



Gay Buddhist Fellowship

DECEMBER 2007 / JANUARY 2008 NEWSLETTER

The gay Buddhist
fellowship supports
Buddhist practice in the
gay men's community.
It is a forum that
brings together the
diverse Buddhist
traditions to address
the spiritual concerns
of gay men in the
San Francisco Bay Area,
the United States,
and the world.
GBF's mission includes
cultivating a social
environment that is
inclusive and caring.

In the Karmic Mix

BY WES NISKER

Wes Nisker, the co-founder and editor of the international Buddhist journal *Inquiring Minds*, has practiced Vipassana meditation for 30 years. He is the author of *Buddha's Nature: Evolution as a Guide to Enlightenment*, *Crazy Wisdom: A Romp Through the Philosophies of East and West*, and *The Buddha, the Big Bang, and the Baby Boom: The Spiritual Experiments of My Generation*. In addition to leading a regular sitting group in Berkeley, he teaches classes in meditation and philosophy at Spirit Rock and at other locations around the country. He spoke to GBF on August 5th.

It's good to be with you all again. This group has grown a lot since the first time I was here, which must have been about eight years ago now, and it's good to see you all. The wisdom must be catching on.

What I'd like to do today is just share a number of things. I don't want to give any kind of heavy teaching of five lists of this or that Buddhist Doctrine. So I thought I'd just share some things that have been up in my mind and in the mind of the nation. We just got a new poet laureate this week, Charles Simic, and I wasn't familiar with his work, so I went out and got a couple of books of his, and I thought I'd read you a poem of his so you'd know what your poet laureate sounds like. He's kind of a surrealist wild guy. I like him. This is a poem called "The Soul Has Many Brides."

In India I was greatly taken up
With a fly in a temple
Which gave me the distinct feeling,
It is possible, just possible,
That we had met before.

Was it in Mexico City?
Climbing the blood-spotted, yellow legs
Of the crucified Christ
While his eyes grew larger and larger.
"May God seat you on the highest throne
Of his invisible Kingdom,"
A blind beggar said to me in English.
He knew what I saw.

At the saloon where Pancho Villa
Fired his revolvers at the ceiling,
On the bare ass of a naked nymph
Stepping out of lake in a painting,
And now shamelessly crawling up
One of Buddha's nostrils,
Whose smile got even more buoyant,
Even more squint-eyed.

Next week is the 50th anniversary of the publication of *On The Road*, speaking of poetry, and that book, I think, if you believe in dependent co-arising, is definitely in the karmic mix that led us to being together here at this moment. It was a sem-

If the hippies have a legacy, it's in the yoga and meditation centers now existing in every town in America, and it's also in the modern ecology movement that got its start in the late '60s with back to the land visions of Ecotopia, plus a Whole Earth Catalogue of appropriate technologies—the all-new ancient ways that are now necessary for our survival. The hippies were right: it's time to decentralize, scale-down, simplify, re-create community, make a new world.

inal book in the evolution of alternative culture in the United States Kerouac writes in that book about driving. He's always driving in that book or always riding, always moving, and he sees a cloud. He's in the plains, the Great Plains, and he sees it form into a finger pointing at him and he hears this voice telling him: "Go moan, Go moan for man." He was a very melancholy sort of intuitive Buddhist, but wrote a lot of interesting things about Buddhism. He wrote one thing I love: "I breathe in wisdom with in-breath, with out-breath I breathe out compassion, fumigating the world with kindness." And that brings me to (this is all connected) the question of lineage. This is the 40th anniversary of the Summer of Love, and KFOG, where I work occasionally, when they let me, when we're not debating whether to go to war, when we're already in the war, they asked me to write a little piece about the Summer of Love, so this is it. I'll read it to you.

This is the summer of love. Just put some flowers in your hair and in your pipe and suddenly it's San Francisco, 1967, and you've started the day with a toke or two, and now you're heading toward the park to see what's happening, and you're groovin', smiling at your tripped-out costumed comrades as you pass, when suddenly a Volkswagen full of laughing hippies drives by with Sgt. Pepper blasting away on the radio, and now you can't decide whether to spend the day saving the world, or just savoring the world. So to help you decide, you have another toke. Just try to remember what it

was like 40 years ago when the world was young, and a magical mystery tour begins a few decades before the summer of love in post-World War II America, which had just come of age as a super power and was busy taking over the old European colonies with television and Coca-Cola and dreams too rich to ever be fulfilled. It was an America where the cars had started to grow fins and the terrorists were called Communists, and the American Dream was just starting to put everyone to sleep. And in the heart of the new empire, a bunch of young rogues and visionaries began to articulate a different sensibility, a counter-cultural movement, one that built on the bass notes of European Existentialists, and found an American voice in the writing of the beatniks and the musical forms

of jazz and rock and roll and in the mytho-poetic turn to the East. And for anyone like myself who had always felt like an outsider in America, it was thrilling to read Allen Ginsberg's prophetic poem "Howl," written way back in 1956, in which he denounces the god of war and commerce that had already taken over the soul of our nation. He named that god Moloch. Moloch the loveless, mental Moloch, Moloch whose mind is pure machinery, Moloch whose blood is running money, Moloch whose fingers are ten armies. But the beatniks were really romantics or mystics at heart, and they started introducing strange new words into the hipsters' jive, words like karma and dharma and mantra and tantra. It all sounded so exotic that I finally decided to come to the West Coast to become a beatnik, but it was 1967, too late to make the scene, man, so I got assigned to the hippies instead, and I'm proud to say I was a hippie. I was one of those idealistic, optimistic flower children walking around in tie-dyes, sprouting a wild-looking Jew-fro. (It was big, too.) I was one of those who spent a lot of time in the late '60's, let's say experimenting with my consciousness, yes through drugs, but also through meditation and yoga and the new psychologies of Gestalt and Reichian energetics. And I was part of a vast conspiracy of young people who at least for a couple years refused to join the up-tight consumer economy known to us as "the system." We rejected the old world "war and scarcity" mentality of our parents, as well as their prudish and puri-

tan morality. Instead we saw a new consciousness, one that could celebrate life and sexuality and tune into nature and embrace the world as one. Okay, so maybe we were a little naive, or maybe we just had it too good, as the psychologist Paul Goodman wrote in his famous book *Growing Up Absurd*: “It was destined that the children of affluence, who grew up without toilet-training and freely masturbating, would turn out to be daring, disobedient, and simple-minded.” So maybe that’s why we started chanting, “We want the world, and we want it now.” It was just bad potty training. But we were trying to create a better world and also trying to stop our government from confecting a criminal, horrific war (the previous one), and we held some great protests like the 1967 March on Washington, where we levitated the Pentagon. That’s right, we just surrounded the building, chanted “OM,” and up it went. On that day we were “super hippies.” But, at heart we weren’t very political. Hippies had no analysis or five-year-plan. Instead, our revolution was best expressed in the gatherings known as be-ins, communal celebrations of just being. And just a few months before the Summer of Love, the San Francisco Oracle, a psychedelic journal in the Haight-Ashbury, announced the first human be-in taking place in Golden Gate Park: “The spiritual Revolution will be manifest and proven. We will shower the nation with rays of ecstasy and purification. Fear will be washed away, ignorance exposed to sunlight. Profits and empire will lie drying on deserted beaches.” It was a spiritual revolution, and if the hippies have a legacy, it’s in the yoga and meditation centers now existing in every town in America, and it’s also in the modern ecology movement that got its start in the late ‘60s with back to the land visions of Ecotopia, plus a Whole Earth Catalogue of appropriate technologies—the all-new ancient

ple about life or how to end the Iraq war, or else go to the park, arouse your wonder about the mysteries of creation, or just sit down and feel the earth like the hippies used to do, and then vow to do everything you can to see that our little biosphere project continues, and then, friends, even if it’s just for a few hours, banish your sorrow over what is happening to the world, and have yourself a little be-in, celebrate existence, celebrate a summer of love.

But it’s about lineage; it’s about connection all the way back. I mean, it goes, of course, all the way back to the Buddha and before the Buddha, but this is our sangha, you know, the American Sangha, that really started only about 50 years ago, and it’s growing rapidly, and it’s a very hopeful sign. I’ll tell you a little bit about this retreat I just taught at Spirit Rock about two months ago now. It was a retreat called *Against the Stream*, and it was taught by Noah Levine, and Winnie Ferraro and myself. I don’t know whether you’re aware of Noah Levine, but he has started a little mini-revolution among young people. He wrote a book called *Dharma Punx*. He wrote a recent book called *Against the Stream*. And there we were at Spirit Rock and there were maybe 85 people who were mostly, I would say, in their thirties, maybe a few a little older, a few a little younger—black hooded sweatshirts, pierced, tattooed. A lot of the sweatshirts had “Dharma Punx” on them, or “Against the Stream.” Noah has lived for a while in San Francisco, and then in New York, and in L.A., and he’s got groups all over the country, so some of the people had “Philly” embroidered on the back of the sweatshirts, you know, dharma punks from Philly, and I realized after being here with these people for 10 days that they were already in sangha, bonded by their music and their style of dress and in their common

Research shows that when you have a belly laugh you breathe in six times more oxygen than normal and some experts estimate that 20 seconds of laughter is equal to 20 minutes of cardiovascular exercise. Usually something funny as well is its own reward. In fact, laughter stimulates euphoria centers in the brain—the same ones that light up over chocolate or sex.

ways that are now necessary for our survival. The hippies were right: it’s time to decentralize, scale-down, simplify, recreate community, make a new world. And in honor of the hippie legacy I propose that somewhere—maybe on the Mall in Washington, DC—someday there should be a statue to the Unknown Hippie. People can visit, leave old buttons, flowers and beads. But however you feel about the hippies today, we sure could use a Summer of Love in America and in San Francisco right now. So go ahead, turn off that isolating computer with its Big-Brother brain keeping you hyper-busy and distracted and just go out into the streets, start talking to peo-

rebellion that they had really found the dharma, partially because of Noah’s work, and found the dharma as a means of rebellion as a means of rejecting the mainstream culture, and they were hard-working, and they were really into their practice. It was really inspiring to me that that stream continues. And it was a little odd at times. I mean, there we are sitting in Marin in that beautiful hall. I don’t know if you’ve been to Spirit Rock. It’s a glorious meditation hall, and Winnie was giving a dharma talk about impermanence, and about how things are always slipping away, and he said: “I remember being at a Ozzy concert, and I was really digging

the concert, and I was aware that it was almost slipping away as I was loving it, and as he said that a few of the yogies went “Ozzy, Ozzy.” I had never encountered such things in the meditation hall, so it was truly inspiring.

Lineage. Now the other thing I wanted to share with you is, I’ve been working on a book and going through my notebooks in my files and my computer and the biggest file is my science file. I never used to like science when I was growing up and in school. I always kind of thought it was just this useless kind of information about atomic valence or how the planets were formed, and I had to memorize all this stuff, and I would much rather read a novel by Dostoyevsky or some piece of philosophy or something that applied directly to my life. I never really got interested in science until I really realized it was all about me, that what science is talking about is the law of gravity, which tries to explain how I am held to this planet, or the photosynthesis that creates the fuel that feeds this life, my life, or the neurons and the way they fire, and how that creates my experience. And so I think that my interest in science also coincided with the beginning of my meditation Practice, when I really started investigating the nature of self and mind and what this is all about. But now I almost every day will add something to my science file and often I’ll go back and do some thinking about it and musing on it. I’m particularly interested in the science I read that points to *dukkha*, *anicca*, *anatta*, the three characteristics of life as defined by the Buddha. And sometimes I’ll read a piece of science information that will just lift me immediately into an altered state of a sense of oneness or awe or a realization of no-self or all-self.

universe. Who am I to disagree with that? And one scientist actually claims to have figured out the size of the universe. He said it’s 10 billion trillion trillion cubic light years large, approximately. And that was as of Sept.1, 2006. I’ve got so many of these numbers in my head that I’m starting to get confused when I’m not near my notes about whether there are an estimated fifty or a hundred billion galaxies and whether there are fifty or a hundred trillion cells in each of us and sometimes I confuse the two categories. Maybe we’ll discover that there are exactly as many galaxies as there are cells and that will either be a strange coincidence, or a hint that reality isn’t just about chaos bumping into itself. All these numbers, though, what they really come down to is, it’s really easier to be a mystic and see it all as one. And then of course the question remains: Who’s counting? Okay, here’s some whimsy. Some of this stuff is about laughter. I call it yukology. Research shows that when you have a belly laugh you breathe in six times more oxygen than normal and some experts estimate that 20 seconds of laughter is equal to 20 minutes of cardiovascular exercise. Usually something funny as well is its own reward. In fact, laughter stimulates euphoria centers in the brain—the same ones that light up over chocolate or sex. Now actual scientific studies—some people you know get research grants for this kind of stuff—actual scientific studies done on the vocalization and burst rates of laughter find that across cultures the most constant consonant of laughter is “H.” Most of us go “ha ha” or “hee hee” or “ho ho,” and the researchers also found that nobody laughs with mixed consonants, such as in “ha fa,” la fa.” Nobody across cultures does that. But this is really the

Now we have to get used to space/time. You know, we have been mistaken for so long, and Einstein set us right. We can no longer regard space and time as separate dimensions. They are one thing: space/time. And so we have to start learning to use the conjunction and realize that where you are is also when. Zen master Dogen realized this. He said, “There is nothing in the universe that is not contained in a moment of time.” Or as an artist, Robert Smithson, wrote, “Space is the corpse of time.”

So I thought I’d share a few things from my science notebooks. Even though my musings about this are debatable, the information is all science, so you know, it’s all true. Now, one of the things I really love but have a little bit of trouble with in science is all the numbers, big numbers. Most of them are meaningless in the sense of being incomprehensible to our tiny brains and our tiny perspectives. But I read recently that there are a hundred sextillion stars in the

most interesting part: Anthropologists now believe that the human “ha ha” evolved from the rhythmic sounds made by other primate species when tickling and chasing each other in play. They make a sound like “hu hu.” Primates like to tickle each other, and one scientist has determined that the first joke ever made was the fake tickle. When the gesture to tickle was made, but withdrawn before contact. “Ha ha, fooled you,” you know, the first joke.

Here's another numbers one. Every cell in your body goes through 4,000 transactions in a second, processing fuels, exchanging chemical and electrical signals with other cells, monitoring the environment, creating proteins, enzymes. Considering that you have approximately 50 trillion cells in your body, there are literally quadrillions of events taking place inside you every single second. So stay mindful. Now the new mirror of science is really exciting and fun. They're

the old fear of death. Way back in ancient times when people started to realize that everybody falls over and stops moving and starts to stink and you know, nobody wants to do that, they just decided—I mean, we're a clever species—to conquer death by deciding it doesn't happen. The essence of you goes on, you know, so that essence will live on. Who knows? There's a great story about a Zen master: a disciple comes and says, "What happens after death?" And the Zen

There's a great story about a Zen master: a disciple comes and says, "What happens after death?" And the Zen master says, "I don't know." And the disciple says, "But you're a Zen master!" And the Zen master says, "Yes, but I'm not a dead Zen master!"

hooking up yogis to all these brain scans and discovering science kind of confirming what meditators have known for centuries—that you can actually gain a little control of your mind. You can actually shift your mood to a certain degree. I sometimes sense that the science information, however, is bringing an unskillful bias into my practice. For instance, ever since I heard that greater activity in the left, frontal cortex of the brain correlates with more contentment, I've been sort of LEANING that way in my meditations, exploring that area of my head with mindfulness. When I first started to meditate, I would focus on my third eye because I had a lot of pressure there until my teacher at the time told me to stop focusing there because it would give me yogic powers that would distract me from the pure path of the Buddha. I'm going to let myself do a little more exploration of my left cortex. If I find the sweet spot, I'll let you know.

Oh yes, space/time. Now we have to get used to space/time. You know, we have been mistaken for so long, and Einstein set us right. We can no longer regard space and time as separate dimensions. They are one thing: space/time. And so we have to start learning to use the conjunction and realize, begin to sense that where you are is also when. Zen master Dogen realized this. He said, "There is nothing in the universe that is not contained in a moment of time." Or as an artist, Robert Smithson, wrote, "Space is the corpse of time." Anyway, spiritual seekers might want to make note: if it's all space/time, then "Be here now" is redundant. Meanwhile, I find it very interesting that this mind/body split, or spirit/body split continues to exist, even among modern adepts and spiritual seekers who believe that we are born through a spiritual medium and not a material one. But why? Perhaps it's like space/time and both are necessary for any kind of consciousness to manifest, that maybe we could start calling it spirit/matter or matter/spirit. As far as I know, I can't experience consciousness outside of any context but this body and nervous system. And yet, people claim that the essence of ourselves is somehow not connected to this physical form, which seems to me a little bit like a throwback to

master says, "I don't know." And the disciple says, "But you're a Zen master!" And the Zen master says, "Yes, but I'm not a dead Zen master." Maybe there would be something to gain by sensing ourselves as part of the life of this planet, which means to sense ourselves, our essence, our true nature as being connected to this form. I'm putting it all together here. It'll all come together here at the end somewhere, I think. This is really interesting: I remember reading in some Buddhist literature quite a while ago that the Buddha said that things change millions of times in the blink of an eye. It has always puzzled me: did he slow his mind down enough to be able to count how many changes were going on? But now inside the subatomic world we find evidence of impermanence that is so impermanent that it makes our ordinary reality seem frozen in time. Way down inside of everything where the quarks are like doing a rumba inside of electrons, events are occurring in increments far shorter than the blink of an eye. The blink of an eye is considered to be a tenth of a second. In the subatomic world, time is sometimes measured in atoseconds, which is a millionth of a trillionth of a second. It takes an electron about an atosecond to travel around a proton. Meanwhile, inside the proton, perhaps one level deeper into reality, an atosecond would be regarded as a long nap. Down here, time is measured in zectoseconds, which is a billionth of a trillionth of a second. And I think at some point the physicists realized that they had entered a Marx Brothers routine, where the jokes are coming so fast that you begin to see that it is all a joke. So when they started to measure things changing even faster, in trillionths of a trillionth of a second, they named it a yactosecond, so you've got ato, zecto, and yacto. Hello, I must be going, right? The time it takes for a quark to go around a proton is somewhere between a zecto and a yacto second. Just about all you can do is smile and let go, huh? Well, I think what I'll do is just see if we have any additions or corrections. I am a "lay" scientist as they say, and sometimes I get corrected on my science. I've blabbed something that really doesn't mean that at all, and sometimes my extrapolations from it are totally bizarre. □

GBF

STEERING COMMITTEE

Paul Albert
Ray Dyer
Marvin Snow
Jim Stewart

TREASURER

Teng-How Bae

NEWSLETTER

Editor

Michael Langdon

Design / Layout

Michael Gabel

Transcribers

Darin Little

Mailing List

Todd Pope
Robin Levitt

Newsletter Mailing

Jack Busby

MAIL

Bill Chiles

LARKIN STREET YOUTH CENTER Volunteer Coordinator

Clint Seiter
Bill Weber

PRISON OUTREACH Coordinator

Baruch Golden

WEBSITE

Webmaster

Joe Kukulka

SUNDAY SITTINGS

Program Committee

Paul Albert
Dean Bellerby
Howard DePorte
Baruch Gold
Darin Little
Jim Stewart

Speaker Coordinator

Dean Bellerby

Facilitator Coordinator

Ray Dyer

Facilitators

Dean Bellerby
Peter Camarda
Ray Dyer
Bob Siedle-Khan
Marvin Snow

Host Coordinator

Kei Matsuda

Hosts

Cass Brayton
Jay Corbett
Peter Dell
Richard Hedden
Mark Hoffheimer
Dave Limcaco
Kei Matsuda
Todd Pope
Oscar Saginoya
Paul Shepard
Marvin Snow
Harv Whitten
Larry Wisch
Nobu Yamaji

Sound / Recordings

C J Grant
George Hubbard

Note to Prisoners:

We currently send our newsletter to over two hundred prisoners around the country and are reducing that list to those of you who genuinely want to receive it, something we do every few years. Most of you received a postcard with the last issue to update your subscription preferences. If you haven't already let us know you want to stay on the list, please return the postcard or drop us a note by the end of December. If we don't hear back from you, this is the last issue you'll receive. We know some of you get moved around and miss issues when you do. Please send us your new address when this happens, returned mail usually doesn't let us know where you've moved. Also, the SF Zen Center is mailing out copies of Queer Dharma Vol. 2 upon request. They were generously donated by publisher Winston Leyland. It's a collection of essays by gay male Buddhists, some of them members of the GBF sangha. If you wish to receive a copy, mail us a request and we'll forward that to the Zen Center. We hope to have regular updates of special interest to prisoners in future issues of the newsletter. With loving support, the GBF Prisoner Committee

Your Thrift Store Donations Earn Money for GBF

GBF members can donate their quality cast-offs to the Community Thrift Store (CTS) and GBF will receive a quarterly check based on the volume of items sold. This is a great way to support our Sangha, and the community. So far this year we have received over \$800 through members' generosity. Bring your extra clothing and other items to CTS at 623 Valencia St between 10am and 5pm, any day of the week. The donation door is around the corner on Sycamore Alley (parallel to and between 17th and 18th) between Valencia and Mission. Tell the worker you are donating to GBF. Our ID number is 40. Information: (415) 861-4910.

How to Reach Us

www.gaybuddhist.org

For general questions about GBF write to:
inquiry@gaybuddhist.org

To reach our Program Committee with suggestions for speakers and comments, go to:

www.gaybuddhist.org/programs

Mail correspondence:

GBF

PMB 456

2215-R MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO CA 94114

For address changes or to subscribe or unsubscribe to the newsletter send email to:

mailinglist@gaybuddhist.org

GBF Newsletter. Send submissions to:

editor@gaybuddhist.org

GBF Yahoo Discussion Group

There is now a GBF discussion group for the general membership (and others) on Yahoo. Join the discussion at:

www.groups.yahoo.com/group/gaybuddhistfellowship

Calendar

Sunday Sittings

10:30 am to 12 noon

Every Sunday at 10:30am we meditate together for 30 minutes, followed by a talk or discussion till 12 noon. Everyone is then welcome to stay and socialize over refreshments till approximately 12:30, after which those who are interested usually go somewhere local for lunch. Our sittings are held at the San Francisco Buddhist Center, 37 Bartlett Street. (Look for the red door near 21st St between Mission and Valencia Streets).

MUNI: 14 Mission or 49 Van Ness-Mission, alight at 21st St, walk 1/2 block.

BART: 24th and Mission, walk 3 1/2 blocks. **PARKING:** on street (meters free on Sundays) or in adjacent New Mission Bartlett Garage. The Center is handicapped accessible.

Sunday Speakers

December 2 Dharma Duo!

Jim Christrup and Tom Bruein, sangha participants, will share their experiences, life stories and learnings about what it means to be human. A lovely way to get to know your fellow sangha participants.

December 9 Pam Weiss

Pam Weiss is returning to GBF after a well-received talk earlier in the year on Right Speech. She is a Buddhist meditation teacher, executive coach and trainer of coaches. Pam practiced Zen for almost twenty years, including several years of monastic training, and is now training with Jack Kornfield through Spirit Rock Meditation Center in Northern California. She leads a weekly meditation group in San Francisco on Wednesday nights at the Unitarian Universalist Church, teaches classes inside organizations, and offers retreats internationally. She happens to be married to Eugene Cash, another Buddhist (and Diamond Approach) teacher. For more info on Pam, see her website at: www.appropriateresponse.com

December 16 Discussion Day

Instead of our usual guest speakers, this is a wonderful time of breaking into small groups and connecting more deeply with other members of the sangha. This is becoming an increasingly popular part of our Sunday program.

December 23 Larry Yang

We love Larry! Larry Yang is one of the relatively rare queer male Buddhist teachers that we have access to in the Bay Area (as well as being a person of color). Trained as a psychotherapist, Larry is a long-time meditator and is very interested in creating access to the dharma for communities who have felt the experience of exclusion or difference. Larry is a teacher at the East Bay Meditation Center in Oakland. He is in teacher-

training with Jack Kornfield and has practiced extensively in Southeast Asia, including a 6-month residency in Thailand as a Theravadan Buddhist monk.

Check out Larry's spiffy new website at: <http://www.larryyang.org/home.html>.

December 30 Jim Wilson

Our good friend Jim used to speak once a month at GBF. He is the former abbot of the Chogye Zen center in New York and has studied in the Chogye, Fuke and Soto traditions of Zen. He leads a weekly sutra salon in Sebastapol and comes to see us when he is able to.

January 6 Dharma Duo!

Doug Hall and Carl Lasagna, sangha participants, will share their experiences, life stories and learnings about what it means to be human. A lovely way to get to know your fellow sangha participants.

January 13 Discussion Day

Instead of our usual guest speakers, this is a wonderful time of breaking into small groups and connecting more deeply with other members of the sangha.

January 20 Emilio Gonzalez

Come for a body-centric, experiential Qigong session, via a repeat engagement with Emilio Gonzalez. Emilio has been practicing Qig Qigong and Tai Chi Chuan since 1973. A senior student of Grand Master Kai Ying Tung, he taught Tai Chi at 50 Oak Street in San Francisco for over twenty years. In the 1990s, he established a special Qig Qigong for Health class for people with HIV and other chronic illnesses. He also taught at San Francisco State University, at Mills College, and at various national conferences on Traditional Chinese Medicine. In 1996 he produced a best-selling Qig Qigong video that was broadcast nationwide on PBS.

January 27 Sylvia Boorstein

What needs to be said, really? Okay, we'll say it anyway: Sylvia has been teaching since 1985 and teaches both vipassana and metta meditation. She is a founding teacher of Spirit Rock Meditation Center and a psychotherapist, wife, mother, and grandmother who is particularly interested in seeing daily life as practice. Her books include *It's Easier Than You Think: The Buddhist Way to Happiness*; *Don't Just Do Something, Sit There: A Mindfulness Retreat*; *That's Funny, You Don't Look Buddhist: On Being a Faithful Jew and a Passionate Buddhist*; and *Pay Attention for Goodness' Sake: The Buddhist Path of Kindness*.

For more Sylvia info, check out: www.sylviaboorstein.com

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

**GBF NEWSLETTER
PMB 456
2215-R MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94114**

By the power and truth of this practice, may all beings have happiness and the causes of happiness, may all be free from sorrow and the causes of sorrow, may all never be separated from the sacred happiness which is without sorrow, and may all live in equanimity, without too much attachment or too much aversion, and live believing in the equality of all that lives.

—GBF dedication of merit