

# Bharata Shakti

The Epic of

One God

One World

One Humanity

Work for peace on earth with  
the divine presence  
of God

Dr. Shuddhananda  
Bharati

Bharata Shakti  
Canto 4

Satyan at Danavam



ASSA  
Editions

## Editor's Notes

The Kavi Yogi and his epic – an introduction of

### *Bharata Shakti*

Two statements, apparently mutually opposed, can be made regarding Kavi Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati. The first is that he is most typically an Oriental, even, an Indian; no other country could have produced one quite like him. The second statement is that his great epic, *Bharata Shakti* and much of this other work has an undiminished relevance in all countries of the world and in all epochs and ages; his work is universal, born spatially and temporally; indeed, the passage of time seems to enhance its appeal, its applicability, its immediacy and, judging by the way mankind is managing its affairs, Kavi Yogi is bound to retain his currency, his urgent relevance, in the centuries to come, whatever revolutions take place in the mode of living of the people.

Kavi Yogi's undiminished relevance owes itself to many factors. One of them is that his dreams and aspirations all arise from his true, uncontrived universalism. It would be quite an interesting sally to study and analyse the many factors that went to sustain and reinforce his universalism. It is possible he was born this way, with a mind that felt impatient at the fences and borders that divide up all human institutions. It is also likely that his parents, the elders around, did not try to instil a narrow intolerance into his growing mind. We know positively from his letters written in the early years that he was an avid reader, that he eagerly devoured the world's classics in his uncle's library. He was particularly attracted to Shakespeare and Dante, was partial to biographies of famous men all over the world, and read and reread all the Tamil classics. He desired to acquire a working knowledge of Sanskrit, the language of the *Vedas* and the major philosophical school of the country, and during the course of an extremely busy life managed to do so.

He gained an astonishing mastery over the French language while in Pondicherry and was able to read the greatest works in that language in the original. He could compose in French too; five volumes of his poems and four volumes of his dialogues with the Divine Mother in French have been published.

Besides studying books, the Kavi Yogi travelled extensively all over the world, meeting the best minds everywhere. He could see as a perceptible reality that the differences among men of different nationalities, creeds and races lay on the surface and deeper down there were many compelling similarities on the basis of which a lasting edifice of unity could be built up. When most people travel, they take as their luggage their bag of prejudices, egotistic obstinacies, intolerant attitudes, and a determined refusal to see any other viewpoint. Kavi Yogi travelled with an open mind and only material baggage, taking with him an eager mind thirsting for knowledge about man every where. He put himself in the frame of mind of a student earnestly acquiring all that was relevant to his study wherever he went. He was converted to Islam and went under the lead of a maulvi to Mecca, the most sacred city of Muslims; thus he imbibed the tenets of Islam as a practising member of the faith.

From his early years he was attracted to saints and holy men. Very early he came under the influence of a great seer, Jnana Siddha, who aroused his subtle inner circles and started him on his spiritual career. Some years later they met in a holy place near Madurai, where the seer gave the Kavi Yogi actual initiation through touch, by pressing his thumb on the top of his head. The young aspirant felt a thrill going through his body and an indescribable bliss flooding him. He merged in the inner soul and remained for long in that condition. It can be truly said that he had that day taken a decisive step towards spiritual perfection.

He got spiritual guidance from a number of other seers and saints like Swami Purnananda, Shirdi Sai Baba, Sri Aurobindo and Ramana Maharshi. A common characteristic of all of them was a religious eclecticism, a total tolerance and a doctrine of equality

put actively in practice. Thus the Kavi Yogi was nurtured through his formative years by seers of the broadest vision, who scoffed at all manmade barriers. This must have had a very powerful and lasting effect on the youthful seeker's innate sense of universalism.

When, as a young man and before taking sannyas, he was employed as a teacher in a small town in the south, there was a function involving the entire town, culminating in a feast. Kavi Yogi was shocked to discover that men of different castes and religions did not like the idea of sitting together for the feast. Accordingly, seating arrangements were made castewise, to avoid a showdown in a public function. But Kavi Yogi went and sat with the Christians, which surprised and pleased them no end. His action may not surprise people now at the beginning of the twenty-first century; but in the early years of the twentieth century, it was a bold act for a Brahmin to indulge in but quite a natural one for one of inbuilt equality like the Kavi Yogi, with the revolutionary urge to put into action what he preached.

A keen observer of the Kavi Yogi's life would notice how the concept of the all-embracing equality of man and of the over-whelming importance of love without distinction had been almost covered with piety in the Kavi Yogi, born at the same time and growing together with it to occupy all his mental horizon. This was why the narrow fundamentalism and violent intolerance of many men of religion are totally foreign to the psychology of the seer. He did not have to fight hard to purge narrow fanaticism from his psyche, as quite a number of thinkers have had to do, with varying degrees of success; he never had the necessity to battle with this evil which could never have had a footing in his liberal heart.

This idea of the basic equality of all human beings, indeed of all living things, was not based merely on an emotional view of God's creation strengthened by the feeling of anguish at the terrible consequences of distinctions and schisms and dissensions. This is quite a strong factor and its value and importance should not be underestimated. But Kavi Yogi had an impregnable philosophical

and logical argument that informs and reinforces this emotion-based concept. His philosophy postulates that all men, all human beings without exception, are the children of God, with the same deathless soul inside them all. The soul is undifferentiated, is of the nature of consciousness, unfettered and is bliss unlimited. The apparent differences we notice in the world are all set up by the body which is mortal, the product of avidya or ignorance. We should identify ourselves with the soul and feel the spontaneous equality of all of humankind, not with the body, the cockpit of dissensions and prejudices and hates; spiritual practice involves dissociating ourselves more and more with the preoccupations of the body and associating with our soul for unceasingly longer spells.

Kavi Yogi loves to quote the Rigvedic Rishis, who must be counted among the earliest seers of the world: “Let us live in love, let us get enlightenment together, let us not hate each other, let us live in the harmony of the inner spirit.” Since harmony is the basic nature of the inner spirit, those who learn to live in the land of the spirit will be doused with the spirit of harmony and peace, dispelling the tendency to acrimony and surface distinction, normally found in most men.

When, after his long spell of silence, he started looking at the world, he saw in the world of reality what he had arrived at much earlier through his studies and sustained logical thinking; he saw the basic unity of man wherever he lived. He visited the countries of the Pacific Rim, Africa and Mauritius, Russia, Japan, Switzerland and many of the countries of Europe. He met a round cross-section of people, black and white, Caucasian, Asian, African and Semitic, the elite and the masses, men and women. For him these visits proved a triumphant proof – if proof was needed – of the concept of the unity of man which he had instinctively arrived at in his boyhood and for which he found additional strength in every book he studied.

It is not surprising therefore, that the press and people of other countries were much impressed with the teachings of this unique

prophet of a unified world. "He points out the points of similarity between religions without stressing the differences. His spiritual socialism breaks down the barriers between one race and another," commented the Straits Times of Malaysia. "He compared various religions to the keys of a typewriter striking at one and the same place, the same goal. 'Unity is natural and division unnatural,' he says" reported the Indian Daily Mail of the same country. Japan welcomed him with the words: "Our brightly esteemed Yogi does not claim to belong to one sect, race, language, creed or country but the whole world and to humanity. His conception of life and all those attributes of man which make life sublime is not limited by considerations of egoism in the least. He speaks as if he belongs to the whole world - a unwavering believer in the brotherhood of man." In similar manner, newspapers and leading citizens in all the countries he toured wrote and spoke highly of the universality of Kavi Yogi's teachings, where he stressed tolerance and love above all else. Many in the West stressed the fact that Kavi Yogi was best qualified to turn the mysticism of the East into a universal working philosophy for the entire world.

His daily programme of activity in Buddhist countries displayed his astonishing range of scholarship, which gained for him acceptance in Buddhist monasteries as naturally as in Hindu religious organisations. He addressed the second World Buddhist Conference in Tokyo, attended by delegates from all Buddhist countries. He was welcomed by the Buddhist Mayor of Colombo in Sri Lanka as "The Messenger of One Humanity and One World." The Mayor of Kanchi, also a Buddhist, presented a welcome address to him in a silver casket, mounted upon two elephants; the Kavi Yogi addressed the predominantly Buddhist audience on "Buddha and His Dhamma." He gave three lectures under the Thailand Buddhist Association. He visited temples, churches, mosques, Buddhist mandirs and spiritual centres in Malaysia and addressed the mixed gathering there on the unique religions of the heart. He addressed meetings organised by the Inter Religions Organisation under the presidency of an Englishman in Singapore; the Kavi

Yogi's speech covered the Vedic, Zoroastrian, Buddhist, Jain, Christian, Islamic and Sikh faiths, synthetising all in Yoga, a psychic science common to all. Here, on this platform and everywhere that he spoke, he tried not merely to give the essence of the major faiths of the world; he synthesized them, educating the common features from them and placing his emphasis on these common features, dismissing the differences as of little importance. Everywhere his listeners got a vivid impression of the recurrent basics of these major faiths which were common, universal and of compelling importance, as a corrective to the version of the zealots of each faith, who tended to stress the unique and individual features of their religion.

Kavi Yogi was a powerful orator who could vividly bring home to his listeners the truths he wanted to expound. His were mostly extempore speeches built up on the spot, as he warmed up to his subject, heart speaking to heart. He was never pedantic, always lucid and clear and could appeal to the most unsophisticated listeners drawn from the plantation labour in Sri Lanka and Malaysia. But to elitist audiences, he could hit an appropriate level of thought and sustain his talk at that level, always giving his well-read listeners something to think about. He illustrated his talks on yoga with practical demonstrations. He had a well-developed sense of humour and this quality, together with the warmth and sincerity with which his talks were delivered, ensured their success wherever they were delivered, to whatever type of audience, anywhere in the world.

But speeches are essentially for the moment, basically evanescent; the Kavi Yogi believed firmly in the permanence and the superior, lasting impact of written material over the spoken. He devoted the best part of his life and his amazing store of energy to the composition of books, which run to hundreds. Indeed no one today knows how many he wrote. He had the engagingly simple disposition to hand over a manuscript to the print gentleman who offered to print it; while some have kept their word and brought them out, usually in small editions, quite a few appear to have taken their



commission casually and, the final horror, lost the manuscript as well. Kavi Yogi probably did not note down the name of the people to whom his manuscript had been handed over, he had no personal assistant and few friends who would systematically assist him. So it is believed quite a few of his works have been lost at the stage of the manuscript, a decisive, final and unretrievable loss.

But Kavi Yogi was a prolific writer; he needed little sleep and could write at peace long into the night after the last visitor had departed. An estimate made in 1947 has it that about 500 works of his had been collected and that about 1000 had been lost or destroyed by the author himself. These figures estimated at roughly the middle part of his life indicate an amazing productivity, perhaps the highest in the world in all history. And the Kavi Yogi went on composing works till the last. He was not the type to talk about his prowess in this direction. He has been known to express a keenness, even some anxiety, to have his manuscripts printed. When he got financial assistance to publish some of them, he gratefully acknowledged the help received and wrote to the donor, thanking him.

All this is traceable to his life's objective to educate the people to live in amity, in universal love, in the consciousness of an inviolable deep unity. To promote this idea he wrote books in Tamil, English and French and had started to translate his more important Tamil works into English, so that they could reach a wider readership. Apart from serious books in Tamil prose, he composed poems and songs which could be sung by ordinary people. To reach a wide readership, he composed many works; apart from several volumes of novels and collected short stories, he composed a large number of plays, some of which were produced in theatres and by the All India Radio, thus reaching a still wider section of the public.

Being a master of the highly evolved carnatic school of music, the Kavi Yogi has composed a number of musical pieces, some of which have been collected and published. Carnatic musicians have been singing some of them in their concerts for fifty years and they do not seem to have lost their freshness and appeal with the

passage of time. His songs for children, reflecting joy, even ecstasy, are very popular with young readers; it is truly remarkable that even through this (limited) medium, the seer has been able to present his ideas of universal love, as for instance these lines:

“To the hungry I distribute  
The miser’s hidden weal-meal and,  
Their broken words are psalms;  
Their winning smiles are treats  
I need my life’s message  
In their clean, simple heart  
Children, I see a sage  
In you, a work of art.”

Kavi Yogi tried his hand at novel writing and the composition of prose and verse plays. In these fields, too, he tried to propagate his message of universal love, service to humanity, tolerance and continence. Through his plays which have been staged and broadcast through the radio, a critic would certainly feel that prose fiction is not Kavi Yogi’s best genre. For me, because his talent did not run in the direction of plot construction, his stories wander, they fail to hold the reader’s interest. His verse plays read better, despite this defect, clearly on account of the superior poetry.

Kavi Yogi’s poetical works are to the highest order of excellence. They are great as literature and of the highest value as the media for conveying his unique message of universalism:

“Let us see Thy temple in this word,  
And Thy unique image in all that live  
By serving all we shall adore Thy Self  
By loving all we love Thee, unique Love  
All beings are one family of Thy Grace  
Thyself we see in us and in the world.”

Everywhere in his poetical works we see clearly his world vision where there are no borders, fences, walls, barriers; in it we see the soul-deep universality of all creation, in that control over the fissi-

parous, circular acrimonies bound on differences and distinctions and powered by a loveless ego. As all great world poets have before him, Kavi Yogi too makes inspired use of nature to present his ideas. Drawing an idyllic picture of an ideal life lived in the bosom of nature, he sings:

“My soul shall mingle with the song  
Of the crystal spring that flows along  
My flute shall cause the snake to dance  
My self in all, all in my self  
Through all cosmic conscient life  
I shall love all and never hate.  
For all children of the Grace  
That raises on earth a new race.”

The richest, the most colourful description of nature we see in the Kavi Yogi's magnum opus, *Bharata Shakti*. There are glorious descriptions of forest that emphasise the ineffable peace and absence of violence that prevail there. The gifted poet makes dexterous use of nature to set the mood and the prevailing emotions of important passages. To cite an instance, while introducing the episode where the hero and the heroine of the epic develop love for each other, the Kavi Yogi in the course of a beautiful passage sings:

“The luminaries in the firmament,  
The colourful spring, the forest flowers  
Are, in truth, lovers' epistles.  
The deer, the peacock, the parrot, the cuckoo  
That lubricates its singer's throat  
With the fruit of the mango, the bee and the swan  
Are eloquent messengers between pairs of lovers!”

It is easy to see why and how the Kavi Yogi got interested in nature. For him all living forms – animal and bird and reptile, besides human – are children of God and hence are bound by a fraternal tie. His fierce vegetarianism is also traceable to this viewpoint. It is

unthinkable for him that animals and birds could be killed for any reason; man has no right to kill, period.

From the example furnished from the *Bharata Shakti* to illustrate the Kavi Yogi's deft handling of nature as a poet, it is but an easy step to evaluate the entire work. The *Bharata Shakti* is an epic of considerable dimensions and from the many references to it in his autobiographical works, it is clear he considered it his most significant contribution to society. He began to compose it from his early manhood and made four attempts at revising it; he also translated it into English verse, but most unfortunately the English version has been lost. In it he has poured all his literary, yogic and worldly experience, made adept use of all the poetic devices he had learnt, utilised all the metric forms he had practised on. Hence the epic merits a somewhat detailed consideration here.

The plot of the epic designed by the Kavi Yogi himself is somewhat naïve and clearly not the best feature of this immortal work. It pictures the battle between good and evil forces; the latter seem to succeed at the early stages and the forces of good suffer considerable battering; but they overcome the determined opposition of the sons of Satan and come out triumphant at the end. Suddhan, the hero and leader of the forces of good, is drawn on classical lines, all light and no shade, with not a defect or failing in him. Kaliyan, the leader of the satanic forces, is correspondingly wicked; he is irredeemable, with not a single good trait to salvage him. He has a very considerable following and can call upon black magic to come to his aid. Shuddhan falls in love with and marries Gowri, a compound of the noblest womanly virtues.

Suddhan and Gowri lead an idyllic married life but their happiness is short-lived for Gowri dies, sacrificing her life to save her husband from certain death. She is reborn as Shakti and ultimately is united with Suddhan at the end of the epic.

But before that, the world witnesses a most terrible holocaust where planes and aerial battles and the atom bomb play a major

role. All wicked forces unite and after give terrible battle to Shuddhan and his army. Shuddhan receives great help from his aging father; he benefits very considerably from the blessings of great saints of merit like Santan. He himself is singularly unambitious and is wedded to people's rule replacing the traditional monarchy. The forces of good win at last after unbelievable cataclysms and Shuddhan establishes a new social order based on Sama Yoga; the lives of people are built securely on the basis of a liberal religion with tolerance, yoga and love for all as its basic tenets. Bharata Shakti rules the world, making the earth heaven and upgrading men to the level of the gods.

The poet-seer has contrived the plot so that there are plenty of occasions for thoughtful soliloquies, for deeply meaningful philosophical instruction by sages like Santan and most of all for addresses by the hero setting forth the essentials of every major faith after he had learnt them at the feet of the masters of those faiths in cities named appropriately after them. While the soliloquies are spread throughout the poem, the specific addresses on the major faiths constitute the backbone of the third canto, the longest in the work.

Shuddhan decides to equip himself with all the possible spiritual wisdom and merit through the study of the major faiths of the world and through severe austerities. He abdicates the throne, putting representatives in charge of governance, and wanders about as a seeker, absorbing the truths of all religions, not as an outsider but by getting converted to each of them and living as a member of their community.

Thus when among the Jains, the Buddhists, the Christians and the Hindus, he remains in statu pupillari learning the details of their faiths from the leaders of the communities. His mastery of the respective faiths is such that men belonging to the many schisms that have proliferated appeal to him to resolve their differences. Everywhere he demonstrates how the originator, the great prophet who brought the religion into being before he died, did not envisage such

splits and schisms but legislated for a society believing in universal love, equality and soul-deep unity. The quarrelling sects cement their differences and begin to live as a homogeneous society, with mutual love and tolerance.

Everywhere in the long poem the message gets precedence; Kavi Yogi composed all his works as vehicles for his message for the world, of Sama Yoga (the spiritual state of equality) and universal love. The time finds the man; every epoch produces a great seer who has a specific solution for the particular problems affecting the world at that time. The sickness from which the world is suffering now seems to be intolerance, fanaticism, and bitter, homicidal hatred based on differences in creed and race and colour. The world is being split into mutually opposed war camps. Religion, misinterpreted, has become the most potent killer. It is becoming dangerously fatal to preach the value of peace among the people.

In this predicament, the Kavi Yogi's teachings come as a south-west breeze to a hot and weary traveller. They are admittedly not easy to implement. But nothing worthwhile in the world comes easy; and this remedy aims at the lasting good of the man of humanity at the subtlest levels of mental and spiritual life. These teachings that involve control over the base animal impulses of man and the development of a state of universal love (and that encompasses the enemy in its span, very virtuously) take considerable training and practice governed by a tenacious will to better ourselves, to rise to the level of man firstly from the animal and thence to the state of the gods.

But, how persuasive are the seer's lines, how gloriously inspiring, making the reader forget the difficult obstacles that are placed about in his path and urging him to resolve to face them like a man and get over them while pressing relentlessly on the forward march! He sings:

“The rainbow colours radiate  
From one white intense effulgence

One conscient cosmic energy  
Expands as sky and holds the stars  
One truth maintains all the faiths  
One spirit throbs in all bodies.”

More than Ramakrishna, Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo, it is the Kavi Yogi who puts his finger on the specific evils of the times and comes out with a very specific remedy for them. And the world which is perched precariously at the very edge of a precipice, now more than at any other time, will reject his teachings at its peril.

Our reference to the precariously perched world is not a mere hyperbolic metaphor thought up for dramatic effect. At no other time has the earth been in the very real danger of blowing itself to smithereens, as today. Our society has not yet been able to control the proliferation of the atom bomb; more and more countries are known to possess the bomb or to be in the know of the technique of producing it. We have had two devastating world wars within a generation and no one with any claim to be a serious student of current affairs will accept the adage that we are enjoying peace today. Terrorism has become international; it is highly glamorous, attractive, particularly to young people, and no one seems to know how to contain it. Religion has turned out to be a relentless killer; many of the terrorist incumbents seem to be fired by religious doctrine.

And our experience of the last few decades has clearly demonstrated the futility of trying to contain these homicidal forces by harnessing the police and the army. Clearly the cure lies in setting right the mental attitudes of people. And, Kavi Yogi Sama Yoga which teaches active tolerance (without a trace of patronage) based on universal love seems most specifically designed to set right attitudes of belligerent acrimony based on political, racial, linguistic or religious differences.

This most timely remedy for the terrible illness our society now suffers from is clearly and most persuasively spelt out in Kavi Yogi's *Bharata Shakti*, now available in English for all the world to

read and benefit from. Given the determination, mankind can still turn away, to use the earlier metaphor, from the edge of the precipice. There is still time for it to turn to the path of universal love, amity and good will, furthering in permanent peace.

It is earnestly hoped that man will have the necessary will, courage and sense of higher destiny to do it.

There are no words strong enough to express the joy and happiness of the chance to edit a work of such magnificent wisdom, offering peace for all, and providing solutions that everyone on earth can work to help in some way. It is to participate in the building of inner tranquility radiating in the world.

Thank you to my spiritual friend Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for his blessings.

It is a real pleasure for me to present the fourth Canto “Satyan at Danavam” of the *Bharata Shakti* to you. Thank you and respect to Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for having transmitted *Bharata Shakti* to us. With the blessing of *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*.

A huge thank you to my friend A V Ilango for his presence at my side and his valuable support. It is a great joy to have happiness and the chance to know A V Ilango in Chennai, renowned painter and sculptor. I met him two years ago in Chennai, we both keep a wonderful memory of a beautiful meditation. Ties of friendships have been created and A V Ilango participates in various paintings of Shakti to achieve this major work, *Bharata Shakti*. He is the founder of Ilango’s Artspace Pvt. Ltd. in Chennai.

A huge thank you also for Daye Craddock, for her help for the preparation and correction of the books of Shuddhananda Bharati with great appreciation.

Christiananda Bharati  
Christian Nicolas Piaget





## Song of Unity

*Unite. Unite, Unite, Oh Souls  
Unite and play your roles  
Unite in mind, unite in heart  
Unite in whole, unite in part  
Like words and tunes and sense in song  
Let East and West unite and live long  
Trees are many; the grove is one  
Branches are many; tree is one  
Shores are many; sea is one  
Limbs are many; body is one  
Bodies are many; self is one  
Stars are many; sky is one  
Flowers are many; honey is one  
Pages are many; book is one  
Thoughts are many; thinker is one  
Tastes are many; taster is one  
Actors are many; the drama is one  
Nations are many; the world is one  
Religions are many; Truth is one  
The wise are many; Wisdom is one  
Beings are many; breath is one  
Classes are many; college is one  
Find out this One behind the many  
Then life shall enjoy peaceful harmony*

## Peace Anthem

*Peace for all, peace for all  
For all the countries peace  
Joy for all, joy for all  
For all the nations joy  
A rosy morning peace  
A smiling summer joy (Peace for all)*

*All for each and each for all  
This is the golden rule  
Life and Light and Love for all  
For all that live our love (Peace for all)*

*Work and food and clothes for all  
Equal status for all  
Health and home and school for all  
A happy world for all (Peace for all)*

*No idle rich, no more beggars  
All are equal workers  
No more tears, no more fears  
The heart is full of cheers (Peace for all)*

*No atom scare, no fat mammon  
No room for war demon  
Like leaves in trees, like rays in the sun  
We are one communion,  
One Divine communion (Peace for all)*

*The good in you is good for all  
Your life is life for all  
The God in you is God for all  
Your love is love for all (Peace for all)*

*For he or she or it or rest  
This collective life is best  
This Universal Life is best  
North or South, or East or West (Peace for all)*

*Peace for plants and birds and beasts  
For hills and streams and woods  
Peace in Home - land and air and sea  
Dynamic peace we see  
Peace for all, peace for all*

*Immortal Peace for All*

Presentation of  
Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

11<sup>th</sup> May 1897 – 7<sup>th</sup> March 1990

The wise one to the cosmic age

Although more than 90 years old, in his school in the south of India, *Kavi Yogi Maharishi* (great divine visionary, wise poet), Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati worked like a young man of twenty. When he was asked his age, he answered: “My age is Courage!”

The Yogi wrote several hundred works in English, French, Tamil, Hindi, Telugu and Sanskrit; five thousand songs, and fifteen hundred poems in French. The magnum opus of the man conscious of the presence of God in him, *Bharata Shakti*, (in 50,000 verses) described his ideal: only One Humanity living in communion with only One God in a transformed world! *Bharata Shakti* is a monumental and unique work. The Yogi depicts the essence of all the religions, of all the prophets and saints, all the approaches of Yoga and all the cultures on an allegorical fabric. It is a book for any age which all spiritual researchers and all nations should read and meditate on.

His commitment is summarized in his book celebrating his life, *Pilgrim Soul*.

The two poems mentioned in the opening express perfectly his ideal.

His mantra, *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*, nourishes our souls and guides our steps toward the inner joy *Ananda*. It means: the light of Grace and power of the pure supreme Almighty bless us with peace, happiness and prosperity!

Let the beauty and greatness of soul of Dr. Bharati Shuddhananda blooms and scents the entire Earth with its divine message and spiritual and unifying benefactor!

Editions ASSA

## Homage to the *Bharata Shakti*

The epic of the new cosmic age

This popular modern epic is the life work of Kavi Yogi Maharishi Shuddhananda Bharati. It was blessed by great modern saints and savants.

“*Bharata Shakti* is the voice of spiritual India.”

*Sri Aurobindo*

“The world must study and follow this spiritual treasure.”

*Ramana Maharshi*

“*Bharata Shakti* is a book for all ages - the Bible of regenerated humanity.”

*Swami Sivananda*

“*Bharata Shakti* is a great modern epic. Its words and rhythms spark out of the inner flame.”

*Rabindranath Tagore*

“*Bharata Shakti* seems another Maha Bharata.”

*Mahatma Gandhi*

“It is a wonderful world epic of Supermen and this Mahakavya has bloomed after ages of cultural and spiritual evolution.”

*V.V.S. Iyer*

“I welcome your *Bharata Shakti* which I enjoyed so much. It is a treasure of cultural beauty and spiritual sublimity.”

*Mahakavi Bharatiar*

“It is a perfect epic inspired in a perfect Yogi.”

*Kavimani D.N. Pillai*

“It is a vision of future humanity in five cantos, an apocalypse of God’s Grace. This epic can compare with Kambar and Valmiki. Sahitya Academy and UNESCO must honour this great modern epic poet.”

*Rao Bahadur  
N. Murugesha Mudaliar*

“*Bharata Shakti*, like the other works of the Kavi Yogi Maharishi Shuddhananda Bharati, is characterised by poetic excellence and mystic fervour. From start to finish the poet maintains his imaginative flight on an exalted plane. I welcome this imaginative saga of spiritual history and wish it wide circulation.”

*Dr. T.M.P. Mahadevan, Director  
of Advanced Study in Philosophy*

“I gave you Milton that day; I find a Milton today in your epic of Godmen *Bharata Shakti*.”

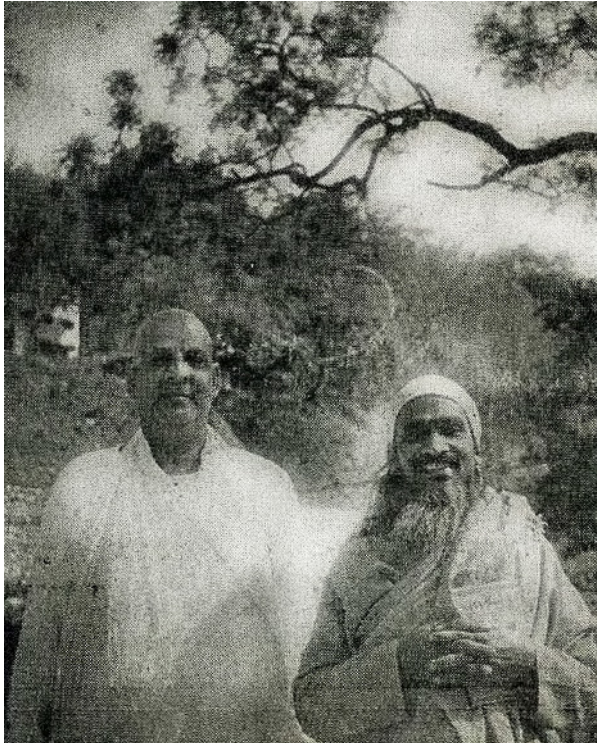
*Mother Annie Besant*

“The feeling of God’s presence is just wonderful; we can find it in this *Bharata Shakti*.”

*Christiananda Bharati*



Shuddhananda Bharati



Sivananda and Shuddhananda

# Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum

Foreword

## *Bharata Shakti*

### Swami Sivananda's Blessings

I had the pleasure of hearing this great epic read to me by its great author, Kavi Yogi Maharshi Shuddhananda Bharati who is an inspired saint and a versatile personality with a gifted intellect, and yogic perfection. This is his magnum opus. This is a monumental, epoch-making addition to the sacred literature of the world.

Sri Bharatiar needs no introduction at all to the public: as a born yogi, a divine poet, a deep and creative thinker and seer, he has already earned world-renown.

The great work — *Bharata Shakti* — is a synopsis of all the epics of the world. In it are portrayed by the facile pen of the great poet lives of great men, saints and prophets, Besides in it have been brought together the essence of all the religions of the world: the cultural, ethical and spiritual basis of the various religions. The Yoga of Synthesis or the synthesis of all systems of Yoga is clearly brought out by the seer poet. In this respect this work could well be considered a new Bible for regenerated humanity.

The setting too, is delightful, skilful and symbolic. The work, therefore, holds a good story interest too. The struggle between the God-men and the Asuras allegorises the struggle between the forces of Good and those of Evil. The skill with which settings are provided for the introduction of the five Kandas is remarkable: and the initial success of Evil and its ultimate overthrow are significant.

From the halcyon days of ancient times, ideal citizens constituted an ideal society which raised this holy land to the exalted status of the Mother of Civilization. Through the eras of gradual degeneration of society through spiritual decadence to the present day,



the illustrious author has ably traced the history of humanity, and has taken the opportunity of reviewing the systems of politics, economics, industry and art. His suggestions for improving and perfecting human society in all walks of life are invaluable and should act as a sure guide to all nations. Out of the fulness of his own soul comes the rhythmic flow of this epic.

The crowning glory in the work is the poet-seer's vision of the future mankind. The yogic world will be peopled by samayogins whose strength will be derived from the spiritual basis of their whole life.

Their influence will radiate over the whole world and bring peace and happiness to it! That is the New Golden Age of the yogi's vision, now revealed in the *Bharata Shakti*. The patriot in Bharatiar pours out the sweet ambrosia of love of motherland which permeates the reader's entire being.

The author's diction is rich, his style powerful and suggestive — reminiscent of all the great epic poets — his descriptions of both Nature's gifts and man's handiworks are vivid and charming: and the love and battle scenes at once powerful and thrilling. *Bharata Shakti* is a book for all ages, which every seeker should study.

Swami Sivananda

## Prof. S. Viraswami Pathar M.A.L.T.

(Dt. Educational Officer, Tiruchirapalli)

*Bharata Shakti*, the epic of God-men, in 50,000 lines, is the greatest work of this age. Its author Kavi Yogi Maharshi Shuddhananda Bharati is a born yogi, saint, inspired poet and an apostle of One God, One World, and One Humanity. He has extensively studied and travelled all over the world and he has treasured his experiences in five Cantos thrilling with spiritual ecstasy and poetic harmony. This monumental work, written during a silence of 25 years, can be placed among masterpieces like the works of Valmiki, Vyasa, Kalidasa, Kamban, Valluvar, Homer, Dante, Virgil, Racine, Shakespeare and Milton. The basic story is a spiritual allegory into which the saintly author weaves elegantly the lives and teachings of the ancient and modern prophets, and heroes like Rama, Krishna, Shivaji, Ramadasa, Guru Nanak, Guru Tegh Bahadur, Guru Gobind Singh, Pratap Singh, Shankara, Ramanuja, Dayananda, Ramakrishna, Ramana, Aurobindo, Buddha, Mahavira, Jesus, Muhammad, Zoroaster, Gandhiji and sages of Vedic and Agamic traditions. The hero, like the author, lives all religions and Yogas and discovers by deep meditation a Sama Yoga for the purity, unity, harmony and divinity of mankind and gives out a Gospel of Perfect Life.

He transforms the hostile forces of bloody wars and gives a new awakening to the atomic age, by uniting science and Yoga, East and West, the ideal and the practical, in equal harmony. He inaugurates a new collective life of integral peace, bliss, love, power and harmony. The style is mellifluous and gives a delightful reading. I hope the government and nations will recognise this seer poet and honour him while yet he is with us.

Prof. S. Viraswami Pathar



With the blessings of Shuddhananda Bharati

## Blessings

### The Courageous Cultural Lamp

V.V.S. Aiyar - Varahaneri Venkatesa Subramaniam Aiyar

(also known as V.V.S. Iyer)

The reputation of our motherland Bharath (India), which has been the repository of valorous life, learning and knowledge from times immemorial till yesterday, is an unfathomable ocean. We can boldly say, the one endowed with capabilities of plunging into such an ocean is the poet-saint Sri Shuddhananda Bharati. He is the greatest of yogis, who has dedicated his entire life for penance. He is leading a spiritual life, and introspecting about the secrets of spirituality. He is also devoutly practising them. He has studied the ancient history and the latest history of our country, India, with great interest, devotion and faith. He has authored many books in Tamil. Even though he holds responsible positions in “Tamil Gurukulam” and “Bala Bharati”, if he has the time and ability to continuously create such a wonderful literary masterpiece, it must be attributed to the brilliance of celibacy and his yogic way of life. The scholars and rasikas of Tamil Nadu must delve into the nectarine sweetness of this epic.

Sri. P. Adimoorthy, the poet-friend from Kashi had written to Aiyar inquiring about this book. In his letter to him, Aiyar has written thus:

Sri Shuddhananda Bharati is a wonderful poet par excellence, leading the life of a sage. Poet-saint! It is as if his words emerge, purified by his penance. He has read with great interest the greatest epics of the world, the life history of many brave men, histories of many countries (more importantly, the history of our motherland India). Right from his childhood, he has exhibited poetic abilities, which have been ever growing. We can get a glimpse of how the great poets of yonder would have written great epics like the *Ramayana*, *Mahabharata*, *Bhagavata* and *Illiad*, by studying the life of Shuddhananda.

He takes very little natural food. He manages his work as the editor of Bala Bharati and teacher in the Gurukulam with ease; the rest of the time, he is constantly in meditation and whatever divine inspiration he gets from time to time, he keeps writing them. Even at night, his pen goes into non-stop writing. The best and the immortal of all his creations is this *Bharata Shakti*. This is a wonderful piece of literature, written as per the rules of great epics. It has earned undying fame for the Tamil language. This great epic of *Bharata Shakti* can be rightly deemed as “The first great epic written in Tamil after a gap of many centuries: the best of poetry”. Bharati conveys his gratitude for speaking highly of this work.

I am sure that though its significance is not known at present, in future the whole world will recognize and glorify this great epic. It encompasses such a vast and noble concept that people of all religions and all countries will be drawn towards it. What my dear friend Sri Shuddhananda Bharati says is: “I have verily extracted the essence of my whole life and transformed it into *Bharata Shakti*.” It is indeed absolutely true. Staying in his presence, I realize day in and day out that “This is indeed his life”.

Tamil Gurukulam  
Cheramadevi  
Va.Ve.Su. Aiyar  
11-5-1923

## Translator's notes

When Sri Rambharati came to my house, introduced by a common friend, and wanted me to take up the work of English verse translation of Kavi Yogi Suddhananda Bharati's epic, the *Bharata Sakti*, I was initially very reluctant. It was mainly on account of the enormous size of the job - the translation in English verse of 50,000 lines of Tamil poetry. I was nearly 70 and I had already done quite a bit of the translation work.

But Sri Rambharati's persistence finally wore my resistance down and I accepted the commission. I worked hard for the best part of two years and completed the work to my satisfaction. Sri Rambharati was most helpful all through, providing me secretarial assistance. Indeed, along with the progress of the work, our friendship grew; I began to see the total dedication of the man to the objective of spreading Kavi Yogi's works throughout the world.

Apart from this benefit, I began to enjoy the work, for the *Bharata Sakti* is, in many senses, an encyclopaedia of what is lasting, of perennial value in the literature and the traditions of the country. And the Kavi Yogi commanded a beautiful poetic style, most ideally suited for the subject matter chosen. He did not confine his scope to Tamil and Sanskrit poetry; he took material from North Indian lore, from the Sikh tradition and the annals of Rajasthan. He has woven the philosophy of Shankara and the thoughts of the Saiva Siddhantists of the Tamil land into the epic; the teachings of the Maharashtian saints like Ramdas and of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda are ably presented here.

The hero is fashioned as a noble, selfless idealist who is prepared to quit his throne so that he might gather more spiritual wisdom. His wanderings described in the third canto are a vital part of his education through which he quickly reaches maturity, developing a rare blend of philosophical insight and practical administrative ability. Such people do not exist in this world; they live only in the pages of creative literature. This is true; but such an ideal hero is

very necessary for the prophet-poet to paint, in a large canvas, all that is noble and lofty in our traditions. For it was clearly not his intention to spin out a story that pleases for the moment. It was his grand purpose, developed and nourished over a long lifetime to rouse the world from its age long stupor, to lead it on to savour the bliss of the spirit without limit of time, disdaining the illusory and transient titillations of the senses and the mind.

Kavi Yogi had this grand design before him; and fortunately for the world he had considerable gifts of poesy and a capacity for hard work, undiminished by the arret of age. He wrote an amazingly large number of books. Quite a few of his writings await publication. A grateful public that knows what is good for it should make it possible for these also to come out in print before the manuscripts are lost or the writing fades out due to the ravages of time.

I hope earnestly for a wide dissemination of the Kavi Yogi's lofty ideas in the western world through the means of this and other translations of his works. May such dissemination lead to a lasting peace in the strife-torn world of today and may such peace bear fragrant blossoms of fraternal feelings and universal tolerance and amity and goodwill among men!

Mr. A. V. Subramaniam

## Introduction

### *Bharata Shakti Mahakavyam*

A scientific theory is named after the discoverer - e.g. Raman Effect, Compton Effect, Hertzson Waves, etc. The rishis and yogins of Bharat have developed a dynamic energy by hard spiritual disciplines. This energy of Yogic force is called 'Bharata Shakti'. Bharata Shakti is the fountain of peace, bliss, light, love and cosmic energy. Ancient India, by this Bharata Shakti, commanded the respect of the world. The yoga that generates this Shakti fell and hence India also fell into dark slavery. India's force is Yogic Force – Bharata Shakti. To re-discover this Divine Force and cherish it in the collective life of the nation is the way of regaining the lost paradise.

The *Bharata Shakti Mahakavyam* is a spiritual epic that sings the evolution of this Bharata Shakti, through allegorical characters and its victory over the hostile asuric forces. It brings within its scope the entire achievement of the human intellect from the Vedic age to the atomic age. It endeavours to build a Spiritual Socialism for humanity. The life and inspired teachings of the world's prophets, sages, poets, heroes, the essence of all religions, yogas and philosophies, luminously interwoven into head of the pure Sama Yogin (Shuddha), achieve a world-transformation and victory over the impure forces of Mavali and Kali. Shakti-Gowri, Satya, Bharata Muni, Shanta and other divine forces help the pure force. They follow the *Yoga Siddhi* or the *Gospel of Perfect Life*, which is a collection of the truths realised by four hundred yogins. *Bharata Shakti* is a monumental work on the psychology of human evolution. Now let us see the story briefly. The whole story is told in five Cantos of 50,000 lines.

### Canto four: Satyan at Danavam

Bhoga tells Satyan, how the Danavas rose to power. Danavam is the lower vital egoistic world. Danavas, born to the ancient Bhoga and the titaness Maya, are hostile forces that thwart the divine



advent. They multiply by promiscuous intercourse, like germs of an epidemic, only to dominate and vitiate humanity. Mavali and Analan are the present Danava kings, titans of indomitable strength and inordinate egoism. They challenged even the heavens. They landed on the moon and Mars in space-ships. Mavali abducted Sundari from Srikaram and married her by force and got a fine daughter called Shakti. She was the spirit of Gowri reborn for the service of Shuddha. Sukra, the eccentric guru, inflamed Mavali to conquer Bharat and the world.

Bhoga and Satyan landed by plane on the shores of the Danavam. They buried their plane in a sandy bush and went into the land. They met two shepherds and learnt from them particulars about Mavali and Sundari. They walked through the streets and saw drunken bouts and lovers' quarrels. They saw the slogans of "Muscle is might, Mavali is great" written everywhere.

A sudden fog covers the scene. They shelter in the pial of Sundari. They see a procession of titans with Kali leading a military troop with terrible weapons, shouting "Kill and rule! Victory to our will! God is nil!" They march to the ship bound for Bharat.

Satyan was dimayed. Bhoga sings now a song dear to Sundari. Sundari suddenly arrives, salutes her guru, takes both into the house. They make a secret arrangement to win the heart of Mavali by music. Bhoga plays the flute and Satyan sings. When they come out, both are arrested and imprisoned. In the prison they sing and sing. Sundari pleads for those artists. Mavali orders the artists to play during his Bal dances. He makes plans with his ministers to conquer the world. Simultaneously, his brother Analan too starts the campaign of world conquest. Mavali devises plans to annul his brother's expansionist ideas. Sukra advises him to demoralise and dominate Bharat, which is the only centre of God-Force. Mavali sends terrible hostile asuras to Bharat under the head of Dhumaketu to help Kali first, and then to imprison him and capture the whole country. Kali, Mohi and Vikalpa start a campaign of ruining religion and culture to demoralise Bharat.

Here, in Danavam, Satyan and Bhoga by music and art win the heart of Mavali. Sundari's daughter Shakti learns to play the vina from Satyan. Shakti reveals herself as Gowri reincarnate for Shuddha. She assures the victory of Yogi Shuddha, here and there. She plays the tunes and songs liked by Mavali, and gets donations to start an art university in a beautiful place at the foot of a hill watered by a river. Bhoga gets professors for the university from all parts of the world, from Bharat, Srikaram, Syamalam, and they form a secret society to transform the Danavas and make a spiritual conquest. Shuddha is sending yogic force to Shakti and she radiates it to the Kalamandir down the Golden Hill, fed by the Diamond River. Danava ladies join the Kalamandir in large numbers. They stop taking wine, Bal dance, debauchery, polyandry and other evil habits and reform their husbands too. The devotional songs and moral teachings of Satyan spread widely. Bhoga teaches yoga. All feel the thrill of a delightful presence. Shakti and Sundari attain yogic perfection and the force of Shuddha descends upon them. The art temple starts scientific industry and manufactures secret radios and television sets by which they keep themselves in close communion with Shuddha and Siddhinagar, and also Analan, who is a friend of Sundari. To please Mavali, the artists stage military features. But spies give out to him about the spiritual activities of the artists and the moral purity of their associates. For the Bal room is scarcely attended by ladies and the liquor revenue is decreasing.

Analan, the political rival of Mavali, starts another Art Temple in his capital, patronising Satyan-Bhogan-Sundari-Shakti and friends. Let us call them the Four. Dumati carries tales against them to Mavali, who smells their moral atmosphere everywhere. Spies send false reports, colouring them as the allies of Analan and foes of Mavali. The enraged Mavali bombards the Art Temple and turns the cannon's mouth towards Satyan and Bhogan. Sundari boldly challenges him, Shakti stands at the mouth of the cannon. Mavali suddenly swoons and so do the Danavas by a divine power. Next day, Mavali arrests and imprisons Satyan and Bhogan. Sundari starts satyagraha before the prison-house near the place. She is

arrested. Shakti continues the satyagraha in spite of Mavali's entreaties. She fasts and sings the glory of Shuddhan. Mavali threatens to shoot her. The women of Danavam protest; even men rise in rebellion. Mavali massacres the insurgents. Analan sends war planes into Danavam. He bombs the prison, rescues Satyan and Bhogan with Sundari and Shakti and takes them off to Analan. Bhoga finds his plane and keeps it ready. War breaks out between Mavali and Analan. Analan, while helping Sundari and Shakti, tries to seduce them and force them to marry him. They speak about Shuddha and Analan vows to conquer Bharat and kill its saviour. Bhogan sees the danger of living with an asura. Analan leads an air-raid to Danavam. Just at that time Bhogan-Satyan-Sundari and Shakti fly off to Srikaram and the king of that Isle, Sundari's father, welcomes them all with tears of joy. They stay there for a few days and then go straight to the Himalayas to see Shuddha.

Author's notes

## The epic, *Bharata Shakti*

### The rise of the epic

At dawn, when the rays of the rising sun  
Cool and pleasant, embraced the river,  
The Kaveri with tender love,  
When the notes of the flute of the New Epoch  
Merged with the Aum chant brought by the wind,  
When green and fruitful nature smiled  
A smile of sweetness and of grace,  
Under heaven's canopy,  
When meditation, the bird, took wing  
And rose, enwrapped in the dream of heaven,  
I saw the vision of *Bharata Shakti*.  
This was how the epic grew -  
My dreams took the story shape,  
Stories blossomed into poetry  
Which got enlivened into colourful paintings  
And these in the end turned out to be  
An exegesis of the three-fold qualities  
By which the living world is bound.  
The words, "My father, the lord of Uma  
The splendid lustre of grace" arose  
And merging with the breeze from the river  
Became a three-fold Tamil work -  
Of prose, poetry and stageable play.  
I sat meditating and comprehended  
The inner essence, in hills and woods  
And on banks of rivers, and of ponds,  
In temples and in holy cottages.  
I found the basic spiritual truth  
To be the root, the hearts of the great

The branches, yoga, the opening blossom  
And delectation, the fruit of the work,  
The great epic which has as the object  
The attainment of the life complete,  
And composed it, chapter by chapter,  
Revising it four times over.

Readers may verify what has been said  
In the light of their own inner experience.  
The five cantos into which the work  
Has been divided are the five big states.

Many were the learned who praised the work.  
The Siddha, blessed with divine wisdom,  
Pronounced it to be a world-class epic.  
The cuckoo among poets called it good,  
The lamp of valour heard it with pleasure  
And praised it as a great and worthy poem.  
The great sage listened with pleasure to it  
And the modern yogin proclaimed it good,  
And the philosopher-yogin termed it a piece  
Of great poetry, deathless, immortal.  
I put the finishing touches to the work  
By introducing here and there  
The truth that was born of experience -  
The spiritual one I got in the quiet  
Of the Institute of the Yoga of Union  
At Madras which had just conducted  
The world conference of the lovers of Tamil.

The world has become a jungle of riot,  
Excited by differences;  
Urged by passionate, excessive desires,  
With the mind confused by a limitless ego  
With relations fouled by rivalries  
And petty jealousies, fraudulent acts.  
Men with their minds fully polluted

Spend their lifetime in arsenals  
And lose their lives in pools of blood  
Through the orgies of mindless violence.  
And, in recent times, men have become  
Blood-thirsty vampires hurling the dread  
Atom bomb to kill each other  
In holocausts - this horror should cease!  
This *Bharata Shakti* which instils in us  
The yoga of union is the only source  
From which men can learn the way  
Of how to live on the earth, attaining  
The state of celestial beings; for this,  
The mind should get reformed, upgraded;  
The whole species should refine itself,  
Get purged of passion, anger, illusion.  
With the mind at all times steeped in joy  
And the world rendered productive;  
This yoga of union should instruct mankind  
The principle of a single divinity  
For all living things, that all their bodies  
Constitute the temple, the home of that God.  
With this yoga of union becoming  
The heart-throb, if men can learn to live  
With purity inside and outside too,  
Fearless, with a deep comprehension  
Of one's rights, reaching the level of the gods,  
Then, it shall constitute the way of life  
That *Bharata Shakti* can create in all.  
I desired deeply to arouse again  
That power which the perfected yogins  
Of Bharat defined through their penance  
And thereby, revive the Vedic flavour  
And the godly air permeating.  
I endeavoured to create an epic  
Which shall provide a tool for us

To help create that rule of the gods  
Which prophets all so longed to see,  
And bring into being a new epoch  
Through the help of the emancipated,  
Of the noble men who have attained peace  
Through the truthful pure energy -  
An epic that shall establish  
That there is only one God, and under  
The protective heavenly umbrella  
All life is one and indivisible  
And through these messages create for us  
Everlasting beatitude.  
Those that study this epic shall  
Attain the fruit of virtuous deeds.  
This epic shall reform the world  
Through the power of the truthful saints  
Of all-round purity, by the active efforts  
Of the Association of Yoga, routing  
The power of weaponry wielded by  
The wicked and the mighty men,  
Fell the might of satanic forces  
Through ways of peace and establish  
The rule of kindly grace on earth,  
Upgrade men into supermen  
And women into spheres of Pure Energy  
And bring into being as a way of life  
The yoga of union which enables  
The merger of the life of all things alive.  
Through these dreams that a poet dreams  
May I have the *Bharata Shakti*  
As my life-force and the minds of men -  
Of all the men as my physical body  
May I, living everlastingly  
Coeval with the holy heavens  
Serve in the world for the good of all

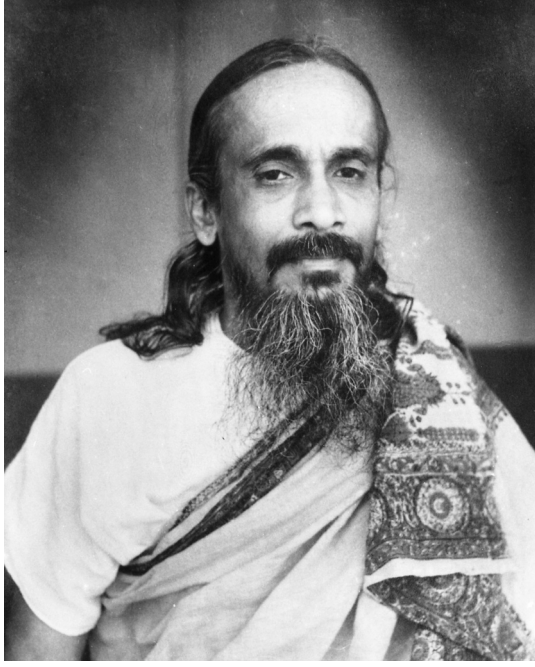
And may Pure Energy make this happen!  
I have tasted joy by chanting this;  
May this world share my bliss!  
My life has been unfolding  
In the manner designed by  
The Pure Energy that stimulates all,  
To act and think at all times  
In all places as it designs.  
I studied many a heavy tome  
And composed works of literature  
To clear my mind, to know much more,  
To derive mental joy; O world!  
This shall help you to attain that bliss!

### The benefits of studying this work

This epic shall on all its students  
Confer valour, a comprehension  
Of Pure Energy and spiritual courage  
That goes with spiritual enlightenment,  
The benefits of a good education  
And all kinds of wealth and prosperity.  
It shall guide you to attain perfection  
To lead the life of heavenly beings.  
May therefore the entire world  
Study with diligence this *Bharata Shakti*!

Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati  
Yoga Samaj, 11-5-1969





Kavi Yogi Maharishi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

## Canto 4

### Satyan at Danavam

#### Salutation to the Power of India

India's Power waxes mighty, strong  
In the tongues of poets gifted, in the hearts  
Of noted men of action, in the hands  
Of men of valour, in the yogic might of those  
That, having conquered the senses five, have found  
Peace and quiet - may that matchless Power  
Shower on me the gift of flowing poesy!

Let us worship the Grace of the Ultimate  
That, transmuting, takes the form of the sun  
And the sea and the wind and the cloud that bears  
Rains and the crop, the body and the life,  
Becomes the common ground of all that is,  
Becomes the two, and the three and all, remains  
The Lord and master, the matchless One beyond!

The sons of Satan, ego embodied,  
Had assumed that the world in total was  
Their own serfdom and with their army's help  
Had been trampling under foot the dharma  
Of eternal relevance. Now listen to the story  
Of how Suddhan dispelled the confusion  
And weakness in the minds of men and broke  
The might of the men of darkness and of evil  
And brought into practice a number of welfare projects  
So as to ensure joy and peace in the world.

## 1. The Coming of Bhogar

Birds warbled the pleasant breeze  
caressed lovingly  
The song of the cascades rushing down;  
the sound of conches being blown  
Could be heard in the quiet of the morning.  
The noble men of piety  
Chanting: "I am Suddha, the Lord"  
sat in a circle there.  
When rose the sun after giving leave  
to the moon, rousing the blooms  
On the lotus stems with his golden smile,  
the men of penance sat  
Before their pure preceptor, Suddhan,  
in the deepest meditation  
And they attained their fullest glory  
with the bliss of the soul, flooding.  
These pure men who belonged to  
the Assembly of Equal Yoga  
Had immersed themselves in the flood  
of the life-giving energy, born  
Of the yoga perfect, showered by him -  
Suddhan, the king of donors.  
They shone forth like gold burnished;  
are there words to paint  
The bliss that flooded their noble hearts  
from their meditation?  
These sages after imbibing  
The Power of Consciousness  
Shone with bliss like hungry men  
who could dine on nectar,  
Like a child that comes crawling  
after its mother's nursing  
And like the patriots who had won

freedom for their country.  
With Aum resounding like the buzz  
of bees, the Master sat  
At his spell of meditation  
and envisioned the Lord,  
The source of all bliss, then told the group  
of sages: "Listen with care!"  
And began to narrate to their joy,  
the vision he had seen.

### Shuddhan

"Lions of deep and mature penance!  
We have had the unique fortune  
Of inheriting the power of India  
Now we have to direct our efforts  
To better the lot of the rest of the world,  
To help them to taste the grace of freedom.

"We have gained perfection  
In the field of the soul; let us now strive  
To share it with the world that is surrounded  
By deep oceans, selecting the places  
Best fitted for us to work in.  
The only use of flooding waters  
Is to irrigate and nourish the crop.

"The wicked denizens of Satan's land  
Under Kaliyan are perpetrating  
Atrocities past bearing.  
The best way of controlling  
The boiling water in a vessel heated  
Is to withdraw the burning faggots.

"In this country where the Moral Order  
Hoary, ancient, was holding sway,  
The sons of Satan established

Their tyrannical rule. Let the men  
With yoga practice go to their isle  
And help our cause, through strenuous efforts.

“My father went and settled there  
And performed measures of service sweet,  
Bearing in patience all the troubles  
The wicked natives gave him there,  
And quietly changed and attitude  
Of the acrimonious Satan’s offspring.  
There happens to be a child of Power  
In their habitat, luckily for us.  
Some of you should quickly get  
Organised, proceed to the isle and tell  
My father what’s happening here  
And reinforce his good work there.”

When Suddhan said this, those assembled  
Cried out: “With your blessings we shall  
Do as you command!” A suitable group  
Was hand-picked by the preceptor,  
Who gave it the command: “Now proceed!”

### The Coming of Bhogar

As these were going on,  
    the sacred Bhogar came  
In his aeroplane  
    and landing, walked up, saying:  
“Pure one, may you flourish!”  
    The trainees gathered there,  
Surprised, shouted welcome;  
    Suddhan, in happiness  
Embraced the new arrival;  
    the sage comprehending  
The sage of his own ilk  
    and wishing the mission’s success

Told Suddhan all  
that had happened, adding:  
“O hermit of deep penance,  
I accompanied Satyan  
And helped him to settle there  
in Satan’s murky isle!”  
Suddhan said, replying:  
“My mind is filled with joy!  
Your joining us today  
ensures our victory!  
O light of hard penance  
narrate to me how  
And when my father went  
and descended on the isle.”

Bhogar, pleased, began  
to narrate to all present  
How they flew to the isle  
of the gloomy sons of Satan,  
Performed wondrous deeds,  
welding the new with the old.  
I shall presently give  
all he said, in verse.

## 2. Samalam

Bhogar

“Pure one, listen to what happened -  
You, who have taught the wondrous path  
By which, through yoga, the world will be saved,  
To those that thirst for it, through words  
Of surpassing sweetness, through useful deeds,  
When Kaliyan escaped, flying fast,  
Your father could spot the aeroplane.  
On his noticing an aeroplane,

Satyan went and attacked it  
And saw it drowning in the sea.  
He also saw how Kali's plane,  
Speeding up like a typhoon, went  
And quickly vanished from his view.

The noble one, puzzled at the happenings,  
Unable to say where the plane could have gone,  
Examined the sky in all directions  
And, in anguish, brought his plane to the ground  
Chanting the mantra: "Hail Aum Shakti!"

Satyan, along with Sura and others,  
On landing on Samala Island, thus,  
Received a warm welcome from  
Santiman, the loving, with wreaths of flowers.  
The island was fertile, pleasant, with  
Cattle wealth, where cuckoos warbled.

The natives under Santiman  
Lauded Satyan, saying: "Sire,  
We are indeed fortunate,  
Our land has truly been saved today!"

Santiman

"The ghoulish sons of wicked Satan  
Have been harassing us, no end.  
You attacked and damaged their plane,  
You came as redeemer to our blasted lives!  
Welcome to you, father of Suddhan,  
May you live well, for long years!"

Satyan

"I did fell a plane, as you say;  
But I allowed a coming plane,  
With all the evil Satan's children,

To escape; so if I have to guard  
My self-respect and the Moral Order  
I have to search for these men of evil  
And discover them, if I am really keen  
To perform fully my bounden duty.

“Santiman, I have been much worried  
About how I should fight and root out the ego  
Of these men of evil with their senses astray,  
Who follow the path of the densest gloom,  
Disseminate the path of divine love  
And establish peace on spacious earth.  
Please help me in this by extending  
Your cooperation in crossing the sea.”

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