

## Chapter 3

### B . Dadaji in Spatial Facsimiles Synchronized Multiple Manifestations

It is a tale oft told in Indian spiritual history, though unfortunately seldom heard in the Western World or other countries. It is a tale in which a person is said to be simultaneously present in his own form in different places mutually distant or in the same place in different positions of space. This is called Kaaya Vyuuha (proliferation, manifoldness of the body) in Yoga literature. In the first Kali Yuga, Krishna of Vraja, who is identified with the conscious vital principle in the entire creation and with Mahanama in the vacuous region of the heart, is said to have disported himself in Rasa Leela with 1,600 Gopis, assuming severally as many forms.

Lord Krishna of Dwarka is said to have simultaneously married 16,000 women of the harem of the decapitated King Naraka, making as many discrete forms. He is also said to have assumed seven discrete forms to engage in gladiatorial fight with seven bulls at the same time unto their taming to win the hand of a princess, Satya, in marriage. It is also fabled that a Seer named Saubhari enjoyed conjugal life with fifty princess wives, assuming fifty separate forms.

Dadaji, however, rejects the Saubhari story outright, adding that the postulation of yogic powers by Patanjali is but a stale winter tale. No Yogi or godman can perform the feat more than once or twice in an entire lifetime; and, it is not the person, but the Supreme who is doing it. So the Yogi or the godman cannot arrogate the agency of such multiple manifestations. Dadaji, too, does not arrogate to himself the agency of such multiple manifestations. And, Dadaji said that he is not always conscious of these multiple manifestations (of himself) when they occur for it is a beyond mind, beyond intellect multi-pronged projection or proliferation. But, because Dadaji can repeat these phenomena at will, we are justified in a way to foist its agency on him. At times, though very rarely, Dadaji is fully conscious of his multiple manifestations and their activities. Needless to say, they are not visions or shadowy apparitions in dreams; on the contrary, they are companions of our waking life—eating, talking, walking, singing, and dancing with us in the full blaze of our conscious and active lives.

Let us recapture a few random samples of Dadaji's multiple manifestations, public and private, the number of which is beyond reckoning, particularly because of the incidence of private manifestations. A few examples have already been presented, as for instance, the sudden appearance before Dadaji's wife who was threatened by a cobra in the kitchen; the appearance on two different occasions in the house of Mr Dinesh Bhattacharya; simultaneous presence at Abhi Bhattacharya's house in Bombay and before Dr Radhakrishnan at Madras in two discrete forms; and before Mr Rabi Dutta rescuing him from the Seoraphuli confectionary tragedy, and so forth.

In 1968 or 1969, Dadaji was reported to have been simultaneously present in eleven houses in different areas of Calcutta, belonging to eleven different families. It was revealed later when a large group of people was gathered and someone said, "Dadaji was with us on such and such a date between 3 pm and 4 pm." Another person disputed it, saying he was at their home on that date and time. Then a third person came forward to negate the previous two statements, saying she wondered how they could tell such brazen lies, for Dadaji was in her home, sleeping with a blanket covering him from 2 pm to 5 pm on that day. Another lady promptly disputed her assertion saying, "You must be lying at least about the time, for between 4 pm and 5 pm, I was with Dadaji at his residence, serving him tea and porridge and talking with him." The four disputants tried to settle their disagreement without success. In desperation they went to Dadaji for arbitration.

Dadaji burst into a peal of laughter to hear this and adding steam to their bitter argument exclaimed, "Don't you worry. There will be seven more claimants on my being in their company during the disputed period of time. We will decide the issue after that. He was in three other places, outside Calcutta, also at the same time, but word may not reach you at all." Within a week's time seven other claimants turned up to report being with Dadaji on that date and time, putting the argument to rest for good.

On July 8, 1973, Chandramadhav Misra, in Orissa located many miles south of Calcutta, was saved by Dadaji from a head on collision with a rashly driven truck. Mr Misra saw Dadaji standing with outstretched hands on the highway in front of him. When it happened Dadaji was at home in Calcutta talking with us. He became silent for few minutes, and then told us in detail of the incident with Mr Misra asking us to record the time. Later that evening a long distance phone call came from Mr Misra who confirmed the details of the incident Dadaji had described to us.



Mr Singh helping Dadaji out of the car . London 1983

In 1969 and 1970, on several occasions Dadaji urged Dr Bibhuti Sarkar to ascertain through phone calls that Dadaji was at that time also present in the homes of Dr Maitra, Mr Mukerji and Mr Ghose. It was promptly confirmed thereby.

In 1979 or 1980, Dadaji was walking along a street in London with Mr Parbitar Singh and others. After some time Dadaji strayed away from the group and walked to the top of a knoll alone and stayed there for awhile. Then he returned to the group and walked in their company. When they returned to the Mr Singh's home, his wife informed them that Dadaji came to their house and talked to her for awhile during the same period of time he was alone on top of the knoll.

On Friday, October 31, 1980, between 8 pm and 9 pm, the eldest son of Mr Dinesh Bhattacharya, the jester, came out of the office in the afternoon and went along with three friends to a restaurant on the Chowringee Road. They sat at a table and were ready to place their order and just then he saw Dadaji standing beside him. "Oh, you are here!" said Dadaji, "You are very hungry, I guess. OK, I am placing orders." Then he took a seat beside him. After awhile food was brought on a big tray and dishes of shrimp cutlet and Chinese food were

served to the four of them. But, they wondered, who placed the orders? Not they. Dadaji stay seated at the table. After the food was finished, Dadaji asked him, "Would you have a drink?" Then the server appeared with champagne. Dadaji cautioned him, "Look here, your father is an honest man; and after death he is sure to come to me. Don't ever hurt his feelings. You don't know your liver shows a spot in it already. So drink, but don't indulge. Do ask your father and Jatin Bhattacharya to come to this man's house (Dadaji's) on Sunday." The son asked, "Where?" Dadaji replied, "To the house of Dadaji on Anwar Shah Road."

His two friends had meanwhile left and when the son had finished his drink, Dadaji said, "Go, and hurry home. I, too, am going." He went out wondering who paid the bill and walked to the minibus stop where he met Dadaji again who asked him, "Could you not get into the bus? Oh you want to chew betel leaf! There's the shop. Don't be scared in the dark. I await you to come back." When he came back chewing betel leaf, Dadaji said to him again, "Get into this bus; I, too, am getting in." So he got into the bus, but somehow Dadaji did not; however the entire ride home along the bus route, it was redolent with the Divine Aroma of Dadaji.

Two days later on Sunday, November 2, 1980, I met with Mr Bhattacharya who narrated the entire story to me. He inquired if I or anyone else was with Dadaji between 8 pm and 9 pm the previous Friday when he saw him at the restaurant. I told him that on Friday when I went to Dadaji's house at 8:30 pm I found him watching TV and shortly thereafter he went to his almirah and unlocked it with his keys to check the contents. Boudi, his wife, said that she was at home with Dadaji from 7 pm, and that Mr Madhusudan Dey, an attorney, was with Dadaji from 6 pm. Dadaji did not go out of his home that evening. His grandson was down with a high fever and he massaged the ailing boy for awhile and later went to the roof of his house to take his evening walk for nearly half an hour. After that he came down with a fever; meanwhile the boy's fever was gone. That was all Dadaji did that particular evening.

There was a sequel to this story. When I met him that Sunday evening, Dadaji, of his own accord, narrated a similar story that happened in California in 1980. He said that during his annual tour of America when he was meeting daily with large groups of visitors, one evening Black Hoyle, a film producer and admirer of Dadaji, decided to visit him after 9 pm after an irresistible call to a liquor shop. So, along with two friends, Hoyle went into a bar and was enjoying the revelry of drinking rounds of liquor. After awhile he saw Dadaji entering the bar and apprehending his displeasure, Hoyle set his glass down on the table. Dadaji indulgently said, "Take the draught in full; but, don't take any more. And, come sharp (to my place)." So the group finished their drinks and sped to the place where Dadaji was scheduled to hold audience.

When they reached there, they met a group of people departing and wondered if they got tired and had given up on waiting to see Dadaji. They asked, "Why are you leaving? Dadaji must have just arrived." A bit confused the departing group said, "We have been here with Dadaji since 7 pm." Hoyle and his friends went straight to Abhi Bhattacharya and asked if Dadaji had left earlier and just returned. Smiling, Abhi said, "No, no, Dadaji didn't go out. Just go to him." So they joined the group sitting with Dadaji and after taking their seats, Dadaji, curiously enough, changed the subject of his discourse and started light-heartedly to plead against over-indulgence in drinks.



Roma Mukerjee at Satyanarayan Bhavan - 1982

On March 10, 1974, a daughter-in-law of Mr G.T. Kamdar entered the Satyanarayan Bhavan in Bhavnagar (city in north west India) that the family had constructed. She came to take out the offerings previously served to the marble statue of Satyanarayan. As she opened the door, with stunned horripilation (goose flesh), she discovered Dadaji making modest work of the food offerings. She stood rooted to the floor, overcome with tears of joy and tremors of alarm.

When Dadaji finished eating, he planted a kiss on her left cheek and departed. The fortunate lady turned back only to get a strong Aroma of Dadaji; he himself was nowhere to be found. At the time Dadaji was in his Calcutta home, talking to some visitors. This was not the first time Dadaji appeared as a vision in the flesh at the Satyanarayan Bhavan; they were not few and far between, but copious and at time in rapid succession, witnessed by different members of Mr Kamdar's family and by others, too.

The Kamdar's family grand matriarch and paragon of devotion Mrs Champaben Kamdar had such visions galore. Dadaji



appeared unto her, kissing and hugging her or standing in front in a blessing posture, in health and in sickness, until her self-outpouring demise.

In 1974, Professor Doctor Dilip Chatterji was in America doing his Masters in History. On the morning of March 8<sup>th</sup>, he was having his breakfast when he saw Dadaji standing before him in a benign posture. He prostrated himself before Dadaji and took the dust of his feet after kissing them; then they talked for awhile. Dadaji revived his drooping spirits with words of encouragement, kissed him and went out of doors not to be traced again except for his lingering Divine Fragrance. On another occasion Dadaji appeared before him, thrust Sandesh (Indian sweets) into his mouth, blessed him and evaporated.

Previously I referred to Atulananda Chakrabarti, the author of The Dada Movement. (free download of book at <http://dadaji.info/DLOAD2>) The boss of his grandson-in-law was for some time insisting on him to take him once to Dadaji. But the guy, for reasons best known to him was deferring the matter indefinitely. Naturally his boss grew very impatient and was on the lookout for an opportunity to go by himself to see Dadaji. Soon the opportunity presented itself; in 1978 Dadaji was going to undertake his first tour of Western countries. From Calcutta he would go to London via Delhi, halting there for a few days. On the day of his departure, Dadaji reached Dum Dum Airport in Calcutta round 6 am. The plane for Delhi was to depart at 9:30 am. The word reached the boss about Dadaji's flight plans and not knowing the exact departure time he, along with Abhi Bhattacharya's sister who he picked up on the way, drove to the airport that morning, reaching there at 10:00 am. They went to the VIP waiting room and both saw Dadaji there seated on a sofa, profusely garlanded and surrounded by hundreds of devotees. They couldn't get through the throng of people, so they went outside and waited in a convenient niche. After a half hour had passed, they went back inside and found the waiting room vacant. They learned to their dismay that the plane had departed at its scheduled time of 9:30 am. Both agreed the vision of Dadaji they saw sitting on the sofa was too vivid to be brushed off as fantasy, particularly because it was shared by both of them for a considerable period of time. Another day the boss, his wife, son and daughter were watching their television set and saw Dadaji waving his hand while disembarking from a plane, but such a scene was never broadcast on any Indian TV station.

On July 26, 1974, Mrs Santi Sen, my wife, went to Ballygunge on some business in the afternoon. At about 7 pm, while returning home in a bus, she thought of going to visit Dadaji at his home to tell Boudi, his wife, that she would come again the next day and bring cooked food, including her choice of vegetables. While she was musing thus within herself, she saw Dadaji walking with a downcast look by the Vivekananda cloth store; he held the dangling skirt of his dhoti in his left hand. There was a sea of heads of the crowds walking around him, but Dadaji was walking in leonine mien (noble manner) along all alone. His neck was shining bright, his black hair flowed from his head and he was wearing a delicately twisted dhoti and half-sleeve shirt. She was suffused with Dadaji's Divine Aroma. The next day forenoon I went to meet Dadaji and the first thing he confided was, Yesterday evening your Dada was in four places: at home talking to Dr Nanigopal Banerji; reclining in a bed in the house of Minudi (Mrs Minati De); in the house of Gopal Banerji; and, near Kalomanik (my wife, Mrs. Santi Sen).

In April 1974, Dr Tikadar, Deputy Director of the Geological Survey of India, was conducted into Mahanam by Dadaji. When he got home, he was amazed to hear that Dadaji had come to his home and visited his wife and kissed her at the very same time.

Mr Bijoy Ghosh, along with Mr Joydeb Dutta, was known to those in Dadaji's circle as his photographer. Mr Ghosh's niece lives in London with her physician husband. She does Satyanarayan Puja regularly. One day when she was making arrangements for Puja, a person in a Lungi and half-sleeve shirt appeared before her husband in his medical chamber located in his home and said, I am suffering from acute back pain. Oh, your wife knows me very well. I reside at Prince Anwar Shah Road in Calcutta. The doctor had not met Dadaji before and politely offered him a seat, saying, Let me fetch a cup of tea for you. His wife prepared a cup of tea and went with her husband to his chamber, but there was no Lungi-clad Bengali in half-sleeve Kurta to be found there. The lingering Aroma of Dadaji infected them for quite a long time and the wife had no difficulty recognizing it as Dadaji's, although she confirmed it with her Uncle, Mr Bijoy Ghosh in Calcutta.



Dadaji & Dr Karlis Osis  
Calcutta 1974

In December 1976, Harvey Freeman, Dr Karlis Osis and his associate Dr Heraldsson arranged for a Dadaji congregation at Washington DC. Though at that time Dadaji had not yet travelled to USA or even Europe, the gathering was a great success from all points of view: attendance, devotion to Truth, and the unexpected final manifestation of Truth in an appearance by Dadaji. They started singing Ramaiva Sharanam song composed by Dadaji, and Hare Krishna. After awhile the entire gathering was rendered speechless when Dadaji appeared on the Dias and started playing on the harmonium and singing in his melodious voice. Everyone was enthralled. There was a tug of war between the music and Dadaji's Divine Aroma which filled the room. After awhile Dadaji stood before the microphone and addressed the congregation. It was a sequence of events that they could not have imagined; they were spell bound and joy overflowed as their eyes were riveted on Dadaji. After awhile, Dadaji disappeared. Later Dr Osis reported the whole affair in a letter to Dadaji who was at home, in Calcutta, at the time of the gathering. Dr Osis's letter was read out by Mr Balaram Misra, Chief Executive

Engineer to the Government of Orissa, to people gathered in Dadaji's home on January 8, 1977. A letter from Harvey Freeman with details of the gathering had arrived at Dadaji's home a few days earlier; Harvey reported that "Truth spoke" on the occasion.

Now I will share two stories about Gautam Mukerji, a gay young man and son of Dr Samiran and Mrs Gouri Mukerji. Gautam was given to drumming about in childlike exuberance when seeing the supernatural powers of Dadaji, in sharp contrast to Gautam's silent, unceremonious love for Dadaji. For his devotion he fared often as the butt end of ridicule by his friends. One day in December 1980 while Gautam was busy at his desk in his office, his friends started to tease him saying, "Is your Dadaji omnipresent like Narsingha (man-lion incarnation)? Unswervingly, Gautam replied, "Yes." There was a lull until the lunch break and meanwhile the friends had hatched a sinister plot to ridicule and ostracize him from Dadaji. When Gautam was eating lunch at his desk, his friends were lunching in an adjoining anteroom, the door of which was alternatively being slammed shut and flung open time and again by a violent intriguing wind. Eventually the door closed without reopening. His friends shouted, "Hi, Gautam! Here is your chance. Ask your Dadaji to appear here, open the door and fix it to avoid further banging and closure."

It was an acid test for poor Gautam, who was lost in himself in Dadaji submission. Dadaji suddenly appeared there wearing a maroon lungi and half-sleeve shirt, looking shiny bright in forlorn majesty. Dadaji opened the door, fixed it so it would no longer bang, and then chirped out to them, "So you have it all." Before they could recover from their shock, Dadaji disappeared leaving behind a strong suffocating Divine Aroma never smelled before by them. Gautam experienced joyous abandon.

The second story about Gautam Mukerji is of a different sort, for it does not bear upon the multiple manifestations of Dadaji at all. It deals with the multiple manifestation of Gautam himself, monitored of course by Dadaji. In fact, Dadaji was present in person on the spot before and after the operation of the incident. This is a new dimension of the multiple manifestation motif of Dadaji. To preface this story I will narrate a few other similar incidents.

A lady in great torment tried to visit Dadaji at Bhavnagar, but there was a huge crowd gathered there and a stampede of men ensued, denying her entry. In great dismay she returned to her hotel; as she arrived she found Dadaji and Abhi Bhattacharya standing beside the entrance gate. Dadaji talked to her for awhile and the two disappeared thereafter. Now in this case, not only Dadaji but Abhi, too, had multiple manifestations; this has been called the second dimension. There have been such two dimensional manifestations a number of times in Calcutta, Bombay, Delhi and London.

On another occasion, Mrs Madhuri Maitra, wife of Dr Manash Maitra, nurtured a false vanity that unless she accompanied Dadaji, no Satyanarayana Puja would happen at all. So on one Puja occasion, she resisted going with Dadaji saying she would have to look after her ailing mother-in-law who would otherwise be left alone. Dadaji went to attend the Puja along with Dr

Maitra and his son. The music started. When Dadaji entered the Puja room, the tempo of the music began rising, soon reaching a crescendo. Everyone was lost in the rapture of the music. But someone struck a discordant note and pushing gently into Dr Maitra whispered in his ear, "Look over there. Your wife is lost in singing with closed eyes. She can't avoid being in the Puja." Dr Maitra was a bit confused, but he and his son both saw her singing with full absorption. How could she come? With whom? They were puzzled. Dadaji came out of the Puja room and the music stopped. Prasad was disturbed and after that they took leave of Dadaji to return home. Looking for his wife to accompany them, she was nowhere to be found. They rushed home only to learn from her that she did not stir from the house all day. Here we find multiple manifestation of Mrs Maitra only. This type of second dimensional manifestation occurred several times in Calcutta, the blessed bunch of beneficiaries (i.e. manifestees) being Jatin Bhattacharya, Dinesh Bhattacharya, Minati De, Roma Mukerji, Hena Bose and Geeta Das Gupta.

Now returning to the Gautam Mukherji story; his father Dr Mukerji was involved in a terrible car accident in May 1975, as narrated earlier. When the first had report of Dr Mukherji's accident appeared in print, Dr Osis expressed his desire to tape record a statement of Gautam on it. So Miss Hena Basu took Dr Osis to Gautam's house. At the sight of Gautam, who answered the door, Dr Osis involuntarily shouted, "Gautam! But, I have taken your statement yesterday at Lansdowne Road." "No," said Gautam, "I was not there yesterday or any other day. I never go to any house except Dadaji's to meet him." Even his stubborn denial did not appease Dr Osis who insisted, "No, you were there. You spoke to us. Here is the tape." The tape recording was played for Gautam to hear. "Is it not your voice?" inquired Dr Osis. Gautam found himself in an enigmatic situation, the voice was his undoubtedly, but it was an indubitable fact that he was not present in the specified house on that day. Gautam took it that it was another trickery of delightful Dadaji, who loses no chance of cracking mighty jokes on him. Dr Osis overwhelmed and out of his depth, stood speechless for awhile, then said, "So, this too can happen."

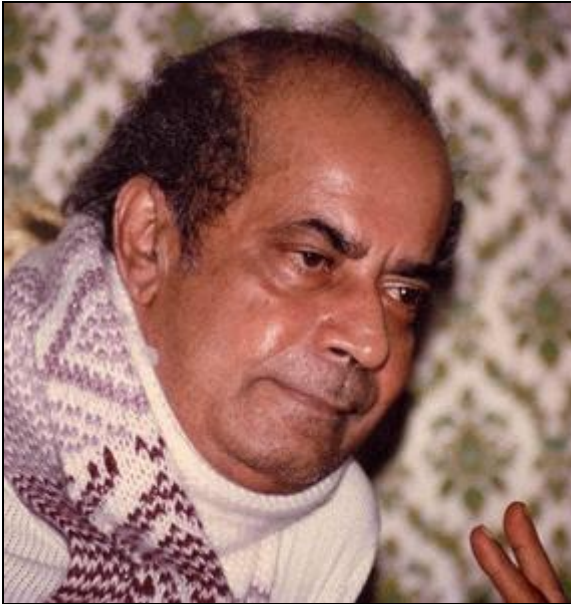
At this point the perceptive reader will ask a two part question: First, of the many Dadaji's synchronizing one another which one is the original, the basic, sparking the others of his kind; or, all of them identical in every respect? Second, so far as the second dimensional or secondary manifestations are concerned, are they of equal status with their originals? That is to say, is Jatin Bhattacharya appearing in the company of Dadaji in a place where he has not physically gone, illusory; or, is he real for the time being?

Let us address the first question. Gautam's story proves indisputably that the secondary manifestation is not illusory, but real. It is real not merely as a presentation qua presentation; but, it has activity; it participates in meaningful social behavior. For, the Gautam presented by Dadaji at Lansdowne Road (these secondary manifestations are Dadaji's doings), gives a statement tape recorded by Dr Osis. All of the activity conducted by the secondary manifestation remains unknown to the primary manifestation of Gautam and Jatin. And, unfortunately, in these incidences of secondary manifestations (Jatin and Gautam) what the primary manifestations were doing at the time has not been recorded. Therefore, we do not know if the primary manifestations, for example, were put to sleep or inactivity during the brief representative career of the secondary manifestation. Gautam and Jatin, and others, had nothing to do with their secondary manifestations by way of causing them, monitoring them, knowing about their activities or their final disappearance.

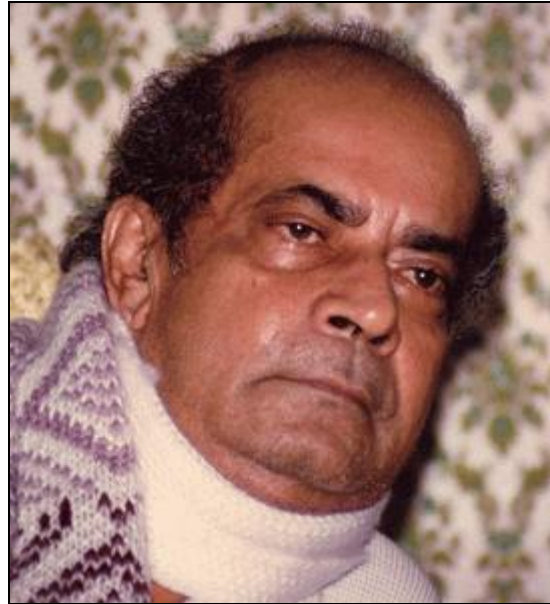
Now how about the many Dadaji's manifested simultaneously in mutually far distance locations. My experience confirms that on the eve of such manifestations, Dadaji is often seen to cease interaction with visitors, breaking the trend of conversation, and remains in a removed posture for some time. At times he is reported to be sleeping in one house and he simultaneously appears in distant places. It may be presumed he is the driving force behind these multiple manifestations when he lapses into no-bodyness. The change in his appearance is noticeable and a profound stillness and equanimity pervades the atmosphere. No one present is inclined to talk or approach him and break the profound atmosphere which is never mentioned or explained. It is a beautiful feeling to be present in those times where Dadaji is clearly in a profoundly altered state. Dadaji lapses into no-bodyness and elevates those gathered to a peace beyond understanding. At such times, it seems Dadaji wills multiple manifestations knowingly. At other times, he doesn't know them at the time but learns of them when people ask him about his simultaneous appearances at distant locations. However the background situations differ from

time to time. At times Dadaji remains animated, talking with visitors while multiple manifestations are on the wing.

We have it on the authority of Indian scriptures, particularly the Bhagavat that the body-mind complex that remains even when the others are gone is the basic, original body; that is the source and sustenance of all other body-mind complexes presented in different places at the same time. That is to say, the Dadaji with whom we are having daily repartee is the basic Dadaji who is the source and sustenance of all other Dadajis presented differing groups of people at different places simultaneously. But, there is another episode to consider before making a final observation on this subject.



Dadaji animated and talking with visitors  
Bombay 1985



Dadaji in no-body state  
Bombay 1985

It was an incident that occurred in 1968. During this period of his life Dadaji used to enter the Puja chamber in his home around 5 a.m., coming out two or three hours later. Meanwhile the adjacent rooms of the house were filled with visitors. The ground floor of the house was crowded as was the narrow passage from the stairs to the chamber. Mr Jatin Bhattacharya and Mr Anil Maitra were seated on the stairs. Almost two hours had gone by but Dadaji remained in the Puja chamber with the doors closed. A strong Divine Aroma was diffused all about. Suddenly Mr Bhattacharya noticed Dadaji coming out of the bathroom and returning to the Puja chamber. Simultaneously Mr Maitra saw something different; he saw Dadaji going upstairs heading toward the Puja chamber. Shortly thereafter, Dadaji came out of the Puja room chanting 'Hari Krishna'. Mr Bhattacharya inquired, 'How is it we witnessed you earlier coming out of the bathroom and at the same time coming up the stairs headed toward the Puja room?' Dadaji smiled and joyfully said, 'That is verily the one sought after; if you could get hold of that, it would have been your supreme fulfillment.'

What does his comment imply? It is the indelible experience of many that Dadaji becomes transformed into Satyanarayana in the Puja room, possibly implying that Dadaji is nascent, potential Satyanarayana. But the two men saw Dadaji, not Satyanarayana. The implication may be the same, Dadaji in the Puja room is nascent Dadaji in manifestation. That is to say the latter is the greater of the two, so Dadaji cannot cause such a manifestation; even then he can make it possible by his nobody-ness. He cannot presumably do that anytime at his sweet will like he does the multiple manifestations. Mr Bhattacharya asserted while reporting the incident, 'Dadaji is struggling hard to manifest that Dadaji to us. I have track with that Dadaji only.' But this becomes irrelevant when it is noted that the two manifestations of Dadaji in this case were not witnessed by all those present at the time; whereas, often multiple manifestations



are witnessed by all present. So it is reasonable to conclude that the Dadaji of our daily experience is the source and sustenance of all multiple manifestations of Dadaji; this conclusion is supported by the scriptures. The real, ideal Dadaji is also manifested by him. His state is free from the limitations imposed by the body and mind; he can assume that state any moment, but doesn't persist in that state for long lest his body be evaporated.

There is another sort of manifestation which is of much higher order. It is not a spectacle projected outside of yourself in particular segments of space and time which may be shared by many spectators. It is a flash-out of many divine forms including Dadaji within the vacuous chamber of your heart. It is your exclusively personal experience when your personality is reduced to the minimum. It does not, however rest at that; it flashes forth, not only the multiple manifestations of divine forms but also the divine sounds in the form of dialogues, interjections of joyous rapture of togetherness and at-one-ment including even the vocabulary of physical fun as a symbol, all divinely oriented, a veritable ballet recital in the Hollywood of your heart in which you are both a participant and spectator.



Ruby Bose and Ann Mills . Utsav at Somnath Hall  
Calcutta India 1983

Below I will present some enchanting excerpts relating her experiences from Ruby Bose's personal diary.

*Name is being chanted of itself in keeping with the rhythm of respiration. Respiration is moving like a pendulum from the left to the right within me, initially slowly, then faster. The place where Name is being chanted within now reveals a shrine. Dadaji is there standing in the portico, clad in white dhoti. The portico overlooks a garden where Radha and Krishna are being swung to and fro. Krishna is clad in a yellow garment. Dadaji is standing beside the swing monitoring the swinging. The swing is moving in keeping with the rhythm of respiration....Dadaji is diffusing strong Aroma....waves of Divine Fragrance with the chanting of the Name. It invades the entire room (bathroom). Name chants on; I am the listener. Name makes a cruise through my body, in the chest, knees,*

To put it in a simpler way, you witness within your heart Dadaji and other divine forms talking between themselves with Dadaji's associates and with you, enacting love dramas, merrymaking and so forth.

According to Dadaji it is the rarest possible good fortune in the shape of the loftiest spiritual dispositions and superabundant grace that entitles one to be saturated with such profound experiences in the heart. To this day, Mrs Ruby Bose, wife of Bombay-based film director, Mr Satyan Bose, has been having such colorful intimate experiences constantly with few intermissions since 1971 when she first met Dadaji.

When Dr Gaurinath Sastri was reading out the printed address of Dadaji before the congregation in Mahajati Sadan Hall, Calcutta on the occasion of the centenary celebration of Prabhu Jagadbandhu, he began with, "The assembled intellectuals .+Ruby, who was in Bombay at the time, heard in her heart, "The assembled cows and goats .+Her heart was constantly tuned to Dadaji's prankful words and diverse physical manifestations of Dadaji.



feet, hands and so forth. Dadaji says, "I will teach you the art of experiencing Divine Bliss through yoking to Him. Mahanama is the passport to an unexplored region." Dadaji is standing in front of me. Behind him is a sunny flight of steps upwards. Dadaji is shrouded all over by whitish and bluish clouds of fog. His face only is visible. He now stands behind me and then sits. The Name is rising upwards within me and then is being sprayed all about my head like a fountain. Then suddenly I felt something gigantic rolling up within me; after that it unrolled itself downward.

Dadaji says, "He has no body; so He neither comes nor goes." Then Dada, standing beside Satyanarayan, calls me, "Come here; do Mahanama; now, do you realize?" While the Name is being chanted I suddenly discover Dada reclining on the framed portrait of Satyanarayana who appears as a transparent film upon his body.

Hearing the chanting of Mahanama from within the heart, I see a shadow upon my body. It felt like Dada is doing something, leaning over my body. Suddenly it felt like a paint brush caressing my face and I felt something stirring within my chest. I discovered it was Dada's feet moving gently causing the Mahanama rhythm chanting within. Then going into the dining room I saw in the dark room a blazing sun, like a lofty podium of light moving back and forth, growing in size, and bursting forth in a deluge of white radiance. Dada says, "You have now become me." The chanting of Mahanama keeps time with the sound of cymbal within my heart. Within me the sound starts gyrating around me.

Then I find a gigantic shrine with many arches through which I pass with the chanting of Mahanama. On the walls around are engraved the images of gods and goddesses. In the interior on the slab of stone is seated Dadaji smiling gently. I notice a fly on my saree and brush it off; the odor of sandalwood surfaces and Dadaji says, "You are but Radha." The chanting Mahanama reaches my cerebrum, and then permeates all about my body which starts rocking in the tune of Mahanama. The jingle of trinkets begins within my heart and I shout, "Hi, Krishna!" within myself. I hear "Hi, Radha!" Both are sounded from within me.

I am singing 'Ramaiva Sharanam' and Dada starts singing with me. He sings a line, and then I repeat it. Thus, within me, we sang the whole of it then we sang 'Hare Krishna'. After that Dada says, "It is the murmur of love." I asked, "Is love a living thing?" He replied, "Yes, it is." I ask Dada from within me "Has it any form?" He replies "No; Truth is Love, Love is Truth."



Photo: Utsav 1986, Ruby Bose on right looking at Dada in Somnath Hall, Calcutta

When Dada talks with many people, he also talks to me from within. Dada is constantly talking within me and I hear my voice within too. I hear within me the voices of Bibhutida, Manadi, Madhudi and Geetadi in response to Dadaji's queries. Joking with me, Dada exclaims, "My, my! Here is Madhudi and Manadi, too." Then he explains (within me), "God is beguiling Himself thus. You are just a listener." He again starts singing with me, "Suffering brushes with the fake Krishna, I chanced upon the real Krishna. I got Krishna to my liking." Then he sang,

*“Govind Amiyamadhav, Amiyamadhav Govinda, Gopala Govinda Thakur Dada. Vishnusarma Vishnupriya. Gopala Govinda Vishnusarma Amiyamadhav. Vishnupriya. Gopala Govinda Amiyamadhav Gopala Govinda.”* Again Dadaji urges me, *“What! You are not thinking of me but of Amiyamadhav! Do think of me, invoke me.”* *“Who are you?”* I ask from within. *“Gopala Govinda,”* sounds the reply. *“I am Gopala Govinda, I am Amiyamadhav. You do really think of and invoke me when you do the same to Amiyamadhav.”* Then within me sounds a query in a female voice, *“Govinda! Where is your letter? This one is addressed to Amiyamadhav.”* The reply came instantly, *“I am Amiyamadhav for sure.”*

*Another day I asked, “Why do I get the odor of new cotton fabric and hear two voices within?”* The reply sounded within me, *“Splendid! It is ineffable. It cannot be explained in words. The two voices are the sounds of rapport of two female friends, of two Manjari, of Radha and Krishna. It’s direct residence in Vrindavana.”* Dada asks questions within me, another voice responds. Once voice advises to do Mahanama; another voice does it. I am just overhearing them. The two voices are indulging in orgies of falsehood. One voice says, *“I am mad in love for you.”* The other responds, *“I, too, am mad in love for you.”* Then my voice sounds from within me, *“I, too, am mad in love for you.”* Another voice says, *“I am mad in love for you all.”* Who are you all? I ask. A different voice replies, *“Me, you, and Govinda.”*

The above is a tiny segment of the grand drama of Rasaleela that is being enacted within Ruby’s heart daily almost around the clock. It is the most consummate Rasa deluging her entire existence; body, mind, intellect and representative intuition in the spate of the flavor of Mahanama turned fluid. It is undoubtedly an order of manifestation of Dadaji that is far above and beyond the multiple manifestations that have been presented in the foregoing pages. Human history does not provide any information, however scanty, about another person who had such superb experiences in the alcove of the heart. One may announce without any fear of contradiction that Mrs. Ruby Bose is one of the foremost creations, manifestations, of Dadaji, the supernatural, omnipotent wizard capable of effecting anything.



Dadaji & Boudi . Calcutta 1978

According to Mr Abhi Bhattacharya, his cousin Mr Atin Khan also enjoys the supreme fortune of hearing within himself the voice of Dadaji talking to him, as Abhi says, *“in a more dynamic way+”* For now, in the absence of concrete facts, I am not in a position to dwell on Atin’s experiences. However, one other person having such experiences galore is Dadaji’s counter whole, his spouse, Boudi. She does not come into the limelight of observation, but one day she asserted there is no need for her to go sit near Dadaji to hear his discourses or witness his exploits as they, on the contrary, became manifested to her as a matter of course. Boudi’s great responsibility is looking after Dadaji and the family in a way that is not prejudicial to his messianic activities, relieves her of becoming bogged down with such manifestations constantly. It is apparently helpful to Dadaji that Boudi be kept in the dark at times without thwarting her natural title to such divine experiences.

Wonder of wonders! No sooner than the above paragraph been written than the mailperson delivered a letter from Abhi Bhattacharya as a special scriptural manifestation of Dadaji to me. Abhi wrote to say, *“During my talks with Atin, Dada often speaks through him to make discussions spicy.”*

Dadaji enjoys our talks, for example, we were comparing the strong Divine Aroma of Dadaji with the Rigveda concept of the breeze blowing, the river flowing saturated with honey and Dada chimed in within Atin, *“The two brothers are rubbing shoulders to squeeze out the consummation”*

of the Rigveda lore.+Abhi also wrote, %One day I was tape recording the melodious music of Atin at Alipore in Calcutta. During a time of crescendo of the music recital, electric power was cut off and my recorder stalled. Instantly Dada bade Atin within, %Get going, get going!+The music continued without any break and it was well recorded despite the power outage; possibly the recorder was activated by the current of Dadaji's life force.+Such dynamic sonal manifestations of Dadaji within Atin Khan corroborate similar experiences by Ruby Bose and others.

Abhi's letter goes beyond describing Atin's experiences; it reveals a new dimension, a new spiraling arm to the Dadaji-galaxy --- Ms. Ann Mills, the wonderful editor of %THE TRUTH WITHIN - DADAJI+. Abhi wrote, %Now Dada is up to it with Ann. She couldn't bring herself, in the teeth of heavy odds, to edit the manuscript of a book penned out by me so Dadaji demanded within her, %Complete your editing soon! Now she is working on my manuscript full steam.+ (NOTE: Abhi's book DESTINY WITH DADAJI is available at <http://dadaji.info/DLOAD1.HTM> )

So it turns out that many people are beneficiaries of Dadaji's sonal manifestation including Dadaji's wife Boudi, his daughter-in-law Madhumita, Mrs Ruby Bose, Mr Atin Khan, Ms Ann Mills, Dr Chandrakala Swarnkar, Roma Mukerjee Melrose, Mrs Anju Walia, Mrs Kamala, Mrs. Niranjana, Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm, Harvey Freeman and a legion of others.

But that does not end the tally. There is another lady, Mrs. Ranu Sanyal, the granddaughter of the great Yogi Lahiri Mahasay, who happens to exhibit a different pattern of Dadaji manifestation. She is often possessed by Dadaji; and, in that state she give voice to many things about Dadaji and against his detractors, often identifying herself as his mother. She sometimes speaks in English, a language unknown to her. Finally she falls into a swoon and the Divine Aroma of Dadaji comes from her body.

There may be others who might have had or are still having these sonal and/or visual manifestations, for some are disinclined to speak publically about their intimate experiences with Dadaji. A few others, meek and unassuming people, do not get into the limelight to disclose their hearts to others. Apart from that, sonal manifestation may take other different forms outside oneself; one may hear something whispered into ones ear by Dadaji. Or, Dadaji may speak out from a secluded niche of a room or from an adjoining room. Also, sonal manifestations may emanate from a portrait of Satyanarayan or a photo of Dadaji.



Satyanarayan Portrait dripping with fragrant Divine Nectar in Puja Room at Somnath Hall, Calcutta . 1983 Utsav

One day Mrs Santi Sen, my wife, was anointing the Satyanarayan portrait with dots of sandal paste. Suddenly she heard a feeble voice supplicating, %Please don't anoint me, I suffer pain.+ She stopped the practice for a long period of time, relapsing later to resume her sandal anointing habit without consequence. Photos of Dadaji have also been reported to have talked many times in extreme emergency; for example to Mr. N.D. Jaisural, who hears Dadaji speak within him and also from without. Earlier I mentioned how Dadaji's portrait smoked cigarettes from the hand of Mr. Khan and ate chops from the hand of Abhi Bhattacharya. The uniqueness of the matter is that it happens when they are present to observe. Another sort of manifestation is swirling cigarette smoke in a room, suggesting Dadaji is there smoking, when he is in fact not physically present and no one else is smoking. It is mostly followed by a deluge of Dadaji's Divine Aroma.

At times it has been observed that a Satyanarayan portrait appears to have anointed itself, exhibiting dots of sandal paste and also streaks of divine nectar, a fragrant honey-like

substance on the glass, which on some occasions spells the word OM. At other times a portrait is found sweating, possibly indicating how hard Dadaji is trying to save some one in the family from grave danger. Finally, a portrait hung on the wall with strings and hook firmly set in place suddenly drops and bounces off the marble floor undamaged, timed as if to express Dadaji's approval of and rejoicing in a decision taken by a family in a critical situation, as happened to Mr. Nikhil Dutta Roy and many others on different occasions.

So far I have written about Dadaji's multiple manifestations presented to the eye, the ear, and the nose. Now I will describe tactual-auditory manifestations; experiences which happen mostly to a multitude of women of various ages, and now and then to men. Individuals have described walking alone on their way to a destination and feeling like someone is following them. They turn back over and over, hearing the sounds of footsteps behind them only to find no one there. Others describe someone clinging to them or pulling at their garments from behind them. Looking back and around they found no one there. Repeated incidents of this kind of undetected trickery struck terror into their hearts and at that very moment of scary desperation their spirits were boosted by Dadaji's Aroma. They instantly knew Dadaji had granted them the good fortune of making a Gopi out of them as they participated in the sequentially unfolding mystery play of Dadaji's self-manifestation.

A similar experience occurred to a couple when during sleep; both of them felt someone lying in between them, separating one from another. The wife felt she was fondled all night by Dadaji and in the morning her husband found her bosom redolent with Dadaji's Fragrance. With great relish, Dadaji shared such spicy stories before a gathering of people, much to the great discomfort and abashment of the woman. It was Mr and Mrs Dinesh Chakravurty of Batanagar who were the proud participants of such profound frolics of Dadaji and they won't grudge their names being published in such a colorful setting.

Now I will relate two stories about a strange, weird, ghostly, indeed, sort of manifestation in which Dadaji plays it all alone in a house, the residents having all departed to their respective vocations. Stories such as these are legion; however it will suffice to mention these two representative events. In 1973 in the home of Mr Dinesh Chakravurty of Batanagar, which is a colony of the employees of Bata Shoe Co who are a closely knit community, drawn closer through their intense interest in Hari Samkirtan (congregational singing of the Lord's Name) hosted weekly throughout the year by various families in turn each weekend. It is their principle pastime, entertainment and social forum. That is why Dadaji loves them so dearly.

One Saturday night, Mr Chakravurty, after supper, went along with his wife and only daughter to a nearby house where singing had begun. Before leaving home he confirmed the doors and windows were all shut and locked. The music continued in full swing and soon it rose to a thrilling crescendo; all present were lost in its overwhelming melody. Somehow, contrary to his usual experience, Mr Chakravurty was missing the rapture of the song as he was constantly being prodded by a nagging confusion trying to recall if he had locked the door when he left home. He grew fidgety. Eventually he slipped out of the congregation and went home only to find his house in a rapture of lights in all rooms. But, no one was home and he'd left the lights off. As he watched through a window one light bulb, came on then went off, on, off, on, off in rapid succession. His courage failed him and he raised the alarm calling a neighbor to help him. Many people surrounded the house thinking there must be a burglar inside. Meanwhile the bulb stopped flickering and Mr Chakravurty unlocked the front door. This done those gathered carefully opened the door, went into the house and started looking cautiously in every room for the miscreant. They found no one. Mr Chakravurty thanked them for their help and asked them to keep an eye on the house when he returned to the congregation.

He returned to the congregation in high spirits convinced the episode was of Dadaji's making, even though his joy was limited since it was limited by the absence of Dadaji's Aroma which typically confirms his presence during such mysterious experiences. However, later when they returned home after the music ended, and unlocked the door to their home they were drowned in a deluge of the strong Aroma of Dadaji. On the morrow when they woke up from a blissful, rapturous sleep, they rollicked with surfeiting joy to find implanted on the cement floor of their bedroom the tiny footprints of the toddler Krishna. The imprints remained whole for years thereafter, the last notice of them was in January 1991. Thus Dadaji demonstrated that if you submit, he will look after your safety and security.



The second story is as follows. One evening Dr Samiran Mukherji went to his medical chamber to attend to his patients; Gouri Devi, his wife, went to a relative's house and their son, Gautam, went out to have a jolly time with his friends. The house was empty until they returned home around 9:30 pm. On entering the house they were faced with a stuffy foggy atmosphere as though withholding something that would unfold itself shortly. Gautam was annoyed to find his room in a hopeless mess; books piled on the floor, Dadaji's photos had changed positions and some were facing the wall, and the entire room of furniture and other articles was plastered with red and pink powder. With a thrill, Gautam then realized the fugitive hand of Dadaji was active in the house during their absence.

He looked for the radio, his parents being concerned it had been stolen, and he found it in another room by a wide open window overlooking the next building. His neighbor yelled, "It's not nice of you to try our patience in such savage fashion. Who was it that kept the radio playing at top volume with the window flung open?" Gautam replied, "I do not know. We were not home." He took his radio back to his room and went to tell his parent of Dadaji's intrigue.



Gautam Mukerji and his father Dr. Samiran Mukerji  
in their Calcutta home - 1986

Meanwhile the phone rang and he went to answer it. "Hello, Gautam speaking," he said. "When did you get back home," the caller queried, "around 9:30 pm? Your father?" Gautam replied, "All together, around 9:30 pm." "Do you have a full time male housekeeper?" the caller asked. "No, never, but why do you ask such a question?" Gautam asked. "Look here," quipped the caller, "I rang up your mother and someone answered the phone saying she was not home, that she would return around 9:30 pm." Then I asked the same questions about your father your yourself in succession, and the man who answered replied the same. Who might the fellow be? When I argued with him saying they are all returning home from different places at the same time, 9:30 pm, the fellow replied, "Tonight they are." Gautam said, "You know it all then, but you don't trust me, so let go of the matter." Then the entire house was deluged with Dadaji's Aroma reminding the family of their renewed submission to Dadaji.