogated to himself the throne of the Lord ; that he was a Seikh, a friend to Him, ontologically an aspect of the Divine Ward, the universal Logos from which the Universe sprang forth with a bang ; that the Universe was none other than God. I was never oblivious of the Quaranic assertion of 'I was a Hidden treasure. I desired to be Known, so I created the Universe ?' The Sufis through the ages have churned into my consciousness the truth that 'The goal of the Quest is for self to step aside and let the Absolute Know Itself through Itself, that the pilgrim, the pilgrimage and the Way are but journey from Self To Self ; that One was never separate from God and that to 'see one, say one, know one' is the consummation of ethos in all its imaginable dimensions. Could I not mingle my voice with Jalal At-Din Rumi's and chirp out, 'Let me be naught ! the harp-strings tell me plain : 'That unto Him do we return again !' And that I assured myself that Islam alone,—that discipline of self-surrender,—was capable of making such profound utterances on God, cosmology, and life.

* A Nobel Laureate Professor, University of Egypt and Portland.
The San Gabriel Valley TRIBUNE A3, TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1982

But! And that 'but' turns turtle my career and flings me back into my nativity where multiplicity-in-unity of the manifest Word,—the prophet,—and unity-in-multiplicity,—God, Allah, Rahim, Rahaman, Akbar, Ahad, Rabble-mingle and merge into one Virgin integer. Yes, but the atoms of my being seemed to flee past me across my mauled ego to work into a novel configuration at the very enchanting sight of a normal man, who in mundane nomenclature, is a Hindu Bengalee clad in Dhoti/Lungi and Kurta, sipping tea and smoking cigarettes,—a householder who has raised a daughter and a son and owns a toy-shop in Calcutta. Now a commoner, and then a luminous presence ogling above at nothingness beyond all trivialities of life, planting his smiles and kisses,—all to ethereal,—into the deepest caverns of our being. He springs a dazed surprise when he pelts out. 'Marry me, won't you?' You are razed to the ground. But, not a split second passes before he hurls at a moustached masculinity. 'What? you boast you are a male? Whoever gets into this world is a female. The mind is a female, to be sure. Your psycho-somatic existence is feminine at bottom, responding back and forth to the bipolarity of life like a dog haunted by a bit of flesh.' Breezily he glides on, explaining his point, 'you can't come here without being wedded to truth, the Word, the Mahanam, the two sounds of which are being chanted within your heart round the clock in rapturous spontaneity. The rosary embedded deep into your heart. That Mahanam is the Lord, the Guru of all of us. No Mortal finitude can ever be a Guru. That Mahanam is the warp and woof of your being. Your body itself is the Shrine of God. Mosques, churches, temples, and synagogues make Him into a dead matter. Make yourself void in loving submission to Him and be resonant with the sounds of Mahanam. He is Satyanarayan, the Absolute Truth (Satya) and basal resort of all (Narayan). He is the symbol of community of all religions.

And a master Psychiatrist that he is he assures you instantly without giving any time to demur, 'The world is real and is in no way a dungeon, a purgatory, a prison house. We have come here to taste the blissful rapture of His manifestation and to do our duties that stem forth from His will to make us relish His love and bliss. Let not your Sundays be set apart from your week days. Don't divorce life from religion, your existence itself is the way to Him. No physical or mental acrobatics can lead you to Him. How can you get the Absolute? You can only live It. Whatever you get is a transitory, mundane merchandise,—an egoistic tapestry—that goes off in no time. Take Him as the doer and do whatever comes your way with perfect planning, motivation and execution and leave the thought of outcome to Him. You can really do nothing. The smiles and frowns of life are His tokens of love. Bear them with loving patience, you have to forsake nothing. Neither indulge nor restrain. You are the worst criminal, if you starve your senses, your guests, come to help you relish His love and bliss'.

And this is Dadaji, the Elder Brother, alias Amiya Roy Chowdhury, who, widely known as a miracle man, is an enigmatic ego-hunter, a playful brainwasher of the top-most celebrities of our age, a leisurely undoer of our world-shaking scientific achievements, a sworn enemy of all Guruism, and yet a breath-taking displayer of his love and divine fragrance well-matched by all manner of miracles conceivable by us. And what is really miraculous about him? Not the disarray and failure of scientific truths and machines and laws of nature. It is that, despite all this, he calls himself nobody. It is his love, his smile, his bewitching look, his simple message in its mystic profundity, his simple, homely manners switching back and forth from Divinity to earthiness without any gusto. To him there is only one human race, one language and one world. And space and time are not,

Is he the grandsire of all creative will including ours ?
Has he, professedly nobody, the Supreme right to say, 'Lost
atoms ! to your centres draw. / And be the eternal mirror
that you saw : / Rays that have Wander'd into darkness
wide/Return and back into your Sun subside ?' Is he the
prototype of Universal Man ? Is he the Supreme Word
immanent in Stoic transcendence ? Many Votaries of Islam
have found in him the dovecot of storm-tossed soul. Let
the heart commune with the void within and dawn upon
an answer. Amen is Amin is Om.

Time Stands Still for non-Guru's Watch

Jann Mitchell*

He's not a guru, has no followers and accepts no donations.

A 79-year-old Bengalee holding forth as Dadaji ("Elder Brother") in a West Hills living room this week, he contends that "bhagwans" who create cities and ashrams in the name of truth are charlatans.

To emphasize his point that truth comes from within and God is in all of us, he materialized a wrist watch from this reporter's head, then changed the print on the watch face to eradicate any remaining skepticism.

Sporting a navy penguin shirt, turquoise silk pajama-like pants and brown socks, he sits cross-legged on a neatly made bed in the home of a Portland attorney and his artist-wife.

He speaks a disjointed English, which Freeman "interprets" by expounding at length. He translates questions to Dadaji as one does for any foreigner—by speaking louder and more slowly.

A simple Calcutta shopkeeper who is the only uneducated (illiterate, he says) child of a rich family, Dadaji professes powerlessness.

"I am not saint, baba or guru. Man can't be guru or anything. Each and everybody is God. If mankind is one, religion is one; Truth is also one—is main philosophy," said the man billed in local newspaper ads as the "miracle man of India."

Those miracles range from curing bad backs to termi-

* Journal Staff Writer, Oregon Journal, July 9, 1982

nal cancer, yet Dadaji accepts not so much as a rupee for his—or God's—work.

Freeman says his own father was cured of cancer by Dadaji, sight unseen.

"I'm a skeptical human being, but he cured my wife's degenerative disc disease," insisted Eugene vocational consultant Larry Malmgren, who'll host Dadaji next.

Preparing to return to Eugene, he's the only person with shoes in the living-roomful of people who sit on the floor, waiting for an audience with the non-guru.

Many carry jars of water, which, when made fragrant and cloudy by the Indian man, cure many ailments, Freeman explained.

The fragrance—an olfactory rose festival—is Dadaji's trademark.

A gift to him of the sweetest-smelling flower was made pale in comparison to the scent which remains when Dadaji touches a follower, an enraptured young woman noted. Co-workers back at the office note it too, minus the enthusiasm.

Despite the props, his printed (and Freeman-paraphrased) words are simple:

* "Anyone who tells you they can take you to God, is simply not telling the Truth."

* "Don't look to Gurus, Yogis and Babas and Saints—look within."

* "You can't hanker after things and realize God."

* "The ways to God being marketed today are bluff, or merely entertainment."

Ask about Antelope's Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and Dadaji smiles recalling that the two met in Bombay "but he did not say anything about Bhagwan (Lord)."

"I don't know if he's saying (he is a) God' but how can a person be God, if he is, you are too."

Freeman interjects that Dadaji hates to badmouth such people, "but he doesn't approve of what they do."

The interview is over, but Dadaji calls the reporter back into the room, dismissing all on-lookers except Freeman and a sari-wrapped Indian woman who stands next to me.

Dadaji focusses his penetrating gaze, rubs his scented fingers on my scalp and produces a "Ruflex" watch from atop my head. He has me read the unheard-of brand name, rubs again, and lo! The watch face bears the "Almighty's name" of Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

The Indian woman leaves the room and Freeman beams.

"I've seen all those who claimed to be God," he interjected. "It was all a hoax."

Present company excepted, of course.

His Gentle Embrace

Ann Mills*

My introduction to Dadaji was as gentle as his smile, as loving as his touch, and as penetrating as his gaze. It seems he knew me and began to touch my life in America long before I was in his presence in India. In the summer of 1977, the year of his first trip to the United States, a dear friend told me about her meeting with Dadaji. I asked her to spell the name Dadaji, as it was foreign to me, and I felt it important to remember it. Dadaji had already returned to India. But even then, I knew we would meet. Where, when, or why, I knew not.

From the same friend, I heard about a man named Harvey Freeman, who travelled with Dadaji and brought him to the United States. Freeman had a commune about 100 miles from where I was living with my family in Hood River, Oregon. Over the next four years I heard little about Freeman and Dadaji. Our paths did not cross, yet changing circumstances in my life were preparing me for the meeting.

Although I had a haphazard Protestant Christian background, at the insistence of my parents, my search focussed within for God was more profound and intuitively satisfying than any words written or spoken by those who professed to have found the "only way". I recall a time, when I was very young that I recognized God in All and All in God; no requirement of a certain structure, doctrine, or intercessor. In the following years I found this cognition to be incongruent with organized religion. From that point I continued to listen for Truth in my studies, experiences and work. It was living in me and through me, without labels or conscious awareness,

* Oregon, U.S.A.

as I raised my two children and was absorbed in my daily work.

Much had yet to be seen, heard and known, as I still considered myself the "doer" in much of my life. Even though the most peaceful, intimate, creative, productive, and loving times were those when I was not the doer, when my mind was quiet, open, and filled with the "spirit" or the "light" or "energy". I used many euphorisms to avoid the name God, which I mistakenly identified with the organized business and social club of religion. Most of what I studied, heard, and read I naturally knew had nothing to do with Truth. Intuitively I know what God was not, yet my natural knowing of God was beyond conscious verbalization and awareness.

A natural and insatiable curiosity and interest, like a little itch that cannot be scratched, or like a long forgotten melody I kept trying to recall, kept me reading about and listening to the endless "new" ways people found to "self-realization," and "God-realization". So many : Jungian Psychology, Freudian Psychology, self-hypnosis, medical hypnosis, countless world religions, EST, metaphysics, Transcendental Meditation, Primal Therapy, Roling, Rebirthing...on and on and on. All were intellectually interesting to my mind, none touched my heart or had the sweet sound of Truth. Gratefully, I was never caught up, as are so many people's lives, in dedication, belief, and dependency to one formula or another as the "only" the "one" way to God. Without I found what God was not ; not in the doctrines, Gurus, ministers, priests, therapies, Mantras, or in the physical shows of believing and belonging by practising dictated activity, abstinence, meditation and dress.

I remember asking one God-seeker, better called Self-seeker, on his way to India, leaving behind bills and obligations, why, if he could not find God now, here, at this and every moment and place, he thought he could realize God by wandering in a foreign land, 12,000 miles away. Incomprehensible question to one who looks without for what is within.

My experience with "the light" was anywhere, anytime, that my mind was quieted from the playing of multiple discordant tunes which were out of harmony with my heart. When all was dissolved and bathed in the One, unbounded by time and space. A myriad of these moments and experiences come to mind...the birth of my children, their first steps and words, seeing the moment a 3-year old girl taught herself to read in my class, eating a ripe, red strawberry, communion with a friend, creating textile art with scraps of silks and threads,...so many...so rich...so blessed. Any situation, work or relationship, once past the clatter and noise of the mind became bathed in Truth.

Still I felt quite solitary in my understanding and experiences. Americans avoid talking about God, about the spiritual poverty of their lives. Most conversation centres on achievement of one kind or another, monetary, material, intellectual or emotional. Or it centers on the frustrations and disappointments at their lack of achievement in these areas.

A dream that I experienced in 1980, which I didn't understand at the time, had a profound effect. I was taken up, while sleeping, into the gentle, loving, and peaceful beyond words, embrace of One with pure white hair and beard, dressed in yellow robes. The image and feeling remain crystal clear, constantly, tenderly loving.

Many changes and transitions were happening in my life, which I never could have predicted. As I felt a clear direction in my heart, I followed it regardless of the expectations and protestations of others. Thus, I found myself in the summer of 1981, having left family life in the country, living a single life in the city, and working on the second year of my program for the Master's Degree in Business Administration.

Events accelerated and propelled me toward meeting Dadaji. During Summer Term, I became severely ill, had to drop all my classes and was given the opportunity to reflect on many aspects of my life. In a few weeks two things came to my

awareness. First, that my healing would be of the Spirit. Second, that I would experience the brotherhood and sisterhood of a spiritual community in God. Within a short time, both occurred.

I met Harvey Freeman, read his book *God is the Guru and His Fragrance*. He told me many stories and experiences that he and others had with Dadaji. I read articles, accounts, pamphlets and books written by so many people whose lives were deeply and profoundly effected when Dadaji touched their lives. Immediately upon meeting Freeman, he wrote the words of Mahanam on a scrap of paper, told me to remember and repeat them. He gave me a locket, blessed by Dadaji, with a picture of the One with white hair and beard, dressed in yellow robes.

Articles about Dadaji are resplendent with detail and description of "miracle" manifestations and "miracle" healings. The so-called "coincidences," the impossible made manifest began to happen before I met Dadaji. One evening while reading an article about Dadaji, in my apartment in Portland, Freeman noticed the digital clock had changed time from Pacific Coast Time to Calcutta Time. Too many "little" "coincidences" occurred in our preparations and travel, to be unaware that Dadaji was remembering us. One of the most obvious was the four sunny days spent in New York City as a stop-over on the flight from Portland, Oregon, to Bombay. Highly impossible weather in the middle of January, especially since the temperature had been below freezing with snow and ice for three weeks straight !

Freeman and I arrived in Bombay, were met by Abhi Bhattacharya and taken to his home, where we stayed until Dadaji arrived a week later from Calcutta. The first glimpse I had of Dadaji was when he came off the plane. Immediately he was surrounded by loving brothers and sisters, his gaze and smile embracing each one. He was presented with a large garland of flowers which he then presented to me.

Dadaji had arranged for Freeman and me to stay with him at Abhi's house, then travel with him to Gujarat, then on to Calcutta. An incomparable Blessing to experience my first introduction to Dadaji and to India as his daughter, travelling and staying with him for four weeks.

In his presence I feel at home, with my loving Father. And I am surrounded with brothers and sisters in a large family of those whose lives have been Blessed by Dadaji's constant Love. The miracle manifestations are delightful reminders that only God is the doer. The depth of the everlasting experience with Dadaji is in his Loving touch, embrace, look, and words.

In the life of each of us Mahanam can be likened to a flute constantly playing the Universal song. The mind can be compared to a violin, with a wide repertoire of melodies and lyrics, some harmonizing, some discordant when heard with the flute. Some are so loud and constant they drowned out the flute altogether. Before and at birth the flute and violin play the ONE Universal Song of Truth. Throughout life the flute continuously plays the ONE Song in each and all. Millions of violins create, learn, and play billions of songs lyrics, and melodies. Is it any wonder disharmony exists within the individual, between people, communities, and nations?

The mind is unpredictable and ever changing as it plays and replays its infinite soles. It foolishly assumes it is the composer, conductor, and leading instrument in the symphony of life. The resultant discordant sound creates dissatisfaction, discomfort, and disease of the body and of the mind itself.

One person will develop or be taught one main lyric of the mind (one religion, money, power, etc.) and will cling to and defend it in devotion and dependency as "security." Yet there can never be love, peace, and communion with God unless the lyric of the violin is quieted and opened to the sound of the Universal song of the flute. This happens by God's Grace in the presence of Dadaji.

Mahanam is playing constantly within me. It spontaneously comes to my awareness more and more often. It is immediately in my awareness chanting and chanting, during times of stress or danger. It sings loudly during the most joyful moments. It sings during the routine experiences and work of the day. Always Dadaji's loving presence is within me as I am within him, always remembering. He is my Father, my brother, my husband, my lover, as I am those to Him. This is Love. This is God. This is communion. This is marriage. This is home.

It is so simple, Dadaji says there is only to remember God, take Mahanam, have patience, accept this work, this body and this life in God's Love.

Dadaji, the doll-shopping world-trotter

Dr. Samar Sarkar*

As a man of the medical profession, I have won many a laurel in the U.S.A., in Europe and even in the U.S.S.R. Top-most degrees in medicine and in surgery have been bagged by me with a song from universities of three continents. And I felt good to beguile myself with a fond sense of self-fulfilment. Honestly speaking, and modestly though my ego was suffering from an orgy of immodesty. Little did I realise then that my undoing was round the corner. Hardly could I dream even that I shall be at my tethers' end to negotiate one who is quite innocent even of the first principles of science,—to be more positive and precise, almost an unlettered man,—who has withal a naivette of shopping grandiose dolls from international marts of all the continents of the world. An idyll of nobody-ness, he has been indulging in such a shopping pastime for the last seven years or so. The owner of a toy-shop in Calcutta, he made a doll of me in a sing-song fashion I cannot recount when. And since then he has been toying with me, in jest and in earnest, lending profundity to my bluntness and sanctity to my failure,—in a word, re-orienting my life to its natal moorings. Dadaji, as he is called by his countless followers and admirers the world over, Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, is an enigma to modern science which he transcends oftener with a disqualifying smile, and to students of culture and religion, a Quixotic existential manifest farthest from all assertive godliness which he clearly dubs as blasphemy. But, his universal love without

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any fangs of attachment is the greatest miracle far above and beyond what people are used to call his 'breath-taking miracles'.

Indeed, 'Love' is the key-word with him. Love without motive, and not even emotive,—love impersonal and eschewing all idolatry is the only weapon in his armoury with which he conquers, as he has in fact done, the world, with which he negotiates most potently the problems of philosophy and religion of cosmology and life. As he asserts, the entire universe is bred in love and is nurtured by love. It is like a circle which has its centre nowhere or everywhere. But a frame of reference, a sort of ego-centricity, emerges giving rise to a continuum of concentric circles progressively smaller. Bipolarity now holds the stage. Space, time, casuality and the eternal antinomies of existence rut out of the ego which starts hatching the egg of the empiric world we all live in ever since. We, who were formerly, idols of over-flowing love, now turn into idols of space-time, of love and hate, of light and darkness, of pleasure and pain, of good and bad. The two sounds of the Summum Verbum, the Mahanam of Dadaji, are now turned into a bable of sounds at war with one another. And the Frankenstein raised with the fiat of our dissociative ego takes a heavy toll of our primal integrated existence in love, in truth, in the 'primitive soup' of joyous beatitude.

Dadaji speaks a language which is simple in approach, and yet incomprehensible in its labyrinthine profundity. 'No human being can ever be a Guru. The Guru is within you,—the Mahanam which is the basal stuff of your existence. If you are a guru, why not I? We are all limitations, fragmentations of truth. But the Guru is unlimited, integral Truth. I and you die; the Guru never dies. The self-styled gurus, mohants and Bhagwans are making a business out of God. The worst criminals, these scourges of human society should be stamped out forth-with.' Indeed, Dadaji is ruthlessly uncompromising with these

fornicators of the Divinity. For, the easy flow of love has clotted within them giving rise to a thrombotic throttling of the Mahanam. They have usurped the throne of Satyanarayan, the symbol of Truth and community of all religions, and are fated to be denied the bounties of nature in the future, Dadaji assures us. And he himself is not even an instrument.

Dadaji exhorts us to be at peace with Nature. Religion is nothing divorced from life. According to Dadaji we have come here to do our duties with complete loving submission to Mahanam, who is the Sole Agent. No restraint, no renunciation, no penance. If you can taste the Rasa of His manifestation through the discharge of your duties with patience, that is the consummation of your existence. To walk the way of life resonant with the sounds of Mahanam, that is the only thing necessary. But, even that cannot be achieved by you through efforts. It will come when it will come, when the mind,—that fickle woman,—has been stilled by the aromatic exuberance of His love.

Dadaji is not an achievement. He is a grand manifestation tearing off the veil of space and time, to our reflex love-rapport. If we make an idol of him, we miss him. We can only be passive reflectors of his all-engrossing loving consciousness,—automatons of love propelled by existential love of Dadaji. That is verily the final mooring of our life.

The Indian Accordion

Dadaji Speaks

(A self-interlocution)

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

Credulous tongues have packed the air
With Ostentations chant and prayer.
Void of heart-Contact with the lip
And sacred show of river-dip,
Burning of incense at the shrine
By way of bribe to the Divine-
Imprisoned souls of humans can't
Be freed by worship, prayer and chant
Heart-quiet rootedness within
Alone absolves the stain of sin,
Alone, without the need to pray,
Clears the deep dark and shows the way,
Away out of blind darkness, and
Proves that Withinness is the hand,
The only hand of the Divine
Exiling sense of yours and mine ;
Beyond the need of temple-gongs,
Beating of Cymbals, sacred songs
All that is born is Holy Birth ;

Heaven is reborn upon the earth
With all that any mother's womb
Creates between a gloom and gloom,
Creates between a glow and glow
To keep up the World's passing show !

External worship is a grim
Insulting travesty of Him.
At the heart's core the Dark Unknown
Sits all alone, sits all alone
On an unpublished jewelled throne.
Sad at the millions in whose breast
He finds a seeking which, at best,
Is but a blind external quest.

Take my advice ! I have been sent
To you as God's own Instrument
Precise and certain-which at ease,
Keeps solving earth's uncertainties,
Unravelling man's complexities.

The light that works in me sublime
Does not belong to space or time,
I'm here, amidst you, to fulfil
Its dark Design, mysterious Will.
If you would know me, you must know
That, amidst all, I come and go.
Even as I go and come with all
That comes and goes and goes and comes
Between the dawn and evenfall ,
I am fulfilment of his call
Who has despatched me to this earth
Without the blare of fifes and drums
Has sent me to bridge death and birth.

Look at me ! I am just a man
 Who have been since the world began,
 I am not extra-ordinary, I'm
 Lone representative of time
 Born of the timeless ; even as you
 Could be if you would let me through
 The gateway of your being but
 That gateway seems forever shut
 Yet, it is not ! I'm here to see
 That it shall open unto me
 Who have arrived in human form
 To take the sleeping world by storm.
 Through me, the Dark Divine is out,
 To make the doubter doubt his doubt ;
 The credulous to reach a state
 Of faith, majestic, calm and great!
 I've come here with a mighty mission
 To smash the chains of superstition.
 If you would care to understand
 Who truly I am, let your hand
 Not tremble when it touches mine :
 God never drew a severing line
 Twixt me and you. The moon and sun
 Are witness that I am the one
 Who broke unto the many, just
 To bridge the planets with the dust.

I am the One who am but one
 Of multitudes who breathe, and run
 The business of the angels ; though
 You do not know, you do not know,
 Each one of you are all divine
 Beyond the need of temple shrine,
 And temple-bells and temple smells
 Of fragrant incense ; Gaze on me !

I am your Immortality !
The naked soul within me loathes
The cunniness of saffron clothes
That with their colour comes to stress
Publicity of holiness.

I've come here to fulfil the task
Of tearing off mask after mask.
Until of them no trace be left,
But the true human face be left
Shining with light of centuried skies
God-wonder beaming from its eyes.

Yes ! I am Dadaji, I am
An inwardness, that never knew
The least small shadow-stain of sham :-
Lo ! you are I and I am you.

Oh ! The Mahajivana, Dadaji*

Parivrajaka

'Dadaji', this name itself baffles Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, the former President.¹ The occasion of meeting him is not just a matter of meeting a person but this event constitutes the union of a soul with another soul. It is this Dadaji in whom Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Srinivasan² desires to remain merged in; this Dadaji before whom Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Anantakrishna Shastri³, Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Nilakantha Shastri⁴, search for words to communicate; to N. Palkhivala⁵, the renowned legal practitioner this Dadaji introduces a new chapter in history; the two former Chief Ministers of Orissa, namely, Viswanath Das and Biju Patnaik feel enamoured to see this Dadaji; Dadaji whose performance of miraculous phenomena startles the poet Dr. Harindranath Chattopadhyay; Dadaji, seeing whom the topmost actors, artists and litterateurs cannot resist their emotional ecstasy; above all, even the teams of scientists belonging to the materialist Western world having failed to rationally analyse Dadaji's activities, have ultimately surrendered to that person—this same Dadaji is leading the life of a common householder in the heart of Bengal.

Dr. Vernon D. Hansen, President of Churches in Washington, states that Dadaji is a living embodiment of Truth. Dr. Brian Schaller, Chairman of the Solar Energy Commission of South Africa and Dr. Binoy Chakravarty, the Director-General of the Atomic Energy Research Institute, Paris, know Dadaji as the Truth. Honour Dr. Paul Berg⁶, writes that Dadaji's science is both experi-

* *The Yugantara* (a Bengali Daily) Calcutta, dated Wednesday 19 May 1982, Page 4

mental and applied—it belongs to this world as well as to the other world too. This reminds one the event of the explosion of an atom bomb which is eradicating all deep-rooted superstitions. To this Truth and for this Truth alone the world bows down at his feet. Yet Dadaji warns pointing to himself, 'You should not trust even this individual—he may be a hypocrite, a charlatan or a liar. He can not do anything at his own will. Everything is done by 'Him'. If He desires to do anything well and good. If He doesn't, in that case also it makes no difference. Nothing affects this human body.' After hearing this from Dadaji, Dr. Linus Pauling⁷ asked him the question then who is this Dadaji? Dr. Pauling however, having failed to work out any answer even after a hair-splitting analysis, has finally sought the refuge of Dadaji.

Dadaji says that a mortal body cannot become a Guru. Iswara is the only Guru. Wisdom is bliss. Make yourself void, He will fill you up completely. Remember that a human being inherently carries his Guru, Satyanarayan, the mement he is born. Hence, every individual soul is the potential container of Mahanam and therefore the question of obtaining this from an intermediary or to deliver this to a second person does not arise at all.

Dadaji, who stands against the tradition of Guruvad, frequently highlights the fact that if the human guru himself is a Truth-realised soul then he finds that Truth existing in each and every soul; to him then no external differences can surface. This is the reason why no mortal being can become a Guru. Truth is self-manifest. Our nature will lead ourselves to move in the direction of Truth. In this context when Dr. Gopinath Kaviraj was asked to explain, he said, "I know Dadaji for a very long time. Is it possible to have unfaltering faith in the Guru or Parameswara and a deep love for Him without sadhana?" In this connection Dr. Kaviraj also instructed

that the remembrance of the mantra should be practised with complete self-surrender in order to reach that desired goal under the inspiration of Dadaji. This is because Dadaji is making an enormous effort constantly to unfold an integral spiritual life and to lead the staggering, crippled and exhausted mankind toward the direction of Truth and Light.

Hence Dadaji declares that patience is strength. Energy is enlightenment. Wisdom is bliss. Complete surrender leads to mukti-prapti-uddhar.* He reminds that with the annihilation of ego, His grace will be bestowed.

Dadaji says that Truth is one, mankind is one and language is one. Dharma and Satya constitute Narayana. The entire universe is propped on this Truth and It exists in each individual also. It is All-pervasive, without any gap. Sadhana is the process to realise this Truth. Sadhana is defined as the performance of one's duty sincerely as dictated by his soul, because the Divine exists in everyone. Each and every person is taking His name in some measure, great or small. Diksha is to have a darshana of Him: Dadaji says that this whole universe is an ashram. Hence, for the practice of sadhana no separate ashram is necessary.

Dadaji manifests various miraculous phenomena and bibhuti incessantly. However, at the same time he reiterates that he does not perform anything—whatever occurs is at His Will.

Dadaji was born on 31 January 1906 in Phultali village of Comilla (now Bangladesh). His name is Amiya Roy-Chowdhury. His Father was Roy Bahadur Dr. Mohinimohan Roy Chowdhury and mother Saratkamini. He began his studies in the local village school.

At the age of nine years he left his house on a mysterious call. After travelling various places he finally reached Uttarakasi. It is at this place that he met Shri Ram

* Benefit of ego, one gets Him and is thus duly liberated —Editor.

Thakur. Dadaji is, of course, not a mantrashishya * of anyone. Dadaji returned home with the enlightenment of Satyadarshana. Now, he is a centpercent familyman. Yet, he is a sadhaka in the truest sense of the term. The revelation of his sadhana is occurring in his own particular way.

Notes

1. The former President of India.
2. 3, & 4, Learned scholars of Tamilnadu.
5. Constitutional lawyer of Repute
6. Nobel Laureate Nuclear Physicist from the USA
7. A Scientist from the USA, awarded Nobel Prize twice, a rare scholarly genius.

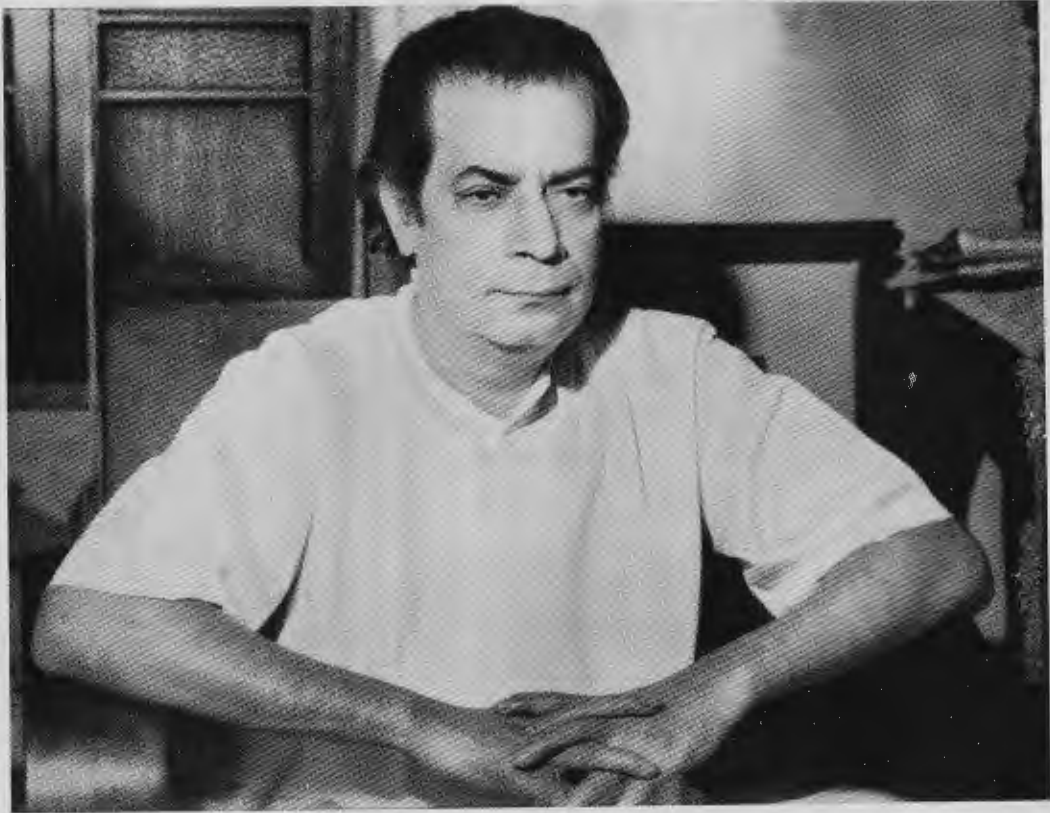
* One initiated by a Guru (or spiritual Preceptor)—Editor.

The Philosophy Of Dadaji

Dr. Nanilal Sen *

“Well, your God is dead beyond resurrection”—the interlocutor is apt to blurt out with an air of derision ; and Nietzsche and Camus would chime in and Sartre would assert on top of it : “There can’t be any God. The idea is self contradictory.” Strangely enough, Dadaji would readily accept it with a hearty chuckle : “Yes, the traditional God of apocalyptic scriptures, never apocryphal, along with His quaintly robed, big-wigged, lustily bearded, profound-looking shrubs and thickets of earthly regents, carrying gigantic bowls of inhibitions and shibboleths, is dead indeed. That God was made in the image of man, a consummation and sublimation of man’s thwarted desires and swallowed tears, a self-transcending Absolute hinged upon the pinnacles of mental travail, now looking like an intractable tyrant and then taking after a mediaeval housewife. Do bury that God forthright. But, God still persists and ‘exists’—God, who is Existence, pure and simple, an existence that precedes and precludes all conceptual essence ; an all-pervasive Existence-integer whose philosophy is Consciousness that is philosophised through Bliss which again is philosophically orientated towards the world we know of. This eternal, immutable Existence-integer is the bed-rock of the endless panorama of existences witnessed in the world ; it is in you, in me, in the table beside me,—holding us fast as though in wedlock embrace. Why, it’s you, it’s me, it’s the table ; the container and the content are identical. The sun and the moon are His philosophy ; and you and I, too. You are His manifestation, externalisation, heterisation—of His joy in spate ; and, willy-nilly, you are His philosopher in your inalienable

* Dr. N. L. Sen, Ph. D., D. Litt. is one of the Editors of this Volume.



Dadaji—with his miraculous look

existential right. Would you parry it or rue ?” That may serve as a prelude to Dadaji’s philosophy of Existentialism, which, though neither theistic nor atheistic, is nevertheless as realistic as existence itself. It is a philosophy of knowledge through existential identity in so far as it scrupulously eschews all cobwebs of mental tapestry. It is, therefore, a philosophy of brain-wash, of stark nudity that tears off all conceptual vestments, of loving evaporation of the ego, of death everlasting, of the vibrational tissue of Existence—the Mahanam,—which heralds the return of the prodigal son into the vacuous stillness of unruffled fulness which is our eternal demesne.

As Dadaji often tells us, philosophy has to address itself to the solution of three fundamental questions. At bottom, however, they are apt to be resolved into one existential question, as they must. For, Dadaji’s philosophy harbours no brute dualism. I and you, this sharply contrasted dichotomy is the cardinal law of exploitation, as Dadaji observes pithily. His world, on the contrary, is that of ‘I’ in you and of you in ‘me’. The three questions, of which the first is the basal one, may be stated thus : What is Truth Absolute ? What is the *raison d’être* of this creation ? And, finally, what is our duty in order to achieve that Truth and to fulfil the objective of creation ? To begin with, Truth Absolute is what is divested of all mental trappings, all egoistic geometrisation. Positively speaking, Truth (Satya) is Satta, the unqualified immutable Existence integer, as stated before. Mundanely orientated, Truth may be described as Swabhava, one’s own immutable identical stance, as opposed to Abhava which is a nursling of ‘mental flirtation,’ as Jnanda of Calcutta* puts it so aptly. The moment you transcend your mind and ego,—the incurable see-saw that cuts into inert pieces the pervasive Truth-integer and invests consciousness with polarity—you are in tune with Prana, which is the Existence-integer, and, as such, you are in Swabhava. From the mundane point of view, again, this Swabhava, this unsegmented flowing stance of

* Mr. Jnan Sing Ahluwalia hails from the Punjab.—Editors.

Prana may be said to have four strands according to the degree and tonality of the transcendence of mind. When the mind is in tune with Prana in loving resignation and achieves a sort of passive subjectivity, we reach the first stage of swabhava in Vraja of Govinda where self-effacing Prema reigns supreme. Nama and Nami are in perfect identity there. Mind, which is in Dadaji's terminology, the real woman and whose normal seat is in Sahasrara, is unwittingly drawn towards the heart where Govinda resides and turns into Radha in loving resignation. This is the stage where Swabhava or Prana or Existence-integer is manifest as Ananda. But, when the five senses, the mind, the intellect and the ego i. e., the Aṣṭasakhi of Radha merge in Prana, then is manifested a neutral existence beyond sex-distinction ; Radha and Krishna are dovetailed into one whole and the stage is set for non-affective consciousness beyond the plane of Prema and Ananda. This is the region of unruffled consciousness which is the abode of Mahaprabhu. The next stage witnesses the manifestation of Existence only, the state of Kaivalya (not the traditional one). Finally, existence itself is engulfed by the Existence-integer and there is no felt existence. It is an impenetrable Void in its surfeiting fulness. This is the stage of Bhuma, which is christened as Satyanarayan by Dadaji.

We are now in a position to negotiate the second question. The ultimate reality, the unruffled Existence-integer where lie embedded the redeemed individual souls, has a spontaneous tendency towards manifestation in terms of Consciousness and Ananda. But, another is the necessary pre-requisite for such manifestation. So, the Truth Eternal resolves Itself into many ; the merged souls who may be considered as counter- wholes of the Truth emerge out of the stillness of the unruffled Ocean of Existence, endowed with recaptured mental potencies, with a view to relishing Rasa and Ananda. But the mind cannot function properly without a material sheath and without material objects. It has been stated earlier that the world is the philosophy of Ananda. That is to say, Ananda

is manifested in and through one's commerce with material objects. And, to follow the row of philosophisation, the Truth Absolute, the Existence-integer is in a very real sense the philosophy of the world, a provocative statement though. The world has existence, brute and inert ; but it has no felt self-existence (swarupa-satta or Cinmaya-satta) which characterises Bhuma. So, the world is created in order that we may taste the Rasa of the Almighty as manifested in its endless beauteous pageantry. The world is no illusion ; it is neither a dungeon nor a prison-house. It is a play-ground, a stage where we have to enact our respective roles with an aesthetic detachment, a 'psychical distance' so necessary for any Rasa-realisation. It is verily the Vrindavana-Lila of the Almighty. As Dadaji puts it inimitably : 'We have sojourned into the father-in-law's house ; it is a matter of three consecutive nights ; the intervening night is the Kala-ratri ; but, the paternal residence is quite in our clutches.' To elucidate : before we sojourn into this world, we are necessarily impregnated with the vibrational tissue of Existence, the Mahanam which is the essence of all mundane existence. The two sounds of the Mahanam start vibrating within the void of our heart, upholding our existence and sustaining it. Our respiration stems from the vibration of these sounds as modified by our mental modes. This impregnation is called Diksa, initiation, conducted by Mahanam Itself, the indwelling Govinda. This is also called Vivaha, the body being the wedding robe in this case. Thus, we sojourn into the world and then ensues Kalaratri which is followed by the night of Puṣpa-śayya which is Ananta-sayya. We are the spouses of Govinda and so long as the Mahanam vibrates within, we are Sadhava, but the moment It forsakes us, we are reduced to widowhood and have unavoidably to go in Saha-maraṇa. This is the aetiology of creation, which is real, though impermanent. But, the mind which was called into request to banquet upon this pageantry, grew a rebel and started segmenting the One impartite existence and the ego in its self-styled agency and

impersonation grabbed at anything that came its way. That has turned the pleasure-grove into a bear-garden, an opera house into a prison-cell. A philosophy of escapism, of despair, it may sound to many ; but that it is the other way round will be abundantly clear from what follows.

Now to the ethic of Dadaji. What, then, is our duty ? How are we to take the world and the Truth Absolute ? Eat, drink and be merry ! Not quite off the mark. Once the haunting shadow of the dungeon has thinned out, the lunar beams are apt to be in spate. "Be of good cheer and in joy ; if you fail to enjoy yourself here, how dare you expect for it after death ?" What a profound utterance ! The leviathan of owlsh ascetic tradition, that egoistic superstition of self-torture and public exploitation over-burdened with an endless farrago of don'ts and ceremonial intricacies, is at once given a decent burial. "We have come here to taste His super-abundant Rasa. Vrindavana-lila can never be manifest anywhere else save this world. It is a stage where we are to enact our respective roles for a stipulated period of time." The two gospels bring into bold relief two cardinal aspects of our conduct. The first emphasises the aesthetic detachment in all our activities. We must not be enmeshed by our work and its mental affects. We must be at the crest of all work as *drasta*, as *sakshi* and yet never fail to drink to the dregs the Rasa of life welling out as a result of the perpetual conflict of eternal antinomies. The second, however, emphasises the truth that I must not whine and grumble for the role I am to enact and its environs. I have to be contented with my fate, my *prarabdha*. "Bear with calm fortitude your *prarabdha* ; otherwise, how can you immolate the beast in you ? This is the only penance that is of any avail. To renounce the world, to rein the senses, to practise austerities are nothing but egoistic self-aggrandisement. Who has empowered you to misuse the gifts of *Prakriti* ?

If the senses run riot, let them. Virtue and vice are mental fictions. There are only action and reaction. You are, however, to abide by, to some extent, the regulative principles of the world you are in. The sastras have been written with a view to protecting the world. The ultimate Truth, shorn of all vestments, is beyond them." So, I am to brave the world and take it in its stride. No sense of egoistic agency, complete resignation to the Guru,—the Mahanam in constant chiming within us—and evaporation of all desires—that is how I am to work embalmed still by a sense of inactivity. "But how to work and still be shorn of desire?" Dadaji himself poses the question. "Without desire and proper planning, you cannot address yourself to any work ; and planning is for a goal ; so, desire is at the heart of all work ; but, once you start working and are engrossed in it, all sense of fruitive result is not ; but, it reappears again as optimism or pessimism. If this can be shut out, the work is unmotivated. It is unmotivated when you do it under his felt patronage and keeping in view your original home. To undertake a work in such a spirit is called Dana, to be in the work is Tapasya and to complete the work without any sense of agency is yajna. You must needs complete the sacrifice, the Rajasuya, by transcending mental modes and egoistic parades. And you have to complete the Aswamedha, too. But, that comes to pass only when you are 'Sunya-bhavita-bhavatma, a complete void, though full to the brim. But, how to achieve that state? "You are Purṇakumbha. There is no occasion for give-and-take here. You have come here initiated with Mahanam who is your beloved Lord. He is your Guru ; no mortal can ever be a guru. No mortal who is in tune with the Infinite can ever say : 'I give the mantra ;' for, his 'I' is not ; nor does he find anyone to whom he would deliver it. So, chant the Mahanam if

you will ; be wakeful to the Mahanam that is constantly vibrating within you. Divest yourself of all prejudices and dogmas. Be naked, otherwise, you can't go to Vraja, the land of Nama and Prema. No amount of yoga, dhyana or tapasya can lead you anywhere near the Truth. You cannot reach Mahajnana through jnana or by any other means. The only way to it is complete self-resignation and Prema. Your existence is the way. In fact, no question of the way comes in at all. You have to get nothing, to do nothing to achieve it. For, your existence is the goal." So, we are treading on a ground beyond the realm of causality and quite reasonably, too. For, whatever is caused is doomed to decay. /Does then Dadaji create an ivory tower? Is his philosophy 'the opium of the people'? "Oh ! how fortunate man is ! Maya itself is his fortune" (whether it be Maya, Mahamaya or Yogamaya of the puranic conception). That is our Dadaji. Does He not look very novel, though primordial, profound, though not obscure, nakedly homely, though clad in the radiant raiment of Prema and Swabhava and yet transcending all in His self-absorbed Tri-sunya state ? Let Mahakala toll the bell for those who would listen.

An Introduction To Sri Dadaji And His Philosophy

O. P. Puri*

Who Is Dadaji ?

Dadaji is a living Apostle of Truth. His manifestation amongst us at this juncture of our civilization is to establish Truth and eradicate from the surface of the earth the spurious proclamation of different people to be Bhagwans and Gods. His exalted presence is to stop the exploitation of innocent faithful by the clever manipulators of established institutionalized religion. He does not don the traditional robes of a Swami but is a beacon light to all who care to see the Truth.

Dadaji, above 80 now, is Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury in his day-to-day work. His heart is an ocean of love engulfing the whole of creation. His ever-smiling face, benevolent looks and affectionate manner immediately touch the innermost corner of the heart and soon the viewer merge into one infinite source of bliss which drowns all misery, sorrow and hatred. The ecstasy of union with Him in the company of Dadaji is an experience beyond description. Even Nature moulds itself to rhythm of ecstasy and many supernatural things happen when Dadaji is around. The scientists, technologists, jurists, doctors, philosophers and administrators of repute just sit in awe at the manifestation of the Will Divine.

Not A Jet-Set Yogi

Dadaji is not a jet-set yogi of the modern American stage. He has no Ashram or Temple. To him human body

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is the Ashram or Temple where the Atman or consciousness has a playful existence with Consciousness which is all bliss and love. To find that state of blissfulness and have permanent abode in it is the goal of all Humanity.

Not a Guru Even

Dadaji does not consider himself a Guru even. He likes himself to be called an 'Elder Brother'. That is what 'Dadaji' means in Bengali. To him, all have to reach the same destination. Some have gone ahead on the path and some are yet to appear. Others are treading at present, some here some there. He wants all of us to walk in harmony with ourselves, with nature and with the Supreme Consciousness displaying infinite intelligence in various manifestations of animate and inanimate world. That Being of infinite intelligence which to him is nothing but Knowledge and Bliss is called Sri Sri Satyanarayan by Dadaji. To others it is God or Allah or OM. Dadaji very often says "Walk neither ahead of Him, nor behind Him. Walk in step with Him".

There Is One Guru Of All

Dadaji says that in hearts of all is seated the One who is known differently by different people. He loves as father, adores as mother, plays as wife, keeps company as a friend and guides as a philosopher and supreme scientist. He is what Dadaji calls "Sri Sri Satyanarayan"—The Truth Personified. Listen to Him and be in tune with Him. He then dispels all darkness and fills the cave of heart with love and Bliss. This Guru neither fades in glory nor disappears with time because He is the Truth, in fact, the only Truth.

Dadaji says that Truth is the only existence which does not undergo change. Energy which has its abode in Him undergoes change. Mountains, valleys, rivers, oceans, continents appear as concretization of energy and then

disappear as non-manifest energy. In Him is the appearance and disappearance.

Choose Your Centre Of Co-ordinates With Care

Dadaji says, "Choose your centre of coordinates properly." If your consciousness has its centre of coordinates in Him, all manifestation and non-manifestation appears as your own self. Only one Existence is perceived. But if you do not reside in Him, if your centre of co-ordinates is in energy, variously known as Maya or Prakriti, you conceive of yourself as a separate entity divided by the walls of body, concrete matter and ego.

The Root Cause of Misery

The basic cause of the misery of man is this perverted vision or wrong conception. If somehow this sense of a separate existence can be removed, all misery disappears. Hatred is changed into an all-pervading universal Love. One exists happily in one's own self. No desires torment him because there is nothing else to be desired. No visions trouble him, for he himself is the only vision.

All Efforts Towards One End Only

Thus, all human efforts should be towards the illumination of this sense of a separate existence. In other words, small "I" should change into a universal "I". The finite has to become Infinite which is the real nature of consciousness.

The "I" consciousness at finite level is nothing but a reflection of the Universal Consciousness of infinite nature in the internal organ which functionally is known as intellect, memory, mind and ego. This internal organ is called Chitta and is formed out of energy, very very subtle. Dadaji calls such a Chitta as 'Chidanu' i. e. the atomic mind.

The Remedy

Dadaji says that the remedy to cure this malady of "I"ness or Ahankar is to remember Him by repeatedly keeping your consciousness in an unbroken state of union with Him through "Mahanam" or "Supreme Name."

Mahanam Appears Before You

In Dadaji's presence this Mahanam appears before you as if from nowhere. In fact, with Dadaji, so to say, as a witness, you are raised to a state of higher existence where your Mahanam appears on an ordinary piece of paper in the language of your choice. You read it and then it disappears as mysteriously as it came before your eyes.

This Mahanam then continues to reverberate in yourself and keeps your union alive by its constant chanting. Sri Sri Satyanarayan then appears as a flood of light or as an ocean of Love in which your self is merged for all time to come.

God is in reality beyond time and space. He is beyond good and bad, defeat and victory, loss and gain because when you are with Him only you as He exist.

Relevance Of Dadaji

Humanity today is passing through a very critical time. On the one hand man has created the powerful scientific skill and on the other it shudders from its own creation. Like a rat it burrows underground to find shelter from its own creation—the Hydrogen Bomb. Fear and uncertainty have engulfed the whole of humanity. Strife and hatred seem prevailing.

Human mind under tension of present-day hectic living is groping in dark. It probes here and there, from object, to object, in search of security and bliss. But his search is in finite things. Alas ! he does not succeed.

Dadaji at this stage is most relevant. He reminds man of his own self, of his real nature, of his abode of blissful

existence. Dadaji says, "Live but live in tune with Him." He again says, "Live beyond the realm of mind. Don't live in wants, fears and hopes. Live in Swabhava, in your real self which is the only Truth."

Dadaji's Assurance

Dadaji assures all that Mahanam alone will take you to your destination. He says, "Do not run after Gurus, and Yogis. Look within instead. Then He alone will appear to exist."

Dadaji's Message

So Dadaji's says, "All hearts are united in His heart, All existences merge into His existence. All divergent forms take one universal form. All creation becomes one. Humanity then is one. Its heart is one. Its language is one. It is, in fact, one. It rejoices in its own self. And nothing but bliss remains.

Dadaji And Miracles

Very often certain happenings take place in the presence of Dadaji. These seem to defy all known laws of science. The author was a witness to a number of such happenings. Accounts of such happenings have appeared in leading journals of India including Illustrated Weekly of India, Blitz, Current, Clarity, etc. But, Dadaji does not attach much importance to these. His usual comment to the so called materialist scientist witnessing such an event is, "You are a scientist. How did it happen.?"

Greatest Miracle

But, the greatest miracle that takes place in the presence of Dadaji is a transformation of mind. You weep. You sing. You are filled with joy. You continue to emanate fragrance of a unique type for days and weeks. In fact, you are filled with His joy, His fragrance, His love and His Bliss.

To that end I invite all of you. Come and meet Dadaji. He seeks nothing but a loving heart. He seeks those who can carry his message to all corners of the world.

Why don't you be one of those ? Come ! He seeks you. Be one with Him and be in Bliss !

Seeking The Truth*

Jayaprakash Narayan

Message Of Dadaji

It requires super-human courage to confront the superstitions that are more than a thousand years old, and yet to propagate the pristine glory of the Almighty and His Eternal flame of light and wisdom. The religious leaders who have formed empires of their own based on an irrational convention will not easily give in. It was, therefore, a pleasant surprise to find Dadaji, Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, giving revolutionary shocks to conventional leaders of religion by his simple and direct approach to Truth. He has not renounced this world, but lives with his wife and two children. He makes no demand for obeisance to a Guru. He puts himself on equal footing with all, when he says that we are all children of God, and that being so he is only a brother to others. That is why everybody calls him Dada.*

The next assurance Dadaji delivers is that the Supreme Being resides in our hearts, as He does everywhere throughout this limitless universe. God being so near to us, we need not go elsewhere to find Him. To have communion with Him, *jap* or *tapasya* is not necessary. Indeed, Dadaji says, these external exercises take a person away from the Absolute who is ever-present within us. A straight direct approach to Him by reciting His *Nama* is advised. A faithful and dedicated recital of *Nama* leads one to the realisation of *Truth*, as *Nama* is He. No ritual is prescribed, and no particular time for *Nama* is demarcated. Anywhere, any time the *Nama* can be recited.

* October 24 and October 31, 1980, Vigil (New series), Weekly Organ of Sarva Seva Sangh.

* 'Dada' is Elder Brother. —Editors.

How can the *Nama* be known? Dadaji asserts that the Absolute has brought us here with the *Nama* which is being continuously resounded within our hearts, and when one prostrates before Sri Satyanarayana, the words are echoed into the ears and are flashed on a piece of paper to see which is 'diksha' or 'darshan'. The words then automatically vanish. That had been the experience of my wife and myself. God is our Guru or Guide. No human being, Dadaji asserts, can be a Guru, as one who has realised Him will see the Absolute in each person and can hardly be a Guru to another individual. Dadaji rejects the conventional *Guruvad* and its attendant institutions like *mathas*, *asramas*, etc. The human body in which the Absolute resides is our *asrama*, our *mandira* or temple where the *puja* or recital of *Nama* is done. A separate establishment in the name of religion has no connection with our spiritual pursuit and it becomes a property leading to complications and controversies. Between the Absolute and the individual there is no intermediary, no special agent to assist in reaching Him.

No Renunciation

A general prescription by the holy order to renounce the worldly life in order to attain the spiritual goal is totally discounted by Dadaji. We have been sent to this world with all the five senses, and we can hardly discard any of them. A forcible repression will have a repercussion. We can at best bear with patience and fortitude their compulsions, with our sight directed to the Absolute. That is *tapasya*. No other penance is required. Once the mind is freed from the compulsions of the senses and is cleared to let Him fully occupy it we are relieved of all anxieties concerning the world, because the individual is then taken out of the boundaries of mind and merged into the Infinite. We have to perform our worldly duties, and if we pursue them without any speculation, greed and vanity

of a performer, nothing can disturb us in the pursuit of our spiritual goal. The human life does then become divine.

My wife and myself were involved as beneficiaries in many miracles that occurred in Dadaji's presence. My wife's aluminium locket was transformed into silver as soon as it went into the palm of Dadaji. I received a good watch out of the neck of my shirt from Dadaji's bare hands. A puja was performed by Dadaji in the house of my brother-in-law in Calcutta, and all present, including myself and my wife, saw the room full of aroma and fumes of incense after the puja, although no incense and no match-box had been placed in the room. The coconut water turned into sweet fragrant milk. When questioned how these were made possible, Dadaji simply said he did not know. He further affirmed that Dadaji does nothing and knows nothing. If anything extraordinary had happened, it must have been done by the Absolute. Dadaji cautions every one not to attach too great an importance to these happenings. These miracles, he says, are extraneous and superficial.

Truth Is One

We are fortunate that we are being reminded of this simple message of Truth by a person who claims nothing, demands nothing. He simply reminds us of our duty to the Absolute. There is no division of caste, creed, colour or sex. Dadaji is not forming any new religious order or any new sect. Any human soul can follow this path. Dadaji's supreme message that Truth is one, Humanity is one and Language is one, has great significance to our country, or rather to the entire humanity. All divisions which have been created by considerations of religion, caste and creed are artificial, and should be harmonised and rather be eliminated, if the people want to show their regard for Truth Eternal where no division and no dissension can ever enter.

Seeking The Truth

The disharmony between the material and the spiritual world which has caused so much misery to mankind can thus be removed by this simple revolutionary message of Truth propagated by a wonderful spiritual person to the entire humanity. Let us hope that the artificial discord in the world will give way to Truth Eternal and Universal.

Dadaji proclaims truth supreme beyond mind*

Dr. L. K. Panditt†

It has always been a deeply felt need of man to try to fathom the mystery of his uneven passage between life and death. A search is constantly on for some solid anchor of security amidst the ever-changing panorama full of conflicts experienced in the world within and without.

In response to this common need a variety of attempts have been made to come up with different systems down the ages. As a result mankind, instead of living as one family, has got fragmented into numerous warring religious groups, communities, churches, castes, etc.

All kinds of superstitions have also grown in the process producing more and more confusion.

Today this need is all the more urgent. Science has removed many superstitions and banished many cherished beliefs. Technological advances, based on science, have produced great benefits as well as grave dangers for mankind.

Intense conflicts abound in the world today. For all his spectacular achievements, the inner man grows ever more famished.

To proclaim one Truth to the Brotherhood of Man, Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, affectionately called Dadaji (Elder Brother), has appeared on the world stage. He defies description in terms of any traditional framework.

The one Supreme Truth he proclaims is likewise beyond any conventional modes of expression.

Dadaji is vehemently against the widespread practice of spiritual preceptorship ("Guru-business"). He says that

* Clarity, Bombay, Sunday, February 17, 1980

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Supreme Truth ("Satyanarayan") alone is our "Guru". A mortal, limited in every way, cannot possibly have this position with respect to another.

And as this spiritual mentorship is commonly practised for making money and building institutions, it only amounts to a misleading lowly activity devoid of and spiritual content. Dadaji sets an example by living the life of an average householder and earning a living like anyone else. He is totally selfless in his ways.

As mortals we come into this world which we perceive with our mind, senses and intellect. Our activities in Nature are thus in the realm of the mind. With mind and intellect we try to understand the phenomena of nature.

One of the most important products of intellectual activity is the body of modern scientific knowledge. The concepts of space and time are thus formulated as the arena where all of nature's phenomena are seen to take place.

Definite natural laws are found to operate in this arena. Man himself, as a part of nature, is subject to these laws. In this kingdom of time every individual must go through his inexorable destiny.

Dadaji proclaims that Absolute Truth (Satyanarayan) as pure undifferenced Existence is beyond the reach of mind and intellect. So, Supreme Truth cannot be expressed in human language, nor understood with the intellect.

Is Truth Absolute then a mere abstraction ? No, announces Dadaji, Truth is the all-powerful Supreme Being as the very existence of the entire creation. As the Lord he permeates the entire creation.

As proof of this assertion, numerous persons of excellent credentials (acting as representative witnesses) have been accorded experiences that may be called supernatural or miraculous as they clearly fall outside the well-established laws of science.

That the Lord resides in every heart and is our "Guru" is proved by the revelation of Mahanam (Supreme Name) in

Dadaji's presence. The recipient sees Mahanam appear on a blank piece of paper in his native language and also hears it chanted from within.

After the vision the paper becomes blank once again. The experience is accompanied with the appearance of a heavenly aroma all round. This manifestation arises from a plane far beyond the reach of mind.

A mere touch of Dadaji produces in a visitor's body and clothes a unique fragrance that lasts for days. On occasions the same fragrance is experienced by the initiated thousands of miles away from Dadaji. As token of the supreme power all kinds of miraculous phenomena have been manifested to numerous people.

They have by now been well-documented in a growing pile of published testimonies of the witnesses. To give an example, Dadaji holds at times a ceremony called Satyanarayan worship. A closed and sealed room is examined by observers present. A person of good credentials sits in the closed room alone during the worship, while Dadaji remains outside in the company of the people present.

After about half an hour given to singing of devotional songs, the closed room is opened and again examined by the observers. The room is found filled with a fragrance, the floor sprinkled with fragrant water, a pot of cocoanut water kept in the room turned into sweet fragrant milk preparation and the symbolic picture of Satyanarayan inside now dripping with a sweet smelling honeylike fluid.

On some occasions the same phenomena have taken place simultaneously in different locations hundreds of miles apart. Mind-bound man can never even conceive of such manifestations. But for Supreme Truth nothing is impossible.

Dadaji emphasises that all the miraculous manifestations take place by Divine Will alone. Their sole purpose is to instil faith in the Supreme Being in an age when true faith has largely disappeared.

With faith thus generated by Divine grace, we mortals can begin to trust in the Lord dwelling in every heart as Mahanam. It becomes clear that our duty is to bear the ups and downs of Prarabdha (Destiny) with patience and practise loving surrender to the Lord by remembering Mahanam.

No rituals, estoeric mental or physical efforts are required. The function of the mind between dual poles of good and bad, happiness and misery, positive and negative, can now be viewed as Divine play in the world of nature where we are temporary sojourners.

All we need do is to live our lives naturally in accordance with His Will and carry out our assigned roles in the play with sincerity.

It is in the nature of the mind to project all the apparent differences and to operate in terms of them. As a result, all the divisions of languages, communities, religions abounding in the world have emerged.

Dadaji : Manifestation of Truth

Truth Absolute has manifested in our age in the form of Dadaji for the redemption of mankind. Man today suffers from lack of faith in any divine essence in his world full of turmoils and frustrations. Supreme Being has no place in his view as he hopelessly seeks a logical rational scheme to encompass the entirety of his experiences. Recourse to drugs and dogmas proves of no avail. The gaping wound in his deepest core remains unhealed. The Creator, however, has His own way to awaken His children to the fact of their divine origin. Who else can do it? That this whole universe is the manifestation of Supreme Truth (Satyanarayan); that the Lord resides in the depths of every heart; that the world is His divine play,—are no mere empty phrases. All this, and more, is being established by Dadaji in his unique manner.

In the following pages we shall attempt to describe, to some extent, the message of Dadaji. The author has had the good fortune to come close to Dadaji over a number of years, receiving numerous experiences and taking part in intimate conversations with him. He has also gone through many of the ever-growing number of astounding testimonies of responsible men with excellent credentials from diverse walks of life all over the world—philosophers, scientists, religious leaders, justices, journalists, industrialists, statesmen, etc. Through such representative channels Dadaji is sending out his message to all mankind.

The Guru

For centuries there have grown numerous churches, cults, religious organisations that have only divided man-

* Vide Volume IV : On Dadaji ;

* This article is written by Dr. L. K. Pandit.

kind. No problems are really solved, but the inner yearning of man continues to be exploited in sundry ways. In our own day the business of spiritual preceptorship or 'gurudom', has spread in an exceptionally virulent form. Innocent people are exploited by the so-called 'gurus', who trade in the name of God, build institutions ('ashrams') and live luxurious lives off the hard earnings of their troubled followers.

Dadaji has launched a massive attack on this practice of "gurudom." He proclaims that no individual, suffering from the limitations of mind, can ever be the guru of another. He further assures that the all-embracing Supreme Being, the Lord, resides in every heart and is alone the Guru. Guru being one, there can be no division in mankind at His level.

Dadaji takes pains to explain that he is not a guru but only the Elder Brother ('Dada' in Bangla). Named Amiya Roy Chowdhury, he himself lives the life of an average householder in Calcutta. He has wife and children. He earns his living by running a small toy-shop. He accepts no gifts, no fees, for his guidance given as Elder Brother. His love is freely given. As he is not after any institution-building and fund-collecting, he does not go about gathering crowds of followers. Instead He, undertakes a great deal of trouble to convince representative intellectuals all over the world of his basic message. In time the seeds he is sowing thus will take deep roots and the message will spread to all mankind.

Mahanam

Truth Absolute resides in every heart and is alike the Guru of everyone. This fundamental fact is being established in human consciousness through the experience of numerous people all over the world receiving Mahanam (Supreme Name) from within in the presence of Dadaji.

The recipient holds a blank piece of paper in his palm and bows to the symbol of Truth—a manifested picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan—and he hears from within the chanting of Mahanam and sees it appear on the paper in his own native language, while he gets engulfed by a heavenly aroma. After he has heard and seen Mahanam the piece of paper again becomes blank.

This is true 'Diksha' (initiation) or 'Darshan' (vision of the Lord). No whispering of a formula by one man into the ears of another, for a fee, is involved here. Mahanam manifests from a plane beyond the mind. This alone can instil faith in the mysterious eternal divine presence within.

In this manner we directly experience the meaning of Dadaji's assurance that the Lord is within us in our depths (not in any physical sense, of course) and is our Guru. This is so whether or not one has been initiated, as described above. Clearly it is not practicable for every individual in the world to be so initiated. The large number of destined recipients of Mahanam clearly serve as witnesses to the fact of Mahanam, so that human beings everywhere may develop true faith in their divine origin as already initiated children of Supreme Truth.

Destiny

Thus, initiated we come into this world and need no mortal guru. The question, then, is of our passage through the up and down course of this world. Dadaji tells us that as mortals we bring with our bodies and minds our respective "Prarabdhas" (destinies) as we enter the domain of Nature.

While Supreme Truth transcends the limitations of mind, the world of Nature is perceived by mind. By its nature, mind displays bipolarity in its functioning. Action and reaction hold sway here. The twin poles of opposites—pleasant and unpleasant, virtue and vice, positive and negative, ups and downs, happiness and sorrow, etc. deter-

mine the form of experience in Nature. Mind operates in terms of concepts. Space and time appear as concepts of the geometrising mind. The one reality is seen fragmented by the mind as individuals, things, locations, instants, etc. With mind we are in thralldom in the kingdom of Time. Concern for the future, hoping to avoid the unpleasant, becomes an obsession. This is the root cause of all anxiety, worry and sense of insecurity, for in Nature everything changes and dissolves in time, birth and death go hand in hand.

For overcoming the unpleasant that is inevitable along with the pleasant in this world, Dadaji offers no easy panacea. He exhorts us to bear the destiny with patience. Patience, according to him, is the only sustenance that results in inner strength needed to withstand the compulsions of the mind. To bear with fortitude the ups and downs of destiny is the only penance ("Tapasya") that is required of us. Loving remembrance of the Lord as our existence is the only way that can make the pangs of our mind bearable. The painful parts of the evolutionary movement of destiny are clearly needed to turn the mind towards Truth. The unending desires and ambitions ruling the mind are eventually checked by them. The compulsions of ordained nature are geared for bringing the prodigal son home to his Father. Only then one can taste the peace born of whole-hearted reliance on Him—the only durable peace man is ever capable of experiencing.

We then have to practise loving self-surrender to the Lord within. We have to accept His presence in the entire creation as the sole sustaining potency. In this manner our burdensome ego-sense evaporates slowly and awareness of transcendent Truth gradually dawns in our consciousness. Passive remembrance of Mahanam is the means whereby love, patience and self-surrender manifest in our lives. Total acceptance of all that comes our way as His Will, and not mere wishful clinging to anything particular

that automatically creates the opposite by reaction, is then the path to be followed in this world. As the thick curtain of our little 'I' is torn the all-engulfing light of Truth is experienced.

With loving surrender to Him all activities of the world take on a new flavour. They appear then neither as sheer drudgeries nor as mere escapes. Our duties and work become true worship, to be undertaken sincerely as offerings to the Lord.

Dadaji assures us that undergoing the experience of our life in obedience to Divine Will gradually leads to a change in our vision. Then the world begins to appear as what it is meant to be : divine play (Vraja-Leela). It is only then that we begin to relish divine Love.

Miracles

Now, for a word on "miracles" associated with Dadaji. Numerous persons of good judgement and responsibility have testified to having experienced all sorts of fantastic miracles of Dadaji. These miraculous manifestations fall so clearly and dramatically outside the well-established framework and laws of science that they forcefully point to a mysterious power outside the reach of man's mind and intellect.

Dadaji personally stakes no claim or credit for these miracles. He constantly says that he is nobody and can do nothing. The miracles according to him, are the spontaneous manifestations of the Supreme Will. They can neither be asked for nor stopped. They serve to awaken the atheistic intellectual to the existence of the Supreme Being outside the domain of intellect. Once faith has been established, they serve no further purpose. Then loving remembrance of the Lord in the course of one's normal activities becomes obviously the only path to be pursued.

In Dadaji we meet with complete negation of egohood. He is totally identified with Truth. Will Supreme manifests through him in a manner beyond our normal comprehension. His unique role and authority clearly visible, we can wholeheartedly accept his word and save ourselves from the endless confusions created by the outpourings of the limited minds of philosophers and preachers.

Nothing to get

Once we have accepted with firm faith that the Lord is truly our innermost being, our very existence as Mahanam, we can be of good cheer that we have nothing to get. As Dadaji says, all that is is within ; He is within us and is our nearest and dearest.

With this simple faith, we can easily understand that no esoteric rituals, or outlandish physical and mental gymnastics are needed to reach Him. To wholly surrender to Him and live our lives naturally is all that we have to do. No forced suppression of the senses and mind is of any use. A natural living is mandatory when we are in this world, which is His creation after all. The only worthwhile renunciation ("sanyas") is to rid ourselves of our self-importance. Work is the only offering, when carried out with the faith that He alone is the real doer. Restrictions or taboos are of no value in our spiritual progress. All disciplines and exercises are for existence in this world and not for Him ; for, He can be approached only through love !

Mankind is one

Dadaji asserts that since Truth Absolute as pure undifferenced Existence is one, brooking no divisions of caste, creed, colour, clime or country, all mankind is one. The fundamental eternal religion is obviously one for the entire human race. With the advent of the Universal Elder Brother, the world has entered the age of Brotherhood of Man !

Dadaji—the Supreme Scientist— His Mission & Message

Hit Prakash*

India has been for ages the home and cradle of high moral, ethical, spiritual and intellectual ideals. It has been enjoined in our scriptures that all human efforts should be dedicated for the purpose of transforming of the physical and mental life together into higher life of Truth, Love and Wisdom. But, whatever be the reason, we have deviated much from this spirit of our ancient teachings and today religion or Dharma, as it is popularly known, means, by and large (exceptions are always there), a mere show of rituals and, in the name of spirituality, people practise penance and austerities to attain individual salvation. Fortunately, despite all the emphasis on the things, material and mundane, still most people are interested, nay anxious, for the achievement of the ultimate, viz., salvation and getting rid of the birth and death cycle. This only proves that the spark of divinity does exist within man.

It is also a fact that today more men are getting attracted and are genuinely anxious to find the means and learn the "trick" of achieving the ultimate. Twenty or twenty-five years ago, Godman attracted only a fraction of the people and people who were on the older side of age, but today it is a sight to see thousands and thousands wishing to have Darshans of Godmen and hear their words. All this is true, but with what result. Man continues to be troubled with fears, anxiety, stress and strain, despite every human being, who has even a little knowledge of our ancient scriptures, knowing

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that happiness and misery are obverse and the reverse of the same coin. Misery must follow happiness like darkness after the sunset and so does happiness after misery like dawn after darkness. Again, happiness is a relative term and no precise or absolute definition exists for it. The same situation may bring happiness to one and misery to some others. In other words, happiness and misery are the results of our thoughts and how we look at them.

I had read and heard occasionally about Dadaji. Even an eminent and distinguished philosopher and our former president, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan had written about him. And so also a number of jurists, editors, scientists and intellectuals. After reading all this, I was naturally anxious to have a darshan of this great man.

Suddenly, in October 1978, a relative of mine came one evening and said Dadaji is here for a few days and would I care to meet him. I felt thrilled and said certainly. He said I should be ready next morning at about 10 when he would come and take me to the place where Dadaji was staying.

I was anxiously looking forward to the next morning, as, despite all my longings and efforts, I had never been fortunate enough to have met in person a Godman about whom so much has been written by those who had first-hand experience. The next morning, agog with excitement, we went to an apartment, not far away, and we entered the house. We were told Dadaji was busy inside and we sat there, along with a few others.

A few minutes later, I was called in. I had built my own image of what I should expect when I met Dadaji. What a surprise! I entered the room and found a "young man" recumbent on a pillow. I thought Dadaji would come, but soon I was totally off my 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. Dadaji smiled at

me and asked me to sit down. He then took me to a small prayer room and gave me a blank piece of paper. Dadaji himself sitting on the floor wearing nothing but his lungi asked me to prostrate in front of symbolic portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. After a moment, he asked me to look at the piece of paper. I saw the Mahanam written in red ink on the paper. Before doing so, Dadaji also enquired about the script or language in which I desired the Mahanam. I was told that the Mahanam would be there in any script or language I choose to have it. No sooner did I read the Mahanam than the words disappeared from the paper, leaving behind a sweet aroma. Immediately, a sweet fragrance started emitting from my body and it lasted for several days.

Since then, I have been lucky enough to meet him several times. I always found him either seated on a Devan or reclining on a bed. As soon as I went there, he beckoned to me to come near him. He started talking like an ordinary person and one felt that he was actually talking to his elder brother and explaining all what was in his mind. Suddenly, I found that the same aroma, which was on the first occasion, not only filled the room but the same started coming out of my clothes and body. Then Dadaji asked someone to get a bottle of boiled water. He asked me to smell it. After the recitation of a few Mantras, he opened the bottle. I was surprised that water had suddenly taken the colour of cocoanut water and an aroma was coming out of it, Dadaji said this was "Charanjai" and I should take a few drops every day. It is years now that this was done and the Charanjai has the same sweetness and aroma. Could science explain this phenomena? Can water remain as fresh as it was when sanctified?

Who Is Dadaji ?

Dadaji is neither a Swami nor a Sanyasi ; nor is he a Mohant or Acharya of a Math or Ashram ; nor is he a Guru, Baba or Head of a religious sect or movement. In worldly life, Dadaji is a common householder and his actual name is

Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury. He maintains a family of four which includes his wife, a daughter and a son by running a toy-shop in the New Market in Calcutta. He does not accept any gifts, presents or donations, directly or indirectly. His family life is simple, unostentatious and almost ordinary.

Dadaji is a dynamic man with debonair looks and a captivating personality. From his appearance, one could place his age at about 60, whereas actually he is over 85. He wears a silken dhoti in the fashion of a lungi. While indoors, he wears a sleeveless bunyan and dons a half-sleeved kurta while going out. He smokes his own favourite brand of cigarettes and occasionally has a cup of tea.

One could find him talking in a matter-of-fact manner to visitors who have assembled around him, enquiring about somebody's health or poking fun at someone else, his face effusing child-like innocence. His informal and homely attitude puts everybody at ease. Members of the assembly start talking to him and he addresses them in a simple, straight forward way, in a halting, slow tempo in broken English or Hindi. He speaks with ease in Bengali, which is his mother tongue,

But behind this deceptively simple and apparently mundane exterior is hidden a phenomenal 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 him occasionally. He has a childlike simplicity and it seems as if the love is emanating from him to all. His body continuously emits and fills the atmosphere with heavenly fragrance. A honey-like oil oozes out from his fingertips and leaves behind a unique aroma for hours and at times days on end whom he touches. Many of his devotees have experienced that heavenly fragrance of his body, thousands of miles away from him, whenever they have contemplated on him. Many of his supernatural phenomena or miracles are incredible like producing a locket, watches, sarees, cloth, from nowhere,

causing rain, when sun was shining, in a particular area only, changing the climate of a city and making the persons alive, declared dead by doctors. These miracles would be unbelievable but one has to believe when these have been witnessed and put down in writing by scientists, intellectuals, Supreme Court and High Court judges, journalists, nobel laureates, jurists, who, by any standard, are of unimpeachable integrity and repute.

But the greatest miracle of Dadaji is his unbounded love for all. The very idea of comparison to call him high or great in relation to one's own self is repulsive to him. He is emphatic in his assertion that we are one in infinite existence and that we become separated to get to know his love and enjoy it. He asserts—God is one; All human beings are one; and All languages are one. He is vehemently opposed to the concept of Gurudom, spiritualism and exhibitionism. Very often one can see him thundering, "whispering a mantra in the ear of the aspirant during an initiation ceremony is no Diksha at all; it is a fraud and a hoax." No agent or intermediary is needed by man to commune with Lord who is within him." According to Dadaji, all those who claim to be Gurus and reside in Maths, Mandirs, Ashrams, etc., are misguided souls, in turn misguide their unsuspecting followers or seekers who thus become victims of traditional superstition.

Dadaji often declares "our scriptues have been misinterpreted to suit the convenience of a few religious heads who have vested interest in organised religion". Dadaji is against all forms of rituals and exhibitionism of religiosity. "You need not don ochre robes, support long beards and matted hair or renounce worldly duties and live in seclusion away from the society for the sake of Truth," says Dadaji.

His Message

Dadaji is a self-realised one. He has experienced the merging of the impersonal, individual self (Atman) into the

all-pervading Universal Self (Paramataman). For Him no duality exists between man and man, between man and his Lord. Thus, man is divine in his true nature and the Lord, divinity itself, resides in him. Dadaji's concern is for the present-day householder who aspires for Truth but is bedevilled by hoards of superstitious beliefs and traditional dogmas which confuse and misguide him. Truth, the absolute unmanifested, the Ultimate Reality, is, according to Dadaji, beyond the reach of human mind, is unknown and unknowable to human intellect. Yet, Truth pervades the whole universe and is identical with it, since the universe is its manifestation. Dadaji says "the manifestation of Truth within the Divine Consciousness or Universal Consciousness has been personified so as to bring it within the reach of human conception and is then variously known as God, Paramatma, Iswar, Allah and so on". Dadaji prefers to call Him Sri Sri Satyanarayan, i.e. Satya or Truth personified. Since the concept of the one without name, form and attributes is too abstruse and subtle for the understanding of the common man, Dadaji has given him a form too—by the way of a portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

Dadaji says "the divine will which is the outward manifestation of Sri Sri Satyanarayan is the sole creative and sustaining principle 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 Rig Veda and the "Word" of the Bible. 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 Name of the Lord, the revelation in the heart of men. "Everybody is born with his Mahanam within himself," says Dadaji. "But with the birth, he forgets it because he forgets his true nature, his divine nature." This Mahanam is ringing constantly within every human soul. Who can reveal this Mahanam to the individual? How could man discover his divine nature and identify himself with Truth, Sri Sri Satyanarayan, who is immanent within him? The answer, according to Dadaji lies

in genuine "Diksha" or Mahanam revelation. No external agency—say, a person acting as a Guru can reveal this Mahanam to the individual. The real Guru, Sri Sri Satyanarayan, 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 Dadaji who invokes the grace of Sri Sri Satyanarayan for the purpose.

According to Dadaji, "Puja" or "worship" has no meaning. "Who will worship whom? The Worshipper and the Worshipped are the same". And yet for the common man who is steeped in tradition, it is difficult to forsake the idea of Puja or Worship. For his sake, Dadaji sometimes conducts a ceremony called "Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja."

A room or hall is emptied of all paraphernalia and all windows and doors, except the entrance are closed and sealed. A portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan is installed in the room and in its front are placed a bowl full of cocoanut water and a vessel full of ordinary water. People are allowed to inspect the room before the Puja starts. Then Dadaji leads an individual wearing only a dhoti or a lungi, picked up at random from the assembly and who is usually a person of eminence and repute, into the Puja room and makes him sit in front of the portrait, with eyes closed. Dadaji then comes out of the room and bolts the door of entrance from outside. (A group of men and women start chanting devotional songs, while Dadaji leans against a pillow on his divan). After half an hour or so, Dadaji opens the door of the Puja room, enters it and then comes out immediately accompanied by the person who had been sitting in the room. A heavenly aroma emanates from the Puja room and envelopes the gathering of people sitting outside. The happenings that take place inside the room during the interval of the ceremony leaves one baffled. The floor of the room is found wet with fragrant water ; the cocoanut water is found congealed into a thick "khir" which is distributed as "Prasad" ; the plain water has

acquired a sweet aroma and a taste ; and a honey-like liquid with pleasant aroma and taste is seen dripping from the glass of the framed portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

I was privileged enough to witness the above "Puja" in my own house. Instead of my describing what actually happened, it is best that I quote what the Hon'ble Mr. R. M. Kantawala, Chief Justice of the High Court of Bombay, has to say about his personal experience on the occasion when he had the privilege of sitting inside the Puja room during Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja : "I participated in the Puja by putting on merely a lungi and keeping my upper body bare. I followed Dadaji in the Puja room. I took my seat on the floor as directed by Dadaji and began to tune myself with the Mahanam. 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 Satyanarayan but I felt that a new vibration in me was guiding me on the way and there was a feeling of elation.

"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 fragrance. Drops of water fell on my head, neck and body and then all over the floor."

INSCRUTABLE are the ways of providence : so goes the well-known adage. And so are the ways of Dadaji—inscrutable and baffling to one who has been fortunate enough to witness happenings such as Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja in the presence of Dadaji.

I cannot do better than giving an extract from an article written by late Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, former President of our Republic (published in the Poona Herald, August 29, 1973) which aptly sums up Dadaji and his message :

"It is really a superbly unique experience to meet Dadaji even for a short while. It is, in fact, no meeting, but mating 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 world 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 Mahanam 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 vestiges 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 prarabdha 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 notwithstanding 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.

Dadaji Confounds Science-monger*

Dr. R. L. Dutta†

It is not possible to describe Dadaji with the kind of clarity and certainty aimed at in the pursuit of science. He is, of course, very much there in front of us in time and space like any other mortal. In flesh and blood he reclines before us on a divan, or sits crosslegged, sipping tea, smoking a cigarette, or talking with his unique gestures and manners grounded in his own unique personality. As such, his body certainly conforms to the laws of nature. Yet, from time to time he seems to literally break out of all the bounds and limitations of laws well-established by science.

With a mere touch of his hand, or even a distant gesture, your whole frame will be filled with a unique aroma. In cool weather, or with fans going full blast, his face will be often full of beads of perspiration that prove to be made of some heavenly perfume. You may arrive in his presence one day when physicians are in attendance, worried no end about his high blood pressure and sugar content, or with the gall-bladder perhaps ready to burst. The next moment, the inscrutable play over, he may be all prepared in radiant health about to leave on a distant journey.

With numerous eyes of a large gathering rivetted on him in Calcutta, various well-documented phenomena associated with him may be taking place in a far off place in America. An ailing brother in Bombay cannot get a medicine, for it must be specially imported. On Dadaji's open raised palm may appear a goodly supply of the

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* The Indian Express, Friday, February 8, 1980

required medicine. On certain occasions when the best physicians have given up, a cure may be effected by him without any medicines at all.

His personality thus seems to shoot forth from the finite to the infinite, from the concrete here to the abstract beyond. How can one then describe a circle around him? It is futile to try to describe him in our limited terms. All the same volumes have been and perhaps will continue to be written on him. To what purpose? Only to awaken in mankind an awareness of Truth that exists but is for ever beyond the descriptive abilities of man's mind and intellect.

Dadaji asserts time and again: "This body must go. It is a mere appearance. You really see nothing." Yet, he also assures us that this appearance, too, is reality. For, he fully permeates all appearance—all creation.

Scientists in general cannot accept all that has been said above without challenge. To them controlled experiments and observations with reliable and sensitive instruments are necessary to arrive at acceptable knowledge. To such honest questioning, for the cause of awakening mankind to Truth, Dadaji has willingly submitted himself. In general, he never produces any miraculous phenomenon for satisfying idle curiosity. He is not in the guru-business! For establishing Truth, yes. So, he has allowed himself to be probed with all sorts of electronic devices, cameras, recorders, etc. The machines did or did not record the sought for signals according to Dadaji's wish (our way of saying what Dadaji refers to as His Will). He may submit to the machine or immobilise it. In the latter case, as examples, the camera does not click; the flash does not work; the train cannot steam off. Or he may drive a car without petrol, negotiate bends without touching the steering.

He is beyond all machines but not beyond love! But perhaps the hard-headed scientist needs further softening and may hear from him astounding statements contrary to

the established beliefs of science on the nature of sun, moon, space, universe. All this, of course, to remind the scientist that man by the very name is mind-bound. All activities of man, including and in particular science and technology, are products of mind. It is then obvious that what is beyond mind cannot be comprehended by mind. Supremacy of Truth absolute cannot be subject to the dictates of the finite mind. So, Dadaji brings home to us that we may argue and discuss about man's activities, and with profit, but it is of no avail to pitch our limited intelligence against the infinite Supreme Truth. To try to fathom Him with our mind is to invite endless confusion. His love makes us aware of Truth as pure Existence. So, loving submission to His Will is the only way to Him.

In this world perceived and experienced with mind, laws of nature rule. So, here we come as mortals with our inexorable destinies. To bear destiny with patience is the necessary discipline here. As Mahanam, He resides in every heart. Let us remember Mahanam with love and live naturally our lives as our assigned roles get played out according to His Will.

The Science of Truth.

Dr. (Mrs.) Chitrlekha Mohanty*

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 to-day religion means a mere show of rituals and in the name of spritualism 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 Truth.

Dadaji (Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury) declares for the first time that when a person comes in the forefront it leads to the expression and Truth cannot manifest there. 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 realise the Oneness or identify ourselves with the created world around us. The so-called gurus or self-styled Godmen 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 can we ourselves tune with the universal spirit, as we are engrossed so much with the problems of the daily life ? In reply Dadaji says, the

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Mahanam 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 time 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 these self-styled gurus are nothing but bluff. As Dadaji says, it should be borne in mind that we are an essential part of the creation and we should utilise this birth to bring about peace of the Soul and a flawless perfection of the imperfect human civilization.

And this gives the hint that Dadaji is here to introduce this new age of Truth. So long the philosophies, theologies and dogmas have crowded our Spiritual life with the effect that the touch of the soul or love has disappeared and instead, the external details of intellectual creeds have become more important. Unless the inner harmony is restored and being made the pivotal point, the transformation of the mankind will remain an impasse. Dadaji says time and again that personal liberation or Ananda is quite trivial unless it is extended in the universal life. The life which is God's gift is never taken back nor is it being limited by any condition. On the other hand, life is not a self-denial, it is enriched and vitalised everyday by the treasure of collective experience and therefore, we need extend our existence from the narrow limitations which distort our angle of vision. To a seer, who communicates with the soul and not with the individual, according to Dadaji, the idea of Oneness is the Supreme Essence. But we are confined to the artificial divisions of caste, creed, and language; the age-long Samaskars have

made us blind. Dadaji always says that Truth is one, mankind is one and language is also one. For the Spirit which every language tries to communicate is clear to him, who speaks with the soul, while it is never clear to one, who speaks with the superficial mind. But, it is this mind when transformed that focusses the finer tastes of our instincts and it is this life when transformed, that generates the energy to revitalise the dried-up fountains of love in our hearts. According to Dadaji, it is by love and through love that this concept of divinisation will attain its fulfilment. What is novel in Dadaji's message is that he says, even the beloved will not know that I love him. It is so intimate, so secret and sacred that the second person will not feel it. It should be made our habit or nature which is far above and beyond the sentiment and emotion as it is the product of a synthesis of body, mind and life, which are functioning equally in their respective spheres.

Dadaji—The Embodiment Of Truth

Anuradha

The complexity of modern existence, the multiplicity of faiths, the institutionalised religions on the one hand, and man's confrontation with atomic science on the other, have spurred up a volley of pertinent questions that seek immediate satisfaction. The clamour of temple and church bells, the hue and cry of the so-called sadhus and saints—those who pose to solve the multitudinous queries add to man's further confusion with regard to his relationship with the Infinite, his place in the universe and the purpose of his existence on earth. In the midst of this consternation it is the glowing, all-embracing, love—abounding form of Dadaji who shows and leads the way to Love and Truth.

Now, you will very well ask—what is this Love? Let me put it in His own words. He says, Love is the only answer to the Ultimate Truth or Reality, more commonly referred to as God. Dadaji says, Man cannot be a Guru. God is the only Guru and the Guru resides within each of us and He alone is to be trusted and believed in. What brings Him and us together is Love—where there is no exchange of any external objects, where the question of good and evil does not arise, vice and virtue are non-existent—so that leaves us with Love in its totality shorn of all outward trappings.

Man comes forth into this world by His Will and it is through His Grace that we are able to go through our life span. Destiny or Prarabdha is the prime factor governing our lives. Man is merely a tool in the hands of Fate. All he is expected to do is to bear the yoke of Destiny with patience and fortitude and to do his duty in fond Love and Remembrance of Him. It is He within us in the form of "Mahanam" chanting away incessantly all the while, who

has sent us here in His name and wishes us each to perform the various roles assigned to us without the least negligence. We must stand up and face the vicissitudes of life with equanimity—be it pleasure or pain, good or bad. We, the 'small Is' are here because of Him, the 'Big I'—so let us leave everything to Him for He is the best Judge. Why should we bother ourselves with the fruits of our action and whether we deserve happiness or sorrow. The whole universe within and without is imbued with His Spirit—so the entire concept of good and bad, pleasure and pain evaporates instantly as everything is in Him and He is in everything.

Man cannot do anything, so why not take the easiest way out—Surrender to Him and all will take care of itself. He does not expect you to indulge in any form of physical or mental acrobatics, neither is there any need for the so-called Bhagwans and Rishis to lead the way to Him. Dadaji says that you cannot reach Him by doing Jap, Tap, Bhajan or Kirtan. He is your dearest and nearest—loving and leading you all the time.

At the very juncture of your acquaintance with Dadaji you feel that your life is undergoing radical metamorphosis. The moment you set your eyes on Him, something within you tells you that He is the very core of your Being and your heart reaches out to Him instantly. He brings His message of Love to you which overwhelms you with Joy and you start believing with Him that all Mankind is One. We all originate from the same source. All Language is One and that Truth itself is One. This helps to remove the delusive, man-made misconcepts of casteism and polytheism for it is this disparity of vision that has created such deep chasms between individuals and nations.

We realise that God is One and that we are all His children. We are all in Him and He is in each one of us. It is this concept of unity in everything that has captured modern thinking and is so contagious that almost with an

irresistible magnetic force it draws us close to each other and we all turn our heads in the direction of the Essential Nucleus of our Existence in awe and reverence.

In this atomic age where new scientific inventions and discoveries encounter and often overtake us at each step ; in this era where man is desperately trying to establish his individuality,—“this strange disease of modern life”—often detracts us from our goal. Man’s insane pursuits and proclamation of his own ‘little’ ego is solely responsible for his inner vacuity, his ‘soulless’ existence. Man is too limited a creature, and to think that he prides himself in all that he does where he himself is only a reflection of that Supreme Ego is the greatest falsehood. Dadaji who claims to be a ‘nobody’ often manifests extra-phenomenal behaviour but yet he does not attach any importance to these happenings and reminds us again and again that submission to His Will alone can only bring us Bliss and Happiness.

The Incredible Dada

Khuswant Singh*

Of my many encounters with godmen the one which always has a surprise in store is with a man of God who vehemently denounces the cult of godmen. Yet, he performs miracles (you may describe them as tricks) which are baffling. Last time I passed through Bombay taking good care to remain anonymous, my friend and Dadaji's disciple number one, the actor Abhi Bhattacharya, rang me up and told me that I was not to leave Bombay without seeing Dadaji. "Your plane for Delhi will not take off," he said with absolute conviction. How did Dadaji know I was in Bombay and leaving for Delhi in couple of hours? The mystery was resolved when I discovered that Abhi had tried to get me in Delhi on the long distance phone. However, what followed in the encounter had something of the old as well as something new. I was familiar with the electrifying touch which dowsed my entire frame in *padmagandha* and the uncanny insight into my current pre-occupations. I was not aware of the new following he has acquired. This now includes diplomats, scholars, scientists and writers. There is our ambassador to the U.S. Nani Palkhiwala (also a disciple of Sri Satya Sai Baba) and his wife Nergish. Dr. Gitrus, Chairman of the Louis Foundation of America, and the celebrated critic-novelist Michael Holroyde.

What Dadaji (nee Amiya Roy Chowdhury) says is not very revolutionary and can be summed up in a few sentences: Absolute Truth which he calls *Sri Satyanarayan* is beyond comprehension and no mortal guru can get close to it. The only approach is through love and self-surrender, Man comes to the world with an assigned destiny (*Prarabdha*) but he

can alleviate his lot by repeating the *Mahanam*—the Great Name.

This is the way of *Bhakti* preached by Chaitanya, Kabir, Mirabai and Nanak. Is Dadaji's way no more than pouring new wine in old bottles? Perhaps. But, it is certainly a potent cocktail to turn the heads of non-believing rationalists and hardheaded scientists. I am a non-believer whose head is still rationally screwed on his neck, but I never seem to be able to get away from Dadaji's hypnotic magnetism. And it has an eerie way of surfacing when you least expect it. Once when Abhi gave me a bottle of a premium brand Scotch as a gift from Dadaji he warned me that I may suddenly get a whiff of *padmagandha* to remind me that Dadaji was thinking of me. Much as I was flattered at the thought I was equally alarmed to have in drink something which smelt of *agarbattis*. I like my Scotch to have its distinct Scotch aroma and taste because that is all that distinguishes Scotch from its non-Scottish imitations. However, so strong was the post-hypnotic suggestion that the Royal Salute often emitted a faint temple smell. Thereupon, I began to hope for another miracle—that Dadaji's Scotch would miraculously continue to replenish itself. Alas!

Dadaji*

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 Mahanam has always been ringing in your ears. You have heard it now. You are your own Guru."

Dadaji :

...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 a God.

* After interviewing all Godmen of India including Rajneesh, Muktananda Gurumaharaj and others, Khuswant Singh met Dadaji. Editors.

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 Sri Satyanarayan'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.

'Miracles' Of Dadaji*

Our Correspondent*

In these days of advanced science and technology how can a world of miracles, which are not conducive to the laws of the nature co-exist? Because you believe your eyes more than anything else. Reason and intellect have no place there. They call him the supreme physician, a miracle man and the supreme upholder.

Lord is the Guru

Surprisingly enough, this 'godman' (Dadaji) to many is against Gurus and Babas. "All bluff. How can a mortal be a 'Guru of another mortal. The Lord alone is our Guru. All these so-called gurus, bhagwans and babas are bluffing innocent people in His name—just to make money and build palaces called ashrams and maths",—Dadaji retorts.

What about Sri Sri Satyanarayan, his own 'Guru' whom he worships: "Nobody. He is nobody. He is only a symbol of Truth."

And his 'miracle'—it is His Will. Disciples describe the way how he produced Ganga water to anoint an idol, how he cured a heart patient who was on the death-bed and how he emanates fragrance.

Even a great philosopher like the late Dr. Radhakrishnan talks highly of him: "To see him is an occult vision—to go near him is 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, of simplicity and normalcy to his very marrow. A

* The article appeared in The Current, March 24, 1979.

picturesque figure, he dons a dhoti or lungi and half-sleeved kurta. He wears no matted hair : nor is his body or forehead besmeared with ashes or vermilion or sandal paste. Yet, his body constantly emits a variety of fragrance never dreamt of in a perfumery.

Pen from Space

To the believers in miracles, here are a few. Nani Palki-wala had this experience with Dadaji: "He 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 Gujrati and another in English appeared on them in an exquisite linguistic expression. With this came that precious gift from Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Dadaji was deeply absorbed in himself. He spread his soft fingers in my breast. Dressed in a simple lungi he held out a beautiful pen for me in his bare fingers. It came as if from 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 not available in the market, I am really blessed to have it."

Chief Justice Kantawala had another 'fragrant' experience with him after a puja. The puja room contained a portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan with a garland of flowers, a vessel filled with some cocoanut water and a glass containing plain water. I took my seat on the floor and began to tune myself with the Mahanam. Dadaji left the room within a short time. I was feeling baked 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 and spread it through my body. I felt that a new vibration in me was grinding 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 off my head. My whole body started emitting various fragrances. Drops of water fell on my head, neck and body and then all over the floor."

Perfumed water

"I opened my eyes at the sense of a heavy load on my head but I found it was Dadaji touching my head by his soft finger. The whole room was filled with fumes of fragrant oil, the floor was sprinkled with divinely fragrant water. Thick drops of fragrant honey dropped from the photo of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. The coconut water had become highly fragrant condensed Kshir 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 different kinds of divine aroma emanating from it."

Dadaji—The Alchemist of Divine Love

Dr. B. K. Tikadar*

After centuries of fumbling, man has arrived at the method of science for developing a reliable, serviceable body of knowledge of nature. The objectivity of natural science is bought dearly by renouncing all subjective elements to the maximum extent possible. However, science is the product of the human mind, and so the subject always lurks in the background. The primitive concepts of space and time are ever present in all such objectivization. And in the modern, extremely successful, quantum theory of the atomic and subatomic phenomena the observer and the observed cannot be strictly set apart—the ideal of an objective physical reality of classical mechanics has to be renounced. This renunciation is minimal, however, and science is still kept free of all human elements of feelings and emotions.

Through such disciplined effort experimental and observational sciences have made truly remarkable advances in a rather short time-span. The range of understanding goes now from the tiniest dimension of a sub-nuclear particle constituent right up to the largest physical dimension of the observable universe. The history of the physical universe covered ranges over most of the ten billion years of its age since the "big bang". There are, of course, many many areas where our understanding is still rather meagre. Wherever one sees one finds enormous complexity of organisation, e. g. in the world of biological systems. Recent developments in the study of "self-organization" in physical and biological systems, using methods of irreversible non-linear thermodynamics, promise to

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clear up some of the mysteries of these so-called "open" macroscopic systems. Evolution in time is seen everywhere—in the expanding universe ; in the biological processes of birth, growth and death ; in the physical phenomena of dissipation, etc. A great deal of scientific effort is being devoted to seek an understanding of the complexity of the evolutionary process—the process of Becoming out of Being.

Along with the growth of natural sciences, there has been a corresponding growth of technology. While many benefits have thus accrued to mankind, the capacity for destruction has also been dramatically increased, sorely challenging man's resources of goodwill and wisdom. Sometimes it even appears that man is persistently bent only upon developing more and more refined and efficient ways of self-destruction.

In spite of the great success already achieved and that promised for the future, human beings are suffering increasingly from inner agony. Where is the love his spirit seeks ? Does it make sense to talk of human spirit itself ? The deeper meaning of his transient life on this earth eludes man. To say it has no meaning does not satisfy. How does one face certain death ? If one does not die of cholera or typhoid today, one dies of worse diseases collectively called cancer. If a cure for cancer is found, can one imagine a cure for old age and consequent decay in an evolving universe ? And what about nervous breakdowns, strokes and heart attacks in this tension-ridden world ? What after all is at the back of this drama of nature ? The ancient "Upanishads" talk of "Brahman"—the Supreme Existence—beyond man's conceptions. Is that empty talk ? Is man's intellect capable of solving all the endless questionings that sprout perpetually in his mind ?

These perpetual questions have been a constant accompaniment to my professional life as a scientist. In moments of searching introspection I have had to face perplexity that I must push to the background so as to carry on my day-to-day life as a scientist. The inner voice, however, cannot be permanently silenced. Just when the need had grown

intolerably insistent, good fortune dawned upon me in the form of Dadaji.

Dadaji (Mr. Amiya Roy Chowdhury of Calcutta) arrived in our city on one of his travels around the world. I had previously heard about his unique message of Truth. But, then these days there are many "saviours"—"Dollar-Yogis"—selling "mantras" and collecting riches to build their own institutions. I learnt with assurance that he travels at his own expense and does not collect any funds directly or indirectly. He is a householder, earning his living by running a small toy-shop in Calcutta. On meeting him I was immediately struck by his informal manner and charmed by his loving personality. To bask in his smiling presence is an experience to cherish.

Many people had gathered to see Dadaji. He did not waste time in endless lectures on philosophy or scriptures. With him there is no place for intellectual discussions. All the endless questions are settled in a stroke through direct experience of Supreme Will in his presence. He affectionately touches your chest and your whole body and clothes get charged with a heavenly fragrance. The greatest experience is the revelation of Mahanam—Supreme Name of the Lord. I was asked by him to hold in my hand a blank piece of paper and asked to bow to a picture symbolising Truth. In a moment I found Mahanam appear on the paper in my native language, as I also heard the Mahanam from within. After I had carefully read the paper, it again became blank. Dadaji explained that Mahanam manifested from a realm far beyond the mind and signifies the presence of the Supreme Being within the heart. No discussions or questions have any relevance in this regime. The vibration of Mahanam is the Divine Substance of all creation. Human mind cannot comprehend Truth Absolute, the source of this subtle all-pervading vibration of life revealed only by Divine Grace.

A number of baffling manifestations that cannot be understood in terms of science have been taking place associated with Dadaji. Very distinguished witnesses have been recording

their experiences of these manifestations. What is a chemist to say when he brings from his own home a well sealed bottle of clear water, that on a mere external touch of Dadaji's finger turns into an intensely fragrant translucent liquid? Thousands of miles apart simultaneous manifestations of Satyanarayan (Truth Absolute) take place in sealed rooms in which plain water in one vessel turns into fragrant cocoanut water, cocoanut water kept in another vessel turns into a delicious milk preparation, the pictures of Satyanarayan start dripping with fragrant honey, while all along Dadaji sits chatting, perhaps smoking a cigarette, in the company of visitors. A mere affectionate pat from Dadaji, and a cripple starts walking again, a cancer patient gets cured, etc. How can one explain the appearance of a silver medallion of Satyanarayan on the bare palm of Dadaji, which then gets transformed into a golden one quite as miraculously with desired inscriptions on the back?

Dadaji explains that the world of nature is a manifestation of Supreme Existence. Truth is formless and outside the categorizations of the mind. The human mind sees multiple fragmentations of this Supreme Reality in the space-time framework. All the baffling manifestations referred to above are simply the result of the Alchemy of Divine Love of the Lord to instil an awareness in mankind of Truth pervading the whole Creation.

Dadaji asserts that as there is only one Truth, all mankind is one family born of one Supreme Father. The Lord resides in everyone's heart as Mahanam. Time evolution experienced in the world is the destiny created by the Lord for Divine Play. Therefore, it is the duty of man to bear with preordained destiny with patience and faith. No methods or rituals are capable of changing the destiny. Dadaji repeatedly emphasizes that patience is the essence of all virtues. In living out one's transient sojourn in the world Mahanam is one's only true companion and guide to be remembered with deepest love without any formality. The only discipline required in the world is to live a natural life devoted wholeheartedly to one's work while the alchemy of His Love works from within.

Dadaji's Radiant Love*

Manmohan Dhart†

My wife and I received blessings and 'Mahanam' from Sri Sri Satyanarayan (Truth Supreme) in the graceful presence of Dadaji (Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury). The fact of being engulfed by the pleasant fragrance and the way ordinary water changed into sweet perfumed 'charanjal', by a mere touch of the containing bottle by Dadaji, are beyond all human comprehension, and beyond the bound of laws known to modern science.

'Mahanam' manifesting on its own on plain and ordinary piece of paper, first in Hindi and then instantly replaced on the same paper by English version, because I do not read Hindi, is a phenomenon which no amount of scientific analysis can explain.

The fragrance lingers on for days and out of nowhere suddenly manifests itself at all sorts of places, indicating in an inscrutable and subtle manner that Dadaji's presence is around and about. But more than this, the beatific presence of Dadaji and the mere feeling that his blessings are with and within us, is an experience that surpasses all the miracles that are witnessed and reported by the score. Dadaji radiates divine love, a taste of which is a blessing beyond comparison.

While known laws of matter and force are transcended and experiences of people exposed to these supernatural powers are legion and fast piling up, he says that all the manifestations are the play of the Divine Power within all of us. In his presence one is suddenly aware of such a power and personality, which is unfettered by laws of time, space and causation.

* Clarity, Bombay, Saturday, March 10, 1979.

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How does one unfold one's 'self' into that state of divine awareness? How does one reconcile with one's 'self' being aware of the Supreme and yet function in the mundane world?

While, all the erudition of the learned scholars, theologians and savants attempting to expound the nature of the Supreme Reality behind the world we see, feel and perceive, appears like groping in the dark and at times self-defeating and contradictory, Dadaji's message is utterly simple and within the comprehension of all men.

And why not? Why shouldn't Truth be as accessible as the air to everyone, irrespective of status or caste or race, be one a saint or a sinner?

Since the Supreme Reality and Humanity are one, the awareness of Truth must be available to us without the need of any effort, any intermediary or commitment to a system, religion, cult of a 'guru'. Our relationship will be direct and as easy as the act of breathing.

To the modern world torn by strife, blinded by selfish interests at the individual, national and international levels, fragmented into factions and various religious communities, where the first flashes of Truth have been frozen into dogmas that have succeeded only in dividing humanity. Dadaji's personality and miracles and messages come to awaken an awareness of Divinity and universal love in the hearts of men.

When the Lord is seated in every heart, as proven by the experience of Mahanam, by so many, how can any mortal trade in the name of God thereby misleading fellow-men. Dadaji is constantly thundering against the system of 'gurudom' that has grown to such gigantic proportions in the present time. To him, this practice of selling God's name is the worst possible crime.

To all men Dadaji sends out the simple message that remembering 'Divine Name' with love is the only spiritual path. In this world (His creation) it is our duty to carry

out our daily work with sincerity. The only meaningful austerity ('tapasya') here is to bear the ups and downs of our destiny with patience. This practice of patience results in strength.

The only renunciation of value is to give up all sense of self-importance. For, it is only the individual ego that blinds one to divine love. Divine grace is immediately operative when our surrender to the Lord is total.

We are to submit to the Lord with love. Love is the only means to approach him. He cannot be grasped by the mind and intellect. Human mind has limited capacity and is ever-changing. The Supreme Being is beyond the limited mind. Any effort to assess Him by our puny intellect can only lead to utter confusion. The manifestations of Dadaji forcefully bring this home to us.

Dadaji asserts that, since there is only one Truth Absolute, there is simply no basis for looking upon mankind as broken up into different religions, groups, castes, and communities. Once clear vision dawns, all fragmentation disappears. Attaining such vision will be possible when the human race heeds the message of this totally selfless personification of divine love.

Dadaji—An Epitome Of Love*

P. S. Kailasam†

The name of Dadaji is hanging on the lips of us, today. It has spread all over the World and has been cordially received by the top intellectuals and scientists at home and abroad, too.

And why ?

The reason is, he is "Divine Personified"—an epitome of love, sweetness and light—the diffusion of which are attracting people in large numbers not only of India, but of the World at large.

Although he lives, moves and has his being amongst us, yet he out-tops human knowledge and powers of comprehension.

Names of high intellectuals-scientists including foreigners namely, Dr. Eugene Kovalenco, Dr. W. H. Klein, Dr. Osis, U. S. A., Dr. Hastead, and Michael Holroyed, U. K., Dr. Brian Schaller (S. Africa) of Solar Energy, Dr. Gordon Rheod (Paris), Dr. Peter Meyer-Dohm (W. Germany), Rector of Universities, Dr. Robert Excell, British Scientist, Solar Energy (U. N. O.), Dr. R. L. Dutta—World President, Solar Energy, and so many eminent personalities—cannot be recorded in short space.

They have tried their best to analyse him with all their aids that the modern Science is heir to. But, they are all baffled and ultimately surrendered themselves to his supreme knowledge.

Dadaji is unfathomable, unassessable—He is beyond the realm of science. He, as the Supreme, has come to establish the truth—the existence of God at the end of this Kaliyuga to stabilize the mind of man for a better existence.

The World is torn asunder, now with conflicts, storm, stress

† Justice, Supreme Court of India.

* Clarity, Bombay, Saturday, March 10, 1979.

and strain, crabbed, confined, all-wise ; we are like a tethered lion roaring in vain for release. But nobody knows where to knock and how to unlock his gateway to liberty, light and joy.

At this juncture his appearance (Abirbhava) is significant in all its facets. He has incarnated with his effulgent glory. We are so much thick in traditions, our feet are deep in all sorts of superstitions. It is very difficult to kick the rust (Sanskaras) off us.

Dadaji shakes the traditions, superstitions and so-called "Gurudom". He asserts : 'No mortal being can ever be a guru'. There is one Guru within the heart of Man. Therefore, Mankind is one ; Religion is one ; and the Language is one. So, a mortal has no right to initiate 'Mantra' into others :

In such venture one will lead the other into the dark chasm of ignorance. And 'Diksha' means 'Darshan', i. e. perceive the 'Mahanam', the eternal truth or God who is within as existence in all beings.

Therefore, the so-called Gurus and Bhagwans are simply bluffing and exploiting the moral beings of the simple-hearted people and making their business and money, too.

According to him, Guru is within us from the very beginning of life and he leads us to the life beyond our earthly existence. In a word—He is our existence. We have come to this World with the 'Mahanam', ringing true in us ever since our births :

Due to too much Worldly attachments we have forgotten it. At the opportune moment through the grace (Kripa) of Sri Sri Satyanarayan that Mahanam is revealed to us automatically on a piece of blank paper or on something else from within when we pray to Sri Sri Satyanarayan—that vanishes after revelation, within a few seconds then it rings in our ears for some time.

It vanishes because we come back to the Mundane World—the World of 'Mahamaya' after being in tune with the Infinite. We have to remember 'Mahanam'. This is what is called 'Darshan' (Diksha).

No other "Dakshina" is needed but the dedication of oneself ; that Ego, which keeps us apart is to be forsaken. Dadaji remains present at the time but here he acts as a witness.

He never considers himself a 'Guru' nor allows anybody to style him like that. He is fondly called 'Elder Brother'. He says that we have come to the World to realise 'Him'. The World is his Creation.

It is not to be shunned, nor need we take any refuge in jungle, Math or Ashram, being afraid of the pangs of the World. It is also not necessary to have matted hair, long-flowing beard—that is an expression of Ego.

'Japa—Tapasya' means we have to do our duties faithfully—duty to the World, duty to the family with complete surrender to 'Him'. We should also bear the 'Prarabdha' (fate) with patience.

Our body is wood and love is the Fire—"Brindabana-leela" can be realised here and now when we are in tune with 'inner-self' through 'prema-bhakti'.

Dadaji says he has nothing to give nor anything to take. The 'Mahanam' alone can lessen our sufferings and nothing else can. It can be done anywhere and at any time. No taboo is attached with it.

It should be done in such a way that none else should know of it. It is an internal and inner-most communication that admits of no external performances or rituals. We should always bear it in mind that we are born to play the part of a drama and the drama is related to the actual life, society and the World at large.

The drama cannot be real but every part of the role should be done with utmost sincerity only to share the joy of perfection. Dissatisfaction to our allotment in the drama will bring inevitably worry and anxiety. On the other hand, too much prizing will certainly bring in miseries. We shall have to leave those bodies (play-dresses) and go back to our home at the right time when our drama will be over.

Dadaji says, 'Man cannot do Puja'. He shows what Puja is ! So, Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja was performed by Dadaji at my residence in Madras. No flower is needed, no incense, no 'Mantra', no pomp and grandeur.

It is done automatically in a closed room. Dadaji remains inside or outside. Wherever he is here the Worshipper and the worshipped are identified into One.

Language fails to describe all properly. No time and space can bind him. He is 'unlimited nobody' within a limited body. Dadaji says all these happen at the Will of Him, "Sri Sri Satyanarayan". He takes no credit for these.

Fortunate really we are to have seen such "Divine Manifestations", blessed that we are in this age. These manifestations are illuminating to us for which Sages and Saints tried in vain for years after years and age after age.

It appears to us as if He has come down to us to save the mankind from laborious, vague and traditional superstitions and mad pursuits of Sadhus and self-made Bhagwans. To me Dadaji is "Narayana". All salutations to Him.

Sri Dadaji—The Divine Love & Light Incarnate*

Ramanlal P. Sonit†

Sri Dadaji is the Divine Love, the Divine Light Incarnate. The Divine Truth finds its full manifestation in him. The aim of his spiritual mission is the resurrection of Sanatan Dharma—the eternal religion in its pristine purity—for the spiritual emancipation of the entire mankind irrespective of caste, clime, colour or creed.

He aims at the eradication of external exhibitionism, taboos and superstitions, dogmas and inhibitions which have crept into our spiritual life due to the vested interests of pseudo-spiritualists and hence, he has launched a crusade against the practice of Guruism which is solely responsible for the distortion and degeneration of our spiritual life.

He aims at introducing us to our own Divine Self which is the Universal principle of cosmic consciousness, power and bliss.

According to Sri Dadaji no mortal being with finite and imperfect knowledge can be a Guru. How can an imperfect lead to the Perfect, finite to the Infinite and ignorant to Wisdom. Self-realisation cannot be granted by any alien agency. Our real Guru is our own Divine Self—the Lord himself. We are born with HIM alongwith Mahanam within.

Mahanam—the Divine Sound—is going on all the time within. At the time of spiritual initiation in the presence of Sri Dadaji the seeker has the direct realisation of the Mahanam by the grace of the Lord himself. It is the direct transcendental revelation of the Mahanam already going

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† Mr. Soni is a well-known Gujrati writer.



Dadaji—the symbol of love & forgiveness

on within by His grace. Mahanam is the Lord Himself manifest as Divine Sound. Nam and Nami are the same.

At the time of spiritual initiation the Lord reveals Himself to the seeker in the form of Mahanam. This is true Diksha—Spiritual initiation—which introduces the individual 'I'-consciousness to the pure 'I'-cosmic consciousness or the self.

Inward journey starts. Love for the Lord—our own self gradually develops which finally culminates in self-realisation—the goal of life after the resolution of the individual 'I' or ego into its prime source i.e. pure 'I' consciousness or the Self.

According to Sri Dadaji, Tap (ceremonial recitation), Tap (mortification), Sadhana (meditation), Sannyas (renunciation) and religious rites and rituals are not at all required for self-realisation. These are all ego-operated psycho-physical activities which can never enable one to realise Him.

The ego-clouded soul lacks the unfaltering faith, absolute surrender and Love required for the Divine journey towards HIM. An unsparing effacement of the ego is a must. The offering of the ego in the fire of love for the Lord is the greatest sacrifice. So long as ego exists we cannot have His glimpse. We simply require to hold fast only to him with absolute self-surrender, unfaltering faith and Love to realise HIM.

Inexplicable miracles take place in the presence of Sri Dadaji. Wrist watches, gold lockets, fountain pens etc. are materialised by him from vacuum. Incurable diseases are cured. Sri Dadaji will always say, "These are not my doing. They occur because He wills so".

Such miracles are not the outcome of limited Yogic perfection. They are the manifestations of the Supreme Divine WILL. However, Sri Dadaji holds them to be extraneous and treats them to be insignificant for the seeker after Truth.

With the advent of Sri Dadaji, Mankind stands blessed by his Divine Love and Grace. He is here to lead us from darkness to Divine Light.

Dadaji : The Embodiment of Pure Love

P. S. Gupta*

"His love for his own persons is very sacred, secret and silent, even the next person cannot know it, nor one has the right to know it. His love is perpetual, steady, unchangeable and it suffers no fickleness and is not temporary unlike the character and love of man." These gems of words have been written by Dadaji in his letters to Miss Pratima Choudhury (exponent of Bharat Natyam), Bombay, which I happened to read with the kind help of Sri Abhi Bhattacharya (famous film actor), a close devotee of Dadaji. I read these words again and again, sometimes quietly, sometimes loudly and tears started rolling from the eyes and the body started shivering ; a sense of ecstasy overtook the self. Though Dadaji has written these words to signify the character of God's love, to me it appeared as if somewhere, 'HE' and Dadaji have merged together.

In arriving at the above view, let me recall an experience which I had with Dadaji. Some years back, I happened to visit Calcutta and in the afternoon I found time to visit Dadaji at his Anwar Shah Road house. Dadaji generally sits in a room on the first floor. I requested his durwan to inform Dadaji that "P.S. Gupta from Delhi" has come to see him. While the durwan went inside the room, I was standing in the staircase, waiting for a call. Unexpectedly, I heard a loud voice as Dadaji in sheer excitement with childlike simplicity was uttering "Gupta Aya, Gupta Aya" (Gupta has come). To me, this was incredible. This was something like Lord Krishna getting excited with immense love when he heard that his school days' friend "Sudama"

* B. Com. LL.B., FCA

had come to meet him. I was filled with ecstasy to experience such an unusual display of love, the like of which I have never experienced in my life. Even now, whenever I remember this incident, my body gets filled with ecstasy. While Dadaji is a world renowned personality to whom intellectuals, nobel laureates, scientists, philosophers, judges, journalists, statesmen, millionaires, ministers of Governments and churches come for blessings and guidance, I am an ordinary person like Khadi 'hand spun and hand woven' which can be found in any nook and corner of this country. There are millions of people like me.

Eminent scientists of the unimpeachable integrity in the USA, the UK, and West Germany have testified to various miracles which they have witnessed and recorded on scientific instruments to avoid any chances of deception. To name a few, Dr. Eugene N. Kovalenco, Chairman, Industrial Research Guide Institute (USA), Dr. Brumel, President, Portland University (USA), Dr William H. Klein, President of the Smithsonian Biological Radiation Institute (USA), Dr. R. Heraldsson, Ph. D., Director, American Psychical Research Institute (USA), Dr. Peter Meyer-Dohm, Rector of University, Bochum (W. Germany) have recorded extraordinary phenomena which they have experienced. Even a great Indian philosopher like Dr. S. Radhakrishnan (ex-President of India) paid glowing tributes to Dadaji. However, Dadaji does not own any such miracle. He says these merely happen in his presence and he has nothing to do with their occurrence or otherwise. His greatest miracle, to me, is his unfettered love which I often experience, whether awake or during sleep.

I could experience Dadaji's deep concern for my welfare (Yogakshema), *albeit* an ugly episode. As a matter of practice, I do not tell Dadaji about my problems and try to face them as and when they come, as Dadaji always advises "bear your destiny (Prarabdha) with patience. Do not worry, because worry makes you the doer. All good and

bad things in life come from 'Him'; accept both with grace. This body is transient, the one who lives within, the Satyanarayan, is eternal." However, a serious incident occurred in October 1981, which disturbed my peace of mind and made me speak to Dadaji about the same. I got implicated in a false and fabricated case of departmental inquiry involving an alleged loss of about Rs. 25,000/- to the Company, where I work, by agreeing to a proposal without examining the same in depth. My friends, colleagues and even close relations used to ask me about the outcome of the case. The way the questions were put showed their sympathy or pity for me and often hiding under a thin veil was a reflection of indifference or sarcasm. When I mentioned this incident to Dadaji and also my decision to resign the present job, Dadaji's face became red with anger and voice became harsh. He asked me to fight the case upto the last but not to resign and wait. I followed his advice. However, this episode enabled me to experience the deep rooted love and affection Dadaji has for me. He is the only person, I know of, who could visualise the entire matter in correct perspective. His spontaneous and deep anguish which turned his sweet and charming face into red, I believe, was due to his intense concern for the welfare (Yogakshema) of his own people, particularly when they are unjustly made to suffer. By 'His' grace, I have been able to absorb the shock with malice towards none and doing my duty as if nothing has happened.

Let me also write about my recent experience in March '82 during sleep. I went to bed at 10. 30. p. m. after taking food, watching T. V. etc. During sleep, I saw a sandal stick (about 1" size) burning and white smoke emitting from it and going towards the sky. I also saw Dadaji standing by my side. I requested Dadaji to place this stick in my hand. Dadaji asked me to hold it between two fingers (i.e. thumb and the first finger) and look at the smoke. I did likewise. However, the sight of the

whitish smoke going towards the sky caused nauseating effect and I fell down on the floor in an unconscious state. When gradually the consciousness returned, I found my head in Dadaji's lap, who in a grief stricken voice was saying repeatedly "my son, open the eyes." I saw in Dadaji's face the profound love and concern which my father would have had in these circumstances. I woke up and looked around the room. There was none else in the room except my wife who was sleeping in her cot. The time-piece was showing exact 12 O'clock and its both long and short hands were in the same position. I do not know the significance of this dream but I am unable to forget Dadaji's grief stricken face and deep concern for my welfare. I have seen numerous good, bad and indifferent dreams in my life which are no more in the memory but this one, I am not able to forget.

Before, I close this note, it may be pertinent to quote Dadaji's own words in his letter to Miss Pratima Choudhury referred to in the first paragraph. "He exists for love and in love and nothing else other than love. He gives indications of his love, only patience is required to feel it. You will feel it in all your actions and His guidance, too. He is your nearest and dearest." Dadaji would not be Dadaji, if for a single moment and even inadvertently he allows anybody to equate him with 'Him' (God). This very idea or expression is repulsive to Dadaji. Insofar as I am concerned, I have not met 'Him' (God) and have not experienced 'His' love, as such I may perhaps be called an atheist. I have met Dadaji, whose love and concern for me is so profound and deep that I can imagine, if there is God, the fragrance of HIS love will be similar to that of Dadaji which does not recognise any limitations on account of a person's sex, caste, colour, intelligence, language, wealth, fame and family. It is 'love', pure love, which transcends the sense of body.

Dadaji's Grace*

Sunil M. Gavaskar†

It has been my good fortune to experience exceptional success in the world of cricket. I have travelled far and wide and tasted many blessings of life. But, I did not know that an incomparable blessing was yet in store for me—one for which no effort is of any use.

February 26, 1980 will be for me the most memorable day of my life. For, on that day I entered the graceful presence of Dadaji. Off and on I had heard of Dadaji in conversations or through articles on him in newspapers and magazines. So, I had developed a secret urge to meet him some day. As if by a miracle, I learnt that he had been on a visit to Bombay during the past month and was about to leave again for Calcutta. Only one day was left as I returned from Baroda after a cricket match. And he most kindly agreed to give me some time.

Dadaji's incredibly radiant loving smile greeted my parents and me as we were ushered into his presence. A very large number of persons were present to meet him. So, he received me in the next room. He was quite informally clad in "lungi" and a sleeveless vest, reclining on a divan and smoking a cigarette. There was no sign of conventional holiness about him. In fact, he right away told me that he is not a saint or a "bhagwan" or "guru." He is a family man (Mr. Amiya Roy Chowdhury) of Calcutta. To people who come to know him he is simply the Elder Brother (Dada). He said that no man can be the "guru" of another man. The Almighty Lord (he refers to Him as Truth or Satyanarayan) is the Guru of each and everyone.

* The Indian Express (Bombay, February 27, 1980.)

† Mr. Gavaskar is generally regarded as the Don Bradman of India.

"Do you wish to see him?" he asked. I eagerly agreed. From a small noting pad, a slip of blank paper was torn and handed to me. Dadaji asked me to bow to Sri Sri Satyanarayan. As soon as I did so I felt surrounded by a heavenly fragrance, and heard two names of Krishna inside me and on seeing the paper I found the two names appear in red in my mother tongue. After I had seen the Mahanam the paper again became blank. Dadaji told me that this was true revelation, which no man can give. What our present day "gurus" do is to whisper a "mantra" into the ear to collect fees. This, he said, is the worst form of cheating imaginable.

Yet, another fantastic experience. Dadaji told me that the Lord will give me a gift. Out of nowhere he produced in his bare palm a gift that cannot be found anywhere in the world. He told me that the manifestations I had been granted are outside the possibilities of human understanding. They prove that the Lord Truth Supreme resides in every heart but is ever outside the reach of human mind. We can love him but never understand.

Life, he told me, is full of ups and downs and of limited span—just as in cricket. Our duty is to bear the destiny with patience and remember Mahanam with love and self-surrender.

Dadaji is not interested in building institutions and gathering large followings. In his view the only crime is to trade in the name of the Lord. All his activities are simply directed towards awakening man to One Supreme Truth. Mankind is one. Dadaji is establishing Truth in the entire world.

A Taste of divine grace of Dadaji*

B. G. N. Patel†

In early 1971, I had occasion to read a book entitled "Autobiography of a Yogi". Deeply impressed with it, I found myself musing how wonderful would it be were I to have the good fortune of meeting a person like Lahiri Mahashaya.

I was one day discussing the book with a friend of mine, when he told me that he knows a person, known as Dadaji, who might satisfy my longing and need. He promised to inform me of Dadaji's next visit to Bombay.

In November 1971, I received a phone call from my friend to tell me that Dadaji has come to Bombay and that he was going to perform 'puja' that evening at Mr. Y. N. Shah's residence, "Ratnakar" at Narayan Dhabolkar Road. Eager to avail myself of the opportunity, I arrived around 6.00 p.m. at the given address.

I was destined that evening to taste the grandest experience of receiving Mahanam in the divinely graceful presence of Dadaji.

The 'puja' that followed was a most unusual experience. I have witnessed many such 'pujas' in Bombay thereafter. They are entirely different from any conventional 'puja' of common understanding. There are no rituals here. A room is emptied of all paraphernalia and all the windows and doors, excepting the entrance door, are closed and sealed.

A framed portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan is placed against a wall in the room. In front of it are put a bowl full of cocoanut water and a vessel containing ordinary water. People present are allowed to inspect the room before the start of the 'puja'.

* Clarity, Saturday, February 18, 1978, P. 12.

† B. Com., F.C.A. (Eng. & Wales) Vice-President (Finance), Larsen & Toubro Limited, Bombay.

Heavenly Aroma

Then Dadaji leads one of the congregated individuals, usually a person of eminence, clad only in a 'dhoti or 'lungi' into the room and makes him sit with eyes closed in front of the portrait to act as the witness of the events to follow. Dadaji himself comes out of the room and bolts the entrance door from outside.

A group of men and women start chanting devotional songs, while Dadaji, simply clad in a lungi and with bare upper body, rests against a pillow on a divan. After about half an hour, Dadaji opens the door of the 'puja' room, enters it and brings out the individual.

A heavenly aroma emanates from the 'puja' room and envelopes the gathering outside. The happenings that take place inside the room during the interval of the 'puja' leave one baffled. The floor of the room is found generously sprinkled with fragrant water ; the coconut water is found congealed into a thick 'kshir' distributed as 'prasad' ; the plain water is found to have acquired a sweet aroma and taste ; and a honey-like liquid with a pleasant aroma and taste is seen dripping from the frame-glass of the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

On September 1, 1973, Dadaji graciously performed 'puja' at my residence where the Chief justice of the Bombay High Court, Sri R. M. Kantawala, was chosen to sit in the 'puja' room. This 'puja' was witnessed by Justice J. C. Shah and other well-known personalities from Bombay.

In March 1977, my wife and I were at Calcutta to seek Dadaji's blessings before my wife left for the U.S.A. to see our newly born grandson. Throughout her trip to the U.S.A., Dadaji's characteristic aroma escorted her.

My wife narrated to me the wonderful experiences she enjoyed while in Columbus, Ohio (U.S.A.). Our grandson was born; on January 10, 1977, with a murmur of the heart. The doctors attending on him had come to the conclusion

that a heart operation would be necessary in about a year's time.

On conveying that to Dadaji, he told us that there was no need for the operation. This was confirmed when on 10th January 1978, on his first birthday, the doctors advised my son that Rishi, my grandson, was improving fast and that at present there was no need for operation.

On April 8, 1977, Dadaji appeared in bright light with his enchanting smile on his radiant face to my wife as she was sitting on a sofa in Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A. During this period Dadaji was staying in Calcutta and reached Bombay on 10th April 1977.

As she tried to offer 'Pranam', Dadaji placed his hand on her back and told her that the One she was searching for resides in her heart. While this was taking place, our daughter-in-law called out to her to tell her that the postman had just delivered the letter she has been anxiously waiting for more than two weeks.

Dadaji's Aroma

On April 19 1977, my wife was wishing to take her grandson out for a drive ; but, it was raining and the weather was dismal. So, all she could do was to remember Mahanam. To her great astonishment, soon the rain stopped and she was able to go to the lake at Columbus in the company of our daughter-in-law and grandson. Dadaji's aroma was with them while they were at the lake.

Again, on April 22, 1977 at around 5.00 a.m. while my wife was remembering Mahanam sitting in bed, Dadaji appeared to her in radiant light. Dadaji placed Rishi, our grandson, in her lap. He asked her, "Are you worrying about him ?" She had been completely numb due to oppressive worry.

She tried to touch Dadaji's feet, but he disappeared gradually into dimming light. When she looked at Rishi,

she found him very much there smiling to her. The room was full of the unique aroma.

On April 25, 1977, my wife wrote a letter to Dadaji seeking his blessings and went out to post it. As she was returning after posting the letter she found Dadaji's aroma coming out of our grandson's head.

What I have related above are examples of numerous experiences of many many people who have met Dadaji that clearly lie outside our rational framework. They occur by His grace to give us a taste of His divine love.

An Unforgettable Impression

P. M. N. Swamy,*

I had the unique experience yesterday of meeting Pujya Sri Dadaji, Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury of Calcutta at the residence of Abhi Bhattacharya of Bandra. His very presence radiated an atmosphere of supreme tranquility and peace and his charismatic personality commanded the attention of one and all present. He made kind enquiries about our Magazine, "The Call Divine" dedicated to the hallowed memory of Bhagwan Sri Ramana Maharshi, which is being published by me in Bombay as a regular monthly.

He called for a book "On Dadaji" to be presented to me. The book was brought and Dadaji asked my full name. I thought he was to write my name therein. I took my fountain pen and was about to give it to him. Then, he just touched the first page of the book and I found that my name and his were written there in red ink. This was something beyond the realms of exploration and I was just looking at him struck with wonder.

Then, I was called into his Puja room, where I experienced another phenomenon of Dikhsa Mantra written in my own language Tamil, which materialised on a small slip of paper which I was asked to hold in my hands. The writing vanished as soon as I read it and handed the paper back to him. That Mahanam also appeared in a circle around me.

Another phenomenon worth mentioning was that after Dadaji performed Puja in his room, the place was found surcharged with heavy incense and with heavenly water on the floor where there was none. The pure coconut water which was kept before the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayanji

* Chief Managing Editor & Publisher, "The Call Divine"

was found solidified into a mass of nectar like matter sweet to taste.

I was told that Dadaji never believes in Guru-shishya concept as prevalent today. He says that the Parabrahman is in everyone and one has only to look within himself to realise this. He is the only Guru and our mind is the disciple. No human being can be a guru. It is ego that prompts a man to assume the role of a guru, for accumulation of mundane values. Guruism is a source of exploitation of the innocent mass in the name of religion. Man is born with his Guru-the self and the Mahanam; within. Mahanam is revealed to the aspirant during initiation by the grace of the Lord directly. This is true Diksha which leads us to the path of self-realisation. This is the same as the "Self-Enquiry" advocated by Bhagwan Sri Ramana Maharshi, but Dadaji puts it in a manner and language that could be easily understood and followed by any common man.

Any one who understands him can never fail to recognise that he is an embodiment of divinity and always lives in the Bliss of his effulgent SELF which is none other than BRAHMAN. What, on earth, is not possible for a person of his innate greatness? One who realises the Eternal Truth of our Vedas and Upanishads is a self-realized Atman.

Letter

Abhi Bhattacharya
Bombay, May 1980
Delphin House,
Carter Road—Bombay
400,050—INDIA
Telephone No 532784

Dr. Heraldsson,
American Society of Psychical Research,
New York and Iceland University
Copy also to Amsterdam University, Dr. Houtkooper. J. M.
JAN SWAMMERDAM INSTITUTE

Dear Dr. Heraldsson,

Good day to contact you, do you remember me ?

Dr. Osis* of your institute knows me well. We met in presence of Dadaji in his house in Calcutta a few years ago. Dr. Osis was with you. I am a very well-known film actor for 35 years in India. I stay in Bombay, where Dr. Osis came, recorded the beyond mind manifestations of Dadaji, particularly how in Dadaji's absence various manifestations of the beyond mind existence took place as marks of his presence. Dr. Osis met also some scientists, including Dr. L. K. Pandit of Tata Institute of Fundamental Research.

Experiences Based on Dadaji :

I am inspired to write to you this letter in appreciation of your presentation of the book 'At the Hour of Death' to Dadaji in Calcutta. Dr. Kubler Ross and all of you who diligently worked on the book deserve praise. I feel in this connection an urge to let you know something about the ultimate Reality from my experiences in the last 10 years

* Dr. Karlis Osis, Director, A. S. P. R., U.S.A.

since 1970 without the aid of any fund like that provided to you by James Kidd. James Kidd wanted to know if under any circumstances the soul could be photographed on death of the body. Your method of E. S. Perception is within the limitation of mind. Soul is beyond mind,—eternal vibration of life within body that pulsates or causes the functioning of the body and the mind. We, thus, have three separate entities : Soul+Body+Mind. Body lives due to the presence of the soul within, unseen, in the region below the heart. The heart cannot function, or blood cannot circulate, without the existence of the soul—the current of life causing the breathing, while it remains unattached to the body and so cannot be seen. In due time it causes the stoppage of respiration. Body cannot be in full action without mind though it may live or vibrate with life. So, in the body of flesh and blood is infused the mind, and the eternal play of Mind and Body goes on with Soul as the controller. Body is not Mind. In Mind are located desire, anger, lust, love, passion, pleasure, happiness, sorrow, sense of loss and gain, imagination, etc., which move the body and create attachment for body in the course of time. Mind spreads from top to bottom in the body. So, one develops the feeling of “my body”, “my possession” etc. This is the ‘I’ sense. There is thus a perception of limitations of time and space. Ego is this sense of doing and thinking as the “I” and one cannot forego this “I”, which limits one’s perspective. The body cannot have activities without the mind or mind’s desires. No mind, no pleasure or sorrow. To be more precise, ‘mind is not body’. With all the passions, greed and anger of mind the individual wants to enjoy or kill. But the mind may want, yet one’s body fails which is generally felt more in older age, when inspite of being full of desire, the body fails. From birth the mind, as per circumstances and places, becomes conditioned by what one does and hears. Individual tendencies develop along with the sense of good and bad. The mental outlook varies according to actions and reactions occurring in the mind. Notions accumulate in the

mind and force one to millions of directions to destined actions and reactions. Even twins differ in destiny brought from previous births. Each mind brings the individual destiny. Otherwise all men and women in the world would have been the same in mind. Man has no power to change destiny ; otherwise, he would not have to die and suffer. Destiny is created by HIM, the Almighty, for His own play. As in films or stage plays, actors play their individual roles and go off in due time, so does man follow his destiny unknown to himself.

So, at the hour of death, Hindus, Christians or Muslims all have their own respective superstitious ideas formed from man-made teachings, right or wrong, obtained from ancestors, or from distorted unauthentic Scriptures or books written by men with limited mental perspectives. Whatever is limited by time and mind cannot be Truth to all. The word "Yamdoot" is an Indian household, fearful term arousing fear of death, heard from childhood. With other communities it is something else—all man-made superstitions. Whether Hindu, Muslim or Christian, when the body dies, as it has to one day, it is thrown away, buried or burnt. Religious superstitions may rule, but we are all human beings with the same type of body ; only we carry different names given merely for identification purpose just like the naming of roads and buildings. Body is Body. On the body it is not written that it is Hindu, Muslim or Christian. Differences of this kind are man-made. None realises this Truth. No one owns the body. Had it been my body, why should I die ? A baby is not born by itself. It grows bigger and till death, dormant desires of mind act and react on it according to the circumstances of life. Ultimately one must die either young or old, inspite of all the boastful achievements of the medical science. Physicians and Scientists die, too. Why ? If my body is my own creation, I would live for ever ! So, it is not I that exists, but 'HE' (the Soul) that exists. Dadaji proves it. Death is eternally, universally, happening ; still I imagine that only others will die. If this body is mine, I should have no worries, diseases, ageing and

death. Then, who exists and causes this living, talking, moving? Greatest miracle: He is off, body is off. No death for the soul. For the welfare of mankind, we should be conscious of this TRUTH, that He alone exists as Absolute—all other objects that we see are perishable and changeable, though somehow nestled in the indivisible Truth, the soul, MAN HAS NO EXISTENCE OF HIS OWN. "He" (God) is Life and Destiny. This is the Truth of soul to establish which Dadaji is moving on his own to different parts of the World. Truth is soul or God, the cause of manifestation of all bodies and forms. James Kidd realised and felt the importance of the soul. Man cannot create body, soul and mind. Everything is here, for, homo sapiens, as you say, there is no other world than this. Soul remains, body is off without it. The dying patients, in India or in the West, are universally mentally obsessed with imaginary fears of death. When the body of this "Abhi" is buried or destroyed, how can he further exist with the same identification in another World? Out of Body+Soul+Mind complex, the soul remains imperishable. It is neither Hindu, nor Muslim, nor Christian. Body is the cover of the soul, is temporary. But, where is the mind? Mind remains with the soul and according to the desires of the individual mind, it comes into another new body as per God's or Soul's wish to create individual Destiny for play. Mind is pushed in from body to body to take part in His Worldly play. One has to finish mind's desires to become Zero, to be merged into Absolute TRUTH. Truth Personified—One that alone exists is called by Dadaji 'Sri Sri Satyanarayan'. He is not body and mind—so not Hindu, not Muslim, not Christian. Dadaji says 'Everything in within'. He is One existence present as life's vibration. This vibration is revealed from one's own self as 'Mahanam', God's name, flashed on a blank paper and heard within with the appearance of divine fragrance. I think James Kidd desired a Foundation to photograph this 'Soul' with his fund. I have experiences related to the beyond

mind state of Dadaji. One T.V. Magnate of Houston, Maco Stewart, being impressed by Dadaji's beyond-mind state of God sent a computer Scientist with T. V. gadgets to record how Dadaji was curing Maco's heart in a Houston hospital, while Dadaji was in a Los Angeles room talking to us. With Dadaji, there is no time and space. Maco is a great devotee, he wants to spread Dadaji's message of Truth in the World, so Dadaji agreed to his entreaties for the Computer test. Dr. Karlis Osis had Dadaji experiences of beyond-mind existence. The form of Satyanarayan appeared in the Grand Hotel, Calcutta, where Dr. Osis was relaxing in the noon-time. Dr. Osis also experienced "Mahanam", Great Name of the Lord, that reveals of itself from a state beyond mind and intellect. Dr. Osis also experienced Dadaji's aroma, indicating his presence in several places when he did not expect it. It happened in his unwary moments—even in the U.S.A. No time and space limit. His aroma is the proof of his being within all. Since it is not mind's function, it cannot be manifested on asking because it is not under any dictation of the mind. With Dadaji, it happens as per the Supreme Will. Dr. Osis had another experience in Dadaji's Calcutta house. He received a Worldly watch from nowhere and that watch was then transformed to an out-of-the-world watch. Dadaji from beyond mind erased the Worldly name of the watch. Dr. Osis was flabbergasted to see how the inscriptions Satyanarayan & Co. could appear inside the dial by Dadaji's mere wish, as also Dadaji's name inscribed without any tools. He recorded so many beyond mind manifestations in my house and saw their photographs, etc. You can now enquire from Dadaji's numerous devotees in the U.S.A., West Germany, London, Australia, Belgium, etc. Dadaji's aroma signifies his presence outside the limitations of time and space and beyond mind. The aroma and his figure (appearance) manifest anywhere in the World. Even at the death of a devotee, He appears as aroma from within, meaning that He is the soul eternal. Some time the dying man sees Dadaji while others

around cannot. While all this takes place, Dadaji may be thousands of miles away. Dr. L. K. Pandit, Physicist of Tata Institute of Fundamental Research, Bombay, Dr. P.V.S. Rao, Computer Scientist, Dr. R.L. Datta, President, International Solar Energy Society, Dr. W. H. Klein, Smithsonian Institution U.S.A., Mr. Bruce Kell (Australia), Dr. Excell (Thailand), Dr. Brian Schaller (S. Africa) and the like have all experienced Dadaji's manifestations. They happen for the cause of Truth, to give evidence of Truth beyond the reach of man's Science. Truth is One, ever present, immanent in all as one,—Satyanarayan. Everything is ONE. Dear Dr. Heraldsson, Dr. Houtkooper, believe it or not, Dadaji proves that Almighty or Soul is not an empty conception of the human mind. In Him rests the entire creation. This is unprecedented, unthought of in any civilisation and is beyond the conception of human mind and intellect. Nothing is after death or beyond this world, everything is here. When a body is off from the current of life, it falls here but the current is always there ; so the soul in body and mind is like this. Mind remains with soul to manifest as per Law of Karma, of action and reaction, Whatever man does is Karma destined by the Supreme TRUTH. Body on being buried or burnt vanishes into the elements of nature out of which is born again some other body, like a new house constructed in place of demolished houses today or tomorrow. It's a play of eternity—so nothing is out of this world, everything is here. A body is born but not with caste marks. Mind starts from the stage it was in the previous body, but it is not aware of this. The play thus goes on—so no death ! Forms only go off, come again. He exists as ever-present Soul. In India, for thousands of years, there had been so many who acquired individual psychic power ; Yogis of high calibre are psychic. All are individualistic and so cannot be absolute because of the mind's 'I' sense. Man cannot cross the mind and ego. He cannot be 'zero', so long as body is there. Dadaji, to talk to us, does show a little bit of body-mind aspect. He can

actually manifest at any time, anywhere. In sleep he is still more all-pervading. We also in deep sleep don't have the feeling of mind ; but we exist ; we are with the soul, who is one, He. In our waking state mind appears and we feel the turning up of relations, attachments and other perspectives of the mind. In sleep nothing exists except the one soul—we are with Him. For ten years, during the major period of my days and nights I have been making these investigations, all on my own. Where there is mind, there is meaning, sorrows and pleasures. Because of Mind, we feel different sensations in different parts of the body. Why ? Because of preconceived notions of mind, we react differently in seeing or touching different parts of the body. But, beyond mind there is no difference. When we don't have 'I' sense, no sense of sensations—we will feel every part of the body the same whether touching or seeing, be the body man's or woman's. All differences are in the Mind and Ego filled with preconceived dormant impressions and notions. Dr. John Hasted, a top psychic in Europe and Physicist of London University met Dadaji. Dr. H. N. Banerjee, the famous Indian Para-psychologist also met Dadaji. The latter showed me photographs of how a new-born child detected correctly the murderer of his previous birth, and of how another child jumped into the lap of a lady whom he recognised as his previous birth's mother. So, everything is here—mind buds forth only, body goes off—soul remains still as one. So mankind is one, language is one, Religion is one, Truth is one, universal existence and cause of the births and deaths of the body. In mind language appears. No mind, no language. Everything is one. Hindus, Muslims, Christians are identified by names, but are all born as one, like leaves of a branch of a tree, that fall and are born again and again on the same branch.

Let me emphasise again that the eternal vibration of life is manifest in the non-living though it is invisible and undetectable. To give a very rough analogy, this is somewhat like the invisible radio waves manifesting in a live radio

correctly tuned or the invisible electric current in a lighted bulb.

E.S.P. as you know is different. Individual power cannot cross mind's barrier. Man is limited by mind and so is his intuition. But, Dadaji proves Truth is Absolute eternal and outside the grasp of mind. He is one with Truth, can see and know eternity, is omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient. You will see how nature revolts between 1980 and 1990; all human calculations will be upset forcing man to realise the supremacy of Truth.*

Thanks and regards,

Yours sincerely,

ABHI BHATTACHARYA

* Dr. Lalit K. Pandit of Tata Institute of Fundamental Research, Bombay, has edited this article—Editors.

Dadaji : The Best Friend

Rajesh K. Bedi*

I was never an atheist but at the same time I was not a very religious minded person when I first met Dadaji three years back in Chandigarh. At that time I was passing through a very critical juncture of my life and my physical and mental health, both were becoming an obstacle in my way to success.

After completing my Post-Graduation in Chandigarh I went to Delhi for a job. I worked there for four months but my health had deteriorated and I had fallen sick. For twenty days I took medicine from a doctor in Delhi, and finally when I saw I am not improving I decided to resign my job. So I left my job and came down to Chandigarh. My parents were much worried to see me in bad health and good doctors were consulted but their medicines also didn't make much difference.

And then one fine day I was asked by Prof. Puri to meet Dadaji who was on visit to Chandigarh in those days. When I went to see Dadaji I was running very high temperature. Mrs. S. P. Puri felt my pulse and told me that I was running high temperature and I should go home and take rest.

But to my good luck I was sent inside to meet that Supreme Doctor-Dadaji. I told Dadaji that I have chest trouble since childhood and I had terrible pain in my chest. I was running high temperature. Dadaji said that everything will be all right and He touched my chest with His fingers. I came out of His room surrounded in a strange aroma and I felt as though somebody had infused life and strength in my body.

And that Supreme Doctor-Dadaji cured my disease in minutes which Doctors could not cure for weeks. When I

* M.A., Chandigarh

first met Dadaji my weight was forty nine kgs. and within eight months I gained fourteen kgs. of weight. Isn't it wonderful? And that chest trouble? It has not even once reminded me since then, that once I was suffering from it.

One thing more I wish to add that after a few days of my meeting Dadaji I got a very good job in Chandigarh.

Two months back I again looked up very expectantly at Dadaji for his blessings and guidance. This time I was standing on the cross-road of my career and I was badly in need of a change in my profession. Again, Dadaji came to my rescue.

On the evening of 5th August, '81, I sat for meditation in my room. After a few minutes in a tranquil state of mind I saw Dadaji, and I requested him that if he could bless me I would get a job abroad very early. I sat in meditation exact at 9 p.m. and I got up at 9.20 and 10 to my utter surprise at 9.40 the postman delivered me a telegram. The message was your PTA (Ticket) sent to Gulf-Air-Delhi. Visa already posted. Please take flight August 14.

I was flabbergasted to see it and my eyes became full of tears of love and gratitude for Dadaji.

After this, another fascinating experience I had in the month of Sept., '81-which I am not narrating here, but this last experience has convinced me that Dadaji is very right when he says :

'If devoted to God,

You can have anything you want

As long as He wants you to have it.

This is grace.

If not devoted

You can have anything you want

Whether it is good for you or not.'

Dadaji : The Mahanam of Our Age

Dr. Dilip Chattopadhyay*

The Life of Dadaji is an open book. As a householder He smilingly discharges all sorts of family obligations and earns His living from a Toyshop in Calcutta. The selection of this particular trade is not without significance. Scientists, scholars and intellectuals throughout the world have come to Him in their quest to know Dadaji and analyse His doings. Specialists in their respective fields have been baffled, and that explains why He has been variously described as the Supreme Scientist, the Supreme Physician, the Supreme Law-giver, the Most erudite scholar of Scriptures, and last though not least, the Limitless Nobody. The Supreme Consciousness in human form, Dadaji is not to be taken merely as any ordinary mortal. He describes Himself as Nobody, yet there have been numerous evidences on record which prove conclusively that He is the root-cause of everything, and in fact, He is Everything.

To understand what Dadaji stands for, one should try to be acquainted with His simple yet eloquent philosophy. The Philosophy of Truth is nothing short of a Total Revolution, if only one tries to realize it through one's life. It is in this respect that Dadaji's Philosophy of Life presents a challenge to the so-called Sadhus, Rishis, Yogis, Bhagwans, etc.,—the charlatans who have been running costly Ashramas, and thus exploiting the innocent millions in the name of God. The various milestones of Dadaji's Philosophy are reflected in the concepts of Satyanarayan, Puja, Diksha, Dakshina, etc. which lie within the purview of His teachings. For instance, the concept of Satyanarayan is not to be confused and identified with Lord Satyanarayan,—the Salagram Sila,—the Hindu

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deity. 'Satya' that is Truth or Absolute or Atman (Soul) that sustains Man (i.e. Nara) is Satyanarayan. In this respect, Truth is one, and mankind is one and language and religion are also one. Again, the concept of 'Puja' as demonstrated by Dadaji is quite different from that understood from Shastric interpretations. In Dadaji's philosophy, Puja is not any conventional ritualistic affair. It entails the sacrifice of the Ego in the individual and has to be free from any 'prayer,' born out of want, which is another name for Abhaba. In a Puja of this sort, the worshipper and the object worshipped become thoroughly identified. Here, therefore, flowers, sandal-pastes, the sacred-water and incensed sticks are not at all necessary. Where He manifests Himself in the Form of Truth, He leaves definite marks and evidences behind, from which the seeker of Truth may feel, witness and thus realise His presence.

I can vouch for this, as I had once had the rare experience and privilege of sitting inside a Puja-room at Batanagar on October 1, 1974. Led into the Puja-room I was directed by Dadaji to take my seat before the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan (described as the symbol of Truth by Him) and chant the Mahanam, with eyes shut during the event. Various food items and drinking water were kept as offerings to the Lord. No sooner had Dadaji left the room with the words 'Jai Ram' than the doors were shut from outside. Immediately, I took resort to Mahanam (i.e. the Lord's Name). After a while, I heard distinct sound of footsteps around me. A little later, indistinct whispering notes of strange voices came to my ears. These were, as Dadaji maintains, the voices of the Sakhis. Even with closed eyes, I could visualize effulgent light flashing twice before me. A few moments ticked off, when I heard someone uncovering the glass-lids and drawing water from the glasses. Simultaneously, I heard Dadaji's voice also. But, more was yet to come. At first, some sweet-scented liquid substance (resembling cologne in perfume, a kind of 'aroma') was being poured on my head and then on my back, at least twice. Quickly, the atmosphere in the room was getting

transformed and the air inside was becoming surcharged with 'aroma', that usually emanates from Dadaji. This continued for a longer spell. After some moments, Dadaji entered into the room and told me to open the eyes. I did accordingly. Later, He told me to narrate the experiences I had during the ceremony before a select assembly. Evidently, it was not me who had anything to do during the Puja. It is He who manifests Himself and does His own Puja, which a human being is powerless to perform.

The ceremony of 'Sradh' (i.e. the last sacrificial rites for the dead) has also a novelty about it. According to Dadaji, to be worth its name, the deceased individual for whom the 'Sradh' is arranged and held, should be physically present at the time and leave visible evidences of his/her presence. Otherwise, how could one know what has really happened? I have personally witnessed a few such occasions, and the one taking place in January, 1979 on the occasion of Mr. A. Das Gupta's mother's 'Sradh' has been still fresh in my memory.

Again, the sacred-thread ceremony ("Upanayan" or Brahma-Sutra) has a special connotation in Dadaji's Philosophy. It is the Brahma-Sutra which sustains the human body. Thus, not the so-called Brahmins only, but anyone endowed with life has this 'Brahma-Sutra'. In this sense, we are all one—all Brahmins, descending from Brahma, the Supreme Father. In short, the Division of the present-day society into castes is purely man-made. For, how could the sons of the Supreme Being, who is not governed by caste-restrictions, be Brahmins, Vaishyas, Kshatriyas and Sudras? From this perspective, religion is also man-made, for if the Supreme Father does not have any caste-barrier or religious creed, how could His sons have these differences? The answer to these questions would be in the negative.

The concepts of Diksha and Dakshina are equally significant. As explained by Dadaji, 'Diksha' (or initiation) can never be given by any human agent. For, whisperings through the ears cannot transcend the mental plane and replace the

Truth, which also serves as the key to salvation. To be worth it, Diksha has got to be seen by the naked eyes, and then heard as well. This Mahanam, the warp and woof of our very existence, is constantly harped from within. That being so, how can the 'mortal' body take the place of 'Guru' who is deathless and eternal? As Dadaji asserts, He is no Giver of the 'Mahanam', though this occurs in His presence. About His role in this context, Dadaji says that He serves as the Safe Deposit Custodian, who only makes over the 'Naam' to the seeker, who has somehow forgotten (or lost) it through illusion (or Maya). So, how could He claim to be the 'Guru'?

When we come to this world, we have to come with Him in wedlock. That, according to Dadaji, is 'marriage' in the true sense. Viewed from this perspective, the terms 'Sati' (i.e. Sahamaran) and Widow-marriage need clarification. As long as He (the Husband) is within, the question of becoming 'Sati' appears meaningless. This is true in case of death of any 'mortal' being, not to speak of women only. For in this world, we are all females ('Prakriti') and He alone is the Purusha (Puruṣhottam). As soon as He (the Atman or the Soul) leaves this mortal frame, the individual ceases to live. Without Him (His existence), the individual becomes a widow and has to court 'Sahamaran' or 'Sati'. Thus, widowhood and Sati go together.

It has to be noted, however, that everything or being is 'Brahma'. His existence is conveyed through Sound (i.e. Sabda). The co-existence of Sabda and Brahma helps keep the individual alive. As and when the sound ceases, the Brahma still exists, but in a state of stagnancy, that is without life. Thus, the concept of unity of Sabda-Brahma becomes eloquent and meaningful.

Dadaji makes no secret of the fact that no ashram or temple, mosque or church is necessary for His worship. This mortal body within which He resides is His only Abode (the Temple of Viswanath), whatever name we may give to it. In this sense, therefore, the Universe is His.

Referring to the concept of 'Dakshina' (i.e. offerings, especially in terms of money), Dadaji asks, "Have we anything to give Him—Our Father?" In other words, Can the Almighty—Our Father expect any 'Dakshina' or earthly offerings from His Children? Decidedly not. Conversely if we can attune ourselves to the 'Naam', that we have been blessed with since birth, and submit to Him, this then at once becomes the highest form, in fact, the only form of 'Dakshina'. For, He alone is the Giver, and the rest are all seekers.

As to the utility of penance or physical hardships, Dadaji asks, 'Has the son any need to practise acrobatics or undertake physical sufferings to obtain his Father's love and affection?' The response here is also negative. The Father spontaneously showers blessings and grace on His Children, for which no formal or external demonstration is needed.

Dadaji emphasizes that unless we rid us of our Ego and surrender ourselves to the 'Mahanam' which is the only way to durable peace and happiness, here and hereafter, how can we feel and realize Him?' Not by polemical controversies or debates, nor through protests and contests can He be felt and realized. On the other hand, it is through selfless love (i. e. Prema) which the 'Sakhis have for their beloved Krishna that one may enjoy eternal bliss, i.e. Braja Lila in the Vrindaban. Vrindaban, Dadaji says, cannot be the name of a particular place in the Uttar Pradesh. On the other hand, the Lila-kshetra of the Lord, wherever it is, becomes Vrindaban in the real sense.

This reiteration of Dadaji's Philosophy of Truth will remain incomplete if I fail to mention the early phase of my association with Dadaji. It was on the Full-Moon Day (Guru Purnima),—the 22nd November 1972,—the birth anniversary of Guru Nanak that I was received by Dadaji with loving affection and blessed with the Mahanam. On that occasion, He touched my chest and forehead twice, and there was sweet 'aroma' all over. This fragrance lingered for days together.

Our relationship became intimate from the very first day of our acquaintance.

My two trips for Higher Studies to America not only constitute a distinct chapter in my academic life, but have also brought Dadaji closer to me in various ways. Early in September, 1973 I proceeded to the U.S.A. with a Scholarship for prosecuting Higher Studies in History. Prior to my departure for the States via Delhi, I cabled Dadaji, then in Bombay, seeking His blessings and offering Him my 'pranams' (salutations).

My early days in the States were marked by uncertainty and a spirit of apparent restlessness. In the midst of a packed academic programme, I somehow carried on my work. It was the thought of Dadaji and His love that sustained me throughout this period of my stay in the States. It was in the early hours of 16th September 1973, that Dadaji suddenly appeared before me in His white gangi and saffron lungi, and blessed me with the 'Prasad'. This was a sight for the gods, and naturally it overwhelmed me. The duration of this incident was indeed very brief, but it left me self-composed and self-confident. I took the earliest opportunity to write to Dadaji, then in Calcutta, about this incident.

My performances at the first Semester's examination were apparently unsatisfactory. The very next day—it was 9th of October, 1973—as I was returning from our University to the Motel, a sweet fragrance followed and accompanied me all through till I reached my destination. This experience, to say the least, was romantic and defied expression at the moment. In fine, Dadaji through His Will Supreme had manifested Himself to make me realize that there was no time-space dimension for Him. And even in that far-off America He was my nearest and constant companion. Even before the results were known Dadaji's aroma acted as the soothing balm and conveyed His grace and blessings to me. But this was not the only occasion when I received His blessings through 'aroma'. There were other occasions as well when this sweet fragrance

lasted from a few minutes to nearly an hour. This 'aroma' as Dadaji holds, is the sound of the flute (i.e. Bansidhwani) of Lord Krishna. It travels thousands of miles away from Him and indicates His presence and manifestation. That He is everywhere and with all of us is conclusively proved from this incident. He becomes manifest, especially, to those who would always enjoy playing with Him, Dadaji asserts.

On March 24, 1974, I was invited by a Methodist friend of mine to speak on 'India' before a distinguished gathering at a Methodist Church. Surprisingly enough, I happened to be the only speaker on the occasion. The function was highlighted by Mira's Bhajan. Indian dishes were served to those present. I started with a brief note on Indian social customs and religious practices. I emphasized, however, that any topic relating to Indian culture and philosophy would remain incomplete, if I did not mention the phenomenon called 'Dadaji'. The Assembly looked at me with astonishment at this remark. I then read out His Message before the audience. When I observed that "You do not have to visit Churches, temples or mosques to worship the Almighty Lord, as He is your very breath, your existence, the nearest and dearest, reciting ceaselessly the Mahanam from within," the assembly seemed to appreciate and admire the substance of Dadaji's philosophy. At the end of the meeting, I had to respond to several queries about Dadaji and His philosophy. I treasure the pleasant memory of that evening even to this day.

Within a fortnight of my return to India from the States, one day,—the 5th September, 1974—Dadaji enquired of me about my food habits there. Then, suddenly He said 'You will have to go again'. This turned out to be prophetic, when early in 1980, after I had already obtained my Ph. D. in India, I once again got an opportunity to go to the States for doing further research in Education at SUNY, Buffalo. My stay there for a period of about 15 months was spent in hard-work connected with my basic academic interests. On numerous occasions, through His sheer-grace and love, I could tide over

my academic problems. I successfully completed the requirements for research in my specialized field within a relatively short time-frame. I shall briefly allude to two things which stand out among others as definite marks of Dadaji's manifestation. Barely two months after my arrival at Buffalo, I had not only picked up a significant topic for my research-project but also came across, to my pleasant surprise, the needed materials out of which the draft for the same was quickly worked out. The novelty and complexity of the theme of my research presented a veritable problem, and it became rather difficult for me to iron out the 'Proposal'—a primary requisite.

One morning, I suddenly felt that some irresistible 'force' from within was trying to give shape to 'something' unattained so far. In less than 5 minutes, the opening paragraphs of the 'Proposal' came to me almost as a Message. At this, I was beside myself with joy and realized the infinite grace of the Will Supreme in that far-off land.

During July 1981, at Los Angeles in California, American Scientists of eminence, including Nobel Laureates such as Paul Berg, Linus Pauling and many other distinguished individuals came to Dadaji in their quest for truth as also to quench their spiritual thirst. Scientists remained spell-bound when they found the windy Pacific was silenced in seconds at Dadaji's bidding. It is a well-known fact that wind and weather change their courses and character at His behest. Again, at His direction, the sun goes behind the clouds or shines brilliantly and rain starts or stops in the trifle of a second. Events like the materialising of watches, pens, medallions, and to crown all, His Messages, out of nothing—all of which are scientifically explained by Dadaji, are common and ordinary experiences to many.

Miracles flow from Him ceaselessly (though Dadaji denies their authorship), but the Philosophy of Truth that He has brought for the mankind is perhaps the greatest and noblest of these. The intellectual elites and the foremost scientists of

A Select Glossary of Sanskritic Words*

Anukara—Literally, imitation. The Almighty created the diversified universe through sounds as alphabets and words. If we could pronounce these sounds in their original purity, we could create the things of the world. This is stated in the Holy Bible, the Holy Quran and in the Vedas and Puranas. But, we have distorted them through our defective organs of speech. These distorted sounds and words are called 'Anukara' or 'Vilma'.

Abhava and Swabhava—A feeling of want which cuts us out from the integral existence of the Absolute and makes discrete individuals of us. *Swabhava*, however, is a passive feeling of undissociative integral fulness of and in the Absolute. This is a state where one has no sense of want, a state beyond the mental domain of bipolarity. One who is in this supra-mental state of perfect equipoise is called 'Purna-Kumbha' by Dadaji. Literally, *Swabhava* means 'innate nature'.

Asva-medha—'Asva' means horse ; 'medha' means sacrifice. It is a kind of sacrifice in which the performing king lets loose a horse to roam at will through different countries of the currently known world. If any king arrests it, it has to be released and let loose again, waging war if necessary, to round the world. When the round is completed, the horse is killed and offered into the sacrificial fire. To Dadaji, 'Asva' here means our sense-organs which are not to be restrained, but should be let loose to run riot, if they will. When they have run out full cycle, they will turn inwards and become our best friends. This is *Asvamedha* to Dadaji, which brings in *Prasada* of the sense-organs.

Asana-Suddhi } Tantric Observances preliminary to any rite or
and } meditation. These have been integrated into all Hindu
Bhūta-Suddhi } and Buddhist forms of worship. 'Asana' means 'a sitting posture' (Padmasana etc.); then, 'a seat' (generally woollen or of kusa grass); and then, 'the earth' which supports us all; and finally, 'Vishnu', the cosmic spiral power supporting everything. 'Suddhi' means 'purification'. 'Bhuta' means 'the five elements of earth, water, fire, air and space'. Purification is done by sprinkling sanctified water (with the muttering of sacred formulae) on the seat, the earth and the body and by sipping it. Without such purification, the asana and the body cannot manifest their potency and the rites undertaken fail to achieve their ends.

Asakti—Anxious attachment. It is different from devotion which is to be disinterested.

Bharat-natyam—A kind of South Indian dance in the tradition of the sage Bharata codified in *Bharata-Natya-Sastra*.

Bindu, Nada and Kala—Tantric terms pertaining to cosmology. **Nada**, literally 'sound', is the initial, whistling, linear sound which

* Prepared by Dr. Nanilal Sen, one of the Editors of this Volume.

subsequently gives rise to 'Bindu' (Vindu), which is a closed circular system of conserved cosmic energy. This Bindu is also called Maha-Maya. This Bindu splits into Visarga (:), i.e. two separate Bindus and the process of creation starts off. From Nada to Bindu? Or, from Bindu to Nada? Scriptures postulate it bothways. 'Kala', literally 'amorphous part', is an $\frac{1}{16}$ th part of the Bindu which is composed of 16 Kalas.

Bhagwan—The Almighty Lord; God. He is the Personal principle, the Supreme 'I' and is beyond the Impersonal Brahma of the Sankara school. He is also called 'Iswara'.

Bhoga—To experience fruits of good and bad actions. Without bhoga, Prarabdha cannot be eliminated. Also, an edible offering to God.

Bhuma—The Infinite Plentitude, the state of supreme liberation, the Absolute. On the mundane plane, it is a region in outer space where it is all vacuum having neither any atmosphere, nor any gravitation.

Boudi—Wife of an Elder Brother. Here the respected consort, the Counterwhole, of Dadaji.

Charan-jal—'Charan' means 'foot'; 'jal' means 'water'. The water dripped from the stone idol of Narayana (Salagram-sila) while being ceremonially bathed daily in every Hindu house is called 'Charan-jal' (Charanamrita). A sip of it was considered sanctimonious by every devout Hindu. But, traders in God, the self-styled Bhagwans, started dipping their feet in a big vessel of water and giving it to their disciples as 'Charan-jal'. But, Dadaji is dead against it as a blasphemous and unhygienic act. With Dadaji, it is totally different. The pure drinking water offered to Sri Sri Satyanarayan, and other bottles of water kept in the Puja room, are found to be transformed into fragrant water after the Puja is over. This is, in fact, the Ganga, the flow of integral consciousness, which is said to be the liquid flow from the feet of Visnu. Dadaji is often found to turn a bottle of water into 'Charan-jal' simply with a touch of his palm. It has miraculous healing properties, if not defiled by our Ego.

Darshan—Seeing (the Lord as the mystic syllables, etc).

Diksha—Initiation (in the Vedic period) for performing any sacrifice or vow. Subsequently, it came to mean the muttering by the human Guru into the ear of the disciple certain mystic syllables. According to Dadaji, no human has a right of giving Diksha. Without pre-natal Diksha, we cannot come into this world. Here, we can have a rehearsal of that Diksha in the form of Mahanam ringing into our ears being displayed in red letters in a blank piece of paper in the presence of Dadaji. This is real Diksha, being as it is, a self-manifestation of Mahanam. Diksha is Darshan, according to Dadaji.

Devas and Devis—Gods and Goddesses presiding over the elemental forces of Nature.

Gandharvas } Two kinds of musician demi-gods. The first kind excels
and } in both vocal and instrumental music and in dance. The
Kinnaras } second kind excels in vocal music.

The Geeta—Srimadbhagavad-Geeta said to be written by Vedavyasa and forming a part of the Bhishma-parva of the Mahabharata. It is in a sense the most representative text on the Indian Philosophy of religion.

Gopabala, Gopi—Cowherd girls who had amour with Srikrishna of Vrindavan. According to Dadaji, they may be boys or girls, men or women. For, one, who is completely immersed in Krishna's love, is a Gopabala or Gopi ; and, as Dadaji asserts, all are women.

Guru—The Spiritual preceptor ; one who has disciples. According to Dadaji, no human can ever be a Guru. The Guru is within as Mahanam. He is Satya-Narayan.

Hamsa—Literally, a swan. Our in-breathing makes the sound 'Ham', and out-breathing 'Sa', together forming 'Hamsa'. The meeting-place of these two sounds is the void in the region of the heart where the two sounds of Mahanam are constantly being chanted. This Mahanam, which is responsible for the manifest 'Hamsa', is the real 'Hamsa' of the Sanatan Dharma, i.e., the eternal and universal religion which became perverted in course of time.

Jata—Matted hair Our ancient sages are said to have long Jatas. To Dadaji it sounds artificial and silly. To him, it means all-integrating consciousness, i.e., Mahajnana. When love is manifested, Sahasrara at the topmost region of the skull is frozen and a flow of integrated knowledge comes down through the aperture and travels all the way from the back to just below the region of the heart. This is Jata or Jnana-Ganga or Mahajnana.

Jiva—An animate being, particularly man.

Karma—Actions, good and bad, whose fruits we must reap in this world.

Kali-Yuga—The last of the four periodic cycles of time, namely, Satya, Treta, Dwapara and Kali. Kali is the worst of times and is yet the best of times because of the explicit manifestation of Mahanam.

Kundalini—It is the flow of vital energy through the spinal chord starting from below the rectum and reaching up to Sahasrara at the top of the head. It is called the serpent-power, which generally lies dormant at the lowest level in three and a half coils like a serpent. Yogis and Tantrikas endeavour to raise it right through the six plexuses, called Sat—Chakra, to Sahasrara. This is their summum bonum. But, Dadaji attaches little importance to this mechanical affair.

Leela—The earthly career of an incarnation of God is called 'Leela'. It is so called because He is not born like us through the impelling force of past actions. 'Leela' literally means 'sport'. His life is as though a sport.

Maha-bhoga—When an offering is made to the Deity through ego-less love, that is Maha-bhoga.

Maha-jnana—Undifferented, integral knowledge. See ante.

Mahotsava, Utsava—Literally, religious festivity. In essence, it means 'to bask in the light of manifest divinity' or 'to doff the physical sense altogether.'

Maya—Literally, illusion. But, to Dadaji, it is the manifesting potency of the Absolute. It is His infinite grace to us.

Maha-prasad, Prasad—Literally, anything offered to the Lord becomes Prasad or Maha-prasada to the devotee. But, etymologically it means 'self-composure'. It is inward turning of the sense-organs that have tired out of their objects.

Moksha—Deliverance, emancipation, redemption.

Nam-Kirtan—Singing the divine names of the Lord.

Nam-saran—To submit to, to resort to Nama.

Nyasa—It is the Tantric way of placement of certain mystic alphabetic syllables (Vija-mantra) on particular limbs of the body to ensure their steadiness and protection.

Omiyam Brahma Tadvanam—It means 'The Supreme Brahma, the support of Omkara ; that is to be worshipped (with love).' It has a reference to 'Amiya', the Proper Name of Dadaji.

Omkara Brahma—It is a symbolic worship of Brahma, called Pratika upasana, taking the syllable 'Om' as the symbol of Brahma.

Pancha-makara—It is a Tantric term. Matsya (fish), mansa (meat), Mudra (certain postures of the palm with fingers bent or intertwined in diverse ways), Madya (wine) and Maithuna (copulation), beginning as they do each with a letter 'm', are together so called. These are the five ingredients for a kind of Tantric practice called 'Vamachara'.

Prana and Apana—There are five kinds of life-breath within the body, each having a different function. They are Prana, Apana, Samana, Udana and Vyana. Prana, moves upwards, while Apana goes downwards. In a certain kind of 'Pranayama', the movement of Prana and Apana is arrested. The word 'Prana', left alone, means vital breath.

Prema—unalloyed, instinctive love (for God)

Preta-Sadhana—A kind of Tantric practice calculated to tame an evil spirit and to make him do his wish. A variant of this is *Sava-Sadhana* in which the performer sits upon a corpse and tries to enliven him and have him to do things of the performer's choice.

Pranaram—Prana generally means 'vital breath'. Arama = Delighter, solace. But, according to Dadaji, Krishna is 'Prana' personified. But, His 'Govinda'—state is beyond Prana, being its source and sustenance. So, 'Govinda', i.e., Satyanarayan, is Pranarama.

Prarabdha—It is that kind of past actions (karma) that occasions the present birth and that has to be spent up in this very life. According to Dadaji, 'Prarabdha' means 'the process of maturation of one's potentialities'.

Purnahanta—A technical term of Tantra Philosophy. Purna=Full.

Aham-ta=I-ness, ego. Purnahanta=Swatantrya=Complete independence. This Purnahanta or Swatantrya is the characteristic of Sakti who is identical with Parama Siva. Tantriks aspire to such Purnahanta or Swatantrya. Dadaji opposes it.

Purna-Kumbha—Purna=Full, Kumbha=Pitcher. A full pitcher has no sound or motion within. Similarly, a fully contented man, having no sense of want, and unruffled by emotions, is called 'Purna-kumbha' by Dadaji. The natural solar phenomenon called 'Purna-kumbha' and much venerated by bigoted Hindus is decried by Dadaji. To him, it is an internal affair.

Pujya—Respectable, venerable.

Raja-Suya—A kind of sacrifice performed by kings after conquering the entire world. Yudhisthira performed it. Raja=King. Suya=Sacrifice. According to Dadaji, mind is the king of sense-organs. So, after Asvamedha comes Raja-suya, the sacrifice of the mind, giving rise to supra-mental consciousness immersed in mellow love.

Rasa-leela—The dance of cowherd Krishna with Gopis forming a ring. According to Dadaji, when eight female friends of Radha have merged into her, then and then alone can ensue Rasa between Radha and Krishna in perfect identity. None, not even Siva, has the right to witness it.

Rishi—Seer of Vedic hymns.

Sannyasa—Generally means 'renunciation', 'taking orders'. But, according to Dadaji, it means 'complete effacement of egohood and experiencing the Lord as the sole agent'. It can be achieved only after death.

Sannyasi—Recluse.

Sadhu—A holy man, generally in saffron robe.

Sat-Chakra—Six plexuses within the spinal column as centres of energy, such as Muladhara, Swadhisthana, etc.

Sanskara—Impressions of experiences in the mind, which being revived, recollection becomes possible.

Satya-Narayan—Satya=Existential truth. Narayan=support of all Naras i.e. beings. According to Dadaji, He is the Absolute. He is represented as an old man in lungi and wrapper with skull-cut grey hairs, seated on a slab of stone (wood ?) or in a chair. He is represented as Tri-Sunya, being bereft of Mind, Intellect and Prabha (manifesting urge) and as an emblem of community of old religions.

Siddhi—A miraculous power achieved through yoga. Principal Siddhis are eight and belong, according to Dadaji, to the Lord. A partial manifestation is possible in man. But, these Siddhis, such as Anima, Laghima, etc. cannot help get God.

Tantra—A kind of philosophical treatise embodying esoteric practices.

Principally 64 in number, it indulges in Panca-makara, Sava-sadhana, etc.

Tapasya—Penance. To bear with fortitude the ills of life is only Tapasya to Dadaji.

Thakurji—The Lord, Satyanarayan.

Unmilana Samadhi—The final Tantric meditation.

Vidyas—Various Arts and Sciences.

Vraja-Leela, Vrindavan Leela—Vraja = Vrindavana, the place of Krishna's pastimes with Gopis, which is called Leela.

Vraja-rasa—The relishable sentiment of Vraja-leela. It is egoless and instinctive.

Yajna—Vedic sacrifice. To Dadaji, it is disinterested performance and completion of work.

Yoga—A Science of esoteric physico-mental practice.

SAYINGS OF DADAJI

- * Dadaji is nobody ; neither agent nor an instrument. The Supreme Will can make anything possible.
- * The son never prays for his Father's welfare ; it is the Father who constantly prays for his son's well-being.
- * Prayer begets Prarabdha—What to pray to Him who supplies in advance milk in the mother's breast ?
- * Body itself is Vrindaban. For, it (the body) exists as long as Govinda is there.
- * Body is the religious abode i.e. Dharmakshetra. Within this body, the battle of Kurukshetra is constantly going on between the Mind and the sense-organs.
- * Even if you practise penance for a million births, everything becomes useless without Prema (i.e. Love).
- * The story of Ram-Ravana's warfare is the manifestation of Ego of the Intellect. That warfare is the Internal Lila of Bhakta with Bhagwan.
- * Govinda is no object of prayer and meditation. He is won by Love.
- * Name is chanted in Prana, Man's duty is to listen to it.
- * Meditation and worship,—these are pleasures of the Mind. They have nothing to do with Him.
- * Marriage is union with Him ; worldly marriage is to live out the destined attachment together.
- * The Lord is the only Male, mortal beings—males or females—are prakiti. Both are slaves of mind.
- * "Jata" (i.e. matted hair) is but the symbol of marriage with Govinda.
- * 'Jap' and 'Tapasya' do not mean austerities for God. Man's only task is to do his work with sincere devotion.

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- * We have come here with His blessings ; only remember Him.
- * Sannyasa (i.e. renunciation) is possible when life ceases. A living being cannot be a Sannyasi (i.e. recluse).
- * God says "Don't understand me. Remember."
- * His Name is your own real being. You are His Temple.
- * The Truth reveals through Prema—"Love."
- * Truth is your only companion in this life and hereafter.
- * Taking His Name is the easiest way to Love God.
- * Man can claim no credit or authority. He is the Sole Doer.
- * Factors of time and space are for mortals.
- * God does not fill, but instead takes away cravings for material and sensual needs.
- * Bookish Knowledge increases Ego. It draws you away from Him.
- * We have come to this world to taste and enjoy Him. Let us become His disciple, not of the Worldly Gurus.
- * Human love is fickle and fragile and imbued with Egoism. Remember Him. His love is pure, everlasting.
- * Unhappiness is a part of the Ego ; beyond it no such thing exists.