

# Holistic specialist strips away my emotional junk

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RELIGION

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Does this bitterness make my butt look big?  
Is this anger giving me the dreaded muffin top?

OK, from the side, does this guilt look like a double chin? Nothing a little emotional liposuction couldn't cure.

At least, that's what I was thinking when I headed off last week to see Master Gary J. Clyman at the Chicago Wholistic Health Center in Lake View.

A few weeks before Christmas I'd noticed Clyman's ad for "emotional liposuction" in the *Monthly Aspetarian*, Chicago's guide to all things New Age.

I figured it must be some kind of post-holiday weight-loss gimmick — ya know, get rid of your emotional baggage and get rid of your saddle bags. Presto!

After checking out his detailed Web site, [www.chikung.com](http://www.chikung.com), I called up his office and Clyman, friendly and witty, seemed harmless enough.

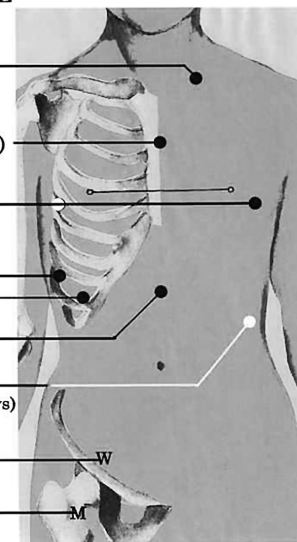
So last week, off we went, pho-



EMOTIONAL ENERGY RELEASE  
TECHNIQUE™

PRIMARY STORAGE  
LOCATIONS:

- 1) ANGUISH (L)
- 2) ABANDONMENT (C)
- 3) SORROW (L)
- 4) RAGE (R)
- 5) ANGER (R)
- 6) BITTERNESS (C)
- 7) FEAR (R&L)  
(On Back, Behind Kidneys)
- 8) GUILT (R)  
(On Women = W)  
(On Men = M)



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LEFT: Gary Clyman, healer and Qigong master, removes Cathleen Falsani's bitterness last week. ABOVE: A chart shows the points where emotional energy is stored. —RICH HEIN/SUN-TIMES (LEFT)

tographer Rich Hein and I, on our New Age fishing expedition to see what we might find.

Clad in a royal-blue, Asian-influenced cotton top [kind of like doctors scrubs but with frog closures and actual sleeves], a grinning Clyman — who looks like a cross between actor Richard

Dreyfuss and folk-rocker Jack Johnson — greeted us at the door and invited us into his simple office.

It did not smell of incense. There were no candles burning. No Zen water fountain burbled in the corner. Just a few bookcases, files stacked around and a shelf of what I would later find out were vials of "emotional power remedies," and a padded treatment table — the kind you might find at the chiropractor's office.

## Jammed up emotions

Clyman, 54, is a Qigong master [though he uses the spelling "Chi Kung"].

No matter how you spell it, Qigong [pronounced "kee-jung"] is an ancient Chinese healing art that uses a series of gentle, meditative exercises to focus body and mind.

Tai Chi, a popular fixture at many health clubs, is kind of a subset of Qigong. In this healing art, qi or chi is our life force or energy.

In "emotional liposuction," Clyman, who was raised Jewish but has been a "new-born Christian" since 1983, says he uses his jing, which is basically chi that has been harnessed and turned outward, to adjust my qi. Or something like that.

See, our qi gets jammed up and doesn't flow the way it should because of the baggage we carry around with us, packed inside our emotions and psyche. Things like rage, anger, abandonment, fear, bitterness and guilt are often the root causes of physical ailments ranging from sciatica to substance abuse, Clyman explained.

He believes he can actually suck out your emotional junk using the jing that he channels through his hands.

## Deepest, darkest secrets

It hurts, Clyman says.

He means it hurts *me*, not *him*.

Most people scream, he says. But once the pain and screaming are over, your junk — and everybody has different junk — is gone.

He doesn't ask what ails me, if anything. After he explains his

healing philosophy and method, along with a few anecdotes from his nearly 30 years as a healer and Qigong master, he simply motions toward the table.

"Ready?" he asks me.

"I dunno," I mutter. "I'm a little worried that I'm going to be shrieking and shouting out my deepest, darkest secrets."

Nonplussed and grinning (perpetually), Clyman says, "That's OK. I've got a washcloth. I can stick one in your mouth."

Hein laughs, just as I notice a stack of washcloths by the table. I begin to sweat.

"Now, feel the anxiety . . . that's normal," Clyman says as I climb onto the table and lie on my back, fully clothed.

I'm even still wearing my boots.

Clyman begins poking me.

Literally. Poking. With his finger.

First up by my clavicle, then on my sternum, and over by my left armpit.

"Nothing," he says.

Clyman was checking for any signs of anguish, abandonment or sorrow.

## A spot of guilt

In almost 30 years of practice, he says he's discovered that people have eight "emotional energy release" spots on their upper body.

Not everybody has the same emotional baggage, which would explain why when he poked the abandonment spot on my sternum, I felt nothing special.

But when he got to the spot on the side of my right rib cage that indicates anger, I nearly lept off the table and started to howl in pain. It felt like he was stabbing me. In reality, he was just poking me with a finger.

After a few minutes of writhing and screeching, he moved on to the guilt spot, which for women is near the inside of our right hip bone, and for men is down a little lower, by the groin.

It hurt a little, kind of like a scraped knee, and after a few seconds, it was gone.

But then Clyman went for the big one: bitterness. Apparently we keep that in our abdomen.

Using two hands, he dove in — literally — pressing down a few inches below my diaphragm.

The pain — it came in waves, I couldn't breathe, it was unrelenting. I've never had a child, but from what my friends have described, this may have been in the ballpark.

"Just blow it out, blow it into my hands," Clyman said as I gasped for breath, trying, in vain, to shout "Oh God!"

"That's bitterness, self-hatred," Clyman said. "Take the bitterness and blow it into my hand. Just blow it out. Take whatever you have — and you don't even have to know what it is. Bitterness is the worst. Bitterness is the most physical feeling emotion of them all."

No kidding, buddy, I'm thinking, writhing in pain.

## Something happened

After about 10 minutes of this — mixed with several swift punches to the stomach to get his jing moving inside me, he explained, so it could suck up all the bad stuff like a Dustbuster — we were done.

What does he do with all that emotional junk he sucks out?

He flushes it down the drain in the office kitchen's sink by washing his hands. And that's it.

I had a bruise. It's nearly gone now.

And I feel, well, *different*.

I'm not one to believe in such things, but something transpired. Something happened.

Maybe it was spiritual.

Maybe it was qi.

Maybe it was the power of suggestion.

Who knows?

"It will take you a while to recognize what's missing," he said.

This much I can attest to: A week later, I yell less in traffic, have had only one major meltdown (when my computer crashed as I was about to file this column, in fact), my tension headaches are mostly gone, and I've succeeded in avoiding doing anything out of a sense of guilt.

Maybe I'm nicer?

A little lighter, perhaps. Even if it doesn't show on the scale or in the mirror.

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