

Chapter 1, continued

The Unphony Phone-tasy



Dadaji – 1970s Bombay, India

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

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

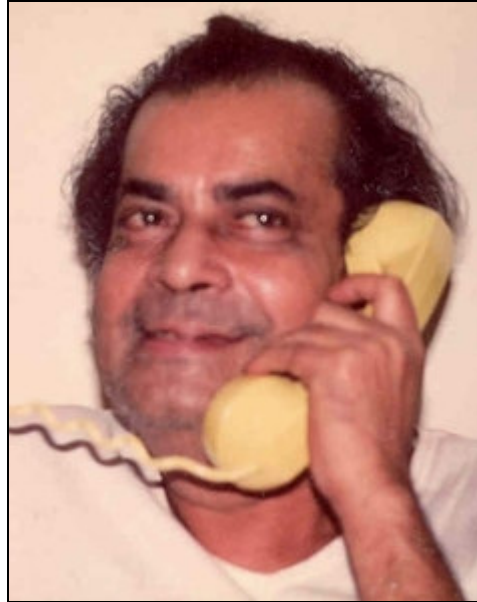
One day in 1973 Dadaji was residing with Mr Biren Simlai, a journalist in Calcutta. Dr Nanigopal Banerji, Dean of the Faculty of Music, Calcutta University and Dr Karuna Mukerji, Professor of Civil Engineering, Jadavpur University, were asked by Dadaji to come meet him at Mr Simlai's home. They came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

The same kind of phenomenon where Dadaji makes a phone call without benefit of a telephone occurred many times to people while they were riding in a car with Dadaji. Dr Bibhuti Sarkar, author of Dada Tatva (ON DADAJI – Part 6 at website <http://dadaji.info/DLOAD2.HTM>), had the privilege of experiencing such phenomena time and again. It happened to others also, to some while walking along a street or seated in a part, to others while they were with Dadaji in a huge gathering of people.

A few questions are to be negotiated before we can get a clear picture of this dizzying phenomenon of phone calls made by Dadaji without the use of a telephone and confirmed by those who received the calls. First, does Dadaji have the phone number, or does he get it from a family member currently with him, of the person whose family he is going to call? No one has indicated that to be true; that Dadaji had or requested a phone number prior to placing a call. Second, does Dadaji speak, whisper, or mutter any words during the call? No, he does not. Third, does Dadaji wave his fingers as if dialing or as if somehow manifesting a phone call? No, he does not. Fourth, how long does it take Dadaji to place such a phone call? It takes three to four seconds, at most; and the message is delivered at the receiving end in well-defined, syntactical language mingled with verbal pranks and nodding formalities. The verbal message, with pleasantries, takes at least two minutes for its articulation, not including the formalities and input from the other party. Punctuated by the responses of the receiving party, the call would take at least three minutes to run full cycle. So, in three to four seconds, Dadaji without using a telephone makes a phone that spans three minutes at least; a fantastic proposition. Fifth, has such a phone call ever been recorded by the phone company and appear on a phone bill. No one knows for certain; possibly not.

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

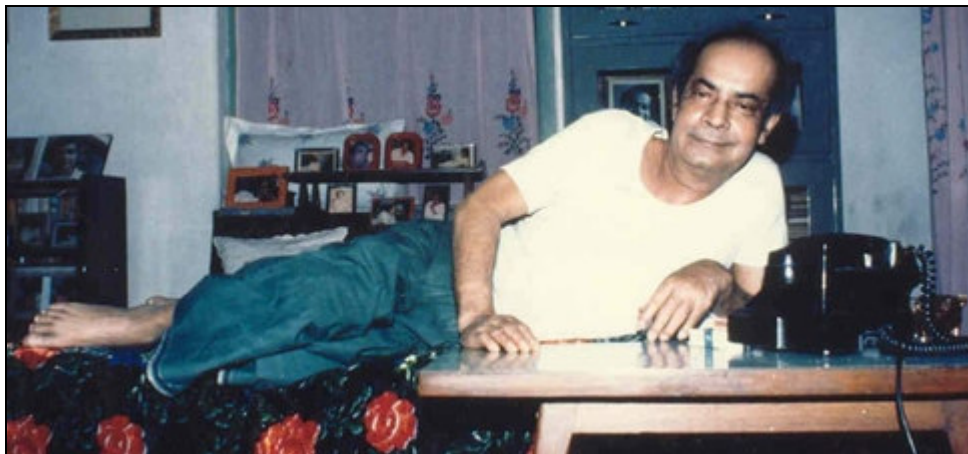
Such phone call phenomenon occurred often during the early 1970s before the development of conference calls, cell phones, satellite phones, etc. No one could conceive at that time of 3-way phone calls in developing countries such as India where the remnants of the British phone system were fraught with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



Dadaji - Los Angeles, California 1982

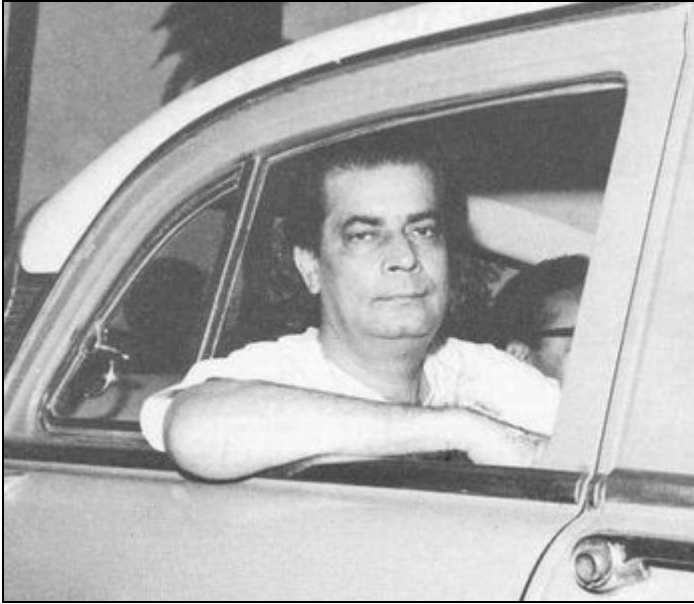
I will mention another strange incident before concluding comments and illustrations of Dadaji's unphony phone-tasy. Once in 1971 Dadaji was enjoying the company of some admirers in a residence in the northern suburbs of Calcutta. After awhile Dadaji called Dr Gourinath Sastri, a renowned Sanskrit scholar,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

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



Dadaji – Bombay 1985

The Automobile Heresy



Dadaji - 1971

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

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

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

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

In 1970 Dadaji decided to go visit Mr Gopinath Kaviraj, the great Indian savant, in Benares. Accompanying Dadaji were eight people, including Mr Chanddramadhve Misra, and industrialist who later became minister of the Orissa government. Travel was to be in private cars; one car was ready at hand, but the travelers wondered about having at least one more car. Mr

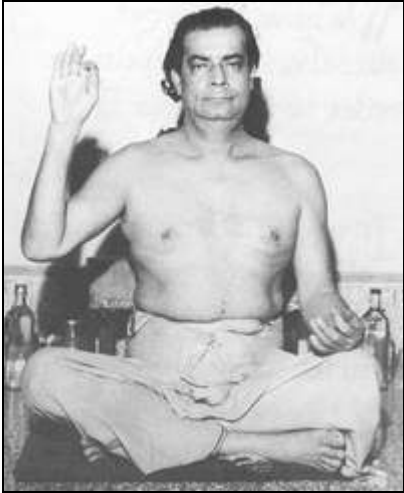
Sailen Sen announced with great drama, to the surprised relief of those gathered, that a brand new car had been booked for the journey. Jatin Bhattacharya and Dinesh Battacharya, the twin jesters to Dadaji, lost no time telling Dadaji who, with a sphinx-like smile, said, [“Those who ride in the new car will feel the brush of it.”](#)

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



Abhi Bhattacharya & Dadaji – 1983 Calcutta

The Aquatic Acrobatics



Dadaji – bottles of Charanjal 1972

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

Often people bring a bottle of pure water to Dadaji who places it near the portrait of Satyanarayan in the Puja room in his home. Many bottles are set in that chamber every day. After a day or two, the water in all bottles turns into Charanjal and each is returned to its respective owner. Bottles were brought and sent to Dadaji every day, not only from people in Calcutta and its suburbs, but also from different parts of India, Europe and America. Visitors from abroad took a cargo of a dozen or more bottles to fulfill the demands of their friends and relatives. One day Dadaji remarked in great exasperation, "If Charanjal is in such a great demand, not even a fiord of it will suffice. Nobody cares for Truth or to be bathed in His all-engrossing love."

Dadaji sometimes chooses to make Charanjal in a different way to meet the immediate request of, or to specially grace, a person. He passes his palm across the bottle of water, moving up and down, and then shakes the bottle up and down. Also, Dadaji often gave this Charanjal over the phone to those who call from distant places asking Dadaji's help with a critical health situation. Dadaji would ask the person who called to hold a cup of plain water near the phone receiver and Dadaji would wave his two fingers over the mouthpiece of his phone receiver turning the plain water in a distant

location into fragrant Charanjal. Across continents and oceans Dadaji has dispensed Charanjal this way over the phone to foreign dignitaries, senators, famous scientists in Europe, Australia, Africa and America, including for dear ones of one or two American Presidents.

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

There are more mind-crushing mystery sequences; incidents with Dadaji that are unique in every respect. On numerous other occasions there was no motion of Dadaji's hand or fingers



1982 – Dadaji's home, bottles of Charanjal

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

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

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

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

Submit to His Love and brave the world with patience and trust in Him. Renunciation is the greatest denunciation of God.” The godman was gutted to the marrow. “Fetch me a glass of water,” Dadaji said. Then he held the glass in his hand while waving his two fingers above it and said, “Drink this glass of milk and purify yourself if you will. Oh you want a Tulasi (basil) leaf in it? You have your wish.” The godman drank the milk with Tulasi leaf and then with an obeisance to Dadaji left the room silently with his disciples.

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

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

The Aura of Aroma

Aroma is pleroma, said one of the wise men of the East. Gnostics tell us that pleroma (a fullness; abundance, plenty; that which fills) is Divine Fullness. We have it from Dadaji that aroma is the unfailing mark of Truth; even the trickle of honey-like nectar on the portrait of Satyanarayana may, at times, be extraneous, superficial. But, real Aroma is not. Dadaji further exhorts us, “There is a trans-spatial region which is overly saturated with fragrance. Why don’t you be transported there?” According to Dadaji, the state of Satyanarayana is characterized by the stark nihilism of a colorless Existence lying in state upon Existence. Nothing exists there, though ever thing is immanent in It. And the essence of this Existence, which is transfigured as earth in our world, is petrified vibration of fragrance. That ultimate region must be the source and sustenance of all fragrances; everything in this world derives from that ultimate fragrance. It is common knowledge that to change the intrinsic smell of an object is to change it both physically and chemically. That may be, in a way, the secret of how Dadaji so often transforms one thing into another and materializes things beyond our wildest dreams.

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

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

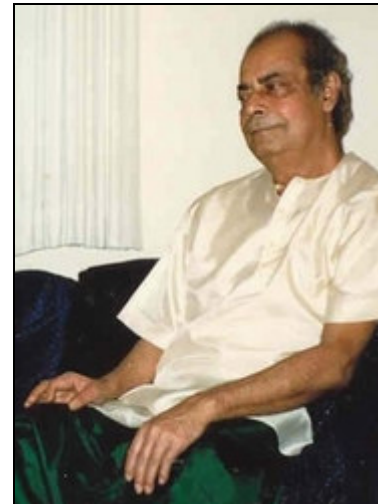
One day a noted perfumer was ushered in to meet Dadaji at Mr Das Gupta’s residence. His intent was to examine and name the fragrances which Dadaji playfully emitted from time to time. He did identify a lot of them, though failing in a few cases. Dadaji asked him to examine if each of eight specific regions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

* Kaivalya Nath – Kaivalya means Only-ness, single-ness. It is the highest expressible stage of Truth, the final state of Satyanarayana being ineffable. Though generally expressed as “I am that I am”, it should properly be expressed as “I-I”.

For it is the stage of Integral Existential Consciousness feeding back, so to say, upon Itself. There is, however, a semblance of Kaivalya, below Vraja, where one reaches through the reflective process of "Neti, Neti," the negative process of elimination. Nath means Lord.

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

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



Dadaji – Boulder, Colorado USA 1986

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

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