

A SCIENTIST BEWILDERED



Dr. B. B. SINGH

Copyright © 2020, Dr. B.B. Singh
All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording or any information storage and retrieval system now known or to be invented, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who wishes to quote brief passages in connection with a review written for inclusion in a magazine, newspaper or broadcast.

Published in India by Prowess Publishing,
YRK Towers, Thadikara Swamy Koil St, Alandur,
Chennai, Tamil Nadu 600016

ISBN: 978-1-5457-5327-9

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication

Contents

1. For Descendants.....	1
2. Forced Into Science	11
3. Venture into the Mystic World.....	15
4. The Godman of Puttaparthi.....	21
5. The Saiji of Chembur.....	27
(i) The Dream.....	27
(ii) The Mysterious Laddu	31
(iii) Confusion and Conflicts	37
(iv) Confidence Regained	43
(v) The Mystic Visitor	48
(vi) The Fakir of Ayodhya.....	59
6. My Spiritual Guru	65
7. Science, Scientists and Indifferent Hindu Seers.....	74

1. For Descendants

I was born in a relatively well-to-do Zamindar family in a village named Ghatampur near the District town of Pratap Garh in U.P. India was still a part of the British dominion. The history of the village is not well known but it appears that during the last part of the Mughal Emperor Aurangzeb's era the whole clan of Somvanshi Rajputs being tormented by the Muslim rulers, migrated from the State of Rajputana and settled in the region of Prayagraj. The village is spread over an area of 1 square kilometer consisting of over 60 dwellings in 4-5 clusters. Its inhabitants are mostly agriculturist Sonvanshi clan of Kshatriyas intermixed with manual workers and artisans like barbers, blacksmiths, carpenters and florists. The vast landscape is plain and fertile having 3 large water reservoirs/ponds.

In my childhood our house was a huge Haveli: a complex of rooms mostly made of bricks and mortar and some in the older parts were built with thick mud-walls. It had 6 courtyards of different sizes used for different purposes. The whole complex was surrounded by a boundary wall spreading over an area of about one acre of land. It had two grand entrances, the older one on the eastern side with a tall watch-tower over it and the northern gate huge enough to allow even an elephant to enter the premises. Its wooden doors required a full grown healthy man to open. It still stands intact.

The innermost portion of the Haveli had a small courtyard having a veranda on its three sides with three residential rooms, one on the north and 2 on the south side. On the western side there was then a not-in-use large kitchen. The fourth side on the east was the water storage tank to be filled every day with the water taken out manually from the narrow well situated in the second outer courtyard. The upper floor over the rooms was the storage area for the regular use of food grains. This whole courtyard including the floor was made of bricks and mortar. In the middle of this courtyard was an yellow triangular flag on a tall Bamboo post hoisted every year on Budhwa Mangal day that is the last Tuesday of Hindu month Bhadrapad. Hoisting ceremony preceded a long ritualistic worship of Lord Hanuman. This custom is still being followed but not in the old courtyard anymore which is in ruins. Instead it is done on the top of a set of new rooms annexed to the old remains.



Innermost courtyard was connected to the second courtyard through a long rectangular North-South veranda which had a residential room at one end. At it's other end was the strong vault with opening at its top for safe keeping of valuable articles like jewelry and ceremonial metallic objects and kitchen utensils. The middle portion of the veranda was used as a sleeping area as and when required.

This veranda leads to the second larger outer courtyard through a large gate which also had a long veranda on its western side. The northern end of this veranda leads to the outer area of the Haveli. The northern veranda of this courtyard had two rooms and a narrow well at its eastern end. As an extension of

A SCIENTIST BEWILDERED

it there exists a small courtyard for keeping the lactating cows. It is connected to the outside through a separate door in the boundary wall to bring-in such cattle. This small courtyard was accessible through a opening from the main second courtyard. The eastern side of the main courtyard had a veranda with two residential rooms separated by a wide passage leading to the eastern gate with large wooden doors. Over the rooms stood the watch-tower with a small room built within for the watchman.

The southern side of this courtyard had no veranda but one big room and then in-use kitchen which is now abandoned. A few years ago we accidentally discovered while cleaning the floor that at the inside of its entrance existed a round opening of about 3–4 feet diameter and 6 feet neck leading to a deep and wide space below as if it were the mouth of a tunnel or a silo. I wanted to explore it further but my mother refused permission and took a promise from me not to do at any time in future. She was the oldest person in the family who could tell something about it but she did not. I was curious to know what it was. My cousin Nagendra suggested that there is a mystic who can help me. The mystic does some rituals at the site and goes home to do some further rituals. When he sleeps he



gets the dream with all the details. The mystic was called. Next morning he reported an interesting story. He did not charge any money from me for his services. According to the mystic, long before my ancestors occupied the present site, there was a dense forest and the site then was a bigger hillock. It was a settlement of robber/dacoits. They had built a tunnel from within their house going to the foot of the hillock so that they could escape from arrest and also to store arms and ammunitions. The tunnel may contain arms such as swords, bhala, ballums, Trisuls, knives and also some of the looted ornaments and valuables. Interesting predictions!! I enjoyed but never believed. We closed the mouth of the pit with cement.

In the middle of this courtyard was a huge underground silo for long term storage of various grains. A few meters away the courtyard also had a brick-mortar platform of size 18ft. × 18ft. and height about 2 feet. This has a history. In the distant past the local ruler Raja Pratap Bahadur Singh had gone abroad for a vacation. In those days crossing the seas was held as a social sin among the orthodox Hindus. When the Raja came back, he was out-casted by his Somvanshi clan. He had to be purified by some Vedic (?) rituals followed by a mammoth feast to the clan and the local Brahmins. My that time ancestor seems to have been a very orthodox Hindu. He had refused to join the feast. As a punishment the Raja had confiscated some part of his Zamindari. The next generation of that ancestor had abandoned the adamancy and sought clemency.

The Raja was kind and as a gesture of forgiveness he had agreed to come to our house and dine with the family members. He restored part of the Zamindari that was confiscated earlier. The above mentioned platform was built to commemorate this event. Alas!! A few years ago without my knowledge, my uncle demolished it to build a room. He had no respect for history and

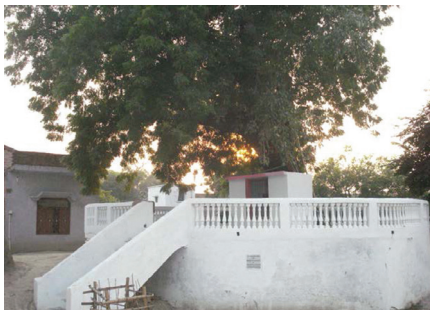
A SCIENTIST BEWILDERED

no love for such family memorials. I hope that the event may be remembered with this description.

From the second courtyard, one reaches the large brick-mortar built oblong shaped structure in the style of an auditorium with 6 side doors to accommodate about 75 persons. It is commonly called “Bungalow” and has at its south end a platform for performing artists. It was often used free-of-cost by the whole village as a marriage-hall. On its eastern side and within the outer boundary wall but separated from the bungalow by a small wall and passage, was a large garden area full of small flowering plants, several trees of lime, Bel, Dates and guava and bushes of mehndi.

On the western side of the Bungalow was the biggest courtyard. This courtyard was divided into two parts by a east-west wall. The northern side had several guava trees and plantain plants. It had two large rooms adjoining the northern wall of the boundary for storing dry wood and cattle feed.

A bullock driven sugarcane extraction equipment was installed at the southern portion of it with a wood fired furnace for preparing jiggery. Still further on its southern part a room contained the flour grinding facility having a bullock driven two huge grinding stones of diameter more than 5 feet. At its southern most corner there existed the toilet facilities.



The Bungalow connects to the main north gate through a long passage with attached rooms from both sides. Outside the northern gate on its both sides were two rooms to be used for guests. At the extreme north-west corner was the Gaon Devi (Village Deity) worship place on a mud platform under a

huge neem tree that has recently been renovated. It is known as “Maharani Ka Sthaan” which mean abode of Goddess though the idol installed there is that of Lord Ganesh. Legend says that before my ancestors built their house, the whole area was a dense forest with tribal inhabitants who believed that the Village Deity a Goddess resided at the foot of a huge neem tree. My ancestors found the Ganesh idol while digging the water-well and installed it under the same neem tree. The temple is most popular among the lower caste inhabitants of the village so much so the every newlywed couple must visit this temple before going to their own house.



During my childhood time it was a joint family with 29 members including children. My grandfather Thakur Ram Sunder Singh was the head of the family. He was a semi-literate person managing vast fertile lands and a Zamindari spread over several nearby villages. His younger brother Raghuraj Singh was also only semi-literate. They exhibited temperament of Zamandars and believed that education was unimportant for them and surprisingly even for their descendants including me. They also firmly believed that the independence movement will fail and the British will continue to rule India.

My father Shitala Baksh Singh was the eldest son of Ram Sunder Singh. He was studying in 9th Standard when his grandfather Thakur Kamta Singh was murdered. He then had to abruptly abandon his further studies. Kamta Singh was a member of the Jury at the District Sessions Court. On a Friday when he was

A SCIENTIST BEWILDERED

returning to the village in his self driven Buggi (horse cart) two persons fatally attacked him. My uncle Surya Pratap Singh then studying in the 8th class in the school at the District town was with him. He was hurt but he survived. He too had to abandon his schooling for safety reasons. He had 3 daughters and 2 sons. His elder son Nagendra studied upto 12th standard and worked for the State Road Transport department. His second son Samir completed B.Sc. joined the Forest Service and finally left it to engage himself in agriculture. My father had three sisters and 3 daughters. I am his only son. Raghuraj Singh my grandfather's younger brother had 3 daughters and one son Anant Bahadur Singh who was studying with me in the school but left even before passing 5th Standard. Almost all ladies in the family were semi-literate but younger girls studied till matriculation. Thus was the family environment before my birth and during my upbringing from childhood to adulthood. The atmosphere was of Zamaindari authoritarian attitude and arrogance, orthodoxy and superstition coupled with vulnerability to all mysticism and tantric traditions.

My mother Moon Raje came to this village after her marriage in the early part of nineteen thirties. She belonged to a much more respectable and educated family than my ancestors. She was very pretty and broad-minded but only in some respects like education. Soon after she had settled down in the village her both knees got jammed. She could not stand and walk. She could only creep on the floor with the help of her hands having her both the legs bent backwards from knees. First, she was treated at the District hospital and later by local Ayurveda Vaidya with no relief. Finally, astrologers, mystics and tantrics were brought into picture and consulted.

One of the tantric-mystics advised that on a particular astrological auspicious day in the middle of the night a piece of her apparel, a small bunch of her hair and some other such

personal items be taken out by the head of the family beyond the boundary of the village and set on fire while the mystic will do some rituals at his own place. The person so doing should come back home without looking behind. It was done by my grandfather. Within a few days/weeks my mother recovered and started walking normally. The tantric had explained it by a story that my mother was possessed by Dhamsa Devi believed to be the youngest sister of Durga Mata who ought to have been worshiped before her marriage. It was not done and a curse was spelled on my mother. My mother was advised to worship this Goddess once every year and till her death. There is no idol for this Goddess. The idol has to be made by folding a Saree in the form of a lady. My mother has continued this special ritual till her death. Once in a while she went into trance during the puja when she asked whether all was well in the family. While under trance she would sometimes tell if something was missing and required to be done to keep the welfare of the family. Mostly she would just laugh and assure the family that she was happy and no harm can be done to any one till the Goddess is there within the family.

Several decades later, my parents used to shift from the village to Mumbai particularly during the winter months. One day I was laughing at such events in sarcasm and disbelief. Suddenly my mother rolled down from the sofa chair and started mumbling and squatting on the floor. My father immediately got down from his Sofa chair and started praying to her that she should forgive her son (me) as every mother does. After a few moments of prayer she recovered, cooled down and sat back on her chair.



You've Just Finished your Free Sample

Enjoyed the preview?

Buy: <https://store.prowesspub.com>