

Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

# Cosmic Riddles

A clear answer  
to the endless doubts  
and contradictions in life



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## Author's Notes

A clear answer to the endless doubts and contradictions in the life of men and women in this world. This is an answer to innumerable questions put to the enlightened author during his wide tours in the countries of the East and West.

Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

## Editor's Notes

*Cosmic Riddles* is an important work of Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati. Culture, as many artists understand it, unifies the people and enters them through song, literature, cinema, theatre, etc. Many messages pass from this fact by the culture.

Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati had already understood this strongly a long time ago and made a point in his work of underlining it.

The harmony of the religions is a second important plan for the future of the men and the women of this world. The future belongs to a common denominator, which rejoins and not divides society.

But let us return to *Cosmic Riddles*. This is an approach to the relation between man and God. It contains a perceptible description and specifies many of the riddles of existence to help human beings to an understanding.

The content of the book is an explanation of the journey from birth to death until we find the Divine in Oneself, which is the source, the course and the resource of life.

Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati wrote this work in South India, in Madras (Chennai). His great knowledge, as well as cultural and spiritual insight, is very interesting and opens innumerable doors for us.

*Cosmic Riddles* gives us the possibility of apprehending in a more direct way, spiritual dimension by an awakening and an interior research. It is a real help for any evolution,

enabling us to integrate happiness and peace inside us with inspiration and wisdom for a noticeable improvement of our existence.

The need to become aware now of the unity of heart to heart, of man to man is of primary importance for the future of humanity.

To connect microcosm with the macrocosm and to become One on the whole planet are the projections to come from the vision from Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati.

Few changes are necessary, each one keeps their own identity and their belief, but develops inside themselves a union with the Divine One which is our true being. We all breathe the same air! Oxygen filling our lungs and making us live is similar for us all!

Our common destiny is of living still a long time under this celestial canopy! With us to improve the daily life of it!

Good reading. How each one discovers what interests them in this first publication of *Cosmic Riddles*!

Christian Piaget



## 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 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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## Introduction

### Riddle of existence

*Your heart seizes my heart  
Your eye of my vision  
Your love smiles in the flower  
Of my aspiration*

*Your flame lights my action  
O Divine Energy!  
Your sky directs my passion  
O Cosmic harmony*

*You lead without agitation  
My destiny towards peace  
Swimming in contemplation  
I make your Will*

*My being is supported  
As a star in the air  
By a subtle ether  
Which comes from an Unknown*

*I do not have only You  
That I recognized well Aum  
For You Shiva, my King*

*Aum Jaya Aum,  
Aum Sivam Aum*

Life is an immortal stream of progressive consciousness. It struggles onward through ups and downs of destiny to fulfil itself in a mystic something. From cradle to grave, its



wayward course is led by a latent Force. A river floods through hills and rills and changing levels to pour itself into the ocean. It is emptied by the Earth, but is replenished by Heaven. Men, animals and plants use it daily; rains and springs fill it again. Through plains and plateaux, through fields and meadows, through cities and hamlets it sweeps on singing "I am Aum." Even so runs the stream of Life through the thick and thin of embodied limitations to pour itself into an Infinite Bliss. The past is its source, the present its course and the future its goal. The soul-force is its resource. The womb is not its origin nor the tomb its destiny. Its body ripens and rots; but something that lives in it as Life, goes on throbbing 'right, left' to the march of existence.

That something is beyond birth and death, beyond cradle and grave. The embodied being acts on the stage of life as a mumbling baby, crawling child, playful urchin, studious boy, robust youth, cheerful lover, fond husband, responsible father, busy worker, care-worn grandfather, bedridden invalid, dying man – dead body. Is this the drama of life? Crawling upon four, standing upon two, leaning upon three, where does man go, carried by four? Does he go? Does he come? Does he die? Is he born? Who comes and goes and acts upon the stage of existence? What if he does not act? Who makes him act? Who is He? Who carries this mortal burden while alive which requires four to lift while it drops dead on the dust of times? Who is this stranger in the body that comes from the Unknown and passes into Oblivion? Look at that worn-out chair. A carpenter fashioned it out of wood; that wood was a green tree; the tree took root in the soil; it put forth foliage, branches,

flowers, fruit and seeds. Once it bristled with green and golden beauty. Seasons cherished it. Winter fed it, summer dried it, spring adorned it colourfully and autumn plucked out its beauty. A storm pulled it down one day. An axe hewed it to pieces; a carpenter polished it. Part of it became fuel; part of it furniture. The furniture adorned rich chambers. The rich became poor one day. The furniture uncared for and white-ant-eaten crumbled again into dust. Is this the history of a tree's existence? Who smiled green and gold in the tree? Who sprouted with vernal colours from the seed? What is the mission of a tree? Who led its growth from seed to fruit?

Today a fruit tastes and smells sweet. Two days later, it rots and smells foul. Is this the destiny of a fruit? No. The tree puts forth fruit; the fruit contains seeds. The seeds perpetuate the family of trees. The mission of a tree is to go on giving green shade, fragrant flowers, sweet fruit and the mission of the fruit is to attract people to taste it and sow its seed and perpetuate its race. The tree becomes immortal in the seeds. The mission of a river is to feed plants and lives until it reaches the ocean and becomes the Ocean-Self. Even so the mission of human life is to find the Divine Self which is the source, course and resource of Existence. Self-finding, Self-consciousness, Self-identification and Self-existent Bliss, Self-transcendence and Self-Expansion are steps to the integral fulfilment of the human in the immortal Divine. This higher aim of life is achieved by Yoga. Man stands puzzled before the sphinx of existence. The sky extends like a vast question mark above him. His psychology is stunned before his ecology. An infinite deep envelops the Earth which homes him. This mortal globe is an atom spinning

amidst millions of stellar bodies. Who is man breathing on this atom? Why is he here? And how? He is playing with sandcastles on the vast seashore of infinite existence. Is he satisfied with this play? Is he satisfied with castles, mansions, grand edifices, proud luxuries, lavishing wealth, marble halls, ballrooms, air-conditioned chambers, cocktail bars, lounges, well-panelled libraries, platform plaudits and paper fame-names? Not a bit. In the examination hall of life, every man has his questions to answer, failing which he has to sit for a re-examination. None can occupy the hall before the ring-in and after the ring-out. The embodied life is limited. King or beggar, everyone is caught into the labyrinth of life and everyone seeks freedom and bliss. Riddle after riddle confronts man here. But a lightning of hope flashes even amidst the gathering clouds of dark despair.

The phenomenal world is fixed at time, space and causality. Human ambition tries to have this and that. But this hope fails today and that one tomorrow. Friends desert and supports fall. Every day, men speak about unity and harmony, because nobody wishes for discord, the negative emotions of selfishness and desire, nor wars. Each day man is seized by the vital demon, Satan which delivers him to the bloody war, in one form or another. His policy is a babble of languages, a rattling of weapons, a battle for power. At the time of my travels to Japan and in the countries of Europe, I saw people living in fear of atomic bombs. In Berlin, I saw the ruins of the palaces of the Kaiser and Hitler. The children play over them. Napoleon, the Kaiser, Hitler, Mussolini are only names and forms of vital energy. They disappeared in the current whirling from impetuous time, leaving behind

them the ruins from their ambitious fireworks. But did the ambition die with them? The animal in man is not overcome yet. Man is medium term between God and the animals. He is the animal which exceeds himself and God in power. His life is a tugging of dualities. There are two parts in our being: the human and the Divine, Nature and God, matter and spirit, the body and the heart, Prakriti and Purusha. The Divine spirit is immortal, dynamic, filled with peace, happiness and energy. The other part, Nature, the human part, is prone to changes, to transformations; it is mortal and limited.

Yoga enables us to live in matter, conscious of the pure spirit. It links the human with the Divine in us by psychic purity and Gnostic balance. Yoga purifies, unifies, transforms, improves and divinises human existence and makes terrestrial life a paradise. "Be a Yogi" says Krishna to Arjuna. "Yoga is stronger than *tapas* and *jnana* (austerities and knowledge)." Yoga is larger than the religions which were built around personalities. Yoga develops around the Self immortal. Yoga is a great force of the cosmic harmony. There are many branches of Yoga. We all synthesize them in a pure happiness and we can call it Sama Yoga, Yoga for all.

Pure Sama Yogin is a cosmic centre of force; it improves for a perfect humanity. No matter what it acquires, the whole is devoted to the progress of the human aggregate. It discovers the missing agreement between the subject and the object, the matter and the spirit and carries out the integral life of the Spirit in the matter. This pure Yogin has a radiant body, an overflowing system of energy in full

health, an intellect shining, a heart filled of happiness, a psychic universal love, a freedom of the conscience. He is a man of God, a Saint and a hero, peaceful in spirit and powerful in actions. His body lives in agreement with Nature and his Spirit in agreement with the Divine. Fixed in the Self, he acts in the world without any constraint. Man is a spirit which incarnated in the harmony of Nature. Yoga is the natural life of humanity. *Hatha Yoga* confers a powerful body and vital. *Rajah Yoga* gives dynamic energy and conquest of the mental. *Karma Yoga* brings the grace of the Divine Master by work. *Bhakti Yoga* unites the psychic heart with the Beloved of the soul (love and devotion). *Jnana Yoga* gives luminous self-knowledge. *Tantra Yoga* wakes up the interior cosmic force and opens our being to the mystical power station. All those are given in addition by pure Sama Yoga.

Yoga is the life of Jiva in communication with Shiva in the Self. It transforms all the plans of conscience: the physique in force and celestial beauty, the vital one in a conduit of blazing energy, the spirit in a luminous power. Each cell of the body then becomes a powerful battery of Divine electricity. It rebuilds this marvellous microcosm to make of it the new city which charms by the health, the richness, the beauty, the light and the happiness of existence. It does not neglect any corner of this mysterious life. It analyzes the heart, the head, the life, the body and inch by inch transforms them little by little. Purity in words, in thoughts and actions, purity of the interior instruments, purity of all aspects of life are the fundamental principles of this Yoga. Sincere devotion and the offering to be as one with the will of the Divine in the

heart and the universe are the second step. The complete annihilation of egoistic nature in the will of the Divine Master is the third step. Greetings to Shiva the Jiva. Greetings to Nataraja who dances in our heart. Supreme Grace electrifies our hearts, purifies us by your contact, pours a smile of hope on our destiny, releases us from confusion and discouragement and transforms our being into a temple of peace and happiness! Greetings O saving force! All our life remains in Yoga with You!

*Let us go, hero of the Earth  
As a spangled flood  
With the winged hope  
Let us go about the new era*

*Let us be the defenders  
Of the Divine kingdom  
A sky of truth  
Guide our destiny*

*The joy is in work  
Peace is in the harmony  
Devotion in detail  
For Truth, our life*

*Let us go with courage  
The Divine power  
Divinise our hands  
The victory is in us*

*Ahead knights!*

*Aum Jaya Aum!*

*Aum Shiva Aum!*



# 1. Riddles, riddles!

Riddles, riddles everywhere, in and out, up and down, right and left! Humanity is confronted with problems – domestic, social, economic, cultural, religious! We live in a changing world – thoughts change, modes change and deeds change, leaders change, governments change and times change out of recognition. But something, some inner urge, seeks for a lasting peace, bliss and power. The central Truth coos ‘I am Aum’ with every heart beat. But we do not know how to open the inner door and reach it. It is the living symphony of existence.

Behold a watch: a living hand turns the key and it runs tick ticking. The watch goes on saying “O man, watch your word, act, thought, character and heart.” Even so a mystic destiny has given force to this throbbing heart which pumps up blood to the brain and feeds the nerves and runs the human mechanism. To rediscover this I-am-ness within is the way to solve the riddle of existence.

A gentleman had a faithful servant. He went one day on a pilgrimage with all the members of his family, ordering the servant to take care of the door. The faithful servant was earnestly looking at the door all day long. He got sleepy so he took the door home and spread his bed upon it and dozed.

Thieves looted the open house. The owner returned and saw his things plundered. Where was the servant? The owner in a flurry ran to his cottage and rebuked him. The servant humbly pleaded “I obeyed you sir, to the letter...

behold Master, your door is safe here.” “Fool,” cried the master, “by door I meant the house”... Even so we care for the superficial and forget the fundamental. Our mind is extrovert; it must be introvert. The riddling problem must be deeply studied and solved from within.

## Cosmic Riddles

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