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Please read this and respond!

To ensure the continuation of Charlotte Selver's legacy, the SAF depends upon your generosity. Our publications, audio tapes, bulletins, books, newsletters, archival work, and many other projects need funding. If you enjoy receiving our newsletter and announcements, and if our work is important to you, please support us. Your help is vital to the Foundation’s future!

If you have been a member of the Foundation before, it is now time to renew your membership. If you are not a member yet, join us in our efforts to further the practice of Sensory Awareness. Use the enclosed envelope for your tax deductible donation. For more information see the membership form on the back of this newsletter.

Charlotte Selver
April 4, 1901 - August 22, 2003

The Last Months with Charlotte Selver by Lee Klinger Lesser

Many years ago, Charlotte said something that has stayed with me in a strong way. She commented that people so often spend time and energy in the beginning of things and in the middle of things, but they avoid the endings. She was saying that in living, we have to meet everything. She did meet the ending of her life. For so many years and on many different occasions, we have expected Charlotte to die. And then somehow over the past twenty years she never did, and it seemed as if maybe she wouldn’t...that somehow Charlotte might make it out of this life, alive. And even though we were expecting her to die at any time over these past years, it is still a shock that she has actually died and moved on.

When Charlotte came back to Muir Beach from her last trip to Mexico early this year, we began giving Thursday night sensing classes in her living room. She was too weak to go to other places to give classes, but she was eager to give them in her home. Her living room made a great studio and she admired it quite a bit, often just sitting and commenting on what a wonderful form the room had. From February through March, Charlotte gave most of the classes. I was there to support her as she needed it. She gradually became weaker and weaker. One of the last classes she gave was one of the richest classes I have ever been in with Charlotte. I usually came up early to have dinner with Charlotte. On this night when I arrived, Charlotte greeted me by exclaiming, “I could weep!” I was surprised by this greeting and waited to hear what more she had to say. She continued, “I could weep with joy at letting go.” And she did let go and sink with a smile on her face further onto the couch. She continued repeating this and sinking with delight onto the couch several more times. Then she said, “But it is not so simple. There is a place deep in my heart which is not letting go. I have to get to know that place.” Charlotte had been exhausted all day. I did not know whether she would give the class or not until people actually arrived and she began working with deep and quiet energy. We began with sitting. Charlotte asked us to come forward and feel what lets go and what holds on. We worked with this simple and profound exploration for most of the class. Charlotte herself was actively experimenting with us….feeling it out for herself. I know that Charlotte was working with her own dying…feeling how to take another step closer…and yet she was also vividly working with us and how we each live. She worked with a question that was so acute and vital for her and for all of us, what lets go and follows what is needed and what holds back…and how do we get to know what is holding back.

Charlotte’s journey towards dying felt like a living spiral…she would feel her way and move away and then come back again and then she would move away and then come back again. Each time moving a little further and further away. One day Charlotte...
About the Memorial Service for Charlotte Selver

by Stefan Laeng-Gilliatt

On October 26, 2003, two months after Charlotte Selver died, we held a memorial service for her at Green Gulch Farm Zen Center, a place Charlotte loved very much. Many of us spent much time there studying with Charlotte, and it was wonderful to be generously hosted by people who were very dear to Charlotte. About 100 people came together – some from far away – to share in this momentous event. It had so many facets and it was a very important gathering for the people who were there as well as for many who couldn’t be present. How can justice be done in writing about it? It is like being in a workshop with Charlotte, going through an experiment, and then sharing our experiences. It was always impossible to share everything we had just experienced and so we would pick something that seemed particularly important to us. Very often then, Charlotte’s only response was: “This was your experience,” making very clear that at another time our experience might have been different and that other people’s experience may be different but as valid as ours. What was my experience of the memorial service?

The possibly most important aspect of the memorial service is impossible to describe: We all came together because we lost our teacher and great friend, Charlotte. We carried within ourselves a great deal of emotions, ranging from grief to gratitude and beyond. We were mourning and we wanted to remember and honor Charlotte. I felt very emotional and I can only imagine that it was so for most of us whether we could be at Green Gulch or not. I also know that in many places around the world people came together or lit a candle, sat for a while, or just remembered Charlotte as we were gathered in the Green Dragon Temple at Green Gulch. We found a form to celebrate together but I know we all also had our very personal, invisible, and untold memorial service within.

The service began with the ringing of the large bell outside the temple, followed by an entry procession. The procession was lead by Norman Fischer, Wendy Johnson, and Fu Schroeder, who were officiating. A number Charlotte’s closest friends were each carrying an object they connected closely with Charlotte: a stone, a stick, a flask, a photograph, a pine cone, and many more things. The first to enter the zendo was Norman carrying Charlotte’s ashes. The ashes were placed on the altar followed by all the other objects we had carried with us. Thus the altar, which was decorated with flowers from the Green Gulch gardens, became a representation of Charlotte.

Now incense was offered and then Norman spoke. I remember his calm presence and his full voice more than his words to Charlotte but I recall very clearly how he set the tone for the memorial service: We lost a great friend and we have reason to be sad; we also have reason to be grateful for having had such an amazing teacher; and we have reason to laugh, much as Charlotte loved to laugh and was often very funny.”

In the ceremonial tradition of Zen, Fu Schroeder, head of practice at Green Gulch and a good friend of Charlotte, then proclaimed the resolution of Karma and gave Charlotte the Precepts of Wisdom and Compassion. As part of this ceremony, Charlotte was given a precept name by Wendy Johnson: Vessel of Life, Original Source – in Japanese, Kei Sho So Gen. (Incidentally, the word vessel came up two more times in reference to Charlotte by people who spoke later, not knowing that Charlotte was to be given this name.)

Wendy also spoke to Charlotte. Again, I do not recall Wendy’s words well but I do remember the sadness in her voice, her gratefulness for having known Charlotte showing in her whole grounded presence, and her great love for Charlotte radiating from her heart. Wendy and Christina Leinherr then read a few lines from the Sonnets to Orpheus by Rilke, in both English and German. Those lines – about breathing – hung as a beautiful calligraphy for many years on a wall in Charlotte’s living room: Atem, du unsichtbare Gedicht!... Breath, you invisible poem!...

Now I was given time for an eulogy. I chose to let Charlotte speak about herself by sharing some stories about her early life, in her own words, which I’d collected over the years. As many of you know, Charlotte had a vast memory and she loved to tell stories about her life. This seemed a fitting way to
evoke her spirit. My presentation was framed by more Rilke, this time from his Lay of Love and Death, a favorite of Charlotte's. I should add that Sascha Rimasch helped me out by reading from another poem that Charlotte loved very much: from the children's book Max and Moritz by Wilhelm Busch.

In Lee Klinger Lesser's eulogy, Lee shared with us in a very personal way how important it is for her to always remember the weight of Charlotte's teaching and not to take her offering lightly. On a morning run, while thinking about some amusing possibilities for the memorial service, she all of a sudden tripped and fell flat on her face. She said she knew it was Charlotte who knocked her off her feet. Upon getting up and catching her breath, Lee said she could feel Charlotte's fierce demand to take the work seriously and to recognize what it will take from all of us to keep the flame of the work alive.

By the way: Many thanks go to Lee for all she did to make this memorial service so beautiful.

After Lee's eulogy, Jill Harris had the sensitivity to offer us a bit of refreshment – suggesting that we all stand for a few moments and stretch as we need it. It was a very hot day and much time had already gone by.

Then Jill read a letter from Babette Wills, who had very much wanted to come to the memorial service. Babette wrote about her first meeting with Charlotte: It was in a studio in San Francisco's China Town, where she had gone with some friends to one of Charlotte's classes. When Babette first saw Charlotte, she had a look on her face that made her seek a far corner of the room. There she stayed for the rest of the class, trying to comprehend what was going on and wondering if all these people were perhaps a bit “coocoo.” When the class was over Charlotte walked over to Babette with a beautiful smile, both hands reaching out to her and asked: “Hello, what is your name?” – Babette came back to take the class the very next day, and has been doing so every since – for forty years. She wrote how much Sensory Awareness enriched her life and that she will be grateful to Charlotte until her very last breath. Babette also wrote that thanks to Charlotte she met Suzuki Roshi and learned about Zen, and how much that meant to her. Finally she voiced her gratitude to Peter Gracey, who took such wonderful care of Charlotte for the past six years.

More people shared their memories and spoke words of gratitude: Linda Ruth Cutts, abbess of Zen Center, Susan Henning, Seymour Carter, Pat Meyer, President of the Sensory Awareness Leaders Guild, Don Hanlon Johnson, Veronica Selver, and Anna and Len Shemin.

Anna and Len, in an act that is quite unusual for a Buddhist Temple, offered a toast to Charlotte. First, they pointed out how important it was for Charlotte that we hold a wine class so that the clinking sound will be clear and beautiful. And when the sound was indeed to Charlotte's liking, she would often respond with, “wunderbar!” Now, lifting wine glasses, Anna and Len asked us all to join in to a lively “Prosit!” – and then follow up with a pleased, “wunderbar!”

Len also read a poem which you can find in this newsletter.

Veronica Selver shared with us her memories of “Tante” Charlotte and how she always enjoys being asked if she is related to her. Veronica is the daughter of Charlotte's first husband, Heinrich Selver.

Then it was time for “Life, Breath and Sound”: Judyth Weaver and Connie Smith Siegel guided us through a sequence of experiments to honor Charlotte and the practice that meant so much to her. This was a prelude to sharing by more people who wished to speak. Please forgive me for not mentioning everybody who spoke.

Some of them were: Alissa Goldring, a student for many decades (one of the many pictures Alissa took of Charlotte in the 50's is in this newsletter); Phyllis Gilmore, reading a poem she wrote for Charlotte's 100th birthday (you can read it in this newsletter) and her husband Bernard. It was touching to hear Bernard speak, whom none of us knew. Having never met Charlotte, he was moved to speak because of Phyllis' love for her that had affected him too.

Ruth Denison, a student of Charlotte's since the late fifties and a Vipassana teacher, shared with us how she met Charlotte and engaged us in one of her favorite memories: Some of you may remember Charlotte's account of going to the circus as a child. A clown would rush into the empty arena and call out: “Are you all there?”, and the children would respond with a lively, “Yes”. Now Ruth Denison called out to us: “Are you all
there?... I guess we weren't quite because it took a few attempts before our response became a lively “Yes”.

Virginia Veach was one of the last people to speak and reminded us how important it was for Charlotte that we engage in activities that help alleviate suffering and injustice in the world.

At this point almost three hours had gone by and it became clear that it was impossible to let everyone speak and read the many letters people had sent us from different parts of the world.

As a closure to the sharing Christiane Knorr (a great-niece of Elsa Gindler), Norbert Boehmer, and I, sang a German evening song that Charlotte was very fond of: “Der Mond ist aufgegangen” (the moon has risen). This seemed especially appropriate as it had already become dark outside (next time we'll rehearse a bit before we sing).

The end of the ceremony unfolded in quite unexpected ways and I like to think that Charlotte would have loved that. I should tell you that I missed this very last part of the ceremony and only heard – slightly varying – accounts of it (much as in the varying reports following an experiment with Charlotte). Lee had planned to play a short piece of tape with Charlotte's voice. The tape came on and we heard Charlotte speak about bowing to each moment. There were long pauses between her words and at one point Norman Fischer thought it was over. He got up and walked toward the altar to end the ceremony when he was told by Lee: “Wait, Charlotte's not finished speaking yet!” Upon hearing this, Norman collapsed and sank to the bowing mat, where he remained until Charlotte's voice faded away as she wished everyone a very good life. Then he got up, threw his arms in the air, shouted: “Great ceremony!” – and left the temple.

Thus the ceremonial chanting of the “Di Hi Shin Dharani” and the dedication of merit did not happen but some people proceeded to bow before Charlotte's altar and offer incense before everybody left the zendo.

Many people had to leave now but others stayed to have tea and cookies together and visit with one another. Many people had not seen each other for years and Charlotte's death reconnected us. It was good to be together in this time of great loss.

This very large painting by Connie Smith Siegel hung in the Green Dragon Temple during the memorial service. It depicts the view from Muir Beach outlook south toward San Francisco. Charlotte's house is hidden in the trees atop the cliff at the center left of the painting.

Rent Our House on Monhegan Island!

Would you like to spend time in the Influence, Charlotte's old residence on Monhegan Island in Maine? It is now available for your vacations or personal retreat.

For information and reservations contact Maryann Boody
Monhegan Island, ME 04852
Tel: (207) 596-0175

Save the date:
2nd annual Sensory Awareness Conference
May 8 - 9, 2004, in San Francisco
with Norman Fischer, Ruth Denison, and members of the Sensory Awareness Leaders Guild.
More details will soon be available at: www.sensoryawareness.org or (415) 383-1961
Many people sent us cards and letters to read at the memorial service. We couldn’t read most of them but passed them around later, when we had tea together. Peggy Zeitler’s letter is reprinted here to “represent” the many. Thank you all for your contributions. They were very much appreciated and we will keep them in our archives.

Dear Charlotte,

The time difference between the East coast and Munich is 6 hours. So when my father used to call – in contrast to you he paid no attention to time differences – he would wake us up at 2 or 3 in the morning. His answer to a groggy “what’s up” was, “Just wanted to hear your voice.”

That is what I have been missing. You will be back from your Monhegan and New York tour by now. It is time for one of us to pick up the phone, so we can have a chat. You will tell me about the flowers and the trees outside your window, the sky and the water and Smokey. I will describe the weather here. Last night it snowed for the first time this year. Nothing special. Just hearing your voice.

It must have been around 1985 when you gave a workshop in Buchenwinkel south of Munich. Do you remember? You and Charles loved the forest of Buchen trees (beeches) right outside the windows. Being so close to home I drove out there in the morning and back home again in the evening. You seemed pleased when I reported in class about how walking to the grocery store on the corner had become a conscious experience after the class each day: the light, the air, the sky, the trees lining the street and the familiar faces.

You used to like going with me to do the shopping when you stayed with us. We’d walk that same short block to the square on the corner where all the shops are. But I hear you say “Wirklich?” (“Really?”), when I tell you that it is more valuable to me than being in a class to walk down the street with you, your holding onto my arm without my squeezing and making you uncomfortable – which I have learned after a number of pointed comments on your part.

The inflection of your voice when you say that “Really?” of yours, the first syllable on one note, the second about 5 notes higher, makes it clear that I needn’t pursue this topic any further. Attempting to elaborate will be futile and end in an embarrassing silence.

Do you remember that group in Munich where 13 or 14 of the people were men, many of them having academic titles in front of their names on the list of participants? The first two days that unusual number of men tended to hang around the edge of the group whispering and giggling. You were silent after class about what was going on and I was fuming at their audacity. On the third day you had us all sitting there waiting for you to speak. You told us about all the important and influential people you had known in you life. About how eloquently they could express themselves in speeches and on paper. I had never heard you talk like that and was wondering what had gotten into you. After a pause that enhanced the tension you continued in a very serious voice,”I know that I am not as impressive as any of these people.” Then you brightened up and coyly informed us, “But in my own way I somehow manage to get across what I want to say.” Nobody said anything, no discussion followed. But when we got back to experimenting there was no more whispering and giggling.

Charlotte, I think that if Shakespeare had seen this performance of yours, he would have hired you on the spot – and he would probably have profited from your knowledge of human nature in the bargain.

Well, “my dear”, it is getting late – way past your bedtime. And I have to get started with my day. So sleep well. And we will be in touch soon.

Munich, October 26, 2003

New Books in German

Elsa Gindler – von ihrem Leben und Wirken
>Wahrnehmen, was wir empfinden<, Christians Verlag 2002

Auf dem roten Teppich / Erinnerungen and Frieda Goralewski
Goralewski-Gesellschaft. e.V., c/o Quest, Hertastr. 20, D-14193 Berlin

Entfaltung statt Erziehung / Die Pädagogik Heinrich Jacobys
Walter Biedermann, Arbor Verlag 2003
Charlotte spoke to us from a place that seemed on the outer edge of the spiral. She spoke in German and said many things very slowly and deliberately. One of the things she said was: “Die Flut ist ja ganz von selbst aktiv - man braucht nichts zu tun - alles kommt von selbst”. “The tide comes naturally - there's nothing to do - everything happens by itself.” I could see Charlotte working to meet her death this way. She lived with the changes happening in her and we accompanied her along the way.

Gradually, Charlotte went from giving the Thursday night classes to sitting on the couch while I gave the classes. She would often participate by ringing the bell or greeting people. After some time, Charlotte began to lie down on the couch, rather than sit. After a time, she stopped using her hearing equipment because it was too heavy for her to have on her head. Then Charlotte began sleeping in class. At some point she would wake up and interact with people who had come. The next change was that Charlotte moved from the couch to her bed which was in the living room. So she participated in the class from her bed. She continued to sleep and at some point to wake up during the class. When she woke up, each person would come and greet her.

Occasionally, Charlotte would still send out a crisp comment about someone’s extra effort or lack of presence. She surprised us all. In July for the first time, Charlotte slept through the whole class without waking up. This only happened three times, including the night that Charlotte died.

The last Thursday night class we had was on August 21. Charlotte was in a deep sleep all through the class. Her breathing was loud and distinctly audible. The class began late after a visit from Charlotte’s doctor. As it was so late, we simply sat and sensed quietly together, each of us being with Charlotte, with breathing and each other in silence. It was a time of deep quiet. After about 35 minutes, I invited the five of us to turn towards each other and sit in a circle, to share what we were feeling or to say anything to Charlotte that anyone would like to say. It was a quiet intimate space with Charlotte in the center of it. We left for the night around 10:30, speaking about meeting the following Thursday if it fit for Charlotte.

Later that night Charlotte died.

I am so deeply grateful for the loving and sensitive care that Peter and Kate surrounded Charlotte with in these last years of her life. It was an incredible way to be cared for.

With the loving help of Zen Center and Zen Center hospice, we learned how to take care of Charlotte’s body and create a space to be with her after she died. Peter dressed her in a cotton, royal blue dress. I combed her hair. Green Gulch brought up buckets and buckets and buckets of flowers and herbs. Christina from Green Gulch made two beautiful flower arrangements for the rooms. Charlotte loved flowers and I think she especially loved Green Gulch flowers and most especially loved the flowers from the garden that Peter had planted and cared for outside her windows on the hill above the ocean in their Muir Beach home. Peter cut a long nasturtium vine with bright orange flowers. He put it in a vase and draped it across the top of Charlotte’s bed. So there was a living flower growing above Charlotte’s head and somehow still cradling her in life.

We began putting rose petals, lavender, rose geranium, lemon verbena, rosemary and sage around and over Charlotte. As people came in to visit or say goodbye, they added flowers and herbs to Charlotte. All of the doors and windows were open and the room was filled with air, love and quiet. In the midst of grief was also laughter and joy with the memories and stories of Charlotte’s living. We had 11 yartzheit candles (jewish memorial candles that burn for 24 hours) burning throughout the room, one for each decade of Charlotte’s life. As people came they were also invited to sound the big gong that Charlotte brought back from Japan many years ago. We hoped to greet her in her new passage with the sound of the bell that she loved so much.

We had arranged with the Neptune Society that they would come and get Charlotte’s body at 2:00 p.m. on Sunday. We gathered around Charlotte and all together we wrapped her in the sheet from her bed, swaddling her close with all of the flowers, herbs and offerings, covering her face for the last time.

Earlier, Wendy had described this process to me, as wrapping Charlotte up and making a “big Charlotte burrito”. So Charlotte was bundled and wrapped with love and together we lifted her and put her gently down onto the gurney. The two men wrapped her in a kind of paper shroud and they took her outside and loaded her into the car. We all gathered outside and waved goodbye until the car disappeared. I have so many memories of other goodbyes and partings when Charlotte would drive away, waving her little hand until she was out of sight.
On Friday, August 29, one week after her death, Charlotte was cremated. Ten of us went to accompany her there in this next part of her journey. Wendy and Norman had been to cremations before, but it was a new experience for the rest of us. The room itself was a stark concrete room with two ovens where cremations happen. The starkness was startling at first…but we created an altar and brought warmth through our presence and love for Charlotte. The altar had a photo of Charlotte draped with a powerfully fragrant lei that my friend Lisa brought me from Hawaii. There was incense, candles, photos and a stone on the altar as well as the statue of the hand that Charles gave to Charlotte many years ago. We also had the big gong that Charlotte loved and a tray of strawberries and little glasses of fresh squeezed orange juice.

Norman gave an opening statement. We chanted together. Then we put offerings that people brought or sent onto Charlotte. She was in a cardboard box, covered with the shroud. The box lid was taken off so that Charlotte could receive these new offerings. I put a big fat strawberry where I imagined her diaphragm to be. Peter brought a fresh bouquet of garden sunflowers. Many letters sent from different places were placed with Charlotte, including a letter that Tony sent from Mexico City that I read out loud on behalf of many of us. Charlotte was rolled into the oven. We all held hands. I was touching the switch to turn on the fire. Wendy was touching the photo of Charlotte at the other end of the line. I pressed the buttons to start the fires. The sound was quite loud. Norman chanted in a strong voice over the sound of the fire. We chanted with him and then stood together in silence feeling Charlotte's passing in a new way. After a short time of standing, we drew together in a close circle. Wendy sang the Buddha song we had sung to Charlotte on the day her body left the house: “You are a Buddha. And you are in my heart. You are a part of me. You are a Buddha.” We sang or said it in English, Spanish and German. Then we offered a new toast with the clinking of glasses and we drank the fresh orange juice and ate one strawberry in honor of Charlotte. Julian, Stefan’s and Sarah’s almost one year old son, was a great delight and comfort in the midst of this passage and he received lots of strawberries bequeathed to him from others in the group. Julian thoroughly enjoyed the strawberries and I imagine that Charlotte would have been delighted with his enjoyment and uncensored devouring of strawberries. I would describe Charlotte’s encounters with strawberries in a similar way. After the strawberries, we bowed to each other and once again said goodbye to Charlotte.

And now the journey continues as we discover in new ways how Charlotte lives in our hearts, and how she is a part of each of us…

New Book

Chan Buddhism: Implications of Awareness and Mindfulness-Training for Managerial Functioning
by Michael Tophoff

This book focuses on the interface of Chan Buddhism and managerial functioning. Daoist and Chan Buddhist existential and ethical concepts are discussed as to their relevance for managerial functioning in the postmodern company, in a context of open systems theory and ecology. Mindfulness, being a core concept in Buddhism, is operationalized as meditation-on-the-marketplace. The pragmatic implications of mindfulness are discussed in areas such as conflict management, leadership and the prevention of stress. Mindfulness has to be trained. SENSORY AWARENESS is presented as a method of mindfulness-training. In an empirical study the effects on managers participating in Sensory Awareness seminars have been researched. Results show significant differences, in the sense of improvement, measured by questionnaires of a high validity and reliability. Results show that, after a seminar of Sensory Awareness, the manager (1) is more aware of his bodily signals, (2) feels physically better, (3) is more satisfied about his relationships with significant others (4) feels better functioning in his work-situation. (M. Tophoff)

The price is $30. Contact: Michael Tophoff, Kapelweg 74, 1906 Eb Limmen, Holland. Email: tophoff@wxs.nl
Dear friends of the Sensory Awareness Foundation,

I have been struggling with this newsletter quite a bit. Charlotte is gone . . .

Her death did not come unexpectedly by any means but it did come as a shock. Even more so is her absence something I really cannot quite grasp yet. How could Charlotte not be there to answer our phone calls or greet us with her delightful smile? She has always been around – for 102 years!

Many important things should be said now, I’m sure, but this is most important to me: I feel tremendous gratitude toward Peter Gracey and Kate Baker, who took such wonderful care of Charlotte during her last years. Peter was with Charlotte for over six years and he gave her more than we could have ever hoped for. Thanks to Peter she could ease into being weak and letting go, after having lived with a strong sense of autonomy for so many years. Kate was with Charlotte for about two years and we could not have hoped for a more caring and sensitive person to be present for Charlotte’s needs. Now that Charlotte is gone I know the transition back to Canada and their “own lives” is not easy for Peter and Kate. My thoughts are with them a lot and I wish them lots of courage and joy for this passage.

Thanks go also to the many other people who have helped making Charlotte’s last days as comfortable as possible. Among them were: Lee Klinger Lesser, Sara Gordon, Kate Skinner, John Schick, Dr. Alan Steinbach.

Charlotte is gone but her legacy remains with us. Charlotte has tried all her life to guide us back to what she called our birthright: to discovering life within and around us with the freshness and delight of a child; the trust that our true nature will unfold beautifully, if we are willing to be still and hear, see, feel, smell, and taste the world as it is, not as we want it to be – and if we are willing to let something happen “as it wants to happen”.

In this time of loss I want to remember the value of community and the wisdom that comes from sharing our insights. It would be easy now to disburse and become “lone rangers” – losing a strong leader often causes a lot of turmoil in a community. I am sure we will have to go through some of these difficulties but I very much hope that we will remember time and again “what is under us”, and reconnect with the support of the earth, knowing that we share this ground.

Charlotte’s legacy lives on in her students. Among them are some 70 people who are representatives of the practice of Sensory Awareness, chosen by Charlotte. We are delighted to include in this newsletter a listing of leaders and workshops. It is very inspiring to see so many offerings. There are lots of opportunities to continue our inquiry into the nature of our being and how to be responsive to the demands of our shared existence.

Charlotte’s work also continues through the Sensory Awareness Foundation. It’s purpose is to promote, support and document the practice called Sensory Awareness. At this time of transition our work is more important than ever and we are faced with important issues, such as how to reach the public in ways that honor the depths of this practice. Sensory Awareness is not well known today but we believe that it can be of great benefit for individuals and society. We are committed to providing new and experienced students with the best information possible about this practice, its history, and its future. This “means business”, as Charlotte might say. There is a lot that needs our attention – and this work can only be done with the support of many people.

Please help us with your financial contribution. Your generous support is vital to the continued existence of the Sensory Awareness Foundation. Thank you very much!

I wish you much joy in this time of transition.
May our efforts be of benefit to all.

Sincerely,

Stefan Laeng-Gilliatt

SAF Newsletter

Editing & Design: Stefan Laeng-Gilliatt
Send your comments to: St. Laeng-Gilliatt, PO Box 701, Tesuque, NM 87574; e-mail: stelaeng@att.net
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955 Vernal Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941
www.sensoryawareness.org

SAF Publications

1) A TASTE OF SENSORY AWARENESS, By Charlotte Selver. An overview of the work, with an edited transcript of a session from the 1987 NY Open Center workshop. 38 pages.

3) SENSORY AWARENESS, THE REDISCOVERY OF EXPERIENCE, by Charles Brooks describes workshops of his wife and colleague, Charlotte Selver. 244 pages, with photos. * (Currently out of print. Please help us with your contribution to reprint this beautiful book)

5) ELSA GINDLER, Vol. 1. Memorial to the originator of the work we know as Sensory Awareness. Excerpts from Gindler’s letters, an article by her, and reports from her students; including Ch. Selver. 44 pages, photos (1978). *

6) ELSA GINDLER, Vol. 2. Memories from Gindler students and an article about Heinrich Jacoby, innovative educator and colleague of Gindler. 44 pages, photos. *

8) ELFRIEDE HENGSTENBERG. This issue embraces her own studies with Gindler and Jacoby, her work with children, and biographical notes. She was closely involved with Emmi Pikler’s discoveries. 46 pages, with photos.

9) HEINRICH JACOBY. The Work and influence of Gindler’s longtime collaborator, summaries of his books, interviews with his students, including his editor and colleague Sophie Ludwig. 46 pages with photos.
10) **EMMI PIKLER.** Dr. Emmi Pikler, Hungarian pediatrician, whose revolutionary practice and philosophy about earliest childhood upbringing has been very influential in Europe. Contains extensive selections from Dr. Pikler’s first book, *Peaceful Babies - Contented Mothers,* and a paper by Judith Falk, M.D., then director of the Emmi Pikler Methodological Institute for Residential Nurseries. 48 pages, with many photos of young children.

11) **CHARLOTTE SELVER, Vol. 1.** Sensory Awareness And Our Attitude Toward Life. Collected lectures and texts. Containing: Sensory Awareness And Our Attitude Toward Life; Sensory Awareness & Total Functioning; Report on Work In Sensory Awareness & Total Functioning; To See Without Eyes...; On Breathing; On Being in Touch With Oneself. Each tape is of an actual class in the Sensory Awareness Work, and is intended for people wishing to experiment along with the work as it unfolds during the class.

* available in German translation.

**Audio Tapes from Workshops with Charlotte Selver**

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| T6TR  | EXPLORING THE STRUCTURE OF THE HEAD.  
      Leaders Study Group 1990, class 7-3-90 p.m. |
| T7TR  | BECOMING READY - BEING TUNED IN.  
      Leaders Study Group 1990, class 7-19-90 |
| T8TR  | FINDING MOVEMENT THAT IS TRUE.  
      Green Gulch Study Group 1993, class 4-1-93 |
| T9TR  | LEARNING TO RECEIVE.  
      Monhegan Island, 7-30-92. |
| T10TR | LEARNING THROUGH SENSING.  
      Green Gulch, 11-14-97. |
| T11TR | FREEING THE EYES - BEING OPEN FOR SEEING.  
      Green Gulch Study Group 1993, class 3-31-93 |
| T12TR | WAKING UP - BECOMING RESPONS-ABLE.  
      Green Gulch Study Group 1988, class 5-2-88 |
| T13TR | PERMITTING INNER ACTIVITIES.  
      Monhegan Island, 7-31-80. |
| T14TR | BREATHING AND FULL REACTIVITY.  
      Monhegan Island, 7-28-92 |

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<tr>
<td>G1TR</td>
<td>VOM NACKEN ZUM GANZEN MENSCHEN,St. Ulrich, 10.4.01</td>
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