

# Part IV

## On Dadaji

### 18 What is Truth: Dadaji Answers

by Jiddu Krishnamurti (1895-1986)  
Free Press Journal, Bombay, India, February 4, 1972



J Krishnamurti

A great movement for the revival of Sanatana Dharma and Sadhana to reopen the channel of our spiritual life, which has been obstructed for long by the sands of formal exhibitionism, taboos and superstition, has been launched by Sri Dadaji from Calcutta. His chief mission is to regenerate Truth Consciousness or God Consciousness. He wants us to realize our own true nature which is Divine and Blissful. Man is the immortal child of the Immortal Father. He is born Divine, an irradiation of the Divine Consciousness and Bliss. The Supreme Lord lies within, in the form of Mahanam; we are born with our Guru, the Self or the Lord and the Mahanam within. He is anxious to embrace us, to guide us to our final destination, Self-realization. No mortal being can be a Guru. Your Self or God alone is Guru. This is the Divine message of Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury (Dadaji) to the bewildered man of the modern agnostic era.

#### Truth is Basic

Contradiction is the child of ignorance. A wrong angle of vision breeds contradiction or the idea of difference. Things conceived in the right perspective, realized through the right angle of vision, do not leave any scope for contradiction and a healthy relation is established between the material and spiritual life charged with blissful harmony and rhythm within the framework of one fundamental principle of life....the Truth....the perennial prime source of our existence, of the existence of the whole of the universe. There is only one Truth, the Self or the Almighty. It envelops us from without and is immanent within us. The aim of our life is to realize this great Truth. This Truth is our true nature, our true being, our safest stronghold.

How to realize our true Divine nature, our Self? We are born initiated. We have simply to realize that we are born initiated. The enlightened Soul realizes the whole of the creation as Brahman or Truth. Initiation conducted at the level of the senses by mortal beings can never lead to Truth which is much beyond the range of the senses. Guruism, as we find it prevalent today, is the most abominable stigma in our spiritual life. It is the source of exploitation of the innocent masses by the self-seekers for mundane values in the name of religion. Sri Dadaji has launched a crusade against the evil practice of Guruism and the associated evils in our current spiritual life. Those who undergo spiritual initiation in the presence of Dadaji get Mahanam directly from their own Self or God. He does not conduct initiation. During initiation, the veil of ignorance is removed for awhile and the Mahanam appears on a plain piece of paper by the Divine Grace on a supra-sensuous plane. After the aspirant has read it, it disappears. It is also heard by the ears from within. This is real Diksha, which introduces the aspirant to Self and makes the inward journey begin.



Dadaji 1971



# 19 Who is Dadaji?

by Professor Nanilal Sen, MA, D Litt  
Colonia, New Jersey USA



Dr N Sen

Who is Dadaji? It's high time the question be raised. We judge things; we size up everything we come in contact with. We re-create, re-cycle the entire spectrum of existence around us and in our image. We continue doing so in oblivion to the fact that Dadaji is out to tear off all the films and filaments of mental images that shroud the integral nudity of Truth. We do it even though

Dadaji says, *"Don't try to understand. There is nothing to understand herein. The very recipe you adopt for it befogs your vision and refracts it into irredeemable fragments."* At other times he says, *"How come they are out to understand this man? Him, who is come here along with the Universal Man? Him, the philosophy of a single word of whom is not comprehended by the entire world?"*



Who is Dadaji? Some find it convenient to call him the "Miracle-man from India." Of a paramount Truth, he is. Diverse miracles flash forth from him like sparks belching out of a smelting workshop. Dadaji blurts out, *"No, no. This man does nothing. He has no power, no agency, not even instrumentality. All this is His doing."* In offbeat moments, Dadaji exclaims, *"What! Do you think this diffusion of Aroma across continents and oceans is superficial? This multiple manifestations in far-flung places? This simultaneous presence among different groups of people in different places for hours together in mutually contrasting moods? This being wedged in between a couple making*

*love at night so that they are not torn asunder from the yoke of His Love? This harnessing of the elements in nature to the convenience and will wishes (Supreme Will. Wish is personal to Dada for us.) of the people? This patting off of fell diseases, including cancer, the "perestroika" (restructuring) of a failing body, and the bringing back of the dead to life? These supernal Puja experiences? And, this down-to-the-earth conversion of silver into gold and back and forth? Can any one in human body come anywhere near performing it? It just happens. They are fait accompli, manifestation of His Will."* Dadaji says he is nobody.

Who is Dadaji? Some choose to call him a Herculean Yogi who must have had an unknown history of long, severe penance in the Himalayas. Dadaji denies it outright, and along with it, that he was the Yoga of Patanjali. He emphatically says, *"He (Dadaji) trudged, a stripling of thirteen, through the Himalayas looking for misguided ascetics in order to rehabilitate them to normal life and the self-evident Truth. The Yoga of Patanjali is a midsummer night's dream twirled up by the sullen stomach, a poetic fantasy of the ego under duress. A psycho-physical acrobatics tethered to the mundane gravitation, it can never lead one even to the furthest penumbra of the arcades of Love of Krishna, nor even to Vaikuntha (free from limitation, illusion). You may get a ghost through calisthenics, not God, Who is enshrined in you. Real Yoga is loving submission to His Will, to be yoked to His pervasive consciousness."* At other times, he would sound a bit pragmatic and assertive while exclaiming, *"He has been thrust herein after a training in all the maneuvers and logistics, this twisting of hands and feet and all that trash. He has come here endowed with six paramount powers. In him, Govinda of Vraja, Krishna of Dwaraka, Mahaprabhu, and Ram Thakur are manifest in unison."* Therefore, his Yoga of Being is beauty bewitching. Renowned Indian scholar Gopinath Kaviraj says about Dadaji, "He can create billions and

trillions of worlds in a moment."

Who is Dadaji? A demonstrably perceptive section of people are prone to dub Dadaji a saucy womanizer, a Don Juan, rather a Casanova raised to the "N-th" degree. Does he not elegantly kiss lovely damsels in public and hug them while we look on in our social impotency? Does he not ask them with impunity, *"Would you marry me?"* Dadaji would hardly swallow a hearty chuckle to hear this. He would confidently chime in, *"Why, we are all women. The only Man is He. And, you can never appear on this earth without prior wedding to Him, the Truth, Mahanama. This prerogative of kissing, wooing, and wedding has been wrested by this man from Nature while appearing on this earth. He can't do without lovely women, who are vibrant with emotional rapture for Him. That is this man's nature. He cannot, of a truth, wallow in wants of ascetic prohibition."*



Ann Mills & Dada – Portland 1983

Who is Dadaji? If you further tickle and squeeze him, indulgently Dadaji will dish out a few chips of his monistic relish saying, *"Why, he has his shower in the mellifluous grace of women; he is robed in women; women are his cosmetic and perfumery. He eats and drinks women; he talks women; he sits and sleeps on women; he is immersed in the threefold fluid of women, namely, steady, static, and profoundly singular. Narayana can never be sundered from "Nari" (women)." What is this fluid? It is the sap of His Expression, the joy of His overflowing as the manifest existence. Who is the woman? She is, in the words of Dadaji, "the Eternal Absolute", the Radha, the relishable fluidity of existence in which Krishna lies constantly immersed, like the yolk of the egg in its whitish fluid. In next moment, Dadaji quips, "But, he is nobody. Even then, an intransigent knave like him has never tread the earth."*

Who is Dadaji? Some people ecstatically call him "Mahaprabhu". Indeed, many of his traits and activities remind one of Mahaprabhu. Some assert he is Ram Thakur in a new body. Anandamayi Ma used to address him as "Govinda". The great savant, Gopinath Kaviraj, who, according to Dadaji, reached Integral Consciousness through discursive, bookish knowledge, saw Dadaji flanked by fluted Krishna to his right, by Mahaprabhu to his left, and Satyanarayana exhibited in the middle. Mr S.K. Roy, the Chief Justice of Orissa and Srinivasm, the great Vedantist of Madras, witnessed Dadaji dissolving in a mass of white dazzling light.

Who is Dadaji? Harvey Freeman, who has come out of Dadaji's heart, will not concede that Dadaji is anything less than, "beyond Satyanarayana". This may be quite in order from two standpoints. In the first place, Expression of Satyanarayana, of His joyous overflowing, must be greater than Himself. Secondly, Satyanarayana is a symbol of triple vacuity, namely, of mind, intellect, and intuitive revelation. Dadaji is all vacuity. Harvey knows this to be true.



Harvey (left) speaking at Utsav in Calcutta 1983

Who is Dadaji? Dr. Radhakrishnan, the philosopher-president of India, saw two Dadajis, one talking to him and the other watching. The great scientist, Mr S.N. Bose, collaborator of Einstein, used to call him "Tathagata" and epithet of the Buddha. Mr G.T. Kamdar, the salt baron of India and supervisor of the Satyanarayan family Bhavan at Bhavanagar, India, looks upon

Dadaji as Narayana. Bruce Kell of Australia, that golden sprout of Dadaji's love, calls him Love Infinite. Prof. Dr. Peter Meyer-Dohm of Germany would call him the "balsam jewel of the heart." The bilateral or trilateral verbal rapport-drama staged continually in the heart chamber of Mrs. Ruby Bose of Calcutta, that profoundest rendezvous of Dadaji's Maha-Rasa, portrays Dadaji as "Govinda of Govinda."



Who is Dadaji? Khuswant Singh, the eminent journalist, characterizes Dadaji as a cocktail of the past, the present, and the future messiahs. To Jatin Bhattacharya of Calcutta, whose residential address Dadaji says is the crematorium, and whom Dada calls "Purna Kumbha", Dadaji is fast gravitating towards the state of Satyanarayana. To famous Indian actor Abhi Bhattacharya, that second self, that witness counterfoil of Dadaji? He only listens without speaking out; his eyes rolling in ruddy rapture of Dadaji-intoxication. Abhida quotes Dadaji as saying, *"Abhi! You cannot comprehend how ineffable is Satyanarayana. Full, Fuller, Fullest-est,...-est,...-est. This is for the first time He has appeared in this world. This is for the last time also. If He has to come again, the universe will have to be created over again."*

Who is Dadaji? What does Dadaji himself say? What Dadaji says cuts both ways. One time he says, *"He is a thousand times more powerful than Mahaprabhu."* Then he says, *"Ram Thakur and Mahaprabhu were He, Himself. Leave this man aside. But, he has come here with all-out autocratic authority."*

Finally he eats all his words to say, *"This is the last word on the issue. None of them is He, Himself, at bottom. He cannot come here as a man or any other being. He has manifestation through them."* To Abhida's query, "Where had you been so long before your Advent?" Dadaji's answer was, *"In the repose of Self-identity."*

Who is Dadaji? What more does Dadaji say? He says, *"The Bridegroom has come to the bride. And, the bride is veiled with the tapestry of wanton sense-gratification. Who will lift that veil? The Bridegroom, of course. After that comes the dark night of hibernating separation. And, at long last, the Bridegroom will woo the bride into eternal repose."* Dadaji is the Bridegroom. That is why he uttered once in seeming dejection, *"They have not even recognized the Krishna of Vraja. How would they recognize Satyanarayana?"*

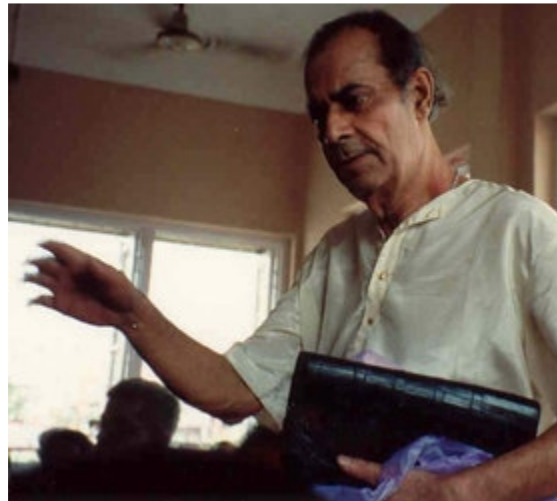
Who is Dadaji? During his world tours, Dadaji has been described by those who met him as "the Lagrangian (basic, key formula of a system) of the universe", "the Null Set", "the Black Hole of Infinite Galaxies", "the biofeedback arch-engineer of humanity", "Existence lying in state upon Existence", "the Absolute in overflowing stance", and so forth. As such descriptions are growing in number, our power of comprehension is progressively nearing its nadir (lowest point opposite the zenith).

Who is Dadaji? A section of hard-boiled conservatives wonder if Dadaji is an atheist. Indeed, his revolutionary zeal knows no frontiers. Our traditional concept of spirituality evaporates before his persuasive logic. He does not believe in scriptures for they are overlaid with superstitious dogmas and self-defeating practices; they tend to promote the ways of the world. Dadaji would often assert, *"What is the difference between the perusal of the Gita or the Bible and that of a pornographic fiction? How does meditation or turning the rosary differ from working in a field or a factory or even a brothel? We are prostituting ourselves constantly through all our activities, secular or sacerdotal (sacrificial). We are creating ghosts out of our minds and worshipping them. Divest yourself of mental images and idols. Where there is mind, there is meaning. Where there is motion because of want, there is emotion. Get beyond the trickery of the mind. Don't stifle it, lest you fail to enjoy His Love and the beauty of His Creation. Let the flapping of its wily wings be stuck in the savor of His Love. Truth will dawn on you in white radiance."* Indeed, his iconoclasm (image-busting, demolition of idols) is more on the mental plane than the physical. Dada says our minds cannot do without idolatry that taints Truth. That is why he dismisses our religious experiences and visions as cooked up and tainted by mental flirtations.

Truth, to him, therefore, is a supramental, vibrationless, vacuous existence. Our Gods and Absolutes and Infinities are liquidated by the mildest stroke of the first vibration from his vacuous stance. Is it wrong then, to call him an atheist? Dadaji loves the atheists because they are free from the festering pseudo-spiritual obsessions of the mind.

Who is Dadaji? Was Christ ever a Christian, or the Buddha a Buddhist? This also serves as a pointer to our enquiry. We have to dispense with the mental crucible before we can get at the truth about Dadaji. Beyond mind, there is no meaning. How then to formulate the truth about him? No problem. We have to interpret the impression of the revelation on our mind which is neither dead, nor dormant, but is simply a passive receiver like the baby's. It may be what has so far been said about Dadaji are pure revelations to this and that mind. It were better had we not raised the question at all. Our impatience with this inscrutable phenomenon called Dadaji has led us to such an impasse. Even then the above may serve as a Dadaji Concordance for the future generation.

Who is Dadaji? Some worldly-wise people, in an endeavour to cover up the stench of their own corruption, denounce Dadaji as a cheat, a swindler, a hypocrite. Dadaji squarely approves of it. He explains, *"Yes, he is verily a cheat, a swindler, a hypocrite. No body other than such can deliver you the Truth. If occasion demands it, he will not hesitate to tell a thousand and one lies to see the Truth established. Mundane truth and falsity are cobwebs of the mind. They have no value to Him."* Is it not one of the profoundest utterances of Dadaji? Does not one, who knows your past, present, and future, and yet counsels you in a worldly way, behave, as Krishna of Dwaraka did, like a cheat, a swindler, a hypocrite? Why, then carry coal to New Castle? Why bring our sham hypocrisy of evaluation to bear upon the hypercritical hypocrisy of Dadaji? How can you cheat on cheating? How dare you swindle the omni-swindler?



Dadaji holds a purse at Utsav in Calcutta 1989

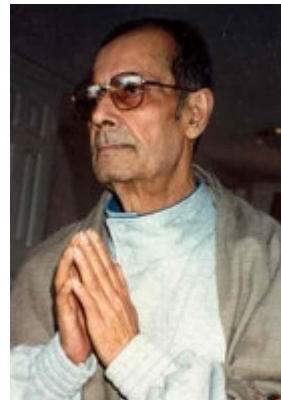
Is it not better to cast off mental constructs and spell out "Dada, Dada" in full-throated ease, bask in his love, and feel great without looking before and after; following Cintamani Mahapatra, Balaram-Vasanti Misra, Candramadhav, the Justice Hota, and a few others of Orissa, and Ann Mills of the USA? Dadaji has already taken charge of you. He is your destiny. The name is a palindrome (word, verse or sentence that reads the same backward or forward; Dada is a palindrome written the Indian way) yielding you the whole, whichever way you start from, that is unqualified existence. In fact, "HE HAS NOT COME AT ALL."



Dr Sen & Ann Mills 1988 Calcutta



Dadaji 1987 Utsav in Calcutta



Dadaji 1990 Los Angeles

## 20 The Response of the Media

### Yogi's Quest for Truth

The Pioneer - November 30, 1970

Lucknow, India --- Miracles do happen even in the 20<sup>th</sup> century! Scoffers and skeptics are referred to a yogi answering to the description of Mahajogi Dadaji once known as Amiya Roy Chowdhury. Hailing from Comilla, Dadaji is now in town and is holding discourses at different places in an atmosphere as mysterious as it is strange to the uninitiated.

Dadaji stoutly denies that he is a miracle merchant, but wherever he goes he exudes a strange aroma which soon pervades the whole atmosphere. Even whatever he drinks gets scented and sweetened at will. This correspondent, a hardened cynic and skeptic like most newspaper men, sampled a plain cup of tea brewed in his presence and later "sanctified" by Dadaji who took the first sip. The taste was amazing. It baffles description. Those who have come in close contact with Dadaji claim that he is capable of multiple manifestation and he appears simultaneously at different places.

Dadaji himself however plays down all these strange phenomena or miracles. According to him, what matters is communion with the spirit which is in every man. The quest does not necessitate a search for a Guru. He is a stern critic of "Guruism" or "Gurubad" which, according to him only weakens man's will to work his way to salvation and often leads him into the clutches of charlatans.

Dadaji's thesis is "Know the Truth: for the Truth alone can liberate you. This Supreme Truth is innate in every human being, and the grand quest should be the unfolding of one's own spirit. Bliss eternal, he claims, is man's heritage. All that is needed is inner revelation for which no extraneous aid or stimulant is necessary.

Many sick and ailing persons go to Dadaji for relief. And though he does not claim miraculous powers, his touch or the touch of water sanctified by him is reported to have quite a few cures which can't be explained by medical science.

The Pioneer - November 25, 1970

Lucknow, India --- Dadaji whose discourses have been drawing large crowds here and whose "miraculous powers" are being exercised in the interest of the sick and the distressed has prolonged his stay here. He has made it clear to his devotees that he will be nobody's Guru as he does not believe the so called Gurubad but is interested only in spreading what he describes as "Mahanam" intended to help all seekers in the quest of the ultimate Truth which can bring their liberation.

### Miracle Yogi for Kanpur

The Pioneer - December 3, 1970

Lucknow, India --- Many who came to scoff the yogi known as Dadaji during his sojourn in Lucknow stayed to pray! Unconventional in his dress and even manners, Dadaji, as he is called, strikes the uninitiated as a chain-smoking tea-guzzling and much too voluble and self-opinionated person with nothing more to commend than a bag of tricks passed off as miracles. Those who have delved deeper find to their satisfaction that Dadaji's sole quest is for Truth and that his love for humanity is such that he wants everyone to find liberation through his inspiring "Mahanam", given in the language of the seeker.

That he is no charlatan is the verdict of many scholars, hardened business men and even High Court Judges who met him in Lucknow last night to test for themselves his spiritual powers apart from his capacity to effect miracles.

Dadaji again made it clear to the skeptics as well as to devotees that it would be sheer waste of time to run after the will-o-the-wisp of miracles. In his case, they just happened by the grace of the Divinity. But that was not self-realization. Maybe such manifestation was needed to make the skeptics believe that the answer relating to the Great Beyond could not be found in any book of science or by any scientist rooted firmly in the materialistic world.

## Pot-Pourri

Evening News of India - January 21, 1972

by K. Kittu



Dadaji 1972 Bombay

Bombay, India --- This writer was once not greatly attracted by Amiya Roy Chowdhury, known as Dadaji, or his teachings. Yet over the past week, having had occasion to talk at some length with this unusual man, this writer takes

leave to revise original opinion. Any discussion on spiritualism or metaphysics might seem to many at best an intellectual exercise, at its lowest a somewhat precious essay in Pedantic thinking. Yet the remarkable thing is that Dadaji's attitude to these problems opens not merely new horizons of thought but feeling.

This mystic from Bengal has views so unorthodox that they will puzzle many. He gave a jolt to many mahants at a conference in Calcutta recently on his concept of spirituality. "Truth," he thundered, "can be upheld without the aid of dogmas." He challenged the utility of muths, mandirs and gurubad. The very conception of a guru was assailed by him. His theory: Why should anybody have a gurus when He is within?

No Sanskritist he, lost in Laputan clouds of infractuous learning, but a realist who knows his limitations and that of his fellow people. He is pro-mankind. A grihasthe (householder), he does not ask you to renounce the world and retire into seclusion in the Himalayas. He wants you to lead a life without excesses. He does not wear the ochre robes. He smokes and, possibly loves all the good things in life. He must have stumbled upon some sutra which accounts for his personal magnetism and some supernatural powers. He wields his powers to help the sick without expectations.

But, Dadaji is against exhibitionism. He detests demonstrations of his powers in public. His interest is essentially public weal. In this troubled and fateful time, the wise man will seek an unshakable foothold, whereon he can rest while the world whirls madly around him. Such a foothold cannot be found in any external place; it is only to be discovered in the secret depths of the heart.

There in the mysterious recesses of our own being, it exists, giving us a deeper strength and higher wisdom. The one who is wise with the wisdom of the overself and strong in its strength has other business in hand than passively waiting for new Armageddons, or planetary cataclysms. There

is no fear for the morrow for one who lives in this absolute trust just as the sparrows have no fear for their morrows. He knows that the night will pass and down, silent and irresistible, will roll back the world's darkness and once more flood it with light.

This is precisely what Dadaji means when he says that the guru is within. Dadaji's views, even if you disagree with him, seem to arise from an awareness of the basic and elemental of the roots of things unencumbered by doctrine or dogma, something as pleasant and joyous as a walk on the cliffs by the sea with the salt tang of the ocean air on your face.

## An Unforgettable Impression

The Call Divine – March 1, 1972

by P.M.N. Swamy

Chief Managing Editor & Publisher

I had the unique experience yesterday of meeting Dadaji, Amiya Roy Chowdhury, of Calcutta. His very presence radiated an atmosphere of supreme tranquility and peace, and his charismatic personality commanded the attention of one and all. He called for a book "On Dadaji" to be presented to me. Dadaji asked my full name. I thought he was going to write my name in the book and was about to give him my pen. But then he just touched the first page of the book and lo, I found that my name and his were written in red ink. This was something beyond the realm of exploration and I was looked at him struck with wonder.

Then I was called into his Puja room where I experienced another phenomenon of Diksha Mantra written in my own language, Tamil, which materialised on a small slip of paper which I was asked to hold in my hands. The writing vanished as soon as I read it and handed the paper back to him. That Mahanam also appeared in a circle around me.

Another phenomenon worth mentioning was that after Dadaji performed Puja in his room, the place was found surcharged with heavy incense aroma with heavenly fragrant water on the floor. The pure coconut water which was set before the portrait of Sri Satyanarayan was found solidified into a mass of nectarlike matter sweet to the taste.

Dadaji does not believe in Guru-shishya concept, he says that the Parabrahman is in everyone and one has only to look within to realize. He within is the only Guru and our mind is the disciple. No human being can be Guru. Ego prompts a man to take the role for accumulation of goods and exploitation of the innocent in the name of religion. Dadaji puts it in language easy to understand and follow by anyone.



## Encounters with the Occult

by Khushwant Singh, Editor  
Illustrated Weekly of India  
March 18, 1973

Dadaji comes like a breath of fresh air. He displays occult powers which he disowns. He is a "Godman" but vehemently denounces the cult of Gurus and Godmen by condemning them as charlatans who are misleading humanity. "Expose them!" he exhorted me. "And if you can't do that, get them together through an invitation and let me disprove their pretensions.

When I called on him at the house of actor Abhi Bhattacharya, he placed his hand on my shoulders and made a tingling sensation run through my spine; my body exuded the aroma of a thousand joss-sticks. Then in front of everyone he plucked a wrist watch out of my chest. It was a Seiko made in Japan. Everyone examined it. Once on my wrist he ran the palm of his hand over it and asked me to look at it again. The work Seiko vanished. Instead it bore my name and the name of the donor, Dadaji. He knew my weakness for whisky. Out of nowhere appeared a bottle of Scotch, the like of which I have never seen. A white porcelain flask entitled "Dreamland Whisky", "Made in the Universe", with my name printed at its base. Then a blank paper held in my hand was as suddenly covered with a message in red ink from Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

I am baffled.

Dadaji says that there cannot be any intermediary between man and his God since God resides in every human being. He believes that a mortal cannot be the Guru of another mortal. And where does a Guru get the mantra from? "When Dadaji initiated me," says Dinkar, Ex-Vice-Chancellor of Bhagalpur University, "I heard a mantra ringing in my ear." Dadaji said: "Have I given it to you? The Mahanama has always been ringing in your ears. You have heard it now. You are your own Guru."

Similar miracles were performed by Dadaji. I was introduced to him in 1972 by the well known Indian film star Abhi Bhattacharya. Before the spirit came to possess him, Dadaji was Amiya Roy Chowdhury, a family man with a family business in Calcutta. I met him a few months ago in Bombay and wrote of the meeting in my diary: Dadaji is a tall, light-skinned man who wears his black hair long. His youthful handsomeness belies his seventy years. His eyes have a hypnotic spell-binding power. An aroma known in esoteric circles as the padmagandha (fragrance of the lotus) fills the room.

Dadaji seats himself on the divan and beckons To me. I shuffle up and sit beside his legs. He tries to fix me in a kindly but hypnotic stare. He wants to know why I have come to see him. I tell him of my lack of faith, my disbelief in the existence of God a Divine Power and my curiosity about him and his following.



What if Sri Satya Narayan wants to communicate with you?" he asks. I looked puzzled. "What if he sends you a momento?" Dadaji raises his right hand in the air and on his palm lying open and empty before me appears a medallion with an image of an elderly man.

"It is Sri Satya Narayan's gift to you," assures Dadaji. "No, it is not," I protest. "You, Dadaji, have given it to me." He smiles. "I am no one; it is all the doing of Sri Satya Narayan.

"What is your name?" he asks. I tell him. He takes back the medallion, rubs the reverse side with his thumb. What had been blank surface is now embossed with my name, only misspelled. A minute later and mysteriously as before a gold chain appears in the palm of his empty hand. "This is to wear the medallion around your neck," he says giving it to me.

"Come with me," orders Dadaji. I follow him. He leads me into his bedroom. He sits on his bed, I on the floor beside him. He tells me he is a monist. Sri Satya Narayan pervades the entire universe. There are no gurus. Each person is their own guru because each is part of Sri Satya Narayan. The way to salvation is through Mahanam (the great name). It can be in any language. "You ask for it in your own mother tongue." He hands me a blank slip of paper and asks me to bow down before a picture of Sri Satya Narayan. I do so. The paper now bears two words in Gurmukhi, "Gopal Govinda". A minute later the paper is blank again. Apparently the message has been delivered and does not need to remain. He runs his fingers in my beard and my entire frame exudes the fragrance of the lotus flower padmagandha.

For an unbeliever it is a traumatic experience. It does not shake my disbelief in religion or miracles nor bends my reason to accept banal statements about God, Guru and the name which pass for philosophy in our land. But let the readers make up their own minds. Men like Dadaji guide disciples along the right path, give them faith and courage and abide with them. He is a monist.

The man to whom my last pilgrimage is destined is called Dadaji. By many he is considered the greatest sage of India. The most outstanding scientists and artists of India are devoted to him. The surprising thing, however, is the fact that he is only a small businessman in New Market, Calcutta, who has at the age of 73, retired from business. He does not own a temple or an Ashram. In a suburb of Calcutta, between slum huts and luxury villas, he lives in a small unpretentious house. Kindly he helped me down from the lorry into the water, as it was time of heavy flooding in Calcutta. "Come upstairs to the first floor," he said, "where it is dry. But, please don't kiss my feet. They are no Lotus Feet. No man should kiss the feet of another person."

**Dadaji: The Last Pilgrimage**  
 by Hans Conrad Zander. Hamburg, West Germany  
 Stern Magazine, January 9, 1979



In Dada Ji fand Sternautor Zander seinen Großen Meister

Caption reads: In Dadaji Stern author Zander finds his Great Master (original article photo of Hans Conrad Zander with Dadaji 1979)

The sage laughed, broadly, almost childlike. But, the conversation is unexpectedly slow. Dadaji does not see many visitors. He does not know how to talk with a foreigner. Only during my second visit does he open up. "I am called Dadaji," he says, "that means Elder Brother. You are my younger brother. Come closer to me." He blesses me by touching my hippy-hair with his hand. "Because you are my younger brother I will reveal to you the deepest wisdom of the East today."

And, he raised his voice. "Conrad, go home to the West and lead a normal life." The electric light goes off. Several times a day the electric current supply breaks down. The sage does not feel disturbed by this. He lights a candle. "Dadaji," I object, "I have come to India in order to find my Guru."

"According to my experience," said the wise man from Calcutta, "all Gurus are swindlers. They deal in the shadiest business of the world. They deal in illusions for poor souls. They make a business of the misery of the people and of their immaturity. If a country is in order and one is really grown up, one will not require a Guru. One can, oneself, cope with problems. Grow up. Go home. Put and end to religious tourism!" I shook my head. That means "yes" in India. The wise man fetched two glasses.

But, I still have one question. "Dadaji, I have come to India in order to learn something about meditation."

"Meditation," the wise man of Calcutta said, "is an especially highly developed form of idleness. Haven't you got a profession, a family, any friends? A normal person has, after all, no time for such things."

"And, Yoga?" I ask.

"That," said Dadaji, "is also such humbug. I consider all these complicated bodily postures an ostentatious self-torture. It is not even a good technique of relaxation. Swimming is far more relaxing. Also going for walks." He offers me a cigarette. "Smoking," he says, "also relaxes."

"Dadaji," I say imploringly, "I haven't come to India to learn to smoke, but to find God."

"God," answered the Sage, "is within you. You don't need to seek Him. Fulfill your duties, do your work and enjoy your days. Whiskey, cigarettes and love Then you will feel within you what no Guru can sell you: the living God, the true God, Who has created you and loves you." Dadaji was pouring me a drink. In Calcutta, in the middle of floods, my soul found God.

And, on this I had a double whiskey with the greatest Sage of India.

## The Incredible Dada

by Khushwant Singh, Editor  
New Delhi, Forthrightly Yours  
April 30, 1979

Of my many encounters with Godmen, the one which always has a surprise in store is with a man of God who vehemently denounces the cult of Godmen. Yet, he performs miracles which are baffling. Last time I passed through Bombay taking good care to remain anonymous, my friend and Dadaji's disciple number one, the actor Abhi Bhattacharya, rang me up and told me that I was not to leave Bombay without seeing Dadaji.

"Your plane for Delhi will not take off till Dadaji allows it to take off," he said with total conviction. How did Dadaji know I was in Bombay and leaving for Delhi in a couple of hours? The mystery was resolved when I discovered that Abhi had tried to get me in Delhi on the phone. However, what followed in the encounter had something of the old as well as the new.

I was familiar with the electrifying touch which doused my entire frame in Padmagandha and the uncanny insight into my current preoccupations. I was not aware of the new following Dadaji has acquired. This now includes diplomats, scholars, scientists and writers. What Dadaji says is not very revolutionary and can be summed up in a few sentences. Absolute Truth, which he calls Sri Satyanarayan, is beyond comprehension and no mortal Guru can get close to it. The only approach is through love and self-surrender. A person comes to the world with an assigned destiny (Prarabdha), but one can alleviate one's lot by repeating the Mahanam....the Great Name.

This is the way of Bhakti preached by Chaitanya, Kabir, Mirabai and Nanak. Is Dadaji's way not more than pouring new wine in old bottles? Perhaps. But, it is certainly a potent cocktail to turn the heads of non-believing rationalists and hard-headed scientists.

I am a non-believer whose head is still rationally screwed on his neck, but I never seem to be able to get away from Dadaji's hypnotic magnetism. And, it has an eerie way of surfacing when you least expect it.

## Miracle Man, Dadaji: The Healing Touch

by Khushwant Singh, Editor  
Illustrated Weekly, Delhi, India  
January 9, 1980

Whether at Chandigarh or Amritsar or Delhi, his host's reception room is always full of men and women, Hindu and Sikh, who come to receive his Darshan, receive the Mahanam of Sri Satyanarayan and consult him about their ailments. It was the same the last time he was in Delhi. He sent for me. Putting aside my other preoccupations, I went. As usual I made my obeisances to the picture of Sri Satyanarayan and touched Dadaji's feet. I asked him where he had been in recent months.

As usual with him, he had been round half the world to Germany, England, and the United States. Not sightseeing at anyone's expense, nor to collect money from disciples, but on his own, only to meet people who wanted to see him. Word goes round that Dadaji has arrived. People flock to him. It is a peripatetic Vishwaroop Darshan (Vision of the Lord).

Amongst those who gratefully acknowledge a miraculous recovery from disease is a Japanese-born American national. In her letter she says she came to see him after her doctor had diagnosed cancerous growth in her breast. Dadaji's touch got rid of the malignancy. When I asked Dadaji how this happened, he replied with charming naivete, "I know nothing; it just happened."

As is customary with him, he asked me to draw near, ran his fingers in my beard and bade me farewell. The touch doused my body with the fragrance Padmagandha. It lingered on for three days.



Khushwant Singh

Editor's Note: Khushwant Singh (right) one of the best known Indian writers of all times, was born in 1915 in Hadali (now Pakistan). He was educated at the Government College, Lahore and at King's College, Cambridge University, and the Inner Temple in London. He practiced law at the Lahore High Court for several years before joining the Indian Ministry of External Affairs in 1947. He began a distinguished career as a journalist with the All India Radio in 1951. Since then he was founder and editor of *Yojana* (1951-1953), editor of the *Illustrated weekly of India* (1979-1980), chief editor of *New Delhi* (1979-1980), and editor of the *Hindustan Times* (1980-1983). His Saturday column "With Malice Towards One and All" in the *Hindustan times* is by far one of the most popular columns. Khushwant Singh's name is bound to go down in Indian literary history as one of the finest historians, novelists, and as a very forthright political commentator, and an outstanding observer



and social critic. In July 2000, he was conferred the "Honest Man of the Year Award" by the Sulabh International Social Service Organization for his courage and honesty in his "brilliant incisive writing." At the award ceremony the chief minister of Andhra Pradesh described him as a "humorous writer and incorrigible believer in human goodness with a devil-may-care attitude and a courageous mind."

## Dadaji

by Khushwant Singh, Editor  
Overseas Hindustani Times  
July 8, 1982

Despite my oft proclaimed allergy to godmen I go out of my way to meet some if they happen to be in the vicinity. In so doing I have got to know some of them well enough to have affection for them. There is very little communication between us but, as they say, the vibes and the chemistry are good. No visit to Jaipur is complete without a call to Shradha Mata. I can't make anything of her Tantric jargon but love to hear her berate me as a self-opinionated ass. It is the same with Swami Muktnand of Ganeshpuri, and Dadaji. Neither of them speak much Hindustani or English, they give me no diksha or Prasad but even a few moments with them are exhilarating.

I see more of Dadaji than the others. I am closest to him but I understand him the least. When I met him first many years ago in the home of the actor Abhi Bhattacharya I was spellbound by his sparkling hypnotic eyes and explained away the objects he materialized out of air. He had planted in my mind that whenever I recalled him I would smell the aroma of the padmagandha with which he doused me (he does it by running his fragrance-free fingers on your head and back). And so I do. What makes Dadaji more enigmatic is that while he denounces all godmen, gurus, bhagwans, maharishis, swamis and sadhus, his innumerable admirers worship him almost as their deity. These

include scientists (Linus Pauling, three time Nobel Laureate being one), heads of universities, Supreme Court judges, senior executives and luminaries of just about every learned profession. "Ham to parhalkha kuch nahin hai," says Dadaji and then expounds the Vedanta. "The Dharamakshetra and Kurukshetra that the Geeta speaks of is your body, the Pandavas and Kurus are the forces of good and evil battling within you. All that really matters is a person's character --- not his wealth or eminence in society. My job is to guide people to build their character. I have nothing to give except the Mahanam. Don't be misled by all these charlatans who pass off as Bhagwans and Jagadgurus. How can mortals on whose carrion vultures will peck at be gods?"

I bring the dialogue down to earth, "Dadaji tell me why are people scared of dying and death?" He realizes I'm talking about myself and looks perturbed: "Aren't you in good health?" I reply, "Very! Disgustingly healthy. Only my mind is obsessed with death. Please help me to get over this morbid obsession." He grabs me by my shoulders and draws me towards him almost knocking the turban off my head. With his fingers he traces patterns down my spinal cord and runs them through my beard. A shiver runs down my body and the aroma of a thousand agarbattis envelopes me. "From now on you will not think of death," he commands. I nod my head, touch his feet and take my leave. I thread my way through the throng of admirers, locate my chappals (sandals) out of hundreds of pairs and walk away with a jaunty step. Dadaji has made me mukt (free) of death phobia.

## “Miracle man” bad-mouths gurus

by Jeannie Senior  
The Oregonian  
July 13, 1982

He's a guru who doesn't believe in gurus, calling them charlatans. Amiya Roy Chowdhury, known as Dadaji (Elder Brother), is visiting in Oregon from India this week, holding court in private homes in Portland and Eugene to expound his religious teaching. "Become a disciple of God, not the worldly guru. As soon as you say 'I am the guru' you are an egoist. If you are one with him, you are the temple, the world is the ashram."

A resident of Calcutta who said he is 79 but looks much younger, Dadaji insists he is not a guru, not a yogi, not a religious leader, not a teacher. "A spiritual leader --- what do you mean by that?" he asked, smiling. "How can I say that I am a teacher? I am moving everywhere, I don't know why."

Dadaji has been accompanied during his Oregon visit by Harvey Freeman author of several books about Dadaji offered for sale in the West Hills home where Dadaji visited in Portland.

Dadaji was billed in newspaper ads announcing his Oregon visit as "the miracle man of India". His followers say he can cure mental and physical illnesses and manifest other mystic powers --- materializing objects such as wrist watches and cartons of cigarettes, and ausing writing to spear on blank sheets of paper. Dadaji is also noted for "His Fragrance". According to a booklet that describes him as "the Supreme Scientist", "Dadaji blesses a person by smearing the latter's chest and forehead with his 'anga-gadh' (aroma) from his fingers. The person carries this aroma around not just for that day, but in most cases for several days even after regular bathing." Dadaji's "body aroma" which smells rather like a mix of potent shaving lotion and extremely strong incense is indeed lingering.

Also accompanying Dadaji on his travels around the United States are a cook and secretary, Roma Mukerjee, and Dadaji's assistant, translator and companion Abhi Bhattacharaya, a famous Indian film actor. Abhi pulled out a box of snapshots of Dadaji blessing various selected scientists, journalists, doctors. One of the selected people about whom Dadaji spoke deprecatingly was Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, whom Oregonian's know as the Guru who set up business in the eastern part of the state. Dadaji said repeatedly that "no mortals can be gurus, God is the guru". He recalled that Rajneesh had come to see him in 1971 in Bombay. "At that time he was not a big name", said

Dadaji. Characterizing the bhagwan as "an ordinary lecturer" who achieved "gurudom" accompanied by the trappings of wealth, ashrams and Rolls Royces, Dadaji and Abhi pointed to the contrast with Dadaji's lifestyle. They said that Dadaji asks for no money, publishes no articles, accepts no gifts and permits no institutions, ashrams or temples to be built in his name. An ashram, Dadaji said, would be "just another headache".

Abhi said, "Dadaji doesn't take anything. He moves on his own. He is a family man. He has a house in Calcutta. He is self-sufficient, so he doesn't have to approach anybody for anything."

Asked about his background and his work career, Dadaji explained that when he was 9 years old he journeyed to the Himalayan region to visit with yogis and gurus and to ask them why they were there practicing austerities and penances. Dadaji recalled he said to them, "He is everywhere. God is everywhere. The whole world is his ashram so why have you come to this particular place?"

Otherwise Dadaji was not specific about his experiences, and Bhattacharya explained that he was a "great classical singer", also known as Professor Roy Chowdhury, and that his brothers are famous scholars." "But, he never went for schools, he went for the Truth."



Dadaji on Air India flight in 1982

## Time stands still for non-Guru's watch

by Jan Mitchell  
Oregon Journal  
July 9, 1982

He's not a guru, has no followers and accepts no donations. A 79 year old Bengali holding forth as Dadaji (Elder Brother) in a West Hills living room this week, he contends that bhagwans who create cities and ashrams in the name of truth are charlatans. To emphasize his point that Truth comes from within and God is in all of us, he materialized a wrist watch from this reporter's head, then changed the print on the watch face to eradicate any remaining skepticism.

Sporting a navy shirt, turquoise silk lungi and brown socks, he sits cross legged on a neatly made bed in the home of a Portland attorney and his artist wife. He speaks disjointed English and is a simple Calcutta shopkeeper, who is the only uneducated (illiterate, he says) child of a rich family. He professes powerlessness.

"I am not a saint, baba or guru. Man can't be guru or anything. Each and everybody is God. If mankind is one, religion is one, Truth is also one --- is main philosophy," said the man billed in local newspaper ads as the "miracle man of India". Those miracles range from curing bad backs to terminal cancer, yet Dadaji accepts not so much as a rupee for his --- or God's --- work. "I'm a skeptical human being, but he cured my wife's degenerative disc disease," insisted Eugene vocational consultant Larry Malmgren.

Many who came to meet Dadaji carry jars of water, which when made fragrant and cloudy by the Indian man, cure many ailments, Harvey Freeman explained. The fragrance --- an olfactory rose festive --- is Dadaji's trademark. A gift to Dadaji of the sweetest smelling flower was made pale in comparison to the scent which remains when Dadaji touches a follower, an enraptured young woman noted. Co-works back at my office note the fragrance on me too, minus the enthusiasm.

Despite the props, his printed words are simple: "Anyone who can tell you they can take you to God is not telling the Truth. Don't look to gurus, yogis, babas, and saints --- look within. You can't hanker after things and realize God. The ways to God being marketed today are bluff or merely entertainment."

Asked about Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh (head of large ashram in Antelope, Oregon), Dadaji smiles recalling that the two met in Bombay "but Rajneesh did not say anything about Bhagwan (Lord). I don't

know if he's saying he is God (by calling himself Bhagwan), but how can a person be God; if he is, you are too."

The interview is over but Dadaji calls this reporter back into the room, dismissing all onlookers except Freeman and a sari-wrapped Indian woman. Dadaji focuses his penetrating gaze, rubs his scented fingers on my scalp and produces a "Ruflex" watch from atop my head. He has me read the unheard of brand name, rubs again, and lo! The watch face bears the "Almighty's name" of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. The Indian woman leaves the room and Freeman beams. "I've seen all those who claimed to be God," he interjected. "It was all a hoax."

Present company excepted, of course.



Dadaji with Dorothy & Doris in Portland Oregon 1982



Dadaji talking to group in Portland Oregon



## DADAJI: The Un-Godmanly Godman

by R.K. Karanjia, Editor  
Blitz, Bombay, India

He materialized a watch for me. Then he asked me to look at the make on the dial. I read "Camay" on top with "Swiss Made" below. He gently rubbed the glass covering the dial with his thumb nail and said, "Now, look once again and read what you see." To my amazement, the inscription had changed into "Sri Sri Satyanarayan" and "Made in Universe."

He proceeded jovially to hold my face between his hands and rub me down the neck, around the chest and back. An exotic Fragrance of rose water and sandalwood emanated from his hands to leave me heavily perfumed for a long time.

Next, he picked up a bottle of boiled and filtered water my host had requested me to bring along with me. He passed his hands around it. A white fog-like substance started flowing down the closed mouth. He opened it and held it to my nose. The same Divine Fragrance came out to fill the room.

### MAHANAMA

Then he put a small palm-sized piece of paper in my hand and asked me to examine it. It was totally blank. He said to hold it between both hands joined in prayer, kneel down before a large portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, and put my head at the feet of the image with my hands stretched out in front. As he massaged the back of my head and down my spine, I seemed to hear a familiar Mantra thunder down from space. He told me to get up and unfold my hands.

What I had heard was written in Gujarati. "Why Gujarati?" "Because it is your language," Dadaji said. He told me it was my Mahamantra which had come from deep down in my own consciousness. Its two rhythmic sounds manifest the bipolarity of human existence. They harmonize the duality between God and a person, between Atma and Paramatma in Satyanarayan, which is the highest Truth of Cosmic Consciousness. They would help me raise the indwelling God in me.

### MESSAGE

He told me to memorize the Mahanama. As soon as I did so, the words vanished from the piece

of paper. I asked why. "There is no need for them now. They came. You read them and memorized them. Now they have disappeared. They are a part of you ever to remember."

He asked if I wanted a detailed explanation of the Mahamantra. I replied yes, would he please write it down for me. "I won't write it down," Dadaji said, "but you will evolve it from inside you, just the same as you received the Mahanama."

He made me stretch out full length and lie flat on my stomach with my forehead on the ground and hands folded and stretched out before Satyanarayan's image. He put two blank sheets of paper under my hands and began massaging me again from the neck down the spine while reciting mantras. I seemed to be lifted up into a superconscious state. After some time, he asked me to sit up and read the Divine message. I was wonderstruck. The blank sheets now bore two neatly typed pages of explanation of Mahanama, beginning with the words, "No human being can ever be a Guru..."



Editor's Note: This is the actual photo in the Blitz article, caption reads: Sri Sri (108 times) Bhagawan Ramdas Paramahansa Annatyaji, age 158 years, came to Dadaji to challenge and test him, but ended up by sitting at his feet to receive his blessings. Soon after the darshan, Annatyaji died, having completed his life's mission.

## NO GODMAN

Strange words these, coming from one who seemed to possess all attributes of a Godman. But, the most extraordinary fact about Dadaji (Amiya Roy Chowdhury) is that he is the most un-Godmanly of Godmen, the most un-Guru-like of Gurus. He is a revolutionary amongst his kind. At one stroke he demolishes his godly image, saying, "I am no Godman, no Guru, no Sadhu. I have no Religion, temple or Ashram. I am an ordinary family man running a toy shop in Calcutta."

That was indeed my first impression as I saw the tall, well-built Dadaji sitting atop a diwan clad in a simple banian and lungi. He looked an ordinary man of middle age. It was only later that I learned that the handsome, youthful, disarming features set in a thick mane of black hair belonged to one who had seen 72 yrs of life. Once I got near him, however, I could not help feeling the spellbinding power of his eyes. He bowled out my resistance with his gentle hypnotic, almost childlike look.

## PHILOSOPHY

For a highly evolved person who commands the devotion of millions, Dadaji is modest and humble to the point of self-effacement. He told me he had been waiting eight years for my Darshan and demonstrated his happiness with a beatific smile that sent a thousand sunbeams around the room.

To return to his philosophy of Mahanama, here are a few extracts from the typescript Dadaji materialized for me on blank sheets of paper:

"He is within, in the deep recesses of our heart, in the form of the two sounds of Mahanama, which is at the root of our respiration and all vibrations the world is made of. This Mahanama is our real Self, the Guru; the human mind is only the pragmatic self which cuts into pieces the Integral existence that is Mahanama and therefore, exhibits multiplicity.

"We have to be wedded to this Mahanama, before we can get entry into this world. This is the real Diksha, but since we have forgotten it, an earthly Diksha in the form of visualizing the Mahanama necessary to remind us of it. No earthly Guru can initiate a person or, in other words, give Diksha. It is spontaneously manifested as and when it chooses to.

"But why do we come into this world at all? In the integral existence which was our primal state we could not relish the joy of love of the Absolute. All creation is the manifestation of His joyous state and He has come here, as many to have a taste of this joy. This world verily is His Vraja Leela, but the mind, without which no relish is possible, sunders us from the Infinite and makes of us so many individuals.

"The Rasa of the Absolute is thus screened and the stage is set for relishing the Rasa of Nature instead. Action and reaction now hold the stage and the mind conceives them into virtue and vice. The shastras appear with an endless armory of taboos. All manner of spiritual practices grow like mushrooms to trap down the Infinite. But the plain fact that whatever is, is within does not appear to the egoistic gymnasts.

"As Dadaji says no amount of penance and austerity and mystic efforts can buy the Infinite for us. We are Infinite all of us; and this Mahanama can only dawn on us through Prema, through submission and complete effacement of the ego.

"What then are we to do? We have to brave the world, bear prarabdha with fortitude and do our respective duties without any sense of ego. No restraint, no effort is necessary for Him. We have to be stripped of all mental obsessions and be naked; we have to be decked in the wedding role of Love Infinite, caring not for the vagaries of mind.

"We have to be in a state of swabhava, abjuring all sense of want. To feel His presence everywhere, to feel that He is the agent of all our actions, to feel and visualize Him and Him only as one Integral Existence through loving submission to and unite with Him. In short, to relish His Rasa in the Rasa of Nature is our only duty.

"So, passive remembrance of the Mahanama through all vicissitudes of our life is our only duty. Real renunciation or sanyasa is to be shorn of ego and to be in swabhava. We are all Purna Kumbhas. To install this consciousness in our empiric being is the only necessity.

"Dadaji is no individual. Where all limitation evaporates, the Truth Absolute is manifested there in the form of Dadaji for the redemption of the human race wallowing in the quagmire of finitude and want."



Satyanarayan Portrait drips Nectar 1986 Utsav



**Dadaji: Elder Brother**  
by Maco Stewart  
NBC Television Journalist 1979  
Los Angeles California USA

A. Roy Chowdhury is the owner of a toy shop, about 80 years of age, has two children, grandchildren, and lives with his wife in Calcutta. He doesn't have an ashram, western followers, cosmetics, flowing saffron robe, or a Mercedes. Roy Chowdhury is called Dadaji (Elder Brother) by many thousands of Indians who have realized God in his presence. Among these are half the Indian cabinet and many of the leading industrialists, scientists, intellectuals, movie producers and actors.

This mild and loving Elder Brother has provoked a storm of controversy by his simple attacks upon traditional religions and the modern Gurus. About traditional religions Dadaji says: "God is not religious. He cares not for Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Muslims, Sikhs or Hindus. He loves and blesses the atheist also...why the temples, churches and Ashrams? No scriptures ask for them. They are the business of men, exploiters. Don't make a business out of God."

In the same vein he feels that all the traditional paths to self-realization and God-realization are so much humbug. He states that in each of these paths, be it acrobatic mental performances during meditation; the acrobatic torturing of the body by Yogic posture, the finer points of scholarship of the scriptures, the numbing repetition of mindless ritual, the masochistic deprivation of senses, or the grace of spiritual guidance of the Guru, are humbug and at best different forms of ego attachment.

As varying forms of ego-attachment that are temporarily substituted for other ego attachments, these practices are often strong hindrances to enlightenment. "In remembering God and realizing His Love, there is no room for mental and physical acrobatics. Give up all outer appearances of religious attitude to realize Him. He decides the right time for an elevation to higher states. Do not force anything...let it all happen naturally."

Dadaji insists that he is not a Guru because the only Guru is God. Only God is the Doer of all things, everyone else is an actor. Dadaji says, "Wisdom is knowing you are only an actor. Ignorance is when you think you are not." Dadaji has a great emphasis upon work as Karma Yoga. The essential thing about work is to start and become immersed in it as God's way of the world, but do not become attached to it by expecting worldly results or by feeling that you are the creator or doer of the project. "Work itself is God, if it works of itself and you are a passive spectator...just perform the duties with which you are entrusted, faithfully, accepting His Will. Don't worry, for worry makes you the doer. Penance (work) is necessary for existence in this world, but not for Him."

What Dadaji is saying is that we don't have to torture our minds or bodies to find God. Just doing our best in our daily lives is rough enough. Self-punishment of any type is some type of ego trip and has nothing to do with God. "Being a saint or monk has not to do with God but acceptance by tradition."

For Dadaji and those who have become God-realized in his presence, the experience is difficult to describe. The God within you is the sound of God's Name repeating itself in your heart, which they call the Mahanam, the Great Name. Dadaji advises, "Recite Mahanam casually in the midst of your daily life. The rest leave to Him, the Doer."

The way that you arrive at this Name for this God within you is not particularly important to Dadaji. The experiences as written by hundreds of Dadaji's own fellow travelers are quite similar to my own. Other observers write that they produced a piece of paper of their own, which Dadaji had requested, and then with their own two hands held the paper on which miraculously appeared the Great Name, Mahanam, in red handwritten ink in any language or languages or scripts that might appeal to them.

In my case, Dadaji took a piece of white paper from a pad on his own table, into the next room where I held the paper while touching my forehead to it on the marble. When Dadaji directed me to, I looked at the paper and in the upper left corner in red ink was written two Indian

words which were for me the Mahanam. After reciting the Mahanam, with an inhalation of the first word and exhalation of the second, several times, Dadaji requested that I again look at the paper and the writing was gone. He then requested that I should not disclose this Mahanam to anyone. I agreed. I inhaled a marvelous musk spicy fragrance which filled the air around me, both then and throughout the entire day at various intervals.

Having read of this experience had by others, I had mentally requested the magical message to be in Swahili, since this was a language that I was relative sure would not be familiar to Dadaji nor would it ordinarily be associated with me. The fact that the piece of paper was not a piece that I had brought from the Oberoi Hotel, and the fact that the Mahanam did not appear in Swahili but in Hindi, was just fine by me. I had no expectation and the experience was immensely rewarding and stays with me a very great deal of the time.

After our first encounter I planned to leave that morning, without television crew, to go for another interview in Madras. Dadaji requested that I come to his house again that evening rather than go to Madras. Dadaji said he did not wish to have my entire television crew with our bulky equipment film what was personal between us, but that it was okay if I brought along a silent movie camera. I said fine, that I was looking forward to being with him again, but would appreciate an interview at the crack of dawn the next morning with full television crew since in Calcutta power fails at 9 am. This was agreed to by both of us in good spirits.

That evening I returned to his house with the Indian NBC cameraman, Mr. Bhasker, from Bombay. Dadaji met us in the early heat of the evening wearing only his Lungi, bare from the waist up. I was still in great spirit, flowing with the Mahanam and had experienced this fragrance many times during the day. Dadaji called me closer. While sitting at his feet, he stroked my back,



Dadaji at Utsav in Calcutta 1978

my chest, and then from under my beard produced a beautiful watch that I am now wearing. It certainly is unique looking with beveled glass crystal, purple and silver face with gold marking and hands. My eyesight is so poor I couldn't read the original markings on the watch, which were read by Bhasker to me as "Nino, Swiss made". Dadaji then took the watch and touched it, whereupon the inscription was supposedly changed to "Sri Sri Satyanarayan, Made in Dreamland."

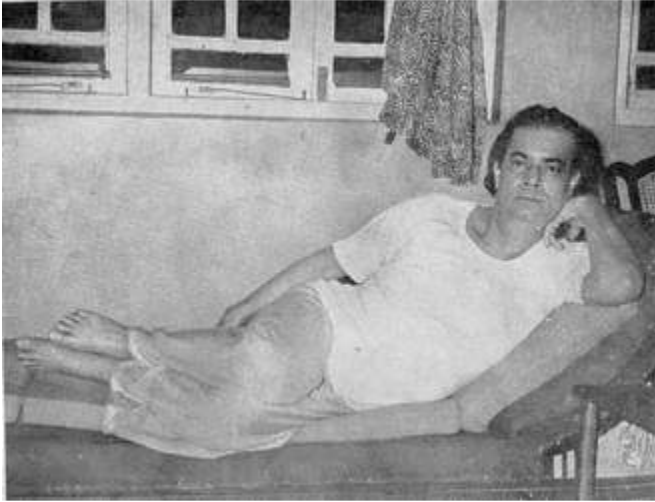
Miracle or magic matters not to me. It is the holograph I have of my experience that is all-important. I can understand well the feeling of those who have had the same experience as I: "Reaching a Divine orgasm when you are reunited with yourself. His secret footprints, His secret fragrance, His secret music follows in your heart and everywhere."

God is the sound of your heartbeat, making love twenty-four hours a day."

Dadaji is very clear about the incompatibility of ego and self-realization. Unlike the other Gurus and religious thinkers, he believes that the ego can just drop away without any conscious effort or retraining. Dadaji sees the ego as the main thing separating an individual man from God and looks at Gurus and religion as manmade ego creations that keep one from seeing God. Your mind is attached to what you think others are thinking about you. Ego is the basis of many other blinding ailments. The 'I' becomes most important and God is not thought of. Someone gets their feelings hurt when criticized or is flattered when praised, that is ego. A criticism or praise is nothing but a word or sound, yet it affects deeply some center inside us. And, that is the seat of the ego. Unless you are shorn of ego and are beyond your mind, you cannot be in tune with Him.

Although Dadaji lives in a world of business and the family, he is still aware of human love as a possible attachment. Whenever there is the feeling that "I" possess another person there is ego attachment. In America we are well aware of the romantic love centered syndrome where someone's true love has been "lost" or stolen like any other possession. Dadaji says, "Human love is fickle and fragile and imbued with egoism. Remember Him. His Love is pure and everlasting."

For Dadaji the ego is not destroyed, but drops away when the First Principle happens: Self realization. The Second and Third Principles only happen when the First has already become manifest through the Mahanam within. The immediacy of time does not seem important to Dadaji. "This time of the body is temporary. We are actors and are paid according to our performance."



Dadaji in Bombay 1979

To Dadaji there are two forms of truth: the temporary changing truths of scientific theory and the Truth of God which is One with all things. It is this identity of Truth, Self and God, beyond scientific measurement or demonstration, that makes miracles part of reality according to Dadaji. God can cause inexplicable things to happen since He is beyond the limitations of time and space. Dadaji attributes any of the so-called miracles that happen in his presence not to himself as a doer or agent or instrument of God, but simply as an open witness to what God does on specific occasions.

Many miracles of all types, from materialization of objects, filling sealed rooms with drops of fragrant water on the floor and fragrance in the air, to curing the incurable and bringing people back into their bodies after death, are all attributed to Dadaji. According to the writings about such instances, one of the most common occurrences is for Dadaji to heal by long distance telephone calls. According to voluminous testimony, when Dadaji receives a call in Calcutta from even London or the United States, he asks the caller to place a cup of pure water before the phone receiver and it changes through the Mahanam into holy water. When the critically ill person tastes the water many thousands of miles away, the water has the holy fragrance associated with the presence of Dadaji. According to Dadaji, what distinguishes this type of miracle-working from that of others is that he does not wish to be seen as the doer of such a miracle, but merely the actor-spectator in a drama written by God.



Dadaji 1979

Dadaji's criticism of the modern Guru phenomena to gain material wealth, fame, and worship by devotees, questions the motives of all Gurus. "No person can be a Guru. Each person has within the Guru, Who is God. Don't look to Gurus, Yogis, Babas and saints, look within. No person can initiate you into God. This is all humbugism and exploitation. As soon as you say, 'I am the Guru, I am the doer,' you are an egoist. When those who sell God realize Him, they will be out of business." Dadaji advocates the full use of all your senses as having been put into human body as part of God. As long as one keeps repeating the Name of God to

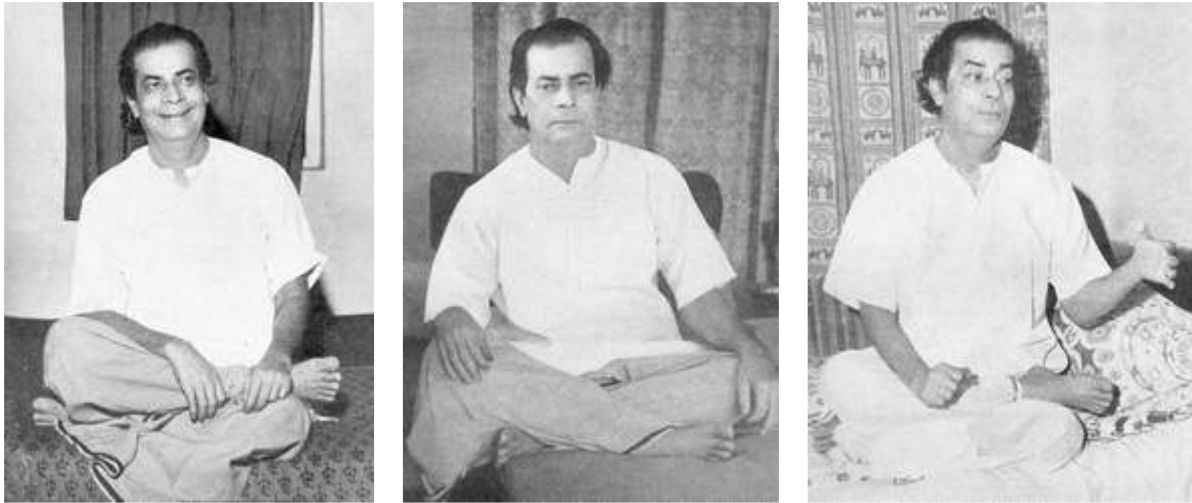
oneself, one's senses will never usurp one's being. Sex, like the other senses, like eating and drinking are things of the body which are fed by the Spirit so that all of life should become a continuing celebration. "Remember Him, do your duty, enjoy."

### For Dadaji, no distance between Houston and Los Angeles

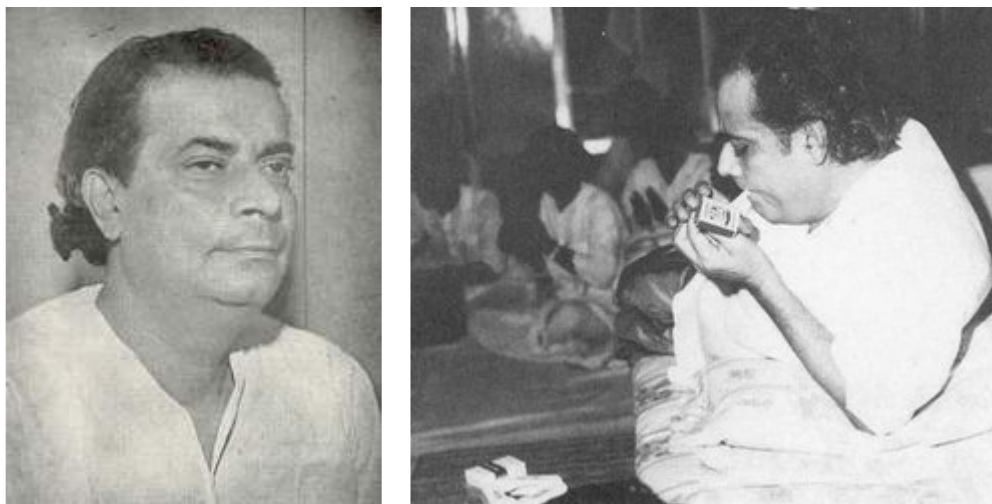
Following his visit to India early in 1979, Mr. Stewart suffered a series of heart attacks. During July, 1979, while Dadaji was visiting Los Angeles, Mr. Stewart asked Dadaji to undergo a

test. Medical specialists and a camera crew would record and videotape Dadaji's bodily functions (pulse, brain waves, temperature) in Los Angeles while simultaneously, Stewart, himself in Houston, Texas, underwent medical procedures to locate specific arterial heart blockages. When the blockages were located, Mr. Stewart would call Dadaji by phone and see if, as a result, the blockages would clear up. Dadaji agreed.

In a letter sent to Dadaji prior to the test, Mr. Stewart wrote, "If I am cured, that will be very beautiful, and if I am not, that's okay, too, and will in no way interfere with my love and faith in our witnessing the Mahanam. Don't be frightened by all the gadgetry as the love and faith we have is what is important. Technology as part of the wisdom can be an aid and not an enemy of all that we can show." Many people were gathered in the private Los Angeles residence of Dr. Khetani where reclining on a couch, Dadaji was connected to monitoring devices. Stewart and his doctors were in the operation theater in Houston. Dadaji's fragrance filled the hospital room and out of nowhere appeared an elderly man offering Mr. Stewart coffee. Dr. James Hardt, who was conducting the test was so flabbergasted he dropped the phone. While Dadaji casually talked with those around him, His Aroma proved there is no difference between Houston and Los Angeles, no time or space. Maco Stewart was cured and later came twice to India to meet Dadaji.



Dadaji 1979



Dadaji smoking at Utsav in Calcutta 1979

## Dadaji: A Rare Personal Interview

given by Dadaji in 1979 at Calcutta's Grand Hotel  
by Mahatma Maco Stewart  
NBC Television Journalist

Maco: Dadaji you understand this message is for worldwide television and motion picture distribution?

Dadaji: Yes.

Maco: I understand that you are a family man, is that correct?

Dadaji: Yes, I am a family man. I have got two children and a wife and grandchildren.

Maco : Are you also a businessman, Dadaji?

Dadaji: Yes. I have a toy shop in New Market, Calcutta.

Maco: How old are you now, Dadaji? You look very young, about fifty years old, but how old are you?

Dadaji: More than seventy years old.

Maco: How long have you had a strong relationship with God?

Dadaji: From the time of my boyhood, I love Him. Because I know other than Him, I am nobody.

Maco: What is God, Dadaji?

Dadaji: God is Mahanam. He is everything. You can say God is Dadaji, Dadaji is God. And, He is within you.

Maco: How do you know God is within you, that you've realized Him?

Dadaji: He is chanting twenty-four hours inside of us. Within the heart, untouched.

Maco: The answer you've told me before is, "It's your heartbeat making love to you twenty-four hours a day."

Dadaji: Yes. That is called Mahanam. Inside of us.

Maco: The chanting is the heartbeat making love twenty-four hours a day. And, then it's the feeling, the entire orgasm of being reunited with yourself.

Dadaji: Yes. Correct.

-2-

Maco: I'll ask you again. How do you know God is within you?

Dadaji: How? Because I am breathing, I am talking, I am moving. He is chanting within us. Sometime I feel, hear that chanting. He is doing that chanting. Always with me, with that Mahanam.

Maco: Mahanam is what?

Dadaji : Mahanam is what He does inside of us.

Maco: And, how does it feel, what He does inside of you?

Dadaji: That I don't know. But, so many people saw that Mahanam (in Dadaji's presence). Not with these eyes (physical).

Maco: What are the barriers, the things that keep us apart from this feeling of the God within us?

Dadaji: Main thing is the ego.

Maco: What is the ego?

Dadaji: Ego, that is, suppose whatever it is, you say, "I am doing." That is called ego. I cannot do anything other than Him. Some even do meditation, and have Ashrams and Gurus, that is also ego.

Maco: You're saying meditation itself is ego?

Dadaji: Of course.

Maco: How is that? Many people seem to use it to get away from their current attachments. Meditation for some people is useful to get away from attachments of this or that.

Dadaji: That is absurd because meditation, meditation itself is ego. Because, I am doing that meditation, why? To control your desires, is it not?

Maco: Yes.

Dadaji: It is absurd! Because when we have come in the earth with those desires, we have invited them. We invited them.

Maco: We've invited those desires. Well, what is it about the ego with happiness and unhappiness?

Dadaji: Ego, happiness and unhappiness. Happiness and unhappiness is a separate question. Because, what is happiness and unhappiness? Happy and happiness you do not know. Suppose sometime I love you, I like to talk with you. After a few days, I don't like you. Everything is mind function. We are talking, it's mind function.

Maco: Human love is ego?

Dadaji : Human love is also ego. But, human love, when you do not know what you like, you love. "You are everything," you are thinking. But, you can't express opinion. That is not from your self; self is selfish. In that time, mind function is nothing.

Maco: How do you get rid of this mind function, this ego function?

Dadaji: Mind function is a ego function.

Maco: How do you get rid of it? How do you leave it behind?

Dadaji: All right. When you'll sleep, at that time is there any ego function?

Maco: Not that you're aware of, not that you know.

Dadaji: Next, I am telling, suppose you are working. You are starting to do some work. You are doing work, mind function is there, is started. When you start that work, deeply, so deeply you do not know, then and there it's (mind function, ego function) also gone.

Maco: Going beyond the mind. You're a very controversial figure in India today, Dadaji. One of the things that makes you so controversial is because you are against traditional religions, Christian, Muslim, Hindu. What is wrong with that?

Dadaji: Religion is not that. Humanity is One. Religion is also One. Truth is One. So, language is One. One. After that, that is all mind function language. You say, "He is a Christian, she is a Muslim, I am a Hindu", that is all mind function. That has no connection with Him. He is One, so everything is One.

Maco: So, Dadaji, why don't you go by the name of Bhagawan, or Baba, or Mahant, or Acharya, or one of these other titles?

Dadaji: These titles are only for the business purpose. Because, I am a God, if a realized person, cannot

utter that word. If I say that I am a God, then who cheats the people. Everything is God, everywhere is God. No separate. He is within, I am nobody. Not only that, you cannot believe Dadaji.

Maco: So what do you have against the Gurus? What's wrong with the Gurus?

Dadaji: Guru? What do you mean by Guru?

Maco: All those people who go by the name of Guru.

Dadaji: Because from the time of so many thousands of years back, Guru meant teacher. That is, I am a teacher, teaching.

Maco: Well, what do they mean by Guru today?

Dadaji: Guru today. Today Guru means business and institutions. Guru business. In any circumstances you cannot. He (Dadaji) cannot give anything and he cannot accept anything. If he accepts, then it is a business.

Maco: Many of us think you are far from ordinary. (Pause) Tell us what about the sensual pleasures, such as sex. What should one do about that?

Dadaji: Sex. Don't bother for that because, it may come. At the time of birth we have invited them (desires). Invited them, they have come with us. We should not be separate. Automatically, He will do it. If you go to disturb, ultimately you will suffer. Because everything, all over the universe, is His. It is His family. My daughter, my grandson, sister, mother, father, everything is His. I have come only for certain acting. That's all right. Then I shall have to go off, to my permanent Home. So how can you say that, "He's my son, she's my daughter, or my wife." It's all destiny.

Maco: Can you summarize for us, Dadaji, the way to self-realization, the path where you realize yourself and have been reunited.

Dadaji: Realization is a fake word. So long as He is within, no need of anything. Just remember that you are with me. And, if you remember Him and do your work. You cannot (realize). Then the time will come, automatically One. Don't try to do anything.

Maco: Thank you, Dadaji.