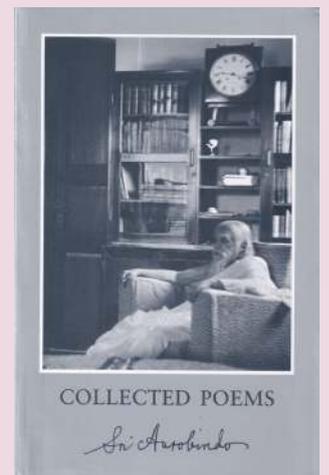
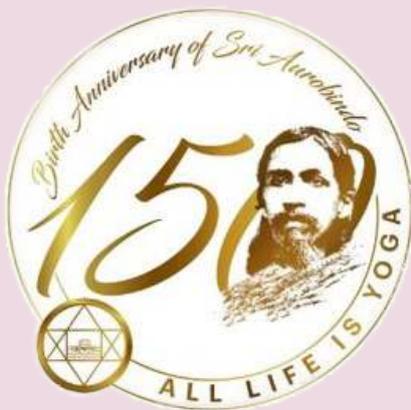




The Call Beyond





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An Online Publication of
SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM - DELHI BRANCH

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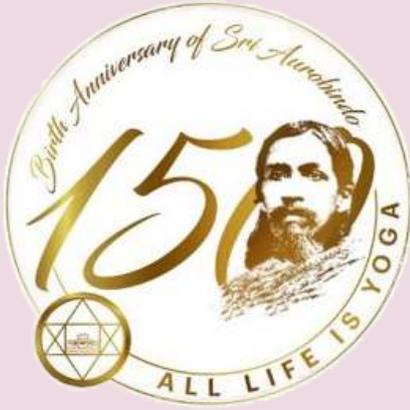
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Celebrating 150 Years of Sri Aurobindo

(1872-2022)



Who was Sri Aurobindo? A freedom fighter, who shook the British Empire within five years? A poet, who could give poetic expression to whispers from the heavens? A writer, who would have honoured the Nobel Prize for Literature, if it had been conferred on him? A linguist, who raised the level of the English

language to that of Sanskrit, and deciphered the symbolism of the Veda? A yogi, who gave the world Integral Yoga, a powerful synthesis that incorporated the major traditional systems of yoga, and went beyond all of them? A rishi (a seer) and a muni (a thinker) rolled in one? Or, a spiritual master, radical, rational and revolutionary, far ahead of his times, who is today the Guru to millions in the world?

Sri Aurobindo was all this, and more. Due to our limitations, *The Call Beyond*, however, will concentrate on Sri Aurobindo, the writer. In the category of spiritual literature rooted in the Indian tradition, the original of which was written in the English language, Sri Aurobindo's works belong to a class apart, both in quantity and quality. In his works, Sri Aurobindo has given nothing short of a prescription for sculpting humanity into a new shape that would be beyond recognition. Even through the works that have their origin in the *Arya*, which were written over a period of just six years (1914-1920), he has created enough homework for the world to stay busy with for several centuries.

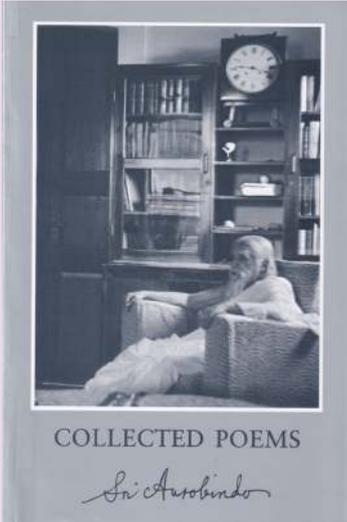
The Complete Works of Sri Aurobindo (CWSA) run into 36 volumes. The humble offering of *The Call Beyond*, however, would be limited to bringing you every month just the glimpses of one of the works of Sri Aurobindo.



Collected Poems

A born poet is usually a genius, poetry with any power or beauty in it implies genius.

Sri Aurobindo, in a letter dated 13 February 1936 ('Letters on Poetry and Art', CWSA Vol. 27, p. 104)



Among the many facets of Sri Aurobindo's infinite personality that he manifested, one that stands out is that of a born poet. His first poem available to us was written in 1883, when he was just eleven. Taking a cue from 'Genesis' in the Old Testament, this poem titled 'Light' is remarkable for his grasp of matters mystical, which is evident from the very first stanza:

*From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled, black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it around with stars.*

Not only does it reflect mystical vision and poetic genius, it also carries in it hints of the Vedantic view that the Creator became rather than created the creation.

Like the rest of Sri Aurobindo's works, his poems also cover a vast canvas. Some have been inspired by historical events, others by the evolving future; some by personalities, others by mythological tales; some by the seeker's struggle, others by the seer's realization. The circumstances surrounding two of his poems, 'The Godhead' and 'Invitation' are interesting.



'The Godhead' is based on his experience of a divine intervention that saved him from a potentially serious accident in Baroda. Sri Aurobindo was in his horse carriage, and for some reason the horse panicked. This could have led to a fatal tragedy, but Sri Aurobindo escaped without a scratch (1). Here is the sonnet in which he captured the incident and his interpretation:

*I sat behind the dance of Danger's hooves
In the shouting street that seemed a futurist's whim,*

["the dance of Danger's hooves" describes the horse in panic.]

*And suddenly felt, exceeding Nature's grooves,
In me, enveloping me the body of Him.*

["enveloping me the body of Him" describes the experience of being protected by the Divine; the feeling of being enveloped by the Divine.]

*Above my head a mighty head was seen,
A face with the calm of immortality
And an omnipotent gaze that held the scene
In the vast circle of its sovereignty.*

["a mighty head," "a face with the calm of immortality," "an omnipotent gaze," tell us the form of the Divine, as seen by Sri Aurobindo at that moment of crisis.]

*His hair was mingled with the sun and breeze;
The world was in His heart and He was I:
I housed in me the Everlasting's peace,
The strength of One whose substance cannot die.*

"His hair was mingled with the sun and breeze" further describe the form of the Divine. "The world was in His heart" is the image of 'All in One;' "He was I" is the image of identity with the Divine – aham brahmasmi (I am the Divine). Once the identity was experienced, as a corollary followed the sense of security that comes from "Everlasting peace" and "The strength of One whose substance cannot die."]



*The moment passed and all was as before;
Only that deathless memory I bore.*

[“The moment” of danger “passed” and “all was as before” – the danger left behind not even the trace of any physical tell-tale signs. All that was left was “deathless memory” – a memory that would last a lifetime.]

‘**Invitation**’ was written when Sri Aurobindo was in Alipore jail (1908-1909). A young freedom fighter, who was one of the co-accused, once told Sri Aurobindo that in the jail he was feeling deprived of the pleasures of English poetry. Sri Aurobindo addressed this deprivation by writing a poem for him within a day. It is incredible that while undergoing trial for serious charges, Sri Aurobindo could produce ‘on demand’ a beautiful poem (2).

*With wind and the weather beating round me
Up to the hill and the moorland I go.
Who will come with me? Who will climb with me?
Wade through the brook and tramp through the snow?
Not in the petty circle of cities
Cramped by your doors and your walls I dwell;
Over me God is blue in the welkin,
Against me the wind and the storm rebel.
I sport with solitude here in my regions,
Of misadventure have made me a friend.
Who would live largely? Who would live freely?
Here to the wind-swept uplands ascend.
I am the lord of tempest and mountain,
I am the Spirit of freedom and pride.
Stark must he be and a kinsman to danger
Who shares my kingdom and walks at my side.*

As a personification of the “Spirit of freedom and pride,” Sri Aurobindo was well-equipped for the adventure to which he extended an invitation to anyone willing to accompany him.



So impressed with Sri Aurobindo's poetic genius was his elder brother, Manomohan Ghose, that he once told him, "Aurobindo, you forget that you are a born poet and must not drift into politics. Politics is not your mission in life. Your mission is poetry." (3) How our near and dear ones, our well-wishers, can misunderstand us! Sri Aurobindo had not drifted into politics; it was his passionate desire to secure freedom for the country that had drawn him into politics. And, his stint with politics made an indispensable contribution to India's freedom struggle. However, Sri Aurobindo's mission was neither politics nor poetry; it was to be that unprecedented spiritual master who would usher in a new age, a new creation, a new world order. But his true mission neither interfered with his love for the country nor stopped him from being a poet. What his true mission did was to link his love for the country with the role that his country could play as the spiritual guru to the world; and as a poet, he went on to finally give the world the longest poem in the English language, *Savitri*, which is not just a poem but rather a scripture.

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Human creation comes from the vital planes into the physical — but there is often enough something more behind it than is expressed — it gets altered or diminished in the human physical transcription.

Sri Aurobindo, in a letter dated 9 March 1933 ('Letters on Poetry and Art', CWSA Vol. 27, p. 9)



Selections from Sri Aurobindo's 'Letters on Poetry and Art'

INSPIRATION AND EFFORT



Inspiration is always a very uncertain thing; it comes when it chooses, stops suddenly before it has finished its work, refuses to descend when it is called. This is a well-known affliction, perhaps of all artists, but certainly of poets. There are some who can command it at will; those who, I think, are more full of an abundant poetic energy than careful for perfection; others who oblige it to come whenever they put pen to paper but with these the inspiration is either not of a high order or quite unequal in its level.

Again there are some who try to give it a habit of coming by always writing at the same time; Virgil with his nine lines first written, then perfected every morning, Milton with his fifty epic lines a day, are said to have succeeded in regularising their inspiration. It is, I suppose, the same principle which makes gurus in India prescribe for their disciples a meditation at the same fixed hour every day. It succeeds partially of course, for some entirely, but not for everybody. **For myself, when the inspiration did not come with a rush or in a stream, — for then there is no difficulty, — I had only one way, to allow a certain kind of incubation in which a large form of the thing to be done threw itself on the mind and then wait for the white heat in which the entire transcription could rapidly take place.** But I think each poet has his own way of working and finds his own issue out of inspiration's incertitudes.

- Sri Aurobindo, in a letter dated 26 January 1932 ('Letters on Poetry and Art', CWSA Vol. 27, pp.10-11)



WRITING AND REWRITING

It will be valuable knowledge to learn how 'Six Poems' were written and the three recent sonnets and how 'Savitri' is being led forward to its consummation.

There is no invariable how — except that I receive from above my head and receive changes and corrections from above without any initiation by myself or labour of the brain. Even if I change a hundred times, the mind does not work at that, it only receives. Formerly it used not to be so; the mind was always labouring at the stuff of an unshaped formation. The sonnets by the way are not recent, except *Nirvana* — two are some years old already. In any case, the poems come as a stream, beginning at the first line and ending at the last — only some remain with one or two changes only, others have to be recast if the first inspiration was an inferior one. **Savitri is a work by itself unlike all the others. I made some eight or ten recasts of it originally under the old insufficient inspiration.** Afterwards I am altogether rewriting it, concentrating on the first Book and working on it over and over again with the hope that every line may be of a perfect perfection — but I have hardly any time now for such work.

- Sri Aurobindo, in a letter dated 31 October 1934 ('Letters on Poetry and Art', CWSA Vol. 27, p.211)

READING, YOGIC FORCE AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF STYLE

To manufacture your style, you will hardly deny that your enormous reading contributed to it.

Excuse me! **I never manufactured my style; style with any life in it cannot be manufactured.** It is born and grows like any other living thing. Of course it was fed on my reading which was not enormous — I have read comparatively little — (there are people in India who have read fifty times or a hundred times as much as I have) only I have made much out of that little. For the rest it is Yoga that has developed my style by the



development of consciousness, fineness and accuracy of thought and vision, increasing inspiration and an increasing intuitive discrimination (self-critical) of right thought, word form, just image and figure.

- Sri Aurobindo, in a letter dated 29 October 1935 ('Letters on Poetry and Art', CWSA Vol. 27, p.211)

THREE ESSENTIALS FOR WRITING POETRY

I have gone through your poems. For poetry three things are necessary. First, there must be emotional sincerity and poetical feeling and this your poems show that you possess. Next, a mastery over language and a faculty of rhythm perfected by a knowledge of the technique of poetic and rhythmic expression; here the technique is imperfect, some faculty is there but in the rough and there is not yet an original and native style. Finally, there must be the power of inspiration, the creative energy, and that makes the whole difference between the poet and the good verse-writer. In your poems this is still very uncertain, — in some passages it almost comes out, but in the rest it is not evident. I would suggest to you not to turn your energies in this direction at present. Allow your consciousness to grow. If when the consciousness develops, a greater energy of inspiration comes, not out of the ordinary but out of the Yogic consciousness, then you can write and, if it is found that the energy not only comes from the true source but is able to mould for itself the true transcription in rhythm and language, can continue.

- Sri Aurobindo, in a letter dated 6 June 1932 ('Letters on Poetry and Art', CWSA Vol. 27, p.567)

All that is written in metre is called verse. If it is written with inspiration, it is poetry.

Sri Aurobindo, in a letter dated 27 May 1937 ('Letters on Poetry and Art', CWSA Vol. 27, p. 103)



A God's Labour for Planet Earth

Kritagya

Sri Aurobindo was unique among spiritual masters in setting as his goal making the world a much better place to live in, and that too by going to the very roots of the problem, which is basically human nature. To change human nature what is needed is a significant rise in the level of the average human consciousness, which in turn would transform the ego-driven human personality into one driven by love. To create this possibility, Sri Aurobindo aimed at charging the Earth atmosphere with Supramental Consciousness. **This was the aim on which he concentrated all His attention after 1926, the year in which He went into seclusion.** This poem, A God's Labour, was written about 10 years after that, in 1936. In this poem He declares that He came down "here on sordid earth" to "build a rainbow bridge" that would join our little planet with the heavens. He also highlights the difficulties involved in this unprecedented mission, His undying persistence, and the certitude that the goal would be reached. The Mother was His collaborator in the mission. While Sri Aurobindo was doing the necessary inner work for the Project Consciousness, The Mother was doing the outer work. Therefore, it was The Mother who was experiencing first-hand the disappointing human response to the work, the very people for whose sake the Project had been undertaken. That is why, She is said to have remarked when Sri Aurobindo wrote this poem that He had revealed in it all Her secrets. **Hard indeed is the labour of a god who tries to uplift the human race, which clings to its present state with the inertia of the ignorant.** Yet, Sri Aurobindo visualized "the radiant children of Paradise" coming "down a gold-red stairway" and wrote that the future that He was creating was almost there – "A little more and the new life's doors / Shall be carved in silver light," as indeed happened by the time He left His body in 1950. And, The Mother continued



the work, and actually took us there in 1956 when, on the 29th of February, she declared that the Supramental Consciousness had indeed descended on Earth. Here is the poem, which is one of Sri Aurobindo's best known poems.

A God's Labour

*I have gathered my dreams in a silver air
Between the gold and the blue
And wrapped them softly and left them there,
My jewelled dreams of you.
I had hoped to build a rainbow bridge
Marrying the soil to the sky
And sow in this dancing planet midge
The moods of infinity.
But too bright were our heavens, too far away,
Too frail their ethereal stuff;
Too splendid and sudden our light could not stay;
The roots were not deep enough.
He who would bring the heavens here
Must descend himself into clay
And the burden of earthly nature bear
And tread the dolorous way.
Coercing my godhead I have come down
Here on the sordid earth,
Ignorant, labouring, human grown
Twixt the gates of death and birth.
I have been digging deep and long
Mid a horror of filth and mire
A bed for the golden river's song,
A home for the deathless fire.
I have laboured and suffered in Matter's night
To bring the fire to man;
But the hate of hell and human spite
Are my meed since the world began.*



*For man's mind is the dupe of his animal self;
Hoping its lusts to win,
He harbours within him a grisly Elf
Enamoured of sorrow and sin.
The grey Elf shudders from heaven's flame
And from all things glad and pure;
Only by pleasure and passion and pain
His drama can endure.
All around is darkness and strife;
For the lamps that men call suns
Are but halfway gleams on this stumbling life
Cast by the Undying Ones.
Man lights his little torches of hope
That lead to a failing edge;
A fragment of Truth is his widest scope,
An inn his pilgrimage.
The Truth of truths men fear and deny,
The Light of lights they refuse;
To ignorant gods they lift their cry
Or a demon altar choose.
All that was found must again be sought,
Each enemy slain revives,
Each battle for ever is fought and refought
Through vistas of fruitless lives.
My gaping wounds are a thousand and one
And the Titan kings assail,
But I dare not rest till my task is done
And wrought the eternal will.
How they mock and sneer, both devils and men!
"Thy hope is Chimera's head
Painting the sky with its fiery stain;
Thou shalt fall and thy work lie dead.
"Who art thou that babblest of heavenly ease*



*And joy and golden room
To us who are waifs on inconscient seas
And bound to life's iron doom?
"This earth is ours, a field of Night
For our petty flickering fires.
How shall it brook the sacred Light
Or suffer a god's desires?
"Come, let us slay him and end his course!
Then shall our hearts have release
From the burden and call of his glory and force
And the curb of his wide white peace."
But the god is there in my mortal breast
Who wrestles with error and fate
And tramples a road through mire and waste
For the nameless Immaculate.
A voice cried, "Go where none have gone!
Dig deeper, deeper yet
Till thou reach the grim foundation stone
And knock at the keyless gate."
I saw that a falsehood was planted deep
At the very root of things
Where the grey Sphinx guards God's riddle sleep
On the Dragon's outspread wings.
I left the surface gauds of mind
And life's unsatisfied seas
And plunged through the body's alleys blind
To the nether mysteries.
I have delved through the dumb Earth's dreadful heart
And heard her black mass' bell.
I have seen the source whence her agonies part
And the inner reason of hell.
Above me the dragon murmurs moan
And the goblin voices flit;*



*I have pierced the Void where Thought was born,
I have walked in the bottomless pit.
On a desperate stair my feet have trod
Armoured with boundless peace,
Bringing the fires of the splendour of God
Into the human abyss.
He who I am was with me still;
All veils are breaking now.
I have heard His voice and borne His will
On my vast untroubled brow.
The gulf twixt the depths and the heights is bridged
And the golden waters pour
Down the sapphire mountain rainbow-ridged
And glimmer from shore to shore.
Heaven's fire is lit in the breast of the earth
And the undying suns here burn;
Through a wonder cleft in the bounds of birth
The incarnate spirits yearn
Like flames to the kingdoms of Truth and Bliss:
Down a gold-red stairway wend
The radiant children of Paradise
Clarioning darkness' end.
A little more and the new life's doors
Shall be carved in silver light
With its aureate roof and mosaic floors
In a great world bare and bright.
I shall leave my dreams in their argent air,
For in a raiment of gold and blue
There shall move on the earth embodied and fair
The living truth of you.*

(Source: Collected Poems. CWSA, Vol. 2, pp. 534-538)



Do Not Grieve

Kavyaprem

Sri Aurobindo has given us about ninety sonnets. In just fourteen lines each, the sonnets give us sometimes a valuable tip for sadhana and sometimes a profound peep into Vedanta. In a few sonnets, we get glimpses of the peak spiritual experiences of a Rishi (seer), comparable to those in the Upanishads. Such poetic descriptions of the words that the Rishi hears at the summit of Consciousness are extremely rare in the English language.



One of his sonnets, 'To weep because a glorious sun', offers great consolation to the near and dear ones of a departed soul. For those who have known and interacted with a person in flesh and blood for decades, the bland statement that 'the soul is immortal' is often not enough as consolation. Being

form-obsessed ignorant creatures, our attachment to the body that embodied the soul is undeniable and understandable. In this sonnet is powerful consolation in poetry powered by a profound vision.

To weep because a glorious sun

*To weep because a glorious sun has set
Which the next morn shall gild the east again,
To mourn that mighty strengths must yield to fate
Which by that fall a double force attain,
To shrink from pain without whose friendly strife
Joy could not be, to make a terror of death
Who smiling beckons us to farther life
And is a bridge for the persistent breath;
Despair and anguish and the tragic grief*



*Of dry set eyes or such disastrous tears
As rend the heart though meant for its relief,
And all man's ghastly company of fears
Are born of folly that believes this span
Of brittle life can limit immortal man.*

(Source: Collected Poems. CWSA, Vol. 2, p. 182)

Paraphrase

*"To weep because a glorious sun has set
Which the next morn shall gild the east again,
To mourn that mighty strengths must yield to fate
Which by that fall a double force attain,"*

Why cry because the sun, although glorious, has set? Sunrise the next morning is sure to brighten up the east. Why mourn that the strong too fall because they have to succumb to fate? This is a fall from which they rise doubly strong.

*"To shrink from pain without whose friendly strife
Joy could not be, to make a terror of death
Who smiling beckons us to farther life
And is a bridge for the persistent breath;"*

Why shun the pain, without the friendly opposition of which, joy would not exist in this world of dualities? The pain is painful, but the suffering that it brings is friendly because going through suffering makes joy real and meaningful. Why treat death as a terror, because while death ends one life on earth, it is an invitation to continue living in another world, and also opens up the possibility of yet one more life on earth. Even while we live on earth, death is the bridge that intervenes between one breath and the next. After a person breathes out, there is a very brief pause before the next breath. During this pause, the person is not breathing, and is therefore, in a way dead. In that sense, death is the bridge that makes a person jump



from one breath to the next, and makes repeatedly interrupted breath seem uninterrupted or persistent. This reminds me of an anecdote from Guru Nanak's life. While talking to his disciples, he said that life is uncertain. Every time one exhales, nobody can be sure of the next breath or *dum* (u pronounced as in cut). *Dum aayaa* (if the breath comes), there you have the person or *aadami*. *Dum nahin aayaa* (if the breath does not come), *aadami* is gone. That is why man is called *aadami* !

*“Despair and anguish and the tragic grief
Of dry set eyes or such disastrous tears
As rend the heart though meant for its relief,
And all man's ghastly company of fears
Are born of folly that believes this span
Of brittle life can limit immortal man.”*

Here comes the explanation for the questions raised in the previous lines. Man's sorrow, whether expressed with dry eyes or tears are due to stupidity rooted in ignorance.

In these lines, Sri Aurobindo has also touched upon a psychological truth. Although we may find tears heart rending, they are actually meant to relieve anguish and grief. Tears are a safe and quick outlet for the grieving heart. If the outlet does not find an expression, it can lead to more serious psychological issues like prolonged depression.

Sorrow, no matter how expressed; and fears, such as the fear of death and the fear of what awaits after death; are all born in the stupid belief – stupid because it is rooted in superficial and partial knowledge – that the fragile and fugitive life on earth is the limit of an individual's existence. The Truth is that since the soul of an individual is immortal, man is immortal.



Whether it is the disciple who chooses the Guru, or it is the Guru who chooses the disciple may be debatable, but fascinating and often incredible are the stories behind their being brought together. This column brings you the circumstances under which some of the foremost disciples of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother felt their unmistakable magnetic pull.

Krishnalal – the artist who became the art

Aditi Kaul

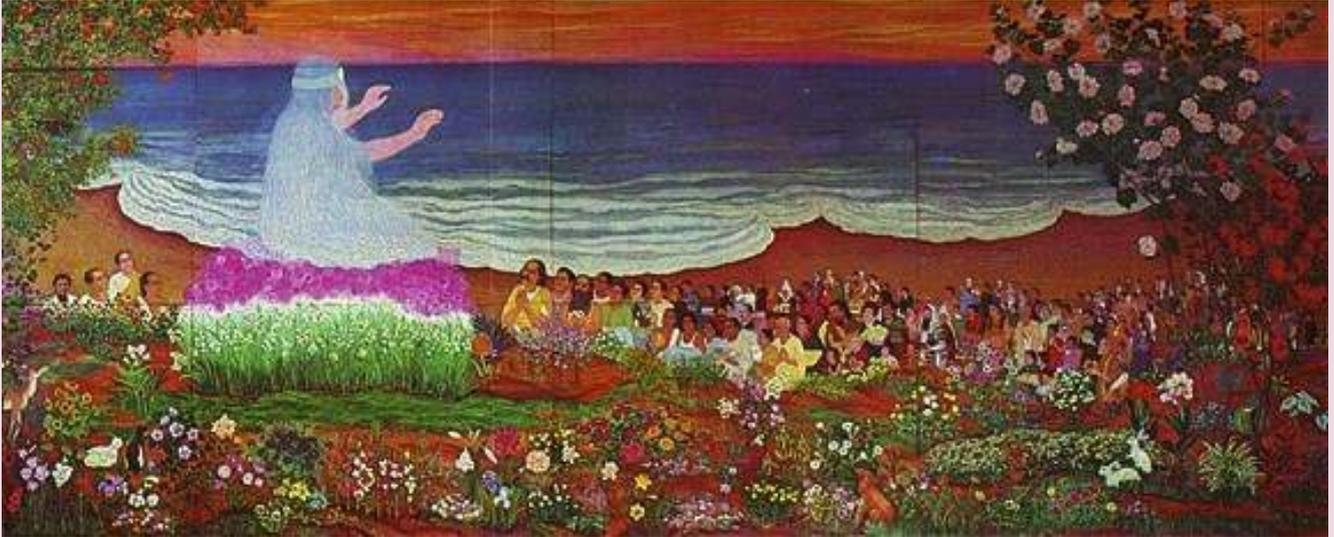


*Krishnalal (1905-1990)
(Credit: Overman Foundation)*

During the early revolutionary struggles in India, some gymnasiums (*akhadas*) were set up with an intention to prepare the youth for fighting for the freedom for their motherland. In one such gymnasium set up by A.B. Purani, one of the foremost disciples of Sri Aurobindo, there was a young man named Krishnalal Bhatt. Born on 1 July 1905 in Gujarat, Krishnalal was a young enthusiastic boy who joined the gymnasium (*akhada*) with all the vigour to do something for his country. However, during his training in the gym, he discovered various facets of his personality; art was one of them. He later went on to study and teach art formally; his education included studying art at Shantiniketan under the renowned artist, Nandalal Bose. After a few years of learning and teaching art, he once again crossed paths with A.B. Purani, who was by that time (1933) living in the Sri Aurobindo Ashram at Pondicherry. Purani invited Krishnalal to visit him. Little did he know that one casual visit to the Ashram would change the course of his life. During his visit to the Ashram, Krishnalal had the darshan of The Mother, an experience which he described as the vision of a goddess, and that when The Mother smiled and threw a flower to him, he knew that a contact had been established between them. The freedom in



the atmosphere of the ashram was something the artist in him found extremely fulfilling and the fact that a lot of importance was given to beauty and art in the ashram made him connect instantly and decide to stay longer. During his early years at the ashram, he often found himself in conflict with the worldly duties he had left behind, but he received constant reassurance from The Mother, who told him that the Ashram was the place for him. The Mother's reassurance helped him overcome the initial inhibitions, and he completely immersed himself in his work at the Ashram. The Mother always gave him specific tasks that kept him occupied and trained his mind to be concentrated on one thing at a time, specially the piece of art he would be working on. Krishnalal was the chosen instrument to bring in beauty into the spiritual community of the ashram. He went on to paint almost everywhere in the ashram: the reception room, the panel that separated Sri Aurobindo's and The Mother's rooms, the panels in The Mother's room, and many other places. Once The Mother asked him to paint a desk calendar for Sri Aurobindo, for which Krishnalal chose the theme of cats. He painted them in different positions and with different expressions, in groups or alone. He also had some correspondence with Sri Aurobindo, and Sri Aurobindo appreciated his work. He also taught art to the senior students at the Ashram school. He would deeply engage himself in painting curtains with different landscapes for the ashram theatre performances. Krishnalal was of the opinion that one must train the eyes to observe, before one can train the hand to hold the brush, and his paintings were nothing short of being a proof of his opinion. From painting landscapes on small cards to painting on bedsheets and handmade paper, his work reflected his spiritual journey. His last major work which took him more than 3 years to complete was the Golconde mural. He painted a scene so alive and reflective, in which the whole world was coming to the Mother and asking to be blessed.



The Golconde mural (Credit: aurogujarat.com)

When in 1960, the ashram gallery was established, he was made its in-charge, where he served until he left his body on 5 January 1990. His life is a true example of someone whose outer expression was the manifestation of his inner experience; he lived a life totally dedicated to the service of The Master and The Mother. He brought beauty to the ashram community, which continues to inspire everyone.

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Sunayana Panda. *Seven Dedicated Lives*. First Feature Ltd., London, 2009, pp. 37-46.

To us poetry is a revel of intellect and fancy, imagination a plaything and caterer for our amusement, our entertainer, the nautch-girl of the mind. But to the men of old the poet was a seer, a revealer of hidden truths, imagination no dancing courtesan but a priestess in God's house commissioned not to spin fictions but to image difficult and hidden truths; even the metaphor or simile in the Vedic style is used with a serious purpose and expected to convey a reality, not to suggest a pleasing artifice of thought.

Sri Aurobindo ('The Human Cycle', CWSA Vol. 25, p. 9)



Sri Aurobindo

Amal Kiran

*All heaven's secrecy lit to one face
Crowning with calm the body's blinded cry—
A soul of upright splendour like the noon.
But only shadowless love can breathe this pure
Sun-blossom fragrant with eternity—
Eagles of rapture lifting flickerless
A giant trance wide-winged on golden air.*

The Master

Amal Kiran

*Bard rhyming earth to paradise,
Time-conqueror with prophet eyes,
Body of upright flawless fire,
Star-strewing hands that never tire—
In Him at last earth-gropings reach
Omniscient calm, omnipotent speech,
Love omnipresent without ache!
Does still a stone that cannot wake
Keep hurling through your mortal mind
Its challenge at the epiphany?
If you would see this blindness break,
Follow the heart's humility—
Question not with your shallow gaze
The Infinite focused in that face,
But, when the unshadowed limbs go by,
Touch with your brow the white football:
A rhythm profound shall silence them all!*

Source: <http://overmanfoundation.org/amal-kirans-poems-on-sri-aurobindo-and-the-mother/>



Feedback and Encouraging Words

Feedback from Visiting College Students from Denmark, 15 October 2022



I got an eye opening to Yoga. I really enjoyed the session. Also loved the talk about inner voice. That really resonated with me.

Zenna



It has been a pleasure! So interesting to have the honour to see and be a part of your beautiful Ashram. Even though we have been a little tired because of our travel to India, it has been nice to be in a peaceful place. All the people we have met have been so nice and smiling. The yoga session was also really nice.

Rikke



Contact us

Our quarterly magazine in Hindi, '**Sri Aravind Karmadhara**', is also available on-line now, and may be viewed on our website www.sriaurobindoashram.net.

For a free subscription to '**Sri Aravind Karmadhara**', please send an e-mail to sakarmdhara@gmail.com

To get '**The Call Beyond**' online regularly, month after month, please send an e-mail to: callbeyond@aurobindoonline.in

To learn about the recent and forthcoming activities through the Ashram's e-magazine, '**Realization**', send an email to: callbeyond@aurobindoonline.in

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If you subscribe either to '**Realization**', or to '**The Call Beyond**', you will start receiving, month after month, both the magazines.

For information about Auro-Mira Service Society and the Kechla project, please visit the website www.auromira.in



Note

In view of the Hundred and Fiftieth Birth Anniversary of Sri Aurobindo on 15 August 2022, the Ashram is expanding its mailing list to reach out to more and more who may benefit from the teachings of the Master and the Mother. To get included in the Mailing List, please go to <http://erp.saaonline.net.in/addcontacts.cfm> to fill in a form, which will take you only a few minutes.



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Feedback

Please send your feedback to
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The Call Beyond is a publication of
Sri Aurobindo Ashram – Delhi Branch

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