

Thursday, July 31, 2008

Get Graham – Bryan Appleyard

Years ago I acquired that celebrated affliction A Bad Back. A suave consultant made a steeple of his fingers and referred me to his physiotherapists who, like bankers, are said to know a thing or two. With a large, floppy plastic model they explained to me the workings of the spine and the way in which what they recommended would cure me of my pain – though I would have to carry a cylindrical cushion around with me for the rest of my life. I followed their advice, the pain intensified. I pointed this out, but, as they knew a thing or two, they refused to believe me and insisted I must be doing something wrong. Finally an operation – that seldom, I later learned, works – loomed.

A friend suggested I call one Graham Tuthill, a shiatsu masseur. He cured me completely in two sessions by, in part, doing the opposite of the physiotherapists. If I ever get another twinge, he comes along and cures me again. I carry no cushion. He also cured Nige's back and, on one celebrated occasion, the three of us went on a celebratory bender in Lewes, where, I am told, they still burn Catholics, but not Texan Jews. Graham now has a web site. I have no views on the theory behind his latest therapy. All I know is Graham is a good man and a natural healer who really does know a thing or two. In short, if you have A Bad Back or almost any other affliction or, indeed, you feel the occasional urge to drink lots of beer and make a fool of yourself, get Graham.