



→ why his name had been the most secret of all.

When I edited French Vogue, I yearned for ways back to joy and freedom, so a friend took me to workshops held by Carlos Castaneda's "witches." This was after he had abandoned peyote for a system of movement he called Tensegrity, based on yoga, qigong, and, I think, close observation of desert wildlife. Focused, repeated movement can achieve astounding results. One night in Arizona, after three 12-hour days of practice, I slipped through the open window of a car and into my seat as easily as a snake. When I finally met Castaneda, it was to crouch and stretch and make like an insect in a dance studio in Santa Monica. Dance, healing, ritual: It was potent.

During those years an Italian friend sent me to a spa in Merano, in Alto Adige. Italian designers and French movie stars went there to be cleansed and healed by Henri Chenot, a Catalan practitioner of Chinese medicine who had fused kinesiology and acupuncture with electricity. After a breakfast tisane heavy on the uva ursi, you'd sit at a counter holding silver cylinders that looked like a pair of Scientology tin

cans and you'd come away with a diagnostic printout with a Rastafarian riot of green, yellow, and red superimposed on different parts of a body outline. I appreciated the electronic acupuncture that didn't pierce the skin, the fierce two-and-a-half-hour massages, and the vital information that magnesium and vitamin B6, taken

at night, are better than any sleeping pill.

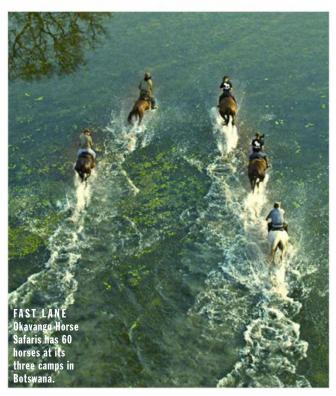
Chenot declared that I had to improve my electrolytes and held up a clear glass vial. "Sérum de Ouinton," he said. It tasted like seawater. I bought boxes of Sérum de Quinton and obediently drank it from a tumbler after each meal, at home or on the job. I carried the little vials everywhere. It didn't occur to me that they looked like syringes, but some people decided that that's what they were, and that is how, by being a faithful adept of spas and the healthy life, I came by the reputation of a hardcore addict with syringes in full view in her handbag. (For the full story, read my memoir, The Price of Illusion.) I really should have stuck to leeches.

Walter Max retired at 87 in 2002. His practice is now called the City Osteopathy & Sports Injury Clinic, but it's still at the same address (IBEX HOUSE, MINORIES, LONDON; CITYOSTEOPATHY.ORG.UK) and it's run by Dr. Igor Artsybushev, graduate of Moscow Medical School. Today, Chenot's spa in Merano (PALACE.IT) is where oligarchs, heads of small states, and sultans go. There are more treatments, but you still hold cylinders. It was fully booked when I tried to go this past September. «

AFRICA ON ADRENALINE

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By Sarah Khan



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