

Chapter 1, continued

The Aura of Aroma, continued

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



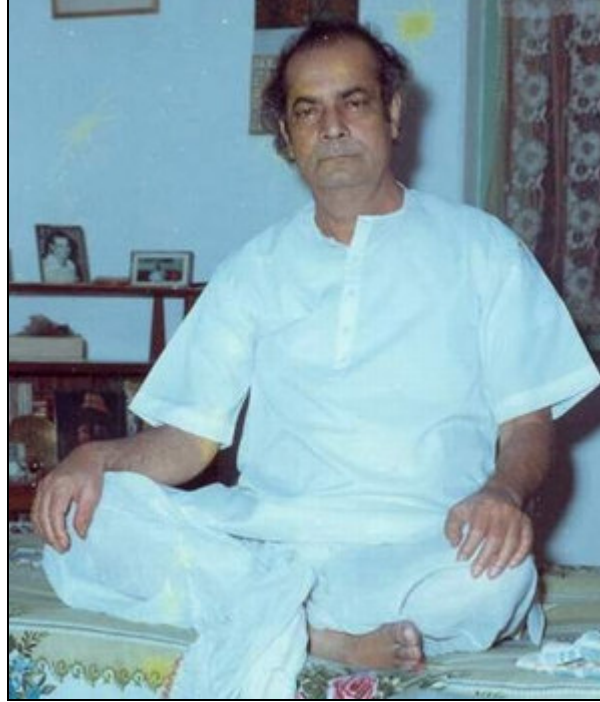
Purushottam Das & Dadaji - 1973

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

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



Dadaji – Bombay 1977



Dadaji – Calcutta 1978

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

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

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

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



Dadaji – Calcutta 1978

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

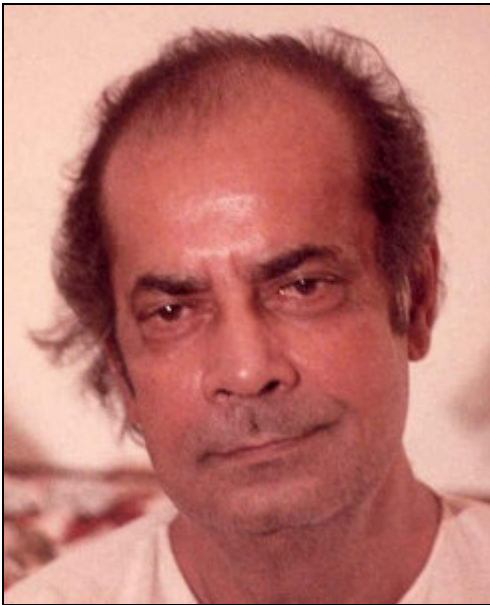
That being true, even then frequent rehearsal is necessary so that Dadaji's body can bear the brunt and absorb the terrible shock of descent of Divinity in varying degrees of intensity. Such rehearsal started from his early boyhood with a view to progressive consubstantiality (participation of the same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

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

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

Let me recount here the phenomenal scene referred to earlier at the Batanagore residence of Mr Das in Calcutta. In 1973 at the request of Mr Das, Dadaji along with a group of followers came to visit arriving before dusk. When I reached Mr Das' home, Dadaji said to me, "On coming here I found the Nature Goddess ready with a mass of clouds on her shoulder. A torrential outpour was in the offing. I entreated her with love, 'Please switch off your showery operation till tomorrow evening.' See the sky is clear, but a cold wind is blowing now and then." On the morrow, many more followers arrived swelling the gathering to around 150 people. Dadaji sat on a chair under the canopy in the side yard. The canopy covered around 4,000 square feet and had been erected for the large gathering of people expected to arrive. North and south of the side yard were vast open meadows. The west was skirted by Mr Das' residence; to the east stood an isolated two-story building about 40 feet distant. It was a bright, warm forenoon of winter. From the southeast the sun was flinging shafts of sunlight all about. At about 10 a.m., Dadaji began his usual casual social conversations with those seating nearby. After awhile, Dadaji mentioned the cyclonic weather that he, with a loving caress, had put on hold the previous evening. He

appeared amused, intrigued and enigmatic; such an appearance in Dadaji often precedes a wondrous supernatural feat. He smiled and said, “The sun looks very sullen. He can’t forgive me for having coaxed off the oncoming cyclone last evening.” Simultaneously, behind Dadaji at some distance Bhajans, names of the Lord, were being sung to the accompaniment of musical instruments. Dadaji continued, “In high dudgeon (feeling of offense, resentment or anger), the sun is bent on showing me how powerful he is. Let him. Listen to me, all of you! The rays of the sun will fail to get entry into the canopied area throughout the day.” Dadaji waved his palm upward while addressing the sun in frolic, “Do rise in blaze, in greater blaze, in greater still. Enough. No more of it.” And slowly, within seconds, Dadaji fell into an all-engrossing self-composure, a re-remembering, and at-one-ment of himself that lent an indescribable hue, beauty and fragrance to his body. How could a human body display such a radiant mosaic of colors, such mobile shapeliness, such deluge of dense Aroma, and such torrential perspiration! Was it that the sun, to wreak vengeance, had pierced Dadaji through and through with the shafts of golden rays that had erupted as a mass of scorching anguish of rosy ruddiness on his body? Silly! This happened many, many times before and after, though to a lesser degree.



Dadaji – Los Angeles, California 1983

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

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

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

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

What about the aura of Aroma present? It was a riot, an orgy, a Saturnalia of an avalanche of fragrance thawing upon Dadaji’s high voltage body, suffocating, stifling throughout with its soul-consuming virulence. The whole atmosphere of the place hummed and buzzed with the rhapsody of dense, humid Aroma; Aroma filled the area as though gushing from a hose according to many observers. It was the Aroma of Aromas, redolent with diverse fragrances, with the musk fragrance rising above them all. It seemed as though a pall had been woven around by

the humid density resulting in poor visibility for awhile. The entire landscape of the throng of people seemed to have gone to sleep for some twenty minutes.

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

After all my verbal gymnastics I am confident I have failed pathetically in my objective to describe my experience. Two major reasons I say that, in the first place I have failed to portray properly the picture of Dadaji in his "in tune" state. This is a state, the Supreme state, in which Dadaji can stay for at best ten to twenty minutes, as he has told us himself; beyond that time his body would dissolve completely like flakes of a thin shiny cloud. As for the ravishing fragrance that Dadaji's body lets loose, Dadaji said, "So long as there is perfect merger with Absolute Truth, fragrance sans vibration remains dormant. It starts flowing in riotous rapture when a state in between 'in tune' and 'in mood' states emerge." I fail utterly to describe such an aromatic scene.

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

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

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

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

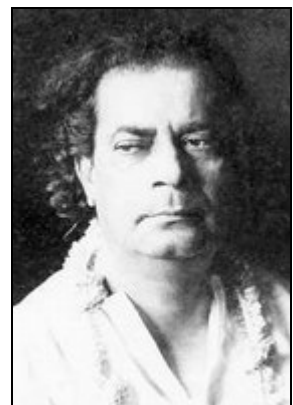
I recall a unique manifestation of Dadaji's Fragrance in a dying man, Narayanji of Patna, son of Paramanandaji, a minister of Azad Hind Government set up by Netaji Subhas Ch. Bose during World War II. A quarter of an hour before he breathed his last, his body started emitting

Dadaji's Fragrance. The doctor attending him was intrigued; how could a man dying of cancer have such a beautiful, stimulating odor? Fearing the end had come the doctor listened to his heart with his stethoscope, the promptly gave a cardiac massage to no purpose as his heart was not revived. The Aroma grew stronger and stronger and stronger; the doctor gave the dead man an injection to no avail. Dadaji's Aroma, waxing steadily ebullient, saturated the dead body and enveloped the entire palatial building. The doctor found to his utter amazement that not only his body and his clothes, but also his medical equipment and bag were all emitting a suffocating fragrance. When this experience was later reported to Dadaji, he said, "He was merged in Truth, so the Aroma enveloped his body as the signature of merger."

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

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

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



The Stirless Majesty of Materialization

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

Both kinds, manmade objects versus natural objects of nature, may be called forms of manifestation. There is a clear difference between the two kinds: pens, watches, lockets, chains, necklaces, shawls, silk saree, bottles of whiskey, cartons of cigarettes, vials of medicines, etc, manmade objects, can in no way be said to be pre-existent in the same fashion as apples, pineapples, mangoes, brinjal (eggplant), tomatoes, pumpkins, etc which grow of their own nature. Dadaji often said, while delivering manifested fruit to someone, "This apple has grown on the roof." Or, "This mango has grown in your orchard." Or, "This pineapple has grown by your portico." Of course, there being no apple tree on the roof, or orchard in the recipient's yard, or pineapple plant in their portico. One might assume that since say a watch doesn't grow, it does not pre-exist in a particular place before its manifestation. Dadaji often declared, "Hey, where is there any space? It is for sure a speck."



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



Dr & Mrs N. L. Sen

Once my wife and I, sitting in the front seat beside the driver, were accompanying Dadaji in a car speeding along Lansdowne Road toward Roma Mukerjee's house at Sealdah in Calcutta. I had the privilege of witnessing creation and evaporation of a necklace, twice, in the hand of Dadaji. Myself and many others close to him had a nagging complaint against Dadaji sparked by wounded vanity, that the recipients of his supernatural gifts are invariably the bigwigs of society, great scholars, scientists, celebrated journalists, industrialists and political heavy weights; the lead, the light, the key people and king pins of the world at large in all sectors of human endeavor. We commoners have always to confront the sabbath (period of rest) of his supernal gifting sprees. I was abundantly blessed, however, with a gift of a linen handkerchief and once again with a phial of injection ampoules (sealed glass vial), which Dadaji later changed to a brand of his wish. The handkerchief served to wipe the profuse perspiration

that drenched Dadaji constantly and it grew intensely aromatic over time. It glided on in its career as wiper and indulgent smuggler of perspiring Aroma for nearly three months and then I decided to have it washed. It was so done, but the linen kept the Aroma. Next day I put it under Dadaji's pillow so he might use it often during my absence, and also avoid it being soiled by any other hands. That was it; I never got it back again as a result of my washing sacrilege and truant submission.

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

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



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

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

The Puja over and the Prasad (left over food set before the portrait) distributed, Dadaji graced Mr Harin Chattopadhyaya, the poet-brother of Mrs Sarojini Naidu, a box of foreign chocolates manifested out of nowhere; Dadaji then graced his wife a cigarette case inscribed 'Zurich'. Suddenly Dadaji, out of nowhere, pulled a Satyanarayana locket from the turban of ever-tipsy Khuswant Singh, he then waved his finger and automatically inscribed Mr Singh's name with 'Dadaji' below it on the back of the locket. Dadaji then pulled Mr Singh's flowing beard and out came a gold chain. Then, with a wave of Dadaji's hand, Mahanam (Great Name of God) flashed out across Mr Singh's turban in Gurumukhi script. Dadaji left Khuswant Singh to tie the loose end of his mind and turned

to Mr K. Chakraborty, a Bengali, and his Gujurati wife who were simultaneously conducted into Mahanama when the words appeared on one piece of paper in their respective scripts. Fuming and fretting within himself for some long time, Dr. K. D. Jhangiani was feeling neglected with his aborted attempts to see Dadaji. But now Dadaji chose to catch up with the wave lengths of Dr Jhangiani's mind and started passing his hand under the man's shirt and through the hairy alcoves of his chest, gleaming within a minute or two a wrist watch one and a half inches in diameter. Dadaji then pulled the watch with his hands in opposite directions and a leather band shaped out. Dadaji asked Dr Jhangiani to give it to his wife; he obeyed grudgingly and instantly it turned into a ladies watch. Dadaji is tenacious in catching people pathetically on the wrong foot.

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

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

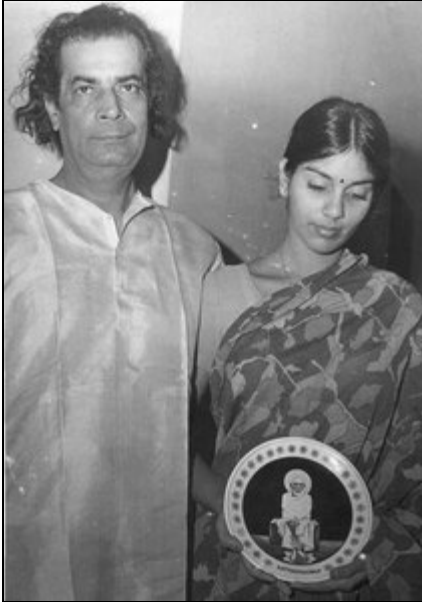


Dadaji – Madras 1973



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

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



Madras 1973

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

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

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

There are many witnesses to Dadaji changing one thing into another, making silver into gold, making things out of nothing, simply through fiat of his will; and, harnessing solar rays to produce fruits, vegetables, and sweets. Many giant pumpkins, eggplants, tomatoes, apples, pineapples, mangoes and Indian sweets have been harvested by Dadaji instantaneously from the solar rays. This manner of making things, edible or useable otherwise, is known as 'solar science' in spiritual parlance in India. Dadaji, however, asserts it is beyond the grip of self-styled godmen. A few adepts here and there may have command over it although their method is different and inferior to Dadaji's because his scaffolding is perched on the bubble-less void of nobody-ness, beyond the region of spatio-temporal imagism and agency. With Dadaji the cause and effect are coeval; or the cause trails the effect like the sound trailing the light emitted from an explosion. Whatever extraordinary things Dadaji does are sui generis being in no way similar to the efforts of others. For example, a yogi takes a span of time to do something extraordinary and his ego provides a boost to the event, like manifesting a mango. The yogi has an urge to control favorably the effect of the feat on the onlookers; it is like a guided missile flung to win popular applause. Dadaji also manifests a mango, but in an entirely different way; he manifests a mango

spontaneously and instantly; claims he is nobody and can do nothing; he is shorn of all sense of agency, has no ego. Dadaji's being is but one indivisible reality beyond space, time and causality. Shorn of ego and agency, Dadaji does not bother himself with the tenor and complexion of the result. What Dadaji does is supernatural; similar feats of yogis miss the mark, their power is acquired and becomes exhausted in time. With Dadaji it is but Nature; one may call him supernatural or natural, although no such invidious distinctions exist for Dadaji. Indeed with Dadaji everything is natural or supernatural, same; this is why he exclaims, "This man has not come here at all." For, Dadaji has no sense of agency, no ego. Whatever he does is natural with him; though supernatural with us. What we may take as natural for Dadaji, ought to be supernatural from our empiric standpoint. Dadaji clinches the issue when in reference to himself, he glibly asserts, "He does not do anything. He has not come at all."

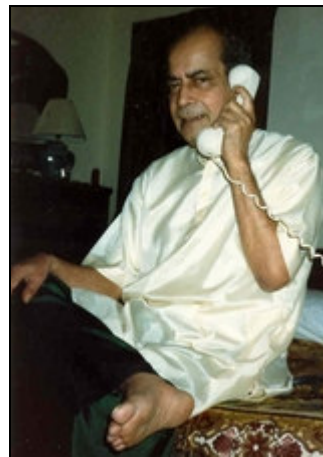
In 1975 Dadaji liked being closeted with a favorite, Mr Madhav Chakravurty every afternoon for a stretch of four months. The two would sit and chat in the Puja chamber in Dadaji's home. They would daily enjoy a sumptuous repast of a variety of Indian sweets fetched by Dadaji out of nothingness by stretching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

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

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



Dadaji in his bedroom at home
Calcutta 1986



Boulder, Colorado
USA 1986



Los Angeles 1987

Continued.....