

Part IV

On Dadaji

9 My Dadaji Experiences

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I met Dadaji on August 15, 1975. Since then I have had many occasions of meeting and talking intimately with him. My experiences associated with him have led me to an inner certitude of the existence of Truth (Supreme Being or Satyanarayan) that, however, defies any mental or intellectual description. As a scientist, a researcher in theoretical high energy physics, I am well versed in the presently accepted basic laws of physics. My working life in this world is



Dr Pandit greets Dada 1983 Utsav in Calcutta

thus entirely tied up with the world of mental concepts, expressed in mathematical form, framed for the purpose of achieving an orderly description of the phenomena of nature perceived via our senses suitably extended through complex instruments.

Experiences with Dadaji have NOT led me to give up or deny this world as seen and described by us...it too, after all, is the creation of the Supreme Being. What has happened is an awareness has developed in me of the immanent and all-engulfing Truth beyond the grasp of the intellect. Only an open-minded (rather open-hearted) reader is likely to grasp what is sought to be communicated here. This shall be, for once, no occasion for merely intellectual discussions. Words, after all, cannot describe what the

intellect cannot grasp or formulate. However, where the affinity of Love exists, all lovers know words can still be enjoyable even though they are thoroughly inadequate as vehicles for the feeling enjoyed in communion.

The Space-Time Complex: Relativity and Complementarity

As soon as we appear in this world of nature (the kingdom of Time), consciousness emerges in the garb of mind attempting constantly a separation of subject and object. An effort at continuous coordination in moments of time and locations in space attends the experiencing of the world within and without. A fragmented vision of events in time and space ensues. Desire to control the course of events takes hold.

An attempt to describe the world that may lead to practical ends being achieved, is inaugurated. Most magical rights and religious rituals of old, as well as scientific research and technology of today are based on this basic desire. The result, of dominating importance today, is the dazzling edifice of science. Recent developments in the fundamental science of physics have thrown up a few general lessons of great importance. As a background to offset the experiences with Dadaji I will relate in this article, it will be worthwhile to briefly indicate these lessons.

The first major revolution, still however permitting a deterministic causal description of natural phenomena, occurred in 1905 with the emergence of the special theory of relativity of

Einstein. As a result, it became clear that the hitherto employed concept of time flowing independently of space, whereby simultaneity of events widely separated in space had an absolute meaning, was only of approximate validity and was natural to us only in the context of familiar experiences in which the speeds involved were negligible compared to the enormous speed of light in vacuum. The physical space-time complex is actually inseparable, and simultaneity is a relative concept depending on the motion of the observer. Furthermore, no physical signals (or actions) can travel faster than the speed of light in vacuum...the latter being independent of the state of the source and is, as such, a universal limiting physical speed.

The second major revolution, and philosophically in many ways the more jolting one, was inaugurated already in the year 1900 by Planck's discovery of another universal limiting constant called Planck's quantum of action; and, properly matured only after another quarter century had elapsed with the discovery of quantum mechanics needed for a proper description of atomic phenomena. It rung the death knell on all attempts at a deterministic causal space-time description of physical phenomena at the atomic and subatomic level.

There must always be present an undetermined disturbance of the observed system in each act of observation. The observer and the observed can no longer be neatly separated. The description must thus, perforce be only probabilistic or statistical. The limitation of our language based on the, for all practical purposes, valid deterministic space-time description of the familiar large scale experience, for which the limiting constant of Planck is negligible, forces us to make use of mutually exclusive (complementary) physical pictures in describing one and the same physical system at the atomic level.

This was revolution indeed. Its lesson has been formulated as the principle of complementarity by Niels Bohr. Emboldened by this lesson from atomic physics, Bohr has even attempted carrying over the spirit of the principle of complementarity to other areas where the intellectual activity of concept and theory building is carried on, such as in psychology and biology. It may be in the very nature of the intellect that concepts which are mutually contradictory in terms of the language pertaining to one level of experience must, nevertheless, be used together in a complementary manner when used to describe newer and subtler levels of experience.

The methods of science have proved eminently successful. As a result, in all areas of human activity, one attempts the methods of scientific model building. The open-ended evolutionary as well as revolutionary nature of the development of science is clear by the above examples. Today, the focus of attention in fundamental research in physics is on the subnuclear high energy particle phenomena. Many new and totally unforeseen phenomena have been observed with the use of very high energy machines and complex detector systems. This research involving huge outlays of money and manpower, is seeking the ultimate theory of matter. This hope appears to us very naive, for no matter how high the energy attained, by marshalling perhaps the budgets of the whole world, it will still be negligibly small compared with infinite energy.

The open-ended game of scientific research remains certainly interesting and possibly technologically useful at every step. Such open-endedness is not peculiar to experimental science. In fact, incompleteness always remains in the intellectual game of abstract mathematics. Many are the other games of deep importance, such as the play of human imagination in the arts. The creative impulse is presumably from one and the same source, be it in art or in science. For the intellect the world pictures from these two directions may appear contradictory but both sides are somehow important in the sense of the extended principle of complementarity. Certitude might well be impossible for the intellect and yet be immediate to the heart.

To a general reader the foregoing paragraphs might seem too terse and hardly connected with our main theme. But, the essential point is that science is devoted to constructing a mental, intellectual description of the world in the space-time framework. The resulting picture is openended and no claims to absolute finality can be made for it at any stage of its development. In contrast, the Truth that Dadaji refers to as the Absolute, is well beyond the pale of mind and intellect. Thus, no logically consistent description of Truth is possible in human language. The

baffling Dadaji experiences I will relate serve to point to this BEYOND. Dadaji exhorts us all the same, to fully enjoy the familiar world as the creation and play of the Supreme Being, while developing an inner awareness of the Lord through loving devotion.

First Encounter: Mahanam Revelation

In June 1973, I was participating in a summer school at Dalhousie. During one of the evening strolls, a distinguished colleague happened to mention a book, recently published, relating miracles attributed to a well known "Miracle Maker" of south India. I became very curious. I had also read cursorily about such doings in a weekly magazine, all with utter disbelief. After all, as a physicist, I was well aware of the present basic physical laws, including those of conservation of energy and matter, which make physical means unavailable, certainly for large scale materialization or even transformations of physical objects.

However, on my return to Bombay, I did buy a copy of that book and read it through. All the incidents were to me quite beyond acceptance. Even though unbelieving, I could not easily dismiss the testimonies of so many good and able people. Were they all gullible fools? Or, was it perhaps possible that, with all the numerous camouflaging hoaxes abounding in the world, there is in fact, an incomprehensible Divine Power, to which our laws do not apply, shooting forth baffling manifestations for some Divine Purpose?

It was not difficult to dismiss such thoughts and get involved with my worldly affairs. I had another absorbing pastime made available to me just then. My eldest brother, Mr C S Pandit, had moved from Delhi to Bombay to take on the editorial responsibilities of a local daily paper. Our entertaining talks were indeed absorbing. One evening, quite unexpectedly, he told me that he had been contacted by Abhi Bhattacharya requesting him to come and meet Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, who was referred to as Dadaji (Elder Brother). "You will accompany me for this meeting?" my brother asked. I told him point blank that I did not believe in going and meeting so-called holy persons and the invitation was clearly to him because of his public importance as an editor. So, he went to the meeting alone and, in fact, went three or four times after. Each time he would come back with astounding experiences of breathtaking miraculous phenomena, thoroughly enchanted with the loving personality of Dadaji. I listened to him in disbelief, and yet with a mind open, albeit with some effort. Since I know him well to be a man not easily fooled and trained to watch the crooked by-ways of the political world; and besides, it was the nearest possible first hand reporting.

My suppressed curiosity finally surfaced. I agreed to accompany my brother to visit Dadaji on August 15. We started out from my flat for the fifteen mile drive. It was the monsoon season and it was literally pouring. The going became rougher as we proceeded. My brother asked me in mocking dismay, "Are you in luck or not?" As soon as he said this, the lashing rain stopped and did not reappear for the remaining thirteen miles.

On the way, my brother ran out of cigarettes. We stopped and he bought a pack of expensive, imported State Express 555 cigarettes. He hardly had time to enjoy a few puffs, when we arrived at our destination, Abhi's flat in Bandra. He threw away his cigarette and we entered the flat. My brother and I were called by Dadaji into the private bedroom adjoining the main gathering room. I had vaguely expected to see an awe-inspiring old man with gorgeous saffron clothes or some other appurtenances of ostensible holiness. Instead, I saw a rather ordinary looking man, appearing to be about fifty-five, with somewhat loose, long, mostly black hair, reclining on a bed in a most informal manner of any average elderly Indian householder on a Sunday morning. He was clad in the common summer attire of a Lungi and sleeveless vest. Could it really be the one I had come all this way to meet, I wondered.

I greeted Dadaji from a distance, abstaining from the traditional Indian touching of the feet when meeting an elder, and then squatted in front of him like the others. The casual informal conversation in progress when we entered continued. I felt somewhat out of it all, except when a couple of times Dadaji shot me a glance with a peculiar smile. Those glances and that smile are vivid even today. They had a quality that is impossible to describe.

All of a sudden, with an impetuous, spontaneous gesture with his hand, Dadaji called me closer to him. He touched my chest with his hand and I was engulfed all through my body and clothes with an incredible Fragrance which remained after many washings. As he touched my chest, Dadaji said, "You take Diksha from your inside, yes?" I vaguely nodded my head and shuffled back to my original spot.

My brother asked Dadaji, "Why do you want publicity?" Dadaji laughed and said, "He does not want any publicity. But, who can stop His Work? Truth has ways to get His Work done." All very laconic. All of a sudden, Dadaji said, "Oh, Mr. Pandit has a great desire for a cigarette. Go on and smoke if you wish." I saw my eldest brother looking like an embarrassed youngster, an amusing sight indeed. Then Dadaji asked, "Oh, you will smoke my cigarettes? Here...." And, Dadaji flicked his hand and out fell in front of us with incredible suddenness a large carton of two hundred State Express 555 cigarettes, which no hand could have hidden! Dadaji shot me a glance, inscrutable, from a face somewhat flushed and radiant. And then, he took a small piece from his own packet of a cheap Indian brand of cigarettes and casually lit it.

That stub was to me a liberating experience. It seemed to say, taboos are man made, of no importance to Him. My suppressed curiosity for a materialization miracle had been taken care of in a way leaving no room for any quibbling. And this, while I was still suffused by the Divine Aroma Dadaji had touched off my chest.

While I sat somewhat stunned and yet strangely elated by what I had just witnessed, my brother regained his composure. He asked how these things could happen, speaking in my behalf, that I was a scientist and could hardly accept such happenings. Dadaji said, "Dadaji does not know, does not want to know and has no part in them. They happen at His Will. That is all. Only a scientist knows the boundaries and so what lies outside them. Just wait, our scientist will be straightened out in a minute."

Dadaji asked the others to leave the room and asked me to hold firmly in my hand a small piece of paper. He asked me to bow down to a picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and as I did that, he started muttering, "Jai Ram, Jai Ram, Jai Ram...." and touched my back. In a moment, I was living through the grandest miracle of all. While fully conscious, I was somehow aware of a deep inner subtle vibration, almost disembodied and from deep within I heard the Mahanam, Gopal Govinda, in a voice strangely familiar, just like hearing myself on a tape recording. Dadaji asked me to look at the piece of paper I was holding. I found the Mahanam written on it in beautiful red calligraphy. Again I bowed and when I looked at the paper again Mahanam had disappeared, leaving a mere fragrant oily smudge. Dadaji explained, "You have seen your within, Lord Govinda. For a fleeting moment, the veil had been parted for you by His Grace. Back again you are in the mundane world of Maya. Your Mahanam is for your loving remembrance while you sojourn in this world, His Creation. It is not for a mere ritualistic repetition. Tell me, scientist, did I utter it in your ear to collect some fees? You have got what was and is yours from your within." And so, I was raised by His Grace to the level of a Drashta, a Seer. I had no reluctance to touching Dadaji's feet now, the feet that were fragrant with Divine Aroma. Before we parted,



Dadaji gave me a small picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan for my wallet and a large one for my home.

On my second visit to Dadaji, again with my brother, Dadaji thundered, "All bluff! How can a mortal be a Guru of another mortal? The Lord alone is our Gurus." This attack on Gurudom and priestcraft is a common refrain with him, much to the annoyance of traditional beliefs (or superstitions) and powerful vested interests. I thought I was being clever when I bowled him quietly a googly, "And Dadaji, who is this person in the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan?" Straight-away he batted me for six, "Nobody! He is no body. The symbol of Truth." Every mathematician, I remembered, knows the profound meanings attached to innocuous looking symbols, e.g. of unity (1), zero, and infinity. That took care of me beautifully.

We were about to leave when Dadaji told us, "The Lord will give you a message, either of you." In deference to my elder brother, I stepped back and left the room. My brother later told me he, himself, held out in his hands a blank page torn out of a school exercise book and bowed to Sri Sri Satyanarayan while remembering Mahanam. Within a few seconds, he was out of the room with the paper now covered with a message beautifully written in red ink. The basic message of love and devotion to Mahanam with complete surrender having been received, I left happy.

Thinking on the Cypher Being is as good as the thinking on Brahma. To separate propitious from the pernicious, the capacity for the worship of the Divine Being has to be acquired in order to negate both. The word God or the Divine Being is a reality or a universal bliss; it is the abstract idea of Zero, One and Brahma. The veil of desire is the compact body. The continuous study of the Veda makes one a Vipra (surrender to Truth), afterwards being purified by the performance of the rites, one becomes a Dwija (twice born), and thereafter, when one takes rest in Brahma, one turns into a Brahman (state in which Mahanam is seen fully manifested in one's life). Then gradually crossing the gambit of mind through various Yogic practices, viz. Rudra Sthapana, one attains serene peace through the manifestations of Maha Sakti (the great kinetic potency of God). So, when you will succeed in your constancy to the Lord, Who is the Cypher Being, then alone you will attain the Truth; this is the normal way to Bliss. Practice constant devotion to the Lord makes one a Sati; then one attains Sita Bhava, a state of pure heart, and thereafter, one masters the senses and attains the Lotus Feet of Savitri. One proceeds further beyond the kingdom of Time and obtains Divine Love which is as good as the Truth Absolute and continuous Bliss; this is the concept of Tri-Sandhya or the three Dusks at Sun-rise, Noon and Sun-set.

--- Sri Sri Satyanarayan

The third time I met Dadaji I had another grand experience. Dadaji asked me in the morning, before I left him, to come back that evening, bringing along with me a glass bottle full of drinking water. He asked me to come into the private room and bow to Sri Sri Satyanarayan holding the bottle and to remember Mahanam. I did this for a few seconds. Then he took the bottle, which was tightly closed with a screwed on lid, in his hand and gently rubbed the glass with his thumb a couple of times. To my amazement the clear drinking water inside the bottle immediately turned translucent. Dadaji gave me the bottle of drinking water and asked me to open and smell the contents. There was a most heavenly strong fragrance in it now. He instructed me to take it home, double it with another bottle of drinking water and to take daily with my wife and children, a drop each, of this Charanjali. Even today, after more than three years, the same fragrance and translucence survive in the remaining contents.

Dadaji asked me to bring along my wife, Neeraja, and assured me most lovingly that I could meet him anytime whatever. As tangible expression of his love he gave me an invitation card for Neeraja in the form of a volume "On Dadaji," inscribed to her and signed Dadaji and the date. All this was done by merely moving his bare finger on the title page. The inscription was in the same beautiful red colored writing as the Mahanam I had seen.

My wife was ready to meet Dadaji, having been drawn to him already when I brought home the picture of Satyanarayan. That picture had reminded her of a vision she had had some six months earlier, when she had dozed off one afternoon. A Divine personality appeared to her intimating of his relationship to the family for thousands of years. The appearance, she said, was of Satyanarayan, minus the beard! To her it is a most unforgettably vivid beatific experience, a Sakshatkar, and not a dream. This Dadaji told her later even without her having said anything about it to him.



Dr Pandit (physicist), Dada, Mr Pandit (editor) 1975

As we left home to visit Dadaji a monsoon began its furious display with torrential rain. Neeraja instinctively wanted to turn back to pick up an umbrella. But, such was my intoxication with the recent experiences with Dadaji that I spontaneously blurted out, "What? Forget it, do you realize where you are going?" She was struck by my confidence and quietly acquiesced to following me. We walked along the covered corridors of two buildings, while outside it continued to pour. Nonchalantly I stepped out at the end of

the covered corridor onto the road and promptly the rain stopped. It never rained another drop throughout the fifteen mile trip. Many people were assembled to meet Dadaji, but when we arrived, he said, "Oh, my daughter as come." He touched her chest and her whole body and clothes were filled with his Divine Aroma. He took her in for the grandest of all experiences, the receiving of Mahanam. Dadaji explained to her, "The Lord is immediately available to you through love. Remember Mahanam with love and complete self-surrender. That is the only way. He is far, far out of the reach of the clever and merely learned. By no means can you get to Him through rituals."

The Supreme Science

My family and I continued to have many astounding experiences of manifestations, transformation and healing. We read and heard of the experiences of our brothers and sisters with Dadaji. It slowly dawned upon me that I had been receiving hints about the incomprehensible Truth beyond the reach of our intellectual pursuits, science included. However, it simultaneously dawned upon me that there was NO denial of our mundane activities implied at all.

A couple of days before returning to Calcutta, Dadaji suggested I write an article based on my experiences. I later realized that was a nice way of making me attempt a formulation of what had been slowly dawning upon me. In part, I wrote, "To give us a glimpse of That, in Whom all space-time, causality, good, bad...the whole universe (evolving, exploding, pulsating or steady), all knowledge (scientific or otherwise), have their seat, is the proclaimed purpose of Dadaji. To our science dominated world, he has thus appeared as a knower of the Supreme Science. His subject containing as it does, science and all else."

Months later, I asked Dadaji, "It appears to me that what we study is only the manifested world with its presumably definite laws and surely by powers of intuition, imagination and reason, again manifested by Him. Is it not?" Dadaji beamed at me and said, "Ah! fine, you are through, you are through!"



Dr Lalit Pandit speaking to Utsav gathering 1983 Calcutta

Yet, within our own family discussions, my brother's eldest son took us to task for believing in such nonsense, telling us in effect that we too were being led to join the large ranks of gullible fools. It was most natural from one who had not yet been destined to receive or understand the experiences we had gone through. For these experience cannot be asked for or ordered. As Dadaji repeatedly says, "They happen at His Will alone."

That night I was awakened around 1 am by a severe sinus pain. To relieve it I decided to make myself a cup of tea. As I was about to enter the kitchen, I suddenly noticed the little finger of my right hand was glowing in a strange manner. My first impulse was to shake it off, thinking it due to some glowing insect. But, soon I realized this beautiful bluish white glow, in sort of phosphorescent longish pattern, to be an unexpected new experience. In fact, my Kurta (night shirt), I noticed, also had a large pearl of light on it.

I immediately woke up Neeraja to share the experience. She was thrilled and as she touched my finger, her right hand thumb also immediately started glowing in like manner and her upper lip began to glow with a tiny pearl of light. This was fantastic! We woke up my brother and his wife. They were equally surprised and thrilled. My brother said, "See, the image of Sri Sri Satyanarayan has appeared on your finger to endorse your writing." With that, he peacefully went off to sleep. After some time enjoying the experience, Neeraja told me to wake up our unbelieving nephew and show him the manifestation. As soon as I got up to do that, the glows and lights promptly disappeared. They were evidently not meant for show! And, of course, my pain had disappeared allowing a most restful sleep.

On another occasion, when I was spending a few wonderful days with Dadaji in Calcutta, a photographer came wanting to take Dadaji's picture. He tried a couple of times and each time on clicking the camera, the flash failed. Finally, Dadaji said, "All right, this time it will work." And it did. The most memorable evening was that New Year's Eve. It was dark due to power shedding in the city. Dadaji was reclining as usual, with a small group of brothers and sisters sitting around in candlelight. His talks ranged over thousands of years of human history. He gave hints about the apocalyptic nature of the coming years. He once touched the candle flame a few times and then let me smell his fingers. Each time I noticed a different perfume. Then he let me smell the different parts of his body. I found a different delightful fragrance at each spot. He explained that the fragrance was the real Vanshi Dhwani (sound of the Divine flute of Krishna).

Who is Dadaji?

What person is there who can really claim to know him! To his large number of brothers and sisters, he appears as the most beloved, ever-loving eldest brother. To many outside, he appears as a mighty menace to their age old game of exploitation of the simple-minded people in the form of Gurudom. There are, of course, people who, unable to take in the impact of the events that take place in his presence through Divine Will, want an easy escape by dubbing them as mere tricks of magic. Yes, magic indeed it is, the same magic from which came forth the sun, the stars, the galaxies, the entire universe!

Dadaji, as knower of Brahma (the Creator), appears in our science dominated world as the knower of the Supreme Science. He is the knower of Truth, in which all that is perceived and all that is not perceived have their seat. Dada says, "To separate the propitious from the pernicious, the capacity for the worship of the Divine Being has to be acquired in order to negate both." It is to establish that Truth in our feeble minds that the Grand Drama seems to have been initiated. Both the pernicious and the propitious have a clashing role therein, before both are wiped out and Truth becomes manifest in His Divine Splendor as Sri Sri Satyanarayan!

I vividly recall Dadaji saying, "All is Absolute, everyone, everything. Only by our fragmented vision we see parts. Truth is outside the reach of the mind. This whole life is His Vraja Leela (Divine Play). We have come to enjoy His Play. Remember Him with love and remain in Swabhava (natural state). Good and bad exist in mind only. You follow Him. Divine Name is the only path."



Dr Pandit speaking at Utsav 1985



Dr Pandit speaking at Utsav at Dada's request 1986

Message from Sri Sri Satyanarayan

In the next months and years I had many opportunities to visit Dadaji in his home in Calcutta. In November, 1976, a very important experience occurred. A large number of people had gathered to meet him. A couple of days before my arrival, I was told a message had been received by someone from Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Photostat copies of this message were given to some of the people present that day.

Dadaji addressed me, "If you want He will transform this copy of the message you have to any color you ask for. For you, as you are a scientist." He then took me to the adjoining empty room and asked me to choose any color. I asked for red. He told me to bow to Sri Sri Satyanarayan. In a second I looked at the paper I was holding again. What had been a smudgy photostat copy was now transformed into a beautifully printed paper in red, carrying the same message!

Truth expressed is Truth expired. An all-inclusive integral self-identity, It defies all manifestation. For, to be manifest, is to be an other in a space-time complex, as the segmented human vision would have it. Truth, therefore, can only be lived as mere existence and never as existent. To understand is to stand apart from it; to realize is to fancy as real what is unreal. "Scriptures are accordingly a tissue of half-truths, Vilma (corrupt truth), Anukara (caricature of truth). Truth of a surety never submits to mental molds which these scriptures typify. The Vedas, which are at the source of Hindu Dharma and Omkar Brahma worship, are but a semblance of the Hamsa of the Sanatan Dharma. And, the Tantra fares no better.

No one can come into this world without the two sounds of Mahanam vibrating within them. Locked in wedlock to it, one comes here and forgets it outright. The Mahanam vibrates within the vacuous region of the heart, which is the place of repose of all respiration, unruffled by any mental modes. This Mahanam is Prana, Govinda, the warp and woof of your existence.

The respiratory function is set in motion by its spontaneous vibration. If you closely follow the track of respiration, you may be led to a rediscovery of the vibration of Mahanam. A misunderstanding of this situation paved the way for progressively monstrous physical and mental gymnastics in the name of Yoga and Tantra.

While Yoga is subjectively oriented, Tantra has more of a firm objective bias. It has yielded a rich harvest of ritualism and a plethora of mystic syllabus, diagrams, and esoteric Vidyas (arts and sciences), traces of which are clearly found in the Upanisads. After the Kurukshetra War, Tantra gathered momentum by pursuing Sava Sadhana, Preta Sadhana and the sex-act as a Divine rite. As time wore on, the world was littered with such exotic concepts as Kundalini, Satchakra, Bhuta Suddhi, Asana Suddhi, Panca Makara and the like. What a grand enterprise to schematize the Infinite and to forcibly implant it in your body and mind!

But, Tantra professedly has a profound philosophy to offer. In it the ultimate reality is a perfect equipoise of Siva and Sakti. Its goal is to fully awaken the human Soul from its state of slumber and to raise it to the state of Purnahanta, Svatantrya, Omniscience and Omnipotence through the complete awakening of Kundalini to be achieved through Unmilana Samadhi, through a state of equilibrium of Prana and Apana. And, this state of Moksha is glibly dovetailed with Bhoga! And the entire farrago of Tantric merchandise is laid bare before you to bear on the contingency....Nada, Bindu, Kala, Kama Kala, etc., etc.!

All this is good talk, but bad logic. It suffers from egoism and mental geometrisation. Whatever is achieved is necessarily an effect, limited in space and time, transitory and is right under your thumb. This may give you some miraculous power for a short spell of time. But, it has nothing to do with Him. In practice, however, Tantra indulges in perverse sex-acts and its multiform seeming sublimation. But, the sex-act, in fact, no act can ever lead to the Zero-experience.

Be of good cheer. You have nothing to get. Everything that is, is within. He is within you and is your dearest; in fact, He is you and your existence is the way to Him. Unless you are shorn of your ego and are beyond our mind, you cannot be in tune with Him.

Where there is mind, there is meaning. So, don't try to understand Him. NO original sin you have come here to expiate for. You have come here to have a taste of His Vraja Leela, which this world displays. Vraja Leela is symbolized by copulation, moving to and fro, to the opposite poles like a pendulum, the characteristic of duality and mental function. When you are at rest, which is symbolized by 'orgasm,' that is beyond Vraja, beyond Krishna. This, finally leads you to Satyanarayan or Bhuma, which is a state of undifferentenced existence.

Evaporation of ego, loving submission to Mahanam and braving the world of reality as His bounteous expression is your duty. Don't create an ivory tower. Let your senses and mind do any manner of antics. If you starve them, you are the worst criminal, you cannot, then, do the Asva Medha and Rajasuya. No Prema, no Mahajnana. Penance is necessary for existence in this world and not for Him.

Dadaji is the complete repudiation of egohood. He is no person. The Will Supreme, therefore, displays an endless variety of fantastic miracles through him to iron out all atheism. Play your part well in the Vraja Leela, shaking off your desires and obsessions. You are Purna Kumba. Let this consciousness dawn upon you from within. Be always in a state of Swabhava (natural), free from all sense of want.

--- Sri Sri Satyanarayan

10 Exuberant Divine Experience

by Mr S B Pandya, General Secretary
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Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury is commonly known as Dadaji (Elder Brother) the world over. Numerous men and women from India and abroad (many among them topmost scientists and scholars) adore him, have faith in his message and seek internal light from him. Many of these people gather together in the presence of Dadaji once a year for the Mahapuja of Sri Sri Satyanarayan in Calcutta. During the two Mahapuja days, those gathered in Somnath Hall become fully engrossed in Bhajans, devotional songs that become the only theme of everyone there. Ordinarily about 1,500 to 2,000 people from all parts of India, USA, Canada, England,



Mr and Mrs Pandit with Dada at Utsav 1984 in Calcutta

Germany, Belgium and other countries attend the Mahapuja. Since about 1978 when I first met Dadaji, I have attended Mahapuja. The Mahapuja itself is performed once on each of the two days. It is held in a closed room that contains only the large portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and near it, there is one glass of water, coconut water in another glass, and cooked rice in a

vessel. These are Prasad and there is nothing else in the room. A few scienceminded and learned people from the gathering are taken in the Puja room to ascertain there is nothing else there. For the Mahapuja, only one person from the hall is selected to sit inside the room on behalf of the whole gathering. It is not certain who will be sitting for the Puja. That everyone becomes engrossed in the Bhajans is the only certainty. When the devotional songs are at their full peak, Dadaji calls someone from the gathering he deems worthy to sit for the Puja.

During the year 1985, Mahapuja was held on the 21st and 22nd of October. Usually during Puja, I sit near the wall at the back of the room and try to avoid the development of any ego in me, any feeling that I, too, am someone important. On the second day the Puja started at about four-thirty the afternoon. When the Bhajans were at full peak at about six o'clock, Dadaji called me from the corner where I was sitting and told



me, "You will sit for Puja." Hearing this I felt extremely joyful within myself and I immediately prayed within myself to Sri Satyanarayan and Dadaji to save me from the ego and feeling of

being an important or selected person; and to fill me with the feeling that the Puja I would be doing will be on behalf of everyone gathered there and they all were partners in the Puja. I prayed for internal strength to maintain this feeling.



Mr Pandit and Dadaji 1985 Utsav

Dadaji asked me to follow him to the Puja room. At the door he asked me to remove all clothes above the waist, keeping only the Dhoti (traditional Bengali men's attire) on the lower half. The Puja room was examined as described earlier and it was determined it was empty but for the portrait and Prasad. Dadaji accompanied me in the Puja room and he too removed all clothes from the upper part of his body, keeping only his Lungi on the lower half. In the room there were two small square rugs. Dadaji asked me to sit on one and told me that the other one was for Sri Sri Satyanarayan. I was asked to sit cross-legged with my eyes closed and to rest my hands on my knees and keep my palms of both hands upward, the first fingers

of each hand touching the thumbs. Dadaji asked me to recall Mahanam. All the lights were switched off. Dadaji remained in the room about 3-5 minutes and then said he was going. I heard the noise of the closing door. I was told later on that the door was locked from outside. I was alone. There was complete darkness. I was feeling it in the room. In the beginning, I prayed to Sri Sri Satyanarayan to give me strength to be able to digest the experience, not to develop any ego in me, and to develop a feeling that I was doing Puja on behalf of the whole gathering and in partnership with each and everyone outside in the hall. There was complete silence in the room, the only sound I heard was the song Dadaji wrote, "Ramaiva Sharanam, Sharanagato'yam" (I take refuge in the protection of God. I take repose in Him and always remember Him). And, that became the theme of my mind.

I was chanting Mahanam constantly and was fully engrossed in it. After about 5 or 10 minutes, I felt sparks of lightning around me in the room. Slowly the sparks of Light became brighter and brighter, then started gathering together in front of me and formed into a bright shining Light. Simultaneously I experienced a gentle shower of water on my head and body. I thought it to be that of Gangajal (Ganga refers to the flow of Consciousness, Jal means water). Dadaji's Fragrance started coming and became intense. I was told later there was His Fragrance in the whole building. The Light in front of me became brighter and brighter each moment and it developed into an oblong shape. I was becoming happy and full of joy. Within a short time, in the oblong brightness I saw Sri Krishna in live human form and I was overpowered with joy and tears of happiness came from my eyes. The image of Sri Krishna was very inspiring and it was such as I had never seen before. Different from the images we see on calendars, photos and Murties in the temples. It was in real human form. I immediately bowed to Sri Krishna. While bowing I saw that my wife, whole family and the gathering in the hall were all simultaneously bowing to Him. Sri Krishna blessed me and everybody by spreading His hands on my head and all.

Then slowly the figure of Sri Krishna in the bright Light disappeared. Again, in the same Light I saw the actual figure in human form of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. I bowed to Sri Sri Satyanarayan and He, too, blessed me and slowly disappeared. Again, in the same image I saw Dadaji in person and He blessed me. I was full with joy and had lost all senses. I forgot myself. The bright Light slowly became round, smaller and smaller, but much brighter. It formed itself into a form of a sun and slowly went up. Then, it moved around and came on my head. It entered into my body through my head. It moved downward and became steady at the junction of the chest and the abdomen. I was feeling heat in the body due to that bright Light. I saw again Sri Krishna, then Sri Satyanarayan and Dadaji again in that Light.

Slowly the images disappeared and only the bright Light remained. It "became brighter and brighter, smaller and smaller and smaller and generated more and more heat. That Light remained continuously in my body. It became steady and I was experiencing more heat. I was feeling so much joy! I had lost my senses. This continued for about half an hour. Tears of joy were dropping from my eyes. The Light was becoming much brighter and hotter.

Later I was told that after about 45 minutes Dadaji came into the room, had placed his hand on my head and asked, "Are you all right?" I said, "Yes." It was believed that I would wake up and come out of the room, but after Dadaji left, I was again engrossed in the pleasure of the Light inside my body. When, after about ten or fifteen minutes I did not go out, Mr. Kamdar came and shook me and asked me to get up as everyone outside was waiting for Darshan and Prasad. I had no senses at that time. I did not come to my full awareness, but got up as asked



by Mr. Kamdar. I bowed to Sri Sri Satyanarayan and went in the hall where Dadaji was sitting. I bowed to him and the whole gathering and sat in one corner as still there was Divine Light in me. After about half an hour, I realized that I was sitting without my shirt on and put it back on. This Divine Light continued in my body until midnight and to some extent the whole night. The Divine Fragrance on my body and my clothes remained for many days. I was told Sri Satyanarayan had come into the Puja room and taken Prasad

and there were obvious signs of finger marks. The coconut water had turned into curd. There was fragrant Nectar dripping on the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and the room was full of fragrant Charanjali and Divine Fragrance.

In Calcutta I was staying at the Maharashtra Niwas. When I went there at midnight, my room companion said, "You have applied too much perfume." I said, "It is not perfume from the bazaar, but it is Divine Perfume." I told him the whole of my experience. He was happy to hear about the Puja and took Dadaji's address.

The next day, I returned to Delhi by deluxe train in Second Class A.C. on a coach that accommodates about 44 people. My seat was in the center, yet the whole coach became full of Divine Fragrance. People on the train were searching trying to find where the Divine Fragrance was coming from. They located me and asked me about the Aroma and I told them the whole experience and wished that everybody could become the partner in the Divine Puja. There were a number of physicians and scientists on the coach who questioned me about whether the whole episode might be wishful thinking. I said, "The images of Sri Krishna, Sri Satyanarayan, and Dadaji may be wishful thinking, but how about the Divine Fragrance and taking of the Prasad? Can that, too, be wishful thinking?"

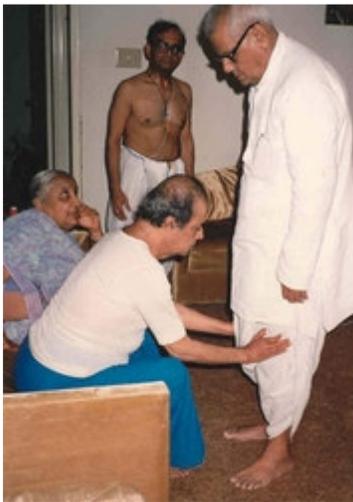
As for me, I accept the whole experience with full faith and devotion. The next day when I reached Delhi and entered my office, everybody noticed the Divine Fragrance and inquired about my experience. I told them what had happened and they were all very happy. I narrate this for you now so that when you read it you can become the partner and experience the Divine Light.



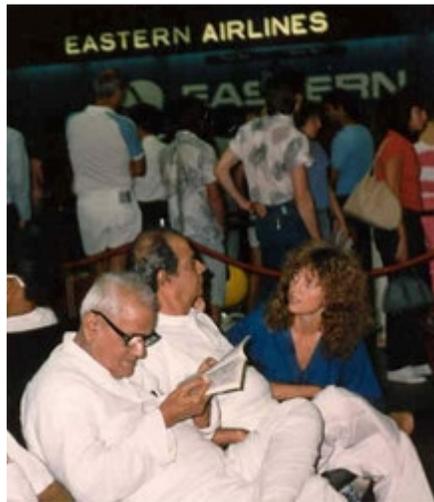
Dadaji and Mr Pandya 1986 Houston Texas



Mr Pandya by Satyanarayan alter



Dadaji's healing touch



Mr Pandya, Dada, Ann Mills 1985 Houston

Editor's Note: During his visits to USA, Dadaji stayed in the homes of Mr and Mrs Pandya's two daughters.

In Los Angeles, Dadaji stayed with Harish and Darshana Jambusaria and in Houston he stayed with Dr and Mrs Mehta.



Dada & Roma 1986 Houston



Dada's wife Boudi cooking his dinner in Los Angeles 1987