

Chapter 1, continued

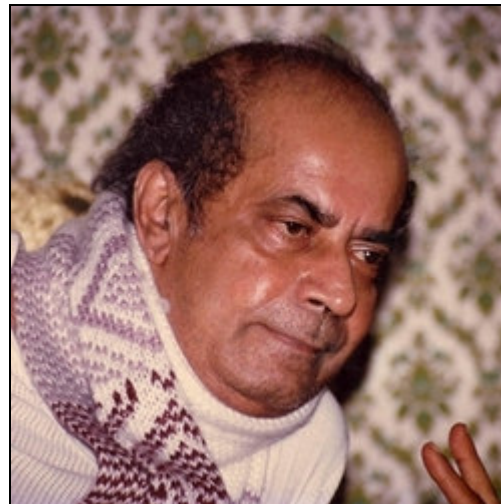
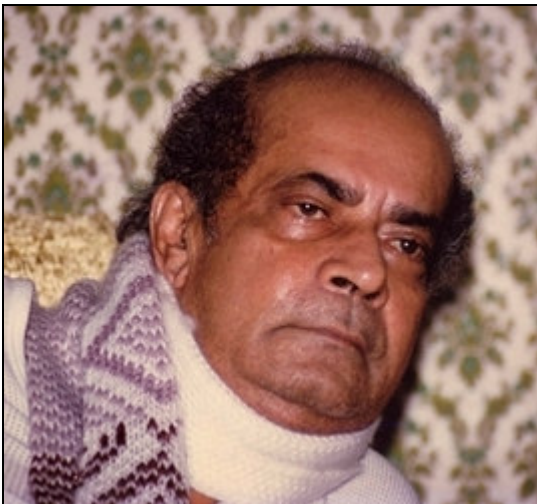
The Supernatural Redeemer in Pearly Trickles

Dr Manas Kr. Maitra and his wife, Madhuri, were at one time very intimate with Dadaji. It was possibly the early years after Dadaji emerged out of Amiya Roy Chowdhury. During that period, Dadaji often held sessions of spiritual rapport at their home. Mrs Maitra was as close to Dadaji at that time as Mrs Minati Day later became close to him. One day Dadaji along with his two jesters Jatin Bhattacharya and Dinesh Bhattacharya went to Dr Maitra's house to find all the doors closed. They rang the bell to no effect for the bell that constantly rings within the heart had started being erratic to the Maitra family. "What now!" muttered Dadaji as he kept standing there for awhile. Within four to six seconds, Dadaji came out of the house, opening the door to let them in. Although they knew full well the supernatural ways of Dadaji, still they were perplexed knowing full well that Dadaji was standing beside them.

When and how did he simultaneously stand beside them and appear inside the house to then open the front door to admit them inside? As they wondered and mused within themselves, bewildered they followed Dadaji who went back inside and awoke Mrs Maitra. He chatted with her for awhile and then left.

On another occasion, Dadaji went along with Jatin and Dinesh to the same house, which again was locked up tight. Dadaji started infusing intense Aroma all about. Meanwhile Mrs Maitra arrived home from visiting a neighbor's house. Somehow Dadaji's intense Aroma had unlocked and flung open the front door and Dadaji entered followed by the other three. For awhile Dadaji was intensely self-absorbed, Aroma continued to deluge the three others. Dadaji was perspiring profusely and drank a glass of water, apparently to undo the strain on his body called by the emanating Aroma, his divine essence. Then he sipped a cup of tea and smoked a cigarette, silently watching the curls of smoke. After a brief visit he returned to his home with Jatin and Dinesh. Dadaji had staged a welcome back home for Mrs Maitra, in the domain of love in a fanfare of supernal fragrances although she missed the radiant moment of merger in His Love as that was the keynote of the Fragrance laden house break in outrage.

Previously I have mentioned that whatever Dadaji does has a blend of the supernatural in it. In fact Dadaji was born with supernatural powers beyond the computation by any human mind. Even when he appears perfectly normal and down-to-earth, he is simultaneously in countless worlds. As he has asserted time and time again, "You people have no eyes. He is never alone, being constantly surrounded by those integral manifestations of God who came before Him. Now and then gods and goddesses come to anoint Him with sandal-paste, perfumed garlands and they worship Him." Be that as it may, to those who know the ways of Dadaji it is apparent that the



1985 - Dadaji in Supreme State and Dadaji talking normally with someone

inventory of all existents in all the universes is at his easy beck and call. So whatever he does is natural though saturated with the supernatural, and though taking on airs of the natural. When he looks serene, somber and tense, the supernatural seems to ride the crest of waves of his activity. In other situations, he looks perfectly natural. Dadaji's perfect nobody-ness encompasses all his stances, varied and divergent, from our point of view of course, for while driving everything, he is doing nothing.

In this section I will narrate sundry performances by Dadaji, which might seem banal to us though never demonstrated by any one before. One day I was chatting with Dadaji at his house with the two jester Bhattacharyas, Jatin and Dinesh. Someone arrived in a car to take Dadaji to their home as previously arranged. Dadaji is in the habit of not going alone, but in the company of associates, so he asked the jesters who usually try to evade such situations to accompany him. Dinesh argued, "How can I accompany you as I am covered in prickly hair; I need a shave, let alone a change of clothes." Dadaji responded, "Oh where are prickly hairs on your cheeks and chin? Let me feel them." Instantly, as Dadaji rubbed his two palms on Dinesh's cheeks and chin, he was clean shaven and glistening with a smooth softness never before experienced. Similarly, one time Dadaji passing his fingers on the brown skin spots on the face of Mrs Naik, removed them.

Toward evening one day Dadaji went, as he often did, to the house of Dr Nanigopal Banerji, the musical maestro. There was extensive load-shedding (electricity shut off) over a large area at the time. No sooner had Dadaji stepped into the sitting room provided for him than the fluorescent tub light started gleaming and the ceiling fan began rotating overhead full blast. Everyone marveled at it, but some newcomers had misgivings. One of them went out to the road to check and see if power was restored to the entire area; but he returned inside saying the rest of the area remained in darkness. Dadaji omniscient as he was got up and stepped into the adjoining Puja room where instantly the lights in that room came on while simultaneously in the sitting room Dadaji left, the lights went out and fan stopped. The mist of suspicion in the newcomers cleared, and Dadaji came back into the sitting room where the light and fan started working again. It went on that way until his departure; after he left both rooms were steeped in darkness and the fan lay paralyzed.

Often bottles of Charanj^a* flew imperceptively to the venue of Satyanarayan Puja held at great distances from where Dadaji was at the time. In December 1972 it was arranged to have Puja in the Bharatiya Vidyabhavan of Mrs Lilavati Munshi. When the Puja was over it was discovered that four bottles of fragrant Charanj^a from Abhi Bhattacharya's house had appeared there. This happened many times in many places and particularly with Mr G.T. Kamdar when bottles of Charanj^a in his Bhavnagar home would appear at the Satyanarayan Bhavan located miles away from his home. This has been observed to happen across hundreds of miles.

Thus on September 2, 1977 Mr R.K. Karanjia, Editor of "Blitz" magazine in Germany, came from Bombay to Calcutta to meet Dadaji at his home. It was forenoon and Dadaji was sitting in a chair talking with Justice J.P. Mitter, Mr Barin Ghosh, and Mr Prakash urakayastha, a Bengali business magnate from Bombay. Mr Karanjia appeared in a swimming suit before them, which was rather odd in a household setting. Dadaji first gave him an ordinary lungi (men's traditional, skirt-like, wrap around attire worn from the waist and hanging to the ankles); but Dadaji disliked his first ever gift to the man and rang up Abhi Bhattacharya in Bombay and asked, "Don't you have a silk Cambodian lungi? Give it to me. Ok, I got it." Dadaji pulled the said lungi out from the receiver of the telephone before the dazed eyes of the dignitaries. Utterly confounded, Mr Karanjia shyly put on the silk lungi with a moment's contumely (humiliating insult) to his power of judgment and sat silently on the floor at the feet of Dadaji.

* Charanj^a - Lit. Charan means feet, Jal means water. Originally water with which Lord Narayan has been bathed, denigrated into the water supposedly sanctified by the touch of a holy person's feet. Water which by Dadaji's touch, directly or indirectly, becomes transformed into milky, deliciously perfumed liquid; known for miraculous healing powers and the transformation of Consciousness it brings about gradually. Related to the flow of Integral Consciousness or Ganga.

Meanwhile the Justice, a chronic asthma patient, was gasping for breath. “Don’t you take medication?” Dadaji asked. “Yes, but it’s imported from France,” replied the Justice. “I have just run out of it and have ordered it but it will take time to get it.” “I see,” Dadaji said sounding an assuring note. “Just have it.” Within a second Dadaji planted a phial of the specific medication in the Justice’s palm. Mr Karanjia was clean bowled out of his ego.

Does Dadaji have to eat like all other humans? Sure, as a human he conforms to the laws of Nature and be natural. As we do, he eats at home or in the homes of others. However that he can eat in a different way has been well demonstrated by him numerous times. It appears that the bodies of Dadaji’s loved associates serve as facile conductors to Dadaji’s body to which they must be held kindred in some way. Roma Mukerjee (now Melrose) had to eat ripe bananas when to relieve Dadaji’s constipation. Jatin Bhattacharya had, at times, to eat more rice than he wanted to satisfy Dadaji’s forbidden appetite.

But I am going to present altogether different situations. I’ll begin with the venue of Calcutta. Dr Gaurinath Sastri, an eminent Sanskrit scholar, used to expound the Gita every Sunday afternoon before a congregation at Devayana in North Calcutta. One day he invited Dadaji to grace the occasion with his divine presence. While Dr Sastri was waxing eloquent the philosophy of the Gita, Dadaji and his associates arrived. Dadaji interrupted him, “Hi Gauri! You have put Lord Krishna in a glass case. Why don’t you offer Him something to eat?” The idol was encased in an adjacent unoccupied Puja room accessible through only one door visible to those gathered. So porridge like food was placed in front of the glass case holding the marble idol. After awhile Dadaji said, “Gauri! You yourself go check on the idol and see if He has taken the food.”

Dr Sastri did his bidding and came back to report the food in the Puja room had not been eaten. Dadaji said, “Come here. See what I have in my mouth. Isn’t it the food? How now!” Dr Sastri looked and nodded in agreement and said, “But the idol has not taken it.” “Go check on Him again. What do you find?” reprimanded Dadaji. Dr Sastri went to the Puja room and returned bewildered saying, “Yes, the Lord has taken it. You will turn people mad.” To his congregation Dr Sastri said, “Today I have reaped the fruit of my exposition of the Gita before you. Today the Lord Himself is with us. Go take the dust of His feet, all of you.” “But I warn you,” he said to Dadaji, “Don’t try these tricks upon me time and again. I have many other things to do.”

Gautam Mukerji, son of Dada’s physician and hot favorite of Dadaji, used to take cheese made by his mother Gauridi for Dada’s afternoon snack. On several occasions as he started walking to Dadaji’s house as directed with the cheese, its container felt progressively lighter and lighter. Mukerji’s lived a few blocks away from Dadaji within easy walking distance. One day it felt altogether empty; but he did not open it to see if the cheese was there. Gautam came straight to Dadaji and when he entered the room Dadaji was talking with someone. Stealing a glance at Gautam Dadaji said softly, “Oh, I’m so hungry! Let me have the cheese without further delay.”

Gautam took off the lid of the cheese container and found it stark empty. Dadaji prodded and fumed at him. Gautam said, “You have stolen it and want to make a thief of me!” Dadaji had a full, bulging mouth and he covered it with his right palm and said, “What! You have eaten it all up? Why I would have given it to you.” In a mighty fury Gautam pulled Dadaji’s hand away from his mouth and said, “Open your mouth. You have to open it.” Dadaji complied and his mouth was gleaming white, his mouth stuffed with cheese. Gautam burst out, “You make a thief of me for nothing. If you play such tricks on me again, I will, for sure, eat the cheese and bring the empty container to you.” This incident displays Dadaji’s love-dalliance of Vraja.

It was August 17, 1974. Dadaji was visiting Mr G.T. Kamdar in his Bhavnagar residence. In the afternoon Dadaji inquired about Mr Kamdar, “What has been offered to Satyanarayana (the marble statue at the Satyanarayan Temple build by Mr Kamdar in Bhavnagar)? I for myself have eaten a pera (Indian sweet). Miss Mana (Hena) Bose went straight away to the temple with one of Mr Kamdar’s sons and found, indeed, that day pera had been offered to Satyanarayan.

Next day it happened the other way around. Around 8:30 am Mr Kamdar casually reported to Dadaji, “Last night, Roma and Mana tasted ice cream. Around 12 midnight I too tasted a bit of it.” “It would have been nice of you to have offered it to the Lord first,” Dadaji said. Later Roma along with Bharati Bahin, a member of the Kamdar family, went to the temple, driven in Dr R L Dutta’s car. They went to offer, mangos, etc to the statue of Satyanarayan. Approaching the

statue they found his head, face, hands, body and clothes displaying whitish drops of liquid as a testimony he too had tasted the ice cream delicacy. On hearing this Mr Kamdar personally went there to confirm it. When he came back and reported it to Dadaji, he said, “Go back and check on the fragrance being emitted by the Lord.” Mr Kamdar did as told and came back to report it was the Aroma of Dadaji that provided a hint that Dadaji tasted the ice cream too.

In August 1973 Dadaji was staying at Abhi Bhattacharya’s house in Bombay. Mr & Mrs G.T. Kamdar had offered Bhog (food offering) before the marble statue of Satyanarayan in the Satyanarayan Bhavan near their home in Bhavnagar (in Gujrat hundreds of miles north of Bombay). They returned home and later that day Dadaji appeared before them and said, “Around 12 o’clock I came and partook of the Bhog. Just look into my open mouth.” They were overawed and intensely delighted to find food offering in his mouth. This incident involves, of course, multiple manifestations as Dadaji was in Bombay with Abhi at the time.

Another example of multiple manifestations and eating food occurred on March 10, 1974 when Dadaji was in Calcutta. Mr Kamdar’s daughter-in-law opened the door of the Satyanarayan Bhavan temple in Bhavnagar to find to her great amazement that Dadaji was there helping himself to Bhog. His partaking of the Bhog done, Dadaji planted a gentle kiss on her left cheek and disappeared into a thin speck of cloud.

Do these sorts of eating through multiple physical manifestations elsewhere help sustain the physical sheath of Dadaji? Looking back at the incident described earlier where Gautam twisted the wrist of the boy who supplied him with problem solutions on a piece of paper prior to his exam and later he found Dadaji’s wrist swollen and painful. If Abhi’s offering of Complian (canned health beverage) to Dadaji’s portrait, and the liquid disappeared although Dadaji was in Calcutta at the time, can boost Dadaji’s health why should not this sort of distance eating get into the metabolism of his body?

In fact there are many instances in which Dadaji later complains of a full stomach and avoids routine meals served at home for a day. I will describe one incident here. Dadaji was such a wonderful matchmaker and arranged for the marriage of the daughter of Mr Sailen Choudhury, Deputy Secretary of the Education Department for the Government of West Bengal, to the eldest son of Dr Nanigopal Banerji. The day before the wedding Dadaji went to the home of Mr Choudhury in the forenoon to bless the bride. Satyanarayan Puja was also arranged. After offerings (dishes of food, glass of water) had been placed before a portrait of Satyanarayan, Dadaji returned to his residence.

Around 12 noon when the offerings were removed from the closed private Puja room, it was noticed that every container showed evidence of having been partaken of by the Lord. The room was filled with a riot of Dadaji’s Aroma, the floor was gleaming with splashes of fragrant water and the air was shrouded in foggy filaments. A container of pillau (rice) offered in a big deep pan was found to have a large oval hollow at least three inches deep and five inches across, caused by the disappearance of no less than 200 grams of spicy rice. The unusually large amount of food dipped out of the offering containers left in the closed, sealed room had been relished by the Lord. Everyone present was shown the Puja room and the spectacular phenomenon. In ecstatic joy Mr Choudhury rang up Dadaji and was told that shortly before Dadaji was telling Boudi, his wife, that he wouldn’t have lunch since he’d had his fill at Choudhury’s house. She had misgivings when he said that, however just then the phone rang. Dadaji answered the phone and telling Mr Choudhury “Tell your Boudi about it” handed the phone to his wife saying to her, “There you go.” Thus Boudi was free of worry about Dadaji fasting. This happened on countless occasions. It depends upon the intensity of true, loving submission to Dadaji that the devotee brings to bear upon the offering made to the Lord.

Does Dadaji have baths? A funny question, indeed. Those who have known Dadaji for years confirm that from his boyhood he loved to look clean and tidy, charming and amiable, beau and dandy, radiating and majestic, having the aura of a Bengali Don Juan. He loved to have his hair combed, wear perfume and wore milk white clothes with great care. Even then, the question may be raised how many baths he customarily took. No one can say, but when he would take a bath it would be over in 2 minutes at most. He comes out of the bathroom sparkling like a ruddy

apple glistening in dew drops. Dadaji explained the situation, "A customary bath is not called into request for this person. For bath happens of itself." Ram Thakur said the same thing, but what does it mean? Very difficult to explain. It is the emotional and trans-emotional charges boosted by the all-engulfing charge of profoundly self-poised consciousness within Dadaji that constantly drenches him through and through and removes all the impurities of his body. Dadaji often said, "He is always immersed in the Dhiiraa (love of Vraja), Sthiraa (Self-integrated consciousness), and Gambhiiraa (profundity of vacuity in the Satyanarayana state) fluids."

But this is really above and beyond mundane dimensions. Let us approach it from a different standpoint. Dadaji's body and mind are Mahanama itself. So it is not difficult to imagine how he would be drenched by Nature itself turned liquid. Or it may be the solar rays come into focus and offer him a pleasing steam bath. It is well known that Dadaji is the Supreme master of solar science. Many have watched him facing the sun and drinking the nectar of liquefied rays deposited in his cupped palms. All these conjectures may be correct or miss the mark. It is Dadaji's will that accounts for such phenomena and the modus operandi of the will eludes us.

In this context it would be profitable to recount how Dadaji cleansed his mother in the last days of her life in 1966. Her hip bone fractured, she was completely bedridden doing everything in supine position including answering calls of nature. It was a titanic job for Boudi to cleanse her and put her back in orderly comfort. It took her nearly an hour to do the job and even then the room and dying mother were not really clean and tidy despite Boudi's best efforts. So Dadaji took over the charge from her to her great relief. He would enter his mother's room, slam shut the door, do the chores with meticulous care and come out of the room within two or three minutes. His mother and the whole room would be redolent with an intense Aroma and gleaming freshness.

Does Dadaji sleep? Another intriguing question. It's an undeniable fact that Dadaji goes to bed every night; why he even goes to bed at noon. But the question is what he does stretching himself full-length on the bed for hours. Does he just relax himself without sleeping? Let us try to negotiate the question.

In 1972 I went with Dadaji to the residence of Mr Dinesh Chakravurty at Batanagore in the suburbs of Calcutta. Within a small pandal in front of the house a musical recital of Dadaji's song 'Ramaiva Sharanam' and Bhajan of the Lord's name was underway. I took a seat there on the carpet and Dadaji sat on a sofa under the pandal. The music continued and I was drawn into it unknowingly and started to sing along. After awhile it occurred to me Dadaji might be sleeping. I kept my skeptical discovery to myself. When the music ended, Dadaji opened his eyes and said, "No, he is not sleeping. Do you think he sleeps? He can, at most, close one eye. If he closes both eyes any time, it will spell the annihilation of all existence." But he closed both eyes, physical eyes, for sure. So Dadaji's words must have a different import. If he can see through a wall and across continents and oceans, as has been demonstrated time and again, Dadaji can very well see through his eyelids. The closing of eyes, therefore, means self-absorption, self-poise of His Will. If the Lord's vision is creation; if His seeing is creating; then the moment he closes His eyes, His Creation too collapses. One of His eyes must constantly keep vigil upon the creation to maintain it. That must be the import of Dadaji's words. That is why though sleeping, Dadaji is not sleeping at all; a phenomenon called Yoga-nittraa (sleep of self-absorption) in Indian theology.

That is why without forewarning by any person, in the middle of the night at 2 am during the court case against Dadaji, he himself, answered at the first knock on his door when the police came to arrest him. That is why he picks up the phone on the first ring at 1 am in the morning when Aparesh Lahiri, father of Bappi Lahiri the famous movie music director, called Dadaji to tell him that Abhi Bhattacharya was in hospital in Bombay having suffered a severe stroke. It is common knowledge based on vivid personal experiences among those close to Dadaji that he not only snoops around but lies in between couples to help fleece off their excessive carnal passion. Mr Dinesh Chakravurty is, again, an example of this. Often at night during his sleep he felt someone, between him and his wife, softly touching him, cackling, making rustling sounds as though wedging between them. Cleft apart, they could not draw near to one another. Whenever Dinesh went to visit Dadaji after such occurrences, Dadaji would smile and inquire, "What happened last night? He knows everything." This also happened with Mrs Ruby Bose and her famous film director husband Satyen Bose.

My daughter, Dr Purabi Bharatiya, a psychiatrist in USA, often dreamed at night during sleep that she was being softly hugged and caressed by Dadaji. When she awoke the next morning her whole body was redolent with Dadaji's Aroma much to the chagrin and jealousy of her husband Pradip. This happened many times. And Dadaji in Calcutta would relate to me and my wife how many times he fondled their daughter in USA during his noonday nap. One day Dadaji woke up from his siesta very late around 5 pm and said, "I had been to Purabi in the USA. There she dreamed of being married to me ceremonially. She was ecstatic with joy and submission, a fascinating maid for sure." Some days later a letter arrived from our daughter Purabi confirming Dadaji's story. Indeed, Dadaji is somnambulist (walking during sleep), somniloquist (talking during sleep) and somniophile (making love during sleep) though himself without sleep. Sleep belongs to others with whom he has such surreptitious amour.

Now I will write about a kindred sort of experience shared by many of Dadaji's followers. While walking along on one's way, one hears soft foot steps close behind, feels being gently touched or pulled back by someone, or hears again the rustling sound of clothes or the jingle of trinkets. When one turns back to check on it one finds nothing there and is engulfed by a strong Aroma of Dadaji, who once again plays the stealthy trick. This is Vraja Leela (Divine Love Play), pure and simple; instilling firm faith in those who Dadaji is constantly shepherding along with encompassing love. Can you call it delusion or hallucination?



Dadaji & Boudi

In the 1960s, one day Dadaji was ready to take a trip to Benares. Before he left home to go to Howrah railway station, his wife Boudi insisted obdurately he take her to Vrindavana instead. Dadaji was visibly angry, but he cooled off instantly and entreated, "Why? Can't you witness Vrindavan here in this house? Stay on in this house and see what happens." Dadaji left for Benares. The following day Boudi was sipping a cup of ea by the dining table on the ground floor beside the staircase. It was an afternoon delicacy after a midday nap and she was relishing every sip of it. Suddenly she noticed two exquisitely charming children with crested braids of hair going stealthily upstairs. All the doors to the house were closed and locked from within; how on earth could they get in; she wondered and followed them to Dadaji's first floor sitting room. The children were running helter-skelter around the bed, giggling for joy and outmaneuvering Boudi who failed to catch them. They made boyish faces, running back and forth chasing Boudi's hands. Boudi was rooted to the floor in exhaustion; she called for the maid to come help her. The maid replied from down on the ground floor, "Two boys of exquisite beauty are dancing in a ring around me! I am overawed and beside myself with joy. I find no way to come to you. They are doing knavery on me." Boudi somehow stood up and made her way down the stairs to the ground floor. But she found no children there. "You liar! Where are those two rowdy boys?" demanded Boudi. "There were here a little while ago. Why should I lie? For sure, I didn't let them in," the maid replied. Boudi was in a fix, but eventually she hesitantly climbed the stairs and went back into Dadaji's sitting room to find the boys had evaporated. Then both she and the maid were deluged in Dadaji's strong Aroma, suffocating and supernal.

Two days later Dadaji's youngest sister, Prabha Devi, came with her seven year old son to stay with Boudi during Dadaji's absence. One of the two boys who had appeared to her and the maid started pulling Boudi's hair while she was enjoying a noonday nap. Boudi woke up and chided the boy whom she mistook for her nephew. The two boys instantly hid under the bed. After awhile, one of the boys again started teasing Boudi by pulling her hair and then hiding under the bed. This went on for hours; eventually Boudi got up from bed and complained to Prabha, "Your son has robbed me of my sleep today. He was constantly pulling my hair. Where has he gone? I must teach him a lesson today." Prabha replied, "How can he be upstairs beside your bed? After lunch he went to the neighbor's house to play and has not come back as yet." Boudi was bewildered for awhile, and then she remembered what Dadaji had said before departing for Benares. At that moment Dadaji's strong Aroma surrounded her, instilling needed confidence in her husband's word.

Let us revert again to a story about Abhi Bhattacharya, the crown prince to Dadaji's followers. Abhi lives alone in Delphin House located in Bandra along the Arabian Sea in Bombay was during the last years of Abhi's life an archive of Dadaji portraits, photographs and publications. In one room is a life-size portrait of Dadaji from which one finds red and pink powder appearing now and then. Figures of Dadaji, Satyanarayan, and Radha Krishna appear now and then in unending sequence on the floor and walls. Abhi's entire house simmers with the intense Aroma of Dadaji. Now and then various articles and items are bundled up, then scattered all about by unknown hand. One day Abhi found his living room covered in talcum powder like substance. Another day Abhi found ashes of cigarettes strewn all about although he does not smoke; but Dadaji smokes cigarettes. One day Abhi found 5 matchsticks placed vertically on the floor, lined up one below the next. It goes without saying that Dadaji is present there everyday, smoking, putting talcum powder on himself, while playing tricks and jokes on Abhi all the while. Dadaji's playfulness across hundreds of miles knows no bounds.

One day Abhi finds everything in his house in disarray, important papers and audio cassettes somehow out of the locked almirah (storage cabinet) strewn about here and there. He discovers his wrist watch hidden under a heap of newspapers. Two of the four letters he had written and set out to be mailed were missing; later found thrust inside a book. Dadaji's ticklish manifestations of infinite variety appeared in Abhi's house round the clock. Abhi enjoys such Divine Leela as the paragon of submission to Dadaji, every moment in intense love-rapport with him.

In Gautam Mukerji's house where he lives with his parents, such spectacles surface now and then in colorful diversity. Also in the home of Mr Chintamani Mahapatra, Chairman of Public Service Commission, Government of Orissa, where there it is redolent with strong Aroma and flow of fragrant honey-like Nectar on the portraits of Satyanarayan and Dadaji. In another case, the wallet sized portrait of Satyanarayan kept in the chest pocket by Madhav Chakravarty, Police Officer, used to drip fragrant Nectar in unending trickles till his untimely death in 1975.

The jesters Jatin Bhattacharya and Dinesh Bhattacharya, mentioned previously, went to visit Lucknow in Uttar Pradesh, India. One day they went to the famous Lalaji temple and were feasting their eyes on the sight of exquisite marble statues of Rama, Sita and Laksmana. Within seconds the majesty and grace of the statues were far outdone by a live figure in front of them. The two men were simply carried away by the bewitching beauty of that emergent figure whom they had never seen or met before. Much later when they first met Amiya Roy Chowdhury, they realized he was the person who appeared before them at Lalaji temple. Many such visions while awake or during sleep have been experienced by people prior to meeting Dadaji in person.

A demented disciple of Sri Ram Thakur, Madhav Pagla went to meet Kishori Bhagavan (Amiya Roy Chowdhury) in a mosque at Benares. Madhav Pagla attained the sobriquet of Pagla Baba because of his daredevil act of urinating on the sacrificial fire lit by Santadas Babaji. Madhav Pagla expressed in confidence to Kishori Bhagavan his long cherished desire to undertake a pilgrimage to Kedarnath (Temple of Lord Shiva) on a lofty peak in the Himalayas.

Kishori Bhagavan flew into a rage and said, "You are a hell of a thing! You have been so many years in the company of Ram Thakur, Kaivalya Nath Himself; even then you cherish such festering desire? Well then, can't you see Kedarnath here?" With these words Kishori Bhagavan started eating a bowl of crispy rice snack. Within a few minutes a black man appeared there begging of him a few morsels of his snack. The black man ate it all up with relish, bade him goodbye and went his way along a curved lane.

Seconds later Kishori Bhagavan asked Madhav to find the black man in the lane. Madhav looked but he couldn't find any trace of him. Kishori Bhagavan then said, "[You saw Kedarnath \(Temple of Lord Shiva\) in front of you but couldn't recognize Him. That's the tragedy with you people.](#)"

A similar story must be narrated here. One of Dada's jesters, Mr Jatin Bhattacharya, used to do Kali Puja (Kali is the goddess of destruction often depicted as a black woman) in his house every year on the date fixed for it in the almanac. It was performed on a moonless night following Durga Puja and the annual Utsav of the Dadaji Brotherhood. For a few years Jatin had been having the Kali Puja performed in the august presence of Dadaji and his associates. The year I refer to here, it was decreed by Dadaji to the last year of the Kali Puja for he did not like that sort

of ceremonialism which shuts out the spirit and makes mockery of real Puja (worship) that manifests itself naturally within the heart. That is why Dadaji introduced Satyanarayan Puja instead, the simplest form of Puja conceivable without involving the assemblage of a potpourri of traditional articles and knotty ceremonies by a hired priest.

“Satyanarayan Puja, too,” says Dadaji, “is extraneous and has a web, however thin, of idolatry in it and should be superseded by constant and spontaneous communion with the Truth which lies embedded in the heart as Mahanama.” Nevertheless, Dadaji arranges for Satyanarayan Puja at a convenient place for people to hang on to. Be that as it may, at the conclusion of Kali Puja at Jatin’s house that year, Dadaji asked the people gathered, “Has the clay idol of the goddess been infused with life? Who will check on it? Let Panchanan go.” So Mr Panchanan Sen went into the Puja room and to his utter undoing and rooted frigidity, witnessed a black girl of seven or eight, clad in a white saree with red border, scampering all about with peals of soulful laughter. It was beyond his wildest dreams and he lost no time bouncing back to the sitting room; reticent he was not. When the thawing of his senses set in, at Dadaji’s bidding he described what he had witnessed in the Puja room.

After awhile Dadaji bade him go a second time to the Puja room to witness and report what pageantry was unfolding there. Mr Sen went in and saw the same girl in doleful mood; she was weeping, tears trickled down her cheeks and onto her sari and the floor sadly presaging that the Kali Puja was going to be out of vogue. However, on the insistence of Jatin Bhattacharya’s mother the Kali Puja continued in the home for two or three more years before it was eventually abandoned.

When Dadaji visited Bhubaneswar, Orissa, in 1970, a very old gentleman, Mr R. Patnaik came to make obeisance to him. The elderly man was paralyzed in his wrist after a stroke. Prior to being disabled by a stroke he had completed writing six volumes of the Ramayana and the major portion of the seventh. He begged Dadaji to give him back his manual ability to complete his book. Dadaji asked for the manuscript which was promptly given to him. He opened it at the page where the writing stalled. Dadaji passed his finger over the page and pages following and the whole room became vibrant with his Aroma. After awhile Dadaji gave the book back to the poet who found out, to his great joy and amazement that the book had been written out to completion in his own handwriting, with the same ink; words breathing out the intimate nuances of his poetic personality. No wonder then, as Dadaji often asserted, he can print out an entire Mahabharata in a matter of minutes.

In 1970, Roma Mukerji (now Melrose) invited Dadaji and Dr Bibhuti Sarkar to a luncheon at her residence on the birth anniversary day. That day Dadaji had to go to his toy shop in New Market in Calcutta. So he took Dr Sarkar along to his shop. When Dadaji finished his business, it was already late in the day for lunch, nearly 1:30 pm and he was visibly worried about keeping the others at the luncheon awaiting their arrival. Dadaji got into his car and started driving the car at top speed through the crowded streets of Calcutta. The streets and lanes of Calcutta are always snarled in traffic jams. How to negotiate it? Though Dadaji was no respecter of red signals or even roadblocks, snaking his way through the crowds of disorderly vehicular variety it was virtually impossible for anyone to drive the distance between New Market in the center of Calcutta to Roma’s house in the outskirts before 2 pm. There were multiple ways of driving through the city to Roma’s but all ways appeared blocked. Making a desperate face, Dadaji inquired, “Which way is the shortest?” He asked Dr Sarkar who hardly knew anything about the roads in central Calcutta! Before Dr Sarkar could conjure up a reply, Dadaji exclaimed, “Look here, Bibhuti, we are in front of Roma’s house!” The doctor turned, squinted his eyes in bewilderment and said, “Are you safe and sound? Did the car follow the crow’s flight? It is only five minutes since we started. I swear to avoid your car in the future.” Dadaji smiled at this and quipped, “Do your Sadhus, Mahatmas and Bhagavans know the trick?” This space-eloping feat can hardly be demonstrated by anyone other than Dadaji.

Many a trickle makes mickle (great, large, much). Do not all of these trickles in this section, each individually, transcend the mega-mickles of human conception? If you disagree, you must be obsessively disoriented!