

Chapter 1, continued

The Stirless Majesty of Materialization, continued

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

Dr Osis and Dr Heraldsson first met Dadaji in 1972, after negotiating various so-called godmen of India, at the Ritchie Road residence of Mr Gopi Bose, father to Miss Hena Bose, a onetime staunch devotee of Dadaji. The doctors were investigating paranormal events and set up their hidden camera in a small room next to the spacious hall where there were a large number of people gathered to see Dadaji. Dr Osis showed cards with different shades of colors in an effort to record Dadaji's verbal reaction to them. While the psychic researcher was testing Dadaji, he in turn was trying the intractable, indefatigable scientist. Dr Osis ran through the entire gamut of colors, but Dadaji replied "white" to all the varying stimuli. And, to the bewilderment of Dr Osis, the hidden camera, too, obeyed Dadaji and recorded only white frames. His pride humbled for the moment, Dr Osis confessed having found a person who defied his scientific scrutiny. Next day when Dr Osis and Dr Heraldsson came to meet with Dadaji at Mr Das Gupta's house, phone calls kept coming for Dadaji from callers round the world without respite, like the jingles of bells around a bovine neck. This was a common experience during the Thursday evening sessions held on Lansdowne Road. When the telephone rang for each call, Dadaji would announce the source of the call (person and location) even before touching the receiver. Dr Osis was riveted, intrigued and neutralized, saying, "Could we but get for a single day the x-ray eyes of Dadaji!" Dadaji instantly replied, "Tell him not to come here to grind his political axe."



Dr Osis



Dr Heraldsson

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

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



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

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

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



Dadaji in Bombay 1970s
Roma Mukerjee lower left

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

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

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

Many of the most fantastic, hair raising, breath taking manifestations by Dadaji are unattended with the least effort on his part. Yet the most common ones appear to be effected by him. How to explain this anomaly? Instead of spinning the cobwebs of our egos, our mental obsessions, which serve only as pot holes in our quest for Truth, let us submit to the words of Dadaji which are more likely to lead us to the anchorage of Truth. "Things happen through Will

Supreme,” he assures us in his stance of no-body-ness. “This man, your Dada, has no credit or discredit herein. But, when there is an absence of Will Supreme, he has to call into request Sudarshan* or he has to apply Vibhuti Yoga**.”



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Bhuvan Das in front of Dadaji's residence Calcutta 1982

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

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



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

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

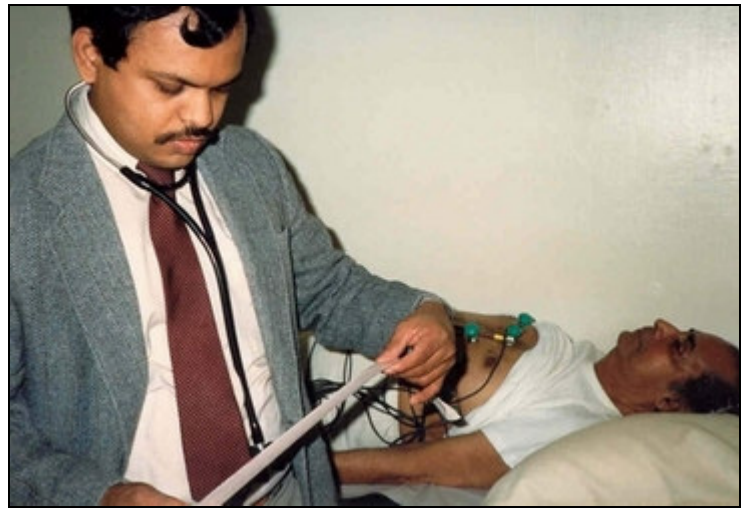
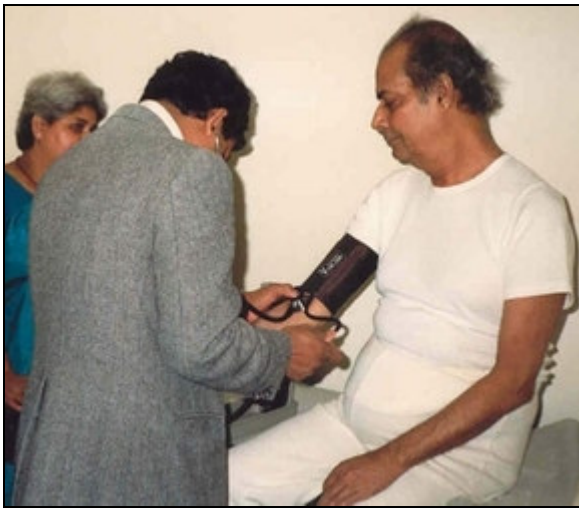
Are such supernatural advents triggered by solar science, or a mere wave of the hand, or a simple wish? Nobody can say anything for sure about it except Dadaji, who has given here and there clues to solution of the mystery. We can take refuge in his stubborn, often repeated words, “Don’t try to understand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

The Supernatural in Spectral Trickles

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

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

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



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

The same wildly fluctuating and alarming changes hold true for Dadaji's heartbeat, blood sugar tests, cholesterol, urea, etc. For example, I have seen his blood sugar test shoot up to 500; an hour later it lowers below normal to even 80 or 100; at times to 50. His cholesterol count may

rapidly vary from 500 to 150, according to His sweet Will. At times Dadaji's blood pressure cannot be recorded at all; other times, it may shoot up to 400/150, and absurd extreme. He smiles and smiles, dulling the edge of such a fantastic absurdity. Being as he is a nursling of nature, Dadaji often tends to break its bounds to the extent of proving that his body is immanent and transcendent at the same time.



Dadaji during EKG
1987 Los Angeles, California



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

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

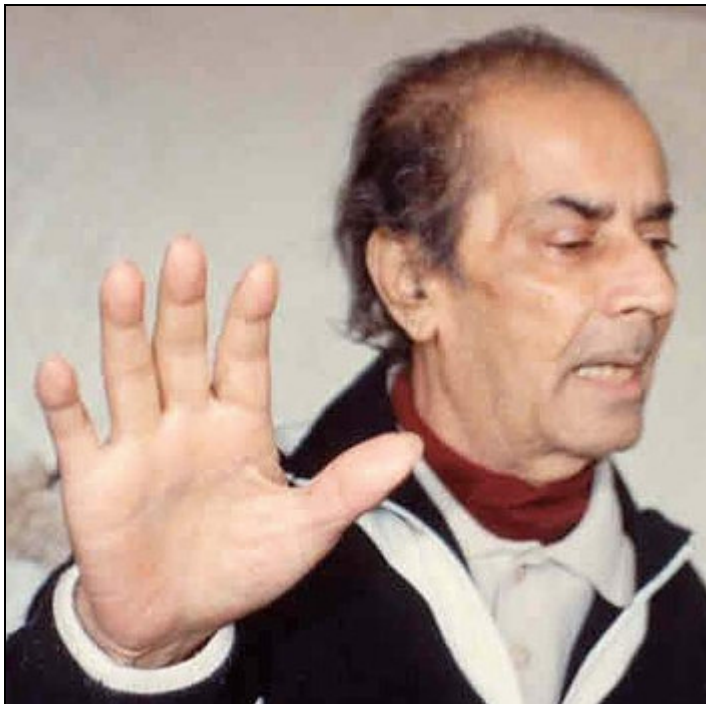
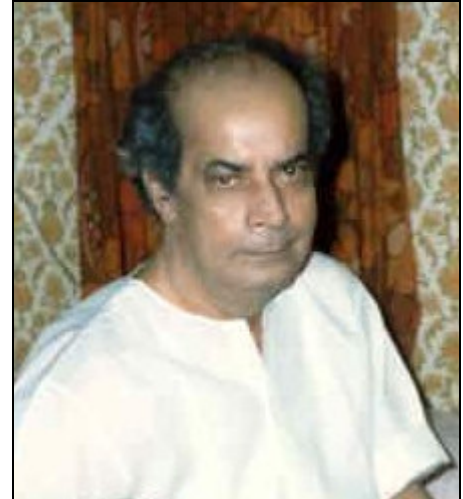
I will narrate an incident that happened to Roma Mukerji (now Melrose) a decade and a half ago in Calcutta. At that time she was an employee of the Reserve Bank of India in Calcutta. She was the apple of Dadaji's eye; his love for her exceeded all bounds. One day she was lost in her allotted work at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

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

After the physicians left Dadaji sat up erect cross-legged on his bed and exclaimed, "Dear me! To whom shall I divulge the secret? Krishna and Mahaprabhu were in person taking care of me all the while." The fever evaporated and Dadaji was his usual self, describing what had happened to Roma in her office in detail. Then he went to his bedroom alone and rang up Roma. He scolded her soundly for her slipshod ways and asked her to come meet him the next morning. The next day Dadaji took his usual round of morning walk around Tollygunge Lake area without showing any pain or exhaustion. Dr Mukerji came for a daily check up and found, to his utter bewilderment, no signs of any damage anywhere.

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Dadaji

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

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

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

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

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

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



Dr James Hardt

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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