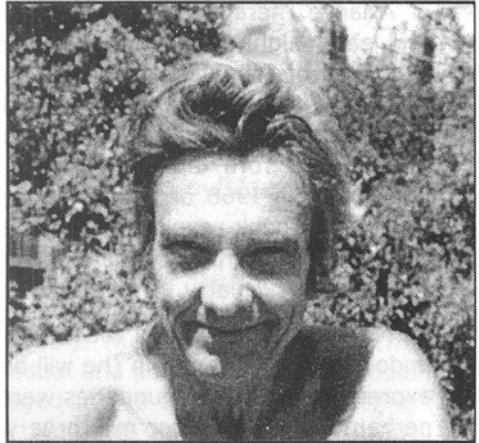


Glyn Seaborn Jones

Glyn Seaborn Jones died at the beginning of July, aged 80, after six weeks of undiagnosed physical pain, following a fall. A month of this time was spent at The Whittington Hospital, from which he came home to die. In keeping with his prioritisation of work on his own development, which included an emphasis on states of deep relaxation, he died in his sleep. A colleague who saw him within hours of his death reported there was a smile on his face.



While Glyn played no part in the formation of the AHP/AHPP, during the seventies he was present and sometimes presented at, some of the early events in the evolution of Humanistic Psychology in Britain. He was at the Inn on the Park when such leading figures in the then new therapies for body and mind such as Will Schutz and Alexander Lowen gave impetus to the development of a personal growth movement. I recall Glyn dialoguing with Janov at another seminal presentation.

I was one of Glyn's 'primal babies', my personal therapy proper beginning with a three week 'launching period' (the Seaborn Jones version of Janov's Intensive). In this time he saw clients for daily sessions of no specific length and part of the contract was to remove oneself from all normal distractions such as work, family, T.V. and live for those three weeks in a rented bedsit within walking distance of his practice in Archway. This was followed by weekly individual therapy in conjunction with an ongoing group. Some of us occasionally witnessed Glyn working on his own issues during the group, including reliving his birth.

Glyn was in at the start of Co-counselling in the UK and moved on from an association with John Heron to develop his own method of peer self-help work, Reciport (Reciprocal Support). Many more people would have come into contact with Glyn at his Reciport weekends and would have been struck by his combination of intellectual rigour, ironic humour and a freedom for cathartic expression that he sometimes flamboyantly modelled. I was deeply impressed by his skill in working with resentments and some while before entering psychoanalysis was fascinated by his capacity to bring to bear upon himself the most intense negative transferences. Some reading this will know all too well how these were not always satisfactorily resolved. His papers illuminating this phase of his work can be found in the journal *'Energy and Character'*.

Glyn was a maverick. He experimented endlessly, including an LSD therapy in his early years as a practitioner. Right to the end, besides seeing half a dozen clients, he was working on and writing up his developing ideas under the rubric of 'Alliance Therapy' (which we may yet hear more of). During the late seventies and early eighties a number of his ex-clients were apprenticed to learn his synthesis of Primal, Gestalt, Bioenergetics, Co-counselling and Hypnotherapy, later working beside him within his practice. While his style was always recognisably humanistic, his background included a study of philosophy under A J Ayer at Oxford, an eleven year personal group analysis, and notably the publication in 1968 of 'Treatment or Torture', based on his Ph.D. thesis. This, Glyn's only book, explored the philosophical basis of psychodynamics and was close to a masterpiece according to David Stafford Clark's review in the British Journal of Psychiatry.

Refreshingly unconcerned with what others thought of him and always strong on undoing the stiff upper lip (he will be remembered for his unusually mobile facial expressions), Glyn's boundaries were not the boundaries of the registered. From perhaps five years after my three year therapy with him had ended and I had gone my own way professionally, we would occasionally meet for a drink and discuss his adaptations of therapies we had both trained in. Glyn's version of Pulsing was No-Mind Rocking, his version of Expressive Roleplay was Dancing. There were of course sides of him I never got to know: for instance, as mentioned in his obituaries in the Guardian and the Independent, his role in the late 1970s as a consultant psychotherapist on three series of the ground-breaking Thames Television programme 'Predicaments', the first TV show to invite members of the public into the studio to discuss their worries, anxieties and phobias.

At his burial service at St. James Church, Muswell Hill, the vicar, an old personal friend of his despite Glyn being a confirmed atheist, recalled him fondly and vividly. Glyn was always much reoccupied with the mysteries that TS Eliot referred to in 'Four Quartets' as 'the facts', - birth, death and copulation. Glyn was a man whose work was the motor of his life. I and others I know are indebted to him for the difference he made to our lives. A bit of him also lives on in me when I'm at work, as one of several mentors who sit upon my shoulders like homunculi flit there with a word in my ear about what is going on. I was glad to have the honour of fulfilling his wish as one of two readers of his published poems at his graveside in Highgate Cemetery (sited a stone's throw from Karl Marx's burial place). I quote the last lines from 'Soliloquy of a Free Spirit':

*'Yes, I, uncaring Nature, shall decide
The moment when I slip, quite unaware
From dreaming to the final dreamless sleep
Without regret I'll wave Goodbye and choose
Nothing... Nothing... Nothing... Nothing.. Nothing.'*