

## ACARYA ARTTESHANANDA AVADHUTA

In 1975 I was working in Bihar State. I was organising **the** whole of Bihar against the immoral and corrupt politicians who were trying their best to crush Ananda Marga. Needless to say, Ananda Marga was passing through very difficult times. The Congress Government had made it almost impossible for Ananda Marga to smoothly conduct its various programmes of social welfare, Margiis were terrorised and asked to keep away from Ananda Marga. It was an atmosphere of repression and oppression. Those who opposed were rudely treated – either they were implicated in some false cases or their whole career was filled with innumerable problems and difficulties. I was crusading against these atrocities and tortures inflicted on Ananda Margiis and was busy in creating public opinion against these unjust **acts** of the government. People's processions, **sit ins, fasts etc., were the** usual forms of public resentment against the government's evil **policies**) and the government, especially the CBI, were enraged **by such public upsurge** and **by** the exposure of their evil deeds. They **wanted to silence the voice of** vehement protest. The CBI had already **pressed Ananda Marga defectors into their service** for pay, and **they were roaming throughout the country, identifying the workers of An-, anda Marga for arrest.**

**While I was going to North Bihar from Patna by steamer on 31-5-75, I was arrested by plain-clothes police at Paleza Ghat. Nawal Kishore, an Ananda Marga defector who was hired by the CBI, was present there, and it was at his instance I was arrested.**

The policeman took me to the police lockup at Sonepur Police Station. He took Rs. 555/- from me, and took away all my belongings. He then removed all my clothes, and without saying anything, beat me mercilessly. Such a severe beating – I fell down. My legs were tied together and raised and I was beaten on the soles of **my feet**. He asked me, "Is there any companion with you?" I replied, **"No, I'm alone."** Again he beat me, thinking I was hiding **some** information. My soles, palms, fingers, joints, all were bleeding, and I **would**

frequently pass into a coma. Whenever I regained consciousness, he beat me again. Then he beat me on my shoulders and back. All my skin split because of this terrible beating, all my body was bleeding. Then I was beaten with canes on my hands, hips, and legs. I was screaming in agony, but they continued beating and some kicked me with their shoes on. I fell down, unable to bear the beatings, and then some constable stood on my chest with his boots on. I groaned and cried, and became senseless until morning.

I regained consciousness in the morning and found myself surrounded by many CID officials\*. I was in a very-dirty room, stinking with the smell of urine and stool. I was lying on the floor: there was no mat, no cot, no bedsheet. The places where I had been beaten were swollen, and all my clothes were drenched with blood. The blood had become dry and hard, and these rough, bloodstained clothes would rub against my wounds, creating tremendous pain. The whole day I was interrogated by many CID men, who surrounded me. They should have produced me before a magistrate and sought remand, but they did not. So it was illegal detention.

I was unable to walk, my feet were so swollen from the beating; so I was dragged by the constables. At night I was taken to the hospital. The doctor asked how I had gotten in such a condition -The police answered, "He is a pickpocket, and people caught hold of him and severely beat him while he was trying to pickpocket someone. Very sympathetically the doctor bandaged my wounds, saying, "Well, God knows - He alone knows the truth." The doctor was not convinced by the police, but what could he say to them?

Again I was dragged to the police station. Until then, that is, for 20 hours, I was not given any food except 25 paise worth\* of puri (flatbread). The officers said they could not spend more than 25 paise on my meal. The puris were 3 or 4 days old, and along with them I was given dirty, stinking water.

On the 2nd of May I was taken to the S.D.O. (Sub-Divisional Officer) court at Chapra, and after being produced there I was taken to jail. All, along I had to walk barefoot, 2 or 3 miles. I told

\* Criminal Investigation Department

the S.D.O., "I am an innocent man, and I was severely beaten by **the** police." The S.D.O. saw the bloodstains on my clothes, and **said**, "There must be some medical report, so there is no need **for you to** say anything else." Then I was sent to jail at Chapra, and hospita-lized for one day. I was not given medicine or proper care. On **the** fourth day I was again taken to the police lockup in Sonapur. There I was kept in remand for seven days in police custody, **and** beaten on the same places where there were wounds. All the CID **and** police inspectors repeatedly told me to leave Ananda Marga; **they said**, "Why are you still in Ananda Marga? You should become a witness against Ananda Marga. You leave Ananda Marga and we will leave you," But I refused adamantly.

During all the seven days, only once in **a** day did they give **me** bread worth **25** paesa, nothing else. If I asked for anything, even water, they abused me. But I felt the Grace of BABA: when I was tre-

mendously thirsty and the police were abusing me instead of giving me water, a little child came, and offered me water!

Then I was sent back to the jail. This time, as soon as I reached the jail gate, rumours were spread inside the jail that a Naxalite has come, a diehard criminal. I was dragged into a condemned cell, and locked up 24 hours a day. There was no arrangement for medicine; when I requested medicine, I got only abuses in return, I would show them my **pus**-filled wounds, **and** they would beat **me** instead of giving any medical **aid**. For some **time my cell** was opened **for me to** bathe, because there **was no tap** Inside my **cell, and** then I was returned into the ward. Whenever I used **to peep** through **the door of the** ward, the warders would shout, "why **is that** Naxallte fellow peeping **at the door?! He** should get back into his **cell!"** Since I would **not** give **any** statement, I was beaten so furiously that my fingers are still crooked, and I cannot straighten them. One of the fingers of my right hand has become paralyzed because of this severe beating.

Nobody from outside would come to meet me; they were all very frightened and worried what will happen, which case I will be implicated in. I was praying to BABA, "What to do, nobody's coming" to see me." Just then a constable came, saying, "The lawyer of that Naxalite has come." I gave him a legal document in which I gave the power of attorney to the lawyer. The lawyer wanted to meet me, and

I **also** told the ward-in-charge that I wanted to meet him. But I was told **that** the jailor is not prepared to arrange the interview, because if he allows it he may lose his job. The CBI had threatened the jailor like that. I was not allowed to write any letter even; I had no means of communication.

I was meanwhile in a very miserable condition in my cell, in solitary confinement. I was passing my days in great anguish, but also in the thought of BABA. On the **29th** I was brought by the CBI to Patna without knowing the reason, and I was offered no food that day. I was not produced in court again; rather I was kept in the CBI office. The whole night I was not allowed to sit or sleep. My hands were always kept up, chained to the window. Next day on the **30th** I was taken to court, but I was not produced before the court. I was kept in the jeep itself, then brought back. Thereafter I was threatened and intimidated to depose against Ananda Marga. D.I.G. Dwivedi came to me and said, "You do not know why you have been arrested; my man was following you, so you have been purposefully arrested. Now the Emergency **is** in force, and there are no lawyers to help you. All your people are in jail, and your organisation has been banned. You are doomed if you continue to have faith in Ananda Marga. Now you decide your own future, whether you will like to depose against Ananda Marga and BABA and get released, or be hanged."

On the **1st** again Dwivedi came and said, "This is the last time I will come to you. I am a very big officer. If you don't cooperate you will get severe physical tortures. Your BABA is enjoying a very comfortable life in Bankipur Jail, whereas your brothers are being tortured in Phulwari Sharif Jail\* – what will be your condition? Worse! Today is the last day I will come to you – if you are ready **to** give a statement against BABA, you will be sent back to your house. All the cases against you will be withdrawn and a very profitable job can be arranged for you. Otherwise...all the cases, Ray, **Mishra**, will be launched against you and you will be in great trouble." I answered, "I cannot do this." This greatly annoyed him, and he left. His junior officers told him that they will take care of me, he need not bother himself.

\* Jail, outside Patna City where the other Margiis accused in the Mishra case (Santoshananda, Sudevananda, Rainjan, etc.) were being held.

Later the DSP (Deputy Superintendent of Police) Sardar Gur-darshan Singh and Ahuja and Inspectors H.P. Singh and **R.N.** Sharma and others came and started beating me with lathis (heavy canes). I screamed and cried in agony but to no avail. They kicked my stomach with their shoes on; they slapped me, and beat me with a belt, saying, "Talk against BABA, abuse BABA, leave BABA, leave Ananda Marga." DSP Ahuia howled at me, "I shall make other Marais witness against you under fear of MISA and Emergency. Better you become approver and enjoy your life." All these tortures kept me under severe mental strain and tension, besides the physical pain throughout my body. Their tortures and threats sometimes mentally upset me very much and in that condition of extreme nervousness, they got me to write something, which now I suppose they thought to use against me.

They were instructed not to allow me to do sadhana (meditation). Even if my fingers were itching and I scratched them, they thought that I was counting my meditation mantra on my fingers, and so they again beat me so I could not say my mantra. Sometimes, while the guards were watching me to see if I was doing sadhana or not, I would lie down and mentally repeat my mantra. During that time I felt so much relief; I did not feel any pain in my body at all. For five days continuously I was tortured in the same way. On the **6th** day, the officer came in a very laughing mood, saying, "Today I am not to beat you, I have come to talk to you," and he gave a very inspiring lecture about humanity and Dharma. I thought, "Do these people also have a concept of Dharma?" Then he said, "So you sit in meditation and decide which side you will remain on." I did meditation and so many horrors came into my mind. After ten minutes he said, "All right, I will dictate and you write. Write: 'I will leave Ananda Marga. BABA is a criminal '". I said, "I will not write this! NO! This is not Dharma! It is against my faith - I cannot do it!". He gave me one more day to decide. That very night, I thought, they will come and torture me in the same way tomorrow. Oh God, let them be sick and I will be saved." The next day I learned that the Sardar (Sikh man) who was inflicting the tortures had developed a 104 de- ... gree fever and SP Singh also was not well; he was constantly taking medicines. R.N. Sharma was also mentally disturbed, and said, "I have to go look after the Sardar." And so that day they did not torture me. Then I thought, I should not think like this - this

is misuse of my sadhana. Let the tortures come, I will endure all the suffering come what may." So I mustered my courage. But even the next day again there were no tortures" instead the constables were trying to create fear in me by telling me how Gopalji and Vishnudeva\* were tortured, **by** forcing an iron bar into their anus.

Now mostly threats and more threats continued. Defectors were brought and said to me, "Leave Ananda Marga – -there is nothing in BABA! I also did kapalika sadhana\* for twelve years and it is a great hoax!" The last day I was denuded and beaten severely, so severely that the shoe they used to beat me with was broken on my body. They forcibly fed me meat, onions and garlic, and said, "Now your Dharma has gone!" I am a spiritualist and never take these foods. Sometimes they thrust fish into my mouth and shut my mouth, and forced me to swallow it at the point of a bayonet. Whenever I resisted, heavy blows were inflicted on my stomach. As a result of all these tortures, blood came in my stool and tremendous pain started in my anus. It was extremely difficult to pass stool. There was continuous discharge of blood in my stool throughout the remand period, and subsequently I became a permanent patient of peptic ulcer and several other stomach disorders.

On the last day of remand, I was told that the next day I would be taken to court. The CBI officials threatened, "Don't utter a single word regarding these tortures or else we will take you back into remand. If you say anything, we will go on taking your remand continuously for many months, and then we will shoot you or stuff you in a sack and throw, you in the Ganges. Everything is possible in the emergency, and the court can't do anything." Upon hearing this, I became nervous.

When I entered the court, the judge asked me to tell if there was any injustice done to me in police custody. The wolfish look of the CBI official was always fixed on me; CBI Mahadeo Singh was indicating with his ferocious look not to speak anything. The moment I was going to express myself, SP Ahuja cast a warning glance at me with his finger raised threateningly. Then the Magistrate asked Ahuja to go out; but he did not go outside, he merely left his chair

\*Other Margiis arrested in connection with the Mishra case.

\*Higher spiritual practices of Ananda Marga.

and sat in another by the door. Another inspector came and pressed my back as if to say, "Remember our warning!" I was fear-stricken and could not express anything. But still, again I was taken to 15 days remand period. In that period, because of all the terrible tortures, I developed blood dysentery. Whenever I was passing stool the constable guarding me used to pull the rope which tied me, shouting, "Why are you sitting so long! ?\*"

On July 16th I was brought to Delhi by plane. When I reached Delhi, Badri Sharma and Dwivedi came and instructed the constables to take me to their room. For many hours they talked to me, saying, "See, there are two roads. Are you prepared to depose against your brothers, Santoshananda, Sudevananda? If not then you should be ready to be hanged. Either you or Santoshananda will hang! If you want to save yourself, then Santoshananda will be hanged. If you are not ready to cooperate with us then you will be hanged and Santoshananda will be alive, and he may become approver. He and Gopalji are very eager to become approvers, but I am very sympathetic toward you." I answered boldly, "Yes, I am ready to be hanged." The officers were astonished and said, "Take him out."

After one hour I was again brought to them and they took a photo of BABA and crushed it under their feet. I could not watch this so I closed my eyes and covered my face with my arms. They ordered me, "You do this also." I became angry and thrust my hands upward and stood up. I said, "I will never do this! For Dharma I will go to any extent of sacrifice." They - Ahuja, HS Singh, Badri Sharma, etc.- offered me many allurements, money, comforts of life, etc-, They also beat me, but I refused to stamp on BABA's photo.

The next day one officer was brought to me and introduced by others: "Just see, he is a spiritual man, he knows much about spirituality. You discuss with him, and whoever is convinced will take initiation from the other." I said, "You can say -whatever you like about Dharma." He began, "I am a palmist; let me see your hand first and then we will discuss." I answered, "You are not-a spiritualist; spirituality does not lie in the hand. Palmistry is not a spiritual science." Then that officer asked me to give initiation to him, but I refused, saying, "You are not eligible to be given initiation now nor are you able to do sadhana even if you take initiation. You are a CBI man and the government is against Ananda riarga." Then he asked

for kapalika sadhana. I replied, "You know all about that from the defectors." He hurled filthy abuses at me and left.

After that remand period was completed, I was sent back to Patna by train, and I was taken to jail. The CBI officials said, "You are free now, you can go to jail. We are not after you - we have no personal case against you. The government is after Ananda Marga, so we only have to discharge our duty."

As a consequence of all these tortures I have developed many diseases. The fingers of my right hand have been rendered ineffective. It is not possible for me to make a fist even now. I have also lost my eyesight considerably. (I was prescribed spectacles for my poor eye-sight by the doctors but the jail authorities didn't supply them. I wrote to the I.G. Prisons without any response whatsoever. Other prisoners including political prisoners were supplied spectacles when they were prescribed for them by the doctors; but we Ananda Margiis were deliberately discriminated against.)

I have also developed peptic ulcer and cannot properly digest anything I eat. As a result of constant mental torture, my brain and nerves have become weak, and I daily suffer from sleeplessness. I have grown much older in comparison to my age.

Although they persecuted me so much, not for one second was my faith in my Master shaken, whatever they said or did.

THOSE WHO CAN DEDICATE THEIR ALL TO THE THOUGHT OF THE GREAT AND THE INSPIRATION OF THE SUPREME ARE VERILY THE GREATEST HEROES. INDEED, THEY ARE THE VIRTUOUS, AND THEY ALONE ARE CAPABLE OF TAKING HUMAN HISTORY FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

SHRII SHRII ANANDAMURTI JANUARY  
1, 1965



## SHRII GOPALJI

(Shrii Gopalji comes from a well-to-do, noble and reputed family of Chauthan (Monghyr District, Bihar State). He is a young man of progressive outlook, and a sincere social worker of the area since boyhood. After the death of his father in 1971, he was looking after the landed property in his village, as he was the eldest son. Being an active member of Ananda Marga, he had refused to join the Congress or Communist Party despite their persistent persuasion. So somehow they wanted to avenge their humiliation. Besides, he was a member of a charitable social institution known as V.S.S. (Volunteers'- Social Service). The government was unhappy with this organization- also, due to its vast and expanding relief and welfare activities that made it increasingly popular among the populace. In order to discredit this organisation, the government characterised it as a paramilitary institution preaching and practising, violence. His implication in any serious criminal offence would have served that purpose and so he was made an accused in the L.N. Mishra murder case.)

On May 17th, 1975, at 2:30 AM, when I was lying asleep on the lawn in my village residence, suddenly some unusual sounds awakened me. Immediately I found myself encircled by several persons with stenguns directed towards me, and I first thought that my house was being attacked by armed dacoits. Before I could utter a single word, I was handcuffed and tied. My servants and other members of my family were compelled to sit in one place and threatened not to raise their voices. Those persons rushed into my drawing room and started throwing the articles helter-skelter, and ransacked the room in that way for more than an hour. It was only with the help of the dawn's light that I could understand that I was being arrested by the CID. When I asked for the warrant of arrest from one said-in-charge, he rudely replied that they were "all-powerful" and did not require any warrant of arrest. Later, in police remand, I came to know that the said-in-charge was CBI officer Mr. Narain Jha, not a CID officer, and that the entire operation was conducted by CBI persons in the name of CID and without any legal sanction.

I was startled to see that the big police party, in a most uncivilised manner, had entered the interior portion of my residence which is reserved for the ladies of the family, and most of the ladies who were still in their beds, had to flee away desperately. Then in the name of the "search", they ransacked each and every room there and thoroughly scanned each and every inch of the place. In spite of the repeated requests of my aged grandmother, they shamelessly entered with boots on, into the sacred puja (worship) room which was being protected so carefully from the time of my ancestors. They did not hesitate to ransack that room also. These "searches", harassments and brutal treatment continued until late noon, but they could not find a single incriminating object for which they were so madly trying. During that entire period (more than 12 hours) I was kept tied and was neither allowed to move, to finish my morning duties, to do 'puja', nor even to drink a glass of water or to eat anything. Though I was quite perplexed about the reason for this uncalled-for episode, I could overhear the talk of some of them that "he is now suffering only due to the fact that he did not pay any heed to the good advice of his friends." I recalled that many times I was asked by my friends and relations to leave Ananda Marga and its spiritual practices which had already enlivened my youthful spirit and given me a new way of life, and instead work wholeheartedly for the then ruling Congress Party. Then I realised that I had been made victim to a cruel and nasty conspiracy by certain interested persons, only due to my non-compromising nature. By afternoon I was forcibly taken away in the jeep to Patna without allowing me to meet my weeping grandmother and other members of the family. Not so much because of my arrest, but mainly due to the severe shock of the search in this savage manner on that day, that my old grandmother got a paralytic attack within a few months and is now convalescing in bed in a pathetic condition.

I reached the Bailey Road torture center of the CBI in Patna at 12 midnight, and was immediately welcomed by the waiting CBI officers, D.S.P. Mr. P.N. Shukla, D.S.P. Mr. D.R. Puri, in a manner and language justly befitting the beasts of the jungles - "You rascal, you bitch of Anandamurti, rightly you have arrived here to spend the last days of your life" etc. I was thrown in a room full of Bihar military Police. The sentries thoroughly tied me and I was unable to move. As I gathered courage to request them earnestly to provide me water to drink, I was offered, after sometime, an enamel

glass full of some kind of liquid which I realised was urine by the foul smell I smelled while going to drink it. I refused it, and was offered instead crude abuses to quench my thirst. I also learned from them that I would have to spend the night in that way and would not be allowed to perform sadhana (meditation) and my other spiritual practices.

The next morning somehow I was able to finish my morning duties after 24 hours, and was brought in front of the building by van. I first thought this to be the CBI building, but in fact it was the residence of the magistrate. Without producing me before the CJM (Chief judicial Magistrate), the CBI obtained my remand order for 15 days to the custody of the state CID, but actually in the illegal custody of CBI. After being returned to the Bailey Road office, I found that the atmosphere was dramatically changed. I began to be treated mostly kindly. I was even offered all kinds of tasteful items of food. Though perplexed, yet still in chains and unfed for one and a half days, I ate to my heart's content and to full belly. Their conspiracy revealed itself afterwards, when I developed an acute thirst from the rich meal, and they avoided giving me water with one alibi or the other. I became restless and almost mad and desperately prayed to them for water. The reply was that first I would have to agree to do according to their dictates, and then would be given water. This continued all throughout that whole night, and I was offered only two small cups of water during that entire period.

Then they started inflicting physical tortures on me in different manners: kicking, giving blows after blows, beating with sticks and also shoes. Due to this I became almost unconscious. They also fiercely pulled out the hairs of my beard, and due to this there was much bleeding and my entire face swelled. The first day they tortured me to get me to agree to their proposals, but as I did not agree, so the next day in the morning they came and tied me with rope and handcuffs. My legs were tied to the bars of the window and my head hung downwards. I had to remain in that unbearable position until afternoon. In the meantime, CBI officers were coming near me and abusing me, abusing BABA, abusing my family, and also: cursing me, saying that I am facing these things due to my obstinacy. After some time they released me from that position and later offered me meals, But I soon realised that the food was meat curry. They knew I was a vegetarian, so this was another type

of mental torture. I refused their food. Afterwards they gave me another kind of meal, but that was also not good, and as a result the next day I got acute diarrhea.

The next day they started using different methods to demoralise me. They told me that according to the system of my caste (Brahmin), I must start wearing sacred thread and keeping shikha (long hair – both caste symbols of Brahmins), and told me to use abusive language as they did, and also told me to spit on BABA's photo. These sort of demoralising methods were applied on the next day also. On both days they did these things until late at night, with the clear intention of not allowing me to sleep, and let me go to bed only after 1 or 2 AM. As I was extremely tired, I went to sleep immediately. After some time I suddenly awakened, and fearfully saw that one CBI man had placed his foot on my chest and was holding a rifle in his hand, pointing to my neck. "If you do not agree to us now, you will be killed in this way." He wanted me to leave Ananda targa and do according to their dictates.

The next night the CBI Superintendent of Police Harbans Singh came and told me that the following day, many big officers were coming to meet me, and that it would be very good for me in future if I would satisfy them that I would leave Ananda Marga and follow their instructions. I simply said, "I will say what is true."

The next day Superintendent Harbans Singh and the Inspector General of the CBI, Mr.Hingorani, and one Deputy Inspector General of the CBI, - I.e. Dwivedi came, and they started talking with me in a very gentle manner. I was handcuffed. One of them said, "You come, from a Very noble and respectable family and we have a very sympathetic feeling for you. We know you are an innocent person, so we want to help you. But the one condition is this; you are to make our hands strong." Then the other started saying, "You see, if you want to enter into business, we can help you with money and big contacts, so that you will become a wealthy businessman." The third one said, "If you want good government service, we can arrange for you an attractive and lucrative high-salaried government service. Also if you want to enter politics, we can arrange for you to become a member of the Bihar Legislative Council." I did not reply anything. Repeatedly they said, "We can do anything for you, but you must, make our hands strong." As I did not respond, they were highly dissatisfied and left me, annoyed, saying, "Now we can't

do anything for you – you will suffer for this."

The next day they brought my relations from Delhi, Patna, etc; but before being brought in front of me, they were briefed by the CBI that they should pressure me to agree to the CBI's proposals, otherwise, the CBI officials said, "Gopalji will suffer, you all will suffer, and even Gopalji's mother and sister will suffer." So my uncle, a Congress MLA, was brought and also my brother-in-law from Delhi. The next day my cousin brother Nirainjan also came with a court order to meet me. But before even allowing my cousin brother to meet me, the CBI took from him a written statement that Nirainjan had seen me in good condition, that I had not been tortured, etc. After that Nirainjan was allowed to meet me for only a few minutes. This was because they knew that Nirainjan is a young man and may protest. The others, who were more easily intimidated, were given much time.

Again they allured me, saying, "If you do according to our intentions, then we can call the Chief Minister of Bihar, Jagganath Mishra any time, and we will tell him that Gopalji has become ready to be the chief witness in the case of his murdered brother L.N. Mishra; and through him we will get you a good job in the Bihar government. But if you do not agree, you can be sure that we will create many sorts of troubles for you. We will see that you and your family become involved in caste rivalry in your villages, and the whole village of Mishra will be made antagonistic to your village." (The part of Bihar where I come from has great caste feeling, and the CBI was threatening that they would create big caste rivalries and clashes.)

The following day they brought a few defectors (paras, Anan- • da Kishor, Shriikant, Nawal Kishor, Madan Mohan, Om Prakash, etc.) who were employed to persuade me to leave Ananda Marga and help the CBI in the L.N. Mishra case. They said that if I did not help, they would see that my family and also my aged grandmother would also be taken to CBI remand and tortured until I agreed. All of these things happened during the 15 days of remand period, and on the 16th day, when it ended, without producing me in the court, again they extended my remand period for another 15 days.

For the next ten days they again started inflicting different types of physical tortures on me.. They would keep me in a standing position continuously for the whole day and not allow me to sit

down. At night they would tie my hands with iron rods to the window and keep me in that position throughout the night, **so** I could not lie or sit. Sometimes they would keep me naked all -through the day. Often they would beat **me** on the soles of my feet.

One night at midnight while I was lying asleep, suddenly one man fell upon me, awakening me abruptly. Within a few minutes he had tied me entirely with ropes. They carried me downstairs to a waiting jeep and threw me into the jeep. I saw that the driver was all ready to go. Some CBI officers came **near** and said, "You see-" our big officers are coming- You are going to be thrown into the river Ganges, and since you are completely tied up, you will not even be able to swim - you will surely die. So we can't help you in any way. Only one way is there, that you agree to all our proposals." As their drama was so perfect I became really fearful and verbally agreed that **I** would do according to their instructions. So in that mentally weak condition, **I** wrote some statement **accord**-ding to their dictation. In this way those **15** days passed.

When **I** was produced before the magistrate, I found that I had the opportunity to tell him about the tortures during the CBI remand period, and also to show him my prominent injury marks. The Magistrate had no other alternative than to get a medical re-port from the jail doctor. So the CBI Deputy Superintendent of Police, Mr. Ahuja, and one Mahadev Prasad Singh, an advocate of the CBI, along with a police party brought me to Phulwari Sharif Camp Jail. The CBI DSP Ahuja summoned the jail officers including the jail doctors immediately. There in the jail office, in front of me, Mr. Ahuja openly ordered the jail doctors to give a fit medical report instantly about me, even without examining me. Accordingly, under durress, the jail doctor Dr. Mahamat Gani, gave a fit medical report to Jr. Ahuja.

In the jail I went to the jail hospital and demanded medicines, as my condition was very bad and the doctors were intentionally neglecting me. Sometimes the doctor would give me some medicine but would not record it in the register for fear that if it is officially recorded, the CBI officials would be annoyed, since the jail doctor had already given me a fit medical report. Due to this continuing negligence and the long tortures during the CBI remand, *I* started suffering from several ailments and my health completely broke down. Sometimes blood would come out in my stool,

and there would be severe pain in my entire body particularly in the joints. Even in that condition the jail doctor would refuse to give proper treatment saying, "You had a fight with the government so we can't do anything for you here."

In the meantime the emergency was imposed and Ananda **Marga** banned, and in my broken-down condition I was again taken in CBI remand, without producing me before the magistrate, and brought to Delhi. They took me to Delhi in a most dramatic way. On July **12th** I was called at the gate of Phulwari Sharif **Jail** along with another Margii, Mahendra Singh, for interview with our relatives. When we both went there we were asked to accompany them at once. We couldn't even carry our clothes and were forcibly carried **away from** there. It was against the law to take me in this way **without producing** me before a magistrate; but the jail authorities **were** fearful of the CBI.

I was taken by chartered Border Security Force **plane by the** CBI people. In Delhi also they did not produce me before **the magistrate**, but obtained remand for **15 days**, under CBI custody in **jail**. I was brought into the Ramakrishna Purana CBI office in Delhi. There they would not allow me to sleep at night continuously for three nights. The CBI guards were particularly instructed that if they saw me sleeping, they should wake me **up**. They gave very meagre meals intentionally -only two chapatis (flat bread) and a little curry twice a day. During this time the CBI also would threaten me saying, "Now it is Emergency **and we are all-powerful**. If we shoot you, if we cut you into pieces, no **one** will know." **They** wanted me to become **a witness and give false evidence either in** Chief Justice Ray's case **or the Mishra case. In return they** promised to release me and provide **me** all comforts. I refused to submit to their wishes, since **in no** circumstances **could I tread the path** of falsehood and Adharma. They became **angry at my adamant attitude and** began tor-. turing me.

The following CBI persons took the lead in torturing me there: DIG Dwivedi, DSP **H.L. Ahuja**, DSP **B.R. Puri**, Inspector **N.N. Singh**, and Inspector **Narayan Jha**. One day they applied **a lie detector machine**; another day they gave electric **shock. They kept** two wires on the table and covered them with **papers so I could** no see them. They told me to place my hands on those papers, **and** then two people suddenly removed the papers and **my hands came in imme-**

diate contact with the wires beneath. A tremendous electric current passed through my body. After the shock I quickly removed my hands, but within those few seconds my whole body jerked and my heart palpitated, and I felt no feeling in my body for a few minutes. The next time they compelled me to put my hands on those wires. About three times they administered electric shock in this way. During this period they specifically did not allow me to do sadhana, saying, "If you are allowed to do sadhana, you will regain strength."

One day some CBI officers came with CBI guards. A few guards were ordered to catch hold of my legs, and others were ordered to catch hold of my hands on the other side. Then they were ordered to pull in opposite directions. My body was stretched tight. In that position some others poured cold water continuously on my nose and mouth so I could not breathe. After some time due to this extreme torture I became senseless. At other times I was beaten severely with shoes, canes, etc. Due to these unbearable tortures, my physical and mental condition became very pathetic. I cried and groaned in agony but this only invited intensification of their tortures. They wanted me somehow to yield to their wishes and were visibly annoyed not to find me shaken even an inch-.

In this way **15** days passed. Every day some type of torture was applied for about six to eight hours a day minimum. On the last day, at night-the CBI officers came and said, "You see, this is the last day. Still there is a chance for you, if you become our witness; but if you do not, then naturally we will not be able to do anything for you and you will have to face all sorts of sufferings ."

The next day I was produced before the Delhi Chief Metropolitan Magistrate. I wanted to narrate to him my tortures in CBI custody, but, very arrogantly, he would not listen and ordered me to jail custody in Tihar Central Jail, Upon my arrival in Tihar Central Jail, I was sent to the famous punishment cell called "chalis chakki" (40 grinders) which were punishment cells only for condemned, convicted persons.

The "chalis chakki" name was given during the. British period; there the condemned prisoners were given the work of grinding wheat, so the name became symbolic for "punishment cell." The atmosphere there was similar to that of a Nazi concentration camp. There was only one hand-operated tube well, giving discolored and muddy water.



I couldn't drink it until I had kept it in a pitcher for several hours and the dirt had settled to the bottom – only then was it fit for drinking. Within the cell there was no provision for washing or even to wash the hands after going to latrine; no daten stick for cleaning the teeth; no oil or soap. So within a few days my appearance became unnatural –disheveled, unclean, with lice crawling in my hair, my body and clothes all filthy. I was kept there all alone; Santoshananda was also there but he too was kept alone, separated from everyone else. All throughout the day the cell was full of innumerable flies, and at night thousands of mosquitoes. So it was impossible for me to rest during the day due to the flies, nor at night due to the mosquitoes.

As soon as I arrived, I was put in iron fetters, which is unusual for an under-trial prisoner. This was done under the instruction of the CBI. My legs were kept fettered for several days and it was terrific agony for me, trying to sleep, pass out stool etc. It was not possible even for me to meditate and follow my spiritual discipline that I had been continuing for the past ten years.

The day before I was sent to jail was a fast day, so I did-not take anything, so upon reaching there I was quite hungry. But when the jail meals were brought, they were so dirty – unfit for human consumption. The thick chapatis (bread) were not even half-cooked, and I could easily see flies and hairs in them; they emitted a bad smell. **The dahl** (pulse soup) also had flies floating in it and pieces of onion. Just looking **at this food**, I realised that it would be impossible **for me to swallow it. That day** also I could, not take anything, except **some little water. When** I requested the jail authorities to provide **me with some molasses** to break my fast at least, they just, laughed **at me with amusement and** astonishment as if I were asking a great **favour, and** refused. **The** next day at noon, when the same **kind of meal was** brought, by this time I was so hungry, almost mad **for food, that** I had no other alternative but to take some **of** those dirty ohapatis **and** some of that dahl after taking the pieces **of onion out of** it.

Most of the time **the dahl** brought was made with onions, so I could not take it, so almost daily I used to take only a few small pieces of chapatis **and** then drink some water, nothing else. Not even a half-belly meal. The cell guards were specifically instructed to confine me in the cell continuously, 24 hours a day, in iron fetters. During the summer season it was so hot. I would

request them to fetch water for me, and they would intentionally avoid me, under the instructions of the jail authorities. They would bring water only after much persuasion, and that, too, muddy and unclean water.

One day I complained to the chief warder of the cell that he should spread Flit repellent so that the mosquitoes would not disturb and I could at least sleep at night. I said, "To maintain cleanliness is the jail rule." But he answered, "It is a rule in the punishment cell that nobody should sleep at night, so what to talk of spreading Flit."

On September 5th, I was sent back to Patna along with Mahendra Singh, another Margii accused. During this torturous journey in a packed railway compartment with Delhi police guards, we were not able to do sadhana and could **not** eat anything. In that condition we reached Patna the next day. Although the order was to bring us to Phulwari Sharif Camp Jail immediately, actually we were kept in Pirbohar police station in **the** police lockup; and the next night in Kotwali police station lock-up. Both these lockups were filthy dirty with urine smell. The entire **cell was** wet with urine and on the side were lying days-old stools. **I felt** intolerable suffocation. In that unbearable condition we were **kept two** nights, and the whole time no food was supplied to us. This **was** done deliberately. On the third day we were brought to Phulwari Sharif Camp Jail.

(One Avadhuta who was **present** at Phulwari Sharif Camp Jail when Gopalji arrived, comments "I **saw** him personally. **I** was moved like anything to see his terrible condition. He was a skeleton. His cheeks were sunken and His face **was** bloodless. His hands were simply bones like a skeleton figure. In **that** condition he was returned to Phulwari Sharif Jail. We **pressurised the** jail authorities for his immediate treatment, **but in spite of our** pressure, the jail authorities continued to **neglect him. As** a result now he is a patient of bleeding piles, chest **pain and** Chronic stomach disorder , due to all these tortures.)

After coming to Phulwari Sharif I learned that during my stay in Delhi, my village residence was searched twice, and my family members were repeatedly threatened. The other villagers who had good relations with me were particularly threatened not to keep any contact with me because I "belong to Aaranda Marga which is a violent organisation." So the CBI took active interest to see that my fam

ily was economically crippled. I am the only son, and the other Villagers were specifically instructed not to help my family with the management of our affairs in any way. My relatives came to the jail to meet me and get instructions how to maintain the farm, but the jail authorities refused to allow them to meet me. Under the instruction of the CBI, the jail authorities threatened people coming for an interview, "If you remain here for long, we will inform the CBI and they will arrest you here itself, so you should leave this place immediately." CBI officers also tried to bribe the neighbors in my village to become false witnesses against me. Most refused, but one or two agreed under the fear of MISA in Emergency. The jail authorities under pressure of the CBI also suppressed the letters written by my family to me, so I never received them.

In the meantime, after I returned from Delhi, I was granted bail in the Mishra case in September, because actually the CBI could not bring any serious charges against me. But the CBI would not allow me to go out because their intention was to torture me; so within a few days of my granting of bail, I was served with a MISA order so that I could not go free even if I was granted bail. A MISA detainee depends upon the government's mercy for his release; so, although on bail, -I was rotting in the jail because of MISA.

As a MISA prisoner, I was entitled to first class treatment . and facilities, proper meals, etc; but while traveling they deliberately took me in the third-class compartment, and otherwise did not treat me as a MISA division prisoner. I was forced to live in extremely unhygienic conditions and was served adulterated food, with the result that I developed several diseases. No proper medical care was given.

After that I was summoned to Delhi to appear as a defense witness in the A.N. Ray case. The Delhi police guards who came to take me from Patna to Delhi were accompanied by one CBI officer, which was very unusual. I came to know about the presence of this CBI officer later on when, during my journey, I could see that this officer was creating various hindrances in different ways - i.e., whenever the sympathetic police officers would try to give me some facilities regarding my sadhaná, allowing me to lie down, etc. When I reached Delhi station the next day, they kept me in the Government Railway Police Station lockup. I overheard them saying that

they were thinking to keep me in the station lockup instead of bringing me to the jail, because they feared that once they took me to the jail I would meet Santoshananda and others and give such evidence which could be very harmful for the CBI. But I overheard this, so I insisted, "No, you can't keep me here, because the order is to take me to Tihar Jail!"

The train had reached the station at noon, and I was brought from the station to the jail at **6 PM**. During this entire period I had been confined in the Railway Police lockup, in a small dark room with no air.

During my journey by CBI car from the station to the jail, the CBI officer who accompanied me during the journey from Patna to Delhi was threatening me,. "If you utter a single word against the CBI before the judge, you will have to face serious consequences. Your family persons, even your aged grandmother, will not be spared. We will create big disturbances for them!"

The next day I was produced before the Judge, K.S. Sidhu, but he did not take my evidence. I requested him to record my statement regarding the ill-treatment during my journey, but he refused to do it.

After my return from Delhi, again I had acute constipation and my previous disease of piles became serious, so I continued to pressure the jail authorities for adequate medical treatment. When I was very ill, finally one specialist from outside was brought by the jail authorities. Although he advised proper food and other medicines, the medicines and diet were denied to me for several months.

The jail authorities, under the instruction of the CBI, were careful to see that I did not get any of the facilities I was entitled to. The CBI was continuously pressuring the jail authorities to maintain troublesome conditions for the Ananda Margiis-in jail. When I and the other jail inmates objected to this and said we would report the entire matter to the anti-corruption department, the jail authorities became enraged. One day, under specific instruction of the CBI, the superintendent and others on the jail staff came to meet the Ananda Margiis in the ward. Immediately after their leaving the ward, the jail guards with lathis (heavy canes) appeared in the ward in a very angry mood. The jail alarm was going on. They were brandishing their lathis with red eyes. This show of

crude force was arranged by the superintendent only to terrorise me and the other Ananda Margiis not to get courage to raise any protest against jail corruption and other malpractices.

After the Emergency was lifted and the ban was removed, mentally I felt some relief in the jail. In that changed atmosphere, sometimes I thought of all the past happenings: my continuous torture in the hands of the CBI, the dwindling of my family's prestige – and I would think, how was it possible for me to bear all those inhumane tortures? Immediately it would flash in my mind that it was only possible due to the grace of my beloved Master, BABA. I recalled how almost every day during the CBI remand, while I was being tortured, or while I was walking from one room to another, I would suddenly see the radiant figure of BABA on the wall, on the door, even in the sky- and the effect of that was that I would forget all the present and previous tortures and feel new courage, energy and mental strength, as if nothing had happened. In this way I realised that only due to BABA's grace could I pass this great test in the hands of the CBI.

THE PURPORT OF DHARMA SADHANA IS TO LOOK UPON EVERY PERSON, EVERY OBJECT OF THIS UNIVERSE AS ONE INTEGRAL ENTITY. TO JEOPARDISE THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE BY CREATING FACTIONS IS-NOT THE PURPOSE OF DHARMA. THOSE WHO ENCOURAGE VESTED INTERESTS SURVIVE ON THE MENTAL WEAKNESS OF PEOPLE AND THEIR DISSENSIONS. THAT IS WHY THEY ARE THREATENED BY THE WIDE SPREAD OF THE IDEALS OF DHARMA AND EXHIBIT THEIR INTOLERANCE TOWARDS IT IN ALL IMMORAL MEANS, SUCH AS ABUSE, WRONG PROPAGANDA AND FALSEHOOD.

HUMANITY MUST NOT BE COWED DOWN BY THESE. IT HAS TO MARCH AHEAD. IT IS TO BE BORNE IN MIND THAT HINDERANCES ARE NUMEROUS ON THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND TO CONTINUE TO FIGHT THEM IS SADHANA (SPIRITUAL PRACTICE).

SHRII SHRII ANANDAMURTI ANANDA  
PURNIMA, 1957



## ACARYA SANTOSHANANPA AVADHUTA

I have been made the main accused in the Chief Justice A.N. Ray's case as well as Shrii L.N.. Mishra's murder case. I was arrested on June 17, 1975 and remained continuously in CBI remand until July 14, 1975. That whole period was full of harrowing experiences of torture, physical and mental.

Prior to my arrest, I had in many ways irritated the CBI and the Indira Government both. I was publishing and editing magazines, journals, periodicals and newsletters at Delhi, Patna and Calcutta. The main publications which I edited were called "PROUT" and "Education and Culture", which propagated PROUT (Progressive Utilization Theory), the socio-economic theory of Ananda Marga. The philosophy of PROUT advocates the establishment of a social order free from exploitation and corruption, based on humanity, morality and dharma. PROUT calls for intellectual revolution and spiritual renaissance for the achievement of its cherished goal. As the editor, I tried to explain, through articles in these publications, the solution offered by PROUT to various complicated socio-economic and political problems. I also exposed the hypocrisy and hollowness of the present social system and leadership. Naturally, not infrequently Mrs. Indira Gandhi and her Congress Government came under frontal attack for her ill-conceived policies that were not in the greater interest of the nation. I thus incurred her displeasure.

I also organised rallies, processions, dharnas (sit-ins), and peaceful demonstrations to protest against the Indira Government's persecution of Ananda Marga. I was very vocal in condemning the terror being created among Ananda Margiis by the Indira Government through the CBI. I organised people to protest against the inhuman tortures of Ananda Marga's revered Gurudeva (Spiritual Master), Shrii- Shrii

Anandamurtijii. All my activities infuriated the Indira Government and her pet CBI

I was threatened by the agents of CBI to stop all these acts publicity and agitation – or else they would put me into difficulties and troubles. CBI also hired defectors of Ananda Marga to intimidate me to stop criticising Indira Gandhi and the CBI. I was **told** to leave Ananda Marga or face unhappy consequences. I didn't submit to these threats. I could not leave Ananda Marga, its noble ideas **and** humanitarian programmes, regardless of the consequences.

Considering me **a big** headache, Indira and the CBI became **angry and** thought to get **rid** of me. Thus they decided to arrest and falsely implicate me in serious criminal cases.

I was arrested **from the** Patna Railway Station; a CBI-hired defector of Ananda **Marga** pointed me out, and CBI officers (Deputy Inspector General Dwivedi **and** Inspector I.P. Sharma) arrested me. When I asked them to show the warrant of arrest, the CBI Deputy Superintendent Shukla **who** joined us on the way, struck me on my face and shouted, "I **am the** warrant'." I then became quiet as it was futile to ask **any more** questions,

DIG Dwivedi held **my** neck while Shukla and Sharma held both my arms from the armpits, while a constable pulled me with a rope tied around my waist; **in** this way they paraded me around the platform as if they were driving **an** animal. Then they took me to the CBI office in a jeep. After half an hour they brought a barber and I was told to get my beard shaved and my hair cut, and to remove my saffron dress (traditional color of a yogic monk). I was told to put on the civilian clothes brought by them. I protested, saying I was a monk and would **not** abandon my dress. Thereupon two constables firmly caught hold **of me** by my hands, and two others forcibly removed the garments from my body, making me completely naked. Six constables then held me tightly from legs to head, and my beard was shaven and **my** hair cut short. I was then forced to wear civilian clothes.

I was brought back to the Railway Station and taken into the room of the railway police. A fake seizure list was prepared there with the help of false witnesses to prove I was carrying luggage



with civilian clothes – pants, shirts, etc. Again I was led like an animal through the station to the jeep, and taken back to the CBI office. There the Deputy Superintendent Puri stared at me with wolfish ferocity and said, "Your achievements are quite remarkable." I replied, "My only remarkable achievement in life is the attainment of BABA. I am an ordinary man there is nothing remarkable in my life." Puri retorted in a derisive tone, "No, you are not an ordinary man, you are an extra-ordinary man. Who else could have materialised the assassination of L.N. Mishra and a grenade attack on the Chief Justice of India?" I was dumbfounded to hear such wild allegations, but I remained composed. I was asked to confess my involvement in those crimes, but I refused. Then they began a series of brutal tortures on me.

Both my hands were chained to the window grating in opposite directions, so that I was forced to remain standing. With thick canes and the muzzles of their rifles, they beat me with severe blows on my hands, sides, cheeks, and thighs. When I repeatedly refused to confess, they were enraged. They transferred me to another CBI building nearby and chained me to the window grating as before. There they stripped me naked and beat me severely with canes, belts, and shoes, on my arms, back and the soles of my feet. When I started to cry out, they thrust cloth into my mouth. No food was given to me.

Shukla and Puri left around **1;30 AM**- I was then surrounded by about **20** armed guards. They pressed my penis in the most vulgar ways, and thrust the pointed bayonet cover into my anus. I writhed in severe pain. As I stood chained, no sleep or rest was allowed to me.

In the morning they did not even allow me to wet my hands and face. At **8:30 AM**, the Joint Director of the CBI, Mr- Hingoorani, came with DSP Shukla. I was still chained to the grating. I was asked to confess again. When I still refused, they beat me on my face and caned my legs and back for about two hours. They hurled filthy abuses on BABA, my Gurudeva (Beloved Master) – all this wounded my spiritual sentiments, in addition to the physical agony.

At **12;30 PM** I was asked to put on my clothes and was taken to another CBI building, where I was chained as before. Hingoorani,

DIG Dwivedi, SF Harbans Singh, CBI Prosecutor Mahadeo Prasad, DSPs Shukla, Puri and Ahuja, were present there. They told me to confess to the murder of L.N. Mishra and the attack on the Chief Justice. My whole body was aching) I could not keep my eyes open due to the sleepless night - but I plainly refused them, saying that I didn't have the remotest connection with those incidents. Mahadeo Singh and Ahuja kicked my chest and stomach with their shoes on. When I screamed, they inflicted more blows on my face and head with the palms of their hands. Then they warned me to keep my mouth shut before the Magistrate when they produced me. I was kept without food all day long.

Fourteen days remand was obtained and I was brought back to the CBI office. Then further tortures were practised on me. They poured boiling water on my thighs while I was forced to lie on the floor. Two constables pressed my palms under their boots, and another two held my legs tightly, in order to prevent any disturbance from me in their torture-business. When I started to cry, a constable forcefully shut my mouth with both his hands. They asked me to confess again. The pain made my body toss and roll about, but it was so firmly caught by the constables that I had to suffer everything silently and motionlessly.

I was not allowed to sleep. They left me for some time, and after an hour another batch of officers came and asked me to confess. When I refused, they squeezed my penis with the butt of a rifle, and caned me brutally. I fainted. When I regained consciousness, I was given some food. Since I didn't agree to confess, the same type of tortures continued. Due to the scalding, blisters had erupted on my thighs. The frequent tortures on my penis sent me into a coma. These tortures continued until June 20, 1975. But I would not yield under any circumstances, much to their surprise and annoyance.

Officers would come in different groups, and one group used to remain with me for three hours, followed by another group of the same duration. Thus their duty continued around the clock. All through those days I was allowed no sleep or rest) whatever little relief I felt was when I became senseless. But after regaining con-

sciousness, I used to toss restlessly because my thighs burnt and my penis pained. My whole body felt as if it was pierced by a thousand arrows and my mind was almost a vacuum.

I requested them to inform the Ananda Marga office about my arrest. Dwivedi laughed scornfully and said, "No one in Ananda Marga will ever know about your arrest. We shall keep you wherever and howsoever long we want."

Accompanied by DIG Dwivedi, DSPs Shukla and Ahuja, I was brought to Delhi by a chartered plane in the evening of June 20, 1975

For three consecutive days I was not allowed to sleep or rest, My whole body was trembling. It twisted and tossed to either side in extreme agony. My eyes had swollen due to sleeplessness and pain Still I refused to comply with their commands, so they beat me mercilessly with a cane on my buttocks and back. I screamed and cried in agony, and again they thrust cloth into my mouth.

I was provided with scanty food. My buttocks and penis became swollen and my thighs burnt with blisters. It was difficult for me to pass urine or stool. Once my penis was so rudely pressed that its skin split and it bled painfully.

A big team of officers under DIGs Ahuja and Dwivedi were deputed to compel me to surrender by means of various physical and psychological tortures. By turn, SP Badari Sharma, DSPs Ahuja, Shukla, Taneja, Bajaj, Dewan and a host of inspectors and sub-inspectors remained on duty around the clock. The Joint Director, Hingoorani, visited me at regular intervals to see whether I was being subjected to tortures properly or not. He didn't tolerate the slightest laxity, and scolded any officer he found being lenient.

For two consecutive days I was forced to walk barefoot on a hot bed of sand for about an hour. When the soles of my feet burnt and it became unbearable, I fell down; then a head constable and a constable would drag me by the chain of my handcuffs.

On June 23, SP Badari Sharma told me that for my survival, I must make a confessional statement and become an approver. He also narrated the episode of Deen Dayal Upadhyay's murder Only then did it become crystal clear to me that the sole purpose

behind the CBI's scheme was to liquidate the political opponents of the ruling party by any means. Deen Dayal Upadhyay was the President of the Jan Sangh party in the '60s. Once while traveling by train, Upadhyay was thrown out of his compartment from the running train at midnight- He hit the signal staff with such severity that his head was completely crushed and he died on the spot. Badari Sharma briefly described to me the investigation carried out by the CBI in this case. "It was a political murder. But in order to cover it up, we were entrusted with the investigation of the case. We proved with the help of fabricated evidence that it was just a case of ordinary theft - after stealing his property, thieves had thrown Upadhyay off the train to prevent detection. He further said that the commission headed by Supreme Court Judge, Honourable Justice Chandrachud, had scrutinised their investigation and expressed total agreement with it. In this way an important political murder was hushed up, he added. Surprisingly Badari Sharma was not ashamed of such acts of savagery- Instead he felt a sense of pride.

I frankly told Badari Sharma, who expected some favourable reply from me, "No one is immortal. Hence the threat of a death sentence has no significance to me. I will die at the moment ordained by the Lord - not a second before or after. I am not afraid of fear, nor can death scare me. Do whatever you wish - don't expect any favourable response from me."

On June 24, I overheard some CBI officials say that their Director, D. Sen, had gone to attend the meeting of the Congress Working Committee. The Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, was to preside over the meeting. At first I couldn't understand why an intelligence officer was attending a high-level political meeting. The next day I saw a news report published in the Hindustan Times, stating that a top-ranking CBI officer had attended the CWC meeting and submitted a report against Ananda Marga. The official stated in the meeting that Ananda Marga had prepared a blueprint to liquidate VIPs - L.N. Mishra and the Chief Justice's incidents were but a part of their much bigger assassination programme.

The day afterwards, the Emergency was declared and the whole **i** country was virtually placed under the dictatorial rule of Mrs. Indira Gandhi. Obviously, it was becoming increasingly difficult for

her to quell the simmering discontent among the masses which was systematically expressing itself in the form of small demonstrations, work stoppages, pickets, etc. under the leadership of Jayaprakash Narayan. It was impossible for her to stop these legitimate political activities under normal circumstances. Besides, Ananda Marga constantly rankled in her mind. But she could not ban this organisation during a period of normalcy because of the stay order granted by the Supreme Court. It was essential to assume bigger powers in order to put down the political upheaval sweeping the whole country and to disband Ananda Marga as well. In view of these twin objectives, the Emergency was declared, followed by large-scale arrests throughout the country. All voices of dissent were silenced and people of all shades of political opinion who were critical of the government's policies and programmes were imprisoned. Ananda Marga was banned on July 4, 1975. Institutions run by Ananda Marga were closed and sealed- its workers were arrested under MISA. All its activities were brought to a grinding halt through the tyrannical Emergency powers. Even poor Ananda Marga families were not spared. The male members, in many cases the lone breadwinner, were also arrested under MISA, leaving their families to lead lives of privation and starvation. Ironically, all these sins were committed in the name of "saving the nation and the democracy which had been derailed." The complete picture of a heinous conspiracy against Ananda Marga was now crystallizing in my mind.

A fresh remand of fourteen days was obtained on June 30. The CBI officials were infuriated to observe my stubbornness. They held me upside down and beat me all over my body. When I didn't agree to confess. They fitted some tube-like instrument in my penis and anus, and there was a terrific sensation throughout my body, including my brain. I became senseless. When I was returning to consciousness and was not yet fully conscious, they got me to write something. I was not at all aware of what I was doing. Later I learned that they had produced that paper, written by me in a semi-conscious state under CBI direction, before the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate to show that I was carrying civilian clothes at the time of my arrest.

From July 7 onward, they started showing leniency and the tor-

tures were slowly withdrawn. Persuasion and enticement were their methods now. Besides release, they promised me tens of thousands of rupees and a comfortable, enjoyable life if I agreed to become approver. I bluntly told them, "I do not sell my character. Material enjoyments never held any charm for me. I cannot give false evidence - it is adharmik (immoral)."

The tortures and ill-treatment during the CBI remand period had reduced my health considerably. My emaciated and weak body tottered while walking. I was kept in the "challis chakki" (40 grinders) cells which is a punishment ward and considered equivalent to a Nazi concentration camp. It is a jail within a jail, and only those selected for special treatment and torture are kept here. Even if a person is killed in this ward, no one will come to know what happened to him.

I was kept in a dingy cell which stank terribly due to stool and urine spread over most of the floor area. Water was not available - sometimes water was supplied from outside, but it was insufficient ever to quench my thirst. I had entered the jail without any belongings except the garments I wore; even my loincloth was taken away at the entrance of the jail. I was not provided with such necessities of daily use like paste, brush, towel, soap, lungi, etc.

As soon as I entered the cell, both my legs were fettered and I was kept in solitary confinement for 15 days. Due to the fetters it was extremely difficult to sit, sleep or pass stool. It was a horrible experience after the CBI remand. My cell was locked 24 hours a day. Because of blisters on my thighs, I contracted ringworm. Due to lack of medicine and proper medical care, the pain became intense. My chest and back pained continuously. The split skin of my penis is not fully healed even now, and it splits whenever some pressure is brought upon it. One chewing tooth of my upper jaw was seriously damaged from all the strong blows to my head. It was half-hanging from the jaw and bleeding profusely. Finally it was extracted. Pain in the right upper portion of my chest and back continues even until now. My digestive system is still in very bad shape, and I suffer from constant constipation.

Somehow I passed those days of agonising experiences, taking God's name all the time.

The food served to me consisted of bread shaped-like an elephant's ear. Often it contained dead flies, stalks, brick powder; etc. and was totally inedible. So I had to throw most of it away. The pulse and vegetable served contained onion and garlic and so I refused to eat it.

While standing I would feel reeling in my head, as if I would fall down, and then I had to sit down. Even now occasionally my head reels while I am standing and I see darkness before my eyes. I asked the court to provide proper vegetarian food but to no avail because the CBI was controlling the court also.

On August 9, 1975, SP Badari Sharma came and told me that either Sudevananda or Vikram, who were then both in CBI remand, were likely to become approver. He further said, "I love you like my own younger brother. I don't want you to die. If you agree, I can make you approver, and consequently you will be released." I refused, saying that I was not prepared to give false evidence even if the whole world gave false evidence against me. He became angry at this reply and said, "No one can save you from being hanged. You are doomed." I replied, "I could believe your words would come true if you were mightier than God. Since you, your CBI and the government do not compare to the might of God, the banner of victory will be in my hand. Dharma has always triumphed and it will triumph this time as well." Thereupon he left, giving me a furious look.

Sudevananda and Rainjan Dwivedi were transferred to the same ward, but we were not allowed to meet or talk to each other. Once a warder opened Rainjan's and my cell at the same time. We exchanged pranams (greetings) from the place where we stood. At that moment the head warder arrived and noticed our pranams he browbeat Rainjan and immediately locked us both in our cells. We were continually kept isolated and watched strictly by the warders so we could not converse with anyone. In the beginning, every evening I was stripped naked and searched. They even tried to humiliate us in indecent ways by trying to locate some imaginary article hidden in our private organs. All this used to keep us under severe mental tension,

Under the tacit direction of the CBI, the crime branch sought my remand in a case pertaining to the self-immolation of Dineshvarananda Avadhuta-\* The CBI prosecutor Mr. N.S. Mathur instructed that each and every hair, of my beard should be pulled out, and I be made

\* When Acarya Dineshvarananda Avadhuta immolated himself, several Margiis were charged with murder.

beardless, Despite the request for 14 days remand, the Magistrate granted only three days.

During this new remand period I was severely beaten with canes on my buttocks and back. I was not allowed to sleep, nor was I given any food. I shivered in the chilly winter because I had no warm clothes or blankets. My cheeks and chin bled from the pulling out of my beard. I was told all these were the rewards of my insolent attitude towards the CBI. The wailings of other persons who were also being cruelly tortured there shook the roof of the building and filled the whole atmosphere with horror. Many terrible tortures were practiced on the prisoners, such as urinating in their mouths, pouring water down their noses, forcing chili powder into their anus, beating on the soles of the feet, etc. The heart-rending cries of those being tortured were enough to make a person insane. It was an unbearable agony to be present in that environment.

After I returned from remand, the Jail Superintendent, Shrii Ramnath Sharma one day came to me about 4AM. He threatened to put me in more trouble if I made any more complaints to the court. I said, "I am not worried about trouble. Do as you like. But remember, you are also answerable to God." After browbeating me for more than an hour, he left.

On January **29, 1977** we (the accused in the L.N. Mishra case) were shifted to Phulwari Sharif Camp Jail. There we were not allowed to move freely and were segregated from the other prisoners, and special guards were kept on us even while going to latrine, which made our life suffocating. We were often kept hungry, and the food we were given was so badly adulterated that we developed stomach disorders. When we tried to bring this to the notice of the Inspector General of Prisons, an alarm was raised unprovoked in the jail and guards came to our cell, headed by one CID man, Mr. Gauri Shankar Singh, and the Superintendent, brandishing lathis (heavy sticks) to terrorise us. That CID man used to blackmail us for money, Horlicks, etc. to get the things we deserved, such as letters and interviews. Medical treatment was either late or not at all.

Even after the Emergency was lifted, the trouble remains. Those who wish to meet us must first get the permission of the District Magistrate. Several persons have already been turned away on that pretext



In this way, we are still being discriminated against and mentally tortured even for the simple things which convicted persons are already allowed.

THE ENTIRE HUMANKIND OF THE UNIVERSE CONSTITUTES ONE SINGULAR PEOPLE. THE WHOLE HUMANITY IS BOUND IN FRATERNITY; THOSE WHO ARE APT TO REMAIN OBLIVIOUS OF THIS VERY SIMPLE TRUTH, THOSE WHO ARE PRONE TO DISTORT IT, ARE THE DEADLIEST ENEMIES OF HUMANITY. TODAY'S HUMANKIND SHOULD IDENTIFY THESE FOES FULLY WELL AND BUILD UP A HEALTHY HUMAN SOCIETY TOTALLY NEGLECTING ALL OBSTACLES AND DIFFICULTIES.

IT MUST BE BORNE IN MIND THAT SO LONG AS A MAGNIFICENT, HEALTHY, AND UNIVERSALISTIC HUMAN SOCIETY IS NOT WELL ESTABLISHED, HUMANITY'S ENTIRE CULTURE AND CIVILIZATION, ITS SACRIFICE, SERVICE AND SPIRITUAL ENDEAVOUR (SADHANA) SHALL NOT CARRY ANY WORTH WHATSOEVER.

SHRII SHRII ANANDAMURTI  
JANUARY 1, 1973



## ACARYA SUDEVANANDA AVADHUTA

I am one of the principal accused in the cases of L.N. Mishra and the Chief Justice of India. I was arrested on July 24, 1975, and was given such brutal tortures during the police and CBI remand that I became almost a physical and mental wreck.

I am a follower of Ananda Marga. For several years I was associated with a political party, the Proutist Bloc of India, which believes in the rule of moralists. I worked tirelessly for the propagation of the ideals of Prout which, I believed, could alone bring about a new era of humanity and spirituality. PBI's expansive activity drew thousands of members of the Congress Party and the Communist Party into its fold. As a consequence, the leaders of both parties became very angry at the growing popularity of PBI. One of my enthusiastic workers, Bha-gavat Pandey of Ghazipur, who had left the Communist Party to join PBI, was murdered. I was thus expecting any type of persecution from both the parties.

On July 4, 1975, Ananda Marga was banned. I am dedicated, heart and soul, to this great humanitarian mission. So, in order to continue its constructive programmes even after the imposition of the ban, I changed my dress to plain clothes, cut my hair and shaved my beard to evade arrest. Thousands of workers of Ananda Marga had already been arrested and sent to jail under MISA.

On July 24, 1975, I visited Bhagalpur, a district town of Bihar. I wanted to start a mass literacy drive and a "Food For All" movement. There I was arrested and taken to the local police station. I overheard them telephone to Patna or Delhi and say, "Yes, we have information from the Centre from the higher authorities-that he should be 'nicely' treated." I did not understand what they meant.

Then some police officers came to me and tried to force me to make a confession about the L.N. Mishra murder case and the Chief Justice case I insisted, "I don't know anything about this." Then they started torturing me. Two constables beat me on my legs with thick canes. I fell down and cried out. Then one constable pressed his boot on my mouth to prevent me from screaming, and two held both my legs upright. A fourth started beating me fiercely on the soles of my feet. He beat about 100 times and my feet immediately became very swollen. Then three constables pressed my chest with their heavy boots. Often I fainted.

I was given nothing to eat that day and sent into the lockup. My hands were chained to the iron bar of the lockup gate in such a way that I always had to lie down, I could not stand or sit. The floor of the lockup was completely drenched with urine and stool was scattered all over. It stank like anything. There was no mat or bed for me to lie on. I was just lying on the floor, almost senseless, and all around my body the urine was flowing and stool was floating all around me. Such a dungeon it was - just like a dungeon. I spent a sleepless night in great uneasiness.

Early the next morning I was again brought and many persons, about 7 or 8 CBI men and 8 policemen started interrogating me. Again they asked me, to confess. I expressed my total ignorance regarding those incidents, so again the tortures started. They poured water into my nose continuously for an hour. My whole head felt as if it would burst and my nerves were shattered. Some grabbed my hair and beat me on the head. Some beat me on the chest or left or right side- others again beat me on the soles of my feet.

During the day they gave me some dirty food mixed with onion and garlic. I couldn't eat it because I am a strict vegetarian as part of my spiritual discipline. Stale, stinking drinking water was served to me; the very pot in which it was kept was so dirty I was unable to drink it. If I asked for anything they abused me. I had not been produced before any court of Magistrate all this time, which is against the law in India.

My physical and mental condition had become very pathetic due to hunger and thirst and all the tortures being inflicted upon me. For three days, night and day, I was subjected to those tortures -- beating

on the palms of my hands, soles of my feet, and anus, and pouring of water into my nose. Sometimes they would smear the stick with oil first so that the blows would leave no marks on my body. I often became senseless. They threatened that they would throw me in the Ganges or shoot me. "Everything is possible in the Emergency," they said.

My feet became so swollen and painful that I could not walk. When I fell down while coming to the torture room from my cell, then the constables used to drag me by the rope of my handcuffs, and I screamed in agony. They threatened that my whole body would be damaged from their beating. I had hardly eaten anything and I was very weak.

As a result of all of this I lost my physical and mental balance and became abnormal. My head reeled. When I stood up I couldn't remain upright and fell down- When I was in this condition, they again brought me. First 4 or 5 constables beat me with a rope and boxed and slapped me. Then they forced me at bayonet point to read a statement which they tape-recorded, in which I confessed that I had committed the Ray and Mishra crimes along with Santoshananda, and others.

On July 27 I was lying in my cell, senseless, chained to the bars of the door. Three or four CBI officials came in and aroused me and removed my handcuffs. They brought me to the chamber of a Magistrate. While I was going there, all the CBI persons who had beaten me during the interrogation were with me and they were repeatedly telling me, "If you speak anything about what happened during this period to the Magistrate, you will again be detained here and beaten very mercilessly you will get much worse tortures." With two CBI officers holding each arm, I was dragged before the Magistrate. He told me that there was an order for me to go to Delhi in connection with the Chief Justice's case.

I was brought to Patna that evening on the way to Delhi. The CBI Deputy Superintendent of Police, Puri, told me, "There is still time. You can save your future even now. Confess and you will be safe -otherwise your future will be very dark." The prosecutor of the CBI, Mahadeo Singh, told me that if I did not heed their advice I would surely be hanged.

Vikram, the defector who had become approver in the Mishra case, and I were flown to Delhi. There I remained in CBI custody from August 1 to 14. As I didn't submit to their wishes, they immediately began to torture me, beating me with a stick smeared in oil

so the blows, though producing terrific pain, did not create marks on the skin- I often became senseless. I was repeatedly asked to confess, but I refused. They gave me electric shocks which made me faint. I became completely nervous. Then they removed all my clothes and brought a hot iron rod and said, "If you do not give a written statement, this rod will be pushed in your anus." In my disturbed and semi-conscious state, they forced me at the point of a bayonet to write a 40-page statement according to their direction. In this way they also forced me to sign several forged documents. I was not completely in my senses, so they got me to admit to things which didn't have even the remotest connection with me.

Time and again they abused BABA to demoralize me. They kept me standing with my hands up for 5-6 hours everyday, and sometimes all night and didn't allow me to sleep. When I would lean or change my position, I was beaten on my hips and back. My feet were swollen but I was forced to walk barefooted 2 or 3 miles on rough, hilly terrain everyday. In extreme pain I used to fall down, but they didn't relent, and pulled me ruthlessly along by a rope. My body was scratched and torn and bled profusely. A large number of CBI officers were deputed around the clock to conduct all these tortures.

I was sent back to jail on August 14, 1975- There was excruciating pain in my swollen legs. The injury was so severe that despite massage and occasional administration of medicines, it didn't lessen. I was not allowed to go to the hospital, nor were doctors allowed to come to me. From the very first day I was kept in the "challis chakki" (40 grinders) - the punishment ward.

When I requested the jail staff for medicines, once they brought them to me. But when I again requested, they rebuked me and said, "You have not come in a marriage party. This is a jail and here you are to die, bit by bit."

My brain was the worst affected organ. I was passing through terrible mental abnormalcy. The pain in my head became so severe that finally my brain became completely numb. This continued for two months. I was not able to understand the advice of my brothers Santoshananda and Rainjan who were in the same ward but

in different cells. None of us were permitted to meet each other. This had a further adverse effect on me. Solitary confinement in a dirty and dingy cell aggravated my mental imbalance.

Due to my mental disequilibrium, I was almost always in a state of hallucination. Many weird scenes and horrible sounds used to haunt me. Those peculiar sounds and obnoxious scenes perturbed me so much that I couldn't sleep for the whole month. When they brought my meals, the food used to sit uneaten in front of me, with flies covering it. I was totally oblivious to it.

The whole night I used to cry, shaking the bar of the cell-gate. Today I realise that I was virtually at the point of going mad. All the other prisoners used to say, "Now this man has become mad, he should be transferred to the lunatic ward!" My abnormal behaviour was also very disturbing for the warders. They didn't like the noises and shouts and horrible cries that emanated from my cell. They often came to me with fierce looks and threatened to beat me severely, fetter my legs and send me to "pagal chakki" (lunatic ward) if I did not stop all this. I could not understand – I was not in a position to understand – what they uttered. They also showed me sticks and indicated that they would beat me if I did not obey them. How could I make them understand the agony I was passing through!

But through all these terrific and painful experiences, I used to feel the sweet and soothing vibration of my beloved Master, BABA. My whole cell became scented with His fragrant scent and I got some relief. I felt Him guiding me always. Because my mind was so disturbed, I could not do proper meditation, but I felt BABA telling me, "Sudevananda, you only listen and you will hear kiirtan (chanting) going on, and this will be your meditation." And then I heard the music of kiirtan filling my cell, as if the whole atmosphere were suffused with divine vibrations. Sometimes I heard BABA say, - "Don't worry Sudevananda, this cruel government will collapse. In this way I got constant inspiration and comfort from HIM, otherwise I would have killed myself or become completely mad.

By the end of October I began regaining my normal mental condition. Three horrible months indeed. The very memory makes my hair

stand on end.

All these experiences had reduced my body to a mere skeleton. My eyes were sunken in their sockets, my bones protruded, and the skin all over my body became rough.

From November **1975** onwards, I resumed taking food, and spent the greater part of my time in spiritual meditation and yoga practices. Although it appears that now I have recovered, still my soles ache, my whole skull seems to be paralysed, my brain is jammed and my memory considerably weakened. My digestive power has been almost destroyed.



## SHRII RAINJAN DWIVEDI

(Shrii Rainjan Dwivedi, an advocate of the Supreme Court of India, was arrested on July 6, 1975. Prior to the declaration of Emergency, he had in many ways irritated the CBI and the government of Indira Gandhi. Firstly, he was actively involved in, and an executive of "Citizens for Democracy", an organisation founded by Jaya Prakash Narayan. Many of his close friends were also members, including Shri V.M. Tarkunde (under whom he was a junior advocate) who was the General Secretary. Secondly, he was taking cases for the Ananda Marga, including its propounder, Shri P.R. Sarkar. He had often been warned by many CBI officials to abandon these activities, but he had totally ignored their warnings. From his long association with his client, Shrii P.R. Sarkar and Ananda Marga, he began to adopt the yoga practices of Ananda Marga in his life. His arrest and persecution was another of the many CBI attempts to defame Ananda Mar-giis and force them to become witnesses against Shri P.R. Sarkar (BABA) and Ananda Marga. After his arrest, he was falsely implicated in two major cases: the attempted murder of Shri A.N. Ray (Chief Justice of India), and the murder of Shri L.N. Mishra (then Railway Minister). The following is a report of the physical and mental tortures he suffered during the Emergency period.)

Only July 6, 1975, at about 12 noon, three CBI officers, Mr. Badri Sharma, SP, MR. B.R. Puri, DSP, MR. N.N. Tuli, DSP, came to my apartment in Delhi where I had recently returned after tra-<sup>'</sup>veling around Bihar visiting relatives during the Supreme Court vacation with my newly-wedded wife. They came to take me to their headquarters, and kept me there several hours. In the evening they brought me back and searched, my house. I could only get a chance to tell my wife they were the CBI; otherwise I was not allowed to speak to her. She is an American and was new to India, so I wanted to instruct- her where to go for help and how to exist alone while I was in jail. The CBI officials **did** not allow this, so I was forced to leave her alone and helpless. The next day I got

permission from the court to meet her, but this meeting was not permitted for four days. DIG (Deputy Inspector General) Dwivedi told me that my wife was waiting to meet me outside, but she would not be allowed. When I mentioned the court order, he said the courts can do nothing during the Emergency.

The day of my arrest I had been very ill, "suffering from diarrhea, but I was not allowed to go to the latrine. I was running a high fever, but the CBI took no interest in my physically weak state..

In the R.K. Puram office in Delhi where I was taken were the following CBI officers. Joint Director. Mr. Hingorani, DIG Mr. I.e. Dwivedi, Mr. N.S. Mathur. After making casual inquiries, the CBI told me that I could avoid troubles by giving evidence against certain Ananda Margiis as they directed. Mr. Mathur also advised me to tell a lie, saying that lawyers were liars anyway and tell so many lies in a day, so what if I were to tell one lie to save myself. When I refused, they told me the consequences would be unhappy, and then they left the room.

During those first few days, I was kept sleepless and the CBI used threats, bribes, intimidations, and even caste sentiments against me. Several Brahmin CBI men told me that I was not realising how much I was hurting my family, how they would be harmed by my arrest, that they would have difficulty marrying off their children, etc. They offered me a seat in Congress, monetary rewards, etc. if I would succumb to their demands, but I refused.

On the fourth day after my arrest, I was allowed to meet my . wife. She had been threatened and bribed to try to convince me that I should cooperate with the CBI, but she did not reveal this to me until much later. She rather advised me to be strong and do what I knew best. Seeing the conditions, I requested her to return to America. Thereupon, my newly-wed. wife of less than one month had to return to the USA for the next nearly two years.

During the entire CBI remand period (July 6-21), sleep was virtually impossible, for the guards posted there constantly denied me rest for more than a few minutes. Furthermore, my one arm was chained all night to a window grating, so I would not have been able to get any rest even if they had allowed it. .

Food was often denied, and when served, it was often without

water. After taking food, if water is denied for several hours, it can be worse than not eating at all. I found this torture unnerving.

Often, going to the latrine was not allowed to me. Or the guards would look in from outside for extended periods. Thus I often felt the extremes of pain.

Two days before I was sent to the jail, the CBI made a last bid to win me over by promising me a Fiat car and other luxuries so that I could live happily without worries. I refused and was shifted to Tihar Central Jail. My first day was spent in a room so crowded, there was not even room to lie down. At least one thousand persons<sup>^</sup> were there. It had only one toilet which was always stinking. I had never before in my life had any experience to prepare me for this obnoxious place. I became mentally apathetic, not eating or sleeping (even if I could find enough space to do so) in spite of all the sleep I had lost already. I wasn't even able to think.

In the morning, I tried to ease myself in the lavatory, but the scene was too horrifying for words to describe! Stool of so many hundreds of persons spread all over, and countless worms were crawling from days of its decay. The odour was so over-whelming, one could not possibly enter, much less relieve yourself. A few hours later, I was shifted to "challis chakki" (40 grinders) – the punishment ward (see page       ). I was weeping there alone, in a room as dirty and stinking as the C-class ward. Fortunately, after one hour, I met the Superintendent, Mr. Ram Nath Sharma, who was convinced of my education and shifted me to a B-class cell.

Once I was trying to place an important application before the court; however, the Public Prosecutor, Mr. N.S. Mathus ordered that I be removed from the court before I could place my application. The handcuffs were often put extremely tight on me, and the guards took a sadistic delight in tightening them beyond endurance. When I was ordered so abruptly to be removed from the court, the guard pulled the rope connected to my chains so harshly that my wrists bled. Upon returning to the ward at the jail, Shrii Charan Singh was visibly upset to see this ill-treatment and exclaimed, "Rainjan, I will avenge your blood!"

Less than two months after being placed in a B-class ward, I was abruptly shifted again to the "chalis chakki" punishment ward. Never before had a B-class prisoner been kept in this cell, as it had absolutely no facilities which a B-class prisoner is entitled

to. Latrine, floor area, ventilation, etc. were not hygienic nor congenial for persons accustomed to a decent standard of living.

At one point, I developed malaria, because I had been left without doctors' care or medicines for a week during my raging fever, and also due to that filthy, unhygienic cell I lived in.

Sleep was almost impossible as flies and mosquitoes literally covered the whole body. I abandoned my white garments as thousands of flies were attracted to it. If I left my white shirt lying there on the floor, it would be nearly black with flies. It was maddening to be covered with creeping insects constantly. The presence of the "garbage ward," where all the garbage and refuse of the jail was kept, only a few feet away from my cell was a constant source of offensive smells, and a home for fleas and other such biting and harmful insects.

The prisoners kept for special punishment in these cells invariably pass through unbearable physical and mental torture. I saw several persons go mad due to the horror and terror, and that is precisely why Tihar Jail inmates fear the very name of "echallis chakki". For the first three consecutive days of my stay in this ward, my cell was kept locked 24 hours a day. Amid the shrieks and screams of other prisoners either being tortured or going mad, I passed horrifying hours wondering whether they would ever again open the door. Finally, on the fourth day, for two hours a day, (one in the morning, one at evening), my door was opened. There I witnessed other prisoners being tortured. I could see them being beaten mercilessly water poured in their mouth and nose, "chili powder forced, into their anus, and I shuddered at the consequent heart-rending cries of the victims. These scenes filled the day, along with the continuous moans, groans and screams that filled the night. They were enough to drive any man insane. How one could ever fully adjust to that life is impossible to imagine.

My cell was a dungeon. The food was brought hours after it had been prepared and was spoiled by flies and other insects. There was no facility for water in the cell, and so I had to rely on one pitcher of water supplied to my cell which was insufficient to supply all my needs, i.e. thirst, bath, latrine usage, etc; and I often remained thirsty for hours in summer in that sweltering furnace, devoid of even proper ventilation (much less a fan which a B-class prisoner is entitled to) or any other device to give the slightest

comfort to the overheated and dehydrated body. I was allowed to walk only a short distance back and forth during a one-hour exercise period, and I was forbidden to meet anyone. The length, breadth and depth of tortures I endured in "challis chakki" is beyond my capacity to describe. It was a physical and mental torture which never eased as time passed.

On January 29, 1977 I was shifted to Phulwari Sharif Camp Jail in patna, to await the start of the Mishra case. All the inmates of my ward were allowed to move in the jail campus freely and mix with other persons, but we **Ananda Margiis** accused were not. Special guards were kept on us, even while going to latrine, which made our life suffocating. We were completely segregated from all other prisoners. Just before our arrival to the jail the CBI got the superintendent, Mr. Ekaramul Haque, posted in order to persecute us. We were often kept hungry, and the food we were given was so badly adulterated that we developed stomach disorders. When we tried to bring this to the notice of the Inspector General of Prisons, an alarm was raised and guards came to our cell led by one CID man and the Superintendent, brandishing lathis (heavy canes) to terrorise us. That [unrecognizable word]CID man used to blackmail us for money, Horlicks, etc. to get the things we deserved, such as letters and interviews.

Even after the Emergency was lifted, the trouble remains. On July 9, 1977, another order was passed that anyone who wishes to meet the Margiis accused in the A.N. Ray or L.N. Mishra cases, must first get the permission of the District Magistrate. One of my relatives has been turned away already. This way we are still being discriminated against and mentally tortured even for the simple things. The CID persons, who are illegally staying in our prison, in collusion with the Superintendent, despite statutory provisions and a court order against it, are snapping one by one the last fibres of our already distraught nerves. They are trying to torment us continually until we break and submit to their evil designs and become the perfect scapegoats for political atrocities and murders.



## LEGAL DEPRIVATION & HARASSMENT

A case against an Ananda Margii necessarily means a case of victimization. Although they were political prisoners, they were being projected as criminal prisoners, and were treated worse than criminals. They were deliberately not allowed to avail themselves of the minimum facilities which an ordinary accused in any case is allowed; they were stripped of all forms of effective legal defense, in order to make the prosecution's job of conviction easier. **In** the Ray case, in particular, legal injustices were a common occurrence. **In** the following statement, Santoshananda Avadhuta describes some of these incidents:

The then Home Minister, Shrii Om Mehta, stated in the Parliament **on** August 2, **1975**. that Santoshananda Avadhuta, Sudevananda Avadhuta, **and** Rainjan Dwivedi were "responsible for the attack on the Chief Justice of India, Shrii A.N. Ray." This statement was clearly an abuse of privilege by the Minister. The charge-sheet of **the** case was submitted only on August 28th, and so the Minister's action was intended to influence the mind of the judges and to create false and slanderous pre-trial publicity.

On November **25, 1976**, three days before the judgement was to be delivered in the A.N. Ray case, the Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, condemned Ananda Marga in the Parliament. Her state-ment was given much publicity on the government-controlled radio and TV.

The Directorate of Advertising and Visual publicity published **four** booklets written by a defector about Ananda Marga, including "**Ananda Marga; The Truth**," "Soiling **the** Saffron Robe," etc, which pronounced **us** guilty of many crimes. **So** before the judge **had** heard the **merits of the** case, and even before the charge-sheet was submitted, **the** government was already declaring us guilty and the public suspecting **us**.  
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**When I** was produced before the Magistrate to obtain remand **on Jane 30, 1975**, **I** was first kept outside, heavily surrounded by armed **guards**. The **CBI** Deputy Superintendent, Sardari Lal, came and, at **the** point of bayonet, forced me to sign my name in the margin of a **typed paper**. Then **I** was warned not to speak out anything about **the tortures** inflicted upon me, otherwise **I** would be given worse.

Then I was brought into the courtroom, showing my face to the Magistrate, and instantly pulled out of it. I couldn't understand what was happening. It was a travesty of justice and the judiciary.

Later, on August 18th, I was again produced before the Magistrate, and I was again warned not to reveal any of the tortures or I would be subjected to worse. I was taken, not to the courtroom, but to the Magistrate's bedroom! When I was again later produced before him, the CBI prosecutor Mahadeo Prasad Singh was already sitting there with him. The following conversation ensued between myself and the Magistrate, S.N. Gupta:

Santoshananda: Why was I arrested:  
Magistrate: The CBI will tell you about it.  
S: I was not provided food, allowed to sleep, etc.  
M: The CBI officers will tell you why they treated you like that.  
S» My beard, moustache, clothes, etc. were all forcibly removed.  
M: The CBI will answer your every question.

I was at that point pulled out by the rope tied around my waist at the direction of the CBI Deputy Superintendent.

In this atmosphere, charged with the all-pervading fear of the Emergency, the investigation of the Ray case was carried out. All the key prosecution witnesses were Ananda Margiis who were detained by the CBI, tortured and bribed, and thereafter became the puppets of the CBI.

We had chosen our defense lawyer, Shrii P.P. Grover. As he was unfamiliar with the case, he requested 15 days to prepare. The judge refused and gave him only 5 days. Grover was reluctant to conduct the case at such a short notice, and so the judge, Mr. Siddhu, in spite of our written submissions, appointed Shrii D.P. Bhandari to defend us, against our wishes. The learned Judge on his own granted 15 days time to Bhandari for the preparation of the case – the same duration which was refused to Grover! This arbitrary act of the Sessions Judge made us doubt that we could obtain a fair and impartial trial from him.

During the trial, we often saw the CBI prosecutor coming out of the chamber of the Judge, who immediately followed him into the Court. The Judge would reject our petitions without giving patient hearing to the submissions. By then we had no doubt that this



was not to be a trial, but an inquisition.

On February 19 I was making a submission before the trial court stating that Bhandari should not be appointed for us as he was not the counsel of our choice. Thereupon Bhandari, who was standing there, exclaimed that I am a "violent person." I filed a complaint against him. It is shocking that the defense counsel accuses one, whom he is supposed to defend, in the very language which the prosecution has used!

On March 4 we moved an application before the Sessions Judge praying not to allow Bhandari to conduct the case on our behalf. Instead of considering our prayer, the Sessions Judge directed the guards to remove us to the other corner of the courtroom! The proceedings were conducted while we were too far in the back of the court to hear. We wanted to bring this fact on record, but the Judge refused to allow us. All of this only reinforced our doubts regarding the impartiality of the Judge, so we moved a petition to transfer our case to a more impartial Judge.

The Judge, Mr. Siddhu, did not pass any order on this transfer application and instead placed it on record. Rainjan submitted that as the application pertained to the statutory provisions, the learned Judge should pass a speaking order and not merely file the application. The Judge did not pay heed to his submission, therefore he was going to place an application in protest of his refusal to comply. The Judge then became enraged and didn't allow Rainjan to finish writing the application) rather, he ordered the guards to remove him to the opposite side of the court. This act was against all the norms of propriety and decency.

**All** these arbitrary acts of the Sessions Judge were brought to the notice of the High Court. It was obvious that the High Court Judge, Shri Raingarajan, was under heavy pressure and was not inclined to consider our transfer petition. He, however, re-instated our chosen lawyer, Shri Grover, and granted three weeks time for the preparation of the case.

The trial started from May 3, 1976. There were numerous acts of tampering of evidence by the Judge in order to help the prosecution. The Judge even went to the extent of suggesting the correct replies to the witnesses whose falsehood was being exposed during cross-examination. He ignored the objections raised by the

defense counsels and didn't even record them. The defense counsels were too afraid of the Emergency to resist a Judge having the support of the CBI. They could have been arrested under MISA at any time.

Our lawyers requested permission for exclusive interviews with various witnesses before they were examined by the court, but the Judge ruled that the lawyers could interview only in the presence of the senior prosecutor. Since this would seriously prejudice the defense, our lawyer withdrew these witnesses under protest. Thus we were deprived of witnesses who would have smashed the whole edifice of the prosecution's story. Our lawyers requested the Judge to summon the jail records, which were essential to falsify many of the prosecution's allegations; but the Judge refused to summon them.

One day, one of our lawyers brought powdered toothpaste and soap for our use in the jail, but Mr. Siddhu did not allow it, and remarked that it may contain explosive substances. This showed the clear bias of the Judge against us.

There was also much financial harassment of the Margii accused. Shri Rainjan Dwivedi writes:

Ordinarily, the jail authorities maintain the accounts of the under-trial prisoners, but this facility was denied to me due to the pressures of the CBI on the jail authorities. I was living in a most wretched condition. Money orders sent by my family and friends were returned by the jail staffs. My wife sent bank drafts from America but they were not encashed. As a result, I languished for want of proper diet, soap for washing, toothpaste, etc. There was no one to provide me the basic necessities of life. I could seldom correspond with my wife for lack of money to purchase stamps. She was always frantic for news of my welfare and had to constantly enquire through the Indian Consulate in the USA or through her American Embassy in India, about my whereabouts.

At the instance of the U.S. Embassy, the Minister of External Affairs sought the following information from the jail authorities: If I regularly receive her mail? Why did I not write her for

so long? Had I engaged a lawyer for my defense? What was the present position of the case? As desired, I wrote a reply. Since the reply exposed the persecution and harassments perpetrated on me, the jail authorities refused to forward it to the internal Affairs Ministry. Instead, they wanted me to prepare a reply according to their dictation. I refused. Thereupon, the Deputy Superintendent, Mr. Randhawa, rebuked me and told me my reply would be thrown in the dustbin. I angrily told him to do what he liked, but he should never seek my cooperation in any such falsehood. My wife did not receive the reply, which clearly demonstrates that my reply was purposely destroyed.

After a protracted legal battle which reached the High Court, which decided in my favour, an account was finally opened in the jail for me in April 1976. Again after I left Tihar Jail in Delhi and was shifted to Phulwari Sharif Camp Jail in Patna, the CBI caused the same difficulty. Though I was able to obtain a court order in Patna for the immediate encashment of the **drafts** and cheques, this was violated by the superintendent. In all, five months passed before I could cash any cheques coming to me. These five months of deprivation of funds, plus the previous one year of deprivation, severely hampered my legal defense.



## ACARYA SARVATMANANDA AVADHUTA

The CBI had falsely implicated me in BABA's case and had issued a warrant for my arrest. In January 1973 I was on my way from Patna to New Delhi by train. I was very tired and soon slept. When the train reached Dhanapur, I heard a voice calling, "Sarvatmananda, get up, get up." I was very tired so I didn't want to open my eyes, but the voice kept calling, so I looked up. I saw seven or eight armed guards and three CBI officers who introduced themselves and announced that they were arresting me. There were some sympathetic passengers there who objected, saying, "Have you got a warrant?" The CBI officer, Mr Puri, answered, "We do not need a warrant, we have complete power now." I told those sympathetic persons, "Never mind, I will go with them." We got down and they took me to the Railway Police Lockup. I heard them call to Delhi on the telephone and say that they were afraid that some Margiis may attack and try to free me. So they took me by taxi with armed guards and three CBI officers, to the patna CBI office.

It was about 1:30 AM when I was arrested, and we reached the CBI office at about 3 AM. There they tied me to a chair. Within half an hour, about 15 to 20 CBI persons arrived. They sat around a table and started interrogating me. I told them that they must produce me before a Magistrate, and until they did that I would not answer their questions. They became very angry and replied, "Now we have all the power from Indira Gandhi." Then they started abusing BABA in filthy language. They kept interrogating me in this rough and wild manner until morning..Meanwhile, in the dead of night, the man who had arrested me, CBI Superintendent Harbans Singh, came. All those twenty persons left and only he remained. He asked my name, so I told my real name, Sarvatmananda Avadhuta.

He was not satisfied. He showed me the CBI file on me with all information – my previous name, history, etc. He said, "Now forget everything about Ananda Marga: you are no longer an Ananda Margii, all that is past." I insisted that this was my real name. He became furious and started abusing the name of BABA. I said, "Mr. Harbans Singh, I am the last man to fear your red eyes." I also became furious and then he immediately became calm. He started appeasing me, "You know, you are an educated boy, you have a good future. Leave all these things connected with Ananda Marga. Still there is a chance for you; we can provide you with a good job." I replied, "You must produce me before the court tomorrow at any cost, and you must cooperate with me in all matters – you must allow me facilities for my meditation, give me proper vegetarian food – and only then will I think to cooperate with you in any matter. When all these conditions are fulfilled, I may answer your questions, but not before."

This was in the middle of the night. They kept me tied in that chair all throughout the night, without even a blanket or wrapper, and didn't offer me a single glass of water even. Next morning after 8 AM they again came. I became furious saying, "At night you didn't allow me to sleep or do my meditation, and you have not produced me before any Magistrate up till now!" So they called the Superintendent of Police and ordered him to produce me before the Magistrate. I was relieved and thought everything will be alright now; I would be able to tell the Magistrate everything, and perhaps meet some Margiis in the court.

They took me to the court in a van, and didn't produce me, in the chamber of the Subdivisional Officer, but instead only at his residence. I saw that he was signing something.. I wanted to say something; I wanted to tell him that they were torturing me; I wanted to complain – but at that moment he raised his hand towards me with a despising gesture and said, "Oh, take him away." He wouldn't allow me to say anything. Afterwards I learned that that Subdivisional Officer had granted seven days remand period through the backdoor, through an illegal process.

Again at about noon they brought me back into the same CBI office, and again they tied me in the chair and said, "Now we have

got a legal remand."

Then they started interrogating me and severely torturing me. They asked me about many **cases** and things **I** did not know. **I** denied everything and **pleaded** my ignorance. Then two or three of them started beating **me fiercely** on my head, and **I** fell over, chair and all. After some **time they got** me up and told me, "You see, we will use all these **sorts of methods until we** extract a confession from you." **I** answered **only the things I knew**, but they were not at all satisfied. **Sometimes they abused the name** of BABA, abused the organisation, abused **me; then they started** beating me. This continued throughout **the day and late into the night, and** throughout the second day also, and **throughout the third day also**. During this entire period they did **not release me** from **my painful and** cramped position, tied in the **chair, nor did they offer me a single** glass of water. Since **I** had not done proper meditation **during this time, I** could not think of taking meals anyway, since **it is a rule** of a worker of Ananda Marga not to take meals until **he has** done **proper** meditation first. On the fourth day they released me from **the chair and** arranged a few blankets to cover my body, and **I** did meditation **for the** first time in four days.

On the fourth day the **CBI** officers came and started interrogating me again. **I** shouted furiously, "This is the fourth day and I have not taken meals nor even a single glass of water! You are **not** allowing me to do my proper spiritual practices, and keep interro-gating rae mercilessly." When **I** objected strongly in this way, **they** showed some external sympathy and replied, "Now we will arrange for everything, just ask what you want." **I** said, "**I** will not accept anything from your side". **I** have a few rupees – just get one constable to get me some things from the market. **I** will arrange my own food, **I** will not take from you." So finally on the fourth day **I** ate some fruits and water.

The same methods of interrogation and beating continued on the fifth and sixth days also. On the seventh day **I** was again produced in the chamber of the Subdivisional Officer, not in the courtroom; and by the same illegal procedure, without any pleader on my side, he again increased the period of remand for another seven days. So again

I was brought to the CBI office.

On the eighth or ninth day, they started a new method of torture. In the morning some CBI officers came and made me remove all my clothes. They tied my hands and feet, and placed a big piece of ice on my chest. Several soldiers were called, and they pressed that ice hard into my chest with their feet. On the side three CBI officers were standing and continuously saying, "We are sure that you will talk now." The pain of that ice was very unbearable for **me**, so I became unconscious,

I might have regained consciousness later in the night, I don't remember when; but I was not in a position to talk anything, so they left me for that night.

Again the next morning they came, and inflicted the same terrible torture on me with the ice, so again I became unconscious. When I regained consciousness after sometime, I was so weak that I could not say anything. They realised my condition, so they left the interrogation for that day. Later they came and started consoling me, saying, "Don't worry, if you cooperate with us all these things will not happen, you will be free and all comforts will be yours." They wanted me to become a witness to corroborate Madhavan-anda's statement. I refused. So again they started abusing me.

In the evening they brought three defectors from Ananda Mar-ga: Shriikant, who had become approver, Paras, and Nawal Kishor. They thought that by bringing them in front of me, I will become demoralised. This was their last attempt. Immediately when I saw those three persons I started scolding them in front of all the three CBI officials. Those officials then whispered something to the three defectors and immediately the defectors attacked me, physically beating me and spitting in my face, as if they were taking revenge upon me. I couldn't do anything as I was still tied into the chair. That day ended in this way.

The next day again the three defectors came. They soon understood that I would not cooperate with them, so they started abusing the name of BABA and the names of some other workers. I did not respond.



Every night after the torture when they left me, I crawled to the side of the room and spread some dirty blankets to do my meditation. But I was so weak and exhausted, I could not think anything. In that condition, I would feel that someone with very soft hands was massaging me; it was so soothing that all my pain disappeared and I felt deep peace. I couldn't see anyone, but I could feel Him. I felt such relief. Every night it was happening, giving me tremendous strength the next morning to face those beasts.

In this way the second remand period also passed, so they again had to produce me in the court. But because this was the third time, they had to produce me in the courtroom itself. By BABA's Grace, Hari Ballabji (a dedicated Margii Acarya and advocate of Patna) was in the courtroom when I was produced. After those 14 days of severe torture, I saw a Marga Acarya! I was jubilant.

The CBI officers asked the subdivisional officer to grant me another 5 days remand. Hari Ballabji is a very bold man, and he became furious. He jumped up and started arguing forcefully that this was illegal and showed some legal rules. Then I could not restrain myself, but went up to the Magistrate and said, "I want to say something." He had to allow. So I told about all my tortures. When the arguments were finished, the CBI ordered me into the van again. After a few minutes Hari Ballabji came and joyously told that the Sub-divisional officer had rejected the CBI plea for the extension of my remand and had ordered me to Bankipur Jail: so I was brought there.

I was in Bankipur Jail for three days. According to the instruction of the CBI I was not allowed to remain in the same cell as BABA and His co-accused: they kept me far away and didn't allow me to meet anybody. My only intention was to see BABA. At noon the Superintendent came. I told him vehemently, "I am a vegetarian and you have not arranged for my proper food. But my other brothers are here, so you must at least allow me to go to them to take meals." So he allowed me to go to their cell for 15-20 minutes every day to take meals. Their room was next to BABA's cell, and in this way I managed to meet BABA.

What I experienced when I first saw Him is inexpressible. At first, I didn't see Him in physical form – I saw only light. After such a long time I was meeting Him again. I heard His sweet voice

saying, "Come, come." After 10 or 15 minutes my mind returned from that blissful spiritual height to normal consciousness. I asked BABA, "Why have you taken such tortures upon Yourself?" He answered, "Don't you know that history is [being] made? I have taken these tortures o say. Then we talked about other, organisational matters.

Within two days the CBI came and said that I had to be shifted from Bankipur Jail. I knew that they were creating some mischief again. I heard that they had gotten an order from the magistrate to remand me to Motihari Jail, because there was a case there.

But for 14 days I had been severely tortured, so my physical condition was very bad. My whole body was aching, and I had terrible pains in my stomach. I told the jail doctor that I could not go in that condition, I could not even walk properly. But the jail doctor answered, "No, no, you are in good condition, you can easily move."

In my cell I had been simply lying down all day, with extreme pain in my belly. In this way three days passed, and the fourth day at noon, suddenly the jail alarm went on. The guards locked up the entire ward. Then some 20 or 25 warders and soldiers with good phy-sque came into my cell and physically lifted me from my cell. This was illegal according to Indian law. They pressed their hands over my mouth so I could not cry out. There was a CBI van waiting outside the jail gate, and they threw my body in the van. Again I was brought to the CBI office for one night. The next day I was taken in the van to Motihari, a long distance away, about 12 hours. There I was- produced before the Magistrate in the same way as before - not in the courtroom but in his chamber. He granted remand of 7 days - altogether 21 days of remand. Then they brought me to the police station in the town. When I entered the lockup cell, I saw it was so filthy, full of stool. I felt it was not possible for me to stay in that place even for a few minutes. But I was kept there one whole day. I couldn't do meditation or eat anything in that place. The next day the CBI man came from Patna. I complained to him that he was treating me in an inhuman way, so finally he ordered the cell to be cleaned and I was able to do meditation. The next day they again ordered the interrogation to begin. This time they didn't physically torture me.

but they interrogated me up to **12** or **1** at night. After this I was sent to Motihari Jail where I remained until 28 January **1975**.

But compared to what BABA has had to endure, all this was nothing. The major portion of torture, BABA has taken on Himself.

DESPITE ITS ADVENT ONTO THIS EARTH MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, HUMANITY IS NOT YET CAPABLE OF BUILDING A WELL-INTEGRATED AND UNIVERSAL SOCIETY. THIS IS IN NO WAY INDICATIVE OF THE GLORY OF HUMAN INTELLECT AND ERUDITION. YOU WHO HAVE UNDERSTOOD THE PREDICAMENT, REALISED THE URGENCY, SEEN THE NAKED DANCE OF EVIL AND HEARD THE HYPOCRITICAL AND RAUCOUS LAUGHTER OF THE DIVISIVE FORCES, SHOULD THROW YOURSELVES INTO THIS NOBLE TASK WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY. WHEN THE ENDS ARE JUST AND NOBLE, SUCCESS IS INEVITABLE .

SHRII      SHRII      ANANDAMURTI  
JANUARY **1, 1975**



## ONE AVADHUTIKA (NUN) OF ANANDA MARGA

In the night at about 10 PM, two men came in civil dress to my Jaipur school, and asked me, "You must come to the police station with your children." I asked, "Who are you?" They answered, "We are police." I said, "But you are not in uniform, you do not look like police, so I will not go, because you are not in police dress. I don't know if you are police or not." They said, "No, no, the Superintendent of Police has told us to come and take you now to the police station – we will take you forcibly." I replied, "I will scream!" They said, "Alright, you want police in dress!" So one went back to the police station and returned with 15 police in dress and one police woman.

It was 11 PM and all the home children were asleep, so I woke them up and we went to the police station in the van. When I reached the police station, I asked, "Where is the Superintendent of Police?" as they had told me that the Superintendent was there waiting for us. They answered, "He has not come, he will meet you in the morning." They gave me two blankets and told us to go into one room, saying, "You will all sleep here." There were about 20 policemen sleeping there, so I said, "But you are all men and we are ladies, we cannot sleep here." But they told us that we would have to stay in that room, so while the children slept, I and one young girl stayed up the whole night sitting in meditation posture

In the morning, the District Superintendent and Superintendent of Police came, and the Superintendent asked, "Who are you?" I replied, "I am the Principal of the Ananda Marga Primary School and the Superintendent of the Children's Home." They asked, "How do you get money to manage your children's home? Do you get finance from foreign countries?" I replied, "If we got money from foreign countries, we would not rent a building, we would build a beautiful home!" Again they asked, "How do you get money?" I held out

my hand and said, "Please give me ten rupees." They did not understand, so I said, "Like this we get money." The Superintendent laughed.

I asked them, "Am I arrested? Why have you brought me here?" He did not answer me, and then left that place. After some time, a policewoman brought some breakfast. I had told them that I do not eat chilis. They brought fried pulse for breakfast which I could not take. In the night I had severe stomach pain and I asked for some medicine, but they said, "There is no money to buy." I gave them one rupee to buy milk. When the milkman came, he asked, "Why have you arrested this innocent lady and these small children?" The police replied, "Because the landlord has thrown them out of their house."

The District Superintendent came at 4 PM and gave my warrant. He said, "You are arrested under MISA," and took me to jail and sent the children to a Government Home. According to my warrant I was an A-class prisoner due to the good public opinion about me, but they put me in C-class. They gave me onion and garlic in the vegetables and tamasika (non-vegetarian) food, although they knew I was pure vegetarian. The flour was rotten, and there were so many hairs in the chapati (flat bread). I took out a whole bunch of hairs, but even then I could eat only half a piece of chapati. When I saw the jailor, I asked, "I am a **first**-class prisoner, why are you treating me like this? According to my order I am supposed to have A-class!" He replied, "You are an enemy of the country, and it is an internal order that you will be treated as a C-class prisoner."

I could not talk to anyone there. I was put in a cell with murderers and bad criminals. There were 58 women in the one cell. Every day there was quarreling and the sweepers beat the prisoners until the blood came. I asked, "Why are you beating them?" But they only answered, "You keep quiet or we will beat you too."

I asked the warden, "Please give me the facilities according to my order," but he only said, "Do not tell this to anyone. If you tell this to anybody from outside, we will declare you mad and put you in the mad cell, so don't complain to the Superintendent."

After some time I became very, very ill and started vomiting every two hours. I had chest pain and became very nervous.

Then the CBI men came and interrogated me. First one asked, "Who is your in-charge?" I answered, "Avadhutika Ananda Bharatijii." They said, "Where is she?" I told, "I do not know." They said, "You must give testimony against your sisters, because they do not look after you. Your organisation is not taking any care of you while you are in jail." I replied, "They are not so foolish that they will write me a letter - or they will also be thrown in Jail." Then they asked me about the Dadas (male workers), and I said, "I don't know about them." They said, "Why? You are an Ananda Margii and they are also Ananda Margiis." I explained, "My ladies' department is totally separate." But they could not believe it, so I continued, "I am in jail, and there are so many men also in the jail. We are in ward number 8 and the men are in ward number 9. Outsiders may think we are mixing, but you know we are not; it is only that people think like this. This is how it is in Ananda Marga."

Then they said, "You know, your Guru is a murderer." I said, "No, no. He is not a murderer!" They insisted, "You should believe that he is a murderer!" I replied, "No, I cannot believe that He is a murderer, because He has given Guide to Human Conduct, and in that He has explained Ahimsa which means not hurting anybody, not even mentally thinking harm. So how can I believe that my Guru can murder anybody? This is a completely mistaken idea." Then they asked me, "What do you know about the skulls? Are you also doing meditation with skulls?" I said, "No, my Guru is not giving this type of sadhana to ladies, so we do not practise this type of sadhana." They said, "Skull sadhana is not good) it is a very bad thing." I said, "Do you believe in Lord Shiva (great yoga master of ancient India)?" They answered, "Yes, we all believe in Lord Shiva." So I said, "Lord Shiva was the father of Tantra (spiritual practice for mental expansion) and he started skull sadhana, now this is all I know." Then they left. At the end of the interrogation I asked, "Who are you? Why have you arrested me?" And they answered, "We are officers of the social department." But really they were CBI and CID.

In the jail the lady jailors used vulgar language when speaking to me. They had heard that one of our health rules is not to shave the joint hairs. They said, "We want, to see your hairs. It is bad to keep

them, one can get diseases. If they are not removed then we will pull them!" I said, "It is my Dharmas I will keep them." They replied, "In jail there is no Dharma, " and they did as they had threatened.

I said, "I want to meet the Superintendent, and they taunted, "Is he your husband that you will talk this to him?" I said, "No, he is in charge of the jail." They replied, "**will** you not be ashamed to tell all these things to him?" I said, "I will tell him that they are not letting me follow the 16 Points (rules for self-development) ." They said, "Alright, you will see the Superintendent. He is at home, but when he comes to the jail we will take you to see him." But they left and never took me.

Daily they were doing things like that to torment me. I became very sick, and they gave me no medicine. My chest pains and extreme nervousness became worse, and I was continually vomiting. Finally I became so sick that they had to shift me to the hospital.



## AGARYA RAMANANDA AVADHUTA

I was the first Ananda Marga worker in Kenya, Africa, so I was working very hard propagating our philosophy among the people -putting up posters, giving lectures and classes. Many people started coming. I started printing a newsletter about Ananda Marga and the persecution of Ananda Marga in India. Somehow, the Indian Ambassador to Kenya got a copy and became very angry. He started doing much propaganda against us, contacting the government and other influential officials. We had been working for **8** months, from the **1st** of January to August **1975**» doing extensive relief work and providing educational and other social services for the Kenyan people, and they liked us very much. To counteract our positive work, the Indian Embassy was giving money to various newspaper editors and getting their slanderous stories printed in the papers: all about the L.N-Mishra case in India, how we kept skeletons in our houses, etc Then they got a document signed by President Kenyatta that our services were no longer required in Kenya.

When we came home one day we found **20** police and intelligence officers waiting for us they told us to be ready within one hour, and then they rushed us to the airport. For two days we were in detention and then they deported us. I requested them not to deport me to Indi& as I would be in danger there, but- they refused. At that time Om Mehta was the minister for Home Affairs in India, and he had sent a letter to various governments that I should be sent back to India.

When I reached Madras Airport, they arrested me and kept me for two days and two nights without food or water. First of all they asked me many questions about the finances of Ananda Marga, and about Margiis and workers who were underground during the Emergency. On the second day they became very rough and rude in their talk and behaviour, and began threatening me, "You are not revealing anything -- you should think of the consequences." The CBI always used to talk to me like this.

On the night of the second day, they began to physically assault me. One man said, "They have decided that if you do not tell what we want, you will no longer be in this world." I said that I did not know anything -- they were asking some questions about some workers who were already in jail in India, and also about some workers in other countries. Then in the night they took me in a jeep, about one or two kilometres away to a very lonely place. They threw me out of the jeep and knocked me over. Then they began to strike me with the butts of their pistols, lashing me around the face so that I became unconscious. For 5 months afterwards my face was swollen. Then they brought me to the police station and charged me under MISA. They took me to Madras Central Prison and kept me in solitary confinement.

## ACARYA SHARANANDA AVADHUTA

On **4th** July 1975 at **10:30** AM I was sitting in **the** classroom conducting examinations for the students. At that time, the Circle Inspector of Trivendrum came there with the police and asked me my name and said, "We have information that you are keeping a revolver here." I told them that I have no revolver, only my lathi (stick) They searched the whole building but found nothing. So **they** took my diary and some papers and all my personal articles and put them in a van; and together with those articles they took me to the police station.

At the police station they began interrogating me about the organisation. I told them that they could get all the answers to their questions about the organisation from the Headquarters. They tried to compel me to answer, sayings, "No, no, you must give the answers here." They asked about my previous worldly life and about organisational work. But I told them simply, "I am a sanyasi (monk) and cannot talk about my previous family life, and regarding the organisation you can consult my Headquarters for the answers to all your questions."

It was about 2 PM and I had not even taken any breakfast. There was another teacher with me, and the police inspector told him, "Don't say anything about Swamijl (spiritual teacher) of An-anda Marga. You run the school and take the money and enjoy it." They took the teacher in another room, but I don't know what they told him there....

When I was brought to the jail, I told the Superintendent that I do not eat onion, garlic, meat, egg or any non-vegetarian food, but they would not supply me with the proper food. As a result I started vomiting and suffered from chest pain. My eyesight failed and my eyes started watering; whenever I tried to read a book I would get a headache. I asked the Superintendent, "I will eat

whatever is supplied by the jail, I don't want any extra food; just please give it to me boiled and I will take it." But he would not supply. I got blood dysentery and had to go to the hospital. For two months I was in the jail hospital; but there my chest pain and eye trouble increased. When I asked the doctor for milk he said, "No, I cannot give you - I am afraid for my service." My eyes were always watering so I went to the eye hospital; but they said, "No need to come here, you can get medicine in the jail itself." I never got the medicine.

I am still suffering from much trouble in my eyes.

TODAY ALL OVER THE WORLD A GRIM FIGHT HAS STARTED BETWEEN THE EVIL FORCES AND THE BENEVOLENT FORCES. THOSE WHO DO POSSESS THE MORAL COURAGE TO FIGHT AGAINST THE EVIL FORCES, IT IS THEY WHO ALONE CAN GIVE A SOOTHING TOUCH TO THE STRUGGLE-TORN EARTH WITH THE BALM OF PEACE.

REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE SPIRITUAL. ASPIRANTS. HENCE YOU ALONE SHALL HAVE TO UNDERTAKE THE MIGHTY TASK OF SAVING THE EARTH.

SHRII SHRII ANANDAMURTI ANANDA  
PUJNIMA, 1967

## ACARYA VINAYANANDA AVADHUTA

On the 7th of January 1974, at about 11 AM, I was entering the holy waters of the Ganges river for a bath – and I do not know what happened to me afterwards. On the next day I found myself in a wounded and painful condition, handcuffed in a hospital bed, with armed police surrounding me.

Time and again I tried to recollect what had sent me to the hospital, but I failed. Sometimes, due to my condition, I became confused and wondered whether I was dreaming, or was this reality? But only the remembrance that I was going for a bath in the Ganges was fresh in my mind. My head was battered and bruised by police clubs so my memory became feeble, and is still so. Whenever I tried to remember the reason I had been sent to the hospital, my mind wavered and whirled.

Amazed, I asked a policeman why I was in the hospital. He curtly replied that I was under arrest, and as I had a serious wound on my head, I was in the hospital for treatment. I would be told more, he said, when I improved. I was alone in the surgical ward of Rajendra medical College. My only company was the sentry police who did not allow my friends and relatives to meet me.

In the biting cold of winter. I was given only one pair of pants and one thin hospital blanket. In such a condition I remained until January 18th. During this period, when even a slight effort to think made my wounded head spin and gave me excruciating pain, the CID people came frequently, nagging me by asking so many questions. I was all along on a meagre hospital diet, and could not get proper treatment.

On January 18th, when my treatment was still not completed, I was forcibly dragged by the CID people into a jeep standing outside the hospital gate, and produced before the Patna Subdivisional Officer. I was taken into police remand for 15 days.

In the remand they kept me in a cell in a local police station that was filled with the stinking odour of urine and feces. In Bihar the cells have no urinal or flush system: on one side of a small cell the prisoner lives; and on the other side is an open hole for urination and defecation, without any covering. Here I stayed all day long without food or medicine. When I was writhing in pain due to the wounds in my head, no one came with medicine. Instead they came only, to make me speak against Ananda Jiarga in the court and in public.

In the dead of night on January 19th I was taken to the CBI office on Bailey Road, one mile away. They kept me awake all night. The next day they beat me throughout the day with their feet, fists, shoes and canes – whatever they could find to beat me. On the 20th, all night they kept me with my hands handcuffed, hanging to the bars of the window. Throughout the remand they wanted me to confess before the court that I was given the responsibility to kill Madhavananda\*; then, they said, I would be pardoned and provided all possible facilities and help by the Government. But when I did not yield to their evil designs, they started cursing and abusing with filthy language my Gurudeva (beloved Waster), the only shelter of my life, my dearest one, the life of my life – for whom I was undergoing so many tortures.

They used every possible method to break my morale – they threatened me; they did not allow me to do meditation which I must perform, according to my discipline, four times a day; they mixed onion and garlic in my food. When they beat me, they struck the particular place on my head where there was already a wound, so I might surrender to them out of the terrible pain.

Thus passed my remand period. On January 30th I was to be produced before the court; but instead of producing me, I was kept sitting in a van outside. So without even being brought into the court I was sent to the Patna City Sub-Jail in the night.

On the way to the court the CBI officer threatened me that if I told the court any of the tortures during the remand period I would again be taken into remand and be brutally beaten. They did not allow my advocate to see me, claiming that I did not want to see him. They did not even allow him to meet me at the jail gate.

\* Madhavananda, a defector of Ananda Marga, is the approver in BABA's case.

On January 31 I was again produced before the Magistrate. That day also they did not allow me to see my advocate. When I refused to give, before the Magistrate, the false statement concocted by the CBI officers, they took me to the bungalow of the Superintendent of Police situated in the same court compound, and in the jeep itself they beat me severely with their boots and canes.

After the court proceeding was over, they brought me to Phulwari Sharif Jail, beating and abusing me all the way. By the **time** I reached the jail gate, every one of them, except the driver **who** was busy driving the car, had his chance to beat me brutally with his fists and kick me with his shoes. Then the driver also got his chance by beating me with his fists and kicking me as **I** entered the gate with them.

The distance from the court to the jail gate was a distance of 40 miles but it took us 6 hours to reach. We left the court at **11 AM** and reached the jail at **5 PM**. They were delaying the journey in order to further torture me inside the jeep.

I was kept isolated in the jail. They supplied me with non-vegetarian food which was against my sanyasi (monk's) rules. **I** was not provided with the medicine I needed. Due to my **long** imprisonment in that unhygienic environment, improper **diet, and lack of** medicines, I became seriously ill. In that very **pitiful condition** I was again taken into remand. Again **they repeated the same** method of tortures; **keeping** me without **food and sleep, abusing my** spiritual sentiments,  **cursing me with harsh and filthy language, beating me black and blue.**

**After this remand I was again sent to a dark and dank cell, very damp and cold due to rain. As a result I got** severe pain in my chest, and I started coughing **blood. I felt great** difficulty in breathing. But even then, due to the pressure of **the** CBI on the jail authorities, **I** was not admitted into the jail hospital.

one day the civil surgeon unexpectedly visited the jail and **I** approached him and requested him to admit me into the jail hospital so **I** could get better treatment. At his instance **I** was admitted into the hospital, but still **I** did not get proper treatment

there. Due to my constant coughing of blood from June to November 1974, I became very weak and gave up all hope of living. Although I was in such a poor state of health, instead of being sent to the civil hospital, Patna Medical College Hospital, where I would have gotten proper treatment, I was sent to Hazaribagh Jail. In that jail also my treatment was neglected and I was again sent back to Patna. Thus all along, in my extremely sick condition, I was forced to lead the hard life of a common prisoner.

As a result I am now a chronic tuberculosis patient. My bail was granted by the High Court for the original case for which I was arrested, but to keep me in prison the CBI concocted a new case against me.

Finally, seeing the acute stage of my TB, the jail authorities sent me to the Patna Medical College Hospital, but here also the CB CBI came and talked privately to the hospital authorities and prevented my proper treatment. So again I was sent back to the jail; although my treatment was incomplete, the hospital authorities, under pressure of the CBI, submitted a report that I was cured.

The authorities' negligence of my health has resulted in my permanent disability - I am now a chronic patient.



## DIDI MANIKUNTALA

On July 3, 1975 at 2 AM, our school and children's home in Delhi was surrounded by the police. I told them they should not come inside our ladies' school, but they entered anyway and forced us all to remain standing without moving. They asked rudely, "Where are all your anti-Indira things?" and then they searched everything. They threw BABA's photo on the ground. They packed everything up and loaded it in their van, and woke up all the children and took us all to the police station. At 10 AM the next morning they sent all the children to government homes and took myself and another Didi to a Magistrate. We were made C-class prisoners and taken to a cell full of murderers and prisoners with life sentences. The worst type of criminal women were kept here. The lady police constable abused us so badly and called us "Murderers and hypocrites in the garb of sadhus (saints)." For a full week we were kept in a completely dark cell, with no window and no air. We were not allowed to go to the latrine; we had to relieve ourselves in the cell only. One lady Jan Sangh (one of the opposition parties) prisoner protested against this and said "These Ananda Margiis are political prisoners and are entitled to B-class treatment," but the jail authorities did not heed them.

For 25 days I took almost no food because it was mixed with garlic and onions, so I ate only small pieces of chapati (flat bread) with salt. Due to this I became ill, but the jail authorities didn't take any care. The jail was so corrupt, it was impossible to get even the minimum necessities unless bribe was given. Finally a doctor came and gave me some medicine which made me vomit 24 times, all night. I felt

much giddiness and chest pain. I reported this to the Superintendent, but he said that I couldn't receive treatment in the jail. He said that I should look after myself; if I want to go to the hospital, I would have to pay for it myself.

Two Ranis (queens) of Jaipur who were also arrested under MISA came to know of my condition and pressed the doctor and Superintendent to look after me. So finally I was given some care, and we were given two saris and soap. Before this we had not used soap for 6 months. The jail authorities threatened to put us in solitary confinement, but the two queens protested that they would fast if this were done.

When we went to the court, the Magistrate, Sudarshan Singh Sidu, told us that if we gave a written statement that we were resigning from Ananda Marga, he would release us. When we refused, he became angry and said, "You are opposing the government!" He gave us each two years and Rs 600 each fine.

We were in prison under these inhuman conditions for 21 months; then we appealed to the Sessions court and were released.

CLOUDS CANNOT OVERCAST THE SUN FOR A LONG TIME. THE CREATURES OF DARKNESS NEVER WANT THE EXPANSIVE EXHALTATION OF HUMAN SOCIETY. EVEN THEN, HUMANITY SHALL MARCH AHEAD. NONE CAN ARREST THE SPEED OF ITS PROGRESS.

YOU BE THE HARBINGERS; YOU BE THE PIONEERS OF THIS VICTORIOUS MARCH. SEE THAT NOT A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL LAGS BEHIND.

SHRII SHRII ANANDAMURTI JANUARY  
1, 1972

## ACARYA KESHAVANANDA AVADHUTA

(Acarya Keshavananda Avadhuta is the Acting General Secretary of Ananda Marga. He was arrested as early as 1975 under MISA (Maintenance of Internal Security Act) in an effort to further harass and discredit the organisation.)

I was, arrested on 14th January at 6 PM while I was going to do my sadhana in the evening. Both of us, myself and Amarananda Avadhuta from Patna, were taken to the Kotwali Police Station. After an hour Amarananda was sent to Phulwari Sharif Camp Jail, and I was detained there in the cloakroom for the whole night, without being given any food. Next morning I was served with a MISA order and was taken to Buxar Central Jail, Buxar, about 100 miles from Patna. There, after a week, on 22d January, I received the grounds of my arrest under MISA, signed by the District Magistrate of Patna:

"That an organisation named Ananda Marga is actually responsible for several murders for which its founder Shri P.R. Sarkar alias Anandamurti and many other followers of Ananda Marga are facing prosecution and it has been revealed in course of investigation that you, being the General Secretary of Ananda Marga, actually conspired, aided and abetted the commission of such heinous crimes thereby creating great horror in the society..

"That according to reliable intelligence reports, you are actively conspiring to create large-scale disorder and disturbance in the Gandhi Maidan (in Patna) on the occasion of the Republic Day celebration to be held on the 26th Jan. 75 with a view to disturbing the State function and creating terror in the minds of the Government officials, Ministers and legislators and that have a grandiose plan to terrorise the people and create the feeling of terror, awe and panic amongst them and have become a potential source of danger to the community...

"I am therefore, satisfied that in the circumstances mentioned above, if you are allowed to remain at large, you will indulge in further activities prejudicial to the maintenance of Public Order...."

I answered the charges with the following statement:

"Ananda Marga is working for the eradication of corruption and injustice from the society. It does not believe in caste, creed, and geographical barriers and stands for world fraternity. In no way is at creating terror or great horror (as said in the grounds for arrest) in the society. The establishment of 400 schools in India and about 100 welfare centres etc. in Bihar are a great proof of its wide popularity and public demand. Not any example has been given which may prove that Ananda Marga has created any public disturbance or disorder anywhere in the society. We believe in non-violence and not in violence. The great self-immolation done by three brothers are the highest mark of non-violence. We have never been violent in our any action. The people of the society have accepted Ananda Marga as their saviour and the organisation is getting public help and cooperation in establishing its branches throughout the country and abroad. So, the charge that "I am creating great horror in the society" is far away from the reality and truth..."

Such was the state of the judiciary that while the cases were still sub-judice, the responsible District Magistrate of Patna already declared the parties guilty, in order to prejudice the judiciary and tarnish the image of Ananda Marga in the eyes of the public. Furthermore, he was accusing me of being involved, as General Secretary, in alleged events which took place four years before I even became General Secretary of Ananda Marga.

The Emergency was declared on **25th** June and on **30th** June suddenly a special guard was imposed upon me: one policeman was delegated to me every 24 hours. I was not allowed to go out of my cell or talk to anybody. When I contacted the jail authorities, they said they had orders from higher authorities. Throughout the night also the police were always standing at my gate.

According to the order of the government, I was to be detained for one year, until 14th January **1976**. On the **15th** January I was to to be released. But on **11th** January I received a Defense of India warrant stating that I was conspiring to loot the police station of Patna, Mithapur Police Station! I have not even seen this place, and at the time I was in jail in Buxar 100 miles away, under MISA with heavy security guard! A very peculiar thing! Here I am in jail in Buxar, and at the same time I am supposed to be looting this police station in Patna! Their main purpose was to detain me in jail. After one month I was again served with a MISA order to detain me further in jail. Their purpose was to keep me in jail indefinitely. I was released only when the Emergency was lifted, after **23** March, **1977**.

## ACARYA SATYABRATANANDA AVADHUTA

I was arrested in Maharashtra State on **25th August 1975**. and **then** I was transferred to **Kota** in Rajasthan. After some time I was **handed** over to the Special Branch of the CID in Jaipur for remand. **I was in** remand for **20** days, and during this period they gave me **much trouble**.

**One day**, my eyes were bound with a piece of cloth, and I was **taken** to an unknown destination for interrogation. They asked me so **many questions**, and I gave the proper answers, but they were not **satisfied**. **My hands and feet** were tied, and I was forced to squat **with my arms outstretched** as if I were seated in an invisible chair; or squat with my arms **wrapped around my** knees and holding my ears – **what** we call fourth-class **torture**. I was forced to remain like that changing from one posture to **the other frequently**, until I fell down unconscious. Later, I was **assaulted on my face, head** and body with **lathis** (thick wooden sticks) and pieces of **broken brick** which pierced **the skin**. During that night, one of the **Superintendent's** Police Officers kicked me on my private organs with **his boot**, and I was unconscious for **15** minutes. After that, they tried to **extort** confessions from me and make me an approver in the Mishra case. **The CID and police** came with some defectors from the organisation who **tried to** make me defect also. They wanted to tempt me by **offering large sums of money** and a good **Job**, but when I refused to **co-operate with** them, **they started beating me**. Throughout the night they tortured me. For **twenty days** I was on remand, but for those two days I was **brutally** tortured.

They follow certain phases: first of all they give food: and then they stop giving food. Then they bring members of the family and say, "Family members have come and they want you to go back with them to your home." If you refuse, then finally they resort to brutal torture.

During this time, they proposed to take me to a nearby hill to give electric shock treatment. The Superintendent of Police told me, "I will make it impossible for you to physically survive. So for your physical existence you must say what we dictate." That night, from 8 P.M. to 5 A.M. I was interrogated by about 12 officers, while they forced me to stand the whole time. They wanted to involve me in the Mishra and Ray cases. One man, Vikram, had turned approver, so they wanted me to corroborate his story, as I was a worker of that area. The next day the Superintendent issued an order to the interrogating party that I should not be supplied with food, and that I should be made to stand up the whole day and night with my hands crossed and tied, held upwards by tying them to a window bar above my head. Accordingly, the next day I was not given food, and in that standing condition, with my arms held upwards the whole day, I was forced to answer, their questions before the Inspector General, Deputy General and other senior police officers.

That was the worst part of the interrogation, normally the interrogation starts after 8 A.M. and one is made to stand, and while standing will have to answer all the questions. The same groups of 20 to 30 officers will come one after the other and ask the same set of questions. They will ask the same questions repeatedly to harass you, and ask the same questions in different ways to see if the answers tally. The police did not use torture – it was only the Special Branch of the CID which used extreme methods of torture. When the Superintendent started assaulting me, it was so severe that I was thrown to the opposite corner of the room; and when he kicked me, I became unconscious.

In the jail, as an undertrial prisoner, I was not supposed to do any work; but I was forced to do convict labour. I was made to do cleaning, digging, supplying rations to the prisoners and turning the pressing wheel (for grinding flour or pressing seeds for oil), which is usually harnessed to a horse or bullock

When I was escorted from Jaipur to Kota or taken to court, I was put in chains which are fixed between the ankles and waist and are very uncomfortable, making it impossible to sit or go to latrine.

## AVADHUTIKA ANANDAKARUNA

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of June, 1975. I was sitting in my office in our school in Trivendrum after the end of classes. Suddenly, one girl came and told me, "Someone has been following you." When I heard this, my mind became prepared, that something would happen to me. Soon one jeep came with about 10 to 12 people inside. Only one person was in police dress, and the rest were in civil dress. First they asked me, "Where is Swamiji ('spiritual teacher' - referring to a male worker of Ananda Marga)?" Then they started using bad language and abusing me. After that they said, "We want to search all the rooms of your school." I agreed, so they searched everything. They asked me, "Are you prepared to go?" I answered, "Yes, I am always ready." Then they asked, "You are not afraid of going to jail?" I said, "Why should I be afraid? I am not a robber or a thief. But without lady police I cannot go anywhere." I insisted, so they had to go back to get one. After two hours, the lady police arrived and they took me to the police station. I went and sat in the car and the CBI officers said, "Why are you sitting in the car? You come here and sit in the jeep!" I refused and kept sitting in the car. As they drove off with me to the police station I called out, "Ananda Marga - Amar Hey! Ananda Marga - Amar Hey!". (Ananda Marga is immortal! Ananda Marga is immortal!) Shrii Shrii Anandamur-tiji ki JAI! (Victory to Shrii Shrii Anandamurti!)"

They took me to the Tripurntura Police Station. When I entered the room, I saw one big picture of Indira Gandhi on the wall, and so much laughter welled up inside me that I could not control it, and so I sat with my eyes closed. When the CBI man came into the room, he asked, "Are you doing meditation?" I replied, "No, I am laughing." He asked, "Why?" I pointed to Indira's picture and repeated something

BABA had said which had made me laugh -- "Vinashakale viiparita buddhi" which means, "At the time of destruction, one loses one's good sense." Then one CBI man said, "Oh, you are a politician!" and I replied, "No, I am not a politician, but I have heard from the great men who know, and so I have said." Then he began to ask me about PROUT, saying, "What are the activities of PROUT?" I answered, "I know only that PROUT is the Progressive Utilization Theory. I don't know about their activities. If you want to know, then you go and inquire from the PROUT workers. My connection in Ananda Marga is with the Relief Section." Then they sent me to the "Rescue Home" with all types of bad women and criminals. One day and one night I stayed there. When they sent me, they told me that in the morning they would come for me, but the whole day I waited. The 4th was my fasting day, and the 5th also they did not give me anything to eat. On the 5th night they came and took me to the police station.

At the police station they asked my previous name and my father's name. I said to them, "I cannot give my previous name because you arrested me from the office of Ananda Marga and not from my house, so why should I give my house name? My father's name is Shrii Shrii Anan-damurtiji, and my name is Avadhutika Anandakaruna." About 8 people were there and they surrounded me and started shouting, "You give your name and address!" but I refused. Then after that, at 9 PM, they sent me to the sub-jail at Ernakulam. The jail was very dirty and small. There were 12 rooms in the jail, and boys and girls were kept in the same jail, though in separate rooms. When I entered I asked for a glass of water because I was very thirsty, but they refused and said, "We cannot give you." So for two days continuously I fasted without food or water.

The cell was very small without any latrine or bathroom, and for three months continuously I was locked up the whole day and night. I was allowed out only at 6 AM for latrine and washing; the rest of the day and night I was locked up. During this time there was one set routine. At 6 AM I went for latrine, and at 8 AM they gave me 'gangi' (wheat powder with water). At noon time they gave me 'sambar' (vegetable water with much chili), and at 4 PM they gave gangi one day and on alternate days, tapioca. At night no food was given. This was the



diet for three months continuously.

One morning at 8AM they brought a big van to take me to court. The van was very high but with no step so I could not reach, and asked for a stool. But the police said, "You come and jump up." I said, "It is very difficult for me to go up." Then they pulled out a gun and tried to beat me, but some passersby from the street intervened and saved me. The neighbouring shop-keeper gave me a stool and I climbed up while the police stood and abused and criticised me. On the way back from the court to the jail, I had to walk-.

One day I complained to the jailor about the conditions in the jail, the dirt and the poor food, but he replied, "I have no capacity to help you." So after that I kept mum. I was sentenced to three months in jail for running an Ananda Marga school after the ban on the organisation, although actually they arrested me the very day the ban was announced! But nobody heeded these discrepancies.

After my release I stayed in one Margii's house, and the Commissioner told me that every week I must sign in at the Police Commissioner's office, so I was not able to leave the state or even the city, although I sometimes asked for permission. In that period, for 3 or 4 days each week, the CBI would come and trouble me with inquiries about my movements and activities, one day the Inspector of the CID (Central Intelligence Department) scolded me in abusive, language, saying, "You are a Naxalite (Marxist-Communist) and you have killed many, many people." Then he asked the margii sister where I was staying. "Why do you keep such dirty girls in your house?" She replied, "It is my Dharma to save the life of any lady or girl."

One day, seven state Security police came and asked, "Your Guru is a murderer, and you are keeping skulls, why did you join this Mission? If you leave this Mission, we will give you a good job." They pressured "me, "You must go to your house and serve your family." I told them, "Our Mission will be victorious, very soon! You are Indian citizens, natives of India, and India is a Tantra Piitha (centre of Tantra, spiritual practice). You should know that those who do Tantra sadhana keep skulls for their sadhana, so why do you ask these foolish questions? Are Margiis such fools that they kill people and keep th« skulls in their rooms? Our world is very

developed, science is very developed - you can find out for yourselves where these skulls come from." Then they kept mum; they had no answer to give me. I said, "My Guru is Sadguru\* -- you may call Him thief or dacoit, that is not the question. He is my Guru, and I believe in Him." Then they said, "You are. very strong, you never leave your Mission."

During this time I wove bags and sold them to maintain myself, and I gave free Kindergarten classes for nursery age children and classes for women.

\* Perfect Master.

## ACARYA RAGHURAMANANDA AVADHUTA

At 7:30 AM on the 5th of July, 1975, after meditating outside, I returned to my school and found that all the teachers were arrested, and the police had informed that if the Principal of the school would come to them, then all the teachers would be released. I reached the police station and was told that the organisation was banned and I was to be arrested. I was taken to Darbhanga District Jail. Soon the Assistant Inspector General came and told me to take off my saffron clothes as the organisation has been banned. I said that the organisation Ananda Marga Pracaraka Samgha may have been banned, but Ananda Marga is my way of life so I cannot put on any other clothes except my saffron clothes. But they forced me to wear other clothes.

After some time they forced me to become naked, wearing only a loin-cloth. The Assistant Inspector asked me, "After committing how many murders were you made Avadhuta?" I replied, "You are asking a reverse question - rather you should ask, after killing how many innocent people have you been promoted to Inspector General of prisons? Then he became furious and gave instructions that I was to be kept isolated in a separate cell. I was put in the cell with nothing but one loin-cloth on my body, and nothing to protect me from the innumerable mosquitoes and flies.

I was transferred to Daltonganj Jail on 2nd January 1976. Knowing that I am a vegetarian, taking sattvik (pure) diet, they still put onion, garlic and meat juice in my food. They kept their

dirty shoes in my place of worship. Every two hours the police used to visit my cell to awaken me, abuse and scold me.

The jail doctor was also trying to break my mental stamina I was severely ill for three weeks with **103-104** degree temperature and the doctor would tell me, "Avadhutaji, your bones will melt here! They kept me isolated in a separate cell and no one was allowed to visit me. No newspaper was given, There was not even a ray of sunlight in my cell, it was completely dark. But there was that link with BABA still. On **25th** December I was thoroughly depressed, feeling that I would be completely crushed. Then I felt BABA come, placing His right hand on my left hand. He said, "Don't worry, my son, within three months everything will be normal." So I told the Jail Superintendent and the CBI officials that my Guru has told me by **25th** March I will be out.

On **23rd** March the radio carried the news of the lifting of the Emergency and I was freed. This was my only asset and protection BABA.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE GOOD AND THE EVIL FORCES  
TERMINATES WITH THE LATER'S ROUT. **THIS** YOU HAVE SEEN, **ARE** SEEING  
AND WILL SEE AS WELL. ONLY REMAIN VIGILANT THAT THE EVIL FORCES  
RECEIVE UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES, ANY INDULGENCE FROM YOUR END.

ANANDAMURTI

3-5-77