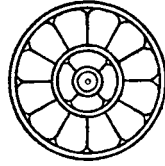


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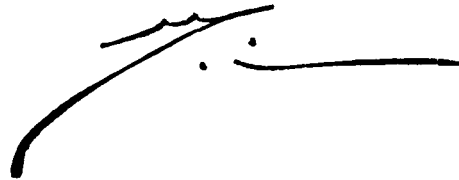
29 February—29 March

Lord, Thou hast willed, and I execute:

A new light breaks upon the earth,

A new world is born.

The things that were promised are fulfilled.



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"Great is Truth and it shall prevail"

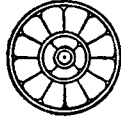
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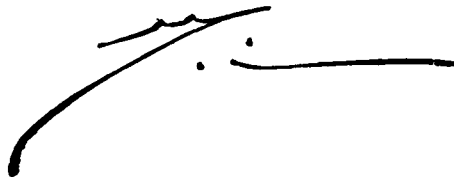
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Open yourself to the new Light that
has dawned upon earth and a luminous
path will spread in front of you.

28-5-56



BHAVANI

(From a Sanskrit Hymn of Shankaracharya)

FATHER nor mother, daughter nor son are mine,
I obey no master, served am I by none,
Learning or means I have not, wife nor kin;
My refuge thou, Bhavani, thou alone!

Charity I have not learned, Yoga nor trance,
Mantra nor hymn nor Tantra have I known,
Worship nor dedication's covenants:
My refuge thou, Bhavani, thou alone!

Virtue is not mine nor holy pilgrimage,
Salvation or world's joy I have never won,
Devotion I have not, Mother, no vows I pledge:
My refuge thou, Bhavani, thou alone!

March 28, 1941

SRI AUROBINDO

THE MOTHER'S TALKS

(To the Children of the Ashram)

THE POLITICIAN AND WORLD-PROGRESS

Q. What should be the attitude of the true politician?

It is precisely the attitude of the true politician that I have given in *The Great Secret*. The ideal politician is there. We cannot have a better one. Face to face with circumstances he tells himself: "I wished for peace, concord, *entente* between nations, collaboration for the good of all, and I was compelled by a force greater than mine to wage war and triumph through unscrupulous means and uncharitable decisions." This happens because of the way the world is organised. With the best of intentions, attempting the best he can, he has been unable to do anything, for one can do nothing in the actual circumstances and in the midst of politics as actually practised. As a rule, people are not frank enough to say what I have made my politician admit. I have made him speak the truth, and that proves that he is extremely frank. Usually it is otherwise: politicians cover up all their misdeeds with fine words, but the misdeeds are there none the less. The world is so organised that one cannot be anything else. If a man is such that he accepts no kind of compromise, he cannot remain in politics: he will simply be pushed out by the sheer force of things. There will be a time when all this will change, but it has not come yet. Politics will perhaps be the very last to change. Plenty of other changes have to happen first. Politics is certainly one of those things that are the most recalcitrant.

There are two things very difficult to change: finance and politics. The domain of money and the domain of government are the two points where man is most weak and most attached to falsehood. So probably transformation will come there last. We can hope for a social transformation, an economic transformation, a transformation of education—we can hope for all this a long time before the political transformation and the financial. All that I have written in *The Great Secret* is precisely to show people what is the true state of the world and to give an indication of the door leading out of it. But when we shall stand before the door of exit we shall see that it is not all so easy. Perhaps the first thing to transform itself will be the scientific world, because science demands a very great sincerity and a very persevering effort, and these are already the qualities which open to us the door towards a higher life.

Q. The politician who is on the level of the one in your play and tries to do his best—is he not guided by the Divine? Will he not find the means of doing the Divine's work?

He has not told us that he was at all religious. He has not said that he had tried his best because of spiritual or religious reasons. Note that he as well as the others have all come to a gathering of progress of humanity and not at all to a religious gathering. In fact, your question lacks sense because there is nothing in the universe which is not made by the Divine. From that point of view your question becomes meaningless. Consciously, in himself, it would be necessary for him to be a religious man in order to do something for religious reasons. The religiousness is not mentioned, not mentioned expressly in order not to interpose another factor in the problem. He does not do things as a service to the Divine. He does them because he has humanitarian ideas and because he tries to ameliorate the human situation on earth—that is all. The other figures in *The Great Secret* are in the same condition.

Q. But during the last War there were great statesmen who were like that but became the Divine's instruments, didn't they?

All are instruments of the Divine if you look at the matter in a certain fashion. No, they were not consciously the Divine's instruments—not in the least. They had great religious words in their mouths, I have cancelled them out because they were insincere and because I wanted to make my figures people who were as sincere as possible, while the great religious words of the others were altogether insincere, pure blackmailing: the proof is that they forgot them immediately the moment they were victorious.

Q. How is it that the politician you have described in "The Great Secret" came to know in the end that he had not found the truth? Could he do so if he were not a man open to the Divine?

Yes, naturally, all good-will is open to a deeper consciousness. That happens of itself. I have taken hold of very exceptional persons who are ready to understand, otherwise this could not happen. I have made them better than they are in reality, because all had something else behind their aspiration: they were not aware, but they were people who were on the point of understanding—and it is like that I have arranged the whole thing; it is not an exact copy of nature, it is something organised to prove a point. It is always like that in literature, isn't it?

Q. Shouldn't this give us some hope about the present world?

Give some hope? I don't think it is this that gives any hope. If we have

THE MOTHER'S TALKS

before us only the example of people who exist in the world, there is not much hope.

Q. World-politics today is divided into two great camps. How is a reconciliation between them to come?

Oh, that is very easy. But just because they do not understand at all that it is very easy I say that politics will be the last to change. The division is solely a matter of appearances and of superficial ideas and of interests—particularly interests! Not even true interests but the ideas people have of their interests. If one finds the real solution—or, since perhaps the real solution is found, if one applies the real economic solution—the very basis of their problems would be knocked out, there will remain only the political attitude which is extremely thin, extremely meagre. It has no depth, it is mostly words, hollow words strong-sounding because they are hollow—nothing but big words. But is it not the only prop—a true one in a way—of their attitude? There are two other things: a prop financial and a prop economic. Well, if the economic problem were solved—that is to say, if the solution were applied—the major part of the prop to the political differences would disappear. It is based almost exclusively on opposed ways of looking at life's problems and on the solution to these problems: the one side thinks it is like this and the other it is like that. I have spoken of the most sincere people, not of those who have built everything of one piece merely to make a lot of noise and have a lot of influence; but if we go to the heart of the question, there is not much of a difference. All is a matter of words. People put words, like a robe, over what they do: this changes merely the appearance, the inside is not very different. As for the rest, there is one thing simple indeed: the whole of humanity follows one evolution, one curve of evolution, and there are ages, certain ages, when there is a certain experience which becomes nearly universal—that is to say, terrestrial, entirely terrestrial, and under different names and labels and words it is approximately the same experience that is being pursued. Then there are old experiences that are on way to disappearing and that are still clinging on; they change the appearance and even the inside of new things, but it is only like the tail-end. The whole new movement goes towards an experience which becomes as general as it can, because it is useful only if it is general. If it is local, it is like a mushroom: it gives no fruit for the general human consciousness. The great human experiences have, more or less, to make good in all humanity. It is only the thoughts that put forth other words, other forms, other reasons, other justifications, other legitimations for what they do; but when one comes to the fact, it is very much alike. Just for that, one should look beyond mere appearances.

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Q. During the War we who were here knew on what side was the Divine Force which fought against the Asuric forces. Could one say in present politics what camp has the Divine's support?

Unfortunately, things become clear-cut to the point of enabling one to say who are for the Divine and who are against, when there is the formidable actualisation of a war, because at that moment it is evident that the victory of one side is preferable to the victory of the other. Not, of course, that one side is more worthy than the other—this must be understood, that from the viewpoint of the Divine all have value,—but the consequences of victory are such that a choice can be made. This, however, is so when matters grow brutal, a reciprocal extermination: otherwise, to speak the real truth, the Divine Force labours at its work everywhere, within the errors of men as within their goodwill, through the bad wills as through things favourable, there is nothing that is not mixed, nowhere is there anything that one can call truly a pure instrument of the Divine, and nowhere is there an absolute impossibility for the Divine to make use of a man or of an action for advancing along the path. Well, then, so long as things are in suspense, the Divine works everywhere, almost equally. If men start on a great folly, it is different. But it is truly a great folly, in the sense that it precipitates all the mass of individuals and of wills into an activity which leads quite straight to destruction, the destruction of themselves. I am not speaking of bombs and of the destruction of a city or a people, I am speaking of destruction such as the Gita has in mind when it says that the Asura goes to his destruction: it is that which occurs, and that is a very great evil, because it is always better to be able to save, illumine, transform than to be obliged to destroy brutally; and this is the terrible choice of war which is the true horror of war—namely, that it materialises the conflict in a manner so brutal and so total that there are elements which could have been saved in peace-time and which by the fact of the war are necessarily destroyed, and not only men and things but forces, but consciousnesses.

Q. Has India a special role to play in present politics?

Politics? I have said at the start that politics is a thing completely “unconverted”. How then can one have a true political role?

India has a role to fulfil in the world. But it is something ideal and it demands a conversion which has not yet taken place, to my knowledge. From the superficial and external viewpoint, she could play her role if she were sincere. That is all I can say. But it is necessary also to have the exact knowledge.

14-9-1955

THE SECRET OF THE VEDA

SRI AUROBINDO

CHAPTER XVII

THE SEVEN-HEADED THOUGHT, SWAR AND THE DASHAGWAS

THE language of the hymns establishes, then, a double aspect for the Angirasa Rishis. One belongs to the external garb of the Veda; it weaves together its naturalistic imagery of the Sun, the Flame, the Dawn, the Cow, the Horse, the Wine, the sacrificial Hymn; the other extricates from that imagery the internal sense. The Angirasas are sons of the Flame, lustres of the Dawn, givers and drinkers of the Wine, singers of the Hymn, eternal youths and heroes who wrest for us the Sun, the Cows, the Horses and all treasures from the grasp of the sons of darkness. But they are also seers of the Truth, finders and speakers of the word of the Truth and by the power of the Truth they win for us the wide world of Light and Immortality which is described in the Veda as the Vast, the True, the Right and as the own home of this Flame of which they are the children. This physical imagery and these-psychological indications are closely interwoven and they cannot be separated from each other. Therefore we are obliged by ordinary common sense to conclude that the Flame of which the Right and the Truth is the own home is itself a Flame of that Right and Truth, that the Light which is won by the Truth and by the force of true thought is not merely a physical light, the cows which Sarama finds on the path of the Truth not merely physical herds, the Horses not merely the wealth of the Dravidians conquered by invading Aryan tribes, nor even merely images of the physical Dawn, its light and its swiftly moving rays and the darkness of which the Panis and Vritra are the defenders not merely the darkness of the Indian or the Arctic night. We have even been able to hazard a reasonable hypothesis by which we can disentangle the real sense of this imagery and discover the true godhead of these shining gods and these divine, luminous sages.

The Angirasa Rishis are at once divine and human seers. This double character is not in itself an extraordinary feature or peculiar in the Veda to these sages. The Vedic gods also have a double action; divine and pre-existent in themselves, they are human in their working upon the mortal plane when they grow in man

to the great ascension. This has been strikingly expressed in the allocution to Usha, the Dawn, "goddess human in mortals", *devi marteṣu mānuṣi* (VII. 75-2). But in the imagery of the Angirasa Rishis this double character is farther complicated by the tradition which makes them the human fathers, discoverers of the Light, the Path and the Goal. We must see how this complication affects our theory of the Vedic creed and the Vedic symbolism.

The Angirasa Rishis are ordinarily described as seven in number: they are *sapta viprāḥ*, the seven sages who have come down to us in the Puranic tradition¹ and are enthroned by Indian astronomy in the constellation of the Great Bear. But they are also described as Navagwas and Dashagwas, and if in VI. 22-2, we are told of the ancient fathers, the seven seers who were Navagwas, *purve pitaro navagvāḥ sapta viprāḥ*, yet in III. 39-5, we have mention of two different classes, Navagwas, and Dashagwas, the latter ten in number, the former presumably, though it is not expressly stated, nine. *Sakhā ha yatra sadhbhir navagvair, abhijñvā satvabhir gā anugman; satyam tad indro daśabhir daśagvaiḥ, sūryam vveda tamasi kṣiyantam*; "Where, a friend with his friends the Navagwas, following the cows Indra with the ten Dashagwas found that truth, even the Sun dwelling in the darkness." On the other hand we have in IV. 51-4, a collective description of the Angirasa seven-faced or seven-mouthed, nine-rayed, ten-rayed, *navagve angire daśagve saptāsyē*. In X. 108-8, we have another Rishi *Ayāsyā* associated with the Navagwa Angirasas. In X. 67-1, this *Ayāsyā* is described as our father who found the vast seven-headed Thought that was born out of the Truth and as singing the hymn to Indra. According as the Navagwas are seven or nine, *Ayāsyā* will be the eighth or the tenth Rishi.

Tradition asserts the separate existence of two classes of Angirasa Rishis, the one Navagwas who sacrificed for nine months, the other Dashagwas whose sessions of sacrifice endured for ten. According to this interpretation we must take Navagwa and Dashagwa as "nine-cowed" and "ten-cowed", each cow representing collectively the thirty Dawns which constitute one month of the sacrificial year. But there is at least one passage of the Rig-veda which on its surface is in direct conflict with the traditional interpretation. For in the seventh verse of V. 45, and again in the eleventh we are told that it was the Navagwas, not the Dashagwas, who sacrificed or chanted the hymn for ten months. This seventh verse runs, *Anūnod atra hastayato adrīr, ārcan yena daśa māso navagvāḥ; ritam yatī saramā gā avindad, viśvāni satyā angirās cakāra*, "Here cried (or, moved) the stone impelled by the hand, whereby the Navagwas chanted for ten months the hymn; Sarama travelling to the Truth found the cows; all things

¹ Not that the names given them by the Purana need be those which the Vedic tradition would have given.

the Angirasa made true." And in verse 11, we have the assertion repeated; *Dhuyam vo apsu dadhiṣe svarṣam, yayātaraṇ daśa māso navagvāḥ; ayā dhuya syāma devagopā, ayā dhuyā tuturyāma ati anhaḥ*, "I hold for you in the waters (i.e. the seven Rivers) the thought that wins possession of heaven¹ (this is once more the seven-headed thought born from the Truth and found by Ayasya), by which the Navagwas passed through the ten months; by this thought may we have the gods for protectors, by this thought may we pass through beyond the evil." The statement is explicit. Sayana indeed makes a faint-hearted attempt to take *daśamāso* in V. 45-7, ten months, as if it were an epithet *daśamāso*, the ten-month ones i.e. the Dashagwas; but he offers this improbable rendering only as an alternative and abandons it in the eleventh Rik.

Must we then suppose that the poet of this hymn had forgotten the tradition and was confusing the Dashagwas and Navagwas? Such a supposition is inadmissible. The difficulty arises because we suppose the Navagwas and Dashagwas to have been in the minds of the Vedic Rishis two different classes of Angirasa Rishis; rather these seem to have been two different powers of Angirasa-hood and in that case the Navagwas themselves might well become Dashagwas by extending the period of the sacrifice to ten months instead of nine. The expression in the hymn, *daśa māso ataraṇ*, indicates that there was some difficulty in getting through the full period of ten months. It is during this period apparently that the sons of darkness had the power to assail the sacrifice; for it is indicated that it is only by the confirming of the thought which conquers Swar, the solar world, that the Rishis are able to get through the ten months, but this thought once found they become assured of the protection of the gods and pass beyond the assault of the evil, the harms of the Panis and Vritras. This Swar-conquering thought is certainly the same as that seven-headed thought which was born from the Truth and discovered by Ayasya the companion of the Navagwas; for by it, we are told, Ayasya becoming universal, embracing the births in all the worlds, brought into being a fourth world or fourfold world, which must be the supramental beyond the three lower sessions, *Dyau*, *Antarikṣa* and *Prthivī* that wide world which, according to Kanwa, son of Ghora, men reach or create by crossing beyond the two *Rodasī* after killing Vritra. This fourth world must be therefore Swar. The seven-headed thought of Ayasya enables him to become *viśvajanya*, which means probably that he occupies or possesses all the worlds or births of the soul, or else that he becomes universal, identifying himself with all beings born,—and to manifest or give

¹ Sayana takes it to mean, "I recite the hymn for water" i.e. in order to get rain; the case however is the locative plural, and *dadhiṣe* means "I place or hold" or, with the psychological sense, "think" or "hold in thought, meditate." *Dhisanā* like *dhi* means thought, *dhuyam dadhiṣe* would thus mean "I think or meditate the thought"

being to a certain fourth world (Swar), *turīyam svī janayad viśvajanyaḥ* (X. 67-1); and the thought established in the waters which enables the Navagwa Rishis to pass through the ten months, is also *svarṣā*, that which brings about the possession of Swar. The waters are clearly the seven rivers and the two thoughts are evidently the same. Must we not then conclude that it is the addition of Ayasya to the Navagwas which raises the nine Navagwas to the number of ten and enables them by his discovery of the seven-headed Swar-conquering thought to prolong their nine-months' sacrifice through the tenth month? Thus they become the ten Dashagwas. We may note in this connection that the intoxication of the Soma by which Indra manifests or increases the might of Swar or the Swar-Purushā, (*svarṇara*) is described as ten-rayed and illuminating *daśagvam vepayantam* (VIII. 12-2).

This conclusion is entirely confirmed by the passage in III. 39-5, which we have already cited. For there we find that it is with the help of the Navagwas that Indra pursues the trace of the lost kine, but it is only with the aid of the ten Dashagwas that he is able to bring the pursuit to a successful issue and find that Truth, *satyam tat*, namely, the Sun that was lying in the darkness. In other words, it is when the nine-months' sacrifice is prolonged through the tenth, it is when the Navagwas become the ten Dashagwas by the seven-headed thought of Ayasya, the tenth Rishi, that the Sun is found and the luminous world of Swar in which we possess the truth or the one universal Deva, is disclosed and conquered. This conquest of Swar is the aim of the sacrifice and the great work accomplished by the Angirasa Rishis.

But what is meant by the figure of the months? for it now becomes clear that it is a figure, a parable; the year is symbolic, the months are symbolic.¹ It is in the revolution of the year that the recovery of the lost Sun and the lost cows is effected, for we have the explicit statement in X. 62-2, *ṛtenā bhīndan parwatsare valam*, "by the truth, in the revolution of the year, they broke Vala," or, as Sayana interprets it, "by sacrifice lasting for a year." This passage certainly goes far to support the Arctic theory, for it speaks of a yearly and not a daily return of the Sun. But we are not concerned with the external figure, nor does its validity in any way affect our own theory; for it may very well be that the striking Arctic experience of the long night, the annual sunrise and the continuous dawns was made by the Mystics the figure of the spiritual night and its difficult illumination. But that this idea of Time, of the months and years is used as a symbol seems to be clear from other passages of the Veda, notably from Gritsamada's hymn to Brihaspati, II. 24.

¹ Observe that in the Puranas the Yugas, moments, months etc. are all symbolic and it is stated that the body of man is the year

In this hymn Brihaspati is described driving up the cows, breaking Vala by the divine word, *brahmaṇā*, concealing the darkness and making Swar visible (Rik 3). The first result is the breaking open by force of the well which has the rock for its face and whose streams are of the honey, *madhu*, the Soma sweetness, *aśmāsyam avatam madhudhāram* (Rik 4). This well of honey covered by the rock must be the Ananda or divine beatitude of the supreme threefold world of bliss, the Satya, Tapas and Jana worlds of the Puranic system based upon the three supreme principles, Sat, Chit-Tapas and Ananda; their base is Swar of the Veda, Mahar of the Upanishads and Puranas, the world of Truth.¹ These four together make the fourfold fourth world and are described in the Rig-veda as the four supreme and secret seats, the source of the "four upper rivers". Sometimes, however, this upper world seems to be divided into two, Swar the base, Mayas or the divine beatitude the summit, so that there are five worlds or births of the ascending soul. The three other rivers are the three lower powers of being and supply the principles of the three lower worlds.

This secret well of honey is drunk by all those who are able to see Swar and they pour out its billowing fountain of sweetness in manifold streams together, *tam eva viśve papire swardṛśo bahu sākam sisicur utsam udrīnam* (II.24-4). These many streams poured out together are the seven rivers poured down the hill by Indra after slaying Vṛitra, the rivers or streams of the Truth, *ṛtasya dhārā*, and they represent, according to our theory, the seven principles of conscious being in their divine fulfilment in the Truth and Bliss. This is why the seven-headed thought,—that is to say, the knowledge of the divine existence with its seven heads or powers, the seven-rayed knowledge of Brihaspati, *saptagum*, has to be confirmed or held in thought in the waters, the seven rivers, that is to say the seven forms of divine consciousness are to be held in the seven forms or movements of divine being, *dhiyam vo apsu dadhiṣe svarṣām*, I hold the Swar-conquering thought in the waters.

That the making visible of Swar to the eyes of the Swar-seers, *swardṛśah*, their drinking of the honeyed well and their outpouring of the divine waters amounts to the revelation to man of new worlds or new states of existence is clearly told us in the next verse, II. 24-5, *sanā tā kā cid bhuvanā bhavitvā, mādbbhiḥ saradbhiḥ duro varanta vah;* *ayatantā carato anyad anyad id, yā cakāra vayunā brahmanaspatiḥ*, "Certain eternal worlds (states of existence) are these which have to come into being, their doors are shut² to you (or, opened) by the

¹ In the Upanishads and Puranas there is no distinction between Swar and Dyau; therefore a fourth name had to be found for the world of Truth, and this is the Mahar discovered according to the Taittiriya Upanishad by the Rishi Mahachamasya as the fourth Vyahrti, the other three being Swar, Bhuvan and Bhur, i.e. Dyau, Antariksha and Prithivi of the Veda

² Sayana says *varanta* is here "opened", which is quite possible, but *vr* means ordinarily to

months and the years; without effort one (world) moves in the other, and it is these that Brahmanaspati has made manifest to knowledge," *vayunā* means knowledge, and the two forms are divinised earth and heaven which Brahmanaspati created. These are the four eternal worlds hidden in the *guhā*, the secret, unmanifest or superconscient parts of being which although in themselves eternally present states of existence (*sanā bhuvanā*), are for us non-existent and in the future; for us they have to be brought into being, *bhavītvā*, they are yet to be created. Therefore the Veda sometimes speaks of Swar being made visible, as here (*vyacakṣayat svah*, II. 24-3) or discovered and taken possession of, *avidat*, *asanat*, sometimes of its being created or made (*bhū, kr*). These secret eternal worlds have been closed to us, says the Rishi, by the movement of Time, by the months and years; therefore naturally they have to be discovered, revealed, conquered, created in us by the movement of Time, yet in a sense against it. This development in an inner or psychological Time is, it seems to me, that which is symbolised by the sacrificial year and by the ten months that have to be spent before the revealing hymn of the soul (brahma) is able to discover the seven-headed, heaven-conquering thought which finally carries us beyond the harms of Vritra and the Panis.

We get the connection of the rivers and the worlds very clearly in I. 62-4, where Indra is described as breaking the hill by the aid of the Navagwas and breaking Vala by the aid of the Dashagwas. Hymned by the Angirasa Rishis Indra opens up the darkness by the Dawn and the Sun and the Cows, he spreads out the high plateau of the earthly hill into wideness and upholds the higher world of heaven. For the result of the opening up of the higher planes of consciousness is to increase the wideness of the physical, to raise the height of the mental. "This, indeed" says the Rishi Nodha, "is his mightiest work, the fairest achievement of the achiever" *dasmasya cārutamam asti dansah*, "that the four upper rivers streaming honey nourish the two worlds of the crookedness," *upahvare yad uparā apnavan madhvarṇaso nadyas catasrah* (I. 62-6). This is again the honey-streaming well pouring down its many streams together; the four higher rivers of the divine being, divine conscious force, divine delight, divine truth nourishing the two worlds of the mind and body into which they descend with their floods of sweetness. These two, the *Rodasī*, are normally worlds of crookedness, that is to say of the falsehood,—the *ṛtam* or Truth being the straight, the *anṛtam* or Falsehood the crooked,—because they are exposed to the harms of the undivine powers, Vritras and Panis, sons of dark-

shut, close up, cover, especially when applied to the doors of the hill whence flow the rivers and the cows come forth; Vritra is the closer of the doors. *Vi vr* and *apa vr* mean to open. Nevertheless, if the word means here to open, that only makes our case all the stronger

ness and division. They now become forms of the truth, the knowledge, *vayunā*, agreeing with outer action and this is evidently Gritsamada's *carato anyad anyad* and his *yā cakāra vayunā brahmaṇaspatiḥ*. The Rishi then proceeds to define the result of the work of Ayasya, which is to reveal the true eternal and unified form of earth and heaven. "In their twofold (divine and human?) Ayasya uncovered by his hymns the two, eternal and in one nest; perfectly achieving he upheld earth and heaven in the highest ether (of the revealed superconscious, *paramam guhyam*) as the Enjoyer his two wives" (I. 62-7). The soul's enjoyment of its divinised mental and bodily existence uplifted in the eternal joy of the spiritual being could not be more clearly and beautifully imaged.

These ideas and many of the expressions are the same as those of the hymn of Gritsamada. Nodha says of the Night and Dawn, the dark physical and the illumined mental consciousness that they new-born (*punarbhavā*) about heaven and earth move into each other with their own proper movements, *svebhir evair...carato anyānyā* (I. 62-8),¹ in the eternal friendship that is worked out by the high achievement of their son who thus upholds them, *sanemi sa-khyam svapasyamānaḥ, sūnur dādihāra śavasā sudansāḥ* (I. 62-9). In Gritsamada's hymn as in Nodha's, the Angirasas attain to Swar,—the Truth from which they originally came, the "own home" of all divine Purushas,—by the attainment of the truth and by the detection of the falsehood. "They who travel towards the goal and attain that treasure of the Panis, the supreme treasure hidden in the secret cave, they, having the knowledge and perceiving the falsehoods, rise up again thither whence they came and enter into that world. Possessed of the truth, beholding the falsehoods they, seers, rise up again into the great path," *mahas pathaḥ* (II. 24-6, 7), the path of the Truth, or the great and wide realm, Mahas of the Upanishads.

We begin now to unravel the knot of this Vedic imagery. Brihaspati is the seven-rayed Thinker, *saptaguh, saptaraśmih*, he is the seven-faced or seven-mouthed Angirasa, born in many forms, *saptāsyah tuvyātah*, nine-rayed, ten-rayed. The seven mouths are the seven Angirasas who repeat the divine word (*brahma*) which comes from the seat of the Truth, Swar, and of which he is the lord (*brahmaṇaspatiḥ*). Each also corresponds to one of the seven rays of Brihaspati; therefore they are the seven seers, *sapta viprāḥ, sapta ṛṣayah*, who severally personify these seven rays of the knowledge. These rays are,

¹ cf Gritsamada's *ayatanta carato anyad anyad*...bearing the same sense as *svebhir evair... i e. spontaneously.*

This and many other passages show clearly, conclusively, as it seems to me, that the *anyad anyad*, the two are always earth and heaven, the human based on the physical consciousness and the divine based on the supraphysical, heaven

again, the seven brilliant horses of the sun, *sapta haritah*, and their full union constitutes the seven-headed Thought of Ayasya by which the lost sun of Truth is recovered. That thought again is established in the seven rivers, the seven principles of being divine and human, the totality of which founds the perfect spiritual existence. The winning of these seven rivers of our being withheld by Vritra and these seven rays withheld by Vala, the possession of our complete divine consciousness delivered from all falsehood by the free descent of the truth, gives us the secure possession of the world of Swar and the enjoyment of mental and physical being lifted into the godhead above darkness, falsehood and death by the in-streaming of our divine elements. This victory is won in twelve periods of the upward journey, represented by the revolution of the twelve months of the sacrificial year, the periods corresponding to the successive dawns of a wider and wider truth, until the tenth secures the victory. What may be the precise significance of the nine rays and the ten, is a more difficult question which we are not yet in a position to solve; but the light we already have is sufficient to illuminate all the main imagery of the Rig-veda.

The symbolism of the Veda depends upon the image of the life of man as a sacrifice, a journey and a battle. The ancient Mystics took for their theme the spiritual life of man, but, in order both to make it concrete to themselves and to veil its secrets from the unfit, they expressed it in poetical images drawn from the outward life of their age. That life was largely an existence of herdsmen and tillers of the soil for the mass of the people varied by the wars and migrations of the clans under their kings, and in all this activity the worship of the gods by sacrifice had become the most solemn and magnificent element, the knot of all the rest. For by the sacrifice were won the rain which fertilised the soil, the herds of cattle and horses necessary for their existence in peace and war, the wealth of gold, land, (*ksetra*), retainers, fighting-men which constituted greatness and lordship, the victory in the battle, safety in the journey by land and water which was so difficult and dangerous in those times of poor means of communication and loosely organised inter-tribal existence. All the principal features of that outward life which they saw around them the mystic poets took and turned into significant images of the inner life. The life of man is represented as a sacrifice to the gods, a journey sometimes figured as a crossing of dangerous waters, sometimes as an ascent from level to level of the hill of being, and, thirdly, as a battle against hostile nations. But these three images are not kept separate. The sacrifice is also a journey; indeed the sacrifice itself is described as travelling, as journeying to a divine goal; and the journey and the sacrifice are both continually spoken of as a battle against the dark powers.

The legend of the Angirasas takes up and combines all these three essential features of the Vedic imagery. The Angirasas are pilgrims of the light.

The phrase *nakṣantaḥ* or *abhinakṣantaḥ* is constantly used to describe their characteristic action. They are those who travel towards the goal and attain to the highest, *abhinakṣanto abhi ye tam ānaśur nidhim paramam*, they who travel to and attain that supreme treasure (II. 24-6). Their action is invoked for carrying forward the life of man farther towards its goal, *sahasrāsave pra tiranta āyuh* (III. 53-7). But this journey, if principally of the nature of a quest, the quest of the hidden light, becomes also by the opposition of the powers of darkness an expedition and a battle. The Angirasas are heroes and fighters of that battle, *goṣu yodhāḥ*, "fighters for the cows or rays". Indra marches with them *saranyubhūḥ*, as travellers on the path, *sakhibhūḥ*, comrades, *ṛgmbhūḥ* and *kavibhūḥ*, seers and singers of the sacred chant, but also *satvabhūḥ*, fighters in the battle. They are frequently spoken of by the appellation *ṛ* or *vīra*, as when Indra is said to win the luminous herds *asmākebhūḥ ṛbhīḥ*, "by our men". Strengthened by them he conquers in the journey and reaches the goal, *nakṣad dabham taturim*. This journey or march proceeds along the path discovered by Sarama, the hound of heaven, the path of the Truth, *ṛtasya panthāḥ*, the great path, *mahas pathah*, which leads to the realms of the Truth. It is also the sacrificial journey; for its stages correspond to the periods of the sacrifice of the Navagwas and it is effected by the force of the Soma-wine and the sacred Word.

The drinking of the Soma-wine as the means of strength, victory and attainment is one of the pervading figures of the Veda. Indra and the Ashwins are the great Soma-drinkers, but all the gods have their share of the immortalising draught. The Angirasas also conquer in the strength of the Soma. Sarama threatens the Panis with the coming of Ayasya and the Navagwa Angirasas in the keen intensity of their Soma rapture, *eha gaman ṛṣayah somaśitā ayāsyo angiraso navagvāḥ* (X. 108-8). It is the great force by which men have the power to follow the path of the Truth. "That rapture of the Soma we desire by which thou, O Indra, didst make to thrive the Might of Swar (or the Swar-soul, *svaṛṇaram*), that rapture ten-rayed and making a light of knowledge or, shaking the whole being with its force (*daśagvan vepayantam*) by which thou didst foster the ocean; that Soma-intoxication by which thou didst drive forward the great waters (the seven rivers) like chariots to their sea,—that we desire that we may travel on the path of the truth", *panthām ṛtasya yātave tam īmahe* (VIII. 12-2, 3). It is in the power of the Soma that the hill is broken open, the sons of darkness overthrown. This Soma-wine is the sweetness that comes flowing from the streams of the upper hidden world, it is that which flows in the seven waters, it is that with which the *ghṛta*, the clarified butter of the mystic sacrifice, is instinct; it is the honeyed wave which rises out of the ocean of life. Such images can have only one meaning; it is the divine delight

hidden in all existence which, once manifest, supports all life's crowning activities and is the force that finally immortalises the mortal, the *amṛtam*, ambrosia of the gods.

But it is especially the Word that the Angirasas possess; their seerhood is their most distinguishing characteristic. They are *brāhmanaso pitarahḥ somyā-sah...rtāvṛdhaḥ* (VI. 75-10), the fathers who are full of the Soma and have the word and are therefore increasers of the Truth. Indra in order to impel them on the path joins himself to the chanted expressions of their thought and gives fullness and force to the words of their soul, *angirasām ucathā juṣuṣvān brahma tūtod gātum iṣṇan* (II. 20-5). It is when enriched in light and force of thought by the Angirasas that Indra completes his victorious journey and reaches the goal on the mountain; "In him our primal fathers, the seven seers, the Navagwas, increase their plenty, him victorious on his march and breaking through (to the goal), standing on the mountain, inviolate in speech, most luminous-forceful by his thinkings," *nakṣad dābham taturim parvateṣṭhām, adroghavācam matibhiḥ śaviṣṭham* (VI. 22-2). It is by singing the Rik, the hymn of illumination, that they find the solar illuminations in the cave of our being, *arcanto¹ gā avindam* (I. 62-2). It is by the *stubh*, the all-supporting rhythm of the hymn of the seven seers, by the vibrating voice of the Navagwas that Indra becomes full of the power of Swar, *svareṇa svaryah* and by the cry of the Dashagwas that he rends Vala in pieces (I. 62-4). For this cry is the voice of the higher heaven, the thunder that cries in the lightning-flash of Indra, and the advance of the Angirasas on their path is the forward movement of this cry of the heavens, *pra brahmāṇo angiraso nakṣanta, pra krandanur nabhanyasya vetu* (VII. 42-1); for we are told that the voice of Brihaspati the Angirasa discovering the sun and the Dawn and the Cow and the light of the Word is the thunder of Heaven, *brhaspatir uṣasam sūryam gām arkam vveda stanyan va dyauḥ* (X. 67-5). It is by *satya mantra*, the true thought expressed in the rhythm of the truth, that the hidden light is found and the Dawn brought to birth, *guḍham jyotiḥ pitaro avindan, satyamantrā ajanayan uṣāsam* (VII. 76-4). For these are the Angirasas who speak aright, *itthā vadadbhiḥ angīrobhiḥ* (VI. 18-5), masters of the Rik who place perfectly their thought, *svādhibhir rkvabhiḥ* (VI. 32-2); they are the sons of heaven, heroes of the Mighty Lord who speak the truth and think the straightness and therefore they are able to hold the seat of illumined knowledge, to mentalise the supreme abode of the sacrifice, *ṛtam śansanta ṛju dīdhyanā dvas putrāso asurasya vīrāḥ; vipram padam angiraso dadhānā yajñasya dhāma prathamam mananta* (X. 67-2).

¹ *Arcan* (*rc*) in the Veda means to shine and to sing the Rik; *arka* means sun, light and the Vedic hymn

It is impossible that such expressions should convey nothing more than the stolen cows from Dravidian cave-dwellers by some Aryan seers led by a god and his dog or else the return of the Dawn after the darkness of the night. The wonders of the Arctic dawn themselves are insufficient to explain the association of images and the persistent stress on the idea of the Word, the Thought, the Truth, the journey and the conquest of the falsehood which meets us always in these hymns. Only the theory we are enunciating, a theory not brought in from outside but arising straight from the language and the suggestions of the hymns themselves, can unite this varied imagery and bring an easy lucidity and coherence into this apparent tangle of incongruities. In fact, once the central idea is grasped and the mentality of the Vedic Rishis and the principle of their symbolism are understood, no incongruity and no disorder remain. There is a fixed system of symbols which, except in some of the later hymns, does not admit of any important variations and in the light of which the inner sense of the Veda everywhere yields itself up readily enough. There is indeed a certain restricted freedom in the combination of the symbols, as in those of any fixed poetical imagery,—for instance, the sacred poems of the Vaishnavas; but the substance of thought behind is constant, coherent and does not vary.

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ARJAVA
(J. A. CHADWICK)

(With Sri Aurobindo's Comments)

ALONE WITH TREES¹

ENTRANCE to calm, void avenue of peace
To freedom verging, happy those decreed
To find thee. Here's no human talk to heed;
Even the birds call seldom, pause—and cease:
A few faint airs stir fitfully the trees,
Small wingèd things drone softly as they speed.
So o'er this world waves foam and waves recede
Unchangingly, moons wane and moons increase,
What men call love flares up and dies away
(Cravens who fear to sow, with Death conspire
To blight). Not so that other kingdom's law
Of ever-living power and conquest gay,
Of Love serene whose earth-impooverished fire
Can flood the awakened heart with wondering awe.

22-4-1931

Sri Aurobindo's Comment:

“Your new poem is quite free from rhythmical defects, and the expression is remarkably smooth and harmonious; as a whole, too, it is very successful and well linked together in its parts. No doubt, there is a lack of variation in the structure of the lines, but I do not think there is an actual effect of monotony, mainly because of a certain quiet and smooth felicity in the poem with which the regularity of the metre agrees very well, creating a similar smoothness in the movement—language, thought and rhythm combining to create a single effect.”

¹ A very early poem, belonging to Arjava's apprentice-period, so to speak (Ed.).

Is there a boat that glides across the vast
Sea of false rumour and superficial view,
Of idle prolongation of things past,
Of fettered thought averted from the new?
O, I would charge it richly with a freight
To bring you crystal peace, dream ivory,
Hues amethyst endowed with potency great,
Undying emerald, opal harmony.
And since no Lethe flood can quench the thirst
Of grateful thoughts, whatever strength I find,
Remaining or acquired, will seek out first
Elysian asphodel on quiet fields;
And fadeless green; and then with fillets bind
Dyed from that purple the amaranth blossom yields.

22-9-1931

Sri Aurobindo's Comment:

“All you write now seems spontaneously to have the sure poetic touch that brings perfection. All here is beautiful, the second part of the octet exquisite.

“As for the technique, it seems to me perfect—the subtlety and delicacy of the rhythm and the quiet skill of the assonances and sound variations most of all. Formerly when you used an irregular movement, your verse often became rough; that seems to have gone—the liberty of the second and the last line is as well done as the magically smooth liquidity of the eighth and twelfth. I don't think there is anything wrong with the rhyme endings; there is rather a pleasing effect, the variety being sufficient to prevent any sense of excessive sameness.

“I don't know that I can suggest a Greek title—Greek is now very much in the back of my consciousness and not in front. The Mother was suggesting something about Iris—as the colour of the poem suggests a rainbow iridescence and Iris was one of the messengers of the Gods. I don't know whether you can make any use of this.”

MOTHER INDIA

FROM ONE WHO WOULD BE BROUGHT NEARER HIS BELOVED

The newest names are old before the air
Has closed in quiet upon the living voice;
The masterhand that writes with modest care
Writes on the waters of resistless change:
He has deceived himself who fancied choice
To break or keep rash vow that nothing strange
Or unforeseen shall mar a stagnant troth.
So to belie love's worth, my lips are loth.

Of all bright shapes of Moving Deity
One, most lovely, holds the primal sway;
He is the Eros of unfathomed law.
No passing gleam, should His antiquity
Remould the aspiration of each day,
And guide me to you on a bridge of awe.

1932 (?)

Sri Aurobindo's Comment:

(Q: "I feel this lacks inevitability and music, but I hope the effort at what I find myself so unskilled at may lay foundations of future skill?)

"It does not lack in music—but it is a grave and subdued harmony very perfect in its own kind. Instead of the force of expression that has marked your recent poems, there is a sort of reserve expressing a thought that is too deep for entire expression and can only be suggested, but the felicity of the diction is very great. The poem is a very fine one, not at all inferior to what you have been writing recently, but different."

SOUL AND ANTI-SOUL

As the black swan of night with wings wide-spread
Upstairs in the eastern marches of the sea,
Cloud-bult pillars of Beauty wan in the west
From gold to corpse-grey lead.
Lief would I pierce the bitter dark and be
Where the incorruptible Swan has woven her nest
Of Peace from the living trust that was unbetrayed.

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ARJAVA

There is neither near nor far
In the sheer wideness of that sky's joy...
O wingèd Whiteness floating unafraid,
Becalmed where brabbling envies leave no scar
Nor truthless words their sorrow-dark alloy;
O shining Vision of some inmost world
Where shapes and hues and motions frame the speech
Of intimate harmonies,—
White-banner-wings and poise of a neck so curled
In the last stillness when Love itself can reach
No deeper ecstasies;
O mirror-depths too silken-smooth to dock
One feather-print of those Immaculate
Wings of the all-accomplishing
Wisdomed soul, whom no vain longings mock,
Though she with calmness gliding and with unhindered gait
Reaches the heaven-accorded, deeply-aspired-for thing.

1932 (?)

Sri Aurobindo's Comment:

(Q: "Do you find more of Yeats in this than in my previous efforts?")

"Yes, there is an obvious influence. The rhythm, language and building are more subtle and elusive with a subdued and suggestive colour and atmosphere everywhere. The others were more strongly cut and the shades of colour stronger and more precise."

A DAWN PIECE

Earth's complaining zephyrs all are silent:
Out from Night's cave springs the leopard, Morning—
Sungold flecks his shoulders cloudy-mottled,
Hugely he saunters.

Silver moon-thread welking now to ashen
Hue of languor glimmers unregarded:
Now the last planet falling into slumber
Closes its gold eye.

1932 (?)

MOTHER INDIA

(Q. "I suppose the above exercise fails partly by a too monotonous, mechanical and staccato rhythm? I thought the following by Edward Shanks very well-turned and pleasing to the ear":

A NIGHT PIECE

Now the gold-finch is sleeping in the oak-tree,
Now at last the cuckoo falls to silence;
In the thicket the nightingale is silent,
 Conning his love-song.

Only one bird slips across the darkness,
Watch his long wings meet above in flying.
Listen!...listen!...a whisper in the orchard...
 It is the night-jar.

Day has gone but the night has yet no jewels;
Stillness, darkness weigh on us unwilling.
See there, westwards, lo! a shining planet
 Hangs unattended.

Sri Aurobindo's Comment:

"Shanks' poem is a graceful and charming piece of work and the management of the metre very skilful—giving a sense of light liquid delicate ease. Your poem stanzas are magnificent—extraordinarily powerful, vivid in image, splendid in colour. The rhythm is not a failure; it is too strong in movement to be described as mechanical or staccato; it has a steady massive motion in the first stanza which suits admirably with the power of the image and the energy of the diction. It modifies itself in the second stanza again very suitably to the sense into something still strongly built but more easy and gliding in its cadence."

(To be continued)

TO SILENCE

How strangely still and stirless but how powerfully alive is this Sovereign of bournless, beauteous quietude! I feel fully immersed, coolly reinvigorated. I have entirely lost the restive and hollow pomp of wordiness.

How shall I speak, how bring down in fine strings of word-sounds this mighty ineffable all-pervading sovereignty of Silence?

To me, O godly beauty, thou art no fancy-bred or book-read figure of speech to be captured in poetic cages of rhythms and rhymes or learned pages of wit and reasoning.

When Night, the Day's dusky bride, is fast locked in a sense-lost slumber and all the din and dance of surface living are done, then is the hour for thee, like the sweet-steady cascading wings of paradise, to enfold me in the strong embrace of thy eloquent self-sounding voices. Sweet and cool at first is the feel of thy advancing hand, but soon a powerfully gripping warmth spreads its arms and making a solid enclosure of benumbing pleasure swallows me up entire. O, what passes between me and thee, then, is beyond my recollection's measure.

I have often found thee rising like a rocky vapour from the secret mute depths of my own frail, fretful living. When my spirit immortal is fully awake in all its hooded height, when the thronging thoughts of my mind are all fallen asleep and murmurless, when the heat and hunger of my animal body, the disturbing pulsations of the shifting senses are, nerve by nerve and tissue by tissue, brought to the pitch of mere bated breathing, O then is the swinging sway of thy ravishing secrecies of delight hung all about me, and I am bound fast in the vastnesses of thy celestial kingdom.

I have felt thee descend, like an ineffable sweetness, to my conscious being when the sky-stretching arms of wind-shaken palms have exultingly woven a far-spreading fabric of sober-singing harmonies of unearthly sighings.

Even when, under the open starlight, the lion-roarings of the multitudinous sea-waves have cast all round and upon my mind an uncanny spell of the mighty workings of unseen unsleeping beings and powers, thy poignant muteness of mountainous calm has struck dumb the vital energetic chords of my being, giving it a sudden, sure lift to a new transcendental voicelessness, an immense immobile sky-quietness.

Kind, companionable goddess, such is now thy grace that even when I am in the midst of the most deafening and distracting city-noises, or standing

MOTHER INDIA

in the heart of the nerve-breaking heavings and hootings of a giant iron and steel machine, I have retained in me and around me, like the aura of some divine being, the strong unbreakable poise of thy eagle calmness, the mighty majestic peace of thy deathless imperial existence. I have now learnt to wear upon me on all occasions the tough robes of thy giant gentleness and look, like the great gods of invincible solemn power, as though cased in the grandeurs and magnitudes of a deep, fathomless repose. Nay—what is still more strange but true—I have felt in these tumultuous hours and things, when thou hast conferred upon me the firm illumination of clear, unmistakable perception, that thou art the great Mother of all life, all forces, all sounds and movements in this wide universe.

Once one is strongly, abysmally identified, unified with thee, one attains the mastery of the will and the pulse, and victoriously gathers in oneself all the secrets of all existences, all creations; one begins to exist and work like a monarch of transcendental glory enthroned upon the spaceless citadel of immortality.

O, my soul, gather me to this hard-won adorable Beloved—this supreme queen of all substance, called Silence—for ever.

SHREEKRISHNA PRASAD

FROM THE MIND'S SLAVERY

I HAVE wandered in the forests of the mind
And encountered there fierce beasts of prey
Living on nature's weaknesses that bind
Our freedom to an animal sway.

Within hard rocks of passion is their den
Invulnerable like a fort,
The strong assaults of the spirit only win
Over their timeless rule a short

Victory and we lapse back into our old
Pit of stark Self-forgetfulness.
Squandering our pittance of a handful of gold
We pray for heaven's omnipotent grace

To lift us from the mind's dense slavery,
The body's inordinate desire;
A way we find out of their tyranny
Through the ordeal of the heart's fire

And, master of our nature, live in the soul
Whose kingdom is the universe—
Mortality no more a beggar's bowl
Held up for an alms of laughter and tears.

NIROD

NEW ROADS

BOOK V

THE ADVENT

SHE came like a dawn o'er the morning of the world;
Out of an inner rapture of Delight
She came; with outstretched arms and longing lips
Which called to a diviner Love in man.
On the crest of a wave of heavenly Light She came,
Dazzling the heart to worship and adore;
Lifting the soul to unknown heights of Bliss,
Burning the being with unknown ecstasies.
There was no need of movement, for all Time
Was merged in the rapture of Eternity.
Now mortal eyes looked into the Face of heaven
And saw all Beauty in the eyes of God.
Then Light descended into the beings' deeps
And filled each centre with a radiant Joy
Which echoed in the infinite worlds above.
She then emerged in all Her wondrous form:
Veil after veil from Her white bosom fell
Revealing Her Radiant Body of Delight—
Clasping the earth in Her divine embrace,
A Power came forth from out Her body's bliss
And lent its puissance to the sorrowing earth.
A Purity and Peace came missioned down
Into aspiring hearts that wait and grieve,
Answering the call of psychic flames that burn
In the inner temples of eternity.
Radiant She stood upon the edge of Night,
Blazing Her Light into the soul of man.
Lonely She stood upon the brink of the Hour,
Revealing the Advent of a greater Law,
A Law of Light to enter Matter's field,

NEW ROADS

A Law of action new to earth and man
While earth, expectant, left in ignorance,
Aspired to unknown powers, half-seen suns
And wondered at this Light beyond the gods.
Only the few could feel Dawn-Winds of gold
As fresh Sun-breezes wafted through the soul,
As the first Sun-rays on the birth-throes of the world;
As the Voice that whispers on the wings of Time
Or the first love-smile surrendered to the Light.
Like the ripple of Joy preceding the waves of Peace,
Like the infinite Calm before the flame-lit morn
She stood,—a lonely figure in the Light.
She who bears this body so divine
Took into Her vast bosom of Delight
All those who need compassion, the repentant earth
And all who struggle for the Light of Truth.
For them it was the end of sorrow and strife,
The end of common grief, the shades of Night,
The answer to the patience of the soul.
The end of a millennium had come,
The promised Hour of which the prophets told
Since man first struggled for the light of day.
This was the Sacred Hour where radiant Bliss
Streamed forth in channels of supernal Truth
To meet with Matter in a mystic rite—
Where flame and ocean, earth and fettered air
Found freedom from the drag of nether worlds
Whirling through fields of blue eternity.
The heavens sent down their might and innocence
And the depths responded with a cry of Light.

4th May 1956

NORMAN DOWSETT

BOOKS IN THE BALANCE

Sri Aurobindo Circle, Twelfth Number: Journal of Sri Aurobindo Study Society Bombay, 1956. Price: Paper Rs. 7/- Cloth: Rs. 8/8.

The Sri Aurobindo Circle Annual appears each year on the 24th of April—a day most auspicious for the followers and disciples of Sri Aurobindo; for, it was on this day that the Mother came to Pondicherry finally and by her collaboration not only accelerated the stupendous work of transformation of the earth-consciousness but also gave it a material shape. This year the appearance of the Annual has coincided with the most momentous announcements of the Mother. She gave this message on 24th April this year: “The manifestation of the Supramental upon earth is no more a promise but a living fact, a reality.”

What the significance is of this manifestation is considerably clarified in the unpublished letters of Sri Aurobindo appearing for the first time in the present issue of the Annual. There are twenty-one letters on the subject. Various questions about the effect of the Descent on the life of the earth; about the difference between the Overmind working and the Supramental and how ‘it will change the whole balance of the earth-nature’ are fully answered by the Master. Sri Aurobindo in one of these letters goes so far as to aver, “There is no reason why the vegetable, animal and human life should not evolve in the Truth and not in the Ignorance—if once the knowledge is there in the earth plane.”

Then there is a new series of Sri Aurobindo’s letters elucidating some remarks and writings of the Mother. They throw light on the occult causes of the catastrophes which overtook the earth in the last period of *entre les deux guerres*.

There are also letters of the Master on the Integral Sadhana and its manifold problems viz. the wrong attitude in work; the division of the being in sadhana; the importance of the outer parts; Faith and auto-suggestion and a very important letter on ‘Small things and the Higher Knowledge’. There are two letters commenting on two Sutras of Patanjali, and two on Homeopathy and the secret of the efficacy of small doses. There are three letters on Leonardo, Saratchandra, and Napoleon-Kaiser-Germans respectively.

There are eight selected poems of the great Vaishnava poet of Bengal

Vidyapati, translated from the original in Bengali by Sri Aurobindo in early life. The exquisite charm of the songs springing from a rare fusion of the sensuous and the mystical so characteristic of oriental mystical verse has been wonderfully brought out by Sri Aurobindo's renderings.

Very little is known about Sri Aurobindo's days in England where he spent fourteen years between 7 and 21. A. B. Purani, one of his oldest disciples, visited the U.K. last year with the explicit purpose of bringing home to the English people the gospel of Sri Aurobindo and his greatness as a poet and critic. Purani has by his untiring efforts disinterred documents lying in the archives since 1892. Here, in the Annual, the correspondence that passed between Sri Aurobindo and the officials of the India Office regarding the riding test for the I.C.S. Examination has been published. We get a glimpse of the stark poverty and destitution in which Sri Aurobindo carried on his studies and also his preparation for the most difficult competition in the world. Sri Aurobindo wrote to the Earl of Kimberley: "I was sent over to England when seven years of age, with my two elder brothers, and for the last eight years we have been thrown on our own resources without any English friend to help or advise us. Our father...has been unable to provide the three of us with sufficient for the most necessary wants and we have long been in an embarrassed position."

G. M. Prothero, the senior tutor in King's College, Cambridge, also moved in the matter because he was greatly impressed by Sri Aurobindo's integrity and high moral stamina coupled with his prodigious intellectual capacities. He writes: "His conduct throughout the two years here was most exemplary.... He performed his part of the bargain, as regards the College, most honourably, and took a high place in the first class of the Classical Tripos at the end of the second year of his residence....Moreover the man has not only ability but character. He has had a most anxious time of it for the last two years." It is a fairly long letter and full of great interest for those interested in the Master's early life.

Then there are many fine poems by the followers of Sri Aurobindo. The rest of the Annual is devoted to highly intellectual articles by great scholars in their respective fields. Dr. J. N. Chubb has contributed an article 'Kierkegaard's Existentialism and Sri Aurobindo's Integral Philosophy'. There is an article by the late E. F. F. Hill on Kant. K. D. Sethna's long article 'Glimpses of Mallarmé' will greatly interest those who want to study modern trends in poetry. He has fully elaborated the profound significance behind the different schools of poetry such as Impressionism and Symbolism. His translations of some of the lines are brilliant. There is too a long essay by Jugal Kishore Mukherji on 'Mathematics and Yoga', where he has shown how the mathematical spirit can be akin to the quest for the Supreme Truth and even Beauty. Pearson has

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written 'On the Nature of the Self', K. C. Pati on 'Logical Positivism and Metaphysics', Jitendranath Mohanty on "Modern Philosophical Anthropology" and the Concept of "Man" in Sri Aurobindo's Philosophy', Gabriel Germain on 'The Problem of Political Action for Plato and Sri Aurobindo', V. K. Gokak on the 'New Poetic Consciousness' and Siddheshwar Banerji on 'Evolution and the Destiny of Man'. Indeed it is a rich crop for all tastes. There are two new frontispiece pictures of the Mother.

R. KHANNA

Students' Section

THE MOTHER'S LOOK

Q: People get troubled when they see the Mother looking serious instead of smiling. They find it difficult not to feel that they have displeased her in some way or other.

SRI AUROBINDO: The whole foundation of the difficulty is erroneous. It is the wrong idea that if Mother is serious it must be because of some personal displeasure against "me"—each sadhak who complains of being the "me". I have repeated a hundred times to complaints that is it not so, but nobody will give up this idea—it is too precious to the ego. The Mother's seriousness is due to some absorption in some work she is doing or, very often, to some strong attack of hostile forces in the atmosphere. (19-4-1935)

Q: The physical being feels the need of the Mother's smile when it meets her look. Is it a kind of desire?

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes. There has to be no disturbance when it does not come (knowing that its absence is not a sign of displeasure or anything of the kind)—then the Ananda of receiving it will be purer. (11-12-1933)

MY BOYHOOD UNDER SRI AUROBINDO

ASSIMILATION—RECEPTIVITY

SELF: *Aspiration is intense in the morning, then diminishes, and in the evening the consciousness becomes calm and quiet. Is this the rule in such matters?*

SRI AUROBINDO: It is quite usual to have such periods in the day. The consciousness needs time for rest and assimilation, it cannot be at the same pitch of intensity at all times. During the assimilation a calm quietude is the proper condition. (22-1-1934)

SELF: *Should not one tend the consciousness towards offering at all times?*

SRI AUROBINDO: Unless it is a period of quiet peace in which there is no disturbance. Such periods are very useful for assimilation. (5-7-1934)

SELF: *With peaceful passivity one is inclined to be inactive.*

SRI AUROBINDO: Passivity must not lead to inactivity—otherwise it will encourage inertia in the being. It is only an inner passivity to what comes from above that is needed—inert passivity is the wrong kind of passivity. (22-2-1934)

SELF: *Does it help to assimilate the Mother's Force if one keeps awake at night as much as possible?*

SRI AUROBINDO: One can assimilate in sleep also. Remaining awake like that is not good, as in the end it strains the nerves and the system receives wrongly in an excited way or else gets too tired to receive. (23-7-1934)

SELF: *Can one say that when nothing much seems to happen and an inertia comes up the assimilation is proved to have begun?*

SRI AUROBINDO: No—the assimilation is going on all time. It is usually some part of the physical that is not able to absorb immediately all that comes down. (20-10-1934)

SELF: *The pressure of the Force is sometimes so great at night that one cannot sleep till very late and the lack of sleep makes one's consciousness heavy the next day.*

MY BOYHOOD UNDER SRI AUROBINDO

SRI AUROBINDO: In that case you should not invite the pressure any longer but be satisfied with what you have until the body can assimilate it. If the body does not get rest, sadhana is not possible. (3-8-1934)

SELF: *When the consciousness is peaceful and silent, it feels no pressure or force. Then the mind concludes that nothing is being received.*

SRI AUROBINDO: There is no necessity of feeling pressure. One feels force when something is being done or the force is flowing on or if it is there manifest in the body—but not when what is manifesting is peace and silence. (13-8-1934)

SELF: *At times the vital being appears to be empty. After feeling a movement as of billows it falls into a kind of vacant rest.*

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes—the system has to take rest so as to assimilate and renew its receptive power. (21-12-1934)

SELF: *When one does the inner offering to the Divine, should not one be conscious of receiving something from the Divine?*

SRI AUROBINDO: One can be receptive without being conscious—without knowing exactly what is given. (18-4-1934)

SELF: *When one is silent, is not one naturally receptive?*

SRI AUROBINDO: There may be empty silence and peace satisfied with themselves. Reception is a separate power. Of course, all quietude of the mind makes good conditions for the receptivity to act. (8-2-1934)

SILENCE—SELF-REALISATION

SELF: *Can silence and peace be established without the descent of the Higher Consciousness?*

SRI AUROBINDO: The silence and peace are themselves part of the higher consciousness—the rest comes in the silence and peace. (10-2-1934)

SELF: *Is it possible to feel peace in the midst of a disturbance in one's being?*

SRI AUROBINDO. Of course. It is quite usual to feel an established peace in the inner being even if there is disturbance on the surface. In fact that is the usual condition of the Yogi before he has attained the absolute samata in all the being. (15-2-1934)

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SELF: *In spite of a quiet condition a lot of undesirable impressions and thoughts come up.*

SRI AUROBINDO: It very often happens when there is quietude, but not the silence—they have to be rejected as foreign and so cleaned out. If they are indulged, they get a new lease. (2-3-1934)

SELF: *Without one's doing anything, can the thoughts fall off when one's inner being is absolutely silent?*

SRI AUROBINDO: If there is absolute silence within it is quite natural that the thoughts on entering and touching it should fall off. It is the way¹ in which the silence of the outer mind usually comes. (22-3-1934)

SELF: *The vital being feels misery and depression. The mind does not believe in its suggestion, but finds it hard to reject it.*

SRI AUROBINDO: You have to go on increasing the inner peace until it imposes itself on the vital also—refusing always to accept the vital suggestion. (16-4-1934)

SELF: *How is it that difficulties persist during one's working period although the inner peace is there?*

SRI AUROBINDO: The peace has to spread in all the parts. In the peace one must become conscious of the Mother's Force descended and working in all the being. (25-4-1934)

You always seem to think that because the silence is there in the consciousness, the whole consciousness must be equally effected by it. The human consciousness is not of one piece like that. (7-5-1934)

SELF: *During certain periods, there is neither inner nor outer mind but a quiet blank.*

SRI AUROBINDO: It is a very favourable condition for the higher workings. (8-5-1934)

SELF: *When one tries to keep the being silent and blank, the whole thing appears empty and without interest to the vital.*

¹ Uncertain reading—Editor.

MY BOYHOOD UNDER SRI AUROBINDO

SRI AUROBINDO: Certainly, the vital cannot take an interest in a blank condition. If you depend on your vital you cannot prolong it. It is the spirit that feels a release in the silence empty of all mental or other activities, for in that silence it becomes self-aware. For the blankness to be real one must have got into the Purusha or Witness Consciousness. If you are looking at it with your mind or vital, then there is not blankness, for even if there are not distinct thoughts then there must be a mental attitude or mental vibrations—e.g. the not feeling interest. (9-5-1934)

SELF: *You have written of the spirit becoming self-aware. Is there any distinction between spirit and self or between self and the psychic?*

SRI AUROBINDO: There is no distinction between the Self and the spirit. The psychic is the soul that develops in the evolution—the spirit is the Self that is not affected by the evolution, it is above it—only it is covered or concealed by the activity of mind, vital and the body. The removal of this covering is the release of the spirit—and it is removed when there is a full and wide spiritual silence. (10-5-1934)

The coming of the peace makes it easier to get the experience of the pure and free Self. (11-5-1934)

SELF: *In the blank consciousness the Purusha watches and there is also an aspiration in the Purusha for the release of the self. But what exactly would the release mean?*

SRI AUROBINDO: When one becomes aware of the Self calm, silent, wide, universal, it is no longer covered over by the ignorance, when one identifies with the Self and not with the mind, life and body and their movements or with their small ego, that is the release of the Self. (11-5-1934)

SELF: *You have said that the spirit or self is covered or concealed by the activity of the mind, vital and the body. But would not the mind's aspiration help the spirit to uncover itself?*

SRI AUROBINDO: Yes, but to feel the full silence one must be capable of suspending all mental and vital activity. (14-5-1934)

SELF: *Is it possible to have the release of the self without the outer nature rising upward to the higher Prakriti?*

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SRI AUROBINDO: And how is the outer nature to rise into the higher Prakriti before you realise the Self? The higher nature is that of the higher consciousness of which the first basis is the peace and wideness and realisation of the Self, the One that is all. (15-5-1934)

SELF: *In the quietness or silence, should not one feel the Mother's Force working?*

SRI AUROBINDO: If one feels, it is all right—but it does not always happen. The quietness, silence, or peace is a basis for the extension of consciousness, the coming of higher experiences or realisations etc. In what way [or] order they come differs according to the individual nature. (22-6-1934)

NAGIN DOSHI

POEMS

BALCONY

(23. 4. 1956.)

The air was aflame with soul's fragrance,
The whole world stood there massed together
To hear the supreme message from the All-Silence.

At the white hour earth's only Hope appeared.
Her all-pervading stillness banished our last doubt:
Mankind was granted what centuries had desired.

She stood there alone; a mighty Presence,
The Light of her body eclipsed the diamond dawn.
Awakening the hidden glow in our inconscience—

She, a fountain pouring out oceanic Power,
A finite abode bursting forth the new Infinity,
A form in time manifesting golden Eternity.

NAGIN DOSHI

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LIGHT THE LAMP

Light the lamp at thy chamber-door:
The night is bleak
And sweeping thunders upon the ocean
Their angers wreak;
The storms assail the peak.

A silence broods above the tempests,
A silence profound:
'Tis where the ancient stars began
Their fateful round
When Heaven was on the ground.

But now the virgin laurels are sere
And olives fade,
And long has Beauty upon the waters
Her roses shed
And eternal Love's betrayed.

But light thy lamp of silence deep
At thy chamber-door,
The laurels, olives and Beauty's rose
Will fade no more
And Love will skyward soar.

The storm will hush upon the waves
And chilling night
Widen towards a cloudless dawn
Of divine delight
And soul shine rapt and white.

RANAJIT

POEMS

LOVE-PLANT

Love that grows in sky, and love
Growing in a rose
Gather in my being's depth
Where a love-plant grows:

Branches weave in rapture green
Nest for a wingèd fire,
Roots of moon-dream chant a hymn,
A symphony sapphire.

Purple clouds and orange rain,
Breeze from solitude
Glide across my patient hours,
Thrill my autumn mood.

Grey in clod and darkness-moss
Tremble when from far
Ring the footfalls of my love
Kissing every star.

Silver torrents burst from rocks,
Gazelles of gold flame flee—
Rose and sky and my love-plant
Blaze in ecstasy.

PRITHWINDRA

THE HILL-STATION OF MATHERAN

(Pages from a Diary)

So I am once again on our beloved Matheran. I seem to find a capacity to love it as I have never loved it before. There is such a vast and profound peace here and a little door in my heart has flung wide open. Each small stone on this hill, each clump of rich red earth, the heaven-perfumed dark-green trees and the mountain-caressed breeze blowing against my face—all these things penetrate my heart with a love unthinkable. And they do so because I have known the Mother more and more every day. Whatever I see on this most beautiful of hills is merged with her because each moment that I drink in its beauty the Mother is in my heart.

The crystalline air laden with that myrtle fragrance peculiar to Matheran is enough to turn one's head—one feels that one's chest is bursting with sheer joy. Not the ordinary kind of happiness of this world but something most special as if one's consciousness were suspended in some heavenly ether. Children are at play near-by and I can hear their noise, yet I feel perfectly isolated. I am sitting on the red-stone bench at the foot of our garden. Against my body the stone feels cold with the early morning coolth of the hill. In the thick trees on my right, sings the bird I have always associated with Matheran. He seems to be ageless, because the self-same notes I have heard for some thirty years past.

Opposite me stands the king of kings among mountains—the inscrutable silent Prabal! I feel humbled before it and I want to sit with my head bowed. This is God's ground. There is superb grandeur, peace and mystery on the face of Prabal. No one can gauge the depth of that mystery. Looking at Prabal one remembers looking at the face of Sri Aurobindo. Perhaps the spirit of Sri Aurobindo is on that tranquil height just as the Mother's presence is so definitely near among the purple-chequered silences of Matheran's own hill.

2

It is mid-morning—about nine o'clock—cloudy, with a tremulous sunshine peeping in by intervals. I am on our verandah, gazing at the little jungle

40

THE HILL-STATION OF MATHERAN

sloping down from the edge of the garden. Where ever I turn in our Cottage I look into the faces of the past and am confronted by happenings of another day. There were those visits to Matheran in our long-lost childhood, our young hearts beating high even then. The first thrill at the sight of the dear red earth viewed from the toy train chugging up the mountain—then as the train entered the jungle we would get that bewitching aroma of a certain tree—a particular fragrance which means only one thing—this beloved hill. And how our hearts used to miss a beat on our glimpsing the familiar Cottage through the descending greenery! I remember also the first view of the horses coming for our little rides—I can hear again the delightful clomp-clomp of their hoofs down our garden slope. And, of course, the bird that has always been here. Just now he has retreated into the wood, but I can still hear him faintly, bursting his tiny throat with the same plaintive music. And from afar another invisible musician is answering him.

3

A typical clear mountain-night! In the valley the distant lamps of Bombay gleam like a cluster of fairy diamonds. The rarefied atmosphere is so transparent that I can see the minutest cloud-formation in the delicately lit sky where a soft moon is afloat. As I sit quietly, the heavens seem to come down and envelop the hill-top. God's cloak of mercy is close around us. The white glowing sky is like a dome dropping down beyond the mountains. Usually one has to look up to see the stars, but not so from here. Matheran reaches high up into the clouds and we have just to look straight in front to see the constellations.

Facing me is the Star with many names—Venus or the Evening Star, sometimes called the Lovers' Star or the Western Star. To different people it must mean different things, but to me it is the Mother's star—ever bright, ever beautiful, as heart-piercing as the Mother's light and love, Mother who is the star of stars in my life. She is always preciously present with me, but this night she is near enough to fill my being with intense adoration. She is present in each breath of the wind that blows from the lowlands. She is so surely there among the shadows of the slumbering trees. But she is vaster than all the stillnesses and secrecies that she inhabits here and through them I sense a more profound and more abiding Sanctuary awaiting my soul. O Mother, through all this holy hush are you intensifying to a felicitous finality your claim on my being?

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4

Purple valley—
My valley of beautiful sleep—
Where ridges
After green-shadowed ridges sweep

Down to the depths
Where the wilderness poppy thrives
And saturates the lowland—
Where violet oblivion strives

To out-space
The roaring wild wind's tread—
Where the rose-gold sunset
And the orchid-haunted gloaming wed.

5

From today Matheran has put on quite a different aspect, though none the less wonderful. It is now rain and fog and huge misty visitors even up to our door-step. This is the first time I am here during the break of the monsoon. The lordly Prabal has also another look, another personality:

Gone are his green shades and flaming purples,
Gone his summer wakefulness and sun—
Lost to the world in a samadhi of gigantic mists—
A sublime sleep—his earth-vigil done.

Before man's brush can touch the canvas
To capture the godhead of his lone height,
With a grand defiance to all traps for his kingly beauty
He disappears into holy sanctuary out of sight!

MINNIE N. CANTEENWALLA

THE FOUR AGES OF INDIA'S CULTURAL CYCLE

SRI AUROBINDO AND THE MOTHER: THE HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THEIR LIVES AND ACHIEVEMENTS

“The manifestation of the Supramental upon earth is no more a promise but a living fact, a reality.

It is at work here and one day will come when the most blind, the most unconscious, even the most unwilling shall be obliged to recognise it.”

24th April, 1956.

THE MOTHER.

The above message distributed by the Mother on the 36th anniversary of her final arrival in Pondicherry, is the statement of an historic event which by its results, in the annals of recorded history, can be compared to three similar though more limited spiritual events: one, the illumination of Buddha under the Bo-tree some 2500 years ago—two, that of Christ on the mountain nearly 2000 years ago—three, that of Mohamed in the cave about 1300 years ago. All the Light, the Love, the Power which these three persons possessed and by which they founded their religions—followed by huge masses of men even to this day—are due to the descent of a higher consciousness into them during those profound moments. It is this descent and its capacity to change terrestrial events that gives all value to these events. Events small or great, even those like world-wars in which huge masses of people are engaged, are due to the ideas and actions of a few individual rulers, and these in turn are precipitated into action by unseen forces which have these rulers under their control. The true way to avert events of that kind in a more thorough manner, Sri Aurobindo says, is “through the descent of a consciousness which is not the puppet of these forces but is greater than they are and can force them either to change or disappear.” (*Letters*,—2nd Series, page 62.) It is the manifestation of such a consciousness in its supreme form that has now taken place—a most momentous historical event which may not have been recognised by all in its actual manifesting process but which nevertheless is recognisable in its results by a certain mental perception.

Orthodox History perhaps does not acknowledge that during the whole of the historic period of the world till the beginning of the scientific age most of history is due to those three descents of a higher consciousness, differing from each other in spiritual nature, into the founders of the three religions. But it could not afford to ignore the results that these descents of higher consciousness produced in humanity, and all its records prove this fact. So if only History could know and record the true significance of each of these descents, and of this latest too its record of all the events depending upon these descents could also be different from what it is now and what it may be in future.

But what is this "supramental," what are the results of its descent into the earth-consciousness, and what is its significance to humanity in all its aspects of life? These are questions which have to be explained for a person unacquainted with the lives of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. To help us know all that and also the power of their supramental consciousness more clearly, perhaps it is better to try to know from the beginning the sequence of the growth of their inner consciousness; it is true that it is not possible to know it in all its truth, but we can know at least to the extent we are capable of, not by our imagination but by an examination of the data which they themselves have given in their own writings. This would enable us to ascertain, in the first place, how the human elements in them which they contained on account of their human birth were taken up and divinised, and in the second, the stages of their divinisation which have paved the way for the future divinisation of us human beings. For nothing of the Supramental Yoga is a miracle and, though it is spiritual, it has been made into a science by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother as much as any worldly knowledge is made into a science by men of worldly knowledge. Sri Aurobindo says: "My sadhana is not a freak or a monstrosity or a miracle done outside the laws of Nature and the conditions of life and consciousness on earth. If I could do these things or if they could happen in my Yoga, it means that they can be done and that therefore these developments and transformations are possible in the terrestrial consciousness." (*Letters—2nd Series*, p. 65)

Sri Aurobindo was born on August 15, 1872 in India and the Mother on February 21, 1878, in France. On 29th March 1914, the Mother met Sri Aurobindo for the first time in Pondicherry. The next day she wrote in her "Prayers and Meditations": "it matters little that there are thousands of beings plunged in ignorance—, He whom we saw yesterday is on earth; his presence is sufficient to prove that a day will come when darkness will be transformed into light, when Thy reign will in its full reality be inaugurated on earth". The aims and ideals of Sri Aurobindo in his childhood and youth were five in number and, with the help of his own words in the famous message of August 15, 1947, we may state them to be: one, a revolution which would

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achieve India's freedom and her unity; two, the resurgence and liberation of Asia and her return to the great role which she had played in the progress of human civilisation; three, the rise of a new, a greater, brighter and nobler life for mankind which for its entire realisation would rest outwardly on an international unification of the separate existence of the peoples, preserving and securing their national life but drawing them together into an overriding and consummating oneness; four, the gift by India of her spiritual knowledge and her means for the spiritualisation of life to the whole race; finally, a new step in the evolution which, by uplifting the consciousness to a higher level, would begin the solution of the many problems of existence which have perplexed and vexed humanity, since men began to think and to dream of individual perfection and a perfect society.

The Mother's aims and ideals in her childhood and youth can be seen from the notes she made in 1912: "The general aim to be attained is the advent of a progressive universal harmony. The means for attaining the aim, in regard to the earth, is the realisation of human unity through the awakening in all and the manifestation by all of the inner Divinity which is One....To individualise the states of being that were never till now conscious in man and by that to put the earth in connection with one or more of the fountains of universal force that are still sealed to it. To speak again to the world the eternal word under a new form adapted to its present mentality."

From the above quotations it can be asserted that from the very beginning, independent of each other, they had conceived of these two things: firstly, of a spiritual age for the whole of humanity on earth to be materially achieved by the first four aims and ideals of Sri Aurobindo and, secondly, this spiritual age to be maintained continuously by a higher consciousness of the nature of "Supermind" which is a new step in the evolution that had to be effected by them. The significance of this Supermind and this new step in evolution on earth can be clearly understood only when one understands what the scientific theory of evolution explains of life-principle and then of mind-principle as new steps in the evolution in matter on earth aeons ago. Supermind is a further new step; but then what is this Supermind? Just as Life and Mind are principles of consciousness differing in their nature from each other, Mind being a higher grade of consciousness than Life, so also is Supermind a principle of consciousness of a higher grade than Mind, and exceeding even Intuition and Overmind which in a general way are still ranges of Mind though closer to Supermind by their spiritual character. Its descent into the earth-consciousness will "give men truth, peace and light to live in and make life something better than a struggle with ignorance and falsehood and pain and strife. (*Letters*—2nd Series, p. 75) Sri Aurobindo writes: "One result of the intervention of Supermind in the

earth-nature, the descent of the supreme creative Truth-Power might well be a change in the law of evolution, its method and its arrangement; a larger element of the principle of evolution through knowledge might enter into the forces of the material universe. This might extend itself from a first beginning in the new creation and produce increasing effects in the order which is now wholly an evolution in the ignorance and indeed starts from the complete nescience of the Inconscient and proceeds towards what can be regarded even in its highest attainment of knowledge as a lesser ignorance, since it is more a representation than a direct and complete possession of knowledge. If man began to develop the powers and means of a higher knowledge in something like fulness, if the developing animal opened the door of his mentality to beginnings of conscious thought and even a rudimentary reason,—at his highest he is not so irrevocably far from that even now,—if the plant developed its first subconscious reactions and attained to some kind of primary nervous sensitiveness, if Matter which is a blind form of the Spirit, were to become more alive with the hidden power within it and to offer more readily the secret sense of things, the occult realities it covers, as for instance, the record of the past it always preserves even in its dumb inconscience or the working of its involved forces and invisible movements revealing veiled powers in material nature to a subtler generalised perception of the new human intelligence, this would be an immense change promising greater changes in the future, but it would mean only an uplifting and not a disturbance of the universal order. Evolution would itself evolve, but it would not be perturbed or founder.” (*The Supramental Manifestation*).

From the above quotations we see that Supermind is a new principle of consciousness and that its result would be to change the very law of evolution, “by a large element of the principle of evolution through knowledge entering into the forces of the material universe.” In the course of these articles, we have seen different lines of action working in the process of evolution on earth and now with the full advent of the supramental manifestation, we see from the above quotation that Supermind will give a new direction to the process of evolution. If the supramental is not merely a promise but also a fact, at least a partial manifestation, if not a complete one, how has this manifestation been effected by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, and by what stages will it be completed by them? Or is it all a Chance or a miracle, or is it all by the action of the Divine Grace? Sri Aurobindo says that it is the last and that “the Divine Grace” “is a power that is superior to any rule, even to the Cosmic Law—for all spiritual seers have distinguished between the Law and Grace. Yet it is not indiscriminate—only it has a discrimination of its own which sees things and persons and the right times and seasons with another vision than that of the Mind or any other normal Power. A state of Grace is prepared in the individual often behind thick veils

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by means not calculable by the mind and when the state of Grace comes, then the Grace itself acts." (*Letters*,—2nd Series, p. 256) If then the Grace did not act indiscriminately or by miracle, what was the method by which the supramental descent was achieved? What are the important facts of spiritual achievement here which may be reckoned as historical events?

From the writings of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, we know that their one aim is to establish an age of spiritual life for all mankind. The first four ideals of Sri Aurobindo as he had them in his childhood, if fully achieved in the order in which they are enumerated by him, complete a definite beginning of the first part of their aim, and the fifth ideal of Sri Aurobindo, if fully achieved, completes a definite beginning of the second part of their aim.

Now the method of the Creative Divinity by which these acts of Grace are effected on earth, is done in this order,—first the Real, second the Idea, and third the phenomenon. The Pragmatist sees the act of the Creative Divinity only when the actual phenomenon of the act on the earth is visible in its process of completion; the idealist sees the act of Creative Divinity even before, that is, when it is thrown into the earth-atmosphere as an Idea-Force to be achieved; it is on the basis of these Idea-Forces that the phenomenon is worked out by the world-power; the spiritual man disciplined in the Yoga of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother sees the act of the Creative Divinity much earlier, that is, when the act is accomplished even on the spiritual plane and is not yet thrown as an idea into the world-consciousness. Knowing thus the method of the Creative Divinity let us examine how the five aims and ideals of Sri Aurobindo, in his childhood and as they are enumerated in their natural order, have been getting achieved by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, either through the instrumentation of spiritual force or the manifestation of the supramental.

The first aim and ideal of his childhood was "a revolution which would achieve India's freedom and unity." It is said that even "at the age of eleven, Aurobindo had already received strongly the impression that a period of general upheaval and great revolutionary changes was coming in the world and he himself was destined to play a part in it. His attention was now drawn to India and this feeling was soon canalised into the idea of liberation of his own country." (*Sri Aurobindo on Himself*, p. 13). He joined a secret revolutionary society in England, but that did not function. In 1893 he returned to India; soon after, he started secret revolutionary work in Bengal and contacted other secret societies in the country. Much could not be done through them. He left the service of Baroda Government in 1906 to join the publicly organised political movement for the freedom of India and worked in it for four years till 1910. Meanwhile in 1904, he had started to do Yoga for spiritual life and had taken

to it with all his heart. His first experience was that of Nirvana, which the Buddhists and the Shankarites have set as the final spiritual goal for humanity. In 1908 he had a call from within to give up his external activities and to take exclusively to inner spiritual activity for the fulfilment of the Divine work on earth and in 1910 he retired to Pondicherry and began to work out a way to achieve his ideals by spiritual methods. We all know that his first ideal of India's freedom and unity has been only partially achieved on August 15th of 1947, which is also his birth day. About this in one of his letters (7-7-1947), he writes, "If I had been standing on the Supermind level and acting on the world by the instrumentation of Supermind, that world would have changed or would be changing much more rapidly and in a different fashion from what is happening now. My present effort is not to stand up on a high and distant Supermind level and change the world from there, but to bring something of it down here and to stand on that and act by that; but at the present stage the progressive supramentalisation of the Overmind is the first immediate preoccupation and a second is the lightening of the heavy resistance of the Inconscient and the support it gives to human ignorance which is always the main obstacle in any attempt to change the world or even to change oneself. I have always said that the spiritual force I have been putting on human affairs such as the War is not the supramental but the Overmind force, and that when it acts in the material world is so inextricably mixed up in the tangle of the lower world forces that its results, however strong or however adequate to the immediate object, must necessarily be partial. That is why I am getting a birthday present of a free India on August 15, but complicated by its being presented in two packets as two free Indias: this is a generosity I could have done without, one free India would have been enough for me if offered as an unbroken whole." (*Sri Aurobindo on Himself*, pp. 244-45)

Regarding his first ideal about India, it is evident, from the above quotation, that firstly, on account of the spiritual force put by him on human affairs being Overmind force and not Supermind, and secondly on account of the heavy resistance of the Inconscient in man's earthly nature to the action of the Supramental, freedom alone and not unity was achieved. We can also conclude from the above that if the Supramental had been brought down and if he had stood on that and acted by that on human affairs and if there had been less resistance of the Inconscient, Sri Aurobindo's ideal of both freedom and unity could have been achieved even earlier. In his message of August 15 also he refers to this: "As a mystic, I take this identification, not as a coincidence or fortuitous accident, but as a sanction and seal of the Divine Power which guides my steps on the work with which I began life." With regard to the unfinished ideal of Indian unity, the Mother has quoted

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him as saying that it would be achieved by the end of Pakistan within ten years after India's Independence.

Now these words of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother are not astrological predictions about India's freedom and unity. To some people they may appear to be like that. But behind their words, there is their own spiritual force and knowledge of its method of working, whereas astrological predictions are at their best only possible indications of the stars about a future event.

However, about this particular event of India's freedom in 1947, it may be said that it is attributable to three factors,—one, the spiritual force put on human affairs by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother; two, the idea-force that took possession of the idealists; three, the pragmatists that worked out the idea of the idealists. All these working together achieved the event and it is an act of the Creative Divinity. Its origin is in the Real, where it has been achieved as an act of Creative Divinity by the Spiritual force of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother; from there it has been thrown into the world, into the mental consciousness of man as an idea-force which again has been worked out by the pragmatists who are only instruments in the hands of the world-power on the physical plane. As such and on account of all that Sri Aurobindo and the Mother have done for the cause of India, the historian of free India owes it as a duty towards God and man to note this spiritual event in his records with all the statements of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother about it.

(To be continued)

NARAYANA C. REDDI

“CLASSICAL” AND “ROMANTIC”

*(An expansion of Notes given to the First Year Poetry Class at the
Sri Aurobindo International University Centre)*

VIII

In a general way all the great Romantics of Wordsworth's time are true to the “type of the wise” illustrated by him when he let his poem *To a Skylark* end as an answer in the negative to its own opening question:

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

C. M. Bowra rightly remarks: “There are perhaps poets who live entirely in dreams and hardly notice the familiar scene. But the Romantics are not of their number....We cannot complain that by their devotion to the mysteries of life the Romantics failed to appreciate life itself. It is of course true that they do not belong to the company of universal poets, like Homer and Shakespeare, in whom everything human touches some chord and passes into music. But they are closer to common life than Pope or Dryden, even than Milton or Spenser. It would be hard to think of another man who combined, as Blake did, an extraordinary power of vision with the tenderest compassion for the outcast and the oppressed, or who, like Shelley, used his Platonic musings to unfold an enormous scheme for the regeneration of the world. Even the staid Wordsworth found a new source of profound poetry in the humble creatures of fell and waterside, in leach-gatherers and old huntsmen, small girls and idiot boys. Even so devoted a lover of physical nature as Keats came to see that the poet must not detach himself from mankind, but live in compassionate understanding of it. And this understanding was in many ways new. It has a new tenderness which is far removed from the aristocratic dignity of the Augustans or the princely splendours of the Elizabethans. In their attempts to understand man in the depths of his being, the Romantics were moved by convictions which give a special humanity to their poetry.”

This humanity we often forget under the keen glow of their sense of divinity. But the two are inseparable and complementary. Blake's most famous poem, containing the stanza—

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Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!—

ends with

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

About Shelley who would seem to be a sheer “sun-treader” Sri Aurobindo has written: “If the idea of a being not of our soil fallen into the material life and still remembering his skies can be admitted as an actual fact of human birth, then Shelley was certainly a living example of one of these luminous spirits half obscured by earth; the very stumblings of his life came from the difficulty of such a nature moving in the alien terrestrial environment in which he is not at home nor capable of accepting its muddy vesture and iron chain, attempting to realise there the law of his own being in spite of the obstruction of the physical clay.... Light, Love, Liberty are the three godheads in whose presence his pure and radiant spirit lived; but a celestial light, a celestial love, a celestial liberty. To bring them down to earth without their losing their celestial lustre and hue is his passionate endeavour, but his wings constantly buoy him upward and cannot beat strongly in an earthly atmosphere. The effort and the unconquered difficulty are the cause of the ethereality, the want of firm earthly reality that some complain of in his poetry. There is an air of luminous mist surrounding his intellectual presentation of his meaning which shows the truths he sees as things to which the mortal eye cannot easily pierce or the life and temperament of earth rise to realise and live; yet to bring about the union of the mortal and the immortal, the terrestrial and the celestial is always his passion.”

Against a suggestion that Shelley's *Skylark* should be purged of the three or four stanzas where the “blithe Spirit” which is the Skylark is likened to human and corporeal things, and that the poem should be “left winging between the rainbow and the lightnings and ignorant of anything less brilliant and un-earthly”, Sri Aurobindo contended in a letter: “Shelley was not only a poet of other worlds, of *Epipsychidion* and *The Witch of Atlas*; he was passionately interested in bringing the light, beauty and truth of the ideal super-world from which he came into the earth life—he tried to find it there wherever he could, he tried to infuse it wherever he missed it. The mental, the vital, the physical cannot be left out of the whole he saw in order to yield place only to the ethereal and impalpable. As he heard the skylark and felt the subtle essence of light

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and beauty in its song, he felt too the call of the same essence of light and beauty elsewhere and it is the things behind which he felt it that he compares to the skylark—the essence of ideal light and beauty behind things mental, the poet and his hymn, behind things vital, the soul of romantic love, behind things physical, the light of the glow-worm, the passionate intensity of the perfume of the rose. I cannot see an ordinary glow-worm in the lines of Shelley's stanza—it is a light from beyond finding expression in that glimmer and illumining the dell of dew and the secrecy of flowers and grass that is there. This illumination of the earthly mind, vital, physical with his super-world light is a main part of Shelley—excise that and the whole of Shelley is no longer there, there is only the ineffectual angel beating his wings in the void—excise it from the *Skylark* and the true whole of the *Skylark* is no longer there.”

As with Wordsworth, so with Shelley, the hope of mingling the Here and the Yonder was intense and concrete through Pantheism. As with the elder poet so with the younger, there was no blindness to the insufficiency of life and of things as they commonly are: in fact, if they had been blind to it they would have lacked the passion of that hope; but equally would they have lacked this passion if they had not seen a glorious oneness of spiritual reality secretly present in the universe—heart of its heart, even stuff of its stuff—and often revealing itself to the poet's eye and holding the promise of a great transfiguration of man's existence. The vision of that glorious oneness is again and again the most natural to Shelley—“natural” in both the meanings of the term. Without even introducing explicit mysticism he can suggest an enchanting Apocalypse through a simple panorama:

And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

More philosophically expressed, his mysticism centres in the Power

Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath and kindles it above,

and in “the one Spirit's plastic stress” which “sweeps through the dull dense world”, and in

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That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst.

About this Pantheism of Shelley's, which the Roman Catholic poet Francis Thompson who was deeply sympathetic to the Shelleyan imagination found yet extremely incongenial, no truer words have been written than by another Roman Catholic poet, Alfred Noyes. He reads in it no real conflict with essential Christianity where also God is spoken of as He “in whom we live and move and have our being.” When Shelley sings of the young Keats, “Adonais”, becoming by his death a portion of universal Loveliness, he does not mean a dissolution into material Nature as Thompson supposes: he means, says Noyes, an entry into a divine Spirit within Nature and to be part of it is not to be individually annulled, either. Here is neither the sleep of death in which our dissolved elements circulate in Nature's veins, as Thompson thought when considering Shelley's Pantheism, nor a loss of individuality in some universal Being. It is, Noyes explains, “a perfected harmony, embracing, completing every individual note, and making it more, not less, itself.” The sounds and odours and beams in the Garden of the Sensitive Plant about which Shelley has elsewhere sung “were not mingled and confused by their interpenetration. Their essential forms were not blurred. They became sharper and more definite in their communion. They moved ‘like reeds in a single stream’, in the consummate music of the One and the many. It was not an extinction, much less a degradation of the individual, but an apotheosis. The being of Keats too is not conceived as merged and lost in the Universal Spirit:

The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.”

To be more precise and positive: the being of Keats is not only said by Shelley to suffer no self-loss in the Spirit that is universal—it is also, seen shining in some dimension of reality high above, which is like a starry eternity and whose height is unmistakably hinted in the line just preceding the quotation:

Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven...

A transcendent dimension of ultimate truth and supreme life is visioned through Pantheos.

Coleridge too at the peak of his poetic production lived in the same complexly pantheistic outlook and inlook. He even tried to make an argued philosophy of them. The thesis in it that concerns us may be briefly indicated. Considering the two states of form-consciousness in man—the state of sensation in which an external world is experienced and the state of imagination in which forms like those of this world are combined and transfigured to make a world of our own, Coleridge looked upon the experience of external objects as a passive or at least automatic repetition in us of a constant creative act of ordered imagination by a universal Being and he looked upon our imaginative experience as the universal Being's creative faculty actively at work in the individual, co-existent with the individual's conscious will. The two experiences he named the Primary Imagination and the Secondary Imagination. In both, the individual partakes of the universal, though in different ways, and both are founded in a basic oneness of the universal and the individual and, in both, it is the spirit that is subject in one aspect, object in another: "The Intelligence tends to objectise itself and...to know itself in the object." But if the individual is really to enter into the universal, instead of functioning in some sort of separation and alienation as he ordinarily does, he must take his experience of sensation not passively or automatically but with an activity of his consciously exercisable imaginative power. Objects received in mere sensation tend to be not only externally given but also dead and mechanical: when the imaginative power works upon them, "dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create", they are received with a living sense in us of the original Creativity by which they are projected within the universal consciousness. As a result, they undergo two changes. In the first place, they become congenial to our mind and are felt as its own. In the second place, while being enveloped by our mind, they get penetrated and read as symbols—symbols not merely standing for something behind them, for paradisaical perfections, but also sharing in the Infinite Mind and themselves suffused with Supernature. We then, says Coleridge, appreciate the position of the philosopher Malebranche, that we see all things in God. This actively imaginative sensing of what the active imagination of God has created is the source, whether recognised or not, of the highest poetry. In the highest poetry, according to Coleridge, the barrier between mind and matter, subject and object, seems miraculously broken down. He writes: "To make the external internal, the internal external, to make nature thought, and thought nature—this is the mystery of genius in the Fine Arts. Dare I add that the genius must act on the feeling, that body is but a striving to become mind—that it is mind in its essence!" In its culminating intensity the imagina-

tive interpenetration of things and ourselves within a commonalty of Infinite Mind passes into the mystical realisation that is pantheistic no less than alive to “unknown modes of being”, the occult presences, and the transcendent glories of “God who is our home” and from whom the soul comes into terrestrial birth with what Plato called “reminiscence”.

The actively imaginative sensing, however, is not confined to the mystical apprehension or to the poetic vision. In fact it occurs every time Nature is enjoyed as beautiful or sublime, for, according to Coleridge, beauty and sublimity cannot be divorced from the spectator’s awareness of significance in Nature. As Scott-James puts it: “That notion of significance could not be accounted for by any analysis of the separate sensations of which the vision appeared to be composed. Therefore, though it arose from an impression that is *given*, it could only be by some power in the soul that a character was discovered in it. Coleridge attributed it to a faculty of the soul which gives what it receives and receives what it gives—and this act, a volitional act, of bringing to nature something which it was capable of accepting, or of voluntarily accepting from nature that which the imaginative mind was so constituted as to receive, implied for Coleridge, a ‘common ground’ between nature and spirit, between the symbol and the mind which could recognize it or create it”. In the poet’s own words:

...we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live!
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd:
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
 Enveloping the earth!
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and powerful voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

Further, the mind imaginative, the “shaping spirit of Imagination”,

This beautiful and beauty-making Power,

as Coleridge calls it in the same poem, is not cloven apart from reason just as it is not cloven apart from feeling. It does not dispense with logic or with

scientific observation, but it holds them subservient to itself instead of being dominated by them; or, rather, it assimilates them and is in its total aspect an intellectual as well as passionate maker of the beautiful from its own beauty. For, it answers in its own manner to the original divine Imagination which must also be a divine Reason creating a cosmos fraught with significance and system and charged with the goal of revealing in one way or another the workings of Supernature within the natural. It is a human glimpse of the supreme imaginative Creativity, so that, in Wordsworth's phrase, it

Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.

We may even say that by its very essence the Imagination cannot but be such a fused agency. For, in Coleridge's view, it is an agency whose master job is to fuse diverse elements: it is "esemplastic", as he dubbed it in a curious Greek coinage intended to connote "into-one-moulding". Even in its primary function which is automatic and seems passive, there is a secret associative action gathering together the sensations of colours, sounds, odours into "wholes", into objects of perception: a form or mould is brought to the data of sense, concentrating and synthesising them. In its secondary function, especially as a poetic or artistic power, the Imagination is more refinedly, more deeply esemplastic and differs from Fancy in precisely that Fancy constructs only patchworks from memory and combines things without real synthesis, "plays with fixities and definites", while Imagination, as we have already noted, "dissolves, diffuses, dissipates in order to re-create". Not that Imagination annuls anything in the fusion: the elements remain individual but lose their exclusivenesses. Imagination is the shaper of beauty, and, to Coleridge, the Beautiful "is that in which the many, still seen as many, become one". On the other hand, Fancy brings together dissimilar objects by some superficial resemblance through which is suggested no depth of significance making the dissimilars interpenetrate and strike on a common essence: it is a practitioner of ingenuity and not of insight as is Imagination. Now, if Imagination were itself exclusive instead of being an integrated manifold, a unity-in-multiplicity, it could hardly be "esemplastic", hardly exercise the function "by which one image or feeling is made to modify many others, and by a sort of fusion to force many into one".

Coleridge could not but think of Imagination as what Wordsworth terms it in those three lines, for actually he came to his theory of it as distinct from Fancy by the unforgettable experience of finding it so in Wordsworth's own

poetry. He has recorded this experience in a passage which is itself memorable: “While memory lasts, I shall hardly forget the sudden effect produced on my mind, by his recitation of a manuscript poem.... There was here no mark of strained thought, or forced diction, no crowd or turbulence of imagery.... It was not however the freedom from false taste...which made so unusual an impression on my feelings immediately, and subsequently on my judgment. It was the union of deep feeling with profound thought; the fine balance of truth in observing, with the imaginative faculty in modifying the objects observed; and above all the original gift of spreading the tone, the *atmosphere*, and with it the depth and height of the ideal world around forms, incidents, and situations, of which, for the common view, custom had bedimmed all the lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dewdrops.. This excellence, which in all Mr. Wordsworth’s writings is more or less predominant, and which constitutes the character of his mind, I no sooner felt, than I sought to understand. Repeated meditations led me first to suspect.. that fancy and imagination were two distinct and widely different faculties, instead of being, according to the general belief, either two names with one meaning, or, at furthest, the lower and higher degree of one and the same power.”

It is clear that in implying Wordsworth’s poetry to be imaginative and not fanciful he pointed by the term “imagination” to some faculty of the soul by which there was no mere “arbitrary bringing together of things that lie remote”, no aggregating and ingenious presenting of impressions drawn from memory, but the creating of an indissoluble oneness in which the imaginative beauty could be both felt and understood. Not only did the heart warm to it: the understanding went out to embrace it. The unique quality of this result by a “beautiful and beauty-making Power” was that at the same time it awoke emotion and satisfied the reason. For here was a faculty of insight that rendered beauty a thrill of some inner truth of the universe—a faculty whose ultimate flowering is a complex pantheistic mysticism.

Towards this flowering all the five great Romantics had a *misus*. Even Keats who is on the whole more aesthetic than mystic has wonderful moments of that *misus* and his aestheticism is never without a tinge of it, however subdued. In his *Ode to a Nightingale*, he recognises the bird’s song to be revelatory of a timeless order of things through a phenomenon of Nature repeating as a single ravishment within diverse forms across the march of the ages:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

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Perhaps the self-same voice that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

Similarly in the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* he took not beautiful sound but beautiful form, a visible silence, as a glimpse-giver of the timeless, the divine inner verity of things:

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

As a comment by Keats himself on the mystical meaning of these two most famous poetic passages from his work, especially of the second, there could not be anything more succinctly apt than the following from a letter of his to Benjamin Bailey: "I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections and the truth of Imagination—What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth—whether it existed before or not." And there could not be anything more in tune with the core of the new Romanticism, its animating philosophy and religion, as figured by Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, all of whom held views about the Imagination more or less like those of Coleridge.

(To be continued)

K. D. SETHNA