

psychology in the UK and beyond.

Ian recently planted a row of beech tree saplings which he planned to sit behind when they became a hedge. Did he know he was about to die? It has been suggested that his garden elementals now miss him 'talking' to them. In 1995 he said on a workshop he was running: 'Please play your Tibetan bowls for me when I die as it lifts my crown centre.'

There are a number of stories of people whom he profoundly helped in the last days of his life. For a group of four of his students just hours before he died he became, in a brilliantly humorous way, a dancer with a rubber seat ring on his head. He ended his life after running a workshop on Initiation — true to his lifelong theme of the initiation of the personality onto the soul journey.

Two Methods of Dealing with Aches and Pains

Mary Smith

Like many people, I get pains in my shoulder and back from tension — sometimes quite debilitating. And I also get something that I think is migraine — persistent headache, slightly blurred vision, upset stomach, and a general feeling as if my whole body is rebelling against its very existence. Often I take aspirin in an attempt to remove these pains, although I don't like taking drugs. I've also tried relaxing and sleeping. But often these remedies are quite useless. Recently I seem to have had more success at removing the pains using other methods — though of course I can't know whether the problems wouldn't have gone away just then of their own accord.

A few weeks ago I had a particularly excruciating tension pain in my right shoulder and neck which had built up over several days. Now my body seems in some ways to operate like a hierarchic organisation, run from the head. The bosses in my

head said that there was no problem that could be causing the tension, everything in my outside life was hunky-dory, work was going rather well, etc. etc. The bosses hadn't asked the shoulder for its opinion (as bosses so often don't) because from their point of view everything was OK. There was no *need* to ask the shoulder. They *knew* there was no real problem.

At this point another self intervened, and persuaded the bosses to ask the shoulder what was wrong. (This took some doing. The bosses are quite resistant to changing their ways of operating.) The shoulder, once asked, had plenty to say. It had no resistance to talking. So soon there was a crazy dialogue going on inside myself between my shoulder and my head, in which my shoulder was saying there *was* a problem at work, things had been quite ghastly this week, it was angry, no *furiosus*, about how someone in the office had been

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behaving, and so on. Once this dialogue got going, I began to feel anger in my chest and belly. The bosses in my head didn't have much to offer in the way of help, but they did listen. And soon the anger began to fade. At this point I decided to give my shoulder a mental massage. I was driving a car (along a familiar and nearly empty road) so I couldn't offer it any physical comforts. In imagination I kneaded and massaged my upper arm, shoulder, neck, upper back, and it felt — in imagination — exactly like the real thing. It hurt, where the worst of the knots were. And it relaxed and comforted just like a real massage. Also, like a real massage, the tension pains didn't vanish immediately, but a few hours later they were gone.

Then, last week, I got a migraine headache (if that's what it was). For three days I took aspirin, and it simply got worse, so in the end I decided to pay some attention to myself, and try to find out what was the matter. This time, for no reason except it seemed the appropriate thing to do, I didn't talk but just paid attention to whatever images came into my head. The images certainly seemed quite ready to emerge. Even before I had sat down, the first one appeared. It seemed as if there was, sitting on my shoulders, a tormenting creature, half monkey and half dog, which was weighing me down. It was partly inside my body, too, interfering with the flow of feelings. I curled up in a chair, closed my eyes, and mentally fought this beast. I bit its hands and arms, which were long and pink and rubbery. (It had more than two arms, which wasn't fair.) Eventually I vanquished it, but it was replaced by a small demon which sat on my right shoulder and pinched and squeezed. Suddenly I had real

pains there which I hadn't had before. This demon I named Fear. I thought I could call up a higher being, a female like myself, to frighten and defeat it, and invoked a goddess to do this for me. But then I realised that this was too big a power for me to treat so lightly, and it was *me* who was deeply frightened, awed. But this fear or awe was in my head. I knew it was there, but couldn't actually feel it.

This seemed an important feeling to explore. I knelt curled up on the sofa — like a foetus, as I later realised. I spent a long time seeming to go through layers and layers of water, or rock, or flesh, and a part of my mind thought 'This is ridiculous', but I decided to let happen, whatever came into consciousness. Eventually I felt that I was coming closer to some awful thing, but when I got there, to the middle, there was simply a small empty space. The awful thing was all around me. This all felt very claustrophobic. I was so far in. So I decided to turn around and find my way out. I followed a thread of daylight, and it all seemed quite easy. But then suddenly the way was blocked. This reminded me of an image I had had recently of a big lorry coming down a narrow road towards me, so wide that it blocked the whole road. I simply couldn't get through. Butting with my head gave me pains in the neck; the hole had narrowed so that my head was too big and blunt to force its way out. And scrabbling too much with my hands hurt me in another way. It hurt the water/rock/flesh which was also me. Eventually I managed to get out sideways, pushing bottom first. Then I came back to reality, and probably had a cup of tea, though I don't remember.

My migraine didn't go that day. But it did after a night's sleep and one more aspirin.