

AUROVILLE TODAY

Number Eighty-Nine June 1996



FACES OF AUROVILLE

Those readers who don't have a close, ongoing relationship with the community may believe that Auroville is dominated by certain high-profile issues and personalities, whereas the reality is that the fabric of our lives here is much more rich and diverse. In this issue, therefore, we try to scratch the surface of this 'other' Auroville by profiling Aurovilians whose interests and concerns, while being less familiar to our readers, may be crucial for our integral development as a community.



Alone but not lonely

MOORTHY joined Auroville in 1993. He was born and educated in Pondicherry and studied English literature at college. Some Aurovilians only know him from his intense debut as Hamlet in Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, performed last year. Bill went to find out more.

I caught Moorthy on a busy Saturday morning at Pitanga Hall where he works daily. It was Tamil New Year and Auroville had just been blessed by a heavy rain (out of season and very welcome). Moorthy and I sat around the neem tree in front of Pitanga. The rain had scattered neem blossoms all over the ground.

Pitanga was humming with its usual variety of activities. Every few minutes someone would come for Moorthy. The barber for a screwdriver, Nollie getting the next exhibition organized, someone for the massage schedule, another to sign up for the hatha yoga class. Moorthy took care of them all quietly and efficiently. Finally I had a moment to ask him how he had come to live in Auroville.

"My interest was in philosophy and literature. I wondered very much about the human struggle. Finally, in college, I began

to side with how I thought things should be, and that brought me such problems that I had to drop out.

A friend introduced me to the Sri Aurobindo Ashram which I had known about but taken no interest in. I began reading Mother's writings and met Maggi [a former secretary to Mother] through whom I started teaching at Udavi School. I felt the need of more teacher training and went to Mirambika School which is part of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Delhi. I stayed there from 1985 to 1989 finding the Ashram life rewarding; but I wanted to go deeper into the meaning of life and tried for solitude in a remote area.

The next three and a half years were completely cut off from society and I lived with an old man in the mountains of

[continued on page 3, col 4]



Under the Sky

Bhakti was born in Auroville. She is now seven years old. Bill asked her for an interview:

Bhakti: What is "interview"?

AVT: Asking you some questions about your life for people to read.

B.: I don't want any interview because I don't want people to know my things.

AVT: But can't you say something that you want people to know?

B: Yes, I have a song: [sings] "All things are shining under the sky." This song I learned in Nuria's class where we go for singing and dancing but first we had exercises to wake up and get the rhythm.

AVT: Anything else?

B: That's all I want to tell you. That is enough!

Trying to find the common ground

TIM WREY first came to Auroville in 1973 with his wife and two children. They met Mother, stayed for seven weeks, then returned to England with the feeling that "we were leaving home". In 1977, Tim returned on his own and has lived here ever since.

"I stayed in Gratitude community until my one-room unit in Certitude was ready. My idea was to build a proper house later on, but then I found I didn't need more. So I'm still living there in my 'monk's cell'!"

My first work-place was Matrimandir, then I started making 'glowballs' (paper lampshades) with Franz in Fraternity. It was very nice. But when the problems with the Sri Aurobindo Society started, I withdrew from the work. Finally, I and the other so-called 'Neutrals'—those who, while not supporting the Sri Aurobindo Society, felt an attempt should be made to work something out with them—were totally cut off and isolated by other Aurovilians for about four years.

That time was hard. I remember once, on Christmas Day, I saw my neighbour in her garden. She hadn't spoken to me for nine months, but I spontaneously called out 'Happy Christmas'. She didn't even bother to turn round! Yet I never once considered leaving Auroville, because I've always related to the ideal rather than to the reality, and I knew that the difficulties we were facing were part of what we were here for. In fact, my dominant feeling throughout that whole period was one of sadness—sadness that something should separate so many fine people who had come here for the same reason, drawn by the same ideal.

I was the first of the Neutrals to volunteer to be 'reintegrated', and I remember the morning I returned to work at Matrimandir. It felt a bit tense. But the moment I picked something up and started doing something with somebody, the tension with that individual broke down. Gradually, over the weeks, I began to feel comfortable working there again.

Not long after, Ulli invited me to work at Aurelec. I wasn't sure about it, but finally I decided to move because I felt that I could make a more significant contribution there. At that time, Aurelec was already experiencing difficulties with the rest of the community. I remember being interviewed by Annemarie and Tineke of the reintegration group, and their bafflement at my latest 'career move': "You've just got out of one mess. Why step into another?" But I wasn't so worried because I felt that a tide was already turning in the community, that certain divisive forces were becoming less strong. The Auroville of today is much, much more open: the differences between people are now far less sharply defined.

Working for Aurelec is very different from my former work in advertising and public relations at British Oxygen. Here I have a range of responsibilities which gives me a considerable freedom. If it's too hot outside, I can leave the gardens and work on personnel records. If I want a change from this, I can turn to editing the in-house magazine. Nobody tells me what to do or when. And it's very nice to be in contact not only with Aurovilians who are good friends, but also with the culture and atmosphere of this country through the many Indians who make up the bulk of the workforce.

I had a dream one night: Mother was giving me some flowers. Next morning, I checked their significance, and found She had given me 'Love for the Divine in the Physical'. This felt very appropriate for me because I've often felt that what I would like to contribute to Auroville is the creation of beauty in the physical, bringing order into matter. If I lay out a curve in the garden with bricks and there's an imperfection in the end result, I feel uncomfort-

able and need to correct it. But when it's done well, there's a sense of achievement because one has come as close as one can to perfection at that moment.

At the same time, I've never felt able to take up this kind of work on a community level, unlike for example Gillian, whose work in tidying up parts of Kulapalayam village I admire tremendously. And I've never been involved in the central organization of Auroville because I don't see myself as a committee member: I'd rather express myself as an occasional voice in the *Auroville News* or through my work on things like the Auroville Information Directory or the directory for the Telephone Service. In the same way, although my role in Aurelec has diminished and I have more chance now to occasionally take up other things, I'm not interested in starting a group or a unit. I'd rather wait to see what comes up naturally, trusting that everything that happens here has The Mother behind it. This flowing with Auroville, this concern not to be too mental, too planned, is definitely something I've learned here. When I think about how I was brought here—the Land-Rover breaking down for the first time in 17,000 miles just 50 yards from Matrimandir, my meeting almost immediately with someone who, within a few days, got us a house and arranged one of the last darshans with Mother—I've learned to trust that the right things will happen.

The new developments I'd like to see happen in Auroville definitely include more conscious water conservation. I would also like to see the breakdown of the 'territorial imperative' which causes some Aurovilians to refuse to allow others to live on 'their' land. After all, we are here to try to interact, work with others, even the difficult ones. This is a very strong feeling for me: that the whole purpose I'm here for is to find the common ground, the essential unity between people. And that even if I disagree with somebody it's important to try not to



Tim

"This flowing with Auroville, this concern not to be too mental, too planned, is definitely something I've learned here."

judge them as individuals or take sides against them, because then, as The Mother said, "You are outside the Truth".

The other thing I would like to see develop is a more overtly spiritual life in Auroville. At present this dimension is too buried, we're too much involved in discussing the economy, the problems, the Foundation etc. Yet on the few occasions this other dimension has surfaced in seminars or meetings I've seen how hungry people are for it, and what a need there is for people to share something of their spiritual life with others. In fact, if this dimension had been stronger, if we'd really been living the collective spiritual life all these years, I think many of the problems we've faced and are still facing as a community would never have arisen."

From an interview with Alan

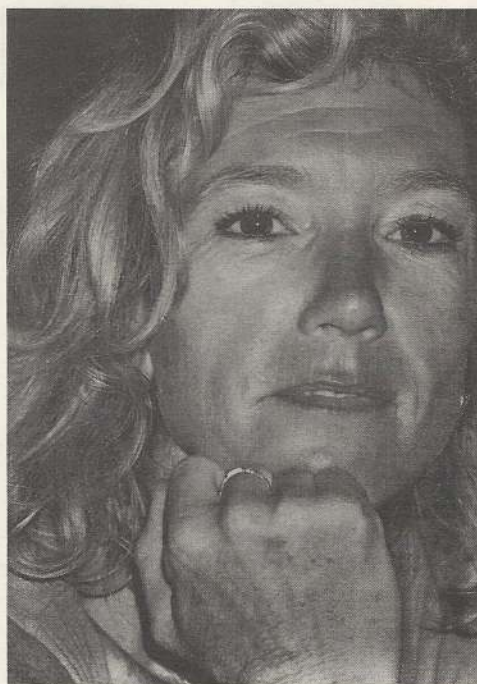
Helping the flame to grow

Somebody once told me, "You can either fight the darkness that is all around you, or you can shelter the flame and help it to spread its glow," writes Bindu. Gillian has always struck me as a person who helps the flame grow without ever getting discouraged by the darkness no matter how pervasive it be.

Gillian first came to Auroville to visit a friend in 1974. "I was in my early twenties then," she remembers, "and like many of my generation, I came to India [from Australia], searching for a guru. My concept of gurus and ashrams was that you lead a quiet life, detached from the world, just living with your guru, serving him and meditating... But then I discovered Auroville and frankly, I was relieved that I would not have to spend all my time meditating, that work and meditation command equal importance."

"Before I joined Auroville, I spent a year in Pondicherry. It was a profound period of time for me, opening up to the power of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, having new experiences, making new discoveries, writing poetry... It was all extremely special—I have never been through anything like that since."

"Auroville, being an inspiration of the yoga of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, seemed a natural outcome of this period. I did not really have a mental concept of



Gillian

Auroville. I just came here to serve the Mother."

That was in 1977. The conflict with the Sri Aurobindo Society was at its worst. Aurovilians were split into two, and later three factions. There were a group of people, Gillian among them, some of who were new to the community and who couldn't relate to the politics of it all. But they were under constant pressure to join one or the other of the political camps. "At first, I was unaffected by it all. You see, I am the sort of a person who responds to beauty and inspiration and not to conflicts and mental ideas. I just continued to quietly go on with my work..." says Gillian.

Inspired by some pairs of crochet shoes that she had happened to bring with her from Australia, Gillian, along with Lila, had started a small workshop to make similar kind of shoes. "I poured all my energy into designing and making these shoes. It felt really good, for I had never worked in this way before. Auroville helped me to discover my creative potential and to ground myself in my spiritual seeking." Her creativity in designing found yet another new channel when she joined Afsaneh in her bead workshop to make bags, belts and accessories. Today, Gillian

still creates new designs and manages the bead workshop with Manu.

In 1980, Gillian moved to Kottakarai, but soon afterwards the troubled atmosphere in the community became too much for her and she decided to leave the country, together with her partner Roy.

After a two-year stint abroad, partly in Germany but mostly in USA, Gillian and Roy returned to Auroville in 1983. "There is a depth and challenge to Auroville," says Gillian, "that you just don't find elsewhere in the world. In the USA, we were living in Bolinas, a small coastal town in California consisting of a strongly knit community that was determined 'not to go the American way.' As in Auroville, I was supporting myself by making shoes and accessories, but even then 'it was not it'. There was something missing and I was happy to come back. For no matter what phase of its evolution it goes through, I will always believe in Auroville."

More recently, Gillian has, in addition to her work in "Bijou", been involved in various developmental aspects of Auroville. A cycling enthusiast, she helped to create cycle paths sheltered from the heat and the dust of heavy vehicles along the main Auroville roads, and she is working on securing a solar-powered bus for Auroville to shuttle

Love him or loathe him!

Either you like him or you don't. Either you dismiss him as an embittered cynic or he is one of your best buddies who will, if need be, stretch his neck out to save you when you are in trouble. To many Auroville teenagers, Rauf Ali is a friend, guardian, teacher, big brother, rolled into one; while to an equally large number of adults he is, to put it mildly, a pain in the neck.

I was never quite sure about him—he seemed nice enough, never failing to give me that indolent, lop-sided grin of his as he crossed me on the road, either on his Land-Roverish open jeep or on his rusted Rajdoot. His name intrigued me—surely, he must be one of the few Aurovilians of an Islamic background—my fascination only increasing when I found out that he was actually the nephew of Salim Ali, India's foremost, internationally acclaimed ornithologist. I wished to get to know him better, but then again, there were whispered rumours that he was an alcoholic, a womanizer...

Anyway, to set the record straight: Rauf is "a sixth-generation Bombayite" ("Not many Indians can claim that distinction, you know," he proudly grins). He has a doctorate in biology from Bristol, UK and has worked as a research scientist at Harvard and the Smithsonian institute in USA. In India Rauf is nationally acknowledged as an ecologist, having served as an advisor to many environmental organizations and as a faculty member on some top universities in India. Despite having been in Auroville for the last ten or so years, Rauf has kept up with his advisory and academic work. At present, he guides the work of three graduate students—all involved in ecological

research projects in and around Auroville—and serves on the State Project Implementation Committee for "Project Tiger", a World Bank project in Kalakad Mandantari Tiger Reserve, the only tiger sanctuary in Tamil Nadu.

Interestingly enough, Rauf first heard of Auroville about 20 years ago in this same Mandantari Reserve where he chanced to run into Daniel, an "old-timer" Aurovillian. A few years later, as a research assistant at the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore, Rauf was sent out to document the afforestation work being done in Auroville. "All you will need is brown rice and yoghurt," his boss said to him, believing that he was playing a great practical joke on Rauf by sending him out to this community with its then primitive conditions. But Rauf returned from Auroville to hand in his resignation, saying to his superior, "The joke is on you, sir. I am joining Auroville."

"Everyone welcomed me as a friend of Daniel's," remembers Rauf of his early days in Auroville. "It was different then. There was really this feeling of brotherhood in the community. Auroville wasn't a fun place to be in those days. The environment was extremely harsh and we needed one another in order to survive."

"At the moment", he continues, "I don't know. Auroville is supposed to be a divine anarchy. We are certainly not divine at the moment, so the alternative is to have just an anarchy or a set of rules. I don't approve of rules, but I really feel the necessity for some direction somehow, otherwise we will end up as just another country club or ex-pat community."

While criticising what he believes to be

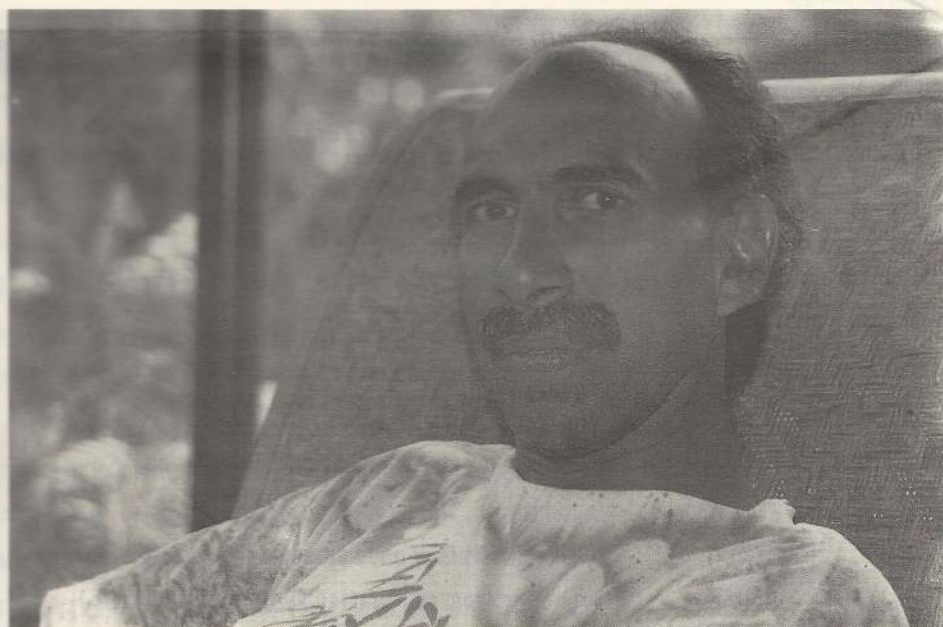
hypocritical, attitudes in the community, Rauf can be forthright and extremely blunt. On different occasions, he has poked fun at the business unit holders for their contribution or lack of it to the services of Auroville and has made the North Indian community wince for their racist remarks against the local villagers. Rauf writes a regular column in the *Auroville News* (the internal circular of the community) titled "Roughspeak" (or should it be spelled Raufspeak?) in which he ridicules the follies, foibles and excesses of the community. Part sarcasm, part jest, a touch of bitterness perhaps but usually full, unvarnished truth, "Roughspeak" spares none. In one of his articles he equated *Auroville Today* with *Pravda* for presenting an upbeat idealistic view of the community. But Rauf is at his witty best when he mocks, not an individual or a section of the society, but the general trends prevalent in the community as in the "Roughspeak" called, "We all agree on..."

... Our anthropologists speculate we can [at least] resolve:
To stop stealing from Pour Tous;
To keep the 'Aurelec issue' alive for vital excitement;
That greenbelters should not be asked to keep accounts;
That all existing animal accommodation (kennels, stables, cowsheds, etc.) be converted to newcomer housing;
That it's OK for the Entry Group to mention Mother and Sri Aurobindo to newcomers;
That polluting is fine as long as you're an export unit;
That we evolve into a new species (hopefully bipedal).

When asked what keeps him here if he is so cynical about everything in the community, Rauf answers, in typical Bombayite fashion, "This is home, *yaar* (pal)."

Actually his bark is worse than his bite. Despite everything he still, as he acknowledged last year after his stint in the Working Committee, has faith in Auroville, and will do all that he can for it. And like most of us Rauf joined Auroville not for its ecological work or for its alternative life-style, but to experiment with changing oneself: "On my first visit here, I started reading *The Synthesis of Yoga* and it kept hitting on the things that I had always felt and thought... and where Sri Aurobindo says, 'Make the experiment', I decided to plunge in and do so. I don't think I have progressed very far on a spiritual path since I have been here," he adds with his characteristically wry humour, "but at least it feels good to think one of these days I'll start trying seriously."

Bindu



Rauf

GILLIAN (continued)

tourists from the Visitors Centre to Matrimandir. She is also working with the Residential Zone Group on planning roads and drainage systems that do not oppose but go along with the natural contours of the land. But Gillian's main work was starting "Auroville Clean," a service which aims at creating a clean environment in and around the Kuilapalyam village. "I was led into this work," says Gillian. "I did not have any ideas as to how to deal with the garbage problem. But once when I was in Pour Tous (you see, I was so involved in my workshop that I had not been there in years—somebody else did the shopping), I saw the ladies who work at Pour Tous dump litter into the canyon behind Aspiration. It really

upset me. I realised that we in Auroville were not setting an example for the local people to follow. If we ourselves went around dumping garbage all over the place, how could we expect others to change? My stomach started churning with this feeling, and then I felt a hand on my shoulder, as if Someone was telling me, 'This work is for you.'

"I spent a lot of time, meditating in that area in Kuilapalyam, between Auroville's Post Office and the State Bank. And I had this vision to create a small park there, so that people would be affected by the cleanliness and beauty of it and not throw their garbage there. There was a house just next to the Post Office that was draining its waste water right onto the road. So I started by digging a hole to create a soak-pit that

would absorb the water and not mess up the mud-road. And it so happened that Perumal, a young man from one of the oldest families in Kuilapalyam, saw me working and saw the success of my work. So he came to me and asked me if I would be willing to help to do the same work all over the village. I naturally agreed. And since then, for three years now, we have been working together, dealing with the drainage, making soak-pits, building public toilets and keeping them clean, and working towards providing private water connections in the village. Its not been easy. We have had a lot of failures. The ground for instance is too hard for the soak-pits to function effectively and there is the Government bureaucracy to deal with—we have still not managed to get connections for electricity in the toilets.

MOORTHY (continued from p. 1)

Maharashtra under very primitive conditions. I wanted to face myself and when I got this chance, I grabbed it. But, although I went there for solitude, here too I filled myself with outward activities like farming and planting trees. I learned that I was following the old pattern like all of us do, using people, place and work to avoid our own personal confusion and conflicts... Also, I couldn't face the heavy monsoon of that area—which is the heaviest in India. As usual, I was romantic about it: 'Ah, it's going to rain. It's going to be beautiful.' But it was not that way. No sun for three months. There was nobody to talk to, not even the birds. All of them went to the valley where life is better. No books, nobody to write to. I felt as if I was going to explode from inside and disappear into thin air. This period taught me about the hell inside myself.

My family had not known where I was for many years but my father eventually traced me to this place. We had both changed so much that we did not recognize each other, so I spoke to him in Hindi which he did not understand. He left disappointed, but the old man with whom I stayed advised me to visit the family in Pondy.

That visit in Pondy sent me into shock for about six months. I felt that I had grown beyond all the things which my friends were still into. There was a communication gap because I had returned so suddenly. Eventually I could overcome that. Then, I met a British woman who introduced me to New Creation [Auroville] where I began teaching. New Creation is a complete world in itself and I didn't really get to know the whole panorama of Auroville until I began working here in Pitanga. Here I can balance my life better. There's time for teaching Tamil, doing hatha yoga and theatre. That is how things should be for me.

I am so grateful for Auroville. It was easy for me to enter and live here because I feel at home with everyone. We usually go to the forest or the mountains seeking solitude so that the ambience of the place gets into us. But I find that ambience here in Auroville, working in solitude, moving in solitude—alone but not lonely.

I see the immense potential of this place where a balance of work and solitude is possible. From what I've been through, I know we can live together for human unity. There's one more thing, and that's trust. The early Aurovilians planted all those trees and created what you see now, so we can go on to build the city; but practically it will take more time, and it can only happen if there is trust in one another."

From an interview by Bill

But we persevere. Right from the beginning we have had the support of the headman and the elders of the village. And then there were the youth of Auroville who asked me how they could help. So we had some work projects where Auroville kids and Kuilapalyam kids worked together to clean up the fields near New Creation and repair roads in the village.

"You see," concludes Gillian, "I believe in the power of beauty. Once you create something which is beautiful, it radiates its own power. The beauty permeates the atmosphere and people, who were once 'tamasic' and defeatist, wake up and respond to their environment with more care and love."

Bindu

IF HOT FLOWERS COME TO THE STREET

Red cassia flowers
are a forest fire,
or so they say.
It's an April event
called a summer flower.
Anarchy in green.
An explosion of buds.
Fire in the snow.

On the head of Lord Siva
of the snow mountains
there are red matted locks,
gleaming cassia blossoms,
and the Ganges.

In his red hand,
fire,
a small drum,
a deer.

And a snake at his throat.
That snake
won't strike the deer.
The fire in his hand
won't burn the Ganges.

But in our street,
even flies will swarm
to hot flowers.

Meenakshi

(from: *The Penguin New Writing in India*)

BAREFOOT BOY

It is not easy
To live above the timber line
Everything grows sparse
And Dad is silent
Even when the sun shines

One dream away
Barefoot in crisp air
I shall awaken
To my own gods

Shall carry pain through rock
Through empty arches
To final sunlit hearsay
Perhaps succeed

Vitthal

(from: *Auroville Adventures*)

Here is a selection from the
recent work of Auroville poets.

SPINDRIFT

Like lichen on an ocean rock we cling,
our consolation salt; awash with brine,
our thirst cracked prayers flung like spume
upon the wreck, the tidal flow of love
our schemes submerge within the frame of dream;

ah! if angels could be pinned like butterflies
and mermaids stuffed, hung upon the walls
of Tuscan villas by Etruscan seas;

covered by the blood of history and flood,
weeps the land's authentic voice; steeped in its pride
the sound of hubris hooks our ear
while upon the strand, sea-snakes coiled lay.

L.Kenneth Fator

MOORINGS

1.
several infinities
come as one
come at once -
fine diving blue
erodes the darkness
door to door -
along the corridors
of the sun.

2.
will you kindly
blow over
right to the side
of the lucent moon,
watching pigeons
fly starlight
up from the deep
song of your lagoon.
the sea breezes
the sand white
red earth rushes
through the heart, alive -
the wind is catching
the world tonight
somewhere, a man stands
like a child.

Anu

LEGEND

man is legend
each atom, child -
rumours of immortality
surround his desire
in the deepening
combat of time.
he is the myth
that is slowly breaking...
between different deaths
he hears
himself, from everywhere
uncertainly
speaking in tongues.
but in the turning points
of fire
grain by grain
in the sun
a new voyager arrives
attracted by the dawn -
a man
in emergence,
heaven born on earth.

Anu

ADIOS, CUERNAVACA

Shuddering its tongues of butterflies, red,
sluggish, still coiled in its slumber, morning
tastes the air; like some regal beauty rescued
from oblivion, Maximillian's garden, walled,
guarded by its sleepy-eyed keeper, rises.

But, the swans have died; "Si, Senor, all gone".
He lets us enter without charge, muttering
to his wife, "they come to see the swans".
Like ghosts they glide amongst the trees,
peering from red-rimmed eyes at us gringos;

standing hand-in-hand at the oblong pond,
etching the mute, unrippled water, clear and clean,
with the white-down drowning in my memory.
From our hands the bread crumbs fall and float;
offerings immortal of a sort to the dead

swans and Emperor who haunt the heart
of the town like the spirits sanctified of nuns
who, martyred, yet descend the Cathedral's stair:
At midnight, it is said, they may be seen,
when lying down, we pretend to die, and dream.

L.Kenneth Fator

SIMON WRITES...

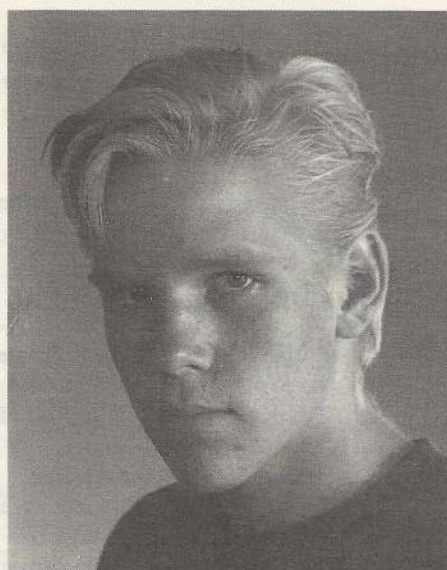
MOONLIGHT IN THE SHADE

There's a half moon on the bay tonight
 There's a night train rolling north,
 There's a darkness in the alleys
 Of the back streets of the port.
 There's a group of old men playing cards
 In a cafe by the square
 There's a woman on the boulevard
 Whose passion I can't share.
 And I'm walking through these empty streets
 The streets we knew so well,
 Down by the old canals,
 Down by the old hotel.
 And I'm walking through the empty streets
 Beneath the old arcades,
 And everywhere I go,
 These visions just won't fade.
 These visions just won't fade,
 They're coming back to me,
 Like moonlight in the shade,
 Like sunlight on the sea.
 And we're talking by the canyon
 Late into the night,
 We're walking by the lake
 In the early evening's light.
 And "There is love and there is beauty,"
 I still can hear you say,
 Outside of the museum,
 As we sat in a cafe.
 And the rain, the rain was falling
 On the Place Sainte Claire,
 When suddenly I knew
 That you were sitting there.
 And your photo's in the kitchen
 The wind blows through your hair,
 You are laughing, you are smiling
 You are laughing, you are there.
 And I'm standing at a bar,
 With a grief I cannot hide
 But I know that you're not far,
 I can feel you by my side.
 And tonight we will ride,
 We will cross the great divide,
 We will let our dreams decide,
 We will let our dreams decide.
 And the sun rose on the mountain,
 I didn't catch my train,
 And we walked those streets together
 Like we'll walk them once again.

Roger

"The two pieces below were created by Simon in our English class. The prose piece was written first. Then, after studying James Dickey and Theodore Roethke, two American poets, Simon sought to compress the theme of a Sunday at the beach into a poem, choosing vivid adjectives and distilling the essence into pure, poetic Simon-ese," writes JILL. This is how she recalls her contact with Simon.

In a way, I am sad to be writing this, because it means I'm saying goodbye to a friend. Simon and I, student and teacher, we've been together for a while—and I'm proud of him. He is a good student—when he works—and a very crazy but sweet young man. I think he likes to read, which I've encouraged, and now maybe he likes to write. I've encouraged that, too.



Simon is at that in-between stage—a child-man struggling to become himself. Some days are better than others for our hero. Sometimes he is a mess—he forgets

things, he scrambles for some justification, he is terribly confused. Other times he is the epitome of happy-go-lucky, confident, amusing, thoughtful, concerned. They are all Simon.

What I admire most about Simon is that he is not cynical—he has somehow succeeded in avoiding that shell of grand indifference which many teenagers assume, the cynical pose. Sometimes this has made it harder for him. One less disguise to hide behind.

He enjoys learning, which is always fun if you're a teacher. Sometimes his enthusiasms are quite far-flung and his charm is disarming—the wide-eyed innocent, the bewildered one: these characters he knows how to play. And with energy, too.

I know I see only a small part of Simon here at our three meetings weekly. When he comes. It's okay—he has enough other things to keep him busy. I only want to be the teacher and friend he remembers. And I hope he keeps reading and writing.

A Sunday at the beach

I walked out onto the beach through the rickety, green gate. It was early in the morning, so there weren't many people, but later on it would get rather crowded. To be precise, there were three people lying on the beach, two on bright, flashy beach-towels and the third one mucking around in the sand.

Then I walked over to where the lifeguard would be sitting later on under his parasol. I removed my T-shirt and applied sunscreen onto my shoulders, back, neck and face. When that was done, I put the tube of sunscreen back into my pouch which I removed from my waist and put down on the sand beside my T-shirt. Then I pulled out the surfboard wax and the leash from it. I attached the leash and applied the wax to my Barry Benett surfboard. I am very careful with my board so it has never had any major damage yet. It is a white, smooth board with Benett written on it twice and a black and white lining. The only damage is one broken fin which has been repaired, but the other two are intact.

When the leash (an original "Bully's Boardcords" which I'm very proud of) had been attached to my ankle I was off, dashing for the water with the board under my right arm. The first splashes of water were freezing but when I was fully in the water it was fine, actually warmer than the air. I paddled out past the breakers and finally reached the bar of sand, which rises so mysteriously and suddenly out of the depth and stretches approximately ten meters across. I paddled ten meters further out and there I sat on my board waiting for waves.

Ten minutes had passed and not one wave had come. I made a quick prayer and hoped for waves as I was feeling rather discouraged. Half an hour later I started wondering if it had been worth it at all to come to the beach today as there had still not come any waves. I glanced over my shoulder and noticed how the crowd had grown. There were people playing volleyball near the lifeguard's parasol, but most people were lying down and tanning if they weren't swimming. Then I turned my gaze to meet the vast expanse of the ocean again. I was waiting; waiting for waves to come rolling

in from somewhere out there. I felt cut off from that crowd on the beach, which symbolised civilisation. I felt like an audience, a watcher. I didn't feel like I was part of the world, which is a stage as Shakespeare puts it. Twenty minutes later I decided to call it a day and shouted out: "c'est pas la mer, c'est la merde". I paddled back in with a few breakers to help me with the last bit; I removed the leash from my foot and threw myself down on the sand beside my board.

An hour later I was still lying on the sand feeling the hot glare of the sun's rays on my back. Luckily I had remembered to reapply sunscreen several times. It had definitely been a fruitless day for surfing as not one puny, little wave worth mentioning had come, even since I left the water and lay

down on the beach. It was hard to believe, but that was how it was, not one wave worth mentioning those two, long hours. Next to me some people were talking about going to New Creation Corner and I decided that was a good idea. I stood up and picked up my T-shirt, pouch and board and made for the pumps. I turned around to catch a glimpse of the scenery before I went out through the gate. Now it was crowded, people chatting in groups everywhere, people swimming in the breakers and a few going further out. The lifeguard's parasol had been up for about an hour and fifteen minutes now and the lifeguard himself was sitting under it and chatting with some friends. Then I turned my back to the beach and strolled out through the gate.

I

Through a green gate I entered the beach
 Coming from the shade into the sunlight
 Crispy sand crunching under my feet

Dandy beach towels on the sand like clownfish dazzling in a coral reef
 Then the white coolness of sunscreen flowing over my face, neck, shoulders, back;
 then gone

Up I stood white board mended fin under arm, leash gripping ankle
 Rushed for the touch of salty water on my sunscreened skin
 Floating I rowed far out, arms like oars thrusting me on the board forward
 Once out I waited for magnified ripples to let me walk on water

II

The sun in all its brightness wandered ten degrees west
 And on the sunscorched beach antsized beings hopped in the heat
 I thought myself a watcher; a watcher of the hopping beach dance
 I was loneliness itself longing for surf
 Waiting like a hunger, aching for waves

III

Flatter than the wall of a government building
 As dead as the Bay of Bengal can be
 This motionless ocean I left in regret
 As the challenge of waves I sought unmet;
 Sand ahead; now under my head
 Unattended conversations drifted by
 I gave myself to philosophy
 I thought about this and that;
 Salty water crusting my skin
 I picked up my board leash dragging
 And pumps of sweet water nearing
 Then exits Simon, board, leash; green gate closing behind.

Symbols in the fields or HOLDING THE EARTH IN PLACE

This is the first in an occasional series in which Aurovilians write about topics that particularly interest them. In this article ROGER writes about ancient earth energies, and the extraordinary crop formation phenomena which have brought researchers from all over the world to south west Britain.

"I can feel ancient presences greeting us," my friend tells me as we join the path just outside the village of Ogbourne St. George in Wiltshire, England, that leads to Avebury. The wind ripples through the grass and the green stalks of wheat of the Marlborough Downs as dappled cows and sheep graze by prehistoric burial mounds. The silence is pervasive, almost mystical. We pass the ancient Roman fort of Barbury castle and join the Ridgeway, the oldest walking path and pilgrim route in Europe. Clumps of trees frequently situated above prehistoric burial mounds line the ridge at regular intervals. Sarsen stones dot a nearby field, and suddenly two deer leap out from a grove and bound off down the hillside. One feels part of an ancient ceremonial landscape that is both feminine and healing, and the descent into Avebury is always impressive, even initiatory.

Part of the village of Avebury is surrounded by a large embankment and ditch that used to enclose what was perhaps the largest ceremonial bronze-age temple site in Europe. Some two hundred standing sarsen stones, alternately diamond and oblong in shape, quarried from the nearby downs and weighing up to thirty tons, were arranged within the embankment in a large outer circle. This in turn enclosed two inner circles, one dedicated to the sun and the other to the moon. Two serpentine megalithic avenues, one of which still partially exists once led to the stone circles of Avebury. A cow path leads from the stones of Avebury to nearby Silbury Hill, an earth and grass covered six-tiered pyramid that it is estimated to have taken some eighteen million man hours to make and whose original use remains a mystery.

Beacon fires on hills used to once guide pilgrims traders and tribes along the paths that led from Glastonbury to Avebury, beacon points that were sacred to the Celtic variant of the Roman God Mercury, messenger of the Gods and guide to the souls of the dead. His symbol the caduceus, a rod with two serpents entwined around it, can be seen as representing the kundalini energies as well as the spiralling helix pattern of

earth energies whose grid of pathways the ancients marked out with barrows, mounds, megaliths and stone circles.

Scientists and researchers who have studied standing stone formations have found that ultrasonic pulsations, spiral energy patterns and electromagnetic sound waves are found to become measurably activated around the sites of standing stones, particularly during equinoxes. Dowrsers have also recorded spiral patterns of energy connected with the lunar cycles coming from standing stones and according to modern geomancers two different lines of earth energies—one masculine and the other feminine known respectively as the St. Michael and St. Mary lines, which traverse England, cross each other at a point between the inner and outer ring of one of the stone circles of Avebury. It might be no coincidence that the area of Avebury, one of the most sacred sites in prehistoric Europe, is in an era of awakening earth energies becoming activated again.

"They appear at night in a matter of seconds," the man behind the counter at the Wagon and Horses, a sixteenth-century pub less than two miles from Avebury and half a mile from Silbury Hill, told me. "They're connected in some strange way to Silbury Hill and most farmers around here, despite some hoaxes, tend to believe they're mysterious." He was referring to the phenomena of crop formations: circles, spirals, pictograms and other patterns and symbols that have been mainly appearing in Britain, many of them in Wiltshire and the South West with a large concentration in the Avebury area over the last ten years.

What characterises a genuine crop-formation? They tend to appear in the wheat fields but also in fields of oil rape in the weeks preceding the Summer harvest between June and July. They usually appear overnight and when discovered by the farmers the next day the wheat stalks within the formation are found to be bent just above the ground at almost a 90° angle without being broken (which is quite amazing when it comes to oil rape as it is a brittle plant) and are laid out clockwise or anti-clockwise in a

spiral pattern. In fact the wheat keeps growing and can be harvested. The symmetry of the layout is quite startling, and it would seem that some type of heat energy is involved. A recent experiment showed a dramatic difference in the energy pattern of the crystals produced by a distillation process of the plants taken from within a circle, when compared to a control sample taken from the same crop outside of it. Within the crop formation, cell structure doubles its size on one side of the stem and simply falls over.

If the phenomena in the eighties was characterised by simple circles and circles with satellites, what is striking is the growing complexity of the formations that has characterised the crop circle phenomena in the nineties. Pictograms, ringed circles linked by passages, dumbbell, key-like and triangular configurations, some of them hundreds of feet in length, began to appear. The representation of a tetrahedron that appeared in a field below Barbury castle in

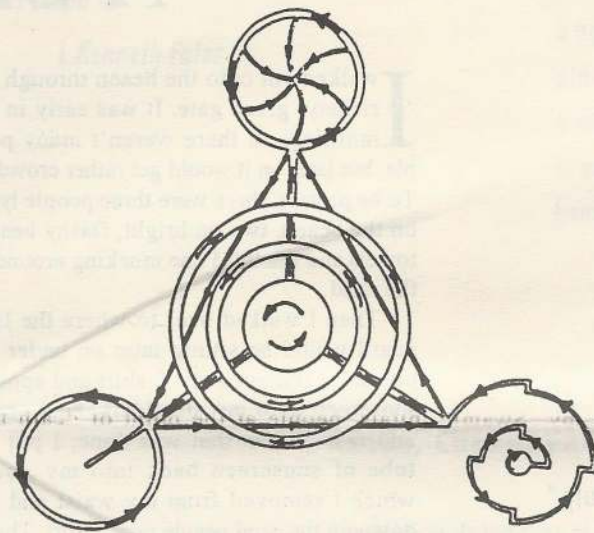
have been witnessed up to even two years before the appearance of a circle. Sophisticated electrical equipment has been frequently known to malfunction within or in the proximity of crop circles. This occurred at times during a six-week stake-out operation conducted by the British Army, the BBC and Sony together with private researchers. Ten sophisticated thermal imaging and low light infra-red cameras along with listening devices were focused continually on a particular field as well as on an area of the sky. The formation of a circle with a tail that became visible one dawn was captured on film by six cameras and one thermal imaging camera. This appeared complete fully in one frame of the film, i.e. in less than a second. Another formation appeared nearby next to an earthwork near the town of Devizes. Locals reported seeing lights coming out of the hill and the Army managed to capture on film a ball of orange light associated with this formation. Again it is interesting to note the frequent proximity of crop formations to ancient earth-works, burial mounds and megalithic sites.

Whatever the nature of the force that is creating the genuine crop-formations, it does seem to have a natural attraction to sites traditionally associated with high levels of earth energy. NASA satellite photos have revealed the remarkably high magnetism of the Wiltshire area and one interesting theory postulates that earth's natural energy fields provide a particular blueprint which is later 'fired' to create the formations.

This might explain the sighting of lights over fields up to two years before the appearance of a circle or formation.

The crop circle phenomena attract much interest and pub talk in Avebury is not your usual fare. It can range from discussions of white and black Atlanteans, UFO sightings in the area, ley-lines and farming, to the pyramids and the face on Mars. Nor is humour lacking. At the Wagon and Horses was a cartoon I rather liked. It depicted a group of Martians lined up at a travel agency on Mars and enquiring about the chartered tours being offered for the Summer. The desks and walls of the travel agency are lined with tourist posters of Wiltshire and the disappointment is unanimously shared by all who refrain in chorus: "Oh, not Wiltshire again, isn't there somewhere else we can visit?"

Could the phenomenon be an interdimensional one? Forces of a subtler realm using the grid of earth energies to both send us messages as well as to stabilise our wounded earth? Perhaps the formations can be seen as messages of sorts, communiqués from an as yet unknown source, perhaps nature herself, in a language of symbols and archetypes that are preparing us for an era of impending changes. A transition, or passage from one way of being in the world and seeing it, to a new one.

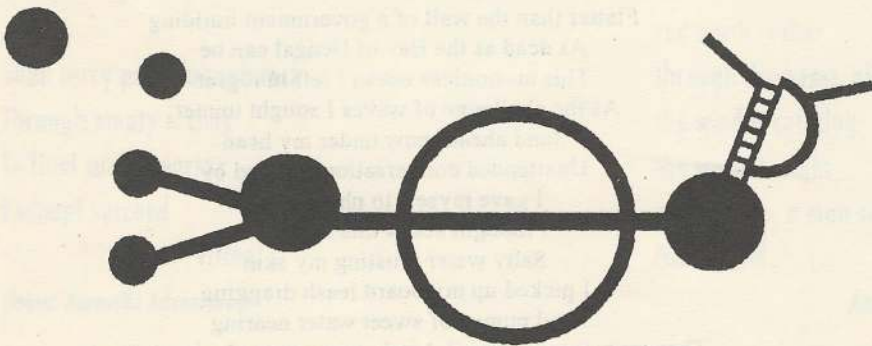


Barbury Castle crop formation, appeared on 17.7.91. (Diagram shows direction in which the corn was laid.)

1991 was perhaps one of the most amazing formations of that particularly special year in which over a thousand crop circles appeared. This consisted of a central triangle, divided into three further triangles superimposed upon which were two concentric circles which radiated outward from a circle at its central point. Two outlying circles and a spiral ratchet connected with the three angles of the triangle. One interpretation of this formation found striking similarities between it and alchemical and hermetic symbols for the throne of God. The night before this formation was discovered in the field a resident described having witnessed "six extraordinary lights in the sky, flashing green, red and white that blotted out the stars accompanied by a noise like a hundred airplanes passing overhead that had a beat to it, and which suddenly cut out." Of the 39 new circles that appeared in the Summer of '95 one seemed to represent a planetary system with orbits and another was composed of more than 30 concentric circles. Although the whole subject has been confused in recent years by the claims and work of hoaxers and crop artists, a core phenomenon of unexplained formations remains.

It would seem that the appearance of a number of the more impressive crop-formations of recent years have occurred in locations where extraordinary plays of light

Perhaps the crop formations can be seen as communiqués from an as yet unknown source, perhaps nature herself, in a language of symbols and archetypes that are preparing us for an era of impending changes.



Outline of a crop formation which appeared on 1.7.91 near Beacon Hill, Litchfield, England. A similar example also appeared near Stonehenge.

Some weeks ago, Vitthal gave *Auroville Today* the article below. On May 13th he passed away after a long struggle with cancer.

Born in Germany of an Irish father and a Czech mother, Vitthal lived in many places, many lives. They included studying medicine in Dublin, directing the African broadcasts of Vatican Radio as a Jesuit priest and teaching communication theory in Berkeley. In 1984 he arrived in Auroville to stay. "My life", as he put it, "reflects variety and a constant quest for Inner Meaning."

Vitthal had prepared a will, "Let my funeral be a jolly occasion," he enjoined. "No long faces. When you carry my body out, play some Dixieland jazz." So that's the way we did it next morning when we gathered to lay him to rest under Wisdom trees near his room in Vérité. His poem "The Jellyfish" was read out. Most of us were smiling, and it felt like Vitthal was too. His will ended, "So long, folks".

Kali, Creed and Culture

Reminiscences about religion and worship

Once I was asked, after a long conversation about life and death, whether I was a Buddhist. Quite spontaneously my answer was, "sometimes". It's still true. I like many types of religious manifestation, and I wish to honour all religions, even though I fervently hope, with Mother and Sri Aurobindo, that we may soon abolish the divisive separations of our creeds and cultures in order to realize true human spiritual unity.

I've had myself quite a chequered religious career. Twenty years as a member of the Jesuit Order, of which eight as a Catholic priest working in the Vatican, gave me the opportunity to live and study my Christian heritage. Subsequently I was marked by my contact with Native American spirituality, living for years in a tepee, and then by Tibetan Buddhism, by Hinduism and above all by the Taoist Way. My name was given me by Swami Muktananda and I taught for many years the art of T'ai Chi Chuan. Just to round things off—one of my greatest joys has been participating in Sufi dances!

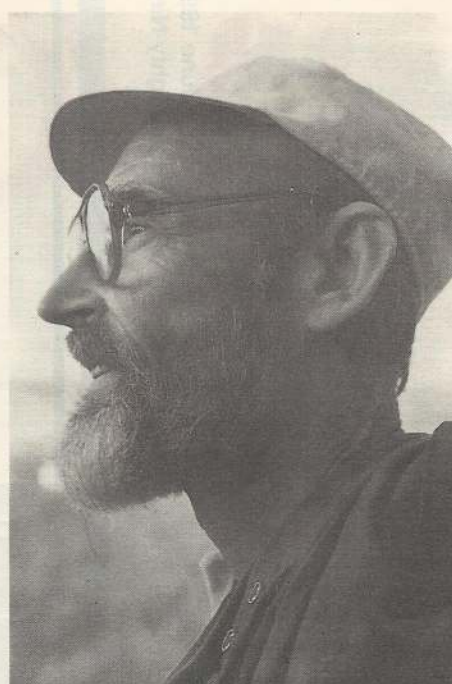
Not long ago, after about ten years in Auroville, I was diagnosed as having cancer of the colon, and more recently of the left ureter. It has helped me to live at greater depth, and also to reflect on Sri Aurobindo's words: 'O thou who fearest death, it is Life that has come to thee, sporting with a death-

head and wearing a mask of terror'. But life...

In the light of this, I would like to share a recent experience. In Kottakarai, not far from the community in which I live, there is a temple dedicated to the mother-goddess Kali, Kali the Terrible. As I often used to before, I went to worship there, walking slowly, and with considerable abdominal pains. In the semi-darkness of the shrine, I crouched before her awesome image, with its bloody tongue, garland of skulls and brandishing in one hand a knife while holding in another the severed head of her luckless victim. She dances on the body of the Lord Shiva. Or is it mine? Painfully I say my prayers: 'Mahakali, have mercy, Mahakali have mercy...'

So much pain... So much pain in the world... so much pain in my guts and bones... so much sorrow... I think of hospitals, people at the point of death this moment, hungry children, the cries of the tortured, and my own unheard screams... I remember as a boy watching our cat play torture games with a little mouse—it seemed a long long time till she finally bit off the tiny head. The same feeling is with me now. How can I possibly bear with this unacceptable, cruel universe? O cruel God, should I not curse you with all my heart and with all my soul?

I recall from my student-days, Sri



Vitthal

Aurobindo's writings on Mahakali. His four-fold description of divinity had always fascinated me. "You must be conscious in the very cells of your body of the Mother and her Powers... Mahakali's divinity leaps out in a splendour of tempestuous action. She is there for the rapid and direct stroke, the frontal assault. There is in her a divine violence, rushing to shatter every limit and obstacle. She smites awake, with sharp pain, if need be... her hands are outstretched to strike and to succour, for she too is the Mother, and her love is as intense as her wrath, and she has a deep and passionate kindness."

Am I here because of her kindness? Yet I bleed, a mouse that would fain be cat. I do not understand, cannot understand. Must I accept then, accept without the aid of comprehension, the agonies of the world and the aches of my body? Has not my heart bled profusely enough? Tears of sweat and blood, tears of helpless love and helpless hatred? O slayer of Evil in our world, slayer of Ego and Pride, O Mahakali, Mother of us all, have mercy! Mahakali have mercy, Mahakali have mercy...

Vitthal

Vitthal's publications include: *A Tale of Tails—Modern Fables and Animal Reflections* and *Auroville Adventure—A Collection of Fifty Poems with Comments*.

THE JELLYFISH
The Jellyfish
Is a simple soul
He has no aim
He has no goal
He flows all day
With nature's flow
All of his life
Is letting go
All of his life
Is happily spent
Without a care
Without a cent
He says to me
It's really nice
Just floating
Into paradise
It's true that
You can do it too
What on earth
Is keeping you?

Theatre at Last School

Three children involved in a quest: one, a demure college girl searching for something under a mysterious Banyan tree; the second, a teenager from a war-torn area looking for a way out from strife; the third, a child wanting to fly away and join the beautiful bluebird that she hears. No, not just three. There were more seekers, for there was the antiquarian turtle who had been globe-trotting for the last 1500 years or so looking for a door to a magic realm... and in reality, the whole of Last School was involved in this quest.

For their annual end-of-the-term theatrical production, the senior class at Last School took their inspiration from a H.G. Wells short story about a little lad looking for a door. As a group project, the class detailed characters who would be likely to embark on such a quest and determined what these characters would find at the end of their quest. The result was a highly inspiring production in English, French and Bengali that incorporated dance, singing, and poetry written by the children themselves. All the children of the school were involved in the production—the senior-most batch had a role to play onstage while the younger students helped with the props offstage.

As part of the specially invited audience—only parents and close friends of the students were invited to the performance—I could not help but feel that this is what Auroville is all about, this is what education in Auroville should be all about. To guide a child so that it would naturally and freely express the love and joy that is within it.

Given the problems that the teachers and students face at Last School (see AVT # 69) and in general, the growing problems of Auroville's teenagers—pranks which border on infraction of the law; adolescents growing up with little or no guidance from their parents; and an increasing number of motorcycle accidents involving the youth—the Last School performance was a refreshing change, a reminder of the beauty that children can manifest when given proper guidance and encouragement. The performance should have been publicly staged for the whole community to appreciate the talents of our teenagers.

Bindu

THE AUROVILLE ECONOMY SURVEY

The survey team continue to drip-feed *Auroville News* readers with information gleaned from answers to the extensive questionnaire. Among the many written comments quoted so far:

"The survey is asking about elephants when the question is really about mountains."

"Pity that there does not exist a scale to measure spiritual growth like we can measure material growth."

"It seems to me amazing when I see the amount of services we have created so far. Have we created artificial needs?"

In our next issue there will be a more extended report.

EAST COAST ROAD UPDATE

Some time in May, 1995, efforts at cooperation between the East Coast Road Action Committee (which some Aurovilians helped set up) and the road building authorities broke down, and in October and November about a thousand trees were cut down by the authorities in clear contravention of Ministry of Environment and Forests conditions. After taking the project authorities to court, it was discovered that clearance for ECR

Brief News

work had been suspended by the Ministry in September, before the tree-cutting happened! The latest is that, while the Advocate General of Tamil Nadu has approached the Ministry to get the suspension lifted, a judge has ordered the Ministry of Environment to consult environmental groups and listen to their complaints before they give the green light to further work on the East Coast Road.

AUROVILLE IN CYBERSPACE

At present, there are about 100 references to Auroville or Sri Aurobindo and the Mother on the Worldwide Web in a number of different languages and contexts. Meanwhile, more and more Aurovilians launch themselves daily into cyberspace. At the last count, there were 219 active users on AuroNet now, including some from outside Auroville. In the past two months, AuroNet handled almost 15,000 messages, which is about 250 a day! Who said Aurovilians don't know how to communicate?

IT'S GETTING HOT OUT HERE

The 13th of May seemed set to break all records. The temperature in the afternoon in the shade was 43.5 C (110 F). As for the outside temperature in the sun... there were no volunteers to measure it.

EXODUS

As many as 300 Aurovilians are temporarily out of the country at present. One Lufthansa flight alone had 35 Aurovilians on board. The few Aurovilians who are left are taking the opportunity to take irrevocable decisions about many pending issues. (Just joking folks but perhaps it is not such a bad idea when the community is reduced to about 3/4 of its usual size....)

AN APOLOGY

Do you remember that sparkling little piece in the last *Auroville Today* concerning a comet, a poetry reading and assorted snacks? Are you still wondering about the identity of the author who by his own admission ate most of the samosas? Well, we can now finally reveal that the author was Bill. Sorry about the omission of the name... the typesetting imp was at work again.

AUROVILLE TODAY

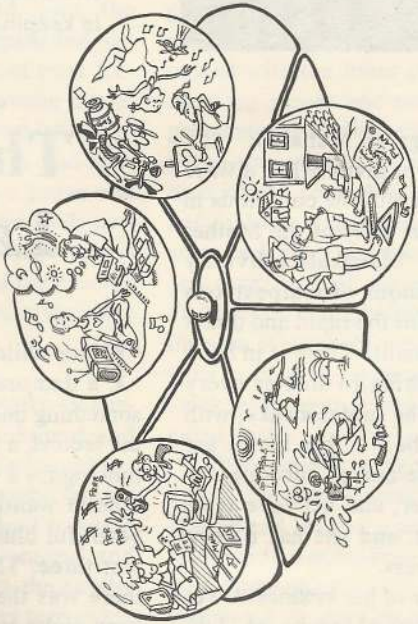
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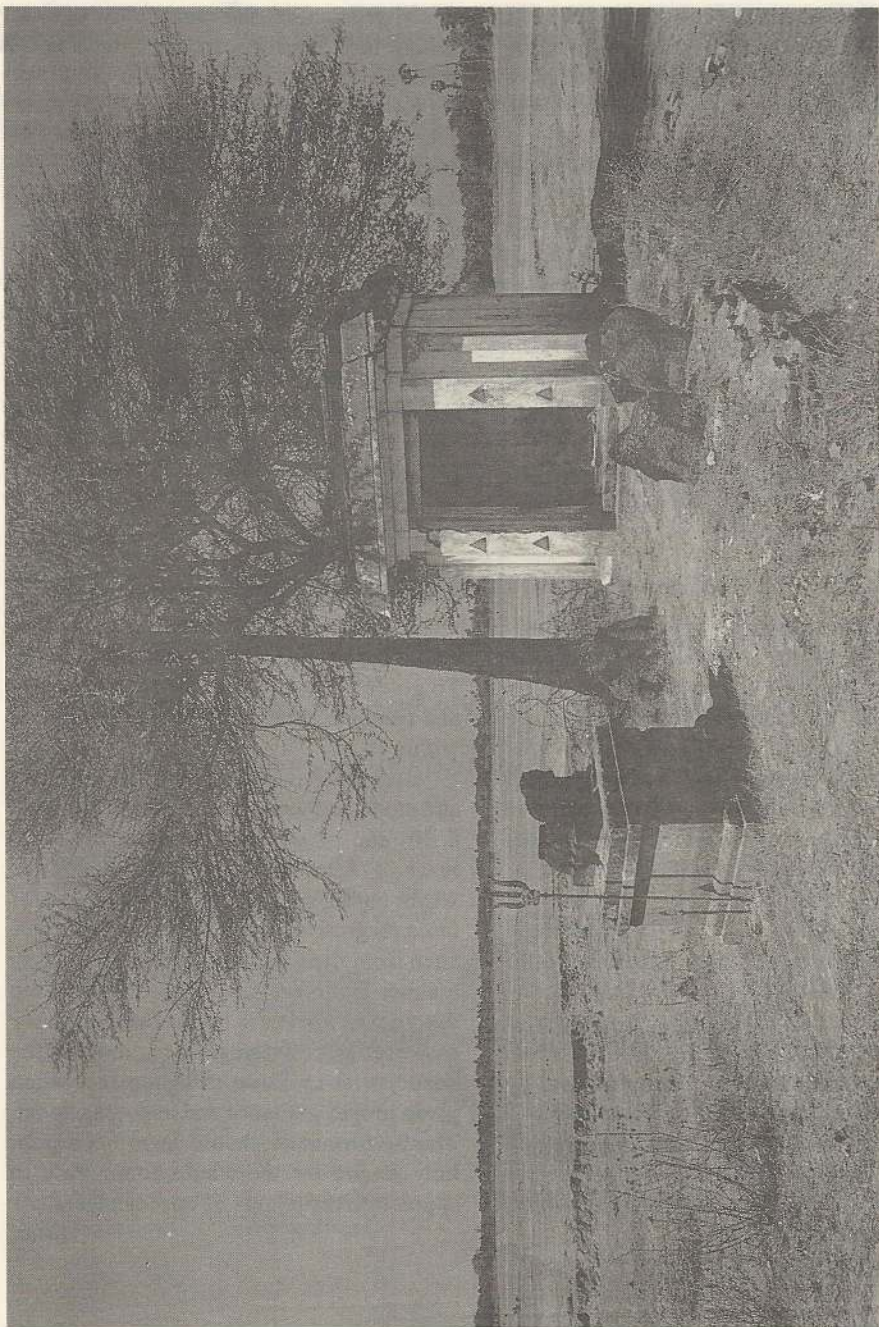
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C/O KRISHNA T.
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IN THIS ISSUE: FACES OF AUROVILLE; POETRY; A YOUNG
AUROVILIAN WRITES; CROP CIRCLES; HOME THOUGHTS.



Shiva temple in front of the dry Irumbai lake near Auroville

Home thoughts

Parma, Italy, 29th February 1996

It is cold and bleak as I write this. Outside my window, a digital barometer intermittently flashes the temperature. It is a freezing 4° C outside. Temperatures that have never touched Auroville.

What am I doing here? In a plush, third-floor apartment in a prosperous city of Northern Italy? This is a question that I have repeatedly asked myself in the month that I have been here. Why did I leave Auroville? Is not Auroville the culmination of one's quest for a path? Does not one come to Auroville when all else that the world has to offer fails to satisfy? Why then this urge to go back into the world?

I had no clear answers to these questions racing through my head. All I knew was that after living in Auroville for two years, I was restless. I had a job. I had found a place to live, and my life was falling into too easy a routine. The intense seeking, the burning thirst for knowledge, for spiritual fulfilment that had brought me here had been dulled into complacency.

True, there were certain personal motives for going to Italy—the opportunity to spend some time with a loved one, the hope of earning some money to be able to build a house in Auroville, and the desire to experience an ancient culture that helped to shape Western thought and civilization.

But deeper than these, from somewhere within me, something desired change. The insecurity of change. And the testing of my strength, of my faith.

And there was something about Auroville, about living in a small community that made me feel claustrophobic. That sometimes made me want to run away.

I did not know if I had taken the right decision to leave Auroville. But I had come to recognize that one does not always get clear-cut, rational answers to the mind's seeking. There are only clues that reveal themselves in unexpected flashes. Little touches, unimagined coincidences, acquire significant hues...

Like the time when, within a few days of my arriving, I casually flipped open a traveller's guide about India and discovered that the preface consisted of some lines of Sri Aurobindo. Just that. There was no other mention about Sri Aurobindo in the book, no reference to Auroville or even to Pondicherry. All a mere coincidence perhaps. But enough to reassure me on a desolate evening.

Like the time when, while enjoying a cappuccino in Piazza Garibaldi, the central square of the city, I looked up to find that etched in brass in the front wall of a medieval chapel are zodiac signs, esoteric markings, and names of the cities of

Moscow, Constantinople, Agra and Goa. What link Agra and Goa could possibly have with an Italian catholic church I never found out. But again, I was happy with even this obscure reference to India.

Even Garibaldi, the central square, and Mazzini, the main road that runs through it—how many times I must have crossed these without even ever thinking after whom they were named till one evening when reading a biography of Sri Aurobindo's, I found out that both Garibaldi and Mazzini were 19th century leaders whom Sri Aurobindo greatly admired and who helped to overthrow the foreign domination in Italy.

But what sealed my relationship with Italy was her churches. Perhaps the Church as an institution was corrupted, as my Italian friends claimed it to be. But the churches themselves—the grandeur of their size, the rich details of their sculptures and mosaics, the elegance of aspiring Romanesque spires or the earnest solidity of ornate Gothic facades—they all breathed out the years of devotion, awe and faith that had gone into building them. Time and again, I was reminded of Matrimandir at home. And once, upon entering the Duomo in Milan, I was moved to tears by the atmosphere that was present there. I lit a candle and knelt in silence in front of an icon of a crowned Virgin Mary with the distinct impression that, "Yes, this too is the Mother."

Pitchandikulam, AV, April 23rd, 1996

It has been a few weeks now since I have returned to Auroville. To the tranquillity of its frangipani-scented, bird-filled forests. After the cold of Northern Italy, it feels delightful to walk barefoot on beaten mud paths, moistened, but just barely, by unexpected rain. Perhaps it's not the community but the land itself that I love...

For in the Auroville community nothing much seems to have changed. There are still endless, and sometimes unpleasant, debates about plans for the city's development. Here, as elsewhere, the same human drama of love, pride, fear, anger, betrayal and frustration plays itself out. If anything, these emotions manifest themselves with an even greater intensity—perhaps because of the smallness of the community or because of the need of transforming these turbulent feelings present in the earth-nature. It was this almost unbearable intensity of Auroville that I sought to escape.

But I have come back now to accept the situation that I was in before. I received no answers, no insights, to help me on my path. Perhaps there were none to receive...

Yet there is this quiet, inner resolve to continue walking.

Bindu

How to subscribe

To cover our costs, the suggested new subscription rates for 12 issues of Auroville Today are the following: for India Rs 250; for other countries Rs 1250, Can \$ 51, FF 195, DM 56, It. Lira 61,000, D.Gl. 63, US \$ 38, UK £25. This includes the postage by airmail. Please send your contribution (or your supporting contribution of double the amount) either to the Auroville International centre in your country (add 10% for admin. and bank charges) or directly to Auroville Today, CSR Office, Auroville 605101. Cheques should be made payable to Auroville Fund, specifying: 'Contribution for Auroville Today'. You will receive the issues directly from Auroville. Personal cheques are preferred to bank cheques. Please do not send postal money orders. Subscribers will receive a reminder when their subscription is about to expire.

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