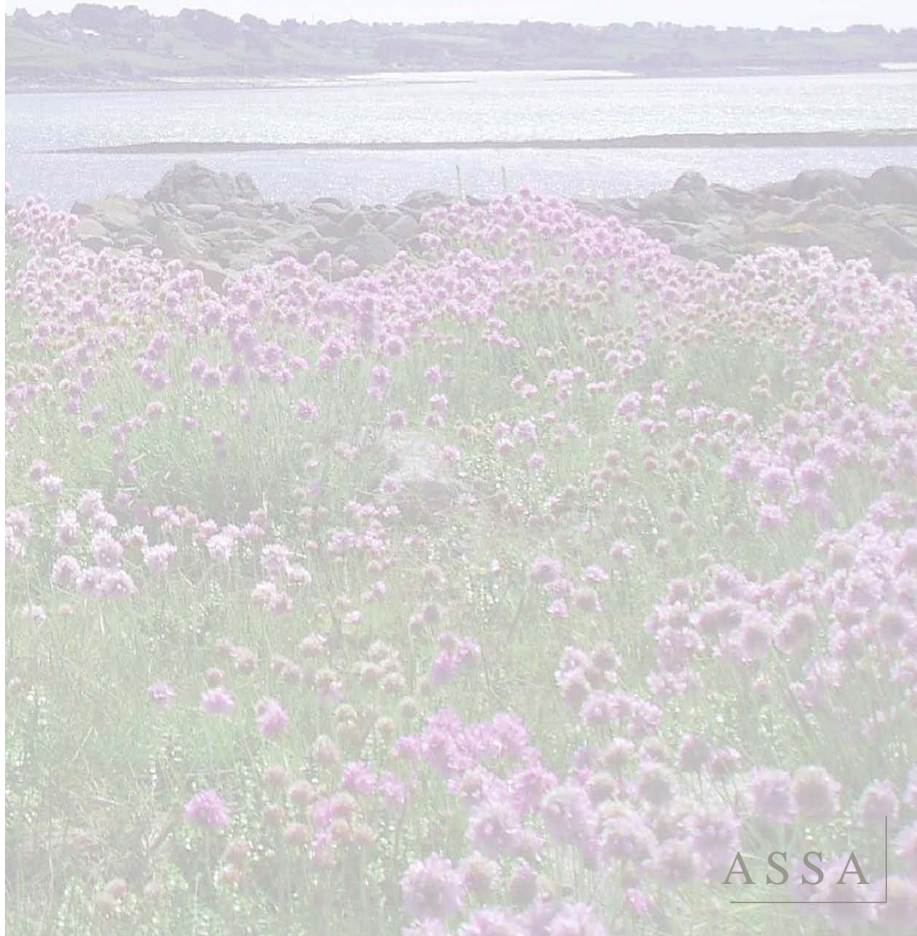
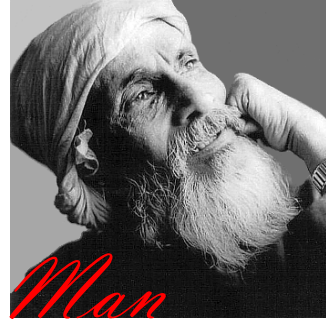


K. S. Ramaswamy
SASTRIAR

A Study



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Story of a Man

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A Study

*of all the works of
Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati*

Sri Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswamy Sastriar

Notes

This book was offered to the seer-poet, savant, yogi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati of Tamil Nadu, for his 50th Birthday, 11th May 1947. It was a well merited appreciation, this loving souvenir of the life and poetic genius of Seer-Poet Yogi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati, presented to him by the well-known and voluminous writer on Indian Art and Culture. This work reflects the purity of the poet's soul and the godly perfume of his soul-thrilling heart. It is a living picture of the Divine Spirit which sings in the poet. Let him live an Immortal among the Immortals that have elevated humanity to the heights of divinity!

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Christian Piaget – L'Auberson

Cover : Beach the Vougot in Bretagne

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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

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

**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 gasoline 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, *L'Ame Pèlerine (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!

That beauty and greatness of soul of Dr. Bharati Shuddhananda bloom and scent the entire earth with its divine message and his spiritual and unifying benefactor!

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Chapter I

I. A Great Poet

A great poet is no mere writer of verses. He is a creator of life and superlife and a revealer of the ideal gleaming through the real, of the Divine shining through Nature and man. He appears to be a dreamer of dreams, but in reality, he is a denizen of a world which is more real and bright and joyous than ours. He is "a priest to us all, of the wonder and bloom of the world." He is an explosive force who often breaks up the bad old world to build a brave new world. In a famous lyric Arthur O'Shanghnessy says:

*We are music makers
And the dreamers of the dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers
And sitting by desolate streams;*

*World-losers and world-forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams;
And yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.*

It is thus true that poets, while seeming to be gazing away from the real towards the ideal, are really helping to release the ideal from within the real and to build the Kingdom of God upon the common earth. As Shelley says in a famous passage in *The Defence of Poetry*:

"Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought."

"Poetry is the record of the best and the happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. Poetry reanimates the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world."

"Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati says in equally felicitous terms: "Poets are harbingers of the New Dawn, Koils of Renaissance, awakeners of new life in mankind and eye-openers of humanity. Poets are the sculptors of civilisation."

"True poetry is a mantra of the Real, dynamic song-thrill of Soul-Bliss. It is an immortal blossom of Divine communion which breathes with the aroma of

cosmic beauty and Nature's ecstasy. The true poet is poetry itself. He is the muse of Nature and the messenger of God in her heart. The poet's vision is far above the eyesight and the mind's vision. It is the soul's vision of the ensouled Divine. It gushes out of the inner fountain of bliss and flows into an ecstasy of beauty, emotion and rhythmic expression." Swamiji says further in his *Seer-Poet*:

"Poetry is the art of arts. The ear enjoys music, the eye painting and dancing. But something deeper is required to enjoy real poetry. The head, the heart and the soul must go together to live within oneself what the poet has embodied in his verse. Poetry is not an array of words set to a metrical beat. It is not a Johnsonian jingle. Poetry is a great formative power. It reveals the "One" in Man, Nature, and the universe of beings. The real poet is a messenger of truth and a mediator between life and the Spirit. His song falls in dizzying streams of flaming dreams, from the pinnacles of the secret spirit. The poet is a creator of the creative world. His words flow from the mystic height of cosmic consciousness to cherish earth and humanity in all the spheres of life; social, cultural, political, economic, aesthetic, moral, spiritual and educational. It kindles a creative emotion in the nation, animates it with a heroic fervour, and a sense of beauty and harmony, love and unity, and inspires dynamic progressive action and activities. The seer-poet's poems are forces of universal evolution."

Such a seer-poet is Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati and I regard the above delineation as admirably and appropriately applicable to his own poetry. Shuddhananda is a *born poet* and poetry is with him a natural passion and a natural realisation. He lisped in numbers and numbers came even while he was a little boy*. He sings:

*A mystic singer plays this flute and how, I do not know;
When the gentle scented zephyr plays prelude
To bird-voiced rosy dawn of peace;
When the occult smile that hangs on Aurora's lips
Kisses my silent wakeful self;
When the delightful rays of the rising sun
Strike the strings of my secret heart;
When the cosmic life plays before my eyes
In rapturous forms of men, women and children;
When the evening glory enchants my meditation,
When the star-gemmed book of eternal Knowledge
Opens above my soaring dreams
When the midnight hush calls my soul
To transcendent heights of bliss
A mystic singer plays this humble flute;
My songs, O friend, are His cadenced breath
Perfumed with the flowers of consecration.*

Shuddhananda's poetry is the flowering of his spirituality. It is the Gangetic flood which comes from the Himalayan heights of his heart. His entire life is a song-offering and he offers every blossom of his muse to the Universal Mother. He is a God-centric seer-poet. Here are a few flowers offered to God in Nature:

*My thoughts and words fail before Thy splendour
My human brush blushes before Thy wonder;
O sky-wide Self, life-embodied Awareness,
Silent Witness that watches me
Through the open eye-lids of day and night,
O Impersonal-Personal Lover,
Nature is Thy thrilling form,
Flowers are Thy winning smile,
Star-gems are Thy ornaments,
Rain-clouds are Thy compassion,
Torrents are Thy flood of Grace,
Koils echo Thy sweet voice;
Parrots speak Thy lovely words;
Fruits show us Thy hospitality.
Cosmic life is Thy ceaseless breath.
The fair sun-gold-smile of the coral dawn,
The gracious look of Thy sapphired-lotus eyes
Fishing for devoted hearts,
Thy universal Beauty inspiring the sweet divine arts
Of poesy, music, painting, dance, drama and sciences
O how Thy manifolded-Unique harmony of manifestation
Enraptures my Spirit! Hail God in Nature!
It is Thou that giveth expression to my speechless ecstasy.
Thou art my self, my song and the soul of my song-flood!
I surrender myself into Thy hands as an aspiring vina;
Tune my fervour into torrents of song-thrill, Divine Artist!*

The Master tuned the harp and the poet sings its bliss:

*Limitless is the joy of my heart;
My song-flood breaks all bounds;
My fervent love transcends words;
O Silence that creates the universe,
At the instance of Thy inner flute-call
My soul forgot past agonies;
My art became a nectared-thrill of the soul
Born of surging ecstasy.*

Poesy is "The honeyed-thrill of the Spirit," says our poet.

*A Study
of all the works of
Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati*

Carried out with the collaboration and help of Daye Craddock

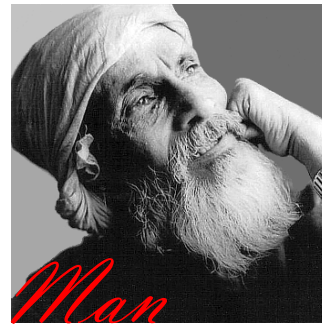
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Editions ASSA – Grand'Rue 180 – 1454 L'Auberson – Suisse

Phone : +41 (0) 24 454 47 07 Fax : +41 (0) 24 454 47 77

Email : info@editions-assa.ch

Web : www.editions-assa.ch