

# Dispatch from the Plant Underground

## Dispatch 3: Back and forth

22<sup>nd</sup> July, 2010



### **Fungi in the monsoon**

Hello friends!

Thank you for all the precious feedback and support that have come in the last 24 hours. Thank you for all the gifts from your own lives, the articles, the links, the news, the mailing lists, the affection. I heard, for instance, that the Lake District in the UK received more rain in one day than we did in two days. This means our rainfall is really bad!!

I'm going to try to keep this one short(er!).

There have been several very encouraging and helpful emails on this community letter. Reflecting different concerns. Some like it hot, some like it cold and some like it in the pot 9 days old! I think some folks are worried about burn out for me (let us remember the world is burning out much faster). Some feel they may not be able to read it at this frequency, of one a day. Some want it as it comes!

I was awake a long time yesterday reading everybody's responses and finding out more about your own work. It is exciting and energizing, this sharing between us.

But I'm not sure how to go about this!

I just think of it very simply. It's a letter to friends, real friends. It's about connecting and learning. I find myself following trails in the garden and on the land every day, trails that reveal such beauty that I come back and ask my human friends here about things I know very little about or am puzzled about. This leads to further discovery and exchange. It seems such a pity to keep this to ourselves. Learning seems to have no boundaries, it just leaps the shores and swims. Likewise, I am so delighted by all that you have shared, I am astonished in fact! And now I can tell the others at GBS about you.

But there's more. This sharing is coming partly out of a need to honour the lives of those who are disappearing and to do something about the current deadly state of affairs. It's about the world that is being massacred. It's about listening to all those animals and plants and rivers and humans and asking together, what can we do? How can this insane way of living come to an end?

And then to do it! Bring it (hubris) to an end.

I see Wolfgang 40 years into his dedication to this place and to this forest and to this community and these plants (a drop out kid who bummed his way from the streets of Berlin to India in 1967 and never left). I see Suma and Laly (women from here, this landscape, this part of northern Kerala) for well over 15 years each, working on these incredibly rare species. I see Sandy (from this very spot here) growing food for all of us, caring for the land, 10 years of this now. I see Leela (from here too) feeding endless hordes of hungry mouths for 30 years or more. I see Latha in Athirapally fighting against a dam for the 15th year. I know teachers who have been on their feet for decades, working on a new mind, for a new society. I see young people, discontent, radical, defiant, rolling up their sleeves and digging in. I know writers, magnificent courageous writers (big and small) alerting us to the real dangers that rumble down on us, that threaten to wipe us all out. I know gardeners all over the world, growing life so all may live.

And yet the wild world is disappearing. If you live, like we do, at the edge of a forest you will see this. So I'm trying to find a way, we're trying to find a way, to bring all this energy and concern together. These letters are just one small channel that has the potential to cut deeper, so that we all draw energy from each other and grow the ecosystem of friendship that is worldwide,

and to turn tables on hubris.

I'd like this to be a living thing. There may be a spate of letters, and there may be a sudden gap, there may be a steady trickle. I am not sure yet. It would be nice if you all felt the freedom of this too.

Obviously I'd like the letters to be read, but it's not about the readership numbers or the counter on my Inbox.

In fact, I'd really like to bring in the work of friends who are doing these amazing things. You must learn about each other.

Wolfgang was asking how the quality of the communication would keep up. I said I would have to see. I think letters liberate one from stylistic issues, but quality will matter, and content. Whether to one or to many, they have to entice friends into a sharing, into something they feel like doing more than anything else right then! I certainly don't want people to delete the dispatch as it arrives!

Take care,

Suprabha

P. S. I'm attaching the pdf file of the previous two Dispatches again. There were many typos. I get quite dizzy on the computer, so it's nice to be able to leisurely make corrections and changes.

