

Acknowledgements

To start, let me short-circuit convention.

I wish to share fairly the various errors and follies in this long anthology. Many years have spawned even more people who have not merely tolerated my preoccupations, but have actively encouraged them.

In the early 1970s I had four mentors who modelled how to combine the divergence of compassionate imagination with the convergence of scientific discipline: Doctors David Trounce, Donald Woods, Gerald Goldberg and Roger Tredgold. Forty years later my memories and deep gratitude remain clear and detailed.

In more recent times I have had many friendly colleagues in healthcare and academia who have catalysed, guided and nourished discussions about complexity. I hope they, too, benefitted from our often sprawling explorations. So I wish to thank Robin Hobbes, Sue Wheeler, Christopher Cordess, Richard Donmall, Janet Wingrove, Gaie Houston, Martin Baggaley, André Tylee, Andrew Margo, John Sloboda and George Blair. Often our conversations have germinated tendrils of development long after our meetings.

As I am an Internetot, my public viability in the 21st Century has been far from assured. Several people have saved me from more severe oblivion and isolation. Mark Alder has made available many of my writings on the Internet: in view of my obstinate resistance and antipathy to electronic communication I deserve rather less than his assiduous and painstaking talents. Likewise Jacki Reason for some years has deciphered and packaged my many notebooks of chiaroscuroed pencil writing: she has been my electroamanuensis. Jacki and Mark have thus enabled an Internetot survival in this Internetted 21st Century: my gratitude is deep and awkward.

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Association: it is a necessary pleasure for me to have such long-term collegial resonance and consonance. Edwina Rowling has provided another very human link with the *Journal of Holistic Healthcare*. For me this is a welcome respite: thirty years ago I had many interesting discussions with editorial staff, often over an elegant table-clothed working lunch. In recent years my articles have instead been silently and electronically phagocytosed before being incorporated into a journalistic greater whole: a faceless, voiceless, personless – and rather joyless – experience. Yet despite my Cyberspaced anomie I am nevertheless grateful to the many other journals for their agreement to republish in this anthology. Specific acknowledgement is found at the end of each article.

Ian Lee, Ruskin Kyle and Joseph Zigmond helped with the book's cover, pictures and graphics.

Professor André Tylee patiently explained to me, and others, that I have Black Sheep Personality Disorder. Any jest on his part is surpassed by consummate wisdom. On the larger scale he enabled the psychiatric categorisers to triumphantly claim yet more territory. On the much smaller personal scale he provided me with an epiphany to explain my past and an epigram to embolden my future. As a fashion-mullah said: 'If you've got it, flaunt it!' Hence this anthology; without the diagnosis, I might still be a fugitive yet Internetted Internet.

To finish, let me rejoin convention – my deep gratitude to family: our universal source, and usually final solace. At this stage of my life and writing I cannot possibly recall who they all are; but they have been far less busy than me, so they will remember. Amidst some inevitable sorrows my family relationships have generated much of my spark, current and the loving homeostasis necessary for my offerings to others. They have also taught me, time and again, that curiosity, receptivity and understanding of otherness must always precede and exceed our design and intent for those others.

David Zigmond

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