

# Chapter 1

## The Supernatural in a Homely Profile



Dadaji on the balcony of his Calcutta home greets arriving visitor - 1986

On some fugitive, derelict day, bounced off the rails of workaholic life, lost in hot pursuit of the Golden Fleece, you might go meet Dadaji at his Calcutta home or any private residence hosting him along his world excursions. You might choose to visit him to try and test him with a goal of undoing him. Or your visit might be sparked by a frivolous, feverish spiritual thirst. Your visit might be spurred on by a felt divine ordination. Or you might visit simply as a matter of courtesy. It may be your curiosity. Finally, you might just happen to chance upon Dadaji through a seductive, though inscrutable, turn of innocuous events.

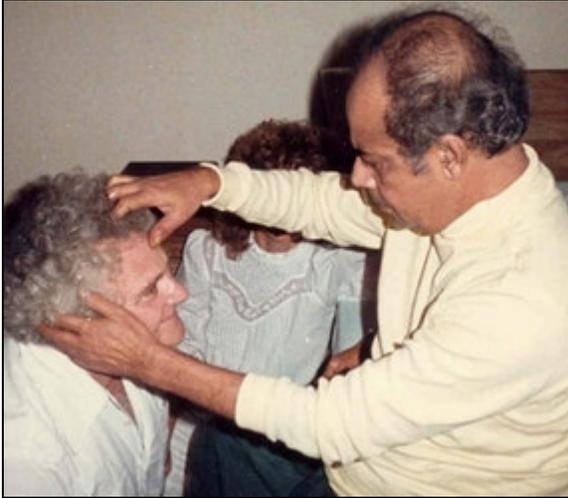
Whatever the cause, Dadaji greets you with a ruddy smile rippling from his lips and cheeks while his eyes are lost in fathoming the deepest crevices of your being. More often than not, Dadaji summons you by his side and begins inquiring about you, your family, your business, and so forth. He may say, "So you have come to meet this man at long last. An earlier visit would have been better for him, though bad for you."

To another Dadaji may lash out with a cautioning, though nestling, countenance, "So you have come to try this man, to size him up and discard him as a phony chameleon, a hypocrite. Do you really have eyes and ears to see

things and hear sounds around you? Do you have power to judge any body, or to judge yourself? Have you any power at all? All power belongs to Him. Submit, and He will fulfill you. If you don't feel any real urge for Truth from within you, you had better not come here." The genial atmosphere is instantly surcharged eerily with a simmering silence resonant with the ambivalent accents of Dadaji's overflowing love for all.

Dadaji continues, "How helpless is man! He is overly enmeshed in the web of his ego, stuck in the rut of his self-delusion. He can never come out of the hard shell of his sense of agency, of his self-aggrandizement. He can hardly submit and pour himself void. But the Lord does not find fault with him. For sure, He is all-merciful." Dadaji appears angry with some others who seem to want to double-cross him. "How come," Dadaji rebukes them, "you want this man (pointing to himself) to cure your disease? Do you want me to materialize a vial of capsules or Charanjai (sanctified fragrant water having healing power)? Why don't you go to the doctor? This man is neither a doctor, nor an astrologer. In fact, he has no power. All power belongs to Him. If this state of affairs settles down and keeps going on, even a fiord or a lagoon of water will not suffice." Dadaji, however, in abundant love, grants their wishes. Very seldom does Dadaji want

anyone to leave, unless they fall foul of his homely, unconventional and profound spiritual discourses, or better called comments or conversations.



Dadaji blesses Martin Weissman  
Los Angeles, California 1984

After further exchange of pleasantries, Dadaji calls a few people by his side and blesses them in his characteristic way. He gently waves his index and middle fingers, places them below the right chest at the region over the heart while muttering inaudibly certain syllables (**Ram, Ram, Ram**, etc) and passes them right across the medial hollow of the chest past the nasal bridge and the forehead to the top of the head, gracefully gliding down finally along the back to the middle of the left side. One might erroneously imagine Dadaji had found a veiled way of nibbling feminine beauty, but as if hearing your thoughts, Dadaji exclaims, **“Those phony Godmen bless you on the head. What is in the head? It is the highest and the most aggressive seat of the mind, the kind of sense organs. Govinda, the Truth, the Life, is in the**

**heart.”** A laconic and cryptic though profound utterance. A sweet aroma, at times virile and suffocating, oozes from Dadaji’s fingertips, leaving nectar drippings across the chest and back. Dadaji’s aroma brings about the dawning of Truth in you. Of that aroma, we will have occasion to discuss later.



Dadaji (center), Ann Mills (left), Tom Melrose (right) visiting Boulder, Colorado 1986

The blessings over, some people entreat Dadaji, “Dadaji! I want to have Mahanam from you.” Dadaji, a smile rippling across his face, replies to your proposal, **“Sush! Do you take Mahanama for a marketable commodity manufactured by Dadaji? There is no give and take affair here. Your Dada can give you nothing, nor can he take anything from you. Look here! No person can give you Mahanama and pose as your Guru. The Guru is within as Mahanama. That is your**

birthright, your hidden treasure, the stuff of which the entire manifest existence is made of. It manifests itself to your eyes and ears when you are raised for a while to a higher level of consciousness in which awareness is not bogged down by vagrant mental cogitations, or stonewalled by stiff resistance through casuistic disbelief and hatred. That is to say, your mind must, for a moment, be blank or open with expectancy, or better, submissive. Not all those who seek, get Mahanama. Some are deprived of it. That proves your Dada does not do anything. And finally, there is time-factor. Come let's go to the anteroom."

## Mahanama Revelation – Message Immaculate



Satyanarayan portrait & bottles of Charanjal

Dadaji goes to the anteroom and the seekers approach him one at a time, generally. The seeker is given a small piece of blank paper and then he or she sits cross-legged facing a portrait of Sri Satyanarayan, symbol of Truth. With eyes closed and the piece of blank paper held between two palms, he or she mutters any favorite name of God. Within a few seconds, he or she hears the two sounds of Mahanama whispering, droning or rumbling in his or her ears. Even before recovering from the shock of hearing such a thing as Mahanama

within, Dadaji asks the person to open his or her eyes and look into the piece of paper in his or her hands. To his or her great astonishment, the two words of Mahanam (Gopal Govinda) heard seconds before is observed inscribed in red ink on the paper. Dadaji says, "Do you find the two sounds you heard inscribed on the piece of paper? See well, so you can remember it later. Okay?" The seeker obeys and instantly the inscription vanishes, leaving at time, a smudge of red ink on the piece of paper. Many times the sheet of paper that was used in Mahanam revelation has been analyzed chemically or otherwise examined, even by Dadaji himself, only to find nothing, it being simply inexpensive paper from a child's small writing tablet.



The audition and vision of Mahanama may occur in diverse ways. Mahanam may seem to drone into one's ears from a distance; or it may seem to manifest by one's side, whispering into one's ears as if loving words from a confidante as though it has come out from within to awaken one to the consciousness of one's identity. Or it all about the seeker in autocratic strides to crush into rubble the impregnable citadel of titanic may rumble and roll ego. This latter extreme happens generally with so-called, self-proclaimed Godmen who are misguided and cannot escape the dragnet of Dadaji. The Sankaracharyas of Kanchi Muth and Govardhana Math, the Mahamandaleswara Muktananda of Ahmedabad and many other bigwigs of the monastic order had such experiences with Dadaji.

Bombay and Ojai, California, based Jiddu Krishnamurti, who is regarded by many as an incarnation of Lord Maitreya (Buddha) and is almost universally respected as a great savant, heard such rumbling sounds of Mahanama closing in upon him from every direction and diverse points of space while his eyes were dazed by a legion of flying tables of Mahanama swinging all about him. This is what is called Kamsa-badha (slaying of Kamsa, arch enemy of Krishna) by Dadaji. The fun of it all is that the rumbling sound does not reach the ears of others who are outside the room.

The venue of the vision of Mahanama need not necessarily be a small piece of paper as so often described by hundreds of people who experienced Mahanama in Dadaji's presence. In fact the summum Verbum (sound continuum) Mahanama may be visibly manifested in any part of the body of the seeker or the body of Dadaji. For example, Dadaji's mother, his father-in-law, Brahmananda Parmahansa of Puri, Ramdas Paramahansa of Badarikashram, Harvey Freeman of La Center, Washington USA, Bruce Kell of Australia, to name a few, saw Mahanama appear on the palm of Dadaji, then disappear. Mahanama manifested on the forehead of Harvey Freeman, about whom Dadaji said, "He has come out of my heart." For Bruce Kell it was sprawling of Mahanama on his chest and all over his body. Mr Khushwant Singh, internationally famous Indian journalist, saw Mahanama scaling his turban and reminding him of the Lord reclining on the stadium of cosmic serpentine forces; another time Mr. Singh beheld Mahanama crawling on his long flowing beard. Dr Eugene Kovalenko, the world famous science Nobel Laureate and brother-in-law to President Brezhnev of the USSR saw Mahanama appear on his necktie.

The script of Mahanama also varies from person to person according to the convenience or seemingly indulgent demand of the seeker. It may be in English, Bengali, Hindi, Urdu, any other Indian script, any European script, Arabic, Hebrew, Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese and all other scripts of the world, modern or ancient. A couple with differing script habits may each see Mahanama in his or her native characters on the same piece of paper simultaneously. The father of Syed Feroz Taj-ul-Islam of Calcutta beheld Mahanama in four scripts on the same piece of paper.

The language of Mahanama also varies at times, now at solicitation of the seeker who prefers the sacred tongue of his faith, and then to negotiate a designing, tricky person who is out to betray the fancied hollowness of Dadaji. A great grandson of Tipu Sultan of Mysore, the sworn enemy of the British Raj in India, found the Arabic variant of Mahanama inscribed on the piece of paper and had a vivid vision of bearded and Fez-capped Mahomet, the prophet. To some designing, scheming people Mahanama appears in Creole or aboriginal or some extinct language. Mahanama in another language means the Mahanama adapted to the phonetic laws of that language. At times, however, it means rendition of Mahanama into synonymous words in that language.

As mentioned earlier, some people fail to find Mahanama inscribed on the piece of paper. In utter dejection or mistrust, they supplicate or charge, "How come the piece of paper is blank?" Dadaji takes the blank paper, passes his index finger over it and instantly the Mahanama appears on the paper. The seeker feels good or intrigued all the more. But this inscription is indelible and abiding; it does not wear out or disappear spontaneously like the Mahanama experienced from within by blessed seekers. It should be born in mind that this type of abiding inscription is made possible by Dadaji only to please the worsted (less desirable) or to circumvent the double-crossing, skeptical seeker.

These are the most common place occurrences with Dadaji and Mahanama. Can you or anyone explain it or explain it away? Does recorded history inform us of any such occurrences in recent or distant past? Is it magic or sorcery or an intriguing slight of hand? Is it psychograph or planchette (Ouija board) writing? Before joining issue with the omniscient unbeliever, it would be better to recount other variants of such immaculate writing.

Dadaji often presents someone with a volume of "*On Dadaji*" or other books about him. Naturally some people offer a pen and request the favor of Dadaji signing their name on the frontispiece or title page of the book. Dadaji gently returns the pen and playfully passes his index finger over the page; and the person's name is instantly inscribed in indelible red ink. On one occasion, the person complained to Dadaji that his name had been misspelled. Dadaji held the book in his hand for awhile, and then softly said, "I am afraid it cannot be changed. The Divine Will has displayed itself that way. Why don't you have another book with your name inscribed correctly?' Thus, Dadaji pleased the person.

This kind of name inscription occurs not only on paper, but on metals and other things as well. Dadaji manifested countless watches out of nothingness for special visitors, and then passed his index finger over the watch to inscribe the person's name on the back of the gold watch case. Dadaji's wavy finger imprinted letters on the dial below the glass watch face; for example, "*Made in Dreamland*" appeared under the glass on the watch dial. This sort of

inscription once appeared in embroidery words “To Kaviraj – Dadaji” on the edge of a Kashmiri shawl that Dadaji materialized out of nothingness and presented to Gopinath Kaviraj. At times such materialized objects are decked in inscriptions, thus watches often materialize with the inscription, “From Dreamland” and “Satyanarayan”. During unconventional Pujas with Dadaji present, now and then a huge cake-like, solid and sweet Indian condiment (Sandesh) appeared in a riotous blend of delicate colors, and at times manifests bearing the inscription “Sri Sri Satyanarayan”. They appear without Dadaji, apparently, having to do anything at all.

Now we will deal with another kind of automatic, immaculate writing, an extended variant of Mahanama inscription that goes by the name and style of “written message” by Dadaji to his admirers. The prospective recipient must be fully submissive to Truth, with vagaries of mind and rising and falling of ceaseless desires on hold for awhile; mind is as in bated breath, so to say. Dadaji supplies a few sheets of blank paper, ruled or plain, or paper may be brought from the market, if preferred. Dadaji takes the person to a chamber where there is a portrait of Sri Satyanarayan and tells the person to sit cross-legged on the floor facing the portrait and with closed eyes remember God’s name, while holding the stacked pieces of blank paper under a palm against the floor. Dadaji sits or stands behind the person at an untouchable distance. Instantly the writing begins on the blank pages. Now and then Dadaji asks the person to turn over a completely inscribed page so the next page may be inscribed, and so on to the second, the third, and so on. When all pages are inscribed, a matter of barely a minute or two, Dadaji tells the person to open his or her eyes and have a look at the inscribed papers. In utter amazement, with bewildered submission, he or she observes a lofty message of Truth inscribed in red ink.

The number of such written messages, eloquent specimens of immaculate writing, may very well run into the hundreds, even though inexact counting. In all cases the writing is in red ink. This writing is indelible and abiding like the letters inscribed trailing the wavy index finger of Dadaji. The entire scenario of the grand drama of “written message” may well be altered at will without any prejudice to the sequel. You don’t have to go into a chamber and sit before a portrait

### IMMORTAL SAYINGS OF DADAJI

- \* DIVINE NAME (RAMA) IS THE ONLY PATH
- \* THE MORTAL BEING CAN NEVER BE A GURU BY ANY MEANS, GOD HIMSELF IS THE ONLY GURU
- \* PATIENCE RESULTS STRENGTH
- \* BLISS COMES THROUGH ENERGY
- \* WISDOM LEADS TO VIRTUE-MORAL EXCELLENCE
- \* COMPLETE SURRENDER TO SUPREME BEING LEADS TO EMANCIPATION ( मुक्ति ) REALISATION ( प्राप्ति ) SALVATION ( उद्धार )
- \* DIVINE GRACE WILL DESCEND SPONTANEOUSLY AS SOON AS YOU WILL BE BEREFT OF YOUR EGO
- \* WHEN YOUR HEART WILL BE VOID OF ANYTHING, THEN AND THEN ONLY THE DIVINE WILL FILL YOUR HEART

of Sri Satyanarayan; you need not close your eyes and mutter God's Name. The blank pages need not be placed on the floor. You may be seated in any posture amidst a group of people, or be standing at east with eyes wide open, without any personal trot of mind. The blank papers may be put on any part of your suited and booted body. In the unique case of Dr Dulal Roy Chowdhury, one of the foremost physicians of Calcutta, two blank papers were placed in turn on his chest and a third one on his forehead. The message in red ink was inscribed in no time.

शैवशक्ता गमादीनि अन्यद्वहुमतानिव ।  
अपभ्रंशानि शास्त्रानि जीवानां भ्रान्तचेतमाम् ॥

Shaiva-Sakta gamadini anyadbahumataniba..  
Apabhrangshani Shastrani jivanani bhrantachetamam.

When the wholesome communion with the All-pervading Divine Soul and the Supreme Spirit occurs, even-tide sets in. No sooner does such even-tide approach, there is the advent of serene devoutness. Faith also comes into being. Flow of respiration turns out to be easy. Sounds of divine appellation connote manifestation of light and it is that manifestation which is known as meditation.

नाम चिन्तामणिः कृष्णशैतन्य रसविग्रहः ।  
नित्य शुद्ध नित्य मुक्त हविन्नात्मा नाम नामि नोः ।

Namachintamani Krishnaschaitanya Rasavighraha.  
Nitya shuddha Nitya mukta Habinnatma Namanamina.

Divine appellation is analogous to Divine Semblance that is the real sanctified abode. Consequently, the place, which is established through the invocation of divine appellation, is called the divine temple of heavenly appellation or Mahanam. It is the meditation which is called religious contemplation or asceticism. Whenever the light appears through the ordeal of such religious contemplation, all sorts of earthly impediments or ignorance veiling the true nature of things are removed and thereby the mercy and blessing of SRI SRI SATYANARAYAN are invoked. All kinds of mental impulses, in other words,

the impulses of the organ of sense or action and impulses of understanding-or alternatively, which is inwardly felt-pleasures and pains, gains and losses, selfish inclinations, honesty and dishonesty all of them emanating from those very mental impulses tend to create varied impediments and hindrances through cohesive attraction and thereby have the effect of putting bondage and shackles around human beings. To check and forbear the forces of these impediments is known as TAPASYA or devout austerities. By dint of continued practice these devout austerities through pure mental coolness, there emits the sparkling vibration of divine appellation, earthly desire or in other words, ignorance veiling the true nature of things is removed and comes to an end. Thereafter, it is possible to stay and remain with absolute peace and happiness. This stage alone, one should know, is the abode of Almighty God.

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The only invariable constant, the vibrant web running through the entire fabric of that shifting scenario, is the presence of Dadaji and possibly the red ink. Even the hallowed red ink fares hollow under pressure of circumstances leaving the brunt of the advent of the supernatural to be borne entirely and solely by Dadaji, who constantly professes to be nobody. I personally know of only one instance, blissfully and indulgently rooted in Dadaji, in which the message condescends to appear in ordinary black ink. I, a self-admitted hardboiled egoist, torn between the ambivalent eruptions of implicit belief and skepticism ever since I ran into Dadaji, I was perpetually being dogged by the grating tyranny of the obstinate question, "Why do all these inscriptions appear invariably in red ink? Why, why, why?"

After intense reflection which might have at some timeless point glided imperceptibly into the supramental submission induction into Truth, I decided that Mahanama revelation, a sui generis incidence down from an exalted attitude far removed from our mundane obsession as it is, might reasonably be plastered out in red ink. For, you have to go well beyond yourself in the presence of Dadaji to have audition and vision of Mahanama. The red shift, as science tells us, is due to Doppler Effect and is characteristic of Kaivalyanatha wherefrom Mahanama starts antenatal cruise in the form of trans-bipolar vibration and is therefore represented by the red color as is the state of Krishna of Vraja by blue and that of Chaitanya Mahaprabhu by yellow. Let the Mahanama revelation be in red, but why on earth should written messages involving manmade grammar and inscriptions imprinted through a horizontal pass of the index finger of Dadaji be in red ink? The question persisted for two years, like a rankling anguish, a convulsive trauma. Then one intriguing forenoon, Dadaji, without any previous announcement ushered me into the chamber with the Sri Satyanarayan portrait while exclaiming, "You don't seem to have much integrity. Why not have a try? You have a pen with black ink? OK, put it uncapped beside the Satyanarayan portrait." The stage set, I closed my eyes and started hearing the sound of fast typing. Dadaji continued standing behind me at some distance. At Dadaji's bidding I opened my eyes after less than a minute had elapsed only to find two pages typed in black ink, the pen had remained static in front of the portrait. I am the only one who ever reported having heard the

sound of typing during the manifestation of a "written message" in the presence of Dadaji. Thus my sneaking suspicions and nagging questions about the red ink were ironed out to my great relief.

## Prarabdah

PATIENCE IS THE ONLY SUSTENANCE. DISCERNMENT THAT A MAN GETS THROUGH SADHANA IS NOTHING BUT A MODE OF NATURE. REALISATION IS NOT POSSIBLE BY ANY MEANS EXCEPTING PATIBRATA DHARM. AS SUCH IT IS THE DUTY OF THE HUMAN BEING TO BEAR PRARABDAH WITH PATIENCE. THE REST OF THE WORK IS BEING DONE AND WILL BE DONE BY THE GURU (THE ALMIGHTY). DO NOT BE THOUGHTFUL OVER THE MAHANAM YOU HAVE RECEIVED, AS THE MAHANAM YOU HAVE RECEIVED IS ITSELF THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH TO BEAR PRARABDAH WITH PATIENCE IS THE ONLY PENANCE. PERCEPTION THAT A MAN GETS THROUGH SADHANA IS NOTHING BUT THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE MODES OF NATURE. HAPPINESS THAT IS PERCEIVED BY MIND IS ONLY THE DIVERSION FROM THE TRUE PATH AND IT IS ONLY A TEMPORARY PHASE. EGO IS NOT BEING ELIMINATED WITH THE HELP OF MANTRAS AND PENANCE RATHER ENHANCES ITS BONDAGE. IF ANYBODY PERCEIVES ANYTHING WITH THE HELP OF SADHANA IT WILL BE CONFINED WITHIN THE BODY ITSELF, CAN NEVER GO BEYOND THE BONDAGE OF MAYA. AS TREES WHICH ARE JUST GROWN BY THE MAGICIAN IN HIS TRICKS, ARE FALSE, ARE PURELY TEMPORARY AND CANNOT GET A MAN NEARER TO KRISHNAVAKTI. SO JAP, TAPASAYA WHICH ARE BEING RESORTED TO BY MAN TO AVOID SUFFERINGS OF THIS WORLD CANNOT MAKE HIM FREE FROM PRARABDAH, RATHER IT TIES UP BY ENHANCING THE WORK.

—SRI SRI SATYANARAYAN.

How do you take these examples of automatic and semi-automatic writing of messages? Can you dismiss it as phony or as believable only by the gullible? Can anyone cite an example of such occurrences from recorded history? Do they belong to dream sequence? Would you dub these “written messages” as waking dreams? No. These “written messages” (samples above) are granite reality even to this day to their blessed recipients. There is no person who can duplicate or demonstrate this feat of Dadaji, who has helped manifest countless immaculate “written messages”. What may be called semi-automatic writing may also be called immaculate, that is when Dadaji waves his index finger over a designated destination and writing appears. Dadaji's passing finger does not hold a pen; is not dipped in red ink, nor does it ever even touch the paper on which the inscription appears. The manifestation of “written messages” beyond any computation is a staggering reality that is apt to confound human intellect. Dadaji says, “He has a gigantic printing press. He can print out anything, any book in no time. And, He can render it into any other language. Be assured He can do the stupendous Mahabharata in a matter of minutes.”

It is quite spontaneous, like the breath. There is no previous table setting, no preliminary activities; thus, evident to all it cannot be planchette writing. Could you call it psychograph which is written out by an invisible spirit? Only possible in the fantasy world of Alladin, Sindbad the sailor or the Wizard of Oz; not in real life. A spirit never comes in handy; if they do they are intractable, not at all malleable to specific tasks; you cannot keep them under your thumb; you cannot groom a spirit to the objective you reference. You cannot manipulate a spirit in any fugitive moment, without a previously set schedule; you must reckon with the gloomy contingency that the spirit may play prank upon you and betray you at any time. You must consider the acclaimed and some believe proven fact that spirits cannot muscle forth in broad daylight, far less in a place crowded with people. Finally, spirit-writing is more often than not redolent with foul odor, for the spirits harnessed for such exploits are evil ones.

With Dadaji it is the opposite in every aspect of the “written message”; such writing is no other than Ram Thakur himself, Kaivalyanatha (I am that I am) in spiritual essence, who, before wrapping up his mundane sojourn asserted he would be coming again in a new body as Dadaji. Ram Thakur is not outside Dadaji but in perfect identity with him. He is fully integrated into the being of Dadaji. Why he alone? A bewildered Gopinath Kaviraj proclaimed, “I find you (Dadaji) flanked by Krishna on one side and Mahaprabhu on the other; in the middle blazes forth Satyanarayana.” Dadaji is the cocktail, as Khuswant Singh so aptly observed, of Krishna, Mahaprabhu and Ram Thakur.

It boils down to the conviction that Dadaji is that elusive spirit behind all the enchanting immaculate “written messages”, as Dadaji refers to them; the automation of such automatic writing is securely set in a secret chamber of Dadaji's being. That automation, unhindered by any egoistic snags, springs supernatural extravaganza in incessant strain from within Dadaji, who is a perfect nobody. He asserts unequivocally, time and again, “All this is the manifestation of the Supreme Will. It is the overflowing spree of the super consciousness. Your Dadaji claims no agency, instrumentality, credit or discredit for it.” Nonetheless it happens. Whenever it happens, Dadaji is switched off from and on to perfect identity either with Ram Thakur or Mahaprabhu or Krishna, in deference to the purport of the message manifested. More often than not Dadaji remains in stoic isolation and exclusion while speaking his own unique tongue, shorn of all idolatrous obsessions compulsively imposed by the time-factor and other doctrinal clichés and shibboleths, through countless messages. At times Dadaji testifies to the truth of this observation.

One time while Dadaji was rejecting the so-called renunciation of the world by Mahaprabhu, he said, “To convince someone I had Mahaprabhu write out a message on this issue. He also inscribed the famous Bhagavat verse ‘Tava Kathamritam’ (Nectarine chronicle of your life) evidently to eulogize me.” Another day Dadaji said to me, “I can prevail upon the Lord reclining on the dense milky ocean (Ksirodasayi, probably Mahaprabhu) to write out a message in Old Sanskrit.”

Asked about the history of automatic Mahanama inscription, Dadaji said, “Many hundreds of thousands of years ago, Naarada explained the concept of initiation (Diksha) to Prahlada and instructed him on Navothaana-yoga to be yoked unto Him in loving submission while the Mahanama appeared inscribed on a pair of new banana leaves.” After a pause, Dadaji continued, “Mahaprabhu initiated four to five associates in the current way, but Ram Thakur used to write Mahanama out physically on pieces of paper. Your Dada, however, used leaves of trees initially

for manifestation of Mahanama before switching over to a piece of paper.” So manifestation of written Mahanama has precedents, though few and far between and left unrecorded, as far as we know in historical documents.

If you ask Dadaji about the way “written messages” manifest, he simply says, “It’s a matter of vibrations.” Possibly it’s a matter of materializing those vibrations into linguistic configuration of script. One is instantly reminded of Dadaji’s assertion, “He, who can catch vibrations, has the Infinite in his grip.” How does Dadaji account for the manifestation of these immaculate “written messages”? The operation simulates the cosmogonic (origin of the universe) process at its tail end, harnessing the vibrations to yield, while encompassing the domain of human creativity, the conventional linguistic patterns of thought and finally thrusting them in script on the void of a blank piece of paper. Undoubtedly it’s a supra-Herculean exploit, a feat sparked by the fiat of the Will of Dadaji in his stance of Nobody-ness.

What about the manifestation of Mahanama? It is above and beyond the plane of “written message” manifestation. Supra-cosmic as the Mahanama is in its nascent state, though indwelling every point of space-time, Mahanama is beyond all spatio-temporal computation. Its manifestation is achieved by a perfect enactment of the pre-cosmogonical process at its fountainhead as indicated before, but immediately followed by a vibrational thrust transcribing the Mahanama in red letters on a piece of paper while holding under altered state of consciousness the entire world of relational and finitizing texture. It is the most exalted manifestation, barring of course a few Puja experiences, under the stewardship of Dadaji.

Despite that Mahanama is the easiest, most spontaneous, and most commonplace manifestation with Dadaji rooted in the vacuum as Nobody-ness. Other forms of automatic writing, including many other supernatural exploits of Dadaji, thought proceeding from a level considered lower empirically, need not be that easy, spontaneous or commonplace for they have to contend more and more in varying degrees with the leviathan of the inertia in the material environs. Undoubtedly they look and sound much more sensational, spectacular, hair-raising and breathtaking, still Mahanama manifestation is at the core and apex of most of Dadaji’s supernatural manifestations. It is perfectly natural that Mahanama manifestation on a piece of paper should evaporate in no time when the attendant altered state of consciousness is lifted. Frankly speaking it is really inconceivable how the two sounds of Mahanama can co-exist in print on a piece of paper, for Mahanama represents the Life Principle, not the physical concomitant, which is characterized by bipolarity and alternation. Yet furrowing across this bipolarity the two sounds of Mahanama appear in print through the fiat of the vacuous Nobody-ness. How fantastic and unbelievable it really sounds!

Readers may wonder how any sensible person could wax so obsequiously eloquent, profound, and obscurant on an issue which is apt to be viewed by many with skepticism. They may accuse the present writer of willfully shutting out common sense and realistic outlook, and of being carried away by mystic flights of fantasy invoking the descent of transcendence quite out of season. Nothing need be said by me to clear the mist of their intrigued skepticism. There are many genuine admirers of Dadaji who would find it hard to breathe the rarefied air of such supernatural eruptions; even they would be confounded, bewildered and shaken to the roots of their beliefs. To salvage their deluged submission to and faith in Dadaji it is imperative to let Dadaji speak on this issue. On day, while Dadaji was chatting with a group of associates, someone inquired if the vision by Arjuna of the universal Form (Viswarupa as described in the Gita) of the Lord was a revelation of the highest order. With a revealing smile, Dadaji instantly replied, “It is verily of a lower order, but what about Mahanama revelation? It is manifested from a much higher plane. What about Mahanama revealed to a couple simultaneously in different scripts on the same piece of paper? Arjuna alone had vision of Viswarupa. But that sort of revelation to a couple is leagues above and beyond the vision of Viswarupa by Arjuna.”

So there you are; the universe in all its manifoldness proceeds from Mahanama. When that manifold diffusion of Mahanama is huddled together to constitute a gigantic form encompassing the entire universe, that form is named Viswarupa. Therefore, in retrospect the universe is Mahanama; Mahanama as the summation of its products. But Mahanama is beyond it because that summation, the universe, clearly lacks Mahanama Love potency and Integral Consciousness that leads to Truth. It becomes evident that Mahanama manifestation is beyond any computation in space-time.

As for the skeptic who will take nothing on trust, even as a working hypothesis let him or her not reject anything or mistrust either. There are two alternatives. Firstly, one may try to demonstrate those occurrences of the manifestation of a “written message” of Mahanama with the help of modern science which at times passes as omnipotent and omniscient. When one fails that, secondly, one may try to prove with the help of scientific gadgetry or otherwise that illusion, delusion or hallucination is responsible for such projected manifestations which are then viewed as innocuous. The latter alternative has been tried time after time by scientists with spectacular, though dumb, failure. Since neither of the two alternatives can be achieved, in all fairness to scientific avocation, one should remain silent, a likely impossibility for scientific superstitions have become the opiate of modern enlightenment. If one becomes conversant with the latest scientific discoveries, one would see scientific dogma has gone berserk. Let science set its own house in order before launching an attack on real spirituality. Some scientists have started theorizing about a ‘universal mind’; what a demented heresy!

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