



# The London Massage Company

## Newsletter 11

And we're back! How's life treating you? All good we hope.

The whirl wind of pre and post sports diploma in Turkey is slowly easing to a gentle breeze and we can begin to concentrate on other things. However, because Turkey was fabulous in so many ways, you'll have to please excuse a little self indulgence. Jane and one of the students wanted to share their experiences.

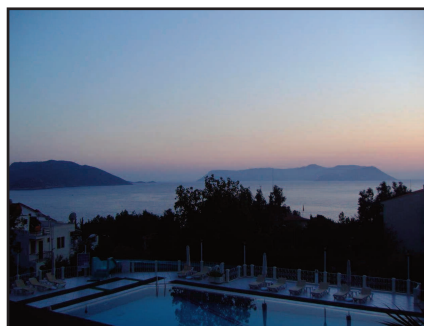
Welcome to the Turkish edition!

### Teaching in Turkey

Like most teachers, I like to review my own teaching at the end of each class or workshop and make notes on what went really well, as well as identifying any aspects of the day that I wish to amend or improve. Back in London and, I have to say, a far colder environment, I have now had the chance to reflect on the last sports course and how that went from a teaching point of view. It was one of the best diplomas I've been fortunate enough to be involved with and both Zoë and I spent considerable time mulling over why this was so. It may have been because of its location - the Southern shores of Turkey - or it may simply have been because the students who undertook it were highly motivated. Being away from home obviously played a large part in everyone's enjoyment of the course. None of us had any commuting to do, we didn't have to get up early and fight our way onto and off of crammed tube trains or along busy streets both at the start and

the end of each day, we simply rolled down to breakfast and were already in the training venue. So we all began each day feeling relatively fresh. Also, not having to prepare meals, collect kids, pay bills, answer calls or do any of the usual 'chores' meant that most of us soon began to relax, slept better and began to feel more alert and more alive. Located on the shores of the Mediterranean we all ate well, with fresh fish and salads and had the benefit of pollution-free coastal air. It was warm, varying between 24-29 degrees each day, so everyone felt inclined to drink plenty of water. Prone to dehydration, that too must have done me good in particular.

The change of routine helped too. Each morning I stood in silence on the balcony and watched as the sun slowly rose. Some of the students went for a dawn swim, slipping through still water doing their lengths before others were awake. Each evening some of us sat on the balcony and watched the sun dip behind the Greek islands and then in the warm night air wandered lazily down to the town for dinner.



**Welcome!**

**What's up?**

// Teaching Turkey

// My Turkish Experience

// Deadly Pretty Things

// Hall of fab things

// Bits and Bobs

Most nights before retiring for bed I lay on my back on the patio and let my mind go blank, staring up and into the stars and their wonderful configurations, clear in the October night sky. The local plant called Melissa was blossoming everywhere and the air was filled with its jasmine-like scent. It took around three days before I stopped feeling like there was something else I ought to be doing but eventually relaxation lead to laughter and a letting go of anxieties.

However, the course was not without its challenges and, in a way, that made it a great course from a teaching point of view because it kept me on my toes and stimulated me to find new ways of working. One of the biggest challenges was working in a Muslim country. Clinic and practice days had to be managed carefully so as to respect the cultural norms of the society in which we were working. We got around this by never treating male and female clients at the same time in the same room. On one day only men were treated, on another day the women on the course went into town and treated the female residents, clients who did not feel comfortable coming into the hotel for their treatment sessions. With everyone we had to start by working through clothing, and once we started using oil, made sure that only very discrete parts of the body were ever exposed at any one time. When treating the male clients in supine the female students avoided making eye contact and were careful and



respectful of the kind of body contact that is actually perfectly normal and acceptable by westerners receiving sports massage treatments.

Once we had gained their trust, many of the staff were keen to receive massage and it was interesting to note how all of the waiters had exactly the same musculature, with hypertrophy of their left rotator cuff and thoracic extensor muscles, the result of constant loading of that side as one-armed, they carried multiple layers of plates to and from tables, seven days a week for seven months of the year.

Another interesting aspect was the language barrier. With my basic smattering of Turkish I was able to formulate basic commands and solicit simple answers. (According to the Turks, I apparently speak Turkish "the way a Welsh person speaks English"). Zoë, having worked as a therapist in Morocco, also with Muslim clients, had a natural flair for gaining rapport with pretty much anyone we came into contact with and chatted away happily in French to the owner of our favourite restaurant when she discovered that he was also fluent in that language.

I know from past experience that students studying on intensive courses such as this often get very tired, and I was expecting this to happen in Turkey too. So to counter this Zoë and I had scheduled in a free day following every three days of training and in fact this worked very well. Some students chose to remain in the hotel and practice what they had learnt in the training room, others sat around the pool or in the shade reading through their

notes. One or two chose to go off exploring and spent the day in town or on the beach or wandering through the zig zag maze of tiny alleyways with their jewellery and carpet shops. Some even chose to visit the nearby village of Kalkan, and two even hired a car and went further a-field. The net result was that when we returned for training the next day we were each of us more refreshed and ready for study.



Hotel staff enjoyed our company and were delighted by the students who practiced saying 'hello' and 'thank you' in Turkish. This greatly elevated us all in the eyes of the town and I feel sure was the reason behind some free lunches some students enjoyed. Hotel staff no doubt observed everyone milling around with large files of notes and textbooks, happily reading and making notes either alone or in small groups. They also noted that most of us, most days were laughing. In fact, many of the students reported this as being one of their key memories, the fact that they laughed so much. One day the manager, most impressed by everyone's diligence, leant over his coffee and said "your students, they are very clever people, yes? They are working very hard, yes? They are very clever peoples I think? Very good peoples?". What could I say? He was delighted at the thought that myself and Zoë had

selected his hotel for to bring these good, clever people, people who tried to speak his language and laughed a lot. "Yes," I nodded, "They are clever. They are good," and I meant it. Students are always clever, and they are always good. And I realised that here they had simply been afforded the opportunity to let that aspect of themselves shine. They hadn't necessarily done it consciously. The sunny days, fresh air and finding themselves amongst like-minded people had enabled that. And that, I decided, was what had made the difference for me from a teaching point of view. Having it revealed to me that once people are given the environment, emotional space and just a little bit of support, their natural ability to learn thrives like there is no tomorrow. And that's why I choose to believe that all the students I work with are good, all the students I work with are clever.

**Class of 2008**, unfortunately minus Chris



**Bodies Wanted**

We're on the hunt for potential case studies for our current students. If you'd like free sports massage treatments and you're in, or can get to Harrow, Hampstead, Surrey, the Pershore, Cambridge or Tayport areas then get in touch and we'll try to hook you up with a very competent therapist.

Two weeks, hotel, hot country and best of all it has a purpose! But how did it come about that I was stepping off a plane into the balmy, sun filled air of Turkey to study for a Sports Injury and Massage Diploma?

Let's go back, way back, way, way back...to the autumn of 2007.

"This won't just be a sun seekers escape from the beginnings of a cold and wet British autumn, but an extravaganza of pathologies, a veritable cornucopia of massage techniques wrapped up into two weeks of sun on foreign soil. It will be fantastic!!!"...

Now, I can't recall if this was quite how Jane Johnson actually sold the idea about what she and her partner in crime, Zoë Fitzpatrick, wanted me to join them on, but it encapsulates the enthusiasm with which I have come to know and love from Jane and it had the desired, and rather infectious, effect on me!

As Jane had just finished teaching me all I needed to know about Anatomy and Physiology, I had no doubts about her ability to turn me from a relative novice into some sort of Sports Massage Guru! Now look, there's no harm in aiming high, so I was aiming for Guru, ok!!!! I was determined to go on this course, even if I had to sell my house to do it, which, coincidentally, is what I did!

The idea of an intensive didn't sound scary with the knowledge that Jane and Zoë were on the case taking the everyday worries out of the equation by taking us to studying abroad. It was an added bonus. So, armed with course file and a whole load of enthusiasm I

boarded the plane with a group of like-minded therapists keen to have some fun in the sun, massage style!

I won't go into massive detail about the course content as you can have a look at what you would have in store on The London Massage Company website. It's all about my experience and what I got out of it.

The hotel was great, the rooms simple but more than adequate and the staff brilliant. This of course lulled me into a false sense of security as I began to believe I was on holiday! Suffice to say the first day blew me away! It was like taking the amount I learnt in my previous course, putting it in a blender and making me drink it down in one! I think I am safe in saying that the whole group was shell shocked after the first day and scared about the next! The relief came when we recapped the following morning and started to realise how much information we had retained. At this point I have to say hats off to Jane and Zoë's advanced training methods, they work wonders! With this revelation we all soon began to unwind and relax into being students again and little routines began to enter into my day.

Every morning would start for me with a swim in the empty pool as the sun rose above the mountains. I would greet a couple of the other students who also swam at bleary eyed o'clock in the morning and watch as the cold water jolted them, like it had jolted me, into the land of the living! I miss those mornings!

A quick shower and change and then down for copious amounts of breakfast, then a short shuffle with my coffee to the veranda to look over the ocean before lessons. The lessons started on the same 'coffee' veranda with a run down of the day and a recap on the previous one. And then...let the learning begin! If you're like me and you get excited by knowledge and training this course was like being a child in a sweet shop!

There were a variety of teaching methods mixed into the theory and practical sessions. Demonstrations from Jane and Zoë and client sessions galore! Once the locals caught wind of what was going on and that it was all above board you couldn't keep them away with their aches and pains. Many of us massaged people from the town out of teaching hours as demand was high and practice was what we all needed. Free meals and discounts in carpet and jewellery stores being the unsolicited, but gratefully received, payment! As is the nature of small close knit communities once word spread we were all greeted warmly as the people from Club Phellos Hotel who "do good massage!".

Lessons finished at six and the nights were ours to do with as we pleased. For dinner we would find a nice restaurant, of which there are many, or stay and relax at the hotel. The group had quickly gelled and so going out in force was frequent and a joy to be part of.

With every fourth day to do as you please, it gave you time to look back at the trail of devastation you had left and check to see if there was anything



your learning whirlwind hadn't quite grasped hold of and shaken to bits! Sometimes it was just a case of relaxing and letting the knowledge sink in with a sunbathe by the pool, a walk into town for some retail therapy, or a well earned drink! It also helped you recharge your batteries and get fired up for what was to come in the next set of lessons.

This continued for an amazing two weeks of learning and laughter and I was very sad when I realised we had reached the end of the journey. It was an experience I will never forget and one I miss on a daily basis. I also miss the group, the people, the staff, the location and strangely the call to pray from the minaret of the mosque, which has a rather soothing quality to it. Although at six in the morning I'm not so sure!

I can't thank Jane and Zoë enough for the chance to learn in this way and feel intensely jealous of the next group of lucky people who choose to go out and face jumping in the deep end of learning, and the pool...chilly! On reflection, now that I have seen and been taught intensively, I think I may like to look again at the word intensive! This was one roller coaster, thrill seekers, hold onto your knickers experience! I don't think intense really covers it. Prepare to be thrilled and scared in equal measure with the speed of delivery, but amazed at the amount you will have retained without even realising your learning. I had forgotten what my comfort zone looked like at the end of the course and quite frankly I don't want to go back to it! I am now happy living by the seat of my pants where learning and massaging are concerned and I'm sure you will be too!

And as a parting note for those who go...don't leave having a Hammam until your trip is almost over it's a wonderful experience that you will want to have again and Club Phellos have the best Hammam in town, on site! Enjoy!

Ben

### Juice It Up!

Do you ever feel that you march to the beat of a different drum? Are you an optimist but feel that you sometimes miss out on opportunities? Are you destined for greatness? Are you waiting to make that leap? Radical Simplicity by Dan Price is not the kind of book I would normally buy for myself. But because the author was recommended by someone I admire (Danny Gregory who wrote The Creative Licence and Everyday Matters) I picked up a copy. At the end of the book Dan writes:

*"Some of us are born with unrealisable and unattainable dreams: they push and pull our beings through life...Most of your family and friends will contend that the safest course lies with the herd.... "Security" is coveted....Conventionality has become societies mantra.... There are a few pioneers however. Souls who feel the pull of the cliff edge...and when no one is looking, leap off, falling, falling...But don't search for their remains amongst the boulders below because the very faith that convinced them to jump down that precipice quietly caught them half way down and took them to a whole new place. A new world bright with endless possibility. These people discover an unknown secret about life and are forever changed. When*

*you're willing to give something up the rewards you receive are always more interesting than what you had."*

Do you have the faith to 'fall'? Does conventionality keep you tied to the same-old-same-old, as the saying goes? If like the characters Dan Price is describing you feel pulled by unquenched dreams and desires, going with the herd a little bit more than you'd like, are feeling there's something more, something different you should or could be doing, then perhaps our new workshop is for you? Juice It Up is a bodacious bounty of tools, tips and techniques to feed your fire, a veritable feast of fun, blackberry-jam-packed with activities to help you identify your most delicious of dreams and turn your motivation from mouse to mammoth! Want to feel inspired? Want to soar with the stars, to dive into your daydreams? Maybe now is the time. Come join us for a day of magnificent moments, a structured day of learning that puts in the shade all those self help books that, well, lets face it, never really helped you first time round.

You'll answer the questions you've been avoiding, you'll get the answers that were always there. By the end of the day you'll be clearer, faster, more certain, more secure; you'll know where the Universe wants to help you go, you'll have ideas about how to get there. For all those who feel its time to light their fires and rev up their engines; for all those who want a change, need a change, who know there's *Something More*. You deserve a lip smacking luscious life, to feel the 'feel good' factor every day. Step up. It's time to Juice It Up. (13th July 2009)

## Deadly Pretty Things

In September 2008 [www.campaignfordrawing.org](http://www.campaignfordrawing.org) introduced The Big Draw, designed to get everyone interested in drawing. As part of this initiative I was intrigued to discover a three day event called Drawing on Life being held at the Welcome Collection in London. This three day event was a festival celebrating creativity in science, art and life through talks, workshops, screenings, performances and masterclasses. Always happy to explore creative ways to help my 9 year old son discover life sciences, we began in the basement with Deadly Pretty Things. Spread out on four large tables were sheets of white card, highlighter pens, scissors and most importantly, laminates showing all sorts of microscopic images, mostly of the microbes that can both kill or cure us. There were other images too, and it was heartwarming to hear small children asking about these, their questions answered by a resident scientist. Artists were on hand to volunteer their support and kept a polite distance as Jake spent an hour carefully drawing the neurons from the retina of a ferret. I drew what looked like the tendrils from a Man-Of-War jellyfish but which were actually the developing nerve cells from a chick. Next I drew the chromosomes of someone with muscular dystrophy. When we were finished we were led into a room lit by ultraviolet light. Here, all of the artwork created over the last three days was hanging in the dark and twirled like floating sea creatures. It was spookily calming to stand there mesmerized by these strange pretty patterns. Jake

insisted on coming back to the installation to collect his neurons at the end of the day, after which we went to stores looking for UV light bulbs for his bedroom.

Another activity we took part in was to model a part of our bodies using wax. Hard tin foil and wire was also provided, along with cutting tools and anatomy books. First we looked at what other people had made and I stood in awe at the creativity and inspiration of the public. There were whole spines made from wax vertebrae, crudely strung together like nobby worms, a bronchial tree, its cartilage rings formed by wrappings of wire, ears, hands, some formed from solid wax, some from solid tin, and some half-and-half. People had used pencils and the tools supplied to cut the wax in order to emboss the tin foil. They had crafted silvery brains and fingernails and an assistant was just hanging up a miniature upper limb crafted by a lady who said she had had frozen shoulder and so had made a model of her scapula and all of its muscles. Jake made a wax eye with a tin iris and carefully cut tiny wire eyelashes which he pressed into his model.

I started making a cross-section of a femur but found it too difficult and so changed to making some osteoblasts. There was something very therapeutic about sitting there, quietly moulding the soft wax whilst gentle harp music played in the background. I mused on the use of artists wax for making anatomical models and came away realising just how tricky it was to recreate ourselves three dimensionally. As I worked away, I felt really grateful to have been given this

opportunity, grateful to the staff of volunteers, artists and scientists who had given up their Sunday to help people explore the relationship between art and their bodies. It reminded me yet again that we can all contribute to helping others learn more about the things we love, and the enormous number of things crafted by the public over the three-day festival demonstrated just how interested people are in the human body, and how willing they are to participate in creative activities in order to explore this topic.

Jane



## Every cloud.....

We've all heard the foreboding financial news recently but there's a sliver lining in the massage world! 25 sports massage jobs advertised on the latest posting from Job Rapido, check it out - [www.jobrapido.co.uk](http://www.jobrapido.co.uk)

### Unusual habit

For those of you who have regularly received our newsletter, you'll know that here at LMCo we don't like giving you the 'hard sell', but we'd like to share our excitement over our timetable 2009. Some old, some new, but all great!

#### January

26th Effective Stretching  
27th Soft Tissue Release (STR)  
28th Muscles Energy Technique (MET)

#### February

13th Intro to Reflexology  
25th Postural Assessment  
26th Joint Assessment  
27th Postural Correction

#### March

6th Intro to Hand Reflexology  
19th Day in the Dissection Lab - 6 places left!  
23rd The Shoulder  
24th Common Back & Neck Conditions  
25th Buttocks, Hips & Thighs

#### April

28th Massage & Rehab for Common Ailments

#### May

4th-18th Intensive Advanced Sports Injuries & Massage Diploma, TURKEY

#### June

8th Deep Tissue, No-Hands  
9th Intro to Trigger Points

#### July

13th Juice It Up

#### October

5th-19th Intensive Advanced Sports Injuries & Massage Diploma, TURKEY

## Nothing like the real thing!

Are you free on the 21st January? Are you thinking of doing an APNT sports diploma and want to get a real feel about what you can expect? Then we have just the thing.

We need volunteers to be bodies for the practical exams of sports diploma students. You'll get to ask questions to the students and experience first hand the practical exam. If you're interested please be in touch by phone or email and we'll give you the details.

So that's it for this edition. If you've experienced something recently and would like to shout about it from the roof-tops, then write a little piece and send it in to us. We always love hearing from different practitioners and it's great to be able to share our encounters, observations and practices whether it's to inspire, inform, or just for fun.

Stay tuned!

Jane & Zoë



### Hall of fab things.

#### We're loving:

1. Some of you may have seen the note in the Telegraph's travel magazine about a new massage service started in Venice: Hotel Cipriani has introduced massages in a gondola. Interestingly the journalist points out that clients will need to develop a new skill, that of "...being semi-naked in a rocking boat on a public canal". I wonder whether the masseurs have been recruited on the base of their ability to balance? I've never tried massaging someone in a rocking boat, have you?

2. SARK's new book "Juicy Pens, Thirsty Paper" inspiring the writers amongst us to find the time and energy to actually do it!

3. "Where the Hell is Matt". It's been on You Tube for some time but I had to watch it again today. If you haven't seen it and want to get a feel good factor then check out the You Tube clip. Simple yet totally effective.

4. Custard! Need I we say more on these cold winter nights : )