

PSYCHIC MASSAGE
(Chakra and Energy Balancing)

by

Sudipa

I almost always hated being massaged, except by a lover. At the same time I really wanted and needed to be touched and massaged, so I used to accept all offers greedily. When it came to it, I would lie there and try to relax. But my mind rattled away with -

"Don't do that!"

"Leave me alone!"

"What's she think she's doing?"

"Shut up Sudipa, you're supposed to be enjoying this"

"You're lucky someone wants to give you something"

"You should be grateful!"

And so on.

I had a special, clever, unnoticeable way of tensing my shoulders and arms, with the result that I closed my heart. My hands made little movements. If I had exaggerated them, they would probably have been murderous.

Really, as usual, all I wanted was to be loved. And usually I did not allow myself to feel **that** when I was being massaged in a physical way. I could feel how beautifully I was being massaged, but would I let it in . . . ! My trust was minimal. The skill and caring of the masseur did not break through my wall of distrust.

This was until I discovered psychic massage with Sagarpriya (1). Here was a way of massaging with understanding, appropriately for who I am and where I am (hiding in a corner, longing to come out!) I felt met. My frightened heart could relax. I was known and understood. I would only be touched where it felt right, and how it felt right to me. Moreover, she was able to express in words and images her understanding of me, my energies, and my body. I understand the language of my body better than any other. What she said made me trust parts of myself I had doubted (my heart, my sexuality, my giving). My "problems" were mapped intimately in my body. There's a place in your left foot where you don't feel OK, so you go away on your own and hide. It's time to change that pattern. It's very old, from a past life. It's the source of some of your unhappiness".

Psychic massage reminds me of "Latihan" (2), of still meditation, and of making love. There is the same aware letting-go into another state, where suddenly I am safe, and deeply vulnerable, and energised and flowing.

When I give psychic massage sessions, I and the receiver (I imagine) relax in some way into the great Tao. The session has a life of

its' own. At the beginning, I meditate and tune into myself, and the receiver and their chakras, aura and energy. Then I say to existence - "OK, let it happen, let it be. Where am I to start?". And wait. Then whatever comes, I allow. The only limitation on the session is me getting in the way instead of being in a state of meditation. As I realise I am coming to the end of one part (say, massaging the heart chakra), I get a bit panicky, because what awaits me is the unknown. What is going to happen next? I don't know. I have to wait until it happens. And I have to trust that what happens is right. The most difficult example of this was once, when I opened myself to existence, this clear message came, "there is to be no session". I didn't believe it and tried to give a session for a few minutes. But of course, it felt totally wrong and I just had to tell the person who had come for the session what was happening.

In psychic massage, the giver seeks to meet the eternal being of the receiver, if possible, in their body. I seek to expand the space in the receiver's body where their eternal being can be, by helping the receiver to relax and allow their eternal being to spread itself through more of their body. So, we return to our original, natural state of oneness with ourselves. This boils down to massaging where, in their body, I feel ecstatic and celebratory. Then the giver looks for the growing point in the part of the body which is too tense or dead for the being to live there. It feels nearly ready to come alive and relax. I massage it to wake it up, or soothe it (often I need to do both at the same time). I listen to

what it wants to tell me. Often I talk to the receiver about what I hear, so they can bring their attention to that place in a new way. Then we can work on it together.

Often the being of the receiver is not embodied at all. Some unbearable terror or pain in the past has caused them to leave their body and not live in it. Then the giver invites the being to return, to relive, remember, and ultimately discard the trauma of the past. Then they can relax into the sensitive, vulnerable openness of the present moment. In these sessions, it is usually essential to talk about what is happening. The receiver is often so used to not being in their body that they have forgotten anything else is possible, and the giver has much less opportunity to talk wordlessly to the being through massage, since the being is not in the body at all.

"Psychic Massage", and the other little "Chakra and Energy Balancing", are inadequate names for the kind of session I have described. The word "psychic", in particular, has unfortunate connotations - crystal balls, Madame Zaza, et al. Even in a more sophisticated context, it suggests a session where a slightly weird and ethereal person tells you your power chakra is black and your aura is yellow, and that means . . . ! In a session like that, you are being treated as an object psychically by the "psychic" - just as you can be treated like an object in an insensitive physical massage session. Psychic massage a la Sagarpriya is not much about reading chakras and energies,

though we do that too; it is mainly about meeting the being of the receiver in a state of meditation. It is not a very good name for what

happens in such a session. Sagarpriya has been looking for a better one for years. Any ideas?

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- 1) Roberta Delong Miller, author of "Psychic Massage", Harper & Row, 1975
 - 2) The meditation where you wait in a relaxed state, saying "yes" to existence. Then you allow any movements which want to happen to move your body. For a full description, see "The Orange Book - The Meditation Techniques of Bhagwan Shree Rajeech", p197, published Rajneesh Foundation International, 1980

Sudipa trained in Psychic Massage with Sagarpriya. She has done various trainings in intuitive massage, group leading and counselling, including a Diploma in Humanistic Psychology (IDHP).

The Bootstrapper

He sat at midnight in a plain of red fires:
In the black acrid smoke they were roasting men and women.
At the edge of the plain, jagged volcanoes
Spewed their white-hot lava over towns and villages
While deformed monsters with slaving jaws and putrid breath
Thrashed their tails this way and that
And greedily gobbled up little children.

He was alone and rigid with fright.
Soon the soldiers, or the monsters or the volcanoes
Would catch him too, and then the pain
Would be unbearable. He had to escape -
But how? His eyes fell on an open book.
The title was "How to escape"
But the pages were blank.

He picked up a pen and started to write
Feverishly, filling page after page
By the fitful light of the fires and the lantern-eyed monsters.
When the sun rose he had filled every page
With the complete metaphysics and philosophy,
The psychology, biology and technology
Of escapology. Then he opened the book,
Spreading the pages like white wings
And flew towards the sunrise.

Ken Knight
