

Dr. Shuddhananda
Bharati

The Magic Weapon
of Shiva

Tamil Drama



ASSA
Editions

Preface

Poets and composers, in multitudes, since the earliest times of history have enriched our literature and music. Because of such great personalities, our culture and religion has flourished. In the recent times, the great poet Shuddhananda Bharati, a boon of God to our country, contributed substantially to that genre. He was both a poet (Kavi) and a Yogi and fittingly adored as 'Kaviyogi'. He was an outstanding poet and has left innumerable lyrics; many of them have already been popularized by great singers. Since he was well versed in music, his songs bear both lyrical and musical beauties. They tend to offer much scope for enhancing the musical subtleties for those who wish to tune them. He was equally a scholar in French besides Sanskrit and Tamil. With his spiritual bent of mind from an early age, he lived for some years in Pondicherry. His songs are in praise of many deities, Nature and so on. With lilting poetry, his songs were published by himself. Now, all his works have been compiled once again and published, a very essential service to humanity. I hope that those who are really interested in knowing or practising meritorious songs on religion, Yoga and so on will surely be benefited by this publication of his works by the Editions ASSA (Aum Shudha Shakti Aum) by Christian Piaget in L'Auberson, Switzerland.

Dr. Mangalampalli BalamuraliKrishna

Padma Vibushan

Chennai, 17 July 2011

Editor's Notes

The Magic Weapon of Shiva

This Tamil drama, *The Magic Weapon of Shiva*, while having as its central theme the penance of Arjuna, also explores the philosophies of Saiva and Vaishnava groups. Divinity, devilry, the greatness of sages, the discipline of mankind, the expertise of warriors, kindness of God Krishna, the path for meditation and penance, detachment, the glories of prayer of Shiva, the mercy of God and the virtues of Nama Shivaya "The Panchakshari" - all these subjects are explained in this drama. Tamil Land has great sacred virtues. Here the first prayer goes to the sages; they were the ones who guided us by disciplining the social life, with wise books, arts and good conduct. They guarded the society, established duties, and created brave warriors. When these scholarly, selfless sages lived among us, doing their penance and guiding the society, India attained a glorious state. During that time education, industry, art, trade, politics, good conduct and bravery reached to great heights. The famous texts written in this golden age still guide us. Great people exuded greatness; they guided those who sought their help to realise God; they trained the kings in administration, control of senses and divinity. They elevated the social life to higher levels. Behind the renaissance of our land, we see the hand of these great men. The inner power of Ramadasa inspired Shivaji to do great things. Vivekananda became a universally respected philosopher, because of the influence of sage Ramakrishna Paramahansa. With his divine power, guru Gobind rou-

sed the religious sentiments of his disciples. Those who do penance are doing their duty. Penance not only helps to build up inner strength, but also helps to succeed in politics. Arjuna, by getting the advice of sage Vyasa did penance in the Himalayas and acquired the divine weapon from God Shiva, demolished the army of Kauravas in the battle of Bharath, and established justice. This drama was written by keeping the *Vana Parva* of *Mahabharata* of Vyasa, the Tamil *Mahabharata*, *Kirathrunia* of Bharavi, *Bhagavad Gita*, and *Shiva Jnana Bodam* as basic sources.

A warm thank you to Daye Craddock for her help in careful editing of this book, and to Dr. Balamuralikrishna, a great Carnatic vocalist and multi-instrumentalist, for his preface. He is also acclaimed as a poet, composer and respected by all Indian classical musicians for his knowledge of Carnatic music. We arranged for him a tour of Indian Carnatic music and dance in Switzerland in 1992.

It is a real pleasure for me to present *The Magic Weapon of Shiva* to you. Thank you, Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for having transmitted *The Magic Weapon of Shiva* to us. With the blessing of *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum* and the blessing of Shiva.

Christian 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

11th May 1897 – 7th 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 three 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 of peace, happiness and prosperity! Let the beauty and greatness of soul of Dr. Bharati Shuddhananda bloom and scent the entire Earth of its divine message and his spiritual and unifying benefactor!

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Characters

1. The five Pandavas - Dharmaputra, Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva;
Draupadi, Kunti and Subhadra
Krishna, sage Vyasa, Vidura, Maitreyar.
Indira, Parvathi, Shiva, Apsaras (celestial women).
2. Dhritarashtra, Duryodhana, Uncle Sakuni,
Dushasana, Mukasura
3. Army, hunters, Brahmin, sage, servants etc...

Place

Hastinapur, Kamika Forest, Himalayas, Indralok.



The Magic Weapon of Shiva

First Act

Scene I

Maitreyar, Vidura

(A wild river on the way to Hastinapur. Sun is rising. Maitreyar, after bathing in the river, having completed his morning meditation, is worshipping the sun god.)

Maitreyar: Om! Praise be to Surya! (sun god)

“Let the world prosper, truth and justice prevail!

Let the evil fall. Goodness shine!

Let the divine justice rule; kindness, intelligence and happiness!

Surround everywhere! All hearts shine with pure power.”

Shiva Surya, you are pure. Your rays are powerful. You are the eyes of the world, light, witness to all happenings. If you do not rise, light, heat, rain, crops, and life of living beings cannot survive. The king of light, the bestower of the four riches - justice, wealth, happiness and heaven - the life flame of arts, remove the inner darkness of human beings! Everywhere you spread your rays equally; in the same way, in the world you nourish, the equality of religion should spread. The architect of the world destroy the crooked nature of humans! Bestow beauty and kindness on life! Hail Shiva Sun!

(Worships, Vidura comes.)

Vidura: Om! Praise be to God Narayana!

“Praise be to the greatness of the sacred scholar!
Perish blind and evil men!
The sweet light be nourished on earth!
Let the deeds of Krishna meet with success!”

Hare Krishna! Hare Krishna!
Krishna, Krishna, Hare Hare!

Mait: Oh... Vidura, where are you going?

Vidura: Namō Nama, to the forest! You sir?

Mait: To the kingdom. What is there to do in the forest?
You are a saint.

Vidura: What is there for saints in Duryodhana’s kingdom? Saints’ kingdom is the forest where the Pandavas live. Duryodhana’s kingdom is the real forest, where tigers and foxes live. Why, do you, a great sage, go towards Hastinapur? All the Brahmins and sages stay with Dharmaputra.

Mait: I am just coming from there.

Vidura: What business does a cow have in the bushes of tigers? What goodness can a swan get from an eagle?

Mait: Vidura, you are an upright person, did the evil doer hurt you too? Ha! Have you not informed your brother Dhritarashtra about these atrocities?

Vidura: Sage, I told him, I told him! “Brother, your son Duryodhana cheated Dharmaputra in the evil

gambling game, took away his kingdom, humiliated him and banished them to the forest. Justice too went along with them. All the good people are shedding tears, seeing this injustice and seek out Pandavas. This is no longer a kingdom; it is only a graveyard, where there is no justice, compassion or sage! This devil, this Duryodhana, has come to ruin your kingdom and the dynasty! I told you to kill him even when he was born; now, this evil man has grown into a big venomous serpent and has become the death of the Kuru dynasty. Brother, how terrible! This devil of a man ordered his brother to drag Queen Draupadi and bring her to the assembly of kings and then stripped her in front of all! This type of evil deed, foolishness, atrocity and devilry cannot be found anywhere in the world! That day, Lord Krishna saved Draupadi from indignity. Tut! Tut! Tut! How could such worthless chaff, full of evil be born in the Kuru family? Brother, recall the Pandavas and restore their kingdom to them! Burn the flag of the serpent of the devil and restore the flag of justice in Hastinapur again." I told him thus, repeatedly.

Mait: You have spoken rightly. You are not a hypocrite. You must have advised Duryodhana too; did he not listen to you?

Vidura: Neither that blind fellow, nor that devil will listen to me! I told Dhritarashtra, "Are not the Pandavas too your children? Treat them well;" but he

was evasive, "That is correct. Still, is not Duryodhana my own son? How could I..." He went on like this and told me that he did not care whether I remained or went away. So, I prayed, "Ha Krishna! Only you can advise them; none will listen to a poor man like me" and left that land with a heavy heart. Now, I am heading towards the Pandavas. Only Krishna can make me come back, to that untruthful, unjust, and evil Hastnapur anymore.

Mait: Vidura, I am going to give a piece of my mind to Duryodhana, when I reach there.

Vidura: See, whether you have strong spiritual powers. Even if you put a snake in a pot of nectar, will its poison go? He does not respect anyone except Sakuni and Dushasana.

Mait: Let me see what I can do. Is it not our duty to fight for justice boldly when injustice prevails in the kingdom? I am going to do my duty and leave the outcome to God. What will Duryodhana be doing now?

Vidura: What will he be doing? Nothing much, except drinking with his uncle and behaving wildly... go and see!

Mait: I hasten! You too will go there soon. I will tell him your reasoning too. Om Shiva!

Vidura: Hail Narayana!

(Both go)

Scene II

Duryodhana, Sakuni

(Duryodhana's private chamber. Sakuni and Duryodhana looking pleased after banishing the Pandavas to the forest.)

Dur: Uncle, Ha ha ha! You have done a great job!

Sak: Your honour! (Duryodhana) Ha ha ha, you too did well!

Dur: How well it suits to call you uncle!

(He hugs him enthusiastically.)

Sak: The whole world will approve if you are addressed as "Your Honour".

Dur: Sani uncle... uncle... Shall I eat you like a pancake?

Sak: Be quiet; why do you call me 'Sani' (Satan)? Were you not the one who played Satan to the worm Dharma?

Dur: Uncle, uncle, uncle, my heart is filled with happiness when I look at you! The letter "Ku" in your name reminds me of the big one, Bhima, so I removed it from your name and made it "Sani". Even Pushkara who routed Nala in gambling is no patch on you. You are the lion among the gamblers, well done uncle! You have defeated my long standing enemies and reduced them to penury, with just the dice, without shedding a drop of blood or unsheathing the sword! Great! Well done uncle, well done!

(Pats him on the back enthusiastically.)

Sak: Hey! Careful, Your Honour! Is my back a drum or what?

Dur: Your back is my victory drum, your brain my staff, uncle, your dice wiped out my humiliation. Wait a kiss and a hug for the one who threw the dice.

(Hugs and kisses.)

Sak: Hey leave me! Your moustache pricks me like needles.

Dur: How could I leave you? If you were a woman I will just....., Ha, ha ha! You made her cry openly, the one who laughed at me! Uncle, you are my god. Uncle Sani, shall I lift you on my back like a horse? Come on, get up.

(He lifts him on his back.)

Sak: Enough of this, Your Honour! You did not succeed even after all these efforts! Her sari grew endless; your brother's hand slackened. The fury of the five Pandavas increased. Everyone is accusing you.

Dur: Did I not say, "Come, sit on my lap?" That is enough. This, in front of the giant Bhima! Where was his mace? Plucking fruit, I presume! The bow of the great archer too was sleeping. That naive, brother Dharma is timid, tame like a cow; he will not cry even if you beat him!

Sak: Your Honour, you came as a tiger upon that cow!

Dur: Uncle, I do not worry about the cow, I will consign it to the sacrificial fire. Listen to his philosophy: do not retaliate when someone beats you. Bless those who

curse you, offer ghee also to the one who steals rice; show the left cheek when slapped on the right, give the cap too, to the thief who steals the slippers. Leave the world itself if banished from the city. If an alien enters the house and abducts your wife, keep your cool, treating it as an act of god. Whatever happens consider them as justice, duty and divine order. I knew his philosophy even when we were at school. I am only scared of the giant of a man, Bhima.

Sak: Now that you have driven away all of them to the forest, why do you fear anymore?

Dur: You do not know about him uncle, he is very clever! Listen: when we were young, he would lift me above his head and swing me round. One day, I pushed him into the river till he was short of breath; but somehow, he escaped. I threw him in the Ganges, tying him up with ropes when he was asleep. He swam back to the shore, cutting himself free, shouting triumphantly. I made venomous snakes bite him; he crushed them with his feet like little worms. I gave him poison mixed with his food; he swallowed it all and burped. One day, I gave him a sweet poison and made him unconscious and bound him and threw him in the Ganges. I was sure he had died; but he went to the Naga land (serpent world), flirted with Naga girls, drank plenty of nectar and returned with the might of 10,000 elephants. I built a lacquer palace in Varanavada; when the army of Dharmaputra was sleeping there at night, I

set it on fire. The lacquer palace burnt to cinders in a minute. I was waiting on the banks of the Ganges to perform the funeral rites of the Pandavas with a certainty that all of them had died. The blind old man, my father, Bhishma, the bachelor grandfather, all were crying hoarse.

Sak: They cried thinking, if the great man Dharmaputra has died, even the sun will not rise in the world.

Dur: If you say “Great Man” it pains me. All of them silence me saying “Great man, Great man”. I was happy for some time thinking that the worthless Pandavas had been destroyed by the fire. One day, all of them came back, dolled up like bridegrooms and demanded, “Give us back our kingdom.” It is hurting me!

Sak: How did they escape from the lacquer palace?

Dur: It was all the conspiracy of ‘the great man’. The old man Vidura enticed Kanaka the builder of the palace, telling him the usual stories and made him construct a tunnel. When the palace started to burn, our strong man Bhima carried all the brothers through the tunnel and ran fast to the banks of the Ganges. There, Vidura was waiting with a boat. My enemies boarded the vessel, crossed to the other side, ran into the forest and escaped. I sent my spies in every direction. The Pandavas outwitted every one of them. Do you know what Bhima did? He killed Idumbasura in the forest, married his sister Idumbi and had a fat son called Gadodgajan. How do you like that?

Sak: Then, how have they come back to Hastinapur? The Duryodhana epic is interesting.

Dur: Uncle, listen! Those people deceived my spies, disguised as Brahmins they learnt the Vedas from sage of Saliya Gotra, and lived on alms. Even then, this strong man's arrogance did not diminish. He knocked out Bhagasura fatally and rolled him down like a ball. Then they went to Panchala country. There the contest for Draupadi's marriage was being held. The left-handed archer Arjuna smashed the fish contraption kept for the contest with just one shot of the arrow.

Sak: How did Panchali become the wife of all the five?

Dur: The holder of Gandipa (Arjuna) told Kunti, "Mother, I have brought a nice fruit." Kunti replied "All the five of you eat it." A girl had been trapped in the midst of the five sons, who are slaves of their mother. I also went to the contest and bent the bow. Karna too took the bow, but the conservative Panchalan prevented him. Saliyan, Jarasandhan, Karna and I could not bear the insult and mounted an attack. But the fellows in disguise won. We came back humiliated. These five fellows had come there also to compete with us; ha! You know how much I suffered, when I saw them as bridegrooms, the same fellows for whom I had performed the funeral service!

Sak: Then, how did they get back their kingdom?

Dur: Oh, the antiquated Vyasa and the old man Vidura brought them to this blind old man, negotiated between them, gave them half the kingdom and made them establish Indraprastha. Whatever mud is falling into my mouth is thrown by the hands of great old men.

Sak: Ha, Your Honour, now that you have taken back Indraprastha, what does it matter anymore?

Dur: Uncle, all because of you. There is no great man to match you. I have still kept my moustache, because of you. I am an empty skull and you are the brain. Your dice made the Pandavas, whom I feared, poor. On my flag of a serpent I will paint dice. I will write "Uncle Sani" on it. You are a tiger, if provoked could you spare that cow without eating it? Still uncle, I cannot get over the insult when she (Draupadi) laughed that day.

(Dussasana comes.)

Dus: Another major problem! Brother, greetings.

Dur: Younger brother, what news?

Dus: Brother, father sent a messenger; the old man Vidura has returned. One sage too has come.

Dur: Oh God! Has he come back? There will be headache and more sermons; a sage too? How many yards of beard has he? All these fellows who have grown beards and have applied holy ash are coming over here to advise us.

Dus: Father asked me to take you there.

Dur: I will apply balm on my forehead. Advice of the old will bore me. Brother, come this side! Uncle on the right!

(Hugs them both and leaves.)

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