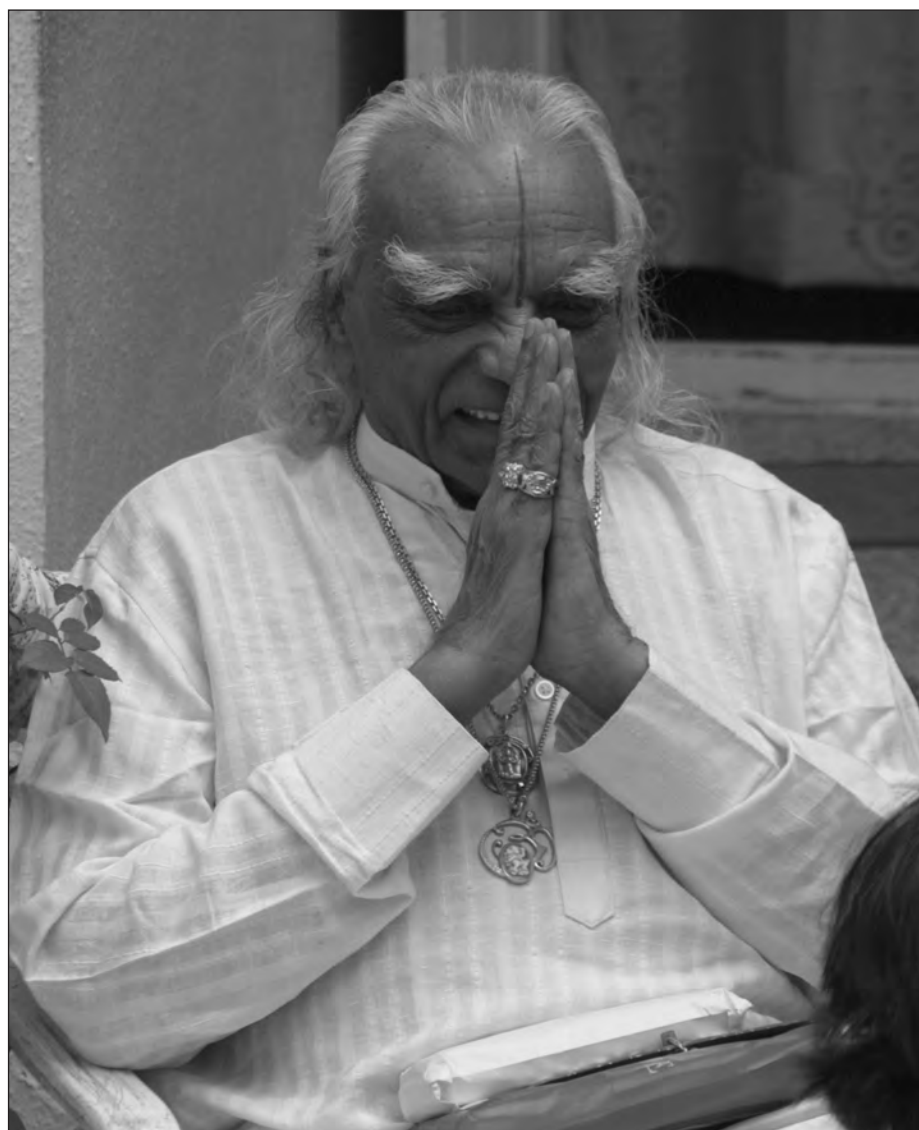




IYENGAR YOGA
CENTRE of VICTORIA

N E W S L E T T E R
J A N U A R Y / F E B R U A R Y 2 0 0 9



B.K.S. Iyengar at 90th Birthday Celebration in Pune, India

IYENGAR YOGA
CENTRE
OF VICTORIA

**ANNUAL
GENERAL
MEETING**

Saturday,
February 21, 2009

All members welcome!

When: February 21, 2009, 11:00 am - 2:00 pm

Where: Iyengar Yoga Centre of Victoria
202-919 Fort Street, Victoria BC

Program: 11:00 am - 12:30 pm, Asana practice with all members and teachers

12:30 pm - 1:00 pm, tea and refreshments

1:00 - 2:00 pm, combined AGM
and Teachers' Meeting.

Business includes election of board members,
special resolutions, and annual reports.

The past fiscal year financial statement and special resolutions concerning changes to by-laws and Board governance structure for the Society will be available at the Front Desk ten days before the AGM.

If you wish to serve on the Board of Directors of IYCV or on a committee of the Board, please pick up an application/nomination form at the front desk. Address the completed form to "Attention: James Currie-Johnson" and submit to the front desk.

IYENGAR YOGA CENTRE OF VICTORIA
PRESENTS

*The Heart
of Yoga*

An Intermediate Workshop
with Shirley Daventry French

For levels 2, 3 and 4 students

Friday, January 16, 2009, 6:30 - 8:30 pm

Saturday, January 17, 2009, 11:00 am - 2:00 pm, 3:30 - 5:30 pm

Sunday, January 18, 2009, 12:00 noon - 3:00 pm

Shirley is a direct student of B.K.S. Iyengar. Since her first visit to Pune in 1979, she has returned regularly for further study.

The founder of the Iyengar Yoga Centre of Victoria, Shirley has been the driving force in making the Victoria Iyengar Yoga community one of the strongest and most viable in Canada. Students from across the country and around the world have studied with her. In this special weekend, students have the opportunity to learn from her in a workshop setting.

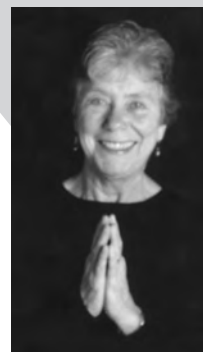
Fees: \$190 + GST members
\$210 + GST non-members

Registration opens:
October 20, 2008 for IYCV members,
October 27, 2008 for non-members.

To register, drop in to or phone Iyengar Yoga Centre of Victoria
202-919 Fort Street, Victoria, B.C. V8V 3K3
250 386-YOGA (9642)
www.iyengaryogacentre.ca

Refunds will be offered only if your space can be filled and are subject to a \$50.00 cancellation fee.

January 16-18, 2009





IYENGAR YOGA
CENTRE OF VICTORIA

contents

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|--|
| 4 | Reflections
<i>by Shirley Daventry French</i> | 15 | Return to Pune
<i>by Yvonne Kip</i> |
| 8 | BKS Iyengar:
A Luminous Life
<i>by Jane Munro</i> | 19 | The Teaching Dilemma
<i>by Angela Tam</i> |
| 10 | Master your hands
and your feet, your
words and your thoughts
<i>by Jane Munro</i> | 20 | Wandering Yoginī Finds
a Home
<i>by Janine Bandcroft</i> |
| 12 | Birjoo Mehta Replies
<i>with Sharon Klaff</i> | 21 | In Our Mailbox |
| | | 24 | 2009 Calendar |

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE JAN. 31, 2009

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IYENGAR YOGA CENTRE OF VICTORIA

SOCIETY is a non-profit society incorporated under the Society Act of the Province of B.C., whose purpose is "to encourage the physical, mental, and spiritual growth of its members and other interested persons of the society at large by the study and discipline of Yoga." The Society owes its inspiration to Mr. B.K.S. Iyengar.

The Newsletter, published regularly by the IYENGAR YOGA CENTRE OF VICTORIA SOCIETY, provides current information on events concerning Iyengar yoga in the Victoria area.

Send contributions, articles, photographs, drawings, information or suggestions to the Iyengar Yoga Centre of Victoria Newsletter: 202-919 Fort Street, Victoria BC V8V 3K3. For information on activities and events, call (250) 386-YOGA (9642) or visit our website: www.iyengaryogacentre.ca.

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The editor/newsletter committee hold the right to publish or edit all articles at their discretion.

Newsletter Advertising Policy

(Adopted February 20, 2004)

In keeping with the mandate of the Iyengar Yoga Centre of Victoria Society Directors, 2004, to update, review and document policies and procedures, the newsletter committee submitted a policy which is a revision of the 1996 policy and has been adopted by the Board of Directors as follows:

1. Advertisements must not conflict with the aims of the newsletter of the IYCV.
2. Advertisements must be only for Iyengar Yoga
3. Priority will be given to advertisements regarding: IYCV events, IYCV sponsored events, IYAC events.

REGISTRATION:

Drop in: 202-919 Fort Street,
Victoria, B.C. V8V 3K3

Phone: (250) 386-YOGA (9642)

Website: For full information on classes and workshops, please visit our website at www.iyengaryogacentre.ca.



It was the day after Christmas. My house was full of family including three teenaged grandchildren who generally arose around noon. Midmorning I went down to the yoga room to practise expecting to be alone, only to find my seventeen year old granddaughter down there, seated on the floor and stretching. Despite what was unseasonably cold weather for Victoria, she was dressed in shorts and a t-shirt. She had just finished a run. When they are visiting she and her mother, my daughter, often run from our house through the woods, on a path around Witty's Lagoon to the beach and back (a trail of five to six kilometers). In winter this path is generally muddy but this year we had snow so it was also icy and slippery. Undeterred, she had ventured out. She is a good athlete involved in several sports who wanted to maintain her high level of fitness despite the indulgences of the season.

As I put out my mat and began my practice, she mentioned that she was experiencing pain in her lower back and asked what might help. I showed her several postures and suggested hanging for a few minutes in one of our pelvic swings. Because I was experiencing pain myself in my neck and shoulders, after helping her I decided to join her, and we ended up hang-

ing upside down face to face. Laughing, she told me that she didn't think many people of my age were capable of doing such things, and certainly none of her friends had grandmothers who passed their time this way.

The two pelvic swings in our yoga room, made of braided nylon rope and hanging freely from one of the ceiling beams, were installed by my husband Derek on our return from our first visit to Pune in 1979. Along with a couple of sets of wall ropes, their installation was a priority. During our time at the Ramamani Iyengar Yoga Institute, we had been introduced to *yoga kurunta* or *asana* practice with the aid and support of ropes, and were impressed with its effectiveness. Our ropes have proved to be an excellent investment from which we continue to derive much benefit. It is a rare practice where I do not make some use of them.

When she had come down from the pelvic swing, my granddaughter, Adriana, told me that she would probably take up yoga seriously when she was around forty. She has shown an interest already and participated in several classes, one workshop and a retreat, proving herself a good student who is able to take instruction and maintain concentration; but more active sports such as skiing and field hockey along with many other outdoor activities have more appeal at present.

I told her I felt sure she would take up yoga one day; that I did not begin until I was in my late thirties. At that time I was involved in many outdoor activities such as skiing and running, as well as teaching swimming and an exercise class at the Y. I was not drawn to yoga in search of fitness

The yoga classes were challenging, not so much physically but because they required me to slow down. I discovered I rather enjoyed this process and added a second class and then a third, until finally I began to practise at home.

but rather from curiosity because of the number of places I was coming across its name: in books and newspapers, in some courses I took with a psychologist who was a former United Church minister, and from some women with whom I played bridge. Taking a shower at the Y one day after swimming I met a woman called Carole Miller¹, who was attending one of the newly arrived yoga classes. They were taught by an English woman who had lived in India. Carole became a lifelong friend and yoga, most unexpectedly, became a lifelong path.

The yoga classes were challenging, not so much physically but because they required me to slow down. I discovered I rather enjoyed this process and added a second class and then a third, until finally I began to practise at home.

Forty years ago there was a surge of interest in eastern philosophies and a growing awareness that the West could learn something from the East. The West was prosperous but there was a prevailing feeling of emptiness. As the Peggy Lee song puts it: *Is that all there is?* Classes were available in Tai Chi, Aikido and Yoga among others. Yoga and meditation retreats were everywhere, and if you paid your money you could obtain a mantra and receive brief (very brief) instruction on how to meditate from the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Transcendental Meditation centre. Encounter groups and Sensitivity Training were popping up all over the place. "Dropping out" was popular as was "tuning in". Much of what I experienced was interesting, but disturbing in the random and superficial way it was presented, out of context with any underlying philosophy or ongoing guidance.

To give credit to my first teacher, she did endeavour to integrate the philosophy and practical side as much as was permitted at the Y and her interpretation of her Roman Catholic faith allowed. It disturbed

The supposed conflict between Christianity and yoga was a concern of many during this period.

me to hear her saying that whereas *they* (the yogis) believed that God was within each of us, we (presumably Christians) could not accept this. Not knowing what I believed, I did not want to be limited in this way. However, she did recommend reading *Light on Yoga*, and it was she who invited Swami Radha to Victoria and encouraged me to go to Yasodhara Ashram to study with Swami Venketesananda. Sadly, by the time she retired she no longer approved of our attraction to the teaching of Swami Radha and B.K.S. Iyengar and expressed disappointment.

The supposed conflict between Christianity and yoga was a concern of many during this period. At the Y they became uneasy when a few of us did some chanting in our classes. Complaints were received from members that we were introducing Hinduism into a Christian organisation. Others objected on the grounds that yoga was pagan. I attended a meeting with the Director and some Board members of the "Y" where we were asked to stop chanting other than three Om's at the start of class. It is also not widely known that in the United Kingdom, when the Inner London Education Authority decided to establish a program of Iyengar Yoga throughout London, teachers were asked to present only the physical aspects without the philosophy because of fear of the encroachment of Hinduism.

All these fears are unfounded. One of the beauties of yoga is that it is unlimited, not bound by religious dogma or cultural limits but encompassing all of life and attainable by every single human being. In the early days, as I began to sense this, I did some reading of my own. One book which bridged the gap between yoga and Christianity for me was *The Sermon on the Mount* according to Vedanta by Swami Prabha-

¹ Professor Carole Miller, a student of yoga since 1970, teaches a credit course in Yoga at the University of Victoria

What a coincidence, I thought, thinking this could be an interesting conversation; until he mentioned he was a Methodist clergyman who taught in a Methodist college outside of Vancouver. Immediately I put him in a box which said 'narrow minded, fundamentalist, not open to the teachings of yoga'.

vananda. A leading exponent of *Vedanta*², he pays equal respect to the teachings of Christ.

I also had a very interesting experience which not only reinforced that bridge but opened up my mind. One winter, on a trip to study at Yasodhara Ashram, my flight from Vancouver to Castlegar was diverted to Penticton because of bad weather and the airline provided a bus to take us through the mountains to our destination. When I got my boarding pass I was warned that this was an airport closely surrounded by mountains which made landing difficult at the best of times and very often impossible. On this nighttime bus journey of several hours duration, I was sitting next to a man who enquired what was taking me to the Kootenays (as this part of British Columbia is known). I told him I was going to an ashram to study yoga, thinking he would have no idea what an ashram was and probably lose interest. On the contrary, he told me he had lived and studied in India. What a coincidence, I thought, thinking this could be an interesting conversation; until he mentioned he was a Methodist clergyman who taught in a Methodist college outside of Vancouver. Immediately I put him in a box which said 'narrow minded, fundamentalist, not open to the teachings of yoga'. When I had attended church in my youth, it was high Church of England, with glorious choral music, lively open-minded clergymen and a learned, liberal Vicar who welcomed debate. This church

was full of life and joy. Methodists, to my mind, were not at all like this, their churches austere, the services joyless.

Fortunately I did not turn away from this particular Methodist but listened long enough to learn that he not only respected the teachings of yoga but clearly knew more about them than I did. His mind was not at all closed, and the dialogue which took place between us on that bus opened *my* mind. I came to welcome the diversion which had been forced on me; and this was not the end of it. I must have given him my address, because after I returned home I received a book from him called *Turning East*³ with the subtitle: "Why Americans look to the Orient for spirituality and what that search can mean to the West".

Published in 1977 it addressed the contemporary fascination with Eastern philosophy and religion. Its author, Harvey Cox, is a Christian theologian and professor at the Harvard Divinity School. His travels in Asia encompassed the experience of a variety of eastern traditions including Hinduism, Tibetan Buddhism, Zen, and Sufism. One chapter is called "Buddhism and Benedictines" which was interesting to me because I had once attended a yoga retreat at a Benedictine Monastery with Swami Venketesananda where we studied and practised yoga and joined in some of the monks' devotional practices including Gregorian chanting. I found no conflict in that Christian place, nor with the views expressed by my bus companion. A devoted Christian, like the author of the book he sent me, his studies and experience in the East brought him closer to his own faith of Christianity. It has been some time since I read this book, but my reflection today has convinced me it's time to read it again.

Today, thumbing through *Turning East*, I came across a chapter called "Towards a Spirituality of the Secular" which begins with the sentence: "We need an authentic form of spirituality. We must find it, I

² *Vedanta* is a leading system of Indian philosophy based on sacred texts such as the Upanishads.

³ *Turning East* by Harvey Cox is a Touchstone Book published in the United States by Simon and Schuster.

believe, in our own tradition, not somewhere else.” These sentiments echo those of B.K.S. Iyengar, who does not encourage us to become Hindus—in fact, Hindus do not believe in conversion—but to search within our own tradition. And concerning my first yoga teacher’s discomfort with the idea that God lies within us, in the *Bible* Jesus Christ himself makes the statement that the “kingdom of God is within you.”⁴

Yoga is a complete package whose successful practice involves body, mind and speech. It is a part of each breath you take. It encompasses every thought you have ever had, every word you have uttered, every action in every moment of your life. To achieve any proficiency, from birth to death it must be our constant companion. Divided into compartments, separated from its underlying philosophy, it is not a bad thing and may benefit your health, but will not be yoga.

When I started yoga forty years ago it was riding a wave of popularity as it is today, but tended to be *tamasic*, with many of its adherents avoiding physical discipline while espousing its philosophy of non-violence and acceptance. Ignored was the warrior side which must be developed to acquire the ruthless determination necessary to make any significant changes. Consequently, when yoga no longer provided easy answers to the fundamental issues and crises of life, it was abandoned.

Yoga is popular again today, and this time is very narcissistic. Classes abound, many of them taught by barely trained teachers. Teacher training courses are all the rage with few prerequisites and often led by teachers with only a few years yoga experience themselves. Few follow any tradition or master, other than to give lip service to some of the great names in yoga. Its focus is predominantly on the physical and external: youth, health, beauty, appearance, designer clothing. Fitness centres all offer yoga classes and it’s not difficult to find anyone to teach them because fitness instructors can be certified to teach yoga in a weekend.

Yoga is a complete package whose successful practice involves body, mind and speech.

If I were riding on a bus today on my way to an ashram and someone asked me where I was going, I would probably not tell them. Lately, when I have told someone that I teach yoga, the response has been along the lines of “you must be very fit” or “you must be very flexible”. They are not interested to know that yoga is a spiritual quest for meaning and purpose in life. Often they look askance at a woman of my age calling herself a yoga teacher; so I do not bother, except when I detect a genuine interest. As Swami Vivekananda, one of the great adherents of Vedanta, puts it: “If one proposes to teach any science to increase the power of sense-enjoyment, one finds multitudes ready for it. If one undertakes to show the supreme goal, one finds few to listen to him. Very few have the power to grasp the higher, fewer still the patience to attain to it.”

When my granddaughter approaches her forties, I wonder what sort of climate of yoga will exist in our land. For those of us fortunate to have a master teacher to guide us, we have a duty to pass on what we have been given in as faithful and unadulterated a way as possible so that students of the future can make use of these teachings to pursue their own quest.

No matter how learned and accomplished we have become in some areas of our lives, the majority of us practising yoga are spiritual children—even spiritual babies! Yoga is a process of growing up and taking full responsibility for every aspect, every action of our lives: a necessary step on the path of liberation. Echoing the words of Jesus, Vivekananda puts it so well: “A man may be the greatest philosopher in the world but a child in religion. When a man has developed a high state of spirituality he can understand that the kingdom of heaven is within him.”ॐ

⁴ St. Luke, 17:21.

BKS Iyengar: A Luminous Life

By Jane Munro

On Sunday, December 14, 2008, Victoria was in the grip of bitter winter weather. Streets and sidewalks were snow-covered and frozen.

The police advised people to stay home. But, it was Guruji's 90th birthday and the Iyengar Yoga Centre of Victoria had been planning a celebration for months.

A group of teachers and students had created a performance piece – *BKS Iyengar: A Luminous Life*. Kelly Murphy, their Director in this theatrical project, had been driving to Victoria, over the mountainous Malahat Highway, at more and more frequent intervals to guide the performers and stage crew through rehearsals. Everyone was keen and many preparations had been made. So, despite the hazardous weather conditions, the show went on.

Volunteers had decorated the yoga centre all the way from the outside courtyard to the upstairs foyer with strings of lights. They'd arranged extra coat racks and wet-boot papers. The stage crew had wired Arbutus studio, putting in spot-lights, microphones, and a projector, as well as curtaining off alcoves to serve as back-stage areas. More volunteers had set up seating, complete with blankets, and others had prepared

It was an elegantly simple, eloquent sequence of tableaux. Each tiny scene showed one stage and aspect of B.K.S. Iyengar's life.



Meridian performing

food. There was even a team ready to wash dishes. Geri Lynn Prior, a long time member of the centre, generously stood in for students Deb Page and Traci Hooper who had come to rehearsals regularly, but had to practice *tapas* on the day of the performance due to the snow and ice.

A remarkably large group of guests arrived. At 2:00 pm, we entered the darkened studio and chose a seat. When all were settled, Greg Sly played a trumpet fanfare to herald the actors and launch their performance. It was an elegantly simple, eloquent sequence of tableaux. Each tiny scene showed one stage and aspect of B.K.S. Iyengar's life.

A black and white photo of a crowded infirmary was projected on a screen behind the performance area. The narrator told us Guruji had been born during the 1918 influenza epidemic to a mother who was ill with the virus. Amazingly, baby and mother recovered



Ann Kilbertus, Kelly Murphy and Chris Lea

and survived. Next came scenes from his childhood – afflicted with illnesses – and school days, difficult due to health problems and absences. We watched his first meeting with his guru. Through marriage and family life and dedication to teaching, the scenes continued. We laughed or fell silent as the actors depicted vignettes; they were sometimes hilarious and sometimes poignant, but always acted with aplomb.



Group leading kirtan

Behind the tableaux, on a raised platform, Lauren Cox performed a sequence of *asanas*, including *Hanumanasana* in honour of the deity who graces the top of the Ramamani Iyengar Yoga Institute in Pune. These *asanas* continued like a heart beat, in time with whatever else was happening on stage, reminding us of Gururji's unfailing practice, decade after decade, carrying him through joys and sorrows.

As each scene ended, two black-dressed figures carried in a cluster of candles and set them down on the floor in front of the actors. Tableau by tableau, the light increased. By the end of the performance the area was lit by a circle of one hundred and eight candles, (one grouping of twelve candles for each decade of Gururji's life).

Following the performance piece, Shirley Daventry French led us in the "Invocation to Patanjali," then spoke movingly and with considerable humour about her own experiences with B.K.S. Iyengar. Through her reflections she portrayed Gururji's spirit, making him recognizable even to those of us who have not met him. A few other people added their own short but telling anecdotes, provoking more laughter. It was a rich story-telling session. This spoken part of the program concluded with a reading of the poem, "Master your hands

and your feet, your words and your thoughts," by Jane Munro.

During intermission everyone juggled plates of goodies and cups of hot beverages as we milled about and chatted. The birthday cake was a delicious carrot cake, made by Sue Riddell. There were photos of B.K.S. Iyengar up on the walls.

When we returned to our seats for the musical part of the program, the group *Meridian* was set up with a harp and two guitars. Christine O'Donnell, Jack De Boeck and Jillian Valpy entertained us with their songs. Then, Ty Chandler, Tia Benn, Julia Sevvitt and Chris Simmons lead us in Kirtan. We began by chanting (toning) *OM* and went on to chant "Gayatri Mantra," "Asato Maa," and "Om Namah Shivaya."

On leaving, we each took a candle. One is now shining on my desk, a symbol of the light flowing through B.K.S. Iyengar into lives half the world away, here on wintery Vancouver Island. ॐ

Scenes from BKS Iyengar:
A Luminous Life Performance

Master your hands and your feet, your words and your thoughts

By Jane Munro



Jane Munro reading poem

This poem won the 2007 Banff Centre Bliss Carman Poetry Award, and was first published in *Prairie Fire*, Volume 29, No. 2, pp. 62-65. Jane Munro's fourth collection of poetry, *Point No Point*, was published in 2006 by McClelland & Stewart. Her previous books are *Grief Notes & Animal Dreams*, *The Trees Just Moved into a Season of Other Shapes*, and *Daughters*, a finalist for the Pat Lowther Award. She's a long-term member of the IYCV.



Mountain pose

You feel it's just standstill.
Stopped, what are you doing?
Inhale.
Breath earth-worming.
Feet rooting.
Outside, a tussle of dogs barking.
Blackberries bloom on the bank.
Exhale.
The sacrum drops, floating ribs rise.
Space drifts into the spine,
entering your reservations.
Flesh at the edge of mind's light-well
tingles, bells as it hollows.
Chest with drawers ajar.
Stuff caught, hanging out.
Gnatlight glazing evening leaves.
The southlands in tears.
You have crossed a great body of water
and pause on its further shore,
looking backwards and forwards.
Waves. A racket of pebbles as the beach drains.

Standing backbend

Sweep the arms up
in a wheel of wings.
Remember rain's trails to the underworld?
Penumbra of purple under your heels.
Unbutton your heavy overcoat.
Mind climbs the narrow staircase of the spine
and opens a door on the landing.
Autumn has flushed the plump apples overhead.
Wind soft as a fox's tail
brushes your skin. You rise
like warmth from a fire
and curl over the orchard,
look back, look down.

Standing forward bend

Eyes follow the procession
of your hands as you exhale and swing them
down to the ground: a narrow road from summit-top
to salt stones, the way a parrot flew
one morning. A fresh wind.
Now exhale.
Let mud-ball head swing free,
fold belly over a clothesline,
and ignore the prison wall scratched
up the backs of your legs.
Planting rice without a hat.
Breath blows its long horns through your bones
into the whorls of fingerprints.
This is a small offering
in harmony with the time.
The heart at rest is a moonstone.

Lunge

When the hero came to the inn
under drooping willows,
he dug between their roots and found the spring.
In the light of the setting sun,
he could see the golden mountain.
Jasmine hung so thickly above the kitchen door
he had to stoop, going in to the fire.
It guttered and flared, striking the hard table.
A man and a child looked up, wondering why he'd come.
He recalled the window seat
and his absorption, moving lines of pawns
through slanted beams of light.
Later, he'd herded cows.
The king had used him
to snare the followers who'd pleaded for their lives.
Thunder dogged his heels after he escaped the city.
For himself, he did not mind if death came early or late.
Unlacing his boots, he set them on the hearth.

Plank pose

Earth-smoke as evening
banks the sun, closing its vault.
Tall foam-tuft fumitory, small bleeding heart.
In the darkening, Joseph on a donkey
holds the little he knows and heads for Egypt.
Finding your arms. Finding
the discipline of flatness.

Afloat while legions of minutes—
time's corpuscles in the preponderant void—
run through visiting hours, Chinese water torture,
and collect in the ladle of a single gesture.
Shocked by night's crowded ocean of gods,
you find in yourself the practice of a log
riding out waves of darkness.

Downstairs, in front of the fire,
a child is clearing the table.
Spikes of delphiniums hit by a storm
hover close to the ground.

Dip, eight parts pose

Exhaling,
dip your chin and chest
to the floor.
Eight points touch ground:
feet, knees, hands, chest, chin.

Revolution.
A ganglion of lightning
igniting the lake with white wings. Don't die
though death knocks hard
on the creaking door
this hour. Our delusions won't breed
more goods, gold, food.
Yogis say the eight-fold way
will summon blessings. A magician
is a calendar-maker.
Crushed and crumpled pages,
the course of sweet Bohemias antiquated,
even shoe leather in disgrace—
bow like a tiger and drink
lake water tingling with fire.



Birjoo Mehta Replies

by Sharon Klaff

Birjoo Mehta will be coming to Victoria on April 10, 11, 12, & 13, 2009. This interview was conducted before he visited the UK in 2007 for their annual convention. It has been edited slightly for this Canadian reprinting. Birjoo Mehta has been to Canada twice before, accompanying B.K.S. Iyengar in Victoria in 1984 and again in Edmonton in 1990.

When did you first start practising yoga?

Since 1952, Guruji used to travel from Pune to Mumbai every weekend to conduct classes in Mumbai. My father, Hasmukh Mehta joined these classes in 1970. In 1975, my father inducted my sister Neeta and I into the Sunday class, and since then I have been studying yoga with Guruji. At that time, I was in the final year of my school. After school, I joined the Indian Institute of Technology, Bombay and graduated with a Bachelor in Technology degree in Electrical Engineering. The campus is only about 40 kms from my home, and I would return home every weekend and I could continue with the yoga classes.

What brought you specifically to Iyengar Yoga?

As explained, it was my father who introduced me to Guruji and I started to learn yoga directly under Guruji. At that time I had no idea that there were different schools and methods, or that this method was radically different from other prevailing methods. To me, yoga was what Guruji taught. At that time,



Birjoo Mehta

it was not called Iyengar Yoga. I first heard this term only in 1984 in the U.S. I did not read any books on yoga except *Light on Yoga* or subscribe to any journals. I recall that there were some other yoga books at home, but I do not recall reading them with any seriousness. In a sense, I was completely innocent and thought that everyone who taught yoga would be teaching in a method similar to the one adopted by Guruji. Just as there are no fundamentally different methods in teaching of any academic subject such as Physics or Math, I imagined that all schools of yoga had a similar approach.

Once you started what attracted you to remain a serious yoga student?

During the early days, doing yoga was very painful. I was very stiff and after class would suffer from all kinds of aches and pains. However, after 6 months or so, Guruji and yoga became an integral

part of my life and my character started to be shaped by both. I am extremely lucky to study yoga under Guruji, and I identified Guruji with yoga and yoga with Guruji. His fiery zeal for the subject and the magnetism of his personality certainly played a role in keeping me on the path of yoga. However, I do not recall having to consciously take a decision to continue yoga. I had started on something and continued. I never felt the need to assess whether I should continue or not. Continuing was natural.

What attracted you to teaching?

After graduating in Engineering, I took up a job in Mumbai. I continued to attend the Sunday yoga class as usual. Once during class, in 1983, Guruji asked me what I did during Saturdays and as at that time I worked five days a week, I said “nothing much”. He said that in that case, I should join my sister Neeta and assist him in the Saturday class. At that time, Guruji took a few therapy cases along with the general classes in Mumbai and I was assigned to two or three therapy patients and asked to work with them strictly as instructed by him. In 1984, in the U.S., they were planning the First International Iyengar Yoga Convention in San Francisco and the organizers had invited several senior Indian teachers to teach at the convention. One Sunday morning, just as the class had begun, Guruji told me that I would be accompanying him to San Francisco to assist him. I was completely taken by surprise as I was not a teacher. I learnt later that Jawahar Bangera and I were asked to accompany Guruji and assist him in any and every manner during the hectic two month tour to US, Canada and UK. While in the U.S., I was informed by Guruji that I would have to teach a class at the newly opened

I am extremely lucky to study yoga under Guruji, and I identified Guruji with yoga and yoga with Guruji.

Iyengar Yoga Institute in Maida Vale. I was aghast, as I had never taught a class anywhere, not even a small group of children, let alone teaching a class in the UK which had a reputation of having one of the largest groups of yoga teachers. Guruji reassured me by saying that he would be around so I did not need to worry. From that day until the day I was to teach, I worked and refined the sequence I planned to take by actually practicing on the sequence every day. I mentally noted down exactly what I felt during and after each asana and if I did not find myself comfortable, then I knew that the students too, would not be comfortable and then I would refine the sequence. I mentally noted what I did that improved my experience in the pose and that became my sequence and instructions. In the U.S. and Canada, Guruji gave a lot of instructions to the teachers on how to teach and I used all those that I had absorbed. Ten to fifteen minutes into the class, Guruji came in and jokingly remarked that he thought he was hearing himself speak. I did not teach again until 1987, when again, Jawahar and I accompanied Guruji to the convention in Boston. There I was asked to take three classes. It was only in 1988, that I started taking regular classes in Mumbai, once a week. This was due to my sister Neeta migrating to the U.S. and the trust needed someone to fill her place.

Can you briefly talk about the key differences between Iyengar Yoga and other forms of yoga practice?

I think Prashantji has very fluently articulated the key features of Iyengar Yoga. The aspect of precision, alignment, sequence, timings and the use of props are characteristic of Iyengar Yoga. But we need to understand that these are not important in themselves. They are important because only such a practice leads to stability in the body (*Sthirata*) and this in turn leads to steadiness in the breath, clarity of the mind and

An Intermediate Yoga Intensive with **Birjoo Mehta** from Mumbai



April 10-13, 2009

Open to level 2 and above

10:00 am – 1:00 pm & 3:30 pm – 5:30 pm every day

Senior practitioner Birjoo Mehta started studying yoga at the age of 17 under Guruji in Mumbai and has continued to study with him since. His parents, too, studied with Guruji and his father continues to study with him. He has been fortunate to travel with Guruji on a few of his travels in India and internationally. He traveled with Guruji abroad in 1984, 1987, 1990, and 1993 to Europe and North America and in 1992 to the Far East and Australia.

Birjoo teaches at the Mumbai Iyengar Yoga Centre.

He brings depth and precision to his workshops and has the ability to integrate the philosophical underpinnings of yoga with the practice of asana and pranayama.

Registration opens

for members: January 20, 2009

for non members: January 27, 2009

Fees: members \$440.00 + GST

non-members \$485.00 + GST

benevolence in experience (*sukha*). It is this experience that transforms. We focus on bringing the experience of benevolence in our students.

The techniques of precision and alignment are important, since to be in a position to realize this we need to be attentive and aware. We can be attentive and aware only when we are internalized. We need to constantly evaluate, discriminate to achieve and maintain alignment and precision. This develops intelligence. Thus the focus on alignment and precision is actually an objective surrogate to achieve subjective intelligent internalization which is actually benevolence in experience.

In our practice we realize that it is not possible for us to be attentive or even aware of certain parts of the body. How do we bring attention and awareness there? We are lucky that although awareness may not be naturally there on a particular part in a particular pose, in another pose, the awareness is naturally created in that part. We use the impression (*samskaras*) of such naturally created awareness in a particular part in one pose, to carry forward the awareness to another pose where normally such awareness is not natural, through intelligent use of sequence and timing. With such measures, we are able to deepen our experience of benevolence.

Teaching very large classes at conventions must differ profoundly from routine studio teaching. Can you say a little about the different challenges of each?

Yes, it is certainly different. In the routine classes, you have the same set of students and you can build them up gradually. You can take time to ensure each student has understood what you want them to, before you proceed. You can teach new asanas, as each person can be individually observed and instructed.

In a convention, you have a short time in which to create an experience. At the same time, you have to leave behind



Birjoo reading

The aspect of precision, alignment, sequence, timings and the use of props are characteristic of Iyengar Yoga. But we need to understand that these are not important in themselves.

a methodology which the participants can effectively use to continue to practice what they have experienced. Therefore we need to work on simpler asanas which are practiced by most, so that the

principles are understood and the experience is felt.

You clearly travel extensively to bring Iyengar Yoga to all corners of the world. Do you enjoy this aspect of your teaching?

It is certainly not true that I travel extensively to bring Iyengar Yoga to all corners of the world. Firstly, I have a full time job as a telecommunications engineer and I normally teach just 5-7 hours a week in Mumbai. Normally, I take workshops only during my annual leave from work and generally it is not more than 1 or 2 per year. During this year and the next it might be a bit more. The workshops that I have conducted so far have always been organized by the national Iyengar Yoga Associations and not by any centre or individual, so it is more of coming home to a corner of the world where Iyengar Yoga is practiced and certainly not bringing Iyengar Yoga to all corners of the world. I certainly enjoy being with Iyengar Yoga fraternity. I feel blessed to be a part of a family so large that you can always feel at home in any corner of the world. ॐ

From Iyengar Yoga News, No. 12 Spring 2008, the journal of the Iyengar Yoga Association (UK). Printed with their permission.

ERRORS

The Newsletter Committee apologizes for two errors in the Aug-Sept-Oct newsletter:

1. The cover should have noted that the issue was to encompass three months: August – September – October.
2. Although the article *A Place of Belonging* was incorrectly attributed to being written by Barbara Young in the Table of Contents, it was correctly accredited to "Tracey Hooper" on the article itself.

Return to Pune, 2008

by Yvonne Kathleen Kipp

Be a tourist going to India

I learned the hard way when I filled out my visa for India. Do not put 'student', even if you are going to the Iyengar Institute. Security is tight at entrances and exits, time and again through document and body searches; and with the binding of luggage. Encountering the alert military presence—men with guns and officials who are not so obvious. There is so much to be ready for—shots and medicinals; places to stay and stop over and the preparations for the depth of yoga: mental attitude; opening and opening.

How will India welcome us this time?

Once inside the Indian border there is an interest in and friendliness towards foreigners. Indians are confident in their nationalism and are excited by the new prosperity in their midst. They are masters of the Internet and technology. Tata, automobile giant, recently bought the original British motor giants Jaguar and Land Rover from Ford, and now the youth all want their own wheels. Markets for goods from the West are exploding here as more of the population have increased their earning power. While we Westerners battle with our polluted environments, the East wants all that we have enjoyed—luxury, convenience, style and materialism. The textile industry has become more mechanised causing the village cottage industries to fall away. Food is now a commodity grown for money, not to feed people. With a population rising to a billion people, India will have a hand in directing the future of this planet.

India works

The trains run on time and the railways made a profit this year, after they lowered their fares. The wealth in town is increasingly obvious. Youth want jeans, music, Internet cafes and cappuccinos. They don't want to be told who to marry, and the lucky ones leave to study and work in the West. Our Bank Manager friend fully expects to live with her son and his wife. But she is still caught in old ways, buried under ancient dust

In the old days garbage was gone over a thousand times touched by searching hands.



Way to Samahdi



Toys for sale

and crumbling decay that is the falling away of the old India. The new India is waiting in the wings. There are the few with big money waiting for opportunities to develop and reduce this nation to a replica of the affluent West of the last century. The reality in this century is that each country will have to fend for itself in the market place. The interdependent tentative alliances are ever shifting and changing in an increasingly dangerous world. The winds of change cut like glass in the streets of India. Growth is everywhere. More children are attending to school with more hygienic food services.

There is not much trouble on the streets of Pune

Some of the more rugged street life of a decade ago has been moved to less obvious areas and the only beggars seen this time are young girls carrying snot-nosed, broken babies. We watched

Food is now a commodity grown for money, not to feed people.

a young woman run in the traffic that was deep and wide. She was begging with a faded rose in one hand while her other hand reached into our rickshaw to slide into an opening anywhere.

Streets are piled high with rubble

The infrastructure needs upgrading to meet the increasing demands on the cities. Families are strong units, going out happily together onto the streets on a Saturday night for some fun. Not for beer and pizza but mango *lassis* and crepe thin *dhosas*. People are out and about, if not employed at least looking like they are on a mission. Even at the movies there is Bollywood morning, noon and night. At E-Square—the temple to modern film and culture—we had to wait a week for a ticket to the blockbuster *Todhaa Akhbar*, a four hour drama that Shakespeare would have loved. The movie, all in Hindi, entertained us as we sat enthralled with our coffees in hand.

Fabulous food and treasures around every corner

Goods bursting for sale in tiny narrow alley shops; caves of commerce on Lakshmi Road. Ghandi Kadi, fabric sold in the old way. There are markets for everything and people everywhere. People all going about their business. The city never sleeps. The middle class are rising with the economic boom there, and they have a vast reserve of cheap labour. The gold reserves of this huge country are not even known. Everyone who can, buys gold and this was long before gold reached one thousand dollars U.S. an ounce.

The Indian people smile easily

They become enraged even faster and are nationalistic. The older generation loves spirituality and still has an unspoken reverence for caste, designating each his or her own level. Rebelling against this old structure however, are the youth who are in touch with new world values on the net.

The Teachers came to Pune

Iyengar and Osho, oases to the world. Seekers and jaded westerners travel to India to rediscover the old wisdom, and many institutes, schools and universities are flourishing here. Libraries are full, and students walk every corner of the dusty,

We had to wait a week for a ticket to the blockbuster Todhaa Akhbar, a four hour drama that Shakespeare would have loved.



Pune Street Market



Life in Pune

beaten-down campus of Fergusson College. The new generation is aligning with global consciousness and demands changes. In the old days garbage was gone over a thousand times touched by searching hands. What to do now with the indestructible plastic in all forms? It is a curse to the earth. No pig will touch it. No rooster, or goat. The cattle no longer roam freely in the streets. They are too valuable.

The spirit of Gandhi is very much alive

His name is still a call to awareness. The Palace of the Aga Khan outside Pune is a sanctuary to his name and a museum of his life.

BBC World kept us current

And Geeta Iyengar showed the way to truth and peace the sustainable way, the way of practice and renunciation. Hare Krishna Mandir Road, a ribbon of soft air and relative quiet in a town in which the only volume known is loud from early morning, until late late. Our beloved Guruji, in his ninetieth year, still slapping backs to create space and awareness. A miracle of touch. The ancient teachings are thriving and making a difference around the world.

Two foreigners breakfast

In a hotel room with marble floors and cotton mattresses. Nature is always right there waiting to break into the circle. The dark side, the devouring side of nature. Armies of cockroaches, rodents and scavenging birds. Dogs are so tamed they fade into the cement and react to a kind word or look.

Traffic is terrible

And becoming worse. To cross a road is life threatening to the infirm, or elderly. The traffic has a life of its own—run, run, jump and fly to the other sidewalk. After a few close calls with buses, (not even attempting to slow down), the dance and rhythm of road crossing became clearer. Follow the chorus line of the locals; slow, careful and watchful, they never panicked.

On the way back home

We travelled through teeming Mumbai. It is not a town you can easily plunge into and walk around. Not just because of

*...Dubai is a modern miracle.
It is a city built on sand.*

language and cultural differences. This city is big and voracious; a giant mouth pulling more and more people to the flame of money. Country people come to earn government subsidies to feed their families. Twenty men do the work of one bulldozer building roads and digging sewers.

The journey there and back

A Journey across the globe is the true test of a pilgrim. Aeroplanes are such dangerous places on every level. Waiting another nineteen hours ... *en route*, Dubai is a modern miracle. It is a city built on sand. The airport alone housed all that is modern from crystal leopards, gold, gourmet cuisine. So many cultures and such style. It was challenging and intimidating on the move. One day in London with everything one dreams of and more. It is still the reliable and confident old world.

In the end what does it matter where in the world one is?

We bring ourselves, all warts and charms with us. So much was touched on. So much opened and laid bare. So much shared and spared and cried open. A journey of a lifetime with my old friend Sheri, two Winnipegers in the world; a journey to be savoured and remembered deep deep for the rest of my time. ॐ



On the Ground in Pune



Come to the Friday Night Gathering

February 27, 2009, 6:30 pm

We are pleased to announce that our guests for the evening will be visiting from The Salt Spring Centre.

Let's all join together for a musical evening of Kirtan (chanting).

Please bring a vegetarian dish to share at the Potluck Dinner to follow the Kirtan.

Admission: Minimum \$5.00 donation to go to The Salt Spring Centre and their Orphanage Project.

Take a Walk in the Footsteps of Patanjali



B.K. S. Iyengar Yoga Retreat
August 26 - 30, 2009
With Shirley Daventry French
and Leslie Hogya

See next issue for further information.



Annual General Meeting

May 20-24, 2009
Halifax, NS

See next issue for further details.



IYENGAR YOGA

Teacher Training Intensives

Fees for each course:

\$595.00 CDN + GST IYCV members
\$645.00 CDN + GST non-members

Registration now open.

To register, drop in to or phone
the Iyengar Yoga Centre of Victoria
202-919 Fort Street
Victoria, B.C. V8K 3K3
(250) 386-YOGA (9642)
www.iyengaryogacentre.ca

July 6 – 11, 2009

With Leslie Hogya, Ann Kilbertus

Introductory I & II Syllabi for uncertified Iyengar Yoga teachers

This six-day course will build your understanding of teaching Iyengar Yoga based on the foundation of a good practice. Peer teaching, *pranayama*, philosophy and anatomy will be included. Leslie and Ann are experienced teachers. Both have Senior Intermediate I certification and are qualified I.Y.A.C. assessors. They are involved in teacher training in Victoria as well as in outlying areas of British Columbia and in Yukon communities.

Preference will be given to members of I.Y.A.C. and those planning to do their assessment in the near future.

July 27 – 31, 2009

With Shirley Daventry French

Intermediate Junior and Senior syllabi for certified Iyengar Yoga teachers

This in-depth course offers the opportunity for certified Iyengar Yoga teachers to work with a master teacher and prepare for assessment at the Junior Intermediate I, II & III, and Senior Intermediate I levels.

Shirley is a direct student of B.K.S. Iyengar who awarded her a senior teaching credential. She is one of North America's most experienced teachers in the Iyengar tradition. Shirley has been training teachers in Victoria and throughout Canada for many years.

As in previous years, Iyengar Yoga teachers from other countries are also invited to apply. I.Y.A.C. members will get priority.

The teaching Dilemma

By Angela Tam

What is Yoga? Is it a discipline or a product?

The answer may seem obvious, but it's not.

Historically yoga was a discipline practised only by a few devoted aspirants determined to seek union with the divine. It was imperative that the practitioner respected the guru. Even when B.K.S. Iyengar brought his style of hatha yoga to the West, discipline was still very much at the core of the practice, just as it was for any form of learning in those days. He assumed a stern manner in order to maintain a distance between himself and his female students—in fact, so successful was he in making discipline an integral part of his teaching that some of his students were subsequently known to teach what was described by a long-time practitioner and husband of an Iyengar teacher no less, as “boot camp”.

But then hatha yoga underwent a subtle change: it was embraced by the fitness industry in the 1980s and found

itself attracting, not spiritual seekers, but a generation of fitness enthusiasts who, instead of ponderous issues like the Korean or Vietnam War, has grown up immersed in nothing more serious than the battle for market share between Nike and Reebok.

Today, the supremacy of the marketplace is such that even schools and universities have to organise their own “fashion parades”, whether they're education fairs designed to attract prospective students or carefully crafted proposals designed to attract research funding. This is an age in which parents and students take teachers to task for their own failures, as in, “I pay for this course; how dare you give me a bad grade?”

As a result of this, yoga is more often considered a product than a discipline, even though the latter term remains in common usage. So here's a dilemma: a yoga teacher can tell a student off for being late or failing to switch off her

mobile phone, but can a yoga ‘instructor’ do that to her ‘customer’?

Is it possible to maintain the integrity of one's teaching without being too rigid? Is there some kind of middle way that would allow a teacher to cope with this change?

Interestingly the fitness industry, always on the lookout for new ways to keep its clientele coming back for more, has hit on the idea of boot camps, so perhaps there is hope. Besides, even when the average polytechnic has to be indulgent and nice, the Harvards and Oxfords of academia can still afford to be strict by virtue of their vaunted reputation.

Alas, in markets where the practitioners are more likely to judge the quality of a studio by its décor than its teaching, this remains a challenge. ॐ

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PLEASE JOIN US for our SECOND ANNUAL

HIGH TEA FUNDRAISER



March 26, 2009
3:00 – 5:15 PM
Arbutus Studio

Feel free to wear your favorite hat!

Welcome to our second annual High Tea Fundraiser at the Iyengar Yoga Centre of Victoria. This is THE event where we raise funds to purchase new props for the centre. Enjoy a variety of delectable teas with scrumptious homemade sweets and savories.

The tea will be followed by a slide show presentation by Robin Cantor with images from her visits to Pune, India and the Ramamani Iyengar Memorial Yoga Institute.

Wandering Yoginī Finds a Home

By Janine Bandcroft

It's good to be home. And by that I mean it's great to be back in Victoria, and it's wonderful to be back in the routine at the Yoga Centre. (The Street Newz publisher in me would like to add that it's good to *have* a home, but that's a different article.)

I hope you feel the same, about returning to the Centre. Or maybe you never left ... maybe you were one of the 'summer sizzlers,' checking out different teachers and classes and times of day.

This is the first summer I've spent travelling in many years and, after participating in an incredible and historic humanitarian aid mission to Cuba, I made my way slowly home through the United States, checking out various yoga centres along the way.

My first stop was Austin, Texas where I stayed with a friend I haven't seen for years. There's a (non-Iyengar) studio called Yoga Yoga not far from her home, so her sister (visiting from Spain and also a yoga enthusiast) and I bought a week's pass. We went almost every day, trying their ashtanga and hatha styles. After eight years of Iyengar I quickly realized that, at the Yoga Yoga, I was in a different zone. I realized the same at a hatha flow class with another friend in Pasadena. My San Francisco friend studies with Iyengar teachers, and I must say I was relieved to return to the familiarity of an Iyengar workout prior to boarding the 24 hour train to Vancouver.

When I returned to Victoria I learned of the 'Wandering Yogi' passes offering access to five local yoga studios for \$20. I'd kind of had enough of testing the yoga waters, to be honest, but it was a couple of weeks before Iyengar

classes would start and, finances being what they are, I decided to give it a try.

I don't want to be mean but, honestly, the most important thing I learned at the other studios is how much I truly appreciate Iyengar teachers. Truly. In all the other non-Iyengar classes, I quickly realized, I was on my own whether I was 'womanstruating' or not (nobody asked).

Unlike Iyengar teachers, whose omnipresent vision misses nothing, with little exception the other teachers were affixed to their mats at the front of the room, their own eyes focussed inward, on their own practices. Admittedly it was handy for those days when my body was tired or lazy; it was easy to slack off, but I wondered about the effect on new students. At least when I slack off I know I'm doing it with precision.

I've survived years of those Iyengar eyes, my teachers' voices are alive in my head. (Lift your kneecaps!! Roll your shoulders back!! Turn your upper thighs inwards to create space across the buttocks!! In *adho mukha svanasana* – and there were lots of them, lots of sun salutations – my inner teacher reminded me to move my shoulder blades in, open the backs of my knees, and lengthen the distance between my ears and my shoulders.)

But what about students new to yoga (and there are lots of them), how will they establish a foundation if their teacher doesn't notice their misalignment, or their pain? (as was the case, unfortunately, far too often).

Today I completed my second Student Intensive with Lauren and Ty. I was going to skip this year but at the last minute I decided it's too important.

Ty and Lauren had just returned from France, they were energized with Faeq wisdom, and I wanted to be there while it was still fresh. Fortunately, when I showed up Monday morning, there was space in the workshop. For some reason—maybe the countless summer sun salutations, the morning green smoothies, the post-asana workout hot almond oil baths, the fact that it's a year later, or some combination of all this—I feel even better this year than I did last year upon completion. My body and mind have been challenged, I've moved to another place in my own personal yoga life, and I'm not completely exhausted (in that blissful yoga way). In fact, I feel blissfully terrific!

If you haven't yet attended a workshop at the Iyengar school, I suggest that you do. There's some kind of yogic breakthrough that happens ... at least that's how it works for me. My body and mind emerge in a new dimension, a place that's familiar but also brand new. I feel that I've accomplished something great, that I've moved one step further away from that hip replacement surgery so many of my elder friends are waiting for.

Yoga is an investment. I'd like to thank the Victoria Yoga Centre not-for-profit society for offering bursaries and scholarships so that low income people can participate so fully, and I'd like to especially thank my teachers (especially Lauren) for helping me build such a wonderfully solid foundation. Namaste. It's good to be home. ॐ

In Our Mailbox

To: Iyengar Yoga Centre
<iyoga@telus.net>

Thank you for your response to my email, and the continued connection to B.K.S. Iyengar through your excellent Newsletter. It touched me deeply to see my picture with Mr. Iyengar on page 16 of the Nov./Dec. 2008 issue. The India Interview by Linda Shevloff, of our trip to Pune in 1985, had me reflecting on the significance of the 1985 Intensive on my life since then.



I had just moved to Ottawa from Saskatchewan when I had my first Introduction to Swami Sivananda Radha teachings at Ottawa Radha Yoga Centre (formerly Shambhala House). In those days, our Hatha Yoga was Iyengar yoga, until the publication of *The Hidden Language of Hatha Yoga* by Sw. Radha. For 15 years prior to moving to Ottawa, Mr. Iyengar was my revered guru, which continued in Ottawa through Sw. Radha's teachings. Swami Padmananda, Swami Braumananda and myself were at the 1985 Intensive, with the blessings of Swami Sivananda Radha (Yasodhara Ashram). I have such significant great memories, and continued growth, through the teachings of Mr. Iyengar. I am so grateful to the Iyengar Yoga Centre for this continued connection with his works. Blessings to you all in the New Year 2009.
In gratitude and gladness,
Evelyn Hadican

Thank You!

VOLUNTEERS FOR PERFORMANCE PIECE

BKS Iyengar: A Luminous Life, a celebration in honor of GURUJI'S 90th BIRTHDAY –
December 14, 2008

Kelly Murphy: director

Performers and Stage Crew: Britta Poisson, Marlene Miller, Lauren Cox, Ann Kilbertus, Chris Lea, Matt Balchin, Heather McLeod, Lena Simmons, Jane McFarlane, Tracey Hooper, Deb Page, Patty Rivard, Kelly Dodds, Bree Sharratt, Jack De Boeck

Ty Chandler, Tia Benn, Chris Simmons, Julia Sevitt: Music

Ben Lubberts: lighting and AV

Jayne Jonas: photo scanning and printing

Jane Munro: poetry reading

Rosemary Barritt and Karin Holtkamp: on beverages
Sue Riddell: cake maker

Charles Campbell: program and design

Gary Wong: MC

Lucie Guindon and Pierre Besner: on the dishes

Shirley Daventry French: reflections

Giles Hogya, Bruce Cox, David Emery: courtyard lighting

Greg Sly: trumpet

Michael Blades: at the doors

Johanna Godliman, Sue Ingimundson, Bree Sharratt, Jane McFarlane: candle making, card, etc.

Carole Miller and Glenda Balkan Champagne: performance consultation

(We apologize to and thank others who may have joined this group of volunteers after the newsletter deadline.)

Thanks also go to Connie Barker for washing straps, Sue Ridell for washing blankets and for props management, Wies Pukesh and Shirley Daventry French for donations to the library.

Scholarships and Bursaries

**Members' Scholarships
are available for all long
workshops and intensives.**

Please apply in writing prior to the workshop in which you are interested.

Scholarship applications for Weekend Workshops are due one month prior to the workshop. Scholarships for Special Events and Intensives are due two months before the event.

Student Bursaries are available to all students presently enrolled in classes. To subsidize your term fees please apply three weeks prior to term.

Applications and details for both are available at the reception desk.

**Victoria Iyengar Yoga Centre
202-919 Fort Street, Victoria, B.C.
V8V 3K3
(250) 386-YOGA (9642)**



ASSESSMENT DATES

April 24—26, 2009

Victoria, BC
Intermediate Junior III

June 12—15, 2009

Winnipeg & Toronto
Introductory I & II

Oct 16-18, 2009

Intermediate Junior I
Montreal, PQ
(in English)

The 25th Annual Retreat at the Salt Spring Centre

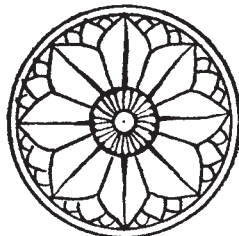
June 5-7, 2009

With Shirley Daventry French

This is your opportunity to attend the annual retreat on beautiful Salt Spring Island and participate in a weekend of Iyengar Yoga with Shirley Daventry French. Renew your Iyengar Yoga Centre of Victoria membership so you can be at the front of the line for an opportunity to participate in this wonderful event.

Fees: IYCV Members
\$340.00 + GST—shared accommodation
\$310.00 + GST—camping
\$285.00 + GST—commuting

Fees: Non-members
\$375.00 + GST—shared accommodation
\$345.00 + GST—camping
\$320.00 + GST—commuting



Registration opens February 14, 2009 for members and February 21 for non-members.



SUMMER SADHANA

Sadhana is a Sanskrit term which means dedicated practice or quest.

This Summer we will be offering a *Sadhana*.

July 6 - 11, 2009

6:30 - 8:00 am

with Robin Cantor

See next issue for more details.

Remember that your membership & newsletter subscription expired December 31, 2008.

RENEW NOW for 2009.

Membership benefits include:

- 5% discount on all classes
- free practice times at the IYCV
- timed practices
- the option of having the newsletter mailed to you
- early registration and discount for workshops
- borrowing privileges in our library
- eligibility to become a board member
- eligibility for scholarships for workshops and intensives.



For a one year membership and newsletter subscription, please complete this form and send it with your cheque or money order to:

**Iyengar Yoga Centre
of Victoria Society,
c/o Hillary McPhail,
202-919 Fort Street,
Victoria BC V8V 3K3**

(250) 386-YOGA (9642)

Membership/subscription fee is
\$40.00 + GST, renewable each January.



**IYENGAR YOGA
CENTRE of VICTORIA
SOCIETY**

Membership & Newsletter Subscription

Name: _____

Address: _____

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Country: _____

Phone: _____

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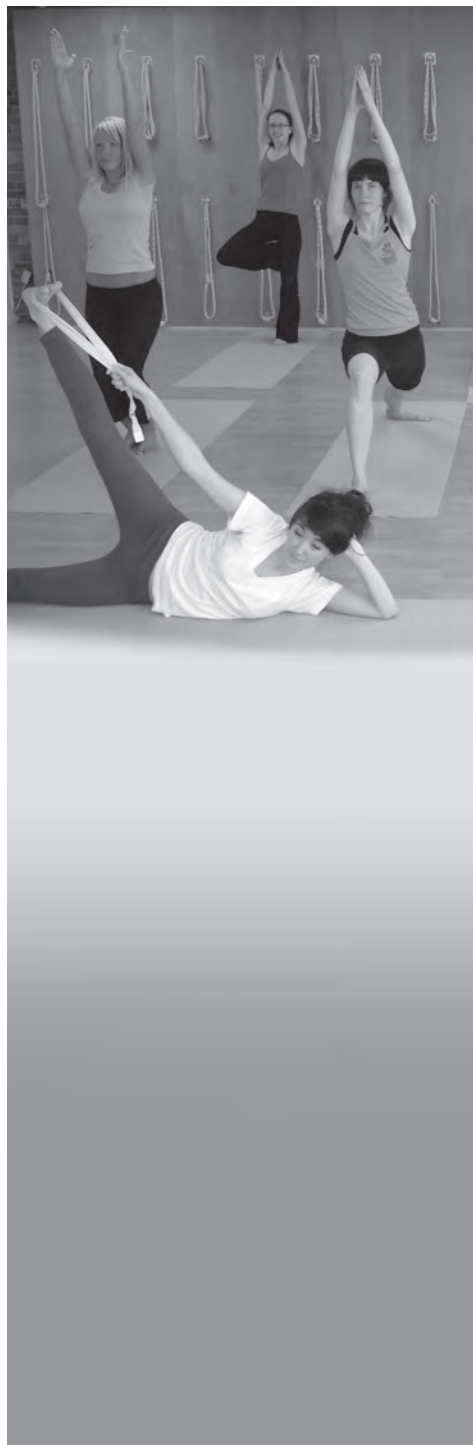
☐ Do not mail me my newsletter during sessions,
I'll pick one up at my class.

☐ Receipt required.



IYENGAR YOGA
CENTRE OF VICTORIA

2009 CALENDAR



JANUARY

- 16-18 Heart of Yoga
- 31 Teachers' Meeting

FEBRUARY

- 21 Combined IYCV AGM
& Teachers' Meeting
- 27 Friday Night Gathering

MARCH

- 26 High Tea Fundraiser
- 28 Teachers' Meeting

APRIL

- 10-13 Birjoo Mehta Intensive
- 24-26 Intermediate Junior III
Assessment – Victoria

MAY

- 20-24 IYAC AGM – Halifax

JUNE

- 5-7 Salt Spring Retreat
- 12-15 Intro I & II Assessments
– Winnipeg & Toronto
- 13 Teachers' Meeting

JULY

- 6-11 Introductory Intensive
- 6-11 Summer Sadhana
- 27-31 Intermediate Junior Intensive

AUGUST

- 26-30 Footsteps of Patanjali Workshop
- 31 Refresh Yourself for Fall Workshop
- 31-Sept 4 Student Intensive

SEPTEMBER

- 25 Sutra Workshop
- 26-27 Going Deeper Workshop

OCTOBER

- 22-25 Stephanie Quirk Workshop – Toronto