

# AUROVILLE TODAY

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Something of the variety of Auroville is captured in this issue of *Auroville Today*, which ranges from pragmatism to idealism, from Mother's Dream to the nitty-gritty of well work, from poetry to telephone exchanges.

Auroville is like a prism dispersing light. It reflects different colours to different people, depending upon the angle they view it from, and this can lead to a certain polarization of attitudes. Yet, in Auroville, traditional polarities and tensions are often revealed, through their collisions and mutual shapings, as no more than partial perspectives, fragments of a larger truth that awaits our discovery. And increasingly this makes us wary of easy distinctions, and forces us to reach

towards more flexible, dynamic perspectives that encompass rather than exclude, and which are truer to our daily experience of an Auroville in which ideals and reality are inextricably meshed.

Nowhere perhaps, is this meshing more evident than in the situation of the Auroville Services, which are featured again in this issue. For as they struggle with the intractable nuts and bolts of community life-support systems, they are called upon, like all of us, to embody a future in which "the needs of the spirit and the concern for progress would take precedence over the satisfaction of desires and passions, the search for pleasure and material enjoyment."

## A Nobler Pragmatism

Anyone who is crazy enough to be living in Auroville has to be considered a priori to be some type of madman or anarchist, or at the very least to be slightly unhinged; and —it goes without saying—an idealist.

In Auroville we have something of a divide between ideologues and pragmatists of the ideal. Ideologues approach the ideal from a mentalised point of view, and frequently express it with an impassioned rhetoric punctuated with thunderous appeals to the Cause or the Dream and the original reasons that brought us all here. The pragmatists are those who approach it from a practical down-to-earth, task-at-hand point of view. The latter have managed, usually after having been here many years, to reconcile themselves to the fact that the unfolding of the dream on earth, in matter, might just conceivably—by the standards we use to compute time—still be something of a long haul. A lack of dialogue, or even a lack of interest in dialogue, between these two approaches has often led to schisms and stand-offs. For the idealist, the pragmatist is someone who has compromised, diluted, even betrayed the dream. For the pragmatist, tired of useless words and self-serving judgmental rhetoric, this type of idealist is a fanatic for whom the end too frequently justifies any means. The pragmatist values and is attached to the process itself, the actual journey up the mountainside—he stops at times, perhaps lingers, has been known to sleep in the shade of boulders; the idealist is impatient for the view from the mountain top of the promised land, and would just as soon get the journey over with. With an inevitable breakdown in communication and a resultant progressive isolation these two tendencies either collide, or come to view each other with mutual suspicion or distrust. Instead of a spirit of dialectic, of seeking out the opposition, and of actually listening to other points of view with the intent of finding out the truth that they contain, we have a situation where a spirit of imposition confronts one of consensus, and an impasse results.

"Our idealism is always the most rightly human thing in us", Sri Aurobindo remarks, "but as a mental idealism it is a thing ineffective". Auroville has a problem with its idealism, or should I say many of us in Auroville have a problem with the mental

approach we have developed towards our ideals. We have become prisoners of our own particular version of the ideal, that encloses us like a circle we have once traced and can no longer break out of, which cuts us off from the greater totality of the Auroville experience.

Our idealism is what brought us here, it is what sustains us, and yet it can also become a hindrance, a convenient form of escape, a refusal to deal with the world as it is or with oneself, all in the name of the ideal that is to be. To ignore problems instead of facing them is to turn away from the challenge that we came here to confront: the impossible challenge—and therefore the only one that is interesting—of paving the way for a race without ego and establishing a place that belongs to no one in particular but to

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humanity as a whole... Impatience with the task at hand can lead to a frustration that is projected onto the community at large: "Auroville is out of touch with the rest of the world, Auroville lacks relevance, Auroville has been left behind, Auroville is asleep, Auroville needs direction, Auroville is finished". These familiar refrains have been heard from one quarter or the other, down the years. And yet Auroville remains, Auroville has survived, and Auroville continues to grow.

The spirit of pragmatism can, if too far divorced from the fire of the ideal, become overly resistant, cautious, and unresponsive to the need for change and growth; set in its familiar ways it becomes inclined to postpone adventures into the unknown. On the other hand there is a sort of honesty to the pragmatist's time-tried wariness of those easy enthusiasms of the moment, whose bon-



A hunter saint.  
Chola period,  
1000 A.D.

*To him who serves with a free equal heart  
Obedience is his princely training's school,  
His nobility's coronet and privilege,  
His faith is a high nature's idiom,  
His service a spiritual sovereignty.*

*Savitri, Book Two, Canto Three*



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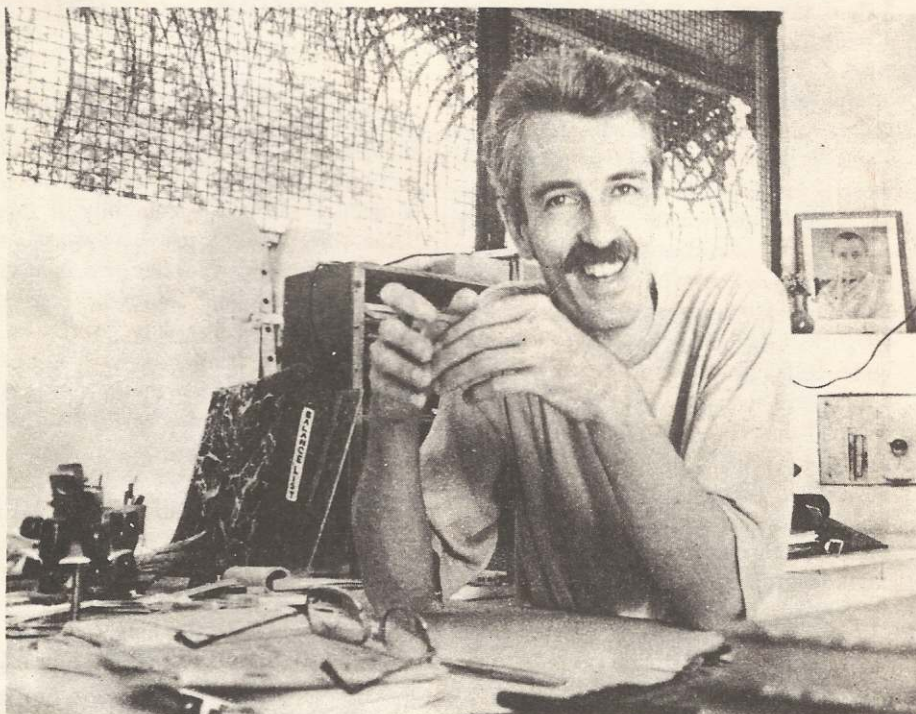
fires of aspirations leave at most a partial trace, a few scattered ashes on black burnt soil, as evidence of its intense if brief-lived flame. So, how to reconcile the two poles of ideological idealism and pragmatism?

Perhaps the answer, the missing link, the bridge between these two poles is the heart. Perhaps we have to learn to see Auroville no longer through our minds but with our hearts. And who knows if the heart is not the gateway from which the chariots of a nobler pragmatism will emerge: one that will be able to reconcile and balance the worlds of spirit and matter and their different demands.

Many have remarked that Auroville's heart chakra is closed. Isolation, solitude, a pioneering ethic of self-reliance are values that still prevail in Auroville, even though signs of change are beginning to appear. The work of the economy group and the recent creation of the caring group point, for instance, to a turning away from this form of extreme individualism of recent years. Perhaps the time has come for us to open up again to the magic and the miracle of Auroville and to let its beauty surprise, possess and ambush us in the midst of our daily doubts. Perhaps even an attempt in that direction would invoke a tenfold response, an unlocking of the floodgates, an unleashing of the healing waters of a new world.

The time has come to dare to be positive again, and to shed our fears that we project onto the community, the Foundation, the future that lies ahead; to wake to that power of good-will which, far from being an expression of rosewater sentimentality, is actually a power of the soul, a splendid psychic flame of clarity and truth; and to be able to not only proudly, vibrantly repeat Mother's original invitation "Greetings are invited to Auroville all men of good-will...", but to follow through on it materially as well. Auroville's strength lies in our togetherness, in the force-field that is more than the sum of our circles and accumulated individual energies and private versions of the ideal. Perhaps, when we start stepping out of those circles of the mind, we will find ourselves standing on a strange magical threshold where each day will become a blank slate of open possibilities to be filled, a landscape of marvels to be explored, as we learn to depend on nothing but the fire that burns within and rises in the night like an anthem to a dawn too long postponed.

Roger



Otto at Pour Tous: "I took it on as a challenge"

Photo Sven

## Service!

Imagine a small village of 800 inhabitants which provides its population with three creches, a primary school, a high school plus some crazy parallel experiments, a health centre, a dental clinic and an assortment of alternative medicine (massage, acupuncture, all kinds of energy, homeopathy...), different public services (post office, bank, telephone, water, electricity, roads...), an architectural and townplanning bureau for the big town that the small village will be in x number of years, treeplanters to give new life to a dying soil, farms and nurseries, artists who hold exhibitions, concerts, and theatrical performances, grocery stores, a food distribution centre, a financial service, some poets, fax, administration, eco-freaks to protect the environment of this whole beautiful world,... Can you imagine such a village?

Well, to live in Auroville is to live all this, plus the responsibility of building a town, building its soul, building a man; serving a town, serving man, serving the power to do it.

All this doesn't happen without a hitch, without trip-ups, but nevertheless it's been going on for more than twenty years at a pace that we would definitely like to accelerate, even though the task is gigantic.

The power to realize it? It's maybe in those sentences of Mother's Dream:

"There should be somewhere upon Earth a place where... titles and positions would be replaced by opportunities to serve and organize... Work would not be there as the means to earn one's living, it would be the means through which one expresses oneself, to develop one's capacities and possibilities, while doing at the same time service to the community who, on its side, would provide for each one's subsistence and for the field of his work."

Surely this is the ideal, and surely we are far from reaching

it. But Auroville will one day exist, because She believed in it, and some crazy people have faith in it.

But how do these crazy people live this new concept of work, in this ideal society to which they try to give birth while they have only old frameworks available to them? For the whole problem lies there! The only existing references are references that have to be forgotten! All the dreams of Rousseau, Fournier, Illich, Marx or Galbraith, have got lost in different 'isms' of which only ashes remain. How to link the dreams of man to the daily reality of an experiment? It's the challenge of Auroville. It's this adventure that She has invited us to. And an adventure is not something in which you settle down—you invent, create, and you avoid the trap of which Satprem spoke: becoming the 'bourgeois of the adventure'.

Everyone in his own way rubs against the many problems that the necessity of living together puts before us. The average Aurovilian wears several hats, and according to the moment or occasion he will pull out his postman's cap, his white cook's bonnet, his sterilized doctor's cap, or his Indian-model turban of an eco-afforester. He runs from one job to another, and although he needs the eight arms of the god Shiva, he still possesses only his two *homo sapiens* ones.

He knows he will not invent the ideal service, but he also knows that it is *how* to give or receive service which is important. And when Mother wrote that "service will lead us to transformation", isn't that because it is while working in a service that our egos are tested the most? We offer service, for sure, but we would like it to be recognized. When a service runs well, you rarely get a thank-you. But wait till you fail in some minute detail... you will hear about it! Let's not dwell on that however, but rather speak about some of the services which have made our little village grow towards that dream of "a place somewhere upon earth where..."

Croquette

## POUR TOUS

Past, present and future

### How it began

Pour Tous, Auroville's food distribution centre, originated back in 1970-71. At that time, Claire saw how much time and energy was being lost by each community doing their own shopping in Pondicherry, where also all the Auroville administration was carried out. And as Claire wrote later in a letter to Ann, "it appeared evident that a 'new' society, trusting the truth of what people need, had to create a service that supplied the need within the community without a traditional financial exchange. So it seemed time to create the experiment of the internal ser-

vice center, eliminating money within the community or putting the money 'behind' one central point".

She presented the project to the Mother, who received it enthusiastically. According to a witness, "I have never seen Mother so pleased! She tapped the letter and said, 'C'est ça! C'est ça!' and asked for a pen and paper to write, 'For All/Pour Tous'".

Claire and Surabhai opened a bank account in this name—it was the only one not in the control of the Sri Aurobindo Society—and they began work in a temporary building at Aspiration.

In 1974 Christine took over the distribution of food, which was sent—in cane baskets loaded on a bullock cart—to the community kitchens or to individual settlements. At that time, sundry items like soap and toothpaste were delivered by van from Pondicherry and cash allotments for food were paid out at the Beach Office of the Society in Pondicherry and collected monthly by Pour Tous. Gradually, tensions between the S.A.S and the Aurovilians over the management of Auroville increased, and this resulted in delayed payments until the funds were cut off completely in 1975.

From then on Auroville was on its own, and the existing services—the bakery, the Aspiration laundry service, and what could be called the financial service of Yusuf and Alain—were all coordinated at Pour Tous.

After the cutting off of funds, the community continually had to discuss how to manage with a shortage of funds and an abundance of idealism. These meetings became known as 'Pour Tous' meetings. Realists conflicted with dreamers, life styles clashed, but everybody wanted to eat something, whether it be *ragi* or potatoes, *chap-*

*patis* or cheese. There were good times when everyone contributed to the common pot, bad times when the pot was empty. There were radical shifts in the manner of keeping accounts, and even the desirability of keeping them at all was discussed. Finally, Pour Tous ran out of money in 1978.

### The envelopes

Naturally, there arose a new system. It was called 'the envelopes', named after Mother's method of keeping money in envelopes for specific purposes. (The first money given for Auroville in 1965 was put in an envelope marked 'Auroville'.) Under this system, which lasted about six years, Pour Tous had several envelopes such as 'Market', 'Children's Milk', etc. The need for the month had to be met with whatever came into and out of that envelope. People would freely contribute to whichever envelope they liked. Gradually the system became more refined with budget targets, minimums, and long discussions on how to make up the deficits from the 'unspecified' envelope. When Christine had a specific amount for 'market', the challenge was to buy enough food with that amount to 'fill' all the baskets and satisfy the spectrum of tastes. In fact, it was an impossible task that came to an end towards 1984, when Christine retired and individual accounts were opened. Ann took over and recently described her experience.

### Individual accounts

"It was a continual race to do the accounts, list the orders and prepare the baskets to be distributed to the communities in time. The mentality of the Aurovilians at the time was something like, 'We pay, therefore we want a service that functions well.' Well,

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Pour Tous didn't have the capital to develop its infrastructure in order to function more efficiently, and that created a general dissatisfaction. I had to face all the problems alone, and when the irritation among the Aurovilians became too clearly noticeable, I myself became aggressive. I was continually in a position where I had to demand money from the Aurovilians, or to fight with the shopkeepers in Pondy to make them continue feeding us without payment. Such a position is impossible to maintain in the long run. The end of the month used to be a nightmare for me. Once I even had to go to a general meeting to announce that if the Aurovilians did not pay their debts to Pour Tous, we would be unable to do the next food purchasing."

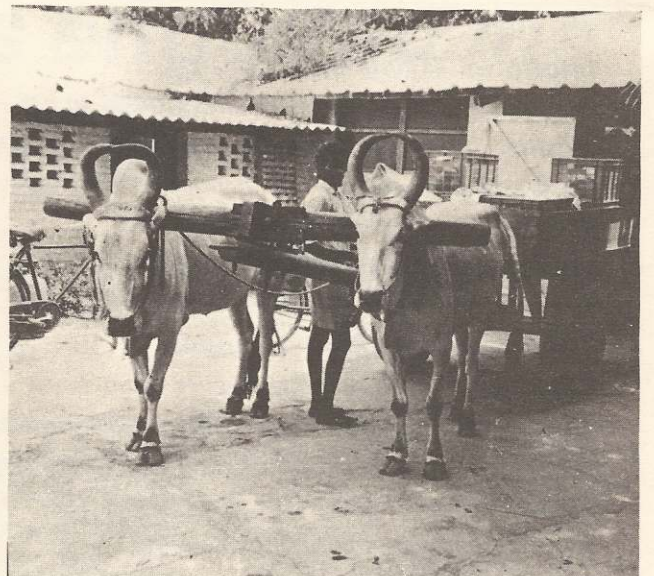
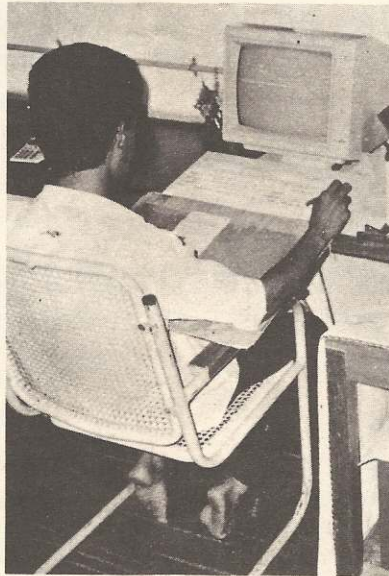
As a little more money became available, the old cane baskets—in which ripe tomatoes and eggs got crushed into a ready omelette—were replaced by durable plastic milk crates.

### The Stall

"We also constructed a proper counter for the distribution and opened a small stall where the Aurovilians could come and buy food and sundry items in addition to their basket order—and I believe that this has been a modest but real revolution in Auroville. At the same time it was a dilemma for me. I am convinced that there shouldn't be an exchange of money in Auroville, and even less at Pour Tous. I had to make a concession in accepting that Aurovilians paid cash for their purchases at the Stall. Now it is possible to do either; most Aurovilians have their purchases billed and debited from the account they hold with Pour Tous.

Another innovation was the computer. This has also been a fantastic revolution for Pour Tous—suddenly our administration entered the 20th century. Aurelec donated the computer, Serge made a specific programme, and in less than a month all the accounts, the orders and the stock had been put on the computer. The working conditions of the other aspects of the work remained somewhat medieval, with the bullock cart bringing the purchases from Pondy and distributing them in Auroville."

Pour Tous: service for all by cart and computer



### Working at Pour Tous

Most of the people who have been involved with Pour Tous do not regret the experience, however difficult it may have been. Ann summarized her five years with Pour Tous:

"For me it has been a fantastic experience, even if it hasn't always been easy. I had a direct contact with the Aurovilians. Food remains very basic and very symbolic for people and through it I could feel the psychological state of Auroville and the Aurovilians. I plunged, if not into the heart, then at least (forgive the comparison) into the stomach of Auroville. I felt like the foster mother of Auroville and it was beautiful and very inspiring. Even the name 'Pour Tous' had become a mantra that connected me to all the Aurovilians..."

One of my best memories is working with the Tamil women and the Pour Tous team. We spent our days there—they were a bit like a second family."

### Pour Tous at present

After Ann left, Claudine and Young Mi spent some years working in Pour Tous. Claudine continues at present with Otto who joined in 1990. Otto has years of bakery experience behind him. Why did he join?

"Well, I'd criticized it a lot in the past, so I took it on as a challenge, to see if I could

change anything. Those criticisms included a feeling that Pour Tous should be able to cover its own running costs without using community funds. And that something more should be done to improve or replace the totally inadequate buildings that at present house Pour Tous."

How far has Otto succeeded in changing anything? "It's difficult because our resources are very limited, and some of the workers who have been here a long time are set in their rhythms and it's difficult to change this. But now Pour Tous gets a fixed monthly budget from the Central Fund, and this makes it easier to plan our purchasing. And we're trying very hard to change the austerity image that Pour Tous had in the past by providing people with what they need, rather than the bare necessities—I'm not here to determine people's needs. And already people are responding. They're keeping more money in their accounts and we're getting a larger and more varied stock of items."

Pour Tous at present is involved in different activities. Apart from its traditional food purchasing and basket distribution function, it runs a small shop, a snack bar, a flour mill for the Auroville bakery and a cooking gas refilling service. It has also re-

started its food processing unit, which produces jams, pickles and peanut butter.

### The future

And the future? Two years ago, Pour Tous drew up ambitious plans for a new complex which would include a supermarket, a bakery, a laundry and a large restaurant. "It's the direction I want to go in," says Otto. "In fact, I'd go further. I'd like to see a warehouse/supermarket here that would stock everything from a pin to an elephant, to save all the wasted energy that goes into trips to Pondicherry and Madras." And there's something else, too. At the moment, only a small proportion of the food we need is grown in Auroville—mainly fruits and vegetables. Places like Annapurna, for example, can provide our rice needs in the future if we really put our energy into it. "We really have to concentrate more in Auroville upon growing our own organic food," says Otto. "Because when you realize what chemicals they put in or on food here, well, you lose your appetite!"

Pour Tous has, over the years, reflected many different phases of the community's growth. In the process, it has become a tradition, a symbol and, as Ann put it: "a force of cohesion and unity." □

## The Auroville Telephone Service

Claude Arpi is a prime example of *homo auroviliensis*, leaping like a grasshopper between his different responsibilities, which included, at the last count, the Auroville Press, the Telephone Service, coordinator for all things Tibetan and, most recently, a baby. Here he presents a short history of the Auroville Telephone Service.

Do you remember how it was in 1984? There was not even telephone in Auroville. And we lived. We survived! Of course there was no Telephone Service either. Yet an idea had started to germinate in the heads of two or three Aurovilians—why not install some lines to be able to communicate? Some of us said, "But why? We aren't here for that. We have to find a different way, a more inner way to communicate."

But things being as they were, fifteen laggards in evolution decided to communicate with the 'singing wire' while waiting for telepathic transmission of thought, and to make an official request for the installation of a telephone line.

The first official at the Indian Department of Telecommunications we approached told us, "Never. Don't even bother to think of that! Auroville is a rural area and the revenue will be too uncertain to warrant such large investments."

However, with Krishna Tewari, a retired general in the Indian Army who was respon-

sible for communications during the Bangladesh war in 1971, I made my way to Madras to meet the Chief General of Telecommunications. He told us immediately, "I want to make Auroville a pilot zone for telecommunications. I will give you right away an electromagnetic exchange of 50 lines, but I want you to experiment for us with an electronic exchange."

On November the 2nd, 1984, the inauguration of the first exchange took place, without much fanfare. Mrs. Gandhi had been assassinated the evening before, and all India was in mourning.

The demand for telephones grew so much that on March 31st the next year a second unit of 50 lines was added to the first. And so work began for the Auroville Telephone Service.

First of all there was the liaison work with the engineers of Pondicherry and the staff responsible for the exchange. Auroville is spread out over more than 20 square kilometres, and that doesn't make it easy to locate a defect on a line going through the



Kottakarai forest to connect with the bakery, even if our daily bread depends on it!

Gradually, the Telephone Service saw itself entrusted with the responsibility for making people pay their bills, of writing applications for new connections, for address changes, for accessories etc. And primarily for repairing broken telephones.

Soon we had to face another problem: the ecologists didn't like the 'trunks' of our telephone-poles! What to do about that? The Indian law is strict: a straight line being the shortest path from one point to another, the telephone line has to follow it. After numerous discussions, more ecological solutions were accepted by the Aurovilians and by the officials of the Department, whom we managed to convince that Auroville is not a rural area but a town—although this is not yet visible in an obvious way—and what is more, an ecological town—a concept still unknown in India. The practical result: more than 20 kilometres of underground cables have been installed in four years.

Today we have an electronic exchange of 200 lines, linked with several hundreds of Indian towns and with more than a hundred countries in the rest of the world. We have made a big step towards the pilot centre that Mr. U.D.N. Rao, our General Manager, had envisaged for Auroville, especially since the next step is a satellite of the digital telephone exchange that is going to be installed in Pondicherry. With this ultra-modern exchange, manufactured in India on the basis of French know-how from C.I.T. Alcatel, a thousand lines will occupy less space than our first exchange of 50 lines. Perhaps it will also be

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Intoxicated as with nectarous rain  
 His nature's passioning stretches flowed to her  
 Flashing with lightnings, mad with luminous wine.  
 All was a limitless sea that heaved to the moon.  
 A divinising stream possessed his veins,  
 His body's cells awoke to spirit sense,  
 Each nerve became a burning thread of joy:  
 Tissue and flesh partook beatitude.  
 Alight, the dun unplumbed subconscious caves  
 Thrilled with the prescience of her longed-for tread  
 And filled with flickering crests and praying tongues.  
 Even lost in slumber, mute, inanimate  
 His very body answered to her power.

Enivrées comme sous une pluie de nectar,  
 Les étendues passionnées de sa nature affluèrent vers Elle,  
 Striées d'éclairs, éperdument grisées par un vin lumineux,  
 Tout fut une mer sans limite qui se soulevait vers la lune.  
 Un flot divinisant posséda ses veines,  
 Les cellules de son corps s'éveillèrent à la perception spirituelle,  
 Chaque nerf devint un fil de joie brûlant :  
 Tissus et chair prirent part à la béatitude.  
 S'embrasant, les cavernes obscures et insondées du subconscient  
 Frémirent du pressentiment de Son pas tant désiré  
 Et se peuplèrent de crêtes vacillantes et de langues de feu qui priaient.  
 Quoique perdu dans le sommeil, muet et inanimé,  
 Son corps lui-même répondait à Son pouvoir.

(From *Savitri*, III, 4.  
 Transl. by Raymond Thépot)

## Savitri: An inner sunbath

Raymond Thépot came to Auroville in 1978, at the age of 43. In France he was a professor of literature, and in Auroville he soon became, like everyone else, totally submerged in material tasks (not to speak of the numerous intensive meetings at that time). He then took up gardening on a large scale at the Aspiration Farm. In his free time he translated Sri Aurobindo's poems, and for seventeen years he has been working on a translation into French of *Savitri*. He has recently published, at Auropress, a compilation of essays and short stories, entitled *Réelles Utopies*.

**Auroville Today: How did you first get the idea of translating Savitri?**

**Raymond:** I have always had a certain love of English. I always liked translating very literary texts that were full of nuances. And then one day somebody suggested that I translate *Savitri*.

**Did you start immediately with Savitri?**

Yes! But I have also translated, with one or two exceptions, all the other long poems of Sri Aurobindo, including *Ilion* which runs to almost 5,000 lines. I also tried my hand at translating his sonnets. Every time it was like a little diversion that could last up to several months, and then I would return to *Savitri*. There have been interruptions in my work because of turning points in my personal life, and the intense but somewhat narrow atmosphere of the Aspiration community at that time. Translating Sri Aurobindo was regarded as being out of place. It seems unbelievable, but you almost had to hide to do it. At the Farm the work on *Savitri* alternated—in a somewhat sudden, frenzied rhythm—with looking after the tomatoes. Today, it is different. I still have a big garden to water, but the rhythm is easier. The fact remains that translation work is something painful.

**Why?**

The atmosphere of a dictionary is disastrous. It's a mental-monster that you constantly have to struggle with. The vocabulary of Sri Aurobindo, who sets all words aglow with fire, is of a richness that can present the translator who thinks he functions on an intuitive level with unpleasant surprises. You are continually forced to come to terms with your own mind. It's as if you translate in order to learn how to let yourself become

porous. I have noticed that when I make an effort to connect to the inspiration from above, I tighten up and then it doesn't work. It has to come spontaneously. The funny thing is that consulting a dictionary takes time, and sometimes, in that pause, the true thing often comes. The head is like concrete, so poetry has to enter in an oblique manner. Of course there are moments of grace when you come up with a first draft that is acceptable, when the first barrier of words has been crossed and the translation begins to 'sing', to flow. But beware of having too many scruples, especially if, like me, you have a tendency to fall into the trap of listening too much to other people's opinions. You could write a book on the impossibilities one has to face when translating a *mantric* English such as that of *Savitri*. But neither myself nor my companion Paola (who also writes and translates), think it desirable to have a collective translation of a poetic text. It's a matter of homogeneity, and anyway, there has never been a team that functioned as a poet! Having said this, there have been helpers on the way, and a number of fruitful temporary collaborations.

**Yet there must be a translator's reward...**

I remember a particular moment when I was reeling under I don't know any more what criticisms and I received a joyful letter from a friend. She had started reading a photocopy of my translation and the following night she met Sri Aurobindo himself, in a dream of course. As she doesn't know English, she was grateful to me for that very powerful experience.

**You said just now that when the inspiration is there it's wonderful. I imagine that you have plunged deeply into Savitri.**

*Savitri* is like an inner sun-bath. It's for me a sort of bulwark against life's directionless routines and the tendency they have to disperse your energies. And one can never stop exploring this Himalayan vastness. You speak of plunging. I can say that I really plunged into something when the translation was being put on the computer, with the notes that go with it and all that. Several Aurovilians have taken turns doing this for me, I was only checking, but nevertheless it has been three months of an exhausting mental grind in order to arrive at something acceptable, down to the most minute detail. Computers are even worse mental monsters

than dictionaries! If I had foreseen this torture of material laboriousness, I don't think I would have had the courage to throw myself into it. The positive side is that a good number of corrections have been imposed on me by being confronted with the print-out, which has forced me to attend to the fine details. You must understand that without personal funds I would never have envisaged printing the translation in Auroville. At the same time I am happy that it is happening here, with all the difficulties that it brings.

**What does Savitri represent for you?**

It is poetry *par excellence*. In a talk with disciples in 1940, Sri Aurobindo said that nowadays people hardly read poetry any more because of the modernists who had taken it apart, replacing depths of feeling with mere sensations, and this alienated the readers. I have a nice collection of rejection letters from editors. The last one is from Buchet-Chastel, who refused to publish the translation of *Ilion*...

**What will happen if nobody reads poetry any more?**

Sri Aurobindo gives the answer: poetry will be only more valuable. The word *poetry* comes from the Greek and means *creating*. In that sense Auroville must become the city of poetry. Mother's adventure in the cells is poetry that has become material. When you have a poetic inspiration, it is like a wave descending upon you, inside you, and getting materialized in words, but if you let it descend, keeping it alive, it takes a more inner form, in or beyond the words.

**What is poetry to you?**

It is linked to love, a demanding love, a fire that you must allow to grow, and nourish inside you. Sooner or later, Auroville will have to become a city full of this love. Poetry is linked to a deepening of the heart level and when you live too much in your mental or your vital, you cannot tap this flow. I know a little about it! Mother had foreseen that there would be a real renaissance in Auroville. Perhaps it has started, but in almost an underground way—unrecognized and even less encouraged. After all that Mother and Sri Aurobindo have said about Art you are surprised to find that there is a certain blockage here. It is as if by not giving it the interest that is necessary for true artistic expression, a channel is blocked. In general,

the only appeal made to the artists is when funds are needed from the government. (laughter) Then they get presented with paint brushes and penholders. I have attended very interesting group creations at the theatre some years ago, powerful things, where there was talent and energy, but there is not enough emphasis on artistic creation by individuals. On the other hand, we are lucky to be living among beautiful people, the Tamils. I have always dreamed of writing a text on the Tamil soul. I don't claim they are perfect, but they have a spontaneous sensitivity for everything that is poetic. Even the most frustrated among them are able to smile from the heart, and that I have met nowhere else. And I have not spoken yet of the lightness, the fluidity with which they live. I believe that in the Tamil soul the aspect of tenderness and beauty of the Mother, in the form of the goddess Lakshmi, is very much present. Poetry is all that at the same time, it is oxygen, you cannot live without it. It even includes a certain nobility of thought. And it is always an aspiration. In Auroville, like everywhere else, we still live far too much in prose.

Yet it is through the poetic process (I much prefer this word to collective process, or political process, which is not even creative) that Auroville will flourish. I'm saying this in my own words, but the Matrimandir seems to me the materialisation of what I call 'poetry'. It is the only place in Auroville where I often feel an atmosphere that is comparable to that of *Savitri*. There is one more thing I would like to add. The future poetry will undoubtedly more and more take on grounded material forms, at the level of the earth. "The earth promises always" is a splendid and very simple formula of Mother. But how can you work usefully on the ground, and make the prose, the smallnesses that you carry with you, recede, if you don't carry in yourself a little bit of the living oxygen that you breathe in from a text like *Savitri*, or a testimony like the *Agenda*? Without that oxygen you come almost inevitably to the point of not even being aware that you are breathing stale air. In that sense, poetry is not something vague, suspended in the air, but something very useful, linked to the very heart of our being.

Interview by Yanne



# "The unobtainable bliss has engulfed me"

## Tamil devotional poetry through the ages

"It all began", said Mary, "when I picked up a book of Tamil devotional poetry and read the line 'We shall climb to the outside of our minds and dance.' I thought, I have to know more about this."

Mary Premila, who lives in Pondicherry, is a writer and a long-term friend of Auroville. At that time, by chance, she was sitting on a noise-abatement committee with a Tamil poet and scholar, M.L. Thangappa. Spontaneously she suggested they collaborate on researching and producing a short anthology of Tamil devotional poetry. He agreed, and with the assistance of some friends—including Meenakshi from Auroville—they set to work.

Tamil devotional songs have been sung before temple shrines for many thousands of years, but the earliest preserved ones date back only two millennia to the founding of

**"The land itself is an integral feature of Tamil poetry. Almost every verse of every poem describes different landscapes and invests them with an indivisible sense of the Divine."**

is how the Poetess Andal (8th century) writes about Krishna. Between the 7th and 9th centuries, a third strand developed—the poetry of the 'Siddha' or mystic poets. The Siddhas were often yogic adepts, as well as revolutionaries and iconoclasts who condemned ritual and idol worship. "God is within you. Why go to the Temple?" one of them asks. The poetry of a Siddha like Pampatti is hermetic, certain levels of it being untranslatable, as almost all the imagery has, beyond its accessible meanings, an occult significance. Even his name—'Pampatti' or 'snake-charmer'—refers not only to the particular musicality of his poetry but also to his ability to raise the *Kundalini* ('snake') energy.

In spite of the different currents in Tamil devotional poetry, there are common characteristics. "The land itself", points out Meenakshi, "is an integral feature of Tamil poetry. Almost every verse of every poem describes different landscapes and invests them with an indivisible sense of the Divine." For the poet-saints sang not only of gods, but of woods, flowers, rocks. "It is through nature," says Meenakshi, "that they made contact with God." So precise was its mapping of location that modern scholars use ancient Tamil poetry to learn about the geography and geology of Tamil Nadu in centuries past.

Another feature of Tamil devotional poetry is that it makes no distinction between sacred and profane, between fact and symbolism, between human and divine, between life and art. For the poets, all was inextricably one. Life is pervaded by the Divine, they reasoned, so why should we not celebrate all of it?

*"You are the heat in the fire  
You are the fragrance in the flower  
You are the diamond in the stone..."*

wrote Kaduvan Ilaveinan.

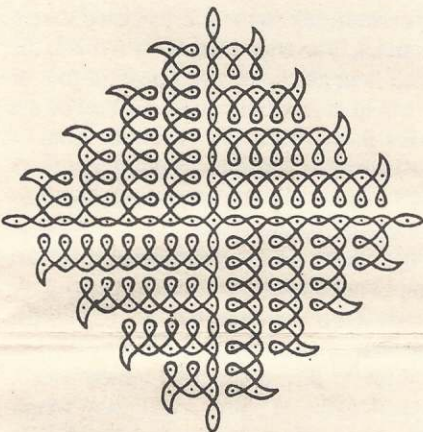
An interesting example of the mesh of naturalism and metaphor are the conventions regarding landscape. In Tamil poetry, five different types of landscape are distinguished—hills, desert, pasture, cultivated land and the coastal plains. And each type of landscape has not only its own deity, but is associated with a particular psychological state or feeling. "'Kurinji', or mountainous land, corresponds to the beginnings of love", explains M.L. Thangappa, "while desert land evokes separation. The cultivated, fertile land sees the flourishing of the arts, and here the husband is seduced by a dancing girl and leaves his wife. Later, they are reconciled."

How to translate such poetry? "It's extremely difficult," says Mary. "The musical aspect is almost impossible to reproduce. In many of the earlier poems, the words and melody are closely linked according to musical modes which have not survived, and which we know little about. And the language is often complex and dense, full of word play, assonance and nuance."

by K. Zvilibel (see below). In its simplicity and evocativeness, this poem captures something of the essence of this rich poetic tradition which remains so little known outside South India.

Alan, based on a conversation with M.K. Thangappa, Meenakshi and Mary Premila.

The anthology is awaiting a publisher. Enquiries should be sent to Meenakshi at the Matrimandir Nursery, Auroville 605101.



the third Tamil 'Sangam', or cultural academy in Madurai. This academy, which was made up of the finest poets, examined all the poetry that was written, and judged it according to strict standards, based upon specific conventions of rhythm and expression. 'Sangam' poetry is divided into two types—'Puram' or 'outer' poetry, which praises kings and war, and 'Akam' or 'inner' poetry, which is the poetry of love and religious devotion.

The poet saints wandered Tamil Nadu, singing at sacred places and temples and composing poems. Their backgrounds were varied—courtiers, cowherds, hermits, children, married women, young girls—and some were devotees of Shiva, some of Vishnu. In time, the more famous ones became legends, and shrines were erected to them in temples and their lives were carved in stone. A temple or place of pilgrimage that had been 'sung' by a poet gained prestige, and attracted other poets...

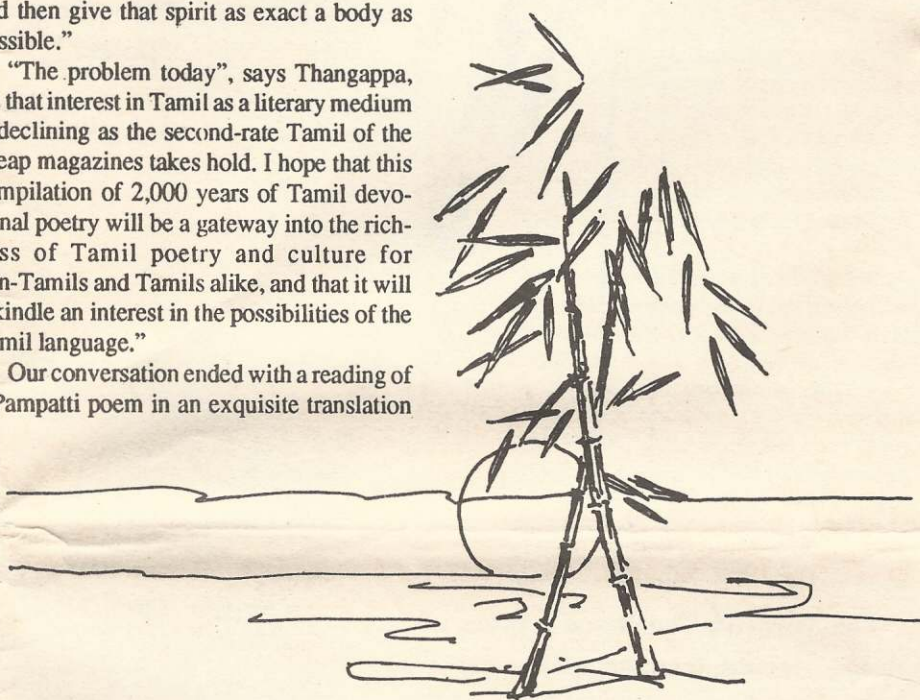
The poetry of the poet-saints falls into three main types. The oldest poetry is concerned with primitive representations of nature and God. But after the Sanscritization of the Tamil deities between the 2nd and 5th centuries A.D., a new form of devotional or 'bhakti' poetry developed, which celebrated the gods as lovers and objects of adoration.

*"My heart yearns  
for the taste and the scent  
of my Lord's lips,  
my cloud-dark Lord,  
who broke the tusks  
of the killer elephant..."*

One of Meenakshi's favourite poems is by the great poet Nammalvar, and describes Vishnu's all-pervasiveness almost exclusively in terms of pronouns. The original is 8 lines long. "We tried and tried," said Mary, "but we can't get it down to less than double that. It's so concentrated. In the end, we try to capture the spirit of this poetry—and then give that spirit as exact a body as possible."

"The problem today", says Thangappa, "is that interest in Tamil as a literary medium is declining as the second-rate Tamil of the cheap magazines takes hold. I hope that this compilation of 2,000 years of Tamil devotional poetry will be a gateway into the richness of Tamil poetry and culture for non-Tamils and Tamils alike, and that it will rekindle an interest in the possibilities of the Tamil language."

Our conversation ended with a reading of a Pampatti poem in an exquisite translation



*The eightfold Yoga*

*The six regions of the body*

*The five states*

*They have all left and gone*

*Totally erased*

*And in the open*

*Void*

*I am left*

*Amazed*

*There is but a red rounded moon*

*A fountain of white milk*

*For delight*

*The unobtainable Bliss*

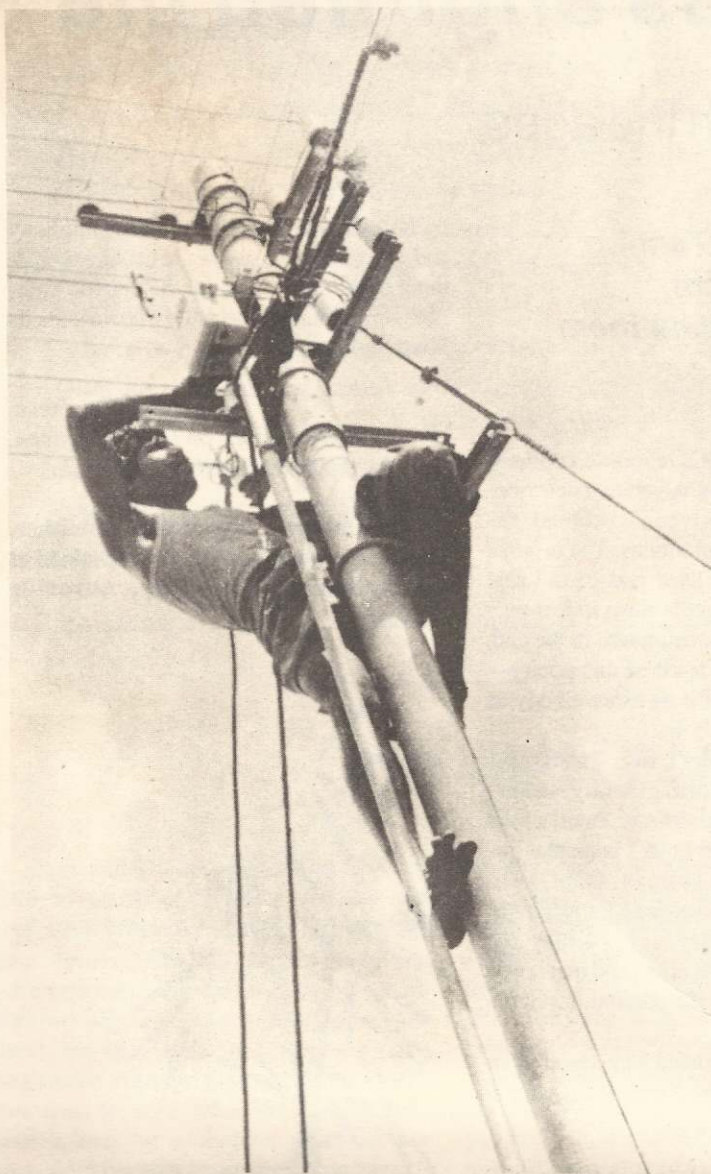
*Has engulfed me*

*A precipice*

*Of light.*

Pampatti





**Claude:**  
"The ecologists didn't like the 'trunks' of our telephone poles!"

Photo Sven

### The Auroville Telephone Service (contd. from page 3)

thanks to him that the Telephone Service will not exist any longer, as it is a well-known fact that in Auroville a service exists only when it doesn't function. By the way, we took it as a compliment when a member of the *Auroville Today* team said, "Telephone Service? I thought it didn't exist..."

And yet..., at the end of December 1990, what a panic! The visit of Mr. Chandrasekhar, Prime-Minister of India, to Auroville has just been announced. Excitement among our politician-coordinators, all of whose telephones, connected to the same cable at Auromodel, have suddenly fallen silent. The wire doesn't sing any more. All engineers in Pondy are alerted, and they check terminals, cables, distribution boxes... without success. Our coordinators become more and more nervous: "It's sabotage!" "The SAS is in the plot!"... Fortunately, the visit was cancelled. But where was the culprit? The plans for Roger's new house had been modified, the foundations had to be enlarged, and... an unfortunate stroke of a crowbar had damaged a cable.

These are only a few of our little sorrows and causes for satisfaction, but it seems that meanwhile we have forgotten about telepathy. It's perhaps for this reason that we are now taking up the construction of the Tibetan Pavilion.

Claude

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P.S. A new telephone directory of Auroville telephones has just come out. You can order it from the Auroville Telephone Service, Fraternity, Auroville 605101, Tamil Nadu, India.

## 'Hello! Is this the Water Service?'

'Yes!'

'It's Jean-Luc from Transition speaking. Our pump broke down this morning. The electricians have checked, but there is apparently no electrical problem, and... no water!'

There follows a brief conversation during which information is exchanged about the well, the pump and the circumstances of the breakdown.

'When will you come?'

'We need time to get the equipment together and load it on the trailer—we'll be there in about an hour.'

This is all that is needed to set the small team going, the ten or so men of the Water Service. The tripod, the toolboxes and some pipes are loaded onto the big trailer, the winch is hoisted onto the small one that is attached to its big sister. Then there is the traditional din that accompanies the starting of the tractor. Four or five big guys push the steel beast from behind while another, perched on its back, shouts encouragements. After belching some black smoke, the beast starts purring gently in front of the noses of the delighted pushers. Back a little, to fasten the coupling (watch out for your hands!) and everybody jumps on the trailer. The caravan leaves Abri, wobbling over the numerous *bunds* on the road.

The wobbling of the tractor and trailer of the Water Service is not only because of the *bunds*. The equipment is ancient, decrepit, on its last legs, at the service of a community that has got into bad habits: "You make your fence, you dig your well, you build your house..." Exaggerated? Not much. Already more than a hundred wells have been sunk in Auroville and the drilling continues, in spite of the fact that five or six good wells would

suffice to provide Auroville with water. The benefits we would draw from such a system would be colossal, from the point of view of investment as well as maintenance.

But how to change course? How to get rid of this 'bacteria', no doubt the same as the one that makes us cross through Auroville on hundreds of mopeds, while we have only two buses shuttling...

While waiting for a better system, the Water Service tries, as best it can, to maintain the present illogical situation. There are pumps that pump sand, there are pumps that pump mud, many don't pump anything any more; we may soon be pumping sewage, if a great number of our faulty septic tanks are not repaired!

One regrets that the Water Service, taken up as it is now by the routine of emergencies, has not time or means to concentrate upon its major task, which is the planning and distribution of water in the town, and the pumping and large-scale storage, purification, desalinisation, and recycling of used water.

Yes, but while we are chatting away, our guys are already on the site, and have started the attack. The tripod has been erected, the winch is in place—wedged under a foot of the tripod in front and under a wheel of the tractor in the back. No cakewalk today—four-inch pipes with a 15 HP pump at a depth of 75 metres, plus 12 lengths of pipe. The well is 150 metres deep—don't drop anything in there, neither your spanner, nor the pump! The main pipe and the electricity have already been disconnected. So begins the long and delicate labor.

With the help of the hand-turned winch, all the lengths of pipe—which may weigh tons—are slowly pulled up. Every section is unscrewed and then put on the ground. The technique is simple, but the least mistake can have consequences... Added to the very hard physical work, there is also the fact that the wells are always situated in isolated places, that are also, as the advertisements for holiday bungalows say, "warm and sunny".

Of course machines that grip the pipes with self-tightening collars do exist, and so do winches that do all this work on pressing a button, and even a platform that starts turning around in order to unscrew the pipes. But here, it's something we only see in the movies!

Let's come back to reality. After several hours of exercise, the pump appears, much to the joy of everyone present. It is loaded on to the trailer to be brought to the workshop and disassembled to diagnose the problem. If it is a mechanical fault, it can be repaired on the spot. If it is an electrical problem, in the motor itself, the whole set often has to be taken to Madras and be collected after ten days or so.

After a try-out at the workshop's test basin, or in the basin at Shakti for bigger pumps, the same procedure in reverse gets the pump back in place. We do another test before connecting the pipes to make sure everything functions well and to remove muddy water from the pipes. But nothing is certain yet. A pump doesn't behave in the same way at a depth of 100 metres as at 2 metres.

It's great to share the joy of the inhabitants of the place if everything works; if it doesn't... then it has to be done all over again.

Meanwhile, we've had other callers. 'Hello 2128, Water Service? Our pump ...'

Water Service

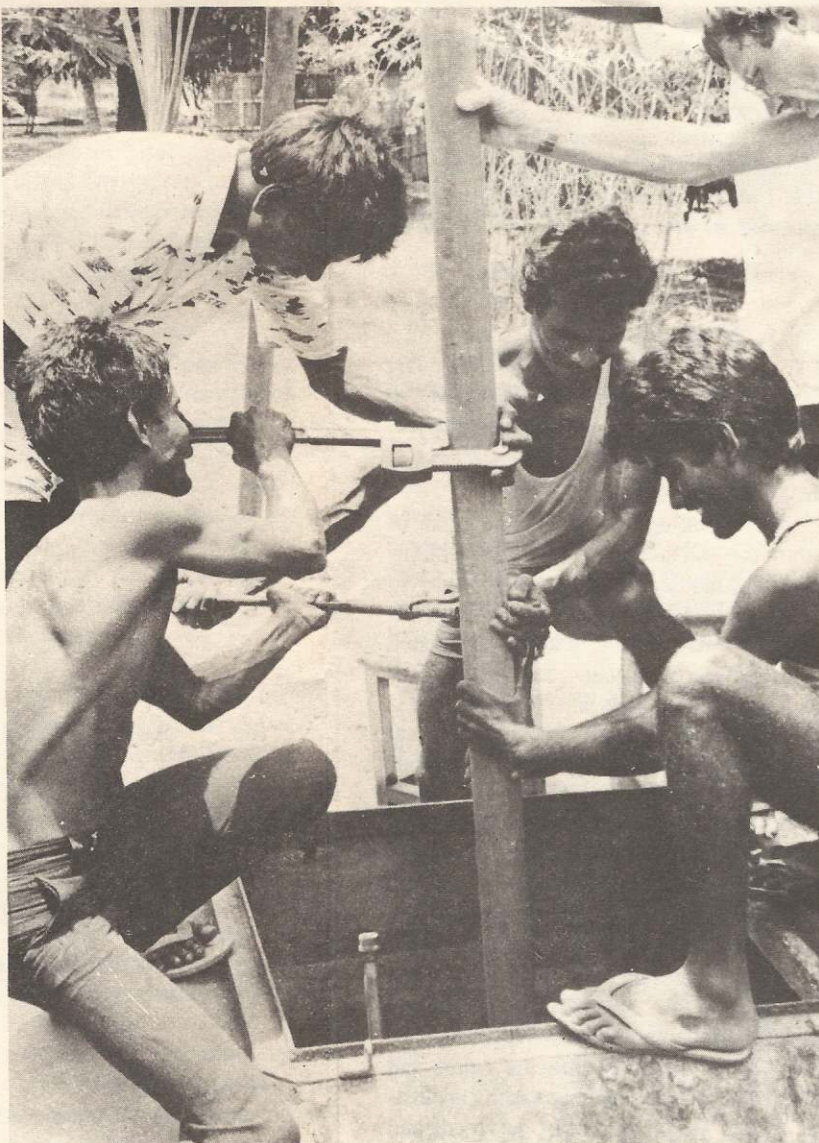


Photo Alan

The Auroville Water Service at work: Well done!



# The Caring Service

In the last issue of Auroville Today we highlighted how, as a community, we have failed to care adequately for each other's needs. The Caring Service, which began on 10th December, is a first attempt to remedy this by helping Aurovilians communicate their needs to the community while providing a channel through which the community can respond. So far, the response has been very positive, and the Caring Service has helped Aurovilians fulfil needs as diverse as a new roof, a charcoal stove, a watch, and an airline ticket. Recently, Auroville Today spoke to the three women coordinators of the new service, Ganga, Bhaga and Suzie.

## Auroville Today: How did it begin?

**Ganga:** With an intuition—and a dream. I was visiting Bangalore, and there I had a dream. In it, I was asking Mother, "After ten years in Auroville, what should I do now? How can I help Aurovilians to live the Dream?" I had an intuition. But at the time, I left it at that. When I returned to Auroville, a seminar on 'The Dream' was planned and three days before it, something told me, "This is the moment to talk about your dream." I spoke very simply about a "caring service", and at once it evoked a response.

**Bhaga:** After hearing Ganga speak, I immediately said "yes". But only later did I fully understand why. You see, here in Auroville you try to relate to the Divine, and it's the Divine who looks after you—this is a truth that every individual has to grow into. At the same time I think there is a responsibility for the collective to also be a channel for Mother to look after the Aurovilians. And this has been missing for many years. I felt it was a collective lie that we were saying, "Everybody is looked after by the Divine, so we don't have to do anything." So the Caring Service for me is a first step towards opening that collective channel through which Mother can work.

**Suzie:** Also we're at the point where many Aurovilians have a more comfortable life-style, and now they are able to look around to see how other people are doing—and respond to genuine needs.

## How does the Caring Service function?

**Suzie:** People come to us with a need, or they identify somebody else's need, and we sit down and brainstorm about where we can go for help. There are no guidelines, no procedures. We deal with each request as it comes.

**Bhaga:** There was a nice example recently. A young boy needed money to buy a pipe for his well. He had tried the Financial Service but they couldn't help. So I went to see Judith in the Secretariat, and together we went to see Bobby in the Financial Service, and finally we concluded that the money could come from the Water Service—whose budget would have to be increased to cover situations like this. So in a few hours we had involved many people, opened up new possibilities for everybody concerned, and solved the problem. It was very creative.

The Caring Service must never become an institution. What we are trying to do is to

**"What we are trying to do is to relate together like a family, and to solve problems like brothers and sisters. It's another level altogether."**

relate together like a family, and to solve problems like brothers and sisters. It's another level altogether.

## Does the Caring Service do more than provide for material needs?

**Ganga:** Yes! What interests me most is not externals—houses, finances etc.—but the inner beings of people, how they evolve, how they grow. That is what we are trying to contact, to assist. Recently I was touched when an Aurovillian came up to me and asked "How can I help with the Caring Service?" For me, this is Auroville. A place where the flame of aspiration and love can spontaneously arise in our hearts.



Photo Sven

The Caring Service is really about the exchange of energy, about giving and receiving. Giving is easy. But receiving is difficult because there is always the ego that says, "Oh, I'm not poor, I have no need..."

And it's not just money we are talking about. Recently, a friend of mine made a request. She has enough money, no problems on the material level, but she told me, "The only thing I would like to receive from Auroville is bread for free." It was symbolic. And I believe that when Auroville provides free bread for all Aurovilians it will be a basis for something important.

**Suzie:** It's particularly difficult for those Aurovilians who have been here a long time, bearing the tough material conditions, to ask something for themselves. But often just a small touch can give them a tremendous relief.

**Bhaga:** It's to do with awareness. A very painful memory for me concerned the opening of the Maison d'Auroville (an Auroville restaurant—eds.) in Pondicherry many years ago. I had understood that on the opening day everything would be free. But when I arrived and saw people ordering these big meals, I suddenly realized that we had to pay. I left. I

had no money, and obviously the people there had no idea of my situation. But it put me in front of something and made me realize that one day, as a community, we have to find a way that such situations don't occur.

One aspect of the true Auroville is you give your work, your energy, and if you don't have personal means—or if you've chosen not to—the community will provide you with what you need to continue your work. So if the Caring Service can be one more channel through which this can happen in Auroville, I'll be very happy.

**Ganga:** I feel that since I've known Mother and Sri Aurobindo, I possess everything. Mother has always taken care of me.

And when there is a true need, there's a fantastic response. It's a work to discover the true need—the true need of the inner being—but when one touches it, somehow touches something Divine. And one is given exactly what one needs.

Interview by Alan.

## SHORT NEWS

□ Among the cultural events this month was a performance by 'Thalai-k-kol', a theatre group from Pondicherry. They presented *Karunchuzhi*, a play about Man's evolution, his fears and destructiveness, and the hope of Divine redemption. The inventive performance, which was stylized and made much use of mime, was well-received by a large audience in Bharat Nivas auditorium.

□ On another memorable evening, we followed tiny Japanese-style candle lights through the darkness to 'Sharnaga' to hear Nadaka and friends explore the musical meeting-points between East and West. The musicians included an internationally known Madras *kuja* maestro who produced incredible patterns of sound from what looked, to most of us, like an ordinary earthen pot. Next day, Auroville was littered with shards of pottery...

□ The annual exodus of Aurovilians to greener and cooler pastures in the West has begun, their numbers swelled this year by almost all members of the *Auroville Today* team who will be roving the globe in search of inspiration. A skeleton staff will remain to wrestle with the computer and to keep *Auroville Today* flowing (dripping?) off the Press.

□ We've also been involved in another annual ritual—restructuring our internal organization. This time we've spent much energy on trying to define the specific functioning and process of choosing a 'Working Committee', a body which is required under the Auroville Foundation Act. After months of discussions and the first official Residents' Assembly meeting under the new Foundation, we seem to have selected a method by which the members of the new body will be chosen. We will keep you informed...

□ Prince Charles, we hear, has been invited to visit Auroville. And it's rumoured that a special British Task Force has been set up to instruct Aurovilians in the mysteries of sipping tea while balancing a plate of cucumber sandwiches, in the correct pronunciation (and consumption) of scones, and in approved methods of bowing and curtsying to Royalty. The Task Force reports that the latter skills are particularly difficult for Aurovilians to master.

Auroville Today provides information about Auroville on a monthly basis and is distributed to Aurovilians and friends of Auroville in India and abroad. It does not necessarily reflect the views of the community as a whole.

Editorial team: Yanne, Tineke, Roger, Carel, Bill, Annemarie, Alan. Typesetting on computer: Annemarie. Franz (Prisma) assisted with the final stage. Printed at Auroville Press.

## Kalamitra: 'Friends of the Arts'

The need of cultural expression, as well as of occasions to meet each other in harmony, was voiced by several participants during the two-day seminar on Auroville's past, present and future a few months ago. Not that nothing of the sort ever happened, but there was too little of it, too far between. And most of our many meetings are headache-causing discussions on problems without end, while the positive aspects of Auroville, its rich potential and many facets of beauty, are seldom stated or given the chance to become manifest. When the need of social and cultural events was mooted at the 'Dream'

seminar, it met with general consent—and the lucky fact that the Pitanga Hall was nearing completion. A couple of meetings were arranged to get the project started and a small group was formed to take up the work. Soon the first programmes were announced. A name for the group was found: 'Kalamitra'—Friends of the Arts.

Up till now it has been smooth sailing and a varied programme of music, dance, talks, film, exhibitions etc. has been offered. The positive response of the community stimulates the group to continue.

Georges



# AUROVILLE TODAY

C.S.R. Office,  
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By Airmail  
Bookpost

April/May 1991 - Number Twenty-Eight

In this issue: Auroville Services; Savitri and  
Tamil devotional poetry; A Nobler Pragmatism



Journey into another world at an Auroville puppet show.

Photo Sven

## ANGELS AND FIGHTERS

Excitement, speculation and anticipation kept wobbling the back of the motorbike as the two boys discussed how much they would pay for 'angels' or 'fighters' while I tried to steer around the bumps on the road. We were on an expedition across Auroville and up the Madras road to the Golden Tilapia Fish Farm (see *Auroville Today* no.6). Now you should

destined to go home with us—but would it be the 'marbled', the 'ghost', the 'smoked', the 'veil-tail', or...?

Outside in large cement tanks were more of everything. We could hardly believe the butterfly tail guppies. They are imported from Singapore and it literally looks as if butterfly wings in exotic colours have been grafted on their tails. The discussion shifted



Drawing by Jeff

know that edible golden tilapia are no longer available at the fish farm and the whole enterprise is being converted to what is called ornamental, decorative or tropical fish. 'Golden Tilapia' has a maze of oddly connected PVC pipes directing water into an assortment of aquariums that fascinated my two companions. "Wow, look at these!" and "How much are those?" went on for a long time. The male Siamese fighting fish are all lined up in their individual jars on the opposite shelf to keep them from killing each other but, as was explained, they are nice to other fish. Watching the 'fighters' is a big tank of 'angels' who all tilt slightly backward, all at the same angle as if in a formation. But they scatter instantly at the slightest disturbance. Some angels were

to the esoteric points of controlling water pollution, feeding techniques, aeration, and the necessary backtracking into photosynthesis. For example, newly hatched babies can be fed 'green water' which is found everywhere in stagnant pools or ponds, or you make your own in a bucket. Finally it was decided to return on Saturday morning for more briefing on the science of it all. So off we went with hands full of fish in plastic bags and barely contained enthusiasm on the back of the motorbike. "Don't you want to get an aquarium?" was the quick question. I had to decline because my preference is for badminton, but who knows. Those ghost angel fish still seem to haunt me.

Bill

### To our subscribers in India

In our previous issue we omitted to mention the subscription rates for India. A subscription for the next 12 issues within India is as usual Rs. 100. The mistake and any inconvenience it may have caused are regretted. If this issue is the first of your next subscription and you have not yet renewed, please do so as soon as possible.

### To our subscribers abroad

As it takes time for many subscription renewals to reach us, we are sending this issue of *Auroville Today* even to those whose subscription expired last month. Those who have not renewed yet are requested to do so at once.

The editors

### ♦ ♦ ♦ To Receive Auroville Today ♦ ♦ ♦

The contribution for the next 12 issues of *Auroville Today* is for India Rs. 100, for abroad 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 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.

### Addresses of Auroville International centres:

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