

# AUROVILLE TODAY

August 1990

Auroville - Kottakuppam 605104 - Tamil Nadu - India

Number Twenty

*It is the lesson of life that always in the world everything fails a man — only the Divine does not fail him, if he turns entirely to the Divine. It is not because there is something bad in you that blows fall on you, — blows fall on all human beings because they are full of desire for things that cannot last and they lose them or, even if they get, it brings disappointment and cannot satisfy them. To turn to the Divine is the only truth in life.*

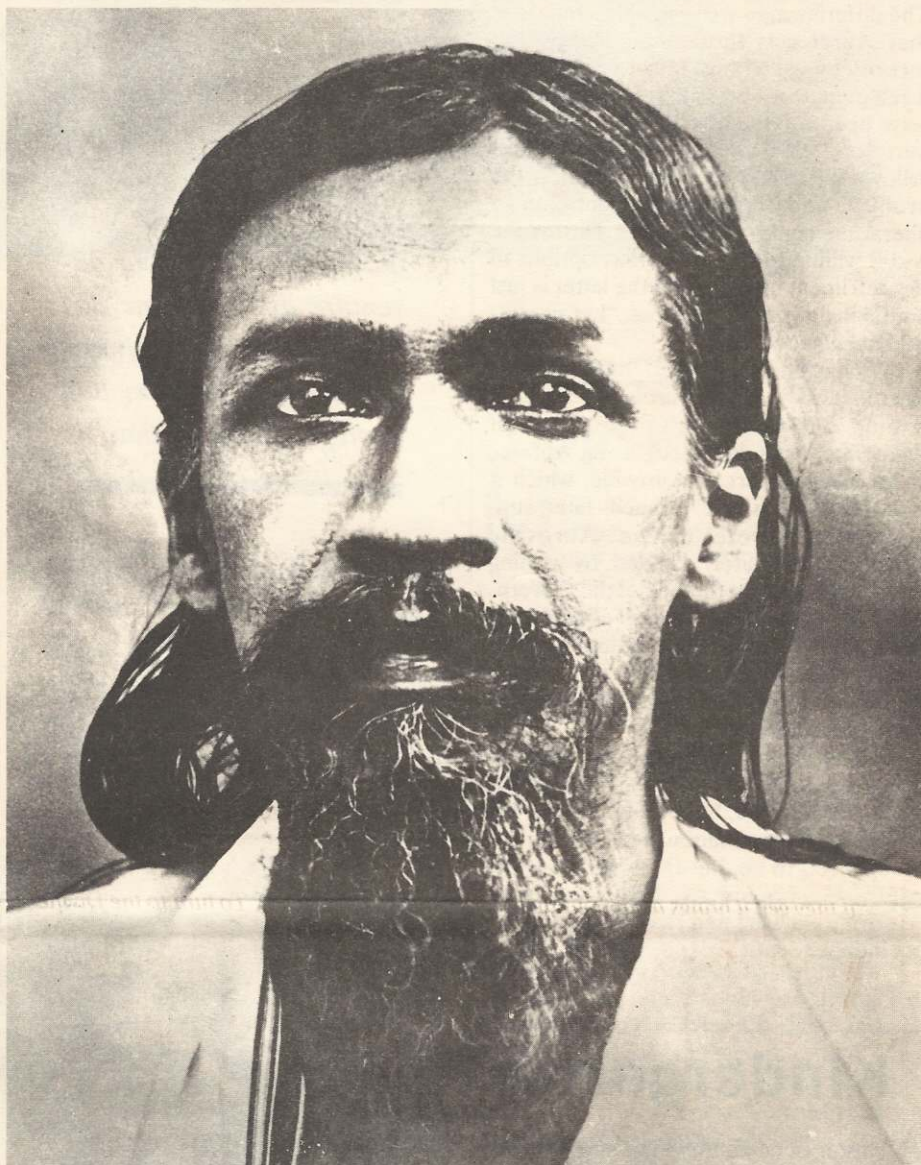
21.4.33

*Sri Aurobindo*

*It is the lesson of life that always in the world everything fails a man — only the Divine does not fail him, if he turns entirely to the Divine. It is not because there is something bad in you that blows fall on you, — blows fall on all human beings because they are full of desire for things that cannot last and they lose them or, even if they get, it brings disappointment and cannot satisfy them. To turn to the Divine is the only truth in life.*

*Sri Aurobindo*  
21.4.33

Sri Aurobindo  
c. 1916.



## Defining Ourselves

Francois continues his reflections upon the present Auroville organisation.

When we asked the Government of India to intervene in our original dispute with the S.A.S, we embarked on a systematic programme — innocent enough at first — to define ourselves. The first difficulty in defining ourselves to the outside was that we didn't have a very solid grasp on how a 'divine anarchy' was supposed to operate. The second difficulty was that we were exposing ourselves to a world which is avid for definitions; everything has to be defined, otherwise it is not fit for human consumption. And Auroville, somehow, suddenly had to become legal — a form of respectability and acceptance for the world to grasp.

In our willingness to be pragmatic in a pragmatic world Auroville has always conceded a piece of itself to legal necessities. If Auroville needed to define itself to the Government in order to emerge from an impasse with the SAS, it would be difficult not to see the advantages in doing so. At the same time it should not be difficult to see that we are binding ourselves to a *modus operandi* from which we will not easily extricate ourselves. Presumably it is a question of how seriously Aurovilians want to function according to a given system, or if

they see the system as an unfortunate — but possibly necessary (at least we learned accounting!) step to a next step.

Systems are tempting: there is gratification in keeping things in order. Computers are really good for that; humans, since they're given the opportunity of not being plugged into wall sockets, should try something else.

If we need definitions for ourselves, perhaps we should attempt to include wisdom and patience as basic qualities to strive for. Instead of adhering to a system because it is convenient and helps us make decisions (there was a time we thought decisions made themselves; no more), and instead of being frustrated by the lack of decision making, it would perhaps help to reach out and appreciate what is not within our own frame of reference, to help people and things find their relation to the whole, because everyone and everything has something to contribute to the whole.

Wisdom is something steeped in common sense; let it not be confused with rationality, especially the masculine sort — another of Auroville's unresolved problems. It has nothing to do with this. Let's call it rather an act of love. It is a

quality we hope for in ourselves, in our representatives, town planners, in anyone

*"There are ways to establish the link between the individual and his government, but they have to be based on the individual's inner needs and growth and not an administration's need for form and order."*

who is interested in anything beyond the few square feet of space he needs to stand on. It must be what 'divine anarchies' are constituted from. Unfortunately, it is so elusive that we can't seem to recognize it when it is there to be seen and heard. But until we come to see it and hear it and base our government on it, our present system under any form or name or constitution we

give it, will be no more than an interim government until the real thing comes along. In the meantime we can stop pretending anything to ourselves in terms of representation and decision-making processes. Decisions will be made by councils or by general assemblies and ignored or eventually reversed by the community because there is no binding element between them. The missing bond is trust and confidence in ourselves, and each other.

There are ways to establish the link between the individual and his government, but they have to be based on the individual's inner needs and growth and not an administration's need for form and order. Individual choice, individual worth are where Auroville derives its unique character from. An individual's inner self is where decision-making really takes place and this has to be respected and encouraged by a governing body because it is the well of creativity, not only for the individual, but, ultimately, also for the community.

The next recipient of the community's trust in the decision-making apparatus should be the small working group, if only because it is closer to the individuals, and

*contd. on page 2*



(contd. from page 1)

less prey to distortions which creep in when the groups get larger and inevitably more politicized. Not excluding the difficulties the small working groups have to face in their day-to-day functioning, they have turned out to be the most effective elements in Auroville's present decision-making structure.

In this context, Aurelec has as much right to make a decision on its 'relatability to Auroville' as a tennis coach has to decide whether his students will do backhands or forehands for the next half hour. Both can equally abuse their independence or both can be trusted with what they are doing. The difference, in some people's minds, is that Aurelec is threatening Auroville's security by its actions. What is ultimately threatening to Auroville's growth has always been a bone of contention between ourselves. In our present Auroville society, following the way of other societies, the problem ends up as a confrontation of liberal and conservative forces. The former is still willing to try out various options to the detriment of order and the latter is just not taking any more chances. "Let us consolidate what we have".

What is of most interest in the Aurelec case is not whether Aurelec is right or wrong, but the 'official' response of Auroville. Instead of recognizing Aurelec as an integral part of Auroville, which it always has been, the Council, later supported by a 'vote' of the 'Auroville Assembly', ultimately decided, by wishing to implead itself on the side of the Government, to opt for the definition of Auroville as stated by the Auroville Foundation. In other words, the legal system was chosen over the Auroville process, which, yes, still does lack definition.

What is disturbing here is not the question of relatability or non-relatability, which has become, in any case, that much more legal interpretation of what Auroville is supposed to be, but the reaction of the Auroville representative body towards an Auroville working unit that has decided to act independently.

(End of part 2.)  
François

## Kindergarten

A cluster of small buildings spreads over a green area interspersed, here and there, with patches of bright-coloured flowers. The windmill in the background cloncks away in the wind, pumping up the water for the garden. Otherwise this little paradise is quiet. But not always... five mornings a week the sylvan peace and the birdsongs are mingled with children's chatter, songs, shouting, and running around. We are at the Auroville Kindergarten, in Center Field.

The present Kindergarten started its activities in July 1985 in the former Center School, when the majority of the children moved to Transition and only the youngest ones remained. A group of about five adults looks after the 38 children in the age group from four to seven. They are divided into four groups, according to age or their ability to concentrate. "The more they can concentrate, the more we can ask of them", says Miriam, who grew up in Auroville and who has been teaching here since the beginning.

The Kindergarten tries to function in an atmosphere of beauty and harmony favourable for the children to best develop their capacities. Some children have their own garden plots with flowers everywhere. "We want to develop their abilities to cope with any situation and to be able to answer, not only in a scholarly way, but to face life in a new way—without fear, with a joy of learning", says Jaci, a Brazilian dancer who joined the school five years ago. Mother and Sri Aurobindo have written much

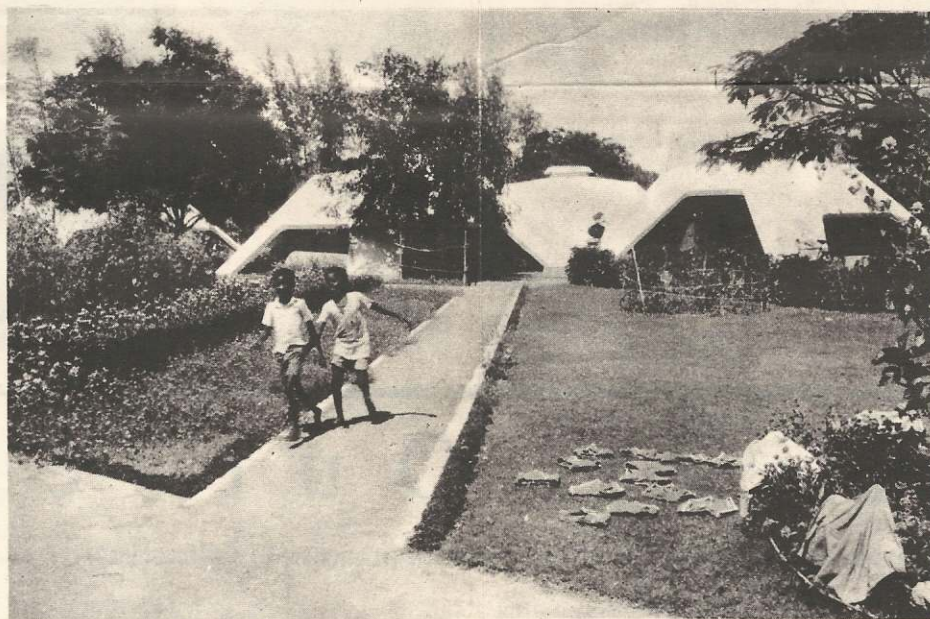
It's difficult to call 'New Creation' just a school. The place is so beautiful and quiet and at the same time so full of laughter.

You should see New Creation in February, when it is covered with flowers. Walking down trim and fresh-looking paths, you enter the bright and colourful classrooms: their architecture resembles flying saucers about to take off. And they

*"What touched me most were the children and youngsters who were born so close to Auroville. It seemed obvious to me that they were an integral part of our adventure and that one day they perhaps would choose to join us, and that we had to prepare them for that."*

do take off each day with the 175 children who come from the village for a full day of activities.

From the moment of their arrival at 7.30, the smallest ones are taken in charge by lovely young girls—old pupils of the school. Hygiene is among the first things on the programme: brushing teeth and showering in the open air. The bigger



'New Creation' school building

about what to do with children this age, and the school tries to follow their guidelines in activities like free play, games, drama, music and handicrafts.

Each group starts the day with a moment of concentration. The children and the teachers sit in a circle and together they find a topic of interest; for instance, listening to the sounds from outside. Miriam continues: "We let them pick flowers. I put a bowl in the middle and then I point to the one who is the most quiet. That one distributes a flower to each child. Then one by one they put the flowers in the bowl". Once a week the whole school comes together to start the day with a common activity, like singing or a circle game.

The main language is English, but many conversations in Tamil, French, German or Dutch can be overheard. Each group spends one morning with Amudha, a young Tamil Aurovilian, one of whose two sons also attends the Kindergarten. She teaches them songs, games, and the basics of read-

## 'New Creation': A Flying Saucer

children do their gymnastics, followed by a short meditation. Then they join their classes where Tamil, English, mathematics, science and geography are taught by some fifteen group leaders who have generally come from the neighbouring villages, and also from Auroville. At about one o'clock a meal is served and the afternoon is dedicated to manual activities like sewing, embroidery, pottery, mechanics and woodwork. After a substantial afternoon tea, the day ends with sports for all—gymnastics, tennis, volleyball, basketball, etc.

In addition, twenty-five boys and girls have lived permanently at New Creation for the last 6 years, inhabiting nice little huts, 'capsules' with thatch roofs. The older children look after the smaller ones. The day begins with a big clean-up. Then a rotating team makes breakfast while others stretch their bodies in front of the video with Jane Fonda aerobics. At about 7 o'clock, the happy and hungry little mob take their breakfast at granite tables outside under the trees, often with music. And then they hurry to the school-bus which takes the youngest to Transition while the bigger children go to Last School. After lunch, homework is done, laundry washed and the garden looked after until they leave again, this time to the Certitude sports grounds.

At six o'clock they're back—to prepare dinner, to read or see a video programme, and finally to fall asleep to the sounds of the nearby village—which is where it all started in 1983.

To André Tardeil, the initiator and present co-ordinator of 'New Creation', it

seemed that Auroville had a heavy responsibility and that we had to create bridges, openings, possibilities for the children and youth of the villages nearby. In 1983 he began a small training centre in woodwork, stone carving and weaving. The experiment ended with the creation of cooperatives, where the workers organize their own business. "What touched me most were the children and youngsters who were born so close to Auroville. It seemed obvious to me", said André, "that they were an integral part of our adventure and that one day they perhaps would choose to join us, and that we had to prepare them for that. I wanted to give them—without separating them completely from the village—a possibility for a development which is different from the traditional village school, in a quiet and beautiful environment. Education seemed to me the ideal means. I wanted more and more Tamil children to profit from the same facilities that we have constructed—with considerable effort—for our Auroville youth. And even if there are differences with the village children, they aren't less open and have a lot of possibilities." André Tardeil was dreaming of creating and offering a place where the education would not be separate from Auroville life and where the children would be in direct contact with all the activities which take place here. In this way he would give them a chance to join the somewhat more advanced classes in other Auroville schools. "For me it is the best way to integrate. Actually I don't like this word 'integrate'. With whom...?—but let's say the best way to make them catch a glimpse of a different future."

One step towards a different future was made possible with the arrival of a computer donated by Aurelec. Stuart, a Canadian visitor, began teaching the youngsters how to use it. He explained, "We went ahead and confronted those village youngsters with the twentieth century... and the experiment has surpassed my expectations. When I started my introductory course on computer, it triggered off a real enthusiasm (quite in contrast to my English class before that...) and an unquenchable thirst to learn. Those little children, who were still cowherds yesterday, love to play with the computer and are not at all awed by those funny machines. They are even fascinated by them, and they learn very fast and with joy."

Flying saucers taking off with village cowgirls at the computerized controls—perhaps in not too distant a future?

Yanne and Bill

Although there are quite a number of people working at the school, they still feel that they could offer more if there would be a handicrafts teacher, and someone to teach music. And above all they would love to have a piano!

Tineke.

## Transition School

"BY THIS time", notes Suzie, "one thing seems obvious—those who think they are conducting the experiment are also in the process of being experimented upon. In that sense the adults as well as the children go through a very strenuous educational experience."

Transition is the school which is involved in educational research with children of the age group 7-12 years.

It began in July 1984, when some of the children and teachers shifted from the over-crowded Center School to a new purpose-built complex near Transformation. "That was a real milestone for us", remem-

bers Suzie, one of those teachers. "No more leaky roofs, no more cramped classes... A permanent base at last. So many new possibilities opened up."

Today, Transition is a community with an evolving membership that is still struggling to find a structure to best serve the students and teachers. One of the challenges is that the student body is ever-changing. Children are shuffled in and out of 'Transition' at the parents' discretion. Also, the adult input remains unpredictable—often guests and visitors unexpectedly appear who are able to offer special skills. Nevertheless, after six years,

contd. on next page



## Y o u t h

To be young is to live in the future.  
To be young is to be always ready to give up what we are  
in order to become what we must be.  
To be young is never to accept the irreparable.

*The Mother*

*The first Auroville children have grown up. What do they have to say?*

*In this issue you'll find Kali, Luc, Renu and Auroson speaking about their experiences and plans for the future, and further information on Auroville education—a theme we already introduced in Auroville Today no. 18. (Eds.)*



Photo Sven

## Higher Education in Auroville

One of the latest educational projects in Auroville has been initiated by Luc, who two years ago was presented with a challenge. How to pursue further education without leaving Auroville? Here he describes his solution.

In 1988 I decided to continue my studies after having completed my 'O' Levels. However, students who want to pursue further studies in Auroville face one major difficulty: the materials and facilities are not easily available. At present, therefore, students have two choices: either to leave Auroville (which they do not always want to do) to study in a school outside, or to enroll for correspondence courses. If they choose a correspondence course, they will probably have to work on their own and will eventually have to sit for examinations, which is not every student's wish.

I did not want to leave Auroville, this I was sure about, so I was left with only one choice: to do a correspondence course. After locating a correspondence centre in Oxford, England, through the assistance of my former English teacher, I wrote off for details.

Doing correspondence courses alone has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. The advantages are that students potentially learn much more, simply because they are their own teacher, and they are not held back by other classmates—students can set their own pace, their own atmosphere in which they feel comfortable.

Studying alone, however, has its disadvantages: students have not the opportunity to share their knowledge and be confronted with varying opinions; subconsciously, a feeling of cooperation or the idea that your friends are working on the same course, is missing. The most difficult part of studying alone is the freedom factor.

Students can decide for themselves whether they will take holidays or not—and taking holidays is fun and easy but dangerously addictive. I loved breaks, though. Another difficulty is the lack of competition. Competition mercilessly leaves behind those who cannot hold their heads above water, but it is motivating and conducive to hard work. I missed it, and I think other students would, too.

The course I followed, though, was extremely interesting and well-prepared, and it made me want to learn more and more. When I considered all these points, and when I could no longer bear to see that the young *had* to leave Auroville to complete their higher studies, a project came to my mind.

Clearly, Auroville needs a centre of further learning, first of all to provide its youngsters with higher educational facilities, and a quiet place where they can study together. This will not only be helpful and stimulating but more productive, for they will be able to share their knowledge with each other. Secondly, those who want to remain in Auroville will not have to leave in frustration. Eventually, the centre will offer facilities for any level of education, but initially it will focus on the equivalent of an 'A'-Level, International Baccalaureate and the French Baccalaureate. Quoting from the Charter, "Auroville will be the place of an unending education, of constant progress": this ideal will be the backbone of the centre, the spirit behind every student's effort.

This centre will be an area with a quiet atmosphere, which is indispensable for learning and concentrating, an environment that will encourage a deep interest to know, to explore the knowledge offered by this world—"taking advantage of all discoveries from without and from within, Auroville will boldly spring towards future realizations." A broad range of reference books will be available so that a person can feel satisfied that, having understood those books, he has attained a recognized level. Experienced people will be present to help the students.

I have now launched myself into setting this project on its feet, and a temporary set-up, consisting of a small room with book-shelves, has been found at the 'House of Mother's Agenda' near Aspiration. People have contributed books and some text books have been purchased with money which was given as a donation. Recently a few students came to enquire about this project and asked whether they could make use of it—nothing pleased me more than to receive such an encouraging sign. In the meantime, another larger building is being considered which will be located near 'Last School'—this will increase the vigour of the whole area and give rise to greater student interaction. People are already involved and enthusiastic, and determined to have the concept grow and materialize. What we need now are good books and support from the community. □

### Transition

(contd. from page 2)

certain lines are emerging. The teaching teams, for example, make all decisions collectively, and the children are involved in discussion of all problems that affect them; problems that range from how to stop 'bad language' to whether to have butter or jam on the snack rolls! Though the syllabus is not structured, the children acquire basic skills in mathematics and English, and broaden their knowledge of science, history and geography. There is a strong emphasis upon languages, and English, French, German and Tamil are taught. The newly completed arts and crafts complex offers space for activities like woodwork, painting and crochet work. All that's needed now is the adults to help impart these skills! □

## Unending Education...

May day. A dense, blood-hot, free-floating, cashew-tanged morning, drowning thought and quick-limbed inspiration in its heavy abundance. "Come. Relax. Enjoy me", it cajoles. And I smell once again the dank, fleshy leather of the taxi as it carries me, passive, six years old in my stiff school uniform, through the rain-smeared streets of London. Towards another inevitability.

Echoes, cycles, repetitions. Carrying the same few metres of skin, the same fragile casket of bone and nerve through recurrent patterns, familiar rooms and well-worn responses ("Why can't I ever say no?"). While occasionally, like a stray headlight in the blackness, a word, an image, a stillness flashes upon this coffee-cup chaos and momentarily picks out shape.

Once, in dream, I saw my end. "Another one", they cackled, as they tipped up the stretcher and rolled my body among the bodies of a million years. I woke wanting to strangle the smiling green of a February morning. Wanting to rip the comfortable veil from practised faces and to tear up the sensible agreements that allow us to rest... undisturbed. And in panic and desperation I suddenly touched, beneath the humming of the blood and certain certainties of skin and sense, a quickness that flashed out other notes. "It need not be! It need not be!"

And in an instant I understood that other great history of being. Not the history of kings, queens, battles and empires that we plough through in musty schoolrooms. But the history of those who listened and shaped themselves to that other voice. Who dared, each in their different way, to assert "It need not be!" The unknown, the forgotten, as well as the famous ones, who helped forge the links in the ascending chain of being: a carpenter in Trieste, a monk in Japan, a widow in Sao Paulo, an engineer in Mississippi, a young woman growing up in fin-de-siècle France...

Alan



Transition school building



# Auroville: A Friendship

Auroson was one of the first children born in Auroville. He recently returned from travels abroad.

I remember an evening four months ago when I sat atop a half-built church which rested on a hill overlooking a small Guatemalan town. That evening everything seemed so clear, so poignant. There was such a longing to be back in Auroville; to set one foot down upon a bit of red earth and give up what felt like a useless purgatory. To bargain and trade the last few paces of my quest for a bit of peace and quiet fulfillment that was Auroville. It was then that I heard Sri Aurobindo's lines stronger than ever, the words that represented my duty and the only counterbalance to Auroville's enchanting call. "Dig deep, deeper yet, till you reach the grim foundation stone." So I questioned myself. How deep had I actually dug? Not very deep I saw, only enough to unearth this graveyard of broken dreams.

Dreams that varied and changed, that were with me always, from the beginning when I had left Auroville ten months earlier, and turned away in scorn. I would seek what she didn't have—La Dolce Vita. The good life... that doesn't really mean anything, but I wanted it at 18, a larger life, one that extended into the night and encompassed more people; the temptations of society. On top of this, there was the talk of an 'Outside Education'.

It so happened that Australia offered those opportunities. But the visions that I had held of Australia, those images we create at home—of white beaches and easy times—proved to be wrong, and even the 'good life' that I was looking for became shallow and meaningless. So I tried to look at what it was that had used these masks to pull me away from the blind security of my home. I saw nothing. So, in a greater attempt to see deeper, I began to hitchhike along the Australian coast, leaving behind all my ties, and trying to bare myself as much as possible. It was in this sadness that I felt most susceptible. I shied away from what could have been joy. But not all of this was done merely for the sake of experience. It felt natural and gave me a sense of fulfillment, as if it was getting something done, even if it was only a strengthening of my resolve.

Of all the images that I saw and felt on the road, Auroville was the strongest. She was not a part of the past nor of the future, but a part of myself that had been left behind. Yes, there was a longing, but more than that, there was an incompleteness about everything; not only myself but every action that was worth anything had to somehow be done in Her line of sight. Of course it was not the Auroville we live in; of people and petty workings, of the drudgery and repetition, nor the comfort of friends. It was an Auroville of its own, an entity... a living thing... the soul of Auroville if you will—that whole. With this Auroville I felt a certain give-and-take—for if she was such a part of me, I in turn must be some part of her, so there was the conversation of a... friendship. There were other guides and lights that I followed; Mother was there. She had replaced Sri Aurobindo as a companion, as my world oscillated from that of intellectual pursuits to something spiritual, intuitive.

Australia's doors slowly closed when the difficulty arose of me studying there as a foreigner. So I turned again, this time to the U.S.

There, I stood back and often remarked, "What is the meaning of this?" I felt that with the whole of that society there was something missing... Auroville was so much more true. I questioned myself as to why I didn't just go back at that time. Johnny reflected upon our common situation, "We both have ulterior needs related to personal growth, best stimulated by change that wedges us separately in not altogether alien circumstances, but sufficiently conflicting to stir the dust of that submarine palmyra soup that might be where our ultimate refuge lies, but needs now be distantly empowered like an old love, by as total as possible immersion into this sea of stimuli and response, just to set the books straight."

After nine months in the U.S. I came to believe that what I'd sought, what had dragged me around the world was the primal urge for adventure. Only an adventure in the old sense of jungles, and being lost for days with deadly snakes underfoot would really quench the thirst, and let me

## The Ancient Pull of Origin

*The cat calls  
of  
come boy hurry  
come boy hurry  
And the turned dust  
And the beating waves.*

*The ancient pull of origin  
of  
come boy  
come home,  
And the old face  
Echoing the call.*

Auroson

return to Auroville without once again feeling confined and restless. I went back upon my memories and remembered how in those dreary geography classes I had imagined Central America as a place of the adventure I now needed. Again, though, my imagination was to prove wrong, for when I went there I found that it was conquered and uneventful. So I didn't quench the thirst, I did away with it; I dropped my sack of weighty dreams which had always left me unsatisfied with reality. But I also saw that there was a beauty in them, for they were the front of my ignorance—they had closed my eyes to the reality, to the fear of difficulties I did face. They always disguised the pit and when I fell into it, I experienced it more strongly.

So I came down from that hill, hearing an echo of a line from T.S. Eliot that Frederick had written me in Australia, "To be prevented from living the present by reactionary memories and utopian dreams." It had struck me then, for my reactionary memories had always left the present blurred. Again I felt its relevance, as I saw a burning fire of utopian dreams which I realized was a preparation for reality. And as I said to myself, "It's time to go home", it seemed that I was finally living the present.

Auroson



Summer-camp at Berijam: Every year almost all Auroville children go trekking, climbing, walking and swimming at an altitude of 2000 m. in the Kodaikanal hills. Ritam (15) reports...

A day in Berijam began at about 6:00 a.m. when the camp's rooster (our bus driver) began to crow. A proposal to impose a curfew on, or totally ban, his crowing had been made, but it was decided that as he seemed to be the happiest in the group we should just let him sing and crow as much as he wanted.

When the bell rang signalling breakfast, a huge mob of people would run to the kitchen down by the lake. After breakfast most people went for walks, while some who were part of the cooking group had to stay and cook.

There were 45 people in the first group and out of those, 15 were trekkers. While the rest of the group went up by Auroville transport, the poor trekkers had to go by public bus and suffer a terrible breakdown after having travelled for only 45 minutes. In addition to that, once we (the trekkers) reached Kodaikanal we had to hitch-hike to Berijam (about 23 km). Somehow, we managed to get there safe and sound long before the rest of the group who got there later that afternoon in the middle of a downpour—serves them right!

A few days after arriving, the trekkers left on a trip that would last a week and

cover about 80 kilometres of beautiful mountainous landscape.

We stayed in old forest bungalows built around the turn of the century by the British. All the food we ate on the trek had to be carried by ourselves, except for a scrawny little hen that was bought in a village aptly named 'Cavengi'—dubbed 'Scavengi' by the trekkers.

## SUMMER CAMP

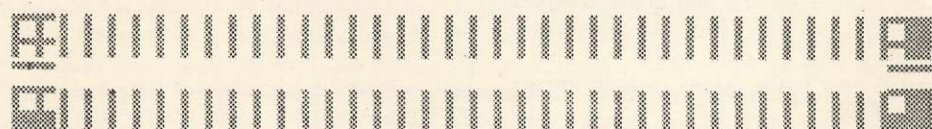
On our third trek (there were four), we walked through a dense *shola* (high-altitude rainforest), where we were mer-

cilessly attacked by leeches, and on our fourth and final trek we were permitted by 'the Dictator' (Jean, our trek leader), to walk without our backpacks (they were picked up by the jeep after eight kilometers of walking.)

We got back to Berijam, none the worse for the experience (except for a few blisters!). The next few days were spent lazing around and going for short walks, or sitting by the campfire at night listening to music.

A day in Berijam ended at about 9:30 at night, with the driver still crowing and still happily singing.

Photos Auroson





## KALI

Kali, too, was one of the first children to be born in Auroville, and she is 20 now. She joined the Entry group some months ago and is presently running a handicraft unit. Recently, Sonja and Kali had a cup of tea together and talked about Auroville.

### How did you like growing up in Auroville?

Auroville is the most beautiful place to be until you are twelve years old. The contact with nature is so strong and that has been totally lost in the West. After that age though, things can go wrong if parents don't structure their children. It is important to have a minimum of discipline to train the willpower to learn. Willpower is more important in Auroville than anywhere else due to a lack of structure in its society. When I was thirteen I had to go around to find my teachers but today there are nice schools. But still without willpower and concentration you don't learn anything.

### Did you ever feel like rebelling against this upbringing?

Last year I went to Europe for 10 months. Then, on coming back, I had to question myself in the same way as anyone who decides to come and live in Auroville for the first time. I no longer took for granted that I would live here. I had to take a conscious decision that I had never taken

difficulties on the material level but you wouldn't suddenly find yourself in front of this wall of questions such as: "What is life all about? Why are we here? And are we getting anywhere?"

I think that in Auroville we all have our purpose that we have to fight for, and everybody looks at it slightly differently but all are in their way somehow dedicated to this place. When you are brought up and put on the track you go for it and you know where you have to go. Yet you have always two aspects in yourself. One that wants to go forward and get somewhere and another aspect that is very material, where your vital takes over and just wants to live.

### Do you think people in Auroville are becoming more materialistic?

Yes, we are no longer acting from the perception that we are one and using whatever we have. People today want a proper base more than before when it was not a priority. And today they even seem to be more focused on a fancy base, instead of just an efficient and convenient base. Now they put more energy into the materializing of their fantasies. It is an all-Auroville tendency. Even in the Greenbelt, which used to be the place where people lived very simply, almost primitively, there are big houses now.

Today people are more individualistic. Before we communicated the spiritual life more with others, it felt more as a whole. You didn't have to talk about it so much, you just felt it. Even without talking you felt this inner connection with others. Now I find this connection more with the younger kids and my sister and friends. The kids talk about it and do question themselves. We talk about nature and what Mother said. It is much freer than with the adults. Sometimes I talk about Auroville with an adult and some people just don't connect on that level. I think it depends a lot on the kids' relation with their parents and people around them regarding the ideals of Mother and Sri Aurobindo. If you didn't get this communicated, you can grow up the same here as you would if you were living in Europe.

I think a lot of people do know and talk about the evolution of consciousness. But it is not enough just to know it. You have to remind yourself to work on it actively.

### What do you see for your future now?

I am fed up with people just being passive. Very often I hear them complain and I tell them, "Well, move your asses". If you are not happy do something, don't complain, move! And that is one of the main reasons that I am in the Entry group and I want to be involved in the decision-making process.

But you should not get too involved to the point where you get overworked and depressed and lose touch with the real Auroville life. This happened to some people. I wish more young people would come forward, and I think they will. But as for the Council, many of us think it is going wrong. Mother had said there should be no government involvement in Auroville; but now we are part of it. I find the Council very indecisive, they have the tendency of not concentrating on matters immediately but letting things drag on. The administrative part of Auroville is becoming more and

## Comme-çi Comme-ça

Ritam's article (page 4) is taken from *Comme-çi Comme-ça*, a lively new magazine begun by the students of 'Last School'. The three issues so far have featured topics as diverse as astrology, the World Cup and the frustrations of Auroville youth. We wish them *bonne chance*!

### From Renu with Love

*I would like to write about my time spent here...*

*I feel as though I have been bathed in a golden light. I feel as though one enters through the gates of Grace... and my being feels wide and my heart shines again. This is why we came back to Auroville. And one feels grateful that this can be felt in our times. And she (India) is the source; and it is always refreshing to dip oneself into her stream.*

*I go—I know I have to go. But one never forgets one's true home. Love.*

Renu.



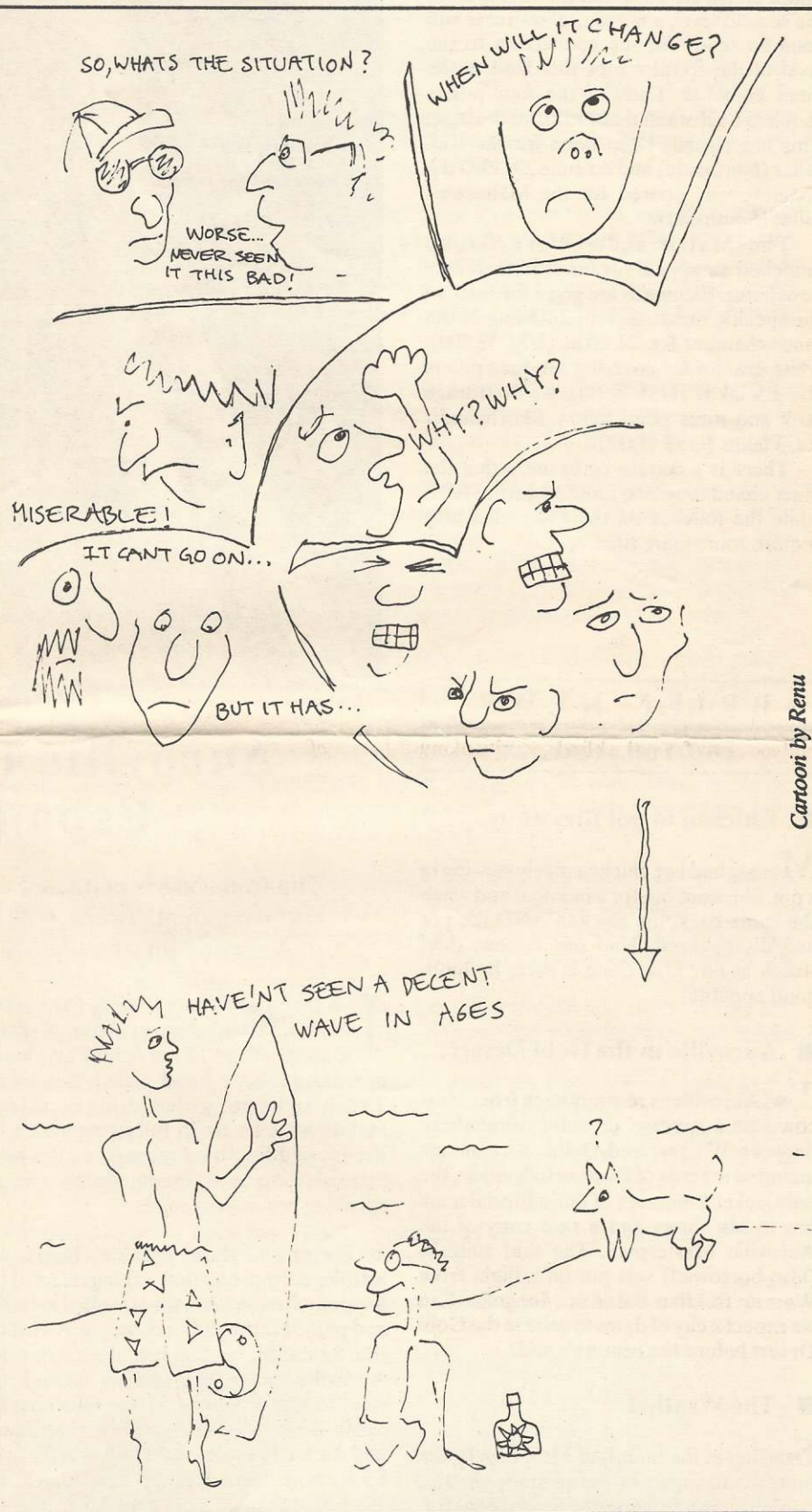
Photo John Mandeem

before. It was very hard. I really had to make up my mind.

Things that had never occurred to me before came up, like the question of where I belong. This is my native place and I feel I belong here, and although I am not an Indian, I think like them and can communicate to them, even if the outer appearance is so different. Back in Europe it is totally the opposite. There the outer appearances are the same, but I can't communicate with people.

For the time being I don't want to go back. I am still as happy as I was the first two weeks when I returned. I have noticed that almost all the young people in Auroville turn to the outside. Then, when they know what is going on there, they come back and are much more motivated to participate.

I came back to Auroville with a very strong determination about what I wanted to do here. I finished building my house, took care of the handicraft unit, became self-sufficient and joined the Entry group. Still it is not easy to be here. Sometimes I think maybe I should have been born somewhere else, just like millions of others. Life would just fly. Maybe there would be some



more paperwork, and many people are too eager to please the government. It is becoming more rigid and I am afraid that by the time the younger ones are mature enough to take responsibility they will be presented with governmental and administrative rules. They will be handed over a fixed box and they can only slide into the established roles, and then it will be too late to change anything. It is better to try to do something about it now, when it is not yet so stuck.

### Do you see yourself joining the Council?

No, my friend and I have thought about it and we think that it would be difficult to say something—and be understood—if there are not at least a few people on it with the same way of thinking. So, would it be useful for me to join and not really say what I want to say? Is that going to change anything?

### Do you have criticism of the adults?

Yes, most of the adults have forgotten they were ever young. A frequent saying among the Auroville kids is, "Look at these adults—it looks like they never have fun."



## Update on the Soul

The soul of Auroville, Matrimandir, is reaching a point where nearly all the materials necessary for the completion of the inner chamber are ready. Only the air-conditioning, solar tracking system and the carpet are missing. The twelve columns are not yet all painted but the erection system for their installation is in place. The last stages of preparing the symbols to support the crystal globe go on simultaneously with laying the marble on the floor. Staircases that go up through each of the four pillars to the first level are under construction. From the first level to the second level, a new spiral staircase will soon be ready for the connection to the level of the spiral ramps that lead to the inner chamber. Each of the four pillars requires a substantial extension at the base. This has already been done for the Kali pillar (Northside) and on June 29, 1990 the concrete was poured for the Maheswari pillar (Southside).

The Matrimandir Work Group launched an appeal for funds in their July newsletter. Estimates are given for some of the specific needs: air-conditioning of the inner chamber Rs. 24 lakhs (US\$ 13,000), white granite for covering the four pillars Rs. 1.5 lakhs (US\$ 7,500), water storage tank and lotus pond below Matrimandir Rs. 3 lakhs (US\$ 15,000).

There is a certain enthusiasm that the inner chamber will be finished during 1991, while the touches on the outer skin may require some more time.

Bill

### BRIEF NEWS

#### Did You Hear...?

#### ■ Chicken in pot flies away...

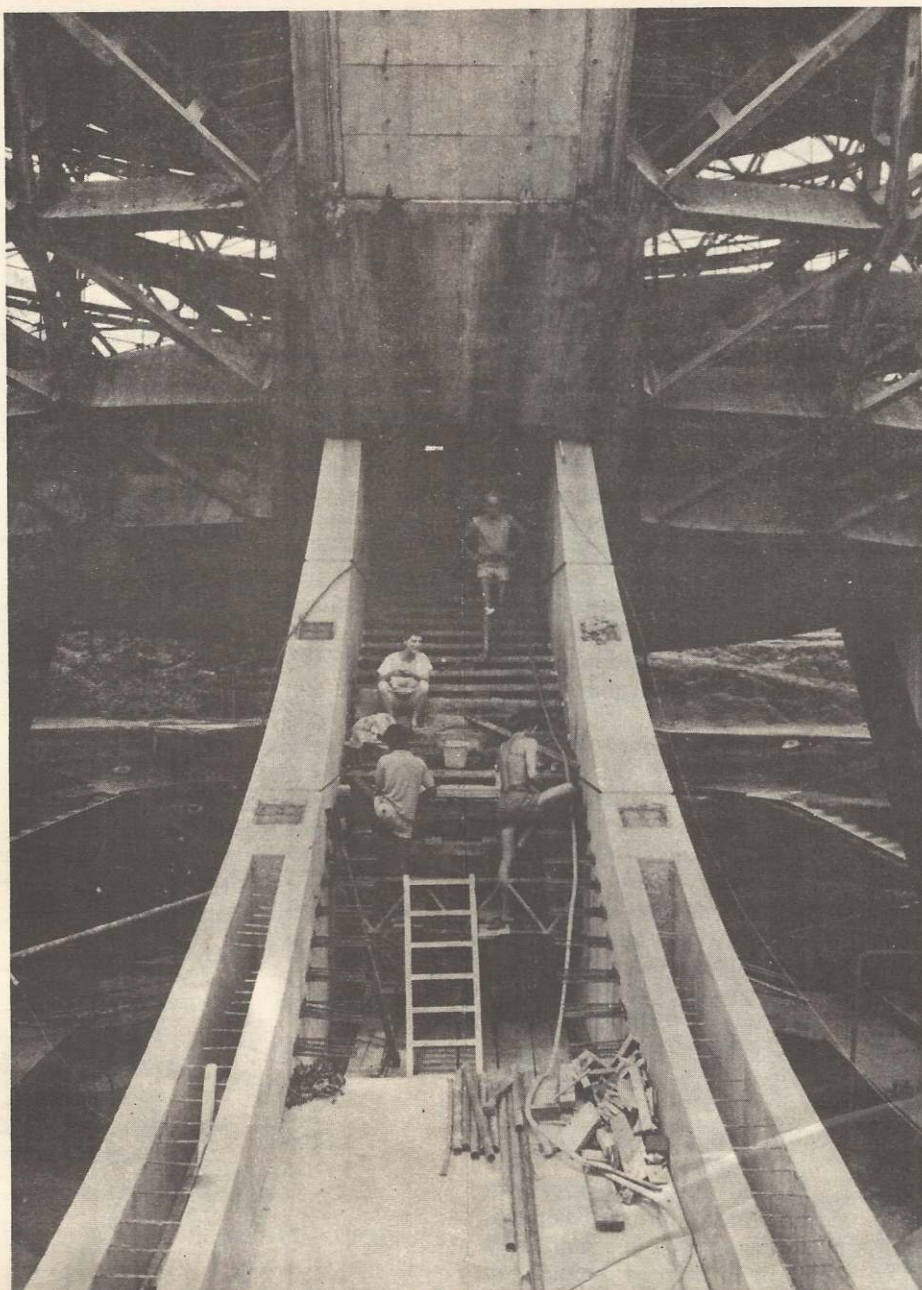
Menaig had her chicken nicely stewing in a pot. She went out for a moment and when she came back, the chicken AND the pot had disappeared. Had our famous thief struck again? One thing is sure, he has a good appetite!

#### ■ Auroville in the Gobi Desert?

Two Aurovilians recently back from Moscow lost a suitcase en route somewhere between Warsaw and Delhi. Its contents included records of Russian folk music, the only jacket a member of our editorial team has to his name, and a rare copy of the Auroville Masterplan. The said suitcase (also borrowed) was put on a flight from Warsaw to Ulan Bator in Mongolia. Can we expect a city of dawn to arise in the Gobi Desert before the century's end?

#### ■ The Weather

Starting in the month of May, usually the hottest and driest of the summer months, copious thundershowers have been frequent during the past two months and go on even today, late July. We of course were delighted by this, but the ant population got slightly disoriented. They seemed to be unanimous in feeling that human houses are the best possible shelter to keep their feet dry and get food and lodging. Heaven knows what attracted them to our typing office, the CRCP. You may have detected some irregularities in the print of this and the previous issues of AUROVILLE TODAY — please blame it on the ants invading the laser printer. We're trying to convince them to stick to natural surroundings but so far to no avail! □



Staircase under construction at Mahakali pillar (photo John Mandeon)

## Auroville International España — Olé!

The following is extracted from a report sent by our foreign correspondent, Yanne, who attended the first official meeting of Auroville International Spain.

It is the 9th of June. Prema, Croquette and I find ourselves in Auza, a small Spanish village 15 km from Pamplona, in a Basque-style hotel called 'Sasondo'. Twenty of us are gathered for breakfast, and discussions are in full swing — both in French and English. Prema translates into Spanish. She is beaming: finally she is speaking her native tongue.

For one of those present — Nuria, an astrologer by profession — things started to happen when, in 1984, she travelled in India and passed through Pondicherry. A visit to the Samadhi, and a few days later to Auroville, made her curious enough to want to stay 3 months. Upon returning to Spain she wanted to share her experience and started to liaise between Auroville and Spain. Soon a small group was formed. In 1988, Sharanam, a long-term Aurovillian of Spanish origin, passed through Pamplona and on the 15th August of that year, the centre was born, with as founding members, Nuria and Mikel, Dolores and Joseba, Itxaso and Kitxu — all of whom had been in Auroville. They began providing information and coming together once a week, and they started translating brochures on Auroville, and Mother's writings on education.

In the afternoon more people join the gathering. We are almost 30 people now — they have come from almost all the provinces of Spain. Mikel suggests screening the

new Auroville video of Alain and Patricia. I watch people's faces during the show. Amazement reigns. The colours are beautiful and it would be something of a commonplace to say that Auroville and the tropics are photogenic. But the Auroville we watch seems so idealized... I'm worried and fear the discussion that is going to follow. But my fears evaporate; the questions are precise and to the point as regards the way Auroville works.

At 9 p.m. we prepare to leave — we want to cross the Pyrenees before nightfall. We've been together for six hours at a stretch and no one has left the room. We've discussed topics like Auroville's spiritual dimension; the split between Auroville and Mira Aditi and Agenda International; Sri Aurobindo and Mother...

We Aurovilians have been asked to support the Centre, which we fullheartedly agree to do. We've read out the Charter and I've asked those present what aspirations they have regarding Auroville. One of the answers: the construction of the Spanish Pavilion.

Nuria, Mikel and their son are leaving for Auroville soon: on the 26th of June. A few months ago, the boy, without even having seen a photo, drew the Matrimandir and the Urn and next to it his house. His comment was: "There are two ways to our home: a long one and a short one. I want to take the short one". □

## AUROVILLE INTERNATIONAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Auroville International centres was held in France (from 29th June to 1st July) in an old country-house not far from Chartres. The setting was peaceful — big lawns, a pond and extensive woods.

Between 60 and 70 people from many different countries gathered, discussed, ate small breakfasts and large French lunches and dinners, and enjoyed the special atmosphere that is generated when friends of Auroville and Aurovilians meet.

Some of the topics discussed were: the role of the Auroville International centres, information material, a central data-bank, Matrimandir, the concept of the city, and fund-raising. It was interesting to hear how each centre works and how each in its specific way tries to bring something of Auroville alive in their respective countries.

On Saturday evening there was time to concentrate on something else. Edith Schnapper gave us new insights when she spoke about discoveries made in fields like the New Physics which help to explain from a different angle the totally new concept introduced by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother; a concept which they sometimes referred to as Collective Yoga.

That same evening everybody gathered around the video-set to enjoy a video-presentation on the first 20 years of Auroville, made by Dominique Darr on the basis of her beautiful slides. The new video on Auroville made by Alain and Patricia was also welcomed as a very useful tool of information and a lively introduction to Auroville.

The young Auroville International France did a beautiful job of organisation and managed to create a very welcoming and constructive atmosphere. The new Spanish centre has taken up the challenge of organising next year's meeting.

Yoka

### NEW PUBLICATION

The book *The Aim of Life* is now available in Hindi. A group of Aurovilians worked on the translation, and the printing was done at the Auroville Press.

*The Aim of Life*, published by the Sri Aurobindo International Institute for Educational Research (SAIER) in 1986, presents texts from many important works related to the aim of life, and is especially addressed to all those who have the responsibility of educating children and youth.

For the Hindi translation, a special software programme with the required typeface has been developed by an Aurovillian to make printing on the laser printer possible.

The book is available on request from SAIER, Auroville 605101, India.





## \* L E T T E R S \*

### ■ LOPSIDED

Dear Sirs, may I request you to publish the following in your next issue: Auroville is a Two-wheeled Chariot—a Material Wheel and a Spiritual one. Over the years, the former has grown sturdily but the latter has not kept pace. The result is a lopsidedness that impedes the forward movement of the Chariot. The time is at hand when we should correct the imbalance and move speedily to our Destination.

This does not mean that nothing is being done but that a much greater effort is indicated.

OM NAMO BHAGAVATE!!!

Yours in Truth,  
Prem Malik, Auroville

### ■ AUROVILLE TOMORROW

Dear Auroville Today Team,  
It would not be appropriate and fair to criticize Auroville Today, because you call it 'Today' and today it is what we are. It is obvious that all the writings are the sincere expression of those who express their views.

But is it not possible to insert in Auroville Today a page or two which could be called "Auroville Tomorrow?" Where the writers could sharpen their minds on Sri Aurobindo's and the Mother's works? And whenever a topic has been expressed in Auroville Today, we may find in the works of Sri Aurobindo a few lines on the same subject.

Never mind please, if for me Today is unacceptable. What makes me accept it, is TOMORROW.

With love,  
André, Auroville

### ■ BIRTHDAY GREETINGS (1)

A little while after I had read "Birthday Greetings... to Who?" in AUROVILLE TODAY no. 17, I came across the following passage in l'Agenda de Mère, 31 janvier 1964,

*"The only hope for the future is in a change of man's consciousness, and the change is bound to come. But it is left up to men to decide if they will collaborate with this change or if it will have to be enforced upon them by the power of crushing circumstances. So wake up and collaborate."*

I suggest that Ariel Browne leaves the job to men if she herself does not feel concerned by this message addressed to men, or if she can't go beyond the literal meaning.

Rita, Auroville.

### ■ BIRTHDAY GREETINGS (2)

Perhaps this quote will help Ariel Browne's concern about the quote read on Auroville's birthday:

*"Auroville wants to be a universal town where men and women of all countries are able to live in peace and progressive harmony, above all creeds, all politics and all nationalities."*

The purpose of Auroville is to realise human unity."

Jack Alexander, USA

### ■ SERVICES

Thanks for the well-balanced coverage on the Aurelec situation, and for the two items involving our Abri Electrical Service (AVT no. 17). The latter were particularly good since they touched directly onto the rights of the individual as against the community, and I read with interest the pros and cons. But isn't there another dimension to all this?

Frankly, I'm a little tired of hearing criticism of our electrical service, our water service, our this service or that service on the grounds of expense or efficiency. Since when have these become the criteria for measuring their appropriateness or value to Auroville? We're not here to assess our units like competing businesses, or to measure their success only in terms of cost effectiveness. In this we should be similar to the Ashram, where no-one questions the cost of the Ashram's service or whether it's better than the TNEB's or whatever. They use the service because in doing so they directly support Mother's work among themselves on a subtle level and avoid exposing themselves to forces which would ultimately undermine the unity, ambience, consciousness—or whatever label you care to use—permeating the Ashram.

Considering the circumstances under which Auroville's services have been built up and have to operate—and the people they have to deal with (us Aurovilians!)—I think they do a good job. I'm certainly glad to have them. Toine in particular, in my view, built up a first-class service with AVES. So what if it was more expensive than the TNEB or some local contractor? So what if there were occasional failures, inefficiencies or whatever? So what if it was even 'wasteful' (which I would contend)? Since when have such things become more important than what we're here to achieve together? When Mother said,

*"People are shocked when they see a few thousand rupees wasted, but they do not notice that a whole flood of consciousness and knowledge is being turned aside from its true direction,"*

I think she had this in mind.

In pointing out the above I also respect and would defend the need for freedom of choice in Auroville. I don't feel anyone should be compelled to use AVES; but equally I feel they should think twice—maybe three times!—before going elsewhere, and should make their decision keeping in mind what we came here to do together.

At the service of... services?

Tim, Auroville.

### ■ REAL SLOW

We have come to the conclusion that Francis' imaginary traveller in Auroville Today no. 19 is the accumulation of all the dumbest parts of all the dumbest travellers to have ever come to Auroville. Not only does the bullock cart give a new meaning to the word 'slow', but you too, Mr. Traveller, exceed all previous people ever to have visited Auroville and earn the title 'slow'. Get it? Get it?

Auroson and Auralice  
Auroville  
(Been there, done that)..

## Dear Mom...

Aurogreen, 27 March 1990

Dear Mom, "I hope you find what you've been looking for," you said in one of your many lovely letters to me along this round-the-world voyage of mine. Well I think maybe I have, though I fear you might not like it much. What I've found, you see, is Auroville, here in Tamil Nadu, South India—a long long way and a far, far cry from Tucson.

I'm not sure I can convey what it is about this place that has struck so responsive a chord in me. Conditions are primitive, services sporadic, even the supply of water is far from assured. There are petty squabbles among the Aurovilians, just as there are among people in the world. "On the surface," says a brochure for the place, "Auroville appears rather incomprehensible and upon investigation it often becomes even more difficult to understand what is going on and why."

For me it's been easier, it's all made more sense, as I came here not to see Auroville but to see Charlie; and as his old friend all the doors of Auroville opened as if by magic. I attended meetings and I met people in their homes. I have enjoyed access not available to the casual visitor. I came to see Charlie and quite by accident found Auroville. And I feel that I've found something special.

What's special about here is an idealism, an idealism almost never voiced because it doesn't need to be. If you're here it's because you care about a better, cleaner, simpler life leading to a better, cleaner, more tranquil planet. Even, perhaps, a better humanity. If you're here, if you've come all this way leaving family and friends in the United States, Europe, Australia or wherever, your commitment to a better world speaks for itself.

"No empty talk and bullshit spirituality, these people are living an alternative," I wrote to my friends in Santa Cruz almost as soon as I got here. Three weeks later, even after seeing some of Auroville's considerable dirty laundry, I believe it more than ever.

Auroville was founded on the basis of a profound spiritual system, a complex system of a "yoga of the cells" that is suppose to lead to a new species, the evolutionary step beyond man. I don't understand it too well. But the beauty is, I don't have to. "The help of all those who find that the world is not as it should be is welcome," Auroville's founder and spiritual leader wrote almost twenty years ago. All she really demanded was that one recognize the need for a better world and be willing to work for it.

"Ok," you say. "You're working towards a new species. Above war, above greed, above even petty squabbles. How?" Ok, I say, forget the spiritual stuff; Auroville's founder said again and again that the last thing she wanted was the establishment of a new religion or dogma, a system that rejects the validity of other systems, other paths. You recall how I used to work for the Rain-forest Action Network in San Francisco. Their work, important as it is to the politics of the issue, seems almost childish when compared with what's going on here. Abuse of this once lush land turned it into a desert, and the Aurovilians are bringing back the forest.

Your generation, Mother, has its achievements too. You weathered the Depression and individuals like yourself, by dint of your work and dedication, managed to secure educations when there was no one paying your way. Your generation pulled together and paved the way for a better and easier world for my generation. But the world, the planet, can't sustain Western-style consumerism, the energy consumption, the water consumption, the waste. Here you can live a lower-impact life and demonstrate that that life can be a good one. Here one can help reverse the mess that man has made.

Don't get alarmed, Mom, I don't mean to tell you that I'm staying here. Later in the week I'll go on to Europe, and then back to the States as planned. And I'm going to try, also as planned, to do something positive by promoting and working for the increased use of solar energy. As much as I've enjoyed, as indeed I've loved my time here, I'm still attracted to the world. I still think California is where it's at too.

But I'm going to come back too. They've got a good thing going and I want to get in on it. Auroville will be part of my future. All my love,

Richard

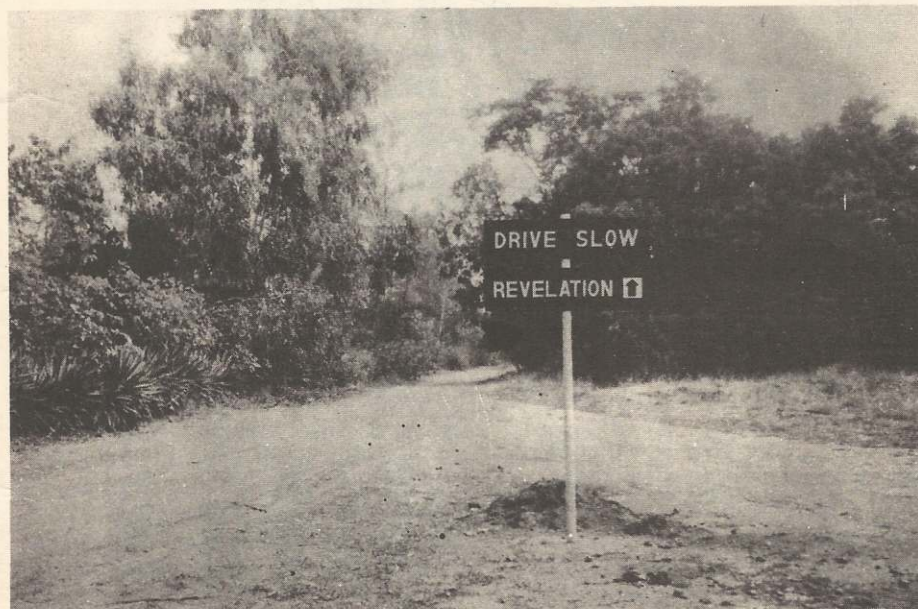


Photo Bill

Auroville Today tries to appear monthly and is distributed to Aurovilians and friends of Auroville in India and abroad.

Editorial team: Yanne, Sven, Tineke, Sonja, Roger, Carel, Bill, Annemarie, Alan. Desktop-publishing and layout: Annemarie. Printed at Auroville Press.



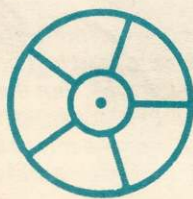
**BY AIRMAIL**  
**BOOKPOST**

## Address Correction Requested

CRISHNA TEMARI  
AUROMODELE  
AUROVILLE

## August 1990 - Number Twenty

**In this issue:** Francois reflects; Education and youth; Guest-house diary, etc.



**AUROVILLE**  
**TODAY**  
Auroville  
Kottakuppam 605104 - Tamil Nadu, India

[illegible]

## Guest House Diary

by Tineke

5 a.m. Far away in my dream world I hear a voice. I try to answer but the voice keeps on calling. I wake up, look out of the window, and see in the dim light of the morning a rickshaw driver asking for tea. "Ma, ma, tea irrukka-da?". "No, sir, we don't serve tea at this hour of the day. Please come back later." I try to go back to sleep, but Zibby, my pet civet-cat happily climbs into the bed with me, talking about her nightly adventures. She licks my ear, turns around on my shoulder a few times, purrs a bit, sits on my pillow for her morning wash and finally disappears under the bed.

**7 a.m.** Still sleepy from the early disturbances I get up, do a slightly cheated 'dog pose' asana (luckily Nolly is not here to correct me) and get ready to prepare the breakfast—60 slices of toast and litres of tea, black and with milk. One by one the guests show up. The main topic of this morning seems to be 'conspiration'.

**9 a.m.** The bedsheets for the new guests are still wet, so I try to iron them dry. It is still raining outside and the gardener cleans the bedrooms.

10 a.m. The carpenter shows up late. He tells me his grandmother died. Hadn't she died already once before? The mason has a story about a helper stealing two bags of cement. We can retrieve one bag—the other one went into his new washing floor. What to do?

**11 a.m.** The new guests arrive – hours late and without luggage. Their suitcases are still in Bombay. We lend them T-shirts, *lungis* and soap.

**12 a.m.** Some guests who went for a cycle ride come back completely soaked. Even their money and passports are dripping wet.

12.30 p.m. Lunch time. It is dry and we all sit outside under the Banyan tree. Alain and Patricia pass by to film us eating. I hand out some more clothes to the wet guests who are walking around in bikini's. After all, this is South India with different codes of dress.

**1 p.m.** Passports and rupee notes are being ironed, staining the bottom of our brand-new lightweight iron.

**1.30 p.m.** Three auto-rickshaws pull up. Ten adults and four children pour out, all looking for a place to stay. I'm desperate. Where to send them? All the Auroville guest-houses are full, as far as I know. "You'll have to go back to Pondy, and please reserve next time you want to come."

2.15 p.m. "Tineke, phone!" I get up. Someone else looking for a place to stay. Back to rest.

2.25 p.m. "Tineke, do we have more tea? Tea is finished."

"Go to the village and buy some."

2.35 p.m. "Tineke, I need something from the safe."

2.45 p.m. "Tincke, I'd like to make a phone

call. Can I have the phone key, please?"  
2.50 p.m. I give up on my afternoon rest.

3 p.m. The noise level from the building site increases—it's tea time. I give a crash course on Sri Aurobindo and The Mother to the new guest, and try to explain our life here in Auroville.

3.15 p.m. Our long-awaited solar water-heaters arrive.

4 p.m. One of the guests comes back on the moped. She skidded in the mud and burned her leg on the exhaust pipe. First-aid treatment and off she goes. Twenty people for dinner tonight. Do we have enough carrots and onions? Ramachandran goes to the village to buy some extra.

4.55 p.m. The new safe arrives, it weighs 400 kg. With one driver and two helpers to unload!!! Where are the other helpers we paid for? "Sorry, sir, they couldn't come." Luckily all the masons and helpers are still here, and in a joint effort the safe gets 'rolled' into the kitchen. A few scratches on the freshly-painted steel, and a few holes in the cement kitchen floor, but after half an hour we are the proud owners of a new 'Godrej' safe. I set off to my yoga class. But...

**5 p.m.** A rattling Madras taxi pulls up. I see trunks, suitcases and... a big box containing a colour TV being unloaded. My heart sinks. Who is this? A tall man, bloodshot eyes, with white skinny legs, stumbles out, holds my hand and mutters, "Oh, I'm so happy to be home!" He turns out to be someone who has come to stay in Auroville. I have no place for him, but feel sorry for the guy, so I offer him the kitchen floor for the night. So much for the yoga class.

**5.15 p.m.** Silvano goes on his second shopping trip to Pondy. This time for PVC couplings, 2 kilo 1" nails, 2 dozen bananas, 3 litres of petrol. Oscar the guest house tomcat lies down on the kitchen threshold and screams for his dinner.

**5.30 p.m.** Time for a break and a cup of tea with our new guest. He tells me his life story and about his 'horror' taxi ride from Madras. Phone rings. It is Carel with the message that an art-loving Ambassador from Holland is coming to Auroville next weekend. She will have lunch, a reception and dinner at the guest house. Please organize this as well as a small Auroville art exhibition!

7 p.m. A quiet dinner by candle light. The electricity went off.

10.30 p.m. Just about to fall asleep when someone calls for us. One guest has disappeared. Silvano goes out with some others to look for him.

**11 p.m.** They found him sleep-walking in Matrimandir gardens. With a lot of effort they carry him back. He is one of the constipated guests. With homeopathy, reiki and all other holistic healing methods we can think of, we try to treat him.

**11.30 p.m. Success! And we all celebrate with a small tea party.**

11.45 p.m. The whole guest house falls asleep.

Was there still somebody asking me whether life in Auroville is boring?

◆ ◆ ◆ To Receive Auroville Today ◆ ◆ ◆

The contribution for the next 12 issues of Auroville Today is for Auroville Rs. 94, for India Rs. 100\*, for other countries: Rs. 350, Can.\$ 27, French F. 145, DM 45, It.Lira 31,500, D.Gl. 50, US \$ 22.50, U.K.£ 13.50. 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%) or to the Auroville Today Office, Auroville, Kottakuppam 605104. Cheques should be made payable to Auroville Fund, specifying: Contribution for Auroville Today. You will receive the issues directly from Auroville.

\*cash, bank draft or money order only

### Addresses of Auroville International centres:

AVI Brasil, Caixa Postal 96, 45660 Ilheus-Ba, Brazil. AVI Deutschland, Bismarckstrasse 121, 4900 Herford, West Germany. AVI España, Apartado de Correos 36, 31.610 Villava, Navarra, Spain. AVI France c/o Marie-Noëlle, 14, Rue Nungesser et Coli, 75016 Paris, France. AVI Nederland, Marco Polostraat 287/3, 1056 DN Amsterdam, The Netherlands. AVI Quebec, Boîte Postale 2236, Succursale Delorimier, Montreal, Quebec H2H 2R8, Canada. AVI Sverige, Borgholm, Broddebø, S-59700 Atvidaberg, Sweden. AVI U.K., Boytons, Hempstead, Essex CB10 2PW, United Kingdom. AVI USA, P.O.Box 16248, Sacramento CA 95816, USA.