

Correspondence

and

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

CURTIS BROWN LIMITED

1 Craven Hill London W2 3EP

Telephone 01-262 1011

MS/sjh

4th January 1980

Maurice Rowden Esq.
Casa Campardi
53037 San Giamignana
Sienna
Italy

Dear Maurice,

I understand that Sue Freathy has spoken to you about your plays and very sadly feels she can't act for you. Under these circumstances I am sure it would be wrong to use Curtis Brown and let your work split between a number of agents.

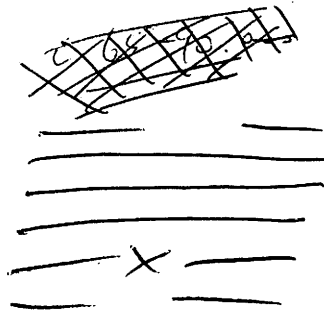
I will keep the typescripts here until you let me know where you would like them sent. If you want me to send them to another agent of your choice then I will happily do so. I am sorry about this.

Yours,

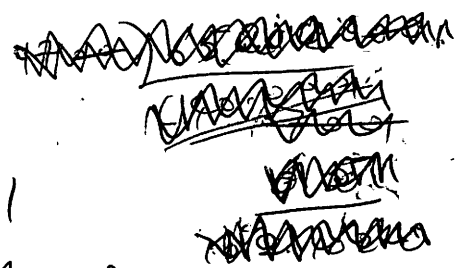


Michael Shaw

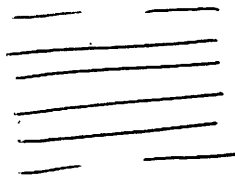
Will I do well to take one to DB? Will he make it accept?



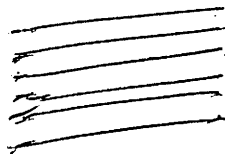
31
Influence



6-2: 'The influence shows itself - the calves, the legs. Tarrying
high good fortune'.



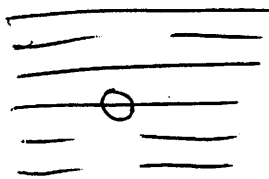
28
Preparing the Great



1 The Creative

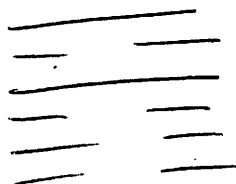
Harvey Wine: 9358589

82d I approach Harvey Wine to represent me to play!

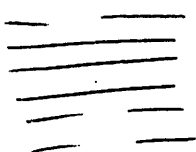


56
The Wanderer

9-3 = 'The wanderer's inn turns down. He loses the
steadfastness of his young servant. Danger. A
tumultuous strange meddling.'



35 Progress



31
Influence

The Sixteenth CenturyLUDOVICO ARIOSTO

Born.

Died.

A non-political man, who lived at first in his small circle of courtiers, under the power of the Este family, then in a world of magic and protest. Now for him - a super-world of magic and fantasy, no nostalgia for the past, no Dantean element. Close to Boccaccio, in his sense of the ideal world, serene and idyllic, ~~no~~ no remote island, sees the Italian. He does not turn away from it + contempt. So he gives perhaps the clearest picture of Renaissance civilization. The *Comte de*, *Orlando Furioso*.

Much devoted to women, Alessandro BENUCCI

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI

Born

Died

One of the highest civic humanism. ~~One of the highest~~ of the highest civic humanism of the 15th. Rational understanding, no literary abstraction. An act of faith in man. Human not as literary and philosophical achievement but as actual work, political and military organization of the ancient. He theorizes on the conception of man from the supernatural and the fantastic. The middle ages have disappeared. No pope, no lord of the manor, no town councils (?) The struggle of will has been institutionalized for the monastery, the dog - the science of reason and experience, ~~science~~ *ISTORIE FIORENTINE*, *The Prince*.

BANDESAR. CASTIGLIONE

Born Died

The Cortegiano in Contra is rather a ideal drawing, a "plutonic idea" = looks the length of the perfect ~~Cortegiano~~ CORTEGIANIA, (courtier?), conforming to the higher aspirations, (16 Italy. Also connected + Machiavelli's Prince.

PIETRO ARETINO

Born Died

Here, after the "idealists", - Giovanni della Casa, Agnolo FIRENZUOLA and Castiglione, Aretino brings the higher, instructive force, with a proportion, a wild element, the most typical anti-lit. figure of the 16th. Reveals the most noisy and scandalous, lively aspects of society in immediate prose, for his official language of the grammarian. The obscene, the BECERASSO, he all moved to great life for ~~the courtier~~ life and people.

RAGIONAMENTI.BENVENUTO CELLINI

Born Died

Here, with the belief of men, capacities, lord of his own existence, with the culture and enthusiasm for art, together with the disproportionate pride - self, the hero. Around him the old characters are shadows. Here we have some of the greatest unity of the period. An extraordinary epic character.

③

a quite unepic, indeed technical matter — the
living of a human figure. Then it is its — super-
human battle. A cult and fascination almost of art.
Ghiberti's time of, lateness is his power, the kind the
dominated the latter of the time.

Life

FRANCESCO GUICCIARDINI

Lived

Died

How different from Machiavelli, who believed in a
renewal of the Italian situation, all The Prince is moved
by this faith of a political redeemer. Guicciardini
no longer believes or even hopes. He looks at current
wisdom and vainly for the level of wisdom: he sees
the something unexpected is always to be expected, due
to men, diversifying, making very constructive pretence
vain, all concrete efforts to move and guide events.
Machiavelli was the last heroic voice — Italian
history, in G. begins the period of which classes
until until now had exercised power renounced
politics as a positive force, and concentrated only in
defending the privileges. Already in his we see the
crisis in the Italian states and
the coming of the Renaissance. A →

Memoirs (RICORDI)

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

Born

Died

Poet (Giovanni della Casa, Gaspara Stampa,
Pietro Bembo, Isabella di MORRA) have an
working art. The roughness of his form overcomes

③

→ seen a decline in
material values.

(14)

The annals show today a dramatic clarity, ~~and~~
~~of the political situation,~~

GIORGIO VASARI

Born

Died

Writer of the Painters, Sculptors and Architects.
Remarkable portraits, clear and direct. Many prejudices
and preconceptions he managed to be a artist himself
- the composition.

GIORDANO BRUNO

Born

Died

The sense of the unlimited cosmos,
omnicentric, people + immense world
from a life, he pervaded by the same
vital force, which belonged the soul.
The language identical + the content,
imaginative, intellectual + lyrical light,
baroque, superabundant, ~~not~~ intolerant?
ambiguous,

Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante

Cena de le Ceneri

THE

(5)

TORQUATO TASSO

Born the Dico

He didn't take the pessimistic line, & isolate himself in a dream of the severe world. Instead a new balance.

His ^{Gerusalemme} ~~of~~ LIBERATA gave way to a sense of the variety of life.

FERRARA was his home. The decadence is a style

of decadence.

Gerusalemme Liberata, Aminta, Rime, Dialoghi, Mondo Creato, ~~Lettere~~ etc.

(17th

A period of grave decadence for Italy, Europe. Italy 'rested'. Immobility at ^{time?} ~~the~~ great vitality in the rest of Europe. The political domination of Spain, and the internal control of the counter-reformation. Italian society appeared enfeebled and hypocritical, and in loss of external splendour and power. Intelligence adjusted to authority, religion was external and sincere, and the general trend was in effects and not sincerity. The only poets, the non-conformists - Sappi, Campanella, Galileo.

Alessandro Tassoni?

(6)

TOMMASO CAMPANELLA, the neg poet of the 17th
th century, ut of positive spirit, proud expression, vital
tension, wit - play of the senses etc.

Son

Died

Salmodia Metafisica

PAOLO SARPI

Son

Died

the 17th saw nothing like his ISTORIA DEL

CONCILIO TRIDENTINO, disdains the literary vanities of
the century, an impeccable lucidity, stylistic nudity which
one might call geometrical, maintaining a high tension, a
the spirit and opinion and ambition that guided the work of
the Council.

GALILEO GALILEI

Son

Died

A fable - SAGGIATORE. A practical motive
- against official science of the time which pretended
to have resolved all problems and found the permanent
source of all doctrine and knowledge - Aristotle.
The natural sciences at the beginning of the century
preceded by abstract argument + little connection
with sensible experience. The fable becomes - a
way, the first page of modern science - and
also becomes the highest interpretation. ~~to the~~
~~description of the universe its laws we have~~
a ~~topical~~ ~~Shon~~ scientific dwelling solely + no problem -

(7)

Time before the unknown - moved not satisfied by the
infinity of the problem.

Saggiatore, Dialogo Sopra i Due Massimi
Sistemi del Mondo.

(18th)

Italian culture comes into contact + modern European thought,
i.e. + Cartesian rationalism, scientific method of Bacon,
the empiricism of Locke, intellectualism of Leibniz.

PIETRO METASTASIO

Born

Died

One of the Arcadians. Not the poetry, in the sense of
theater, but the Arcadian-pastoral experience is
the single aim. It is this the work is desirable
to read and see.

Metadrammi, Feste Teatrali.

GIAMBATTISTA VICO

THE SECOND EARTH

Of rationality, the Italians tried putting 15
administration rationally, by edict and law, setting
out the principles to others to follow - but 15
later, by Guicciardini, reacting against
Machiavelli's thesis, saw the truth, that
you can't do ~~anything~~ more than govern from day
to day - you could show the unexpected/ as all
you could really expect and predict, because
the changing aspects in men, the diversity, which
made all constructive proposals & the future
vain pretence. 'in che si possono
giudicare le cose del mondo sì da
discosto, ma bisogna giudicare ad
redolente giornata per giornata' (Guicciardini)
(Maurin).

All this Italian lit. the struggle
for rationality in the feeling & ~~distinction~~ distinction,
Vauvenet etc. The 2 always operated in the
Italian mind, and in society, and do today. The
more deeply impragmatical people in the world, so
the Italian life is always a war between
the human case time - the the war between the human case time
all else else in the 'old' days, the remembered.

TASSO

1(a)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

① Dizionario Letterario

BOMPIANI -

Vittorio Turri

② DIZIONARIO STORICO della
Letteratura Italiana.

— VITTORIO TURRI. (One Volume)

Give an Example:

TORQUATO TASSO

Born in SORRENTO II.

MARCH 1544, went to Naples 6 years later,
+ his mother PERZIA DE' ROSSI, his sister
CORNELIA and father Bernardo, and studied at
2 years + the Jesuits. 1554 Bernardo followed

his prince FERRANTE DI SANSEVERINO to
Rome. ~~then~~ in exile, boy separated from
mother. He died in a Naples convent in
1556

The new VICERE di Napoli, the
Duke of Alba, invaded pontifical territory, and
Bernard didn't see feel safe in Rome. Son
delicate and evidently studious — Bernard ~~was~~ ^{had}
to leave relatives, then ~~he~~
to some relatives, then ~~he~~
back at PESARO col the URBINO,

Torquato Tasso

Torquato **(16)**
GUIDOBALDO

He became the service of Prince
della Rovere (1556). With FRANCESCO MARIA
de' Medici the prince Torquato is court refined his taste
(aesthetic discerning), and in Venice where he
was between 1559 and 1560 and wrote there the
first lines of the great ~~poem~~ ^{poetry}, & became the
perfect master. His first work the printed
(1561/2) was Sonetti funerali, printed (1562) by
- short poem IL RINALDO, dedicated
to Cardinal Luigi d'Este, in whose service
father passed. Studied law at Padua university.
1560. In love + LUCREZIA BENDIDIO,
who ^{he} was - idyllic + petrarchian form. A study
scholarship of 50 scudi for Duke of ^{URBINO} ~~Urbino~~ at
Bologna university, he had to run away '64
after writing a pungent satire on professors + st.
fellow students. Returned to Padua, protected
by SCIPIONE GONZAGA, who the law of
Received into the Academy of the ^(Ethereal ones) ETEREI -
a v. important literary group. Also in love +
LAURA PEPERARA met at MANTOVA in '63
'64. His ~~poem~~ ^{genius} secured - (+ help of father)

the post of gentleman at 15 Cardinal Luigi d'Este at FERRARA
 where he remained until 1571. Father died in 1569.
 He left Cardinal and after a brief trip to Rome & a
 stay in Pesaro in quest of Duke) Holins, returned
 to Ferrara in May 1572 where the Duke Alfonso (also
 kind & etc) 12th day in one of his gentlemen &
 left to and time to study. Waver, & somewhat
 of the has disturbed di. Disturbance, religious
 sense - matured in those years. He accompanied
 the duke to the ^{expulsion} celebration in Venice & in honor
 of Henry III of France (1573) 175 Jerusalem was
 completed. his year showed signs of the alternance
 between mind never left di again. Pirates
 pub. & editions of poem. He became persecutor
 name, visible, afraid of his shadow.
 '76 - scene + a counter ERCOLE FUCCI -
 stopped di etc. Received abridgment of the 1st
 & legislation (1577) but this was never
 issued in print. His office: Rome also
 particularly over this duplicated the Duke,
 STANCO di FERRARA. Opened secret negotiations
 pan to service of the court, the of the MEDICI
 Duke Alfonso named his historian of the
 Botanic House the writing of 17 June 1577

harvested his troubles to prison Lucania, knifed a
servant who he suspected of spying - in the water room.
Sent Duke to the ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~monks~~ ^{monks} of San Francisco
at Ferrara who ~~the~~ did all to calm him. 26/27
July he escaped in disguise, went to Loreto -
to sister Cornelia. After telling her Torquato had
~~been killed~~ died, ^{made in the still room} he said she was. Then
Rome friends of Duke returned to Ferrara (April
1578) ^{met Angelo Ingegneri the future}
~~But yet I don't know for sure~~ ^{gentleman - house}
pulling of of Jerusalem. (C. Brown) this he described
of Marchese Filippo d'Este 3rd time returned to Ferrara.
1579 for received coldly. Went to where of court,
visited - had to be hospitalized at first under heavy
guard. Seven years there. ~~Released~~ ^{Allowed} 1580 -
to go out + friends - attend church the
in clear state of mind. Certain this
was ^{now} to the house of the duke. His
the degree of imprisonment he be experienced.
Some have accused Duke of premeditated
murder in fact. Duke told he
could create alarm among of himself - & she
could if released, esp. at Rome. Came
out = July 1586, after

the vigorous intervention of Vincenzo Gonzaga, (4)
Cousin of Alfonso, who took him to Mantova.
He remained a year in Mantova - liberal prince -
but afflicted again with the melancholy of
LORETO at Bologna, to Rome (where he realised
the ~~feared~~ Duke Alfonso) & Naples where he
saw his sister again & guest of Monte
Oliveto monks was honoured by visit of the
most illustrious literary figures of Naples.
'89 at Rome again, & Gonzaga, the
suffered ill at the spectacle of the 'Speranza'
& 1590 at Florence & Grand Duke Ferdinando
& 20 studi a month. Again in Rome, Mantova
Rome and Naples, and '92 & the prince
of CONCA, & finally 195 again in Rome
then instructed by Pope Clement VIII & his
nephew ENRICO & PIETRO ALDOBRANDINI
continued to write feverishly, finishing the
CONQUISTATA, Death came at the
Cave of Sant' ONOFRIO 25 April 1595
(= his cell there is today a small T.
under). His presumed love of Eleonora
d'Este.

⑤

~~He permeated~~ He only looked inside - but not outside
at the entrenched critical norms.

THE APE OF SORROWS



*From Stranger to Destroyer:
The Inside Story of Humans*

MAURICE ROWDON

BOOK LAUNCH

23 February 2010

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AUTHOR

Maurice Rowdon

An examination of the human as he is, not as he thinks he is.

"The only measure we have to judge of any animal's intelligence is whether it leaves its habitat enhanced or depleted, and by this measure the human is the least intelligent of all the creatures."

THE FALL OF VENICE

"...enthraling essays..."

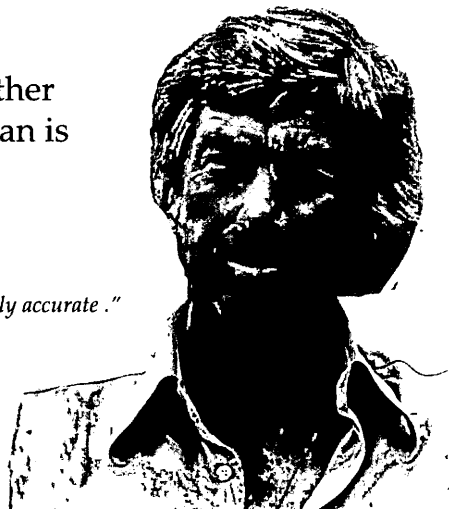
Cyril Connolly, Sunday Times

ITALIAN SKETCHES

"Artistically exhilarating. Often piercingly accurate."

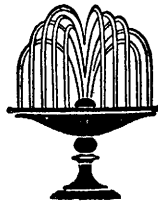
The Guardian

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With Compliments

Yours



COLLINS PUBLISHERS
14 ST JAMES'S PLACE
LONDON S.W.1

East Anglian Daily Times
June 21, 1969

Achievement of province

THE COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA, Maurice Rowden (Collins), 42s.

THIS province achieves what seems almost impossible in the narrow part of Italy—it has no coast line. Nevertheless it has many aspects to appeal to tourists of all tastes, as well as patent to all readers of this fascinating guide. Ancient towns are many, the scenery beautiful and the people very pleasant. The province is steeped in history and includes Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis, and a good deal of space is devoted to him.

Of local historical interest is that in the library at Perugia are details of the soldier of fortune John Hawkswood who was born at Steeple Bumpstead in Essex.

Every page of this long guide contains something worthy to be read. The illustrations are excellent, as are the appendices containing many items of value to the potential traveller.

From

WILLIAM COLLINS (AFRICA) (PTY) LTD
Johannesburg

Review from: "Photography and Travel"
Johannesburg

Date: June 1969

COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA,
by Maurice Rowdon, published by
Williams Collins (Africa) (Pty)
Limited and available at leading
bookshops at R4.50.

Companion Guides are not slim pocket-size books which you'd carry in pocket or handbag but contain around 350 pages of maps, photographs and

comprehensive information on cities, countries and defined areas. Not pocket-size, maybe, but certainly worth putting in your suitcase so that of an evening you can browse through its pages and plan how best to see and enjoy to the full your next day's activities.

Umbria is the central area of Italy which contains, among others, such historical places as Perugia, Assisi, Gubbio, Orvieto, Narni and Otricoli (The Gateway to Rome), Lake Trasimeme and many, many more. Let's turn to Perugia, for example, finding in this section a street plan of the city, and then a most comprehensive story of what there is to see, what makes each place so interesting, the history of the city and its highlights, and then fascinating information on the various facets of the place. An hour's reading each night before will make your stay in Perugia enormously more worthwhile.

The photographs throughout "Umbria" reveal some of the mood, historical interest, and intimate details of some of its riches.

"Umbria" is just the latest of a series of superb Companion Guides published by Collins, others being Paris (Vincent Cronin), The South of France (Archibald Lyall), The Greek Islands (Ernie Bradford), London (David Piper), Rome (Georgina Masson), Venice (Hugh Honour), Florence (Eve Borsook), Yugoslavia (J. A. Cuddon), Tuscany (Archibald Lyall), and The West Highlands of Scotland (W. H. Murray). Others in preparation are Greece, Southern Italy, South-West France, East Anglia, Southern Spain and Turkey.

This very fine book closes with information on where to eat and what it costs in the area, and also tells you something of the food and wines that are worth trying.

The Companion Guide to Umbria is available through all leading bookshops in South Africa and is highly recommended to those who want more than just a brief peep at this area of Italy which holds so much for the intelligent tourist.

Macmillan
DURRANT S

11 Northburgh
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London EC1V 0JL
01-251 4918

SOUTH WALES ARGUS

6-4 DEC 1978

NEWPORT
MONMOUTHSHIRE

ISSUE
DATED

**The Talking Dogs, by
Maurice Rowdon (Mac-
millan, £5.95)**

Elke is a poodle, Belam is a
saluki. They can communicate
with humans.

The author has painstakingly documented an experiment in which the dogs, from Southern Germany, are taught to paw-tap complete sentences, spell and solve difficult mathematical problems.

At first glance the facts seem too far-fetched to be believed, but as the reader gets to know more about the animals the more sympathetic to the tale he becomes.

Cressida Foden

HAROLD OBER ASSOCIATES
INCORPORATED

Telephone
PLAZA 9-8600



Cable Address
LITOBER, NEW YORK

OFFICES: 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

August 9, 1963

Mr. Maurice Rowden
Via Giulia 102
Rome Italy

Dear Maurice,

Even though a rejection I thought you might like to see this letter from Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Just to bring you up to date ITALIAN SKETCHES has now been declined by John Day, Doubleday, Farrar Straus, Harcourt Brace, Holt, Houghton Mifflin, Knopf, Macmillan, Random House, Scribner's, Viking, Pantheon, Atheneum. It is going to Little Brown next.

I get an impression from a letter I had from David Bolt that you have a new book on Italy ready. If you have an extra manuscript copy, I'd love to see it.

I had two brief stops, one going and one coming, at the Rome airport on my way to Greece a few weeks ago, and had a strong impulse to go into Rome and leave the plane behind. But Greece was quite sensational, I thought, so I don't really regret any of the trip.

Best to you and Annette.

Yours,

Grace
TD.

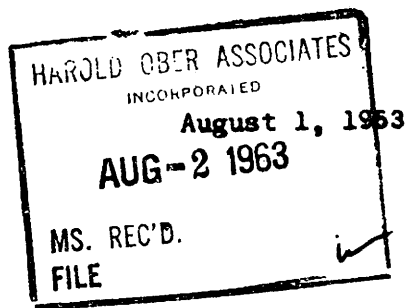
IVA:pbp
Encl.



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303 MADISON AVENUE . . . NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

HOWARD CADY
GENERAL MANAGER AND EDITOR IN CHIEF
GENERAL BOOK DIVISION



Mr. Ivan von Auw, Jr.
Harold Ober Associates
40 East 49th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Ivan:

We are enchanted with Maurice Rowden's ITALIAN SKETCHES. The general tone of the book is quiet, knowledgeable, wryly humorous and loving. The author never seems to get in the way of his material, but by the end of the book there is the feeling that we know him in terms of his reaction to Italy.

Unfortunately, there is a certain amount of sameness to the material. We are not at all sure we could do a good job with it, and we have finally, and most reluctantly, decided it would be unfair to take it on because of this uncertainty.

The manuscript is going back to you herewith. I am sure you will sell it, and I am sorry we cannot be the ones to do it over here.

Sincerely yours,

Howard Cady

HC:cm

Telephone: GERRARD 7888.
Telegrams: HIGHLIT, WESDO.
LONDON,
Cables: HIGHLIT, LONDON.

DAVID HIGHAM ASSOCIATES, Ltd.
Authors' Agents.
76, DEAN STREET, SOHO,
LONDON, W. 1.

DIRECTORS:
DAVID HIGHAM Managing
JEAN LEROY
MONICA PRESTON
DAVID BOLT
SHEILA WATSON

14th August, 1963.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Podere La Colombaia,
San Gimignano,
Siena.

Dear Maurice:

Many thanks for yours of August 6th. I'm enclosing now the agreement for A ROMAN STREET signed by Gollancz for your files, together with a carbon counterpart for your approval, initials, signature and return to us for the publisher. You never actually answered my query about the advance, I think (my letter of the 18th July) - the point being that Gollancz want to revert to their "usual arrangement" of paying the advance all on publication. I haven't held up the agreement for this, because between ourselves, I know we can get something on account from Gollancz if you really want it or need it ahead of schedule.

A ROMAN STREET - a carbon copy of the typescript has turned up in the office and I'm passing this for the moment on to Jean LeRoy to consider for possible serial. But if you want it sent across to Ivan, let me know. Otherwise I'll send Ivan a proof when they're ready from Gollancz.

WAITING FOR MELLI/ CONFESSIONS OF A ROMAN - James MacGibbon has now returned this and from your letter it doesn't look as if the revision is extensive enough to warrant having a third shot at Gollancz. This puts me in rather a tricky position since the book is now, I gather, definitely non-fiction, and we can't give another publisher the usual option on the next non-fiction work (which Gollancz of course have). However, it might be possible to give an option on your novels instead. Anyway, I'll go ahead to see what can be done when the script arrives.

You'll let me know about the tax situation?

Yours,

David.

DLB/PBD

Although every reasonable care is taken of MSS. while in our possession we can accept no responsibility for any loss or damage thereto.

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DIRECTORS:
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JEAN LEROY
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DAVID BOLT
SHEILA WATSON

21st August, 1963.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Podere La Colombaia,
San Gimignano,
Siena.

Dear Maurice:

Yours of August 17th - certainly, if you're revising WAITING FOR MELLI/ROMAN CONFESSIONS as much as that, then indeed it's worth a third shot at Gollancz. I'm inclined to say that we ought to keep NIGHT OF THE ECLIPSE to one side, partly, yes, in the hope of persuading V.G. to take it on later (no doubt after a good deal of cutting) and partly because it's already been to fourteen publishers, and I don't think there's much to be gained by carrying on at the moment. Do you agree?

I'm telling Ivan that you won't be sending a manuscript of A ROMAN STREET, but that we'll let him have a proof as soon as they are ready.

Yours,

David.

DLB/PBD

Although every reasonable care is taken of MSS. while in our possession we can accept no responsibility for any loss or damage thereto.

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22nd August, 1963.

Maurice Rowdon Esq.,
Podere 'La Colombaia',
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Italy.

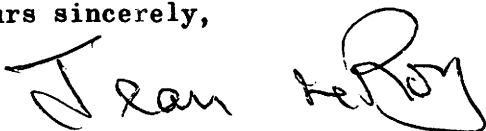
Dear Mr. Rowdon,

Good, I'll now go ahead with the offer of
MIRIAM AND THE ROAD TO AREZZO and I hope
we succeed in selling it.

I have just been talking to Miss Stevenson
of Argosy who tells me that she will be writing
to you about the three short stories which you
sent her. I asked her to let me see them so
that I can see if there are any other possibilities
for them.

She also asked to see the manuscript of
A ROMAN STREET and I have been fairly non-committal
about this as I would like to read it first in
case there is a better market for it. I'll let
you know how we get on.

Yours sincerely,



LR/KK

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VERA HANDFORD
(Secretary)

1st October, 1963.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Podere 'La Colombaia',
San Gimignano,
(SIENA), Italy.

Dear Maurice Rowdon,

I have had a note from Keith Johnstone at the Royal Court about THE MECHANICAL SAW as follows:-

"Thank you for letting me see this play. He is certainly a talented writer. We would be very interested to see any other work of his, but I am afraid we are unable to present this one."

At the end of July you told me you would let me have the revised version of ESKIMO TRANCE. Have you had any news from the Ashcroft? If they can't make up their minds it could be an idea to follow up Keith Johnstone's letter with that script.

Yours sincerely,

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Margery Vosper

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VERA HANDFORD
(Secretary)

22nd November, 1963.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Via Giulia 102,
Rome,
ITALY.

Dear Mr. Rowdon,

Thanks so much for your letter of 16th November. I had realised that ESKIMO TRANCE was at Croydon but, until they finally make up their minds, there is no harm in showing it elsewhere. The Royal Court are likely to take just as long to make a decision and, if we get a definite offer from one or the other of them, we can cope when the time comes. So long as we keep in close touch, we are not likely to arrange for two productions simultaneously.

Yours sincerely,

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VERA HANDFORD
(Secretary)

14th November, 1963.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Podere 'La Colombaia',
San Gimignano,
Siena,
ITALY.

Dear Maurice Rowdon,

I remain in a fog about ESKIMO TRANCE. It is terribly interesting psychology but whether it is a stimulating evening in the theatre, I honestly don't know. I am sending it to The Royal Court as it would be a great pity not to follow up their interest in your work.

To be completely honest with you I suppose I rather fancy myself on judging a conventional "well made play" but, when the drama gets either too "with it" or too "way out", my old fashionedness begins to show! I don't really understand ESKIMO TRANCE and I am frightened of turning it down.

Yours sincerely,
MARGERY VOSPER LTD

Margery Vosper
DIRECTOR

FROM THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ARGOSY

FLEETWAY HOUSE
LONDON, E.C.4

Telephone Central 8080
27th August 1963

Dear Mr. Rowdon,

Miss Sutherland, our Director and Editor, has asked me to thank you for your letter. We are always pleased to see new material from you, and shall look forward to a sight of your new book A Roman Street which Gollancz is publishing.

You have kindly shown us The Mark, The Imposture and The City of El J-, and all three have now been given careful consideration by our Advisory Readers' Panel. Unfortunately, none of these stories is quite in focus for Argosy, and Miss LeRoy has asked me to send you a brief note about them.

Argosy is a short story magazine with a wide and varied public all over the world, and our fiction has, on the whole, a rather strong build-up of action and character since our public expects story-value from Argosy and is not accustomed to the slight, episodic theme or incident which, of course, has its place in magazines of a different kind.

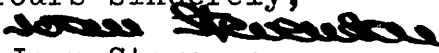
The Mark, although very readable, is too slender in theme and too evanescent to be our material. The City of El J-, in spite of its evocative character study of the Prince is too diffuse and rambling to make an Argosy story. It moves at the leisurely tempo of a chapter from a novel.

The Imposture is the most effective of these three stories. Its cumulative tragedy has the impact of a first-hand authentic account, the message is implicit, but the story-value is outweighed by one's reactions of sympathy, pity, and disgust. This is nearer the type of story-article used by The New Statesman, and I hope perhaps you will be successful with it elsewhere as it is outside Argosy's range.

These stories have also been considered from the Woman's Journal angle, but we regret that they are not their material.

I am sorry to send a disappointing reply. Our needs are perhaps somewhat specialised and we tend to require a more traditional type of story, with fuller treatment of action and character.

With all good wishes,
Yours sincerely,


Joan Stevenson
Associate Editor

Encs.

Maurice Rowdon Esq.,
Podere 'La Colombaia',
San Gimignano, (SIENA),
Italy

P.S. Miss LeRoy has requested that
we should pass these three typescripts
to her. JES

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31st December, 1963.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Via Giulia 102,
Rome,
Italy.

Dear Maurice:

LETTER FROM SIENNA

I finished this over the Christmas break, and am sending the typescript off to Gollancz today. I'll let you know the moment I hear from V.G., of course.

Let me say straight away that it gives me a very great deal of pleasure personally to settle down to such a fine piece of reflective writing. I don't know Italy well enough to comment on your descriptions, beyond saying that they have a remarkable atmosphere and depth - the houses as much as the people - which make a lasting impression. You have this almost perfect balance of sharp perception and compassion that brings everything into exact focus. But for me, I would say the passages of personal reflection, and especially on theology, are among the best things in the book. (I'm afraid I've already been working on the contrast of wisdom and knowledge - don't accuse me of plagiarism later!) I loved your 'aside' on education: quite impossible, absolutely right. There is one passage of scripture, John 8:41, which might or might not refer to Christ's legitimacy, as you may know. I'd love to take up some of these biblical questions with you one day. Your mention (P.205) of the Fall is a bit sweeping, for instance, though I thought the point well taken. As I say, this is very much "my" kind of book; and I shall be disappointed if Gollancz aren't enthusiastic. But it is also, from a commercial point of view, a difficult book - as you well know - and what I'd like to hear more of, is your plans for the future. Are you going to tackle a 'straight' novel again soon? It seems a not very great step, and perhaps an obvious one.

Incidentally, I'm enclosing a Biographical Sheet; would you fill this in and let me have it back? I have a lot of the information already, of course, but it's useful to have it set out in this way for quick reference.

All the best for 1964.

Yours,

DLB/PBD
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David

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SHEILA WATSON

9th January, 1964.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Via Giulia 102,
Rome,
Italy.

Dear Maurice:

LETTER FROM SIENA

We've had a note from Victor Gollancz saying:

"Can't this be put on the shelf for the time being? As you know, we are not publishing A ROMAN STREET until the end of next month, and don't think we want to consider LETTER FROM SIENA until a little time after that."

This is perfectly understandable from Victor's point of view, but tiresome from ours. I would suggest we go along with him, but if you want me to I'll force the issue.

Yours,

David.

DLB/PBD



Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,

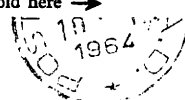
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SHEILA WATSON

29th January, 1964.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Via Giulia 102,
Rome.

Dear Maurice:

I'll read TALES AND TRAVELS as soon as I have a moment. I'm delighted to see it, of course, although you won't be surprised I'm sure if I say that I'm not for the moment quite sure what we're going to do with it. It seems at first glance to fit roughly into the Gollancz books, and there isn't anything to be gained by showing it to Victor at this moment.

Meanwhile, I'll see if I can take the Batsford idea a step further.

George Weidenfeld - thanks for telling me, I'll make a firm note of that. But in fact I sent George Weidenfeld a copy of ITALIAN SKETCHES last year suggesting that you might do a book in one of his series, and he wrote to me on the 20th June saying that ITALIAN SKETCHES "made most enjoyable reading, and the reviews have borne out my very favourable impression. I will think very seriously of him as a possible author for a commissioned book". I've heard nothing more, but there's no harm in linking up again, and that's what I'll do. George pays a lot more than Batsford, but he's a lot more difficult to pin down.

And I'm delighted you agree about the novel. That's something I very much want to see.

Yours,

David

DLB/PBD

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

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DIARMUID RUSSELL
HENRY VOLKENING

24 January 1985

Maurice Rowdon
Creative Process Consultants
3618 Sacramento Street
San Francisco, CA 94118

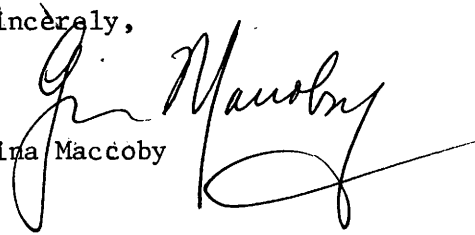
Dear Mr. Rowdon:

My apologies for taking so long to respond to your submission. The manuscripts arrived shortly before I went on vacation and as a result I am somewhat behind in my reading.

There is good material in the novel and at times I found it quite funny but it seemed to me that the narrative line was not strong enough to carry the joke. The proposal on breathing is interesting but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to judge its strength. You are clearly a writer with a wide range of interests and you should, of course, get other opinions. If you do not make other arrangements, I would be glad to read your work in the future.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,


Gina Maccoby

enc.

JED MATTES INC.

LITERARY AGENCY

175 West 73 Street #8H
New York, NY 10023-2906
212 580 8009 Fax 212 595 9306

December 6, 1989

Mr. Maurice Rowdon
125 Crescent Road
San Anselmo
California 94960

Dear Mr. Rowdon:

My pals at ICM forwarded your letter to me here, my roost since fleeing the Big Nest last February. It's very hard work, but I like my boss!

You're wise to have expressed your concerns this early on; it's conceivable my manner of operation may not be suited to your needs.

I work with Elaine Greene Ltd., London, on a virtually exclusive basis. That is, almost all my clients are represented in England by Elaine. However, I do in one instance work with another agency in London, because the client had a good relationship with that London agency when she came to me and I saw no reason to disrupt it.

So the issue of your being represented by me here and by someone other than Elaine in England is not terribly troublesome to me. However, whenever I am primary agent for a writer I participate in commission on his or her work worldwide. I gather you'd like me to simply represent U.S. rights and have nothing to do with your other rights, and that's not workable for me. I involve myself in all transactions of my clients, and participate in same.

My commission rate is 15% domestic and 20% foreign.

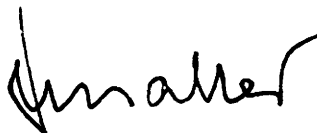
(When I am not the primary agent, but instead work on behalf of an affiliate such as Elaine Greene, I represent only U.S. publication and film rights. However, that would only be if in conjunction with another agent (who would participate in my commission).)

Since you're about to move to England, perhaps you'll want to establish a relationship with an agency there, and rely on that agent's recommendations for an agent in the States.

That said, if you think this might be workable for you, I'd be very happy to consider representing you and I hope you'll send along the first few chapters of your new novel. In any case, I wish you every success.

Sincerely,

TD/5



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Maurice Rowdon
40 Glenluce Road Blackheath London SE3 7SB
0181.858.2937

Rochelle Stevens
2 Terrett's Place
Upper St
London N1 1QZ

1.4..98

Dear Rochelle Stevens:

Michael Codron suggested last year that I would do well to write and ask you to represent me. He said he would like to see my next play and I'm touching up the final draft of one now, called GURU GURU. It is this I would like to send you if you're agreeable.

You will of course want to know something about my background. My book agents are Lucas Alexander Whitley. They have no play or film representation. My publishers have so far been Chatto and Windus, Heinemann, Constable, Gollancz, Weidenfeld, Macmillan, Harper Collins in the UK and St Martin's Press, Putnam and Praeger in the States. This is rarely a good recommendation for the ability to write plays but I've always been in close association with the theatre. The previous playscripts of mine which Michael Codron has seen have been backstage pieces and he has, possibly with some wisdom, abjured backstage plays. Let me enclose something the Really Useful Theatre Company wrote me about one of these backstage plays—it was a bid of mine to arouse a financial interest. GURU GURU has no backstage reference. Thank you for your attention.

Yours sincerely

Telephone: GERRARD 7886

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A. J. CROUCH

Accountant & Secretary

18th January, 1968

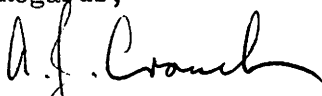
Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Casa Campardi,
53037 San Gimignano,
Siena,
Italy.

Dear Mr. Rowdon,

Thank you for your letter of the 13th. It came a little bit too late for me to do a split on the Weidenfeld £500. Your 90% of this was sent to your Swiss Bank early this week.

I have not yet received the second half of the BBC payment, but have made a note to send it to Barclays when it does come in.

Regards,


Secretary

AJC/lw

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SHEILA WATSON

A. J. CROUCH

Accountant & Secretary

18th January, 1968

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Casa Campardi,
53037 San Gimignano,
(SIENA),
Italy.

Dear Maurice,

You obviously don't trust us! I see that when you wrote to me on the 13th about the Weidenfeld £500 you wrote to Tony Crouch at the same time. You jolly nearly got two letters back. Briefly, yes the money is in and has gone to your bank.

CONFESSIONS OF A EUROPEAN. Splendid. I can't now remember one word of WAITING FOR MELLI but no doubt once I've glanced through the new script it will all come back to me the way these things do.

UMBRIA. I'm passing that very charming dedication onto Elizabeth.

Yours,

David.

DLB/SB

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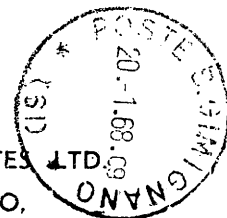
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Directors: David Bolt Sheila Watson

Maurice Rowdon Esq.,
5 Tamworth Street,
London SW6 1LB.

7th May 1975

Dear Maurice,

The enclosed letter is too much travelled for a simple re-direction again, and while we are investing in a stamp I thought I'd just remind you that I do need to hear from you both on DIAGHILEV and the MONASTICISM book with which we are still very much involved.

I very much dislike abdicating in a situation like this as the agent, and if you are dealing direct or in some other way do please let me know.

Yours,



P.S. We have a tentative film interest in LORENZO. /
Any objection to our pursuing this?

DLB/BSH:encl.

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LITERARY REPRESENTATIVES

340 EAST 52nd STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022
(212) Plaza 8-4213, 697-2419
Cable: MAXBIRD, NEW YORK

14 September 1994

To: Maurice

The complete revised version has been seen so far by only Basic Books, which is still considering it (I'm asking for a decision). These houses weren't interested in seeing either sample chapters or the complete ms: Crown, Oxford university Press, Bantam, Penguin-Viking, Harcourt, Faber & Faber, MIT Press, Free Press ("an interesting proposal but"), Harvard University Press, Scribner, Chronicle Books, Bernstein/Wylie. This doesn't include the dozen or more publishers that declined the complete original version.

I haven't sent the first chapter because publishers generally only want to see queries with outlines and bios. I don't remember saying that your bio was the only reason we weren't getting interest; only that the bio didn't have the scientific or institutional credentials publishers seem to want for this kind of book. (Remember how Marc Jaffe at Houghton wanted you to have had a series on PBS). As for the "spiritual" books at the top of the best-seller lists, these are hardly "serious"---past lives and meeting God face to face---and completely different from MAD APE in subject and intent and quality. Why Oxford and Harvard weren't interested I haven't a clue; they don't give reasons.

Aside from including what I remember is a longish chapter one, not inexpensive to xerox, with the query I don't see how we can proceed on a better basis with other houses like Freeman, Blackwell, Yale Press, Chicago Press, Continuum (this by no means exhausts the list but it does mean we've already covered a lot of major houses. I'm also

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LITERARY REPRESENTATIVES

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-2-

keeping my eye out for major editors who are leaving one major house for another and may need complete books quickly---these are interestingly mostly women and involve musical chairs at Harper Collins, Simon & Schuster, etc.

Let me have your thoughts. If you want to assume the expense of sending the first chapter, I'll do so with xeroxes in future queries.

All best, and sorry about the delay, due to Labor Day and a case of measles.

Arthur

AO:cc

P.S. Xeroxing here is 7 cents a page. Would it make sense for you to send 6 copies of chapter one instead of our xeroxing here?

James to Maurici

Granville
Red cliff garden

Libel

72 Cornwall Gardens,
London, S.W.7.

20th July, 1959.

Dear Mo,

I have now finished PUBLIC ISLANDS. I don't feel able to give you what I usually like to think of myself as capable of - a judicious opinion on its merits as a novel. I don't want to publish it for personal reasons as well as for legal ones, but I'll tell you about the legal ones first, since they are the most important for you. After all, you wrote the book to get it published, not to please me or anybody else.

If you want the book published under the name of Maurice Rowdon, radical alterations will have to be made before any publisher could risk taking it. The crux of libel is the business of identification. Would people who had known the characters in your novel - and there must be about 100 such in S.W.3. - reasonably be able to identify them with their counterparts in real life? The answer is yes. At least 100 people knew a chap called Maurice Rowdon married to a girl called Joan, living off the Fulham road, with a couple as lodgers, called James and Daphne, Daphne dark and a dancer in a West Indian troupe. From this alone, not to mention several other points of identification, they would be able to deduce the identity of several other characters - such as Val Schur, Princess Shari, Francis Wyndham, Gloria Rhodes, Fitzroy Maclean and wife, and so on. Some of these might bring a libel action to the effect that their characters had been damaged, and as long as they could get some Chelsea witnesses to say in court (quite truthfully) that they had read the book and immediately jumped to the conclusion that X in the book was Y in real life, the case would be likely to go against you. Princess Shari and Gloria would have particularly strong grounds, being professional people and thereby depending on their reputations for their livelihood. I should say that my parents, Daphne and myself are also clearly libelled. You make the dangers of libel infinitely greater by making your physical descriptions of the characters exactly fit their originals in life.

Damages for libel are jolly severe, and once an author has involved a publisher in intentional rather than accidental (I mean coincidental) libel, he is a marked man. Your best plan is to consult a lawyer who specialises in libel. Explain to him in detail all the points of similarity between the events,

persons, locations, etc as they were in real life and as they are in the novel, and he will be able to give you detailed advice as to how to make the book legally safe. It would be better to do this before sending it to another publisher, but it is essential that you should tell your publisher about the problem anyway: see any contract.

As for what I feel about the book myself: I know it is a novel, and therefore an artefact and not a transcript from history; all the same, I get the overwhelming impression that the story and characters in the book are meant to be a likeness of what happened to you at the end of the Radcliffe Garden days. If that is so, I feel an appalling sadness. Is that really how you saw the people surrounding you? Worse still, is that really how you see yourself? Were you ever such a humourless, egocentric, class-bitten turd as you make out Granville to be? As one who thought he knew something of you, I should like to say no; but perhaps I am wrong; perhaps your book proves what we are all too terrified to admit - that solipsism is victorious, that there are no objective facts about people but only reflections in other people's eyes, that two people (such as yourself and myself) can be friends and yet misunderstand each other so thoroughly as to be total strangers. In none of your novels have you ever created a live person (it is not necessary to do so in order to write a good novel), and I believe that this is because you never actually look at people, never allow people to be themselves, but always search for something you want in them, some abstract quality to prove a point of your own. PUBLIC ISLANDS is monstrously abstract. Only one person is given any pity or love or permitted three dimensions, and that is Granville - and maybe his parents. Everyone else is a cardboard set of characteristics. Above all Pinkie should be real, but you won't let her be: she is just someone whom Granville loves (in a rather peculiar way, as shown in the book) and who makes him miserable. But for God's sake what is Pinkie like? Why does she make him miserable? Why does she go off with paunchy Grove, whom you make the shadow of a shadow despite his paunch? The reader looks up and is not fed.

Abstract too is your dislike of the middle classes, which you appear to lump together like Jews as an 'out' category. The real core of the book, the warm core, is the Battersea stuff. Yet as soon as you describe other milieus, your people become abstract: the proof of this is that you get the cadences of their voices all wrong - you never listened to them. There is no love of human beings in the book at all - I don't mean you should love the people in real life whom you describe in the book, but that as an author you should love the characters you create, for their own sakes, villains equally, as Iago or Stavrogin or Julien Sorel are loved.

Sad also was the fact that you got certain things wrong

historically, which you never saw at the time and which no one will ever tell you now. The primary emotion of the book is a colossal sense of personal betrayal. I'm not surprised, but after all these years you don't seem to have got beyond the simple reaction. Who, after all, did betray you? And if anyone did, who was it? And why was it? But all this is old hat, a squashed pork pie on the 31 bus route.

Lastly, the libel that concerns me and mine. I have one request - can I say for friendship's sake, or, if not, on humanitarian grounds? Would you remove any passage which might give offence to my parents? Both my parents have read books of yours and might read another. My dad has had two strokes already and must not be excited. If he read the book, it could well do for him.

Daphne's read the book and is hopping mad about various things but that's not my pigeon.

"In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be ...
We are betrayed by what is false within". (Modern Love)

Jot it down, soldier, jot it down, So long,

James

P.S. The second copy will follow with our lawyer's report on the book, which will be of help to you.

P.P.S. What's all this about me shoving the book around? Odd phone messages came through which made no sense.

THE FALL OF VENICE	(Weidenfeld, Praeger USA)
LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT	(Weidenfeld, ? USA)
THE SPANISH TERROR	(Constable, St. Martin's Press USA)
LEONARDO DA VINCI	(Weidenfeld)
THE TALKING DOGS	(Macmillan and Putnam USA)

Theatre

ESKIMO TRANCE Victoria theatre Stoke on Trent.

ESKIMO TRANCE Mercury Theatre London under my own direction.

MAHLER* Arts Theatre London, my own production.

MAHLER Studio Theatre Munich, my direction.

*This inspired Ken Russell's film of that name.

Television

BBC 55 min. Omnibus: THE FALL OF VENICE, which I scripted from my book The Fall of Venice; I was part of the pre-production team in Venice as fixer, casting the lead Italian players and supers etc.

= Sophia
 = Waiting for Mella
 = Two Englishmen in New York
 = One
 = How to Stop Dying
 = Night FEVER
 = my wife Emily
 = Cancer & the
 = night of the Eclipse

Transl Books
 The last of the
 Sennas...

Janet

BIOGRAPHY

he I was born in a London ~~working-class family~~ and took two degrees at Oxford, the first in Modern History (a 'war degree') and the other in Modern Greats (Philosophy, Politics, Economics), specializing in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason (three years), *his* my first year having been curtailed by the outbreak of World War Two. At the age of 21 I was a Forward Observation Officer in the Italian campaign. After the war, when I had taken my second degree, I taught English Literature at Baghdad University and there wrote ~~my~~ *his* first book.

he Afterwards, on my way back to England, I stopped in Italy and decided to live there if and when I had a sufficient income from my writing. This came from Harper's Magazine, to which I sold a story, and it provided me with a generous year's upkeep. I began publishing books on Italy. These received such enthusiastic notices that from this time my books were commissioned in advance. By this means *he* I became a specialist in Italian civilisation, so that I could settle in that country while keeping a home in London.

my At that time it didn't do to have any awareness of what would one day happen to our planet, even though there were drastic and lasting weather changes immediately after World War Two. In an otherwise gratifying review of my first book on Italy the Times Literary Supplement *in* ~~the~~ added that *was* ~~he~~ even forgave me *easy* ~~the~~ 'crankiness' of ^{my} suggestion that political parties would one day come into being with the ticket of what we today call 'green' issues. *to*

At the age of 39 I was told by a Dutch friend that unless I practiced yoga I would have to face the normal destiny of old age. I began practicing Hatha Yoga and daily pranayama (breath-discipline) under an Indian guru in Switzerland. This was my daily habit for twelve years or more, and only then did I begin to develop a breath technique which would be thoroughly safe. For this purpose I induced panic states of hyperventilation in myself so that these could never happen to those in my charge. I taught this system under the title of Oxygenesis at Berkeley and San Francisco Cal. over a period of eight years. *}*

There I continued my writing and began to feel that there was no distinction between my fiction and non-fiction books---fiction being a document in which I created the plot while a non-fiction plot was created by history. Thus it was that I wrote my novels in a style suitable for an historical document and my history-books in a highly personal style suitable for a novel. My SPANISH TERROR was written in that personal mode, being the story of how money began to take precedence over the human, *solely to finance war.*

Now any animal that consistently, in every one of its so-called civilizations, has regarded war, namely, the planned decimation of its own species, not simply as a glorious pursuit in its own right but the very basis of survival, is surely suffering from dementia---a dementia which is *exactly replicated* in the present doomed state of our planet.

Through this growing awareness I became interested in the way a hitherto dignified and ruthlessly self-confident civilization might suddenly fall into

degradation and become no more than its stones and frescoes and bridges---this produced THE SILVER AGE OF VENICE. I found I was increasingly studying not what the human said about himself, or flattered himself to be (history), but the far more exciting story of his mutations and adaptations, namely his brave, prolonged and repeated efforts to find again the fixed habitat *he had once enjoyed as an animal*.

In his frantic search he occupied every known habitat on the earth. 'Human' could thus be defined as 'the animal that belongs nowhere'. Of all atrocities this monkey, accustomed to roots and fruits, became a carnivore.

More and more I was convinced that only by seeing ourselves as the animals we are can we reach the truth about ourselves and our deathly history. This was why I was ready to examine the intelligence of two dogs in my ELKE AND BELAM. For in the end we can only judge an animal's intelligence by the state in which it leaves its habitat---whether enriched or degraded, ruined or flourishing. And by this criterion the human has the smallest intelligence of all the animals.

This is perhaps dawning on more and more of us. Hundreds of us are engaged in rehabilitating 'dead' land by the simple introduction of animals which need not be indigenous to that land. Horses have been introduced into 'dead' land both in France and Britain, and that land has at once sprung to life again with flora and fauna. And perhaps millions are seeing their pets not simply as adornments to the household but their equals and indeed their peers.

WORK

- 1) THE SPANISH TERROR
- 2) (non-fiction)
- 3) 'In this vivid account he captures the times when dagger, poisoned phial and strangler's gut...'
- 4) 'He explodes the idea that the Renaissance was simply a flowering of the human spirit, and shows another aspect---that scholars and artists were at the mercy of the financial power-houses and did their work against a background of war, revolution and factional fighting in the streets'.
- 5) 'The sixteenth century was for Europe an epoch of fervent business, persecution and war. In that time the modern world as we recognise it came into being. Things changed faster than ever before and perhaps ever since. Even the industrial nineteenth century was less original in its changes; the basis of the work had been done three centuries before. For some people 'the sixteenth century' means the beginning of Christian civilisation proper. They see the Middle Ages as a kind of passive incubation period, dominated and repressed by the Church, before the great liberating forces (called the 'Renaissance') which brought about renewed trade, voyages of discovery, new techniques of manufacture and the chastening of Rome.

But there is little evidence that a civilisation was created, though a

quite new society was. Compared with the Middle Ages the sixteenth century had nothing tranquil and nothing wholesome about it. Small pockets of civilization had arisen---Florence, Antwerp, Venice---but were swallowed up in military occupation or affluence. They were piecemeal, brief and interrupted attempts at a civilization for which Christendom as a whole did not seem ready.

The question arises, was a sustained Christian civilization ever achieved, comparable to the great (and certainly sustained) civilizations of the Orient or the Mediterranean, where the smallest details of life seemed to refer to a divine illumination?

Certainly mediaeval life was sustained; one generation saw much the same world as the one before it. But then Europe was still nursing its wounds after the chaotic dismemberment of the Roman Empire by barbarian tribes. There was something too guarded, too numbed about mediaeval life to call it civilized. Compared with the ancient civilizations the mediaeval world was starved of light; it never translated---it did not dare to translate---its deep sense of the divine into the outwardly marvellous. It knew little about ancient Greece.

But at the time of the Renaissance, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Europe did begin to look back---and to compare itself unfavourably with the ancient past. That was what produced the pockets of civilization---notably Florence under the Medici. But they were soon engulfed in war and persecution. The result was a disturbed society which still today fails to solve its problems or even to offer agreed definitions as to what these problems are.

The problems certainly came into being in the sixteenth century. They were insoluble then, by their nature. And since they remain the basis of the world we live in now, there seems no more hope than there ever was of resolving them, except by the disintegration of the whole system of life adopted at that time and consolidated, with growing chaos, ever since.

Violence became basic to life in the sixteenth century. It even seemed an essential condition of Christian survival. Yet thirty years before that century opened violence was neither expected nor thought necessary. When in 1479 Federico of Urbino shattered some of the roofs of Colle Val d'Elsa near Siena with his cannons, in the war between Florence and the pope, the local population made a great cry about it being 'unfair'. Of course pillaging had gone on, but it had usually been the work of an eccentric when not an accident. Niccolò Vitelli of Città di Castello, who devastated much of the Romagna during the same war, was known for his brutality, and everyone prophesied a sticky end for him.

Less than half a century later there were new standards of violence which were more reminiscent of the barbarian period than anything else. Men became strangers to each other over trifling definitions of words---

men in the same camp, the same court, the same Church. The divisions were so great that only one factor held sixteenth-century life together at all and that was the threat of a Turkish invasion. Without this Europe might very well have reverted to its tribal condition of a millennium before. Yet by this time the Middle Ages were something to laugh at, presumably for having achieved a common and basically peaceful life throughout Europe. Present-day society---whether we are talking about medical science or the printing of vast numbers of books in vernacular languages or communications or the banking system or exploration or racial and religious persecution or the arts and literature or state debts or techniques of war or espionage or the 'whitewashing' of human minds---was developed at that time.

One factor underlay all these activities, a new factor for Christendom: money. Of course money had always been used. But now it had an unprecedented role. The fact that it went far beyond a mere symbol of exchange to become the *sine qua non* of power had a great deal to do with the violence. Great sums of money were borrowed by states at fantastic rates of interest, sometimes 50 percent. This was for the financing of war, though it was still largely the polite war of mercenaries who hesitated to engage the enemy for fear of winning their battles and ending their contracts too soon. Now the armies had to do something highly impolite, and increasingly by fair means or foul; and that was to win sufficient territory and markets to pay back the loans plus the interest, in an escalating activity that created one empire after another.

These empires began with aggression and ended in inflation. The first great empire of this kind (quite different from the empires of Greece and Rome) was the Spanish. And it arose more clearly from the borrowing principle than from any factor of simple self-aggrandisement. The gold and silver bullion that poured into Spain from the newly won Americas financed Spain's hold on Europe, and through inflation it also reduced Spain to a secondary power in less than a century after its heyday. This new type of empire clearly rose and fell with remarkable speed.

Since then other empires have gone through the same process with varying degrees of speed. And they continue to do so. In this process the mother-country becomes overburdened with its far-flung responsibilities and in the end cannot compete with the power it has necessarily created (under viceroys and puppet rulers and in satellite states) in every part of the globe'.

WORK

1. THE SILVER AGE OF VENICE
2. Nonfiction

3. 'Penetrates the most intimate corners of Venetian life. His books have won wide critical acclaim.'
4. 'With his great knowledge of eighteenth-century Venetian life he lays bare a civilization premised, as none other, on a tyranny of manners. But now the aristocrats gambled day and night, infecting the common people with their obsessive self-indulgence, in this last jewel of the *ancient regime*.'
5. 'Being a woman in Venice was a profession. She had to set the Serenissima off, be its prise and consolation; a woman changed according to the state of the Republic and the male tastes that happened to prevail. Whether these corresponded to her own choice, much less her own happiness, had no importance. It was a wonder that a clever woman could survive in Venice; but there were a few, especially in the eighteenth century when she was a pleasure-symbol and no longer the remote doll she had been a century before, strutting along on stilts, the bearer of family prestige and talking to no one. She was beguiling now, with '*occhio lascivo in ziro e seducente, sedizioso el parlar, sia brute o bele*'---'a roaming, lascivious, seductive eye, seditious in speech, whether plain or beautiful'. But then she was freer than ever before. Venice now required her freedom. She too was free to fall.

The liberation of patrician women from a strait and secluded home-life began during the nineteenth century with the coming of opulent standards. Young patrician girls had once been forbidden the licence of going to church on Sundays, ever since 1482 when a young man whisked off a girl called Giovanna di Riviera on her way to church and married her outside Venetian territory; after that Mass was celebrated at home, in the private chapel. A wife had once lived little more than a harem existence, under the same roof with Circassian and Georgian women, slaves with whom she shared her husband and who often meant more to him than she did. She went out rarely, and when she did was under heavy chaperonage; in the period of luxury her high clogs secured the same effect, though she did go out more. Even her children were taken from her early, the boys to serve their seniors in the Great Council, running messages, bringing coffee and carrying the ballot boxes with their golden and silver balls, the girls to close their minds to all but daily trivialities in a convent. In the earlier epochs social life had not been open to women; the only time they had expected to appear in public was on rare state occasions, as part of the patrician parade, and even then they had been closely hemmed with family. In other parts of Italy women led nowhere near such an Eastern life, a fact which makes the rapid abandonment of discipline in the last two centuries of the Republic even more remarkable. By the end of that time what Italians call 'the equilateral triangle' (wife, husband and lover) was, if not established, not something to be surprised at. But then foreign influences had intruded. No one was surprised in London that the fifth Duke of

Mad Ape *The animal that said it wasn't* (forthcoming)
 (a book drawn not from the human's stories about himself, least of all his
 histories, but from his far more spectacular, far more ardent and painstaking
mutations and adaptations).

ITALIAN LIFE

Italian Sketches (Victor Gollancz)
 A Roman Street (Victor Gollancz)
 Collins Companion Guide to Umbria (Collins)
 The Fall of Venice (Weidenfeld and Nicolson)
 Lorenzo the Magnificent (Weidenfeld and Nicolson/Praeger)
 Leonardo da Vinci (Weidenfeld and Nicolson)

WAR

Of Sins and Winter (Chatto and Windus)
 Forward to the Death (forthcoming)

BREATH GUIDANCE/OLD AGE

Breathtaking Moments (forthcoming)
 'Rowdon introduced his breathing system in California in 1981/2, calling it
 Oxygenesis. This system began from strictly physiological principles. While
 a great deal is known today about the metabolism of oxygen little has been
 done either by the medical industry or oriental breath teachers to analyse the
 key role of the thoracic and abdominal muscles in the determination of
 breath. Breath-taking begins with the examination of the interplay between
 the intercostal and abdominal muscles. Only after flexibility of response has
 been obtained can the breath be 'activated' from its usually passive role.'

'Proper breathing means the right breath in the right place at the right
 moment. It is probable that the bulk of mankind have the wrong breath, i.e.
 the least efficient one for the requirements of the nervous system at any given
 time.

The phantasm of **old age**, that is the breakdown of the human body many
 decades before man's cellular or biological capacity of 120 years, is a specific
 result of ineffective breathing---in air already much depleted in oxygen
 content compared with that available a thousand years ago, as found in
 amber-tests. It was not many decades ago that the so-called Pulmonary

Association was teaching that breath comes naturally. That human breathing was more tranquil a thousand years ago is possible but not at all probable.'

PHILOSOPHY---what good is it?

'Philosophy begins and ends with doubts about what is real. It finds that reality is simply a conviction, not what we can prove or demonstrate. Other animals have no difficulties of this kind---the movement of their wings and fins and legs and amphibious abilities require no forethought, being inherited.

'Only one philosopher has squarely faced human dementia and that was Socrates. Indeed all the later philosophy, from Aristotle to Kant and Nietzsche, was a doomed effort to fairy-tale the dementia away. That fairy tale is best personified by the meaning of the word philosophy itself---'the love of wisdom', in an animal which has consistently, through no fault of his own (indeed, he always demonstrated the greatest ardour) shown less of it than any other'.

HITLER'S SHOWBIZ DIARIES

(1968-1978) I kept a diary of the endless daily media transactions I was involved in, and in which, strangely, Hitler seemed to play a part as the moving spirit of destruction behind our very thoughts. The film footage on him seemed endless. Our projects started in talk---what else could they start with? And the talk might end in a play or television project or film but mostly it didn't. You invariably ended up with what you didn't start with and what you didn't intend or foresee in any way, and sometimes you ended up by watching somebody else walk off with the fruits of all the discussions you had had. In other words it wasn't necessarily you who executed what your words had started. Likewise you often found yourself executing what somebody else's words ('script', 'breakdown', 'synopsis') had started. A producer once asked me and a director to make certain changes in a script he described the script as 'a cwt. of shit in a 5 lb. bag' and then after looking at our version shot the 5 lb bag of shit and it was a success.

EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOKS:

AFTERWARDS:

Excerpt 1.

'I'd just like to say this, Glen', he murmured, suddenly moving close to me with energy, 'I wrote this book Afterwards to save humanity in the event of a nuclear war, and that went all over the world as my advocating nuclear war. Now I wouldn't mind if people knew what I meant by the Afterwards but they don't. They think I mean after the bomb falls---in the future. But I don't! I mean now. Remember what Macbeth said after his first murder---"From this instant there's nothing serious in mortality"? And then he says, "All is but toys, grace and renown is dead" (they weren't too hot on their grammar in those days), "the wine of life if drawn". Think of that, Glen! It's happened to us too! Our murder was Hiroshima. We ate the apple of knowledge! We murdered respect for men and women! We're living in the Afterwards of that! Hitler started breaking this respect down, with his extermination camps, but that was only a beginning. Now we're right there. We're his children OK! And we've still got to go on and on, like Macbeth. The murders can't stop. I'm only facing facts, trying to see some chance of survival in all this, and even some hope! Old Macbeth had to murder his friends, we've got to do the same---we may say we don't want to but we'll have to, for the same reasons! Macbeth had to create a secret service that spanned all of Scotland, which was the universe as far as he was concerned. And that's hell! He created hell. And that's what we're living in now---hell! And people don't know it. Leastways they have a hunch about it but very privately. They prefer acting! They try and think they're still in the Before, and everything's nice and cosy and being looked after like it used to be. Now my book,' he said, out of breath now, 'tries to make 'em face up to hell, rationally. That's what I mean by the rationalisation of hell. But people won't listen. They'd rather call me a nuclear nut. Since 1945 the human's being's been dead. That's my message, Glen. Print that, if you like.'

Excerpt 2.

'But what's the point of getting to the moon?' I asked him.

'The *moon*?' he said. 'I ought to charge you tuition fees! What you don't know is wonderful! Listen, when you put all those smears in the paper about me and mine, do you believe them? Of course you don't! Do I? Of course I don't! Yet you believe any crap they put out to keep you dazed about heroes getting to the moon and dancing about in space and wondering if Dante was right and there are white souls up there, whiter than the white of the moon!' He laughed. 'Yes, I should think not! Oh, you could send someone there. A station maybe, in time. But damned expensive. A radio telescope can tell you more or less all you need to know. At least, so I should guess. No, Glen, the *real thing* is a laboratory with a panel of men inside who can see every aspect of the earth from a military point of view, who can prevent nuclear explosions wherever somebody's mad enough to try, and produce one too, if it's a case of do-or-die! That's the security I was talking about! That's your "moon"! Moonshine, more like it! You've got to moonshine for the millions of crumbs all over the earth sitting on their lazy fat arses watching television. Apparently, they need moon stories!'

'You mean those flying laboratories are going to have nuclear bombs in them, too?'

'What else would I mean?'

'But what's that got to do with being on the stars talking philosophy and things like that?' I asked him.

'A hell of a lot, Glen---why don't you tackle that cake there?---it's the same thing! Like you have drugs and splints and transfusions and sterilised air to keep the body going, so you've got a system of surveillance in the skies, to keep the earth going!'

After Oxford he took up a post at Baghdad university teaching English literature. There he wrote his first novel, **Hellebore the Clown**. Later he returned to Europe by boat from Beirut to Naples, drawn back to Italy by his memory of the Italians during battle---honest, open, humane to both sides without exciting resentment on either. He resolved to live there but first returned to London where he wrote three books **Of Sins and Winter**, an account of a stay in Austria still haunted by the war, **Perimeter West** about the Berlin ruins, familiar to him from his post-war stay in that city, and **Afterwards** about an American publicity-agent who sees Hiroshima as dividing history into the Before-The-Bomb and the Afterwards, and dreams of the exploitation of space, thus foretelling fifty years of space-experiment by the USA and Britain.

Rowdon returned to Italy and began living in Rome, where he wrote his first two books on Italian life, **Italian Sketches** and **A Roman Street**. These gave him a serious literary following. The Times Literary Supplement gave him a warm and generous review, adding that the author's prediction that there would one day be a (green) party devoted solely to the state of the earth was his only sign of crankiness. He and his wife, a sculptress (Annette Rowdon) bought, on a loan, a 21-hectare farm in the Sienese Hills where, helped by Brussels subsidies, Rowdon planted 400 olive trees, constructed new vineyards and learned every aspect of honest wine-making. His new status as writer opened the way to many commissions such as **The Companion Guide to Umbria**, **The Fall of Venice**, **The Spanish Terror**, **Leonardo da Vinci** and **Lorenzo the Magnificent**. In the Seventies he kept a diary of the media events he was daily involved in---**Hitler's Showbiz Diary** (forthcoming).

His wife being American, they often visited the USA, and he also got to know New York well---this led to his novel **Night Fevers**, **Two Englishwomen in New York** (forthcoming). He also wrote his first animal-intelligence book **The Talking Dogs**, which was published simultaneously in London and New York. [click to 'animal intelligence'].

Back at the Italian farm he came across some fascinating books published in Berkeley, Ca., more especially a book called 'Kundalini or Psychosis' by the ophthalmologist Lee Sanella and **The Dancing Wu Li Masters** by the physicist Gary Zukav. By this time Rowdon had been doing daily *pranayama* or yoga breathing over a period of at least seventeen years, which made a session in Earl's Court London with Janabai, a close associate of Leonard Orr the Rebirther (whom he came to know and greatly admire), a remarkable experience. But he was aware that Leonard's system was a hyperventilatory technique, and thus a shock to a nervous system not already protected, as Rowdon's had been, by long training in hatha yoga postures, where the breath was a posture or asana, not a separate activity. This special weaning of the breathing system can be only be done **under Indian tutelage** because in that case alone it is passed down through many generations, in an understanding of *prana* or the divine element within oxygen which Western ideas and training cannot reach or purvey. It prompted him to develop a breathing system which began from the breathing muscles, not from the breath itself, so that tetanus and hyperventilation, with their panic-stricken, indeed sometimes terrifying, effects, were avoided. He induced hyperventilation in himself repeatedly in order to discover how and when it came into being---i.e. by means of what wrong moves. Since he and his wife had decided to divorce amicably he resolved to take this breathing system to Berkeley Ca.. With a letter of introduction to Professor Nanos Valaritis of San Francisco university, already a well-known poet, he flew there, meaning to stay in California for a few weeks---he remained for nearly nine years. He and Nanos hit it off at once and found they had common friends all over Europe. Nanos set him up with a group of mostly university people who were prepared to study the breath, and Rowdon established a practice which in the end brought him hundreds of clients and eventually offices in San Francisco. This led to his writing **Breathtaking Moments** (forthcoming). Study of the breath also made him realise **why most people experience old age**, which he now saw as medical indoctrination that cuts decades off the human's cellular or biological span of 120 years.

W. W. Thors
5

which he influenced,

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the nuclear bomb

this fine  
independent

Rowdon returned to Italy and began living in Rome, where he wrote his first two books on Italian life, **Italian Sketches** and **A Roman Street**. These gave him a serious literary following. The Times Literary Supplement gave him a warm and generous review, adding that the author's prediction that there would one day be a (green) party devoted solely to the state of the earth was his only sign of crankiness. He and his wife, a sculptress (Annette Rowdon) bought, on a loan, a 21-hectare farm in the Sienese Hills where, helped by Brussels subsidies, Rowdon planted 400 olive trees, constructed new vineyards and learned every aspect of honest wine-making. His new status as writer opened the way to many commissions such as **The Companion Guide to Umbria**, **The Fall of Venice**, **The Spanish Terror**, **Leonardo da Vinci** and **Lorenzo the Magnificent**. In the Seventies he kept a diary of the media events he was daily involved in—**Hitler's Showbiz Diary** (forthcoming).

His wife being American, they often visited the USA, and he also got to know New York well—this led to his novel **Night Fevers**, **Two Englishwomen in New York** (forthcoming). He also wrote his first animal-intelligence book **The Talking Dogs**, which was published simultaneously in London and New York. [click to 'animal intelligence'].

Back at the Italian farm he came across some fascinating books published in Berkeley, Ca., more especially a book called 'Kundalini or Psychosis' by the opthamologist Lee Sanella and The Dancing Wu Li Masters by the physicist Gary Zukav. By this time Rowdon had been doing daily *pranayama* or yoga breathing over a period of at least seventeen years, which made a session in Earl's Court London with Janabai, a close associate of Leonard Orr the Rebirther (whom he came to know and greatly admire), a remarkable experience. But he was aware that Leonard's system was a hyperventilatory technique, and thus a shock to a nervous system not already protected, as Rowdon's had been, by long training in hatha yoga postures, where the breath was a posture or asana, not a separate activity. This special weaning of the breathing system can be only be done **under Indian tutelage** because in that case alone it is passed down through many generations, in an understanding of *prana* or the divine element within oxygen which Western ideas and training cannot reach or purvey. It prompted him to develop a breathing system which began from the breathing muscles, not from the breath itself, so that tetanus and hyperventilation, with their panic-stricken, indeed sometimes terrifying, effects, were avoided. He induced hyperventilation in himself repeatedly in order to discover how and when it came into being---i.e. by means of what wrong moves. Since he and his wife had decided to divorce amicably he resolved to take this breathing system to Berkeley Ca.. With a letter of introduction to Professor Nanos Valaritis of San Francisco university, already a well-known poet, he flew there, meaning to stay in California for a few weeks---he remained for nearly nine years. He and Nanos hit it off at once and found they had common friends all over Europe. Nanos set him up with a group of mostly university people who were prepared to study the breath, and Rowdon established a practice which in the end brought him hundreds of clients and eventually offices in San Francisco. This led to his writing **Breathtaking Moments** (forthcoming). Study of the breath also made him realise **why most people experience old age**, which he now saw as medical indoctrination that cuts decades off the human's cellular or biological span of 120 years.

*I confess* that one afternoon, resting from the hearty ex-history don's ponies, I happened to look out of my window and see what must surely be another Kantian victim---bedraggled and stooped, he walked a few steps, gazed long at the sidewalk, walked a bit more, stopped and thought again, moved a yard, stopped utterly still for a whole age. It was a living enactment of myself.

*I confess* that when my philosophy tutor Donald Mackinnon, who wrote a book called *The Borderlines of Theology*, murmured the word 'Kant' to himself after reading my very first paper for him I thought he meant the female organ and was justifiably insulting my powers as a thinker, whereas he was preparing to make me specialise in Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*.

*I confess* that all our 'philosophy' in the West has been the child of Aristotle's thought, whose texts could satisfactorily be thrown down the drain of idle chatter and replaced with one sentence, any sentence, of Spinoza's.

*I confess* that nevertheless Aristotle has possession of my mind, that he and he alone has provided not only the form of my mind but its content. This is how his influence happened historically: he was close to being a god for mediaeval thinkers---as close as their devotion to Christ would allow. He became the arbiter of all thought in mediaeval times. His word alone could settle disputes. So untouchable was he as a guide that various popes tried to discourage his hypnotic sway---his power, yes, to alter the very shape and form of Christianity. But it was useless. Those popes lost the battle.

*I confess* that Spinoza said all you humans do is sit and think about yourselves and praise and mourn your experience but never do you ask who provided your thoughts, their form and sequence? How could I possibly understand the meaning of sight and sounds, the thoughts and tastes and touches terrible or nice that words describe for me---who is the *unrecognised moment-by-moment provider*?

*I confess* that once I had learned truly to think I saw at last that 'history' was *a tale told by an idiot* but a most fascinating one, showing how deeply the human can see himself living in *what is not taking place*. We must always remember that the first and only historian for us Christians was the Greek Herodotus and *he wrote nothing that wasn't about war*. And anyone who writes a chronicle of war as 'winning' or 'losing' or, most preposterous as 'glory' is *making it all up*---QED.

## The things they have said about my books

It is a real pleasure to come across a quite original book entitled *Italian Sketches*. Mr. Rowdon is astonishingly acute in recognising in the Italians a quality which impels them to spare foreigners embarrassment or mortification. ..It is a relief to read this factual book about Italy...I derived much pleasure from this book and recommend it warmly. {Sir Harold Nicolson, Observer).

Recalls Lawrence's *Twilight in Italy* almost uncannily...The perfect antidote to the effusive outsider's travel book...The results are superficially glum, but in retrospect, and artistically, exhilarating, because so often piercingly accurate and so far under the skin of everyday appearances that it is really a new reappraisal almost of a new country...Extreme spiritual delicacy as well as physical sensibility. (Isabel Quigly, Guardian).

If it were possible to explain why Mr. Rowdon's ideas are so acceptable, it would be possible to explain Italy---and if this were possible, nobody would write books about Italy any more. All books about Italy are frantic attempts to try and understand the nature of the fascination, and if Mr. Rowdon's book is one of the best attempts that has been made for many years, this is because he tries so deeply to understand. (Nigel Dennis, Daily Telegraph).

'A new writer of importance... Within a couple of pages he has established a strong literary personality' (R.G.G. Price, Punch).

Hellebore the Clown, Of Sins and Winter, Afterwards, Perimeter West, A Roman Street, Companion Guide to Umbria, The Fall of Venice, Lorenzo de' Medici, The Spanish Terror, Leonardo da Vinci were some of the books I wrote.

Of these, Perimeter West was consistently sneered at in Britain and lavishly noticed in Germany because it gave recognition to the Germans as human and a people (Perimeter West was published early after the war).

While I was doing all this writing I was represented by one of the fancy top agencies of the time and every generous commission that came my way seemed to prove that I was alive and thriving, which was not the case when I looked within. The soldier within peeped out and would have none of it.

I wrote like mad, my commissions during the day and my original work in the evening, and I was as healthy as a sapling. And it was all a fakery, and I knew it. I don't mean that I wasn't sincere, I was unsparingly so in all I wrote. But the fact that I was writing books, and publishing those books, was an act of nostalgia for something gone by, and I think we all knew it underneath. It had become damned silly to write 'novels' of all things, and I never tried to do so, as I understand now: they were accounts of my time, eye-witness accounts.

We were creating something dead before it started because we were telling (quite innocently) a falsehood---that the world was a place for books and thought and frescoes and basilicas and play-productions and films and television projects, and it wasn't true, and it didn't feel true, it felt as if everything we did was *an act of nostalgia for a world that had long since gone*.

That is, time had passed us by. We had no evidence that this was the case but uncannily, unconsciously, we knew it had. I owned together with my wife a farm in Italy and one day one of my neighbours, a labourer or *contadino*, said, 'The world should stay exactly as it is--- we all make enough money, we've got enough machinery and things should stay that way, but if the money gets bigger and bigger, and the machinery, everything will go wrong.'

Yes, all life would be poisoned, all breathing and moving life, all the still life of trees and grasses, and the turbulent seas, would be poisoned.

We must have known that the wrecked world we have today had already started. To some degree we could foresee things as they are now but it was a very small degree.

I said in one book of mine in the 1960s that 'green' parties would come into being one day, namely political parties based entirely on the state of the habitat---and the Times Literary Supplement, in an otherwise warm and generous review, singled this out as the only trace in my work of 'crank' thinking.

their teacher, Dorothy Meyers, only less suddenly than hers. After all, she'd started from scratch, with only printed records of previous "tapping" animals from fifty or so years before to go on. For weeks she'd worked in the dark, doubting her capacities as an animal teacher and all the less prepared for the shock of discovery when it came. Like me, she's been ready enough to accept animal intelligence as an idea, but not to accept the reality of animals as *equal beings*. The discovery that animals have in many respects a moral integrity, truthfulness and compassion superior to our own was an even greater shock.

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Online bookstores Amazon, Abebooks,

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*mutations and adaptations*, namely his brave prolonged and repeated efforts to find again the fixed habitat *he had once enjoyed as an animal*. In his frantic search he occupied every known habitat on the earth. 'Human' could thus be defined as 'the animal that belongs nowhere'. I became convinced that only by seeing ourselves as animals could we reach the truth about ourselves, which is why I was ready to examine the intelligence of two dogs in my ELKE AND BELAM. For in the end we can only judge an animal's intelligence by the state in which it leaves its habitat---whether enriched or degraded, ruined or flourishing. By this criterion the human has the smallest intelligence of all the animals. This is perhaps dawning on more and more of us. Hundreds are engaged in rehabilitating 'dead' land by the simple introduction of animals which need not be indigenous to that land. Horses have been introduced into 'dead' land both in France and Britain, and that land has at once sprung to life again with flora and fauna.

## WORK

- 1) THE SPANISH TERROR
- 2) (non-fiction)
- 3) 'In this vivid account he captures the times when dagger, poisoned phial and strangler's gut...'
- 4) 'He explodes the idea that the Renaissance was simply a flowering of the human spirit, and shows another aspect---that scholars and artists were at the mercy of the financial power-houses and did their work against a background of war, revolution and factional fighting in the streets'.
- 5) '*Spain and the rise of money*. The sixteenth century was for Europe an epoch of fervent business, persecution and war. In that time the modern world as we recognise it came into being. Things changed faster than ever before and perhaps ever since. Even the industrial nineteenth century was less original in its changes; the basis of the work had been done three centuries before. For some people 'the sixteenth century' means the beginning of Christian civilisation proper. They see the Middle Ages as a kind of passive incubation period., dominated and repressed by the Church, before the great liberating forces (called the 'Renaissance') which brought about renewed trade, voyages of discovery, new techniques of manufacture and the chastening of Rome.

But there is little evidence that a civilisation was created, thought a quite new society was. Compared with the Middle Ages the sixteenth century had nothing tranquil and nothing wholesome about it. Small pockets of civilization had arisen---Florence, Antwerp, Venice---but were swallowed up in military occupation or affluence. They were piecemeal, brief and interrupted attempts at a civilization for which Christendom as a whole did not seem ready.

The question arises, was a sustained Christian civilization ever achieved, comparable to the great ( and certainly sustained civilizations of

the Orient or the Mediterranean, where the smallest details of life seemed to refer to a divine illumination? Certainly mediaeval life was sustained; one generation saw much the same world as the one before it. But then Europe was still nursing its wounds after the chaotic dismemberment of the Roman Empire by barbarian tribes. There was something too guarded, too numbed about mediaeval life to call it civilized. Compared with the ancient civilizations the mediaeval world was starved of light; it never translated---it did not dare to translate---its deep sense of the divine into the outwardly marvellous. It knew little about ancient Greece. But in the time of the Renaissance, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Europe did begin to look back, and to compare itself unfavourably with the ancient past. That was what produced the pockets of civilization---notably Florence under the Medici. But they were soon engulfed in war and persecution.

The result was a disturbed society which still today fails to solve its problems or even to offer agreed definitions as to what these problems are. The problems certainly came into being in the sixteenth century. They were insoluble then, by their nature. And since they remain the basis of the world we live in now, there seems no more hope than there ever was of resolving them, except by the disintegration of the whole system of life adopted at that time and consolidated, with growing chaos, ever since.

Violence became basic to life in the sixteenth century. It even seemed an essential condition of Christian survival. Yet thirty years before the century opened violence was neither expected nor thought necessary. When in 1479 Federico of Urbino shattered some of the roofs of Colle Val d'Elsa near Siena with his cannons, in the war between Florence and the pope, the local population made a great cry about it being 'unfair'. Of course pillaging had gone on, but it had usually been the work of an eccentric when not an accident. Niccolò Vitelli of Città di Castello, who devastated much of the Romagna during the same war, was known for his brutality, and everyone prophesied a sticky end for him. Less than half a century later there were new standards of violence which were reminiscent of the barbarian period than anything else. Men became strangers to each other over trifling definitions of words---men in the same camp, the same court, the same Church. The divisions were so great that only one factor held sixteenth-century life together at all and that was the threat of a Turkish invasion. Without this Europe might very well have reverted to its tribal condition of a millennium before. Yet by this time the Middle Ages were something to laugh at, presumably for achieved a common and basically peaceful life throughout Europe.

Present-day society---whether we are talking about medical science or the printing of vast numbers of books in vernacular languages or communications or the banking system or exploration or racial and religious persecution or the arts and literature or state debts or techniques of

but there were a few, especially in the eighteenth century when she was a pleasure-symbol and no longer the remote doll she had been a century before, strutting along on stilts, the bearer of family prestige and talking to no one. She was beguiling now, with '*occhio lascivo in ziro e seducente, sedizioso el parlar, sia brute o bele*'---'a roaming, lascivious, seductive eye, seditious in speech, whether plain or beautiful'. But then she was freer than ever before. Venice now required her freedom. She too was free to fall.

The liberation of patrician women from a strait and secluded home-life began during the nineteenth century with the coming of opulent standards. Young patrician girls had one been forbidden the licence of going to church on Sundays, ever since 1482 when a young man whisked off a girl called Giovanna di Riviera on her way to church and married her outside Venetian territory; after that Mass was celebrated at home, in the private chapel. A wife had once lived little more than a harem existence, under the same roof with Circassian and Georgian women, slaves with whom she shared her husband and who often meant more to him than she did. She went out rarely, and when she did was under heavy chaperonage; in the period of luxury her high clogs secured the same effect, thought she did go out more. Even her children were taken from her early, the boys to serve their seniors in the Great Council, running messages, bringing coffee and carrying the ballot boxes with their golden and silver balls, the girls to close their minds to all but daily trivialities in a convent. In the earlier epochs social life had not been open to women, the only time they had expected to appear in public was on rare state occasions, as part of the patrician parade, and even then they had been closely hemmed with family. In other parts of Italy women led nowhere near such an Eastern life, a fact which makes the rapid abandonment of discipline in the last two centuries of the Republic even more remarkable. By the end of that time what Italians call 'the equilateral triangle' (wife, husband and lover) was, if not established, not something to be surprised at. But then foreign influences had intruded. No one was surprised in London that the fifth Duke of Devonshire lived in a smooth triangle with his wife Georgiana and her friend Lady Elizabeth Foster. By that time the patricians everywhere in Europe common habits: Georgiana, like many Venetian women, was if anything more interested in the card-table than love.

The height and costliness of the clog was a measure of sexual morality. In the sixteenth century it had reached its highest and most expensive; the Sumptuary Laws imposed a fine of twenty-five lire for clogs beyond the allowed measurements or of too deliberate design. Fine pearls were forbidden as a form of decoration, and even the permitted embroidery could not be too rich. These shoes lasted as a form of patrician display, thought there was nothing in the rest of Europe like them, until the end of

the seventeenth century. And then---with the disappearance of heroes and Mediterranean hegemony---they went out so thoroughly that women seemed to have no shoes at all.

1. ELKE AND BELAM

2. Nonfiction

3. 'Highly entertaining and provocative, this is the incredible, true-life account of two astonishing dogs.'

4. 'Belam, a sleek racing saluki, and Elke, an adorable poodle, hold important positions in the continuing study of animal intelligence. Based on months of close observation and extensive talks with the dogs and their trainer, this book explains the teaching process in fascinating detail.'

5. 'When I met Elke 2, the Standard poodle bitch, and Belam, the saluki male, on a hot September afternoon in 1975 at Salzburg airport they were sitting leashed at the entrance with their teacher, too shy at first to offer me their paws in greeting. Elke's white fur was dazzling in the remarkably clear, mountain-reflected sunlight, her eyes round and black and vivaciously attentive as she sat waiting for my arrival rather stiffly. At her side Belam, taller and bonier, seemed the shyer of the two with his long sensitive nose and gazelle eyes and deliciously straggling fur. He simply gazed away when I bent down to take Elke's paw. But at the word from his teacher he took shook hands.

They'd heard a lot about me. I was to write a book about them and help make their intelligence known to the world, but for the moment all that was forgotten. It was a hot, exhilarating day, and we were about to drive across the Austrian border to one of the most pleasant of Bavaria's medieval resort towns, Berchtesgaden, well-known to skiers in the winter and to those taking the saline waters to Bad Reichenhall in the summer.

I knew Berchtesgaden well but had little thought on my previous visits that I would one day be returning to witness two dogs "talking". All that summer I'd been studying the notes made by the dog's teacher on her daily lessons with them, and was already convinced that Elke and Belam could add and subtract and tap out in German not only answers to spoken questions but messages of their own. But it was still a mental conviction, not very deep.

I certainly felt awe of them on our way from the airport, as if they deserved more formal behaviour from me than I would give to other animals. I'd always had a dog of my own but here were Elke and Belam gazing at me with a special penetrating force. Or was that my imagination? How did they see me? Would they like me? I found this the uppermost question in my mind.

Later that evening, when I'd seen them "talk", I realised that this awe of mine had nothing to do with a real recognition of animal intelligence. And what I witnessed in the next few days was to change my life as it had changed the life of

the Orient or the Mediterranean, where the smallest details of life seemed to refer to a divine illumination? Certainly mediaeval life was sustained; one generation saw much the same world as the one before it. But then Europe was still nursing its wounds after the chaotic dismemberment of the Roman Empire by barbarian tribes. There was something too guarded, too numbed about mediaeval life to call it civilized. Compared with the ancient civilizations the mediaeval world was starved of light; it never translated---it did not dare to translate---its deep sense of the divine into the outwardly marvellous. It knew little about ancient Greece. But in the time of the Renaissance, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Europe did begin to look back, and to compare itself unfavourably with the ancient past. That was what produced the pockets of civilization---notably Florence under the Medici. But they were soon engulfed in war and persecution.

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war or espionage or the 'whitewashing' of human minds---was developed at that time. One factor underlay all these activities, a new factor for Christendom: money. Of course money had always been used. But now it had an unprecedented role. The fact that it went far beyond a mere symbol of exchange to become the *sine qua non* of power had a great deal to do with the violence. Great sums of money were borrowed by states at fantastic rates of interest, sometimes 50 percent. This was for the financing of war, though it was still largely the polite war of mercenaries who hesitated to engage the enemy for fear of winning their battles and ending their contracts too soon. Now the armies had to do something highly impolite, and increasingly by fair means or foul; and that was to win sufficient territory and markets to pay back the loans plus the interest, in an escalating activity that created one empire after another.

These empires began with aggression and ended in inflation. The first great empire of this kind (quite different from the empires of Greece and Rome) was the Spanish. And it arose more clearly from the borrowing principle than from any factor of simple self-aggrandisement. The gold and silver bullion that poured into Spain from the newly won Americas financed Spain's hold on Europe, and through inflation it also reduced Spain to a secondary power in less than a century after its heyday. This new type of empire clearly rose and fell with remarkable speed.

Since then other empires have gone through the same process with varying degrees of speed. And they continue to do so. In this process the mother-country becomes overburdened with its far-flung responsibilities and in the end cannot compete with the power it has necessarily created (under viceroys and puppet rulers and in satellite states) in every part of the globe.

## WORK

1. THE SILVER AGE OF VENICE
2. Nonfiction
3. 'Penetrates the most intimate corners of Venetian life. His books have won wide critical acclaim.'
4. 'With his great knowledge of eighteenth-century Venetian life he lays bare a civilization premised, as none other, on a tyranny of manners. But now the aristocrats gambled day and night, infecting the common people with their obsessive self-indulgence, in this last jewel of the *ancient regime*.'
5. Being a woman in Venice was a profession. She had to set the Serenissima off, be its prise and consolation; a woman changed according to the state of the Republic and the male tastes that happened to prevail. Whether these corresponded to her own choice, much less her own happiness, had no importance, It was a wonder that a vlever woman could survive in Venice;

## BIOGRAPHY

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4. 'With his great knowledge of eighteenth-century Venetian life he lays bare a civilization premised, as none other, on a tyranny of manners. But now the aristocrats gambled day and night, infecting the common people with their obsessive self-indulgence, in this last jewel of the *ancient regime*.'
5. Being a woman in Venice was a profession. She had to set the Serenissima off, be its prize and consolation; a woman changed according to the state of the Republic and the male tastes that happened to prevail. Whether these corresponded to her own choice, much less her own happiness, had no importance, It was a wonder that a clever woman could survive in Venice;

of his mutations and adaptations, namely what we quite wrongly call "pre-history." These are nothing but his tragic efforts to find again the fixed habitat he had once enjoyed as an animal and seemed to have lost forever.

## WORK

- 1) THE SPANISH TERROR
- 2) (non-fiction)
- 3) 'In this vivid account he captures the times when dagger, poisoned phial and strangler's gut...'
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But there is little evidence that a civilisation was created, though a quite new society was. Compared with the Middle Ages the sixteenth century had nothing tranquil and nothing wholesome about it. Small pockets of civilization had arisen---Florence, Antwerp, Venice---but were swallowed up in military occupation or affluence. They were piecemeal, brief and interrupted attempts at a civilization for which Christendom as a whole did not seem ready.

The question arises, was a sustained Christian civilization ever achieved, comparable to the great (and certainly sustained) civilizations of the Orient or the Mediterranean, where the smallest details of life seemed to refer to a divine illumination?

Certainly mediaeval life was sustained; <sup>each</sup> one generation saw much the same world as the one before it. But then Europe was still nursing its wounds after the chaotic dismemberment of the Roman Empire by barbarian tribes. There was something too guarded, too numbed about mediaeval life to call it civilized. Compared with the ancient civilizations the mediaeval world was starved of light; it never translated---it did not dare to translate---its deep sense of the divine into the outwardly marvellous. It knew little about ancient Greece.

But at the time of the Renaissance, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Europe did begin to look back---and to compare itself unfavourably with the ancient past. That was what produced the pockets of civilization---notably Florence under the Medici. But they were soon engulfed in war and persecution. The result was a disturbed society which still today fails to solve its problems or even to offer agreed definitions as to what these problems are. 1

The problems certainly came into being in the sixteenth century. They were insoluble then, by their nature. And since they remain the basis of the world we live in now, there seems no more hope than there ever was of resolving them, except by the disintegration of the whole system of life adopted at that time and consolidated, with growing chaos, ever since.

Violence became basic to life in the sixteenth century. It even seemed an essential condition of Christian survival. Yet thirty years before that century ~~started~~ violence was neither expected nor thought necessary. When in 1479 Federico of Urbino shattered some of the roofs of Colle Val d'Elsa near Siena with his cannons, in the war between Florence and the pope, the local population made a great cry about it being 'unfair'. Of course pillaging had gone on, but it had usually been the work of an eccentric, (when not an accident) Niccolò Vitelli of Città di Castello, who devastated much of the Romagna during the same war, was known for his brutality, and everyone prophesied a sticky end for him. 5

Less than half a century later there were new standards of violence which were more reminiscent of the barbarian period than anything else. Men became strangers to each other over trifling definitions of words---men in the same camp, the same court, the same Church. The divisions were so great that only one factor held sixteenth-century life together at all and that was the threat of a Turkish invasion. Without this Europe might very well have reverted to its tribal condition of a millennium before. Yet by this time the Middle Ages were something to laugh at, presumably for having achieved a common and basically peaceful life throughout Europe. Present-day society---whether we are talking about medical science or the printing of vast numbers of books in vernacular languages or communications or the banking system or exploration or racial and religious persecution or the arts and literature or state debts or techniques of war or espionage or the 'whitewashing' of human minds---was developed at that time. x

One factor underlay all these activities, a new factor for Christendom: money. Of course money had always been used. But now it had an unprecedented role. The fact that it went far beyond a mere symbol of exchange to become the *sine qua non* of power had a great deal to do with the violence. ~~Great~~ sums of money were borrowed by states at fantastic rates of interest, sometimes 50 percent. This was for the financing

Vast

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of war, though it was still largely the polite war of mercenaries who hesitated to engage the enemy for fear of winning their battles and ending their contracts too soon. Now the armies had to do something highly impolite, and increasingly by fair means or foul; and that was to win sufficient territory and markets to pay back the loans plus the interest, in an escalating activity that created one empire after another. ✓

These empires began with aggression and ended in inflation. The first great empire of this kind (quite different from the empires of Greece and Rome) was the Spanish. And it arose more clearly from the borrowing principle than from any factor of simple self-aggrandisement. The gold and silver bullion that poured into Spain from the newly won Americas financed Spain's hold on Europe, and through inflation it also reduced Spain to a secondary power in less than a century after its heyday. This new type of empire clearly rose and fell with remarkable speed.

Since then other empires have gone through the same process with varying degrees of speed. And they continue to do so. In this process the mother-country becomes overburdened with its far-flung responsibilities and in the end cannot compete with the power it has necessarily created (under viceroys and puppet rulers and in satellite states) in every part of the globe'.

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was freer than ever before. Venice now required her freedom. She too was free to fall.

The liberation of patrician women from a strait and secluded home-life began during the nineteenth century with the coming of opulent standards. Young patrician girls had once been forbidden the licence of going to church on Sundays, ever since 1482 when a young man whisked off a girl called Giovanna di Riviera on her way to church and married her outside Venetian territory; after that Mass was celebrated at home, in the private chapel. A wife had once lived little more than a harem existence, under the same roof with Circassian and Georgian women, slaves with whom she shared her husband and who often meant more to him than she did. She went out rarely, and when she did was under heavy chaperonage; in the period of luxury her high clogs secured the same effect, though she did go out more. Even her children were taken from her early, the boys to serve their seniors in the Great Council, running messages, bringing coffee and carrying the ballot boxes with their golden and silver balls, the girls to close their minds to all but daily trivialities in a convent. In the earlier epochs social life had not been open to women; the only time they had expected to appear in public was on rare state occasions, as part of the patrician parade, and even then they had been closely hemmed round with family.

In other parts of Italy women led nowhere near such an Oriental life, a fact which makes the rapid abandonment of discipline in the last two centuries of the Republic even more remarkable. By the end of that time what Italians call 'the equilateral triangle' (wife, husband and lover) was, if not established, not something to be surprised at. But then foreign influences had intruded. No one was surprised in London that the fifth Duke of Devonshire lived in a smooth triangle with his wife Georgiana and her friend Lady Elizabeth Foster. By that time the patricians everywhere in Europe had common habits.

The height and costliness of the lady's clog had always been a measure of sexual morality. In the sixteenth century the clog had reached its highest and most expensive; the Sumptuary Laws had imposed a fine of twenty-five lire for clogs beyond the allowed measurements or of too deliberate design. Fine pearls were forbidden as a form of decoration, and even the permitted embroidery could not be too rich. These clogs lasted as a form of patrician display until the end of the seventeenth century, though there was nothing in the rest of Europe like them. And then---with the disappearance of Venetian heroes and Venetian hegemony over the Mediterranean---clogs went out so thoroughly that women seemed to have no shoes at all.'

1. ELKE AND BELAM
2. Nonfiction
3. 'Highly entertaining and provocative, this is the incredible, true-life account of two astonishing dogs.'
4. 'Belam, a sleek racing saluki, and Elke, an adorable poodle, hold important positions in the continuing study of animal intelligence. Based on months of close observation and extensive talks with the dogs and their trainer, this book explains the teaching process in fascinating detail.'
5. 'When I met Elke 2, the Standard poodle bitch, and Belam, the saluki male, on a hot September afternoon in 1975 at Salzburg airport they were sitting leashed at the entrance with their teacher, too shy at first to offer me their paws in greeting. Elke's white fur was dazzling in the remarkably clear, mountain-reflected sunlight, her eyes round and black and vivaciously attentive as she sat waiting for my arrival rather stiffly. At her side Belam, taller and bonier, seemed the shyer of the two with his long sensitive nose and gazelle eyes and deliciously straggling fur. He simply gazed away when I bent down to take Elke's paw. But at a word from his teacher he took shook hands.

They'd heard a lot about me. I was to write a book about them and help make their intelligence known to the world, but for the moment all that was forgotten. It was a hot, exhilarating day, and we were about to drive across the Austrian border to one of the most pleasant of Bavaria's medieval resort towns, Berchtesgaden, well-known to skiers in the winter and to those taking the saline waters at Bad Reichenhall in the summer.

I knew Berchtesgaden well but had little thought on my previous visits that I might one day be returning to witness two dogs "talking". All that summer I'd been studying the notes made by the dog's teacher on her daily lessons with them, and was already convinced that Elke and Belam could add and subtract and tap out in German not only answers to spoken questions but messages of their own. But it was still a mental conviction, not very deep.

I certainly felt awe of them on our way from the airport, as if they deserved more formal behaviour from me than I would give to other animals. I'd always had a dog of my own but here were Elke and Belam gazing at me with a special *intimate* ~~penetrating~~ force. Or was that my imagination? How did they see me? Would they like me? I found this the uppermost question in my mind. /

Later that evening, when I'd seen them "talk", I realised that this awe of mine had nothing to do with a real recognition of animal intelligence. And what I witnessed in the next few days was to change my life as it had changed the life of their teacher, Dorothy Meyers, only less suddenly than hers. After all, she'd started from scratch, with only printed records of previous "tapping" animals from fifty or so years before to go on. For weeks she'd worked in the dark, doubting her capacities as an animal teacher and all the less prepared for the shock of discovery when it came. Like me, she'd been ready enough to accept animal intelligence as

an idea, but not to accept the reality of animals as *equal beings*. The discovery that animals have a moral integrity, truthfulness and compassion that may be superior to our own was an even greater shock.

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Maurice Rowdon was born in London and took two degrees at Oxford, the first in Modern History and the other in Philosophy, Politics and Economics, specializing for three years in Immanuel Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. His first year at Oxford was curtailed by the outbreak of World War Two. After his military service on the Italian front he taught English Literature at Baghdad University and there wrote his first book, *Hellebore the Clown*.

On his return from Baghdad he interrupted his journey at Naples and decided to live in Italy, such was the impression Italians had made on him in the battle areas. But this depended on his having a sufficient income from his writing. It came to him from Harper's Magazine when the editor bought his short story *No Enemy But Time*, providing him with a generous year's upkeep. He now began publishing books on Italy and these received such positive notices that he could settle in that country while keeping a base in London. ✓ ✓

At the age of thirty-nine he was told by Dutch friends that unless he practiced yoga he would have to face the normal medical destiny of old age. He began practicing Hatha Yoga and daily pranayama (breath-discipline) under an Indian guru in Switzerland. This breathing became his daily habit for twelve years: only then did he have experience enough to develop a breath technique of his own which would be thoroughly safe (1980). To this end he induced in himself panic states of hyperventilation so that his future clients would be given clear warning signals that a certain breathing pattern had reached its climax. When he felt that his technique was ready he took it to Northern California, where he knew that gurus were thick on the ground, so that any new system was likely to receive rigorous tests. Through his friendship with Nanos Valaoritis, a professor at San Francisco University, he found an immediate clientele and taught his system under the title of *Oxygenesis* over a period of eight years.

It was when he was commissioned to write a book about two dogs in Germany, a saluki and a standard poodle, that he first embarked on his studies of the human as an animal. These dogs communicated with their teacher by tapping into her hand a given number of times for each letter in the German alphabet. He witnessed many sessions over a period of months, with occasional visits from *Paris Match* to take photographs.

This animal book was an important step for the author in that he realized that animal and human studies could not be differentiated, and above all that there was only one criterion of intelligence in an animal, namely whether he left his natural habitat enhanced or degraded. By this criterion the human was the least intelligent of animals, in that he had wrecked every habitat on earth.

This thought alone opened for him the most important revelations of his life, pointing to humans as the most beleaguered creatures in existence, caught in the tragedy of having no 'fixed' habitat for which their nervous systems were perfectly suited.

He more and more found that he was studying not what the human said about himself or flattered himself to be ('history') but the far more exciting story

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

"It is a real pleasure to come across a quite original book entitled 'Italian Sketches'. . . . Mr. Rowdon is astonishingly acute in recognising in the Italians a quality which impels them to spare foreigners embarrassment or mortification. . . . It is a relief to read this factual book about Italy. . . . I derived much pleasure from this book and recommend it warmly"—Sir Harold Nicolson (*The Observer*)

"Recalls Lawrence's 'Twilight in Italy' almost uncannily . . . The perfect antidote to the effusive outsider's travel book. . . . The results are superficially glum, but in retrospect and artistically exhilarating, because so often piercingly accurate and so far under the skin of everyday appearances that it is really a new reappraisal almost of a new country. . . . Extreme spiritual delicacy as well as physical sensibility"—Isabel Quigly (*Guardian*)

"Only for those who love Italy with such an indecent obsession that they positively welcome an author who is weak enough to be similarly infatuated but strong enough to list a hundred reasons why he shouldn't be. . . . If it were possible to explain why Mr. Rowdon's ideas are so acceptable, it would be possible to explain Italy—and if this were possible, nobody would write books about Italy any more. All books about Italy are frantic attempts to try and understand the nature of its fascination, and if Mr. Rowdon's book is one of the best attempts that has been made for many years, this is because he tries so deeply to understand and must excite the sympathy of anyone else who has tried to do so"—Nigel Dennis (*Sunday Telegraph*)

"A new writer of importance. . . . Within a couple of pages he has established a strong literary personality. . . . If sentimentalists may wish he found the Italians more delightful and flower-like, lovers of Italy will be pleased to see her people honoured by attention of such a quality"—R. G. G. Price (*Punch*)

*Maurice Rowdon, a Londoner, has lived for many years in Italy and his books on that country have won wide critical acclaim.*

## THE FALL OF VENICE

'The new book is a bold and vigorous one, and though true to its title is written with such enthusiasm that one cannot help concluding that to fall is happier than to rise.'

NIGEL DENNIS *Sunday Telegraph*

'Mr Rowdon is fortunate, because after reading his enthralling essays one can still return to Venice and see so much that has survived the Fall.'

CYRIL CONNOLLY *Sunday Times*

'Stylish and haunting' *New Yorker*

## A ROMAN STREET

'I am quite delighted with it. It catches the very voice and breath of Rome'

J. I. M. STEWART

'A first-class daily-life writer and all the Romanists will want to read him . . . Every word of it rings true . . . reminds us of Lawrence'

BERNARD WALL *The Observer*

## THE COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA

'Mr Rowdon has written an exceptionally well-informed and entertaining guide. This is an outstanding travel book.'

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## BIOGRAPHY

I was born in London working-class family and took two degrees at Oxford, the first in Modern History (a 'war degree') and the other in Modern Greats (Philosophy, Politics, Economics) specializing in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason (three years), my first year having been curtailed by the outbreak of World War Two. At the age of 21 I was a Forward Observation Officer in the Italian campaign. After the war, when I had taken my second degree, I taught English Literature at Baghdad University and there wrote my first book.

Afterwards, on my way back to England, I stopped in Italy and decided to live there if and when I had a sufficient income from my writing. This came from Harper's Magazine, to which I sold a story, and it provided me with a generous year's upkeep. I began publishing books on Italy. These received such enthusiastic notices that from this time my books were commissioned in advance. By this means I became a specialist in Italian civilisation, so that I could settle in that country while keeping a home in London.

At that time it didn't do to have any awareness of what would one day happen to our planet, even though there were drastic and lasting weather changes immediately after World War Two. In an otherwise gratifying review of my first book on Italy the Times Literary Supplement critic added that he even forgave me the 'crankiness' of my suggestion that political parties would one day come into being with the ticket of what we today call 'green' issues.

At the age of 39 I was told by a Dutch friend that unless I practiced yoga I would have to face the normal destiny of old age. I began practicing Hatha Yoga and daily pranayama (breath-discipline) under an Indian guru in Switzerland. This was my daily habit for twelve years or more, and only then did I begin to develop a breath technique which would be thoroughly safe. For this purpose I induced panic states of hyperventilation in myself so that these could never happen to those in my charge. I taught this system under the title of Oxygenesis at Berkeley and San Francisco Cal. over a period of eight years.

There I continued my writing and began to feel that there was no distinction between my fiction and non-fiction books---fiction being a document in which I created the plot while a non-fiction plot was created by history. Thus it was that I wrote my novels in a style suitable for an historical document and my history-books in a highly personal style suitable for a novel. My SPANISH TERROR was written in that personal mode, being the story of how money began to take precedence over the human, *solely to finance war*.

Now any animal that consistently, in every one of its so-called civilizations, has regarded war, namely the planned decimation of its own species, not simply as a glorious pursuit in its own right but the very basis of survival, is surely suffering from dementia---a dementia which is *exactly replicated* in the present doomed state of our planet.

Through this growing awareness I became interested in the way a hitherto dignified and ruthlessly self-confident civilization might suddenly fall into

degradation and become no more than its stones and frescoes and bridges---this produced THE SILVER AGE OF VENICE. I found I was increasingly studying not what the human said about himself, or flattered himself to be (history), but the far more exciting story of his mutations and adaptations, namely his brave, prolonged and repeated efforts to find again the fixed habitat *he had once enjoyed as an animal*.

In his frantic search he occupied every known habitat on the earth. 'Human' could thus be defined as 'the animal that belongs nowhere'. Of all atrocities this monkey, accustomed to roots and fruits, became a carnivore.

More and more I was convinced that only by seeing ourselves as the animals we are can we reach the truth about ourselves and our deathly history. This was why I was ready to examine the intelligence of two dogs in my ELKE AND BELAM. For in the end we can only judge an animal's intelligence by the state in which it leaves its habitat---whether enriched or degraded, ruined or flourishing. And by this criterion the human has the smallest intelligence of all the animals.

This is perhaps dawning on more and more of us. Hundreds of us are engaged in rehabilitating 'dead' land by the simple introduction of animals which need not be indigenous to that land. Horses have been introduced into 'dead' land both in France and Britain, and that land has at once sprung to life again with flora and fauna. And perhaps millions are seeing their pets not simply as adornments to the household but their equals and indeed their peers.

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But at the time of the Renaissance, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Europe did begin to look back---and to compare itself unfavourably with the ancient past. That was what produced the pockets of civilization---notably Florence under the Medici. But they were soon engulfed in war and persecution. The result was a disturbed society which still today fails to solve its problems or even to offer agreed definitions as to what these problems are.

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The liberation of patrician women from a strait and secluded home-life began during the nineteenth century with the coming of opulent standards. Young patrician girls had once been forbidden the licence of going to church on Sundays, ever since 1482 when a young man whisked off a girl called Giovanna di Riviera on her way to church and married her outside Venetian territory; after that Mass was celebrated at home, in the private chapel. A wife had once lived little more than a harem existence, under the same roof with Circassian and Georgian women, slaves with whom she shared her husband and who often meant more to him than she did. She went out rarely, and when she did was under heavy chaperonage; in the period of luxury her high clogs secured the same effect, though she did go out more. Even her children were taken from her early, the boys to serve their seniors in the Great Council, running messages, bringing coffee and carrying the ballot boxes with their golden and silver balls, the girls to close their minds to all but daily trivialities in a convent. In the earlier epochs social life had not been open to women; the only time they had expected to appear in public was on rare state occasions, as part of the patrician parade, and even then they had been closely hemmed with family. In other parts of Italy women led nowhere near such an Eastern life, a fact which makes the rapid abandonment of discipline in the last two centuries of the Republic even more remarkable. By the end of that time what Italians call 'the equilateral triangle' (wife, husband and lover) was, if not established, not something to be surprised at. But then foreign influences had intruded. No one was surprised in London that the fifth Duke of

Devonshire lived in a smooth triangle with his wife Georgiana and her friend Lady Elizabeth Foster. By that time the patricians everywhere in Europe common habits: Georgiana, like many Venetian women, was if anything more interested in the card-table than love.

The height and costliness of the clog was a measure of sexual morality. In the sixteenth century it had reached its highest and most expensive; the Sumptuary Laws imposed a fine of twenty-five lire for clogs beyond the allowed measurements or of too deliberate design. Fine pearls were forbidden as a form of decoration, and even the permitted embroidery could not be too rich. These shoes lasted as a form of patrician display, though there was nothing in the rest of Europe like them, until the end of the seventeenth century. And then---with the disappearance of heroes and Mediterranean hegemony---they went out so thoroughly that women seemed to have no shoes at all'.

1. ELKE AND BELAM

2. Nonfiction

3. 'Highly entertaining and provocative, this is the incredible, true-life account of two astonishing dogs.'

4. 'Belam, a sleek racing saluki, and Elke, an adorable poodle, hold important positions in the continuing study of animal intelligence. Based on months of close observation and extensive talks with the dogs and their trainer, this book explains the teaching process in fascinating detail.'

5. 'When I met Elke 2, the Standard poodle bitch, and Belam, the saluki male, on a hot September afternoon in 1975 at Salzburg airport they were sitting leashed at the entrance with their teacher, too shy at first to offer me their paws in greeting. Elke's white fur was dazzling in the remarkably clear, mountain-reflected sunlight, her eyes round and black and vivaciously attentive as she sat waiting for my arrival rather stiffly. At her side Belam, taller and bonier, seemed the shyer of the two with his long sensitive nose and gazelle eyes and deliciously straggling fur. He simply gazed away when I bent down to take Elke's paw. But at the word from his teacher he took shook hands.

They'd heard a lot about me. I was to write a book about them and help make their intelligence known to the world, but for the moment all that was forgotten. It was a hot, exhilarating day, and we were about to drive across the Austrian border to one of the most pleasant of Bavaria's medieval resort towns, Berchtesgaden, well-known to skiers in the winter and to those taking the saline waters to Bad Reichenhall in the summer.

I knew Berchtesgaden well but had little thought on my previous visits that I would one day be returning to witness two dogs "talking". All that summer I'd been studying the notes made by the dog's teacher on her daily lessons with them,

and was already convinced that Elke and Belam could add and subtract and tap out in German not only answers to spoken questions but messages of their own. But it was still a mental conviction, not very deep.

I certainly felt awe of them on our way from the airport, as if they deserved more formal behaviour from me than I would give to other animals. I'd always had a dog of my own but here were Elke and Belam gazing at me with a special penetrating force. Or was that my imagination? How did they see me? Would they like me? I found this the uppermost question in my mind.

Later that evening, when I'd seen them "talk", I realised that this awe of mine had nothing to do with a real recognition of animal intelligence. And what I witnessed in the next few days was to change my life as it had changed the life of their teacher, Dorothy Meyers, only less suddenly than hers. After all, she'd started from scratch, with only printed records of previous "tapping" animals from fifty or so years before to go on. For weeks she'd worked in the dark, doubting her capacities as an animal teacher and all the less prepared for the shock of discovery when it came. Like me, she'd been ready enough to accept animal intelligence as an idea, but not to accept the reality of animals as *equal beings*. The discovery that animals have in many respects a moral integrity, truthfulness and compassion superior to our own was an even greater shock.

Contact E-mail:

Online bookstores: Amazon.com, Abebooks.com, Borders Online, Blackwell's Online, barnesandnoble.com, booksense.com.

Ochoan Gallery = Gray / 6

At his offices he met the best friend he ever had, Dachiell, a Texan lady who became his wife and remains so. They took up life together in San Anselmo, Ca. Here he began work on the most ambitious project of his life, **THE MAD APE** *The animal that said it wasn't* (forthcoming). This book describes the human not in terms of his own stories, his 'histories' of himself, but *his mutations and adaptations*, demonstrating with example after example that the human is a valiant because eroded creature, his religions and civilisations being a clear reflection of his constant and deeply necessary self-revisions, as if only hermetic practices give him sanity, in sometimes small and sometimes great measure.

## BOOKS Publishers

London: Chatto and Windus  
Heinemann  
Victor Gollancz  
Collins  
Constable  
Weidenfeld and Nicolson  
Macmillan

USA: Praeger  
St. Martin's Press  
Putnam

Germany: S. Fischer Verlag

Science con  
Shumacher college  
Bath → work with  
Psychology

= Philosophy  
= humanists  
= psychology  
environment  
+ spiritual mag.  
French of south

## NOVELS

Hellebore the Clown (Chatto and Windus)  
Perimeter West (Heinemann)  
Afterwards (Barrie and Rockcliffe)  
Dead Sunday *A Journey into the Underworld* (forthcoming)  
Night Fevers *Two Englishwomen in New York* (forthcoming)

## INTELLIGENCE

animal---

The Talking Dogs (Macmillan)

human---

# Scientific

many books to his credit

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Preparation for  
Launch  
send out  
invitations

## MAURICE ROWDON C.V.

- First poem published at the age of 15 in the first edition of POETRY LONDON. First job when I was 18 for Mass Observation, having been recommended to them by Stephen Spender.
- A War Degree in Modern History at Oxford 1941-2, a second full degree in Modern Greats, after the war, specialising in philosophy (Immanuel Kant). Short-listed for a philosophy fellowship at Christ Church. Decided against academic career and taught Eng Lit at Baghdad university 1951-2.
- Published my first two books 1953 and 1955, with Chatto and Windus. Cecil Day Lewis became my editor, introducing me at his club etc to get me further into the literary world but by now I had begun living mostly in Rome on my Baghdad 'pension'.
- In Italy I sold a story to the American Harper's Magazine that I lived on for a further year. I began my Italian books, *Italian Sketches* and *A Roman Street*, these under the aegis of David Higham Associates, which literary agency spanned the whole of my publishing career from that time. When David retired I decided to go with my editor David Bolt.
- Settled in Italy, becoming something of an Italian specialist after publishing my Companion Guide to Umbria (Collins). However, I always kept a pied à terre in London---essential for my media activities, namely television, working with newspapers on themes connected with my books, theatre productions (also as producer and/or director) and film projects.
- In 1980 decided to follow up my increasing interest in American thought by going to N. California where I remained until 1990 (by this time David Bolt had moved office to the country, which was not viable for me). The object of my living in California was to confirm some of my ideas through new knowledge only accessible there by personal contact. I financed myself with a breath therapy I had devised after almost two decades of practicing daily pranayama or yoga breathing. Becoming a practitioner in this therapy gave me hands-on experience of wrecked nervous systems. All this time I continued in my spare hours with my writing.
- Returned with my family to Europe and began

working on my therapy at the Hale Clinic in London as part of the medical director's team. My new hands-on knowledge of the nervous system, now my chief interest, was a major factor in my feeling that I was at last able to write a valid account of WW2.

*Publications (unagented)*

|                     |                                  |
|---------------------|----------------------------------|
| HELLEBORE THE CLOWN | (Chatto and Windus)              |
| OF SINS AND WINTER  | (Chatto and Windus)              |
| PERIMETER WEST      | (Heinemann and S.Fischer Verlag) |
| AFTERWARDS          | (Barrie Rockcliff)               |

*(Agented)*

|                            |                                                                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ITALIAN SKETCHES           | (Victor Gollancz)                                                       |
| A ROMAN STREET             | (Victor Gollancz)                                                       |
| COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA* | (Collins)                                                               |
| THE FALL OF VENICE*        | (Weidenfeld, Praeger USA)                                               |
| LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT*   | (Weidenfeld, and USA)                                                   |
| THE SPANISH TERROR*        | (Constable and Book Club, St. Martin's Press USA)                       |
| LEONARDO DA VINCI*         | (Weidenfeld, Book Club Associates)                                      |
| THE TALKING DOGS*          | (Macmillan, Putnam USA, Japan, serialised for one week by Evening News) |

\* *Commissioned non-fictions.*

*Theatre*

ESKIMO TRANCE Victoria theatre Stoke on Trent.  
 ESKIMO TRANCE Mercury Theatre London under my own direction.  
 MAHLER\* Arts Theatre London, my own production.  
 MAHLER Studio Theatre Munich, my direction.

\**The basis of Ken Russell's film of that name.*

*Television*

BBC 55 min. Omnibus: THE FALL OF VENICE, which I scripted from my book of the same title; I ran the pre-production team in Venice as fixer, casting the lead Italian players, organising barges for generators, storage for costumes etc.

## DAY FOUR of Maurice Rowdon's story of talking dogs

## Elke and the angels

ONE evening, after a delicious cake baked by one of Dorothy's aunts, our conversation ranged over many subjects, including whether dogs had knowledge of death, God and even reincarnation.

This was partly provoked by Elke. Tired of being left alone with Keesha and the puppies while the rest of us, including Belam, returned to Berchtesgaden at the end of each evening, she tapped BELA IMR MIT OICH DARFE WE ZO ENDE... WEN ELKE DOD for Belam immer mit euch darf Weh zu ende... wenn Elke tod (Belam always with you should pain end... if Elke death).

There was a missing word RSDE between "end" and "if" whose meaning was never established.

But she was clearly saying something dramatic like: "I prefer death to loneliness." That evening she came home with us.

She had tapped the word DOD, which Dorothy interpreted at once as Tod (death). I was too surprised to be able to accept this and asked her: "Would you please check that this is the word she meant? What does death mean for her? Can she give me another word for this DOD?"

### Unaided

Dorothy passed the question on and, as Elke tapped her answer, I took down each letter carefully.

Elke tapped without a single error, unhesitatingly. The word I saw unfolding on my pad was even more astonishing than the first one. It was GESTORBEN (died). I showed it to the others in silence, and there was a gasp.

I think this had a deeper effect on me than any other tapplings I witnessed at that time.

It was such an exact rendering and the letters came with such a calm and regular rhythm — quite unaided by Dorothy (who clearly had no idea what word would emerge until I showed it to her on my pad) — that all I could do was stare before me in wonder, realising I was in the presence of creatures who



A reincarnation? Elke the poodle who said she was born again.

might know quite as much as I did about the universe, and perhaps more.

Frau Heilmaier leaned forward to Elke and asked: "What is it when one dies, my love?"

ZO SCHWER for zu schwer (too difficult) came the answer.

"Do you mean too difficult to say?" Dorothy asked her. "If you do, tap three times. Or do you mean too difficult for your heart? If you do, tap five times."

Elke tapped five times. To make the question clearer Dorothy asked again: "What do we mean by 'after death'?"

Again without a serious error, Elke tapped ZEN EUR GLAICH for zehn Uhr gleich (ten o'clock already). It was about 20 minutes to ten at that moment.

"Listen Elke," Frau Heilmaier said, "it's been a very special day today — we had a lovely walk and we've talked about so many things. Surely you can work in the evening just as an exception, as we do sometimes. So — what is death?"

EIN ZARTE she began to tap; at the second word she became very tense, almost trembling, her head down in concentration. Then came the word DUKLE.

"Do you mean dunkle by this word?" YES.

Then came NEBEL MIT ETERNISCHE ECHT SCHAIN. The whole sentence stood for ein zarter dunkler Nebel mit eternischen echten Schein

(a soft mist with eternal genuine lustre).

As the words formed on my pad and she went on tapping in her deeply absorbed way, her eyes almost closed, we gazed at each other, our spines tingling with astonishment. ONE evening we talked again about the dogs' tapplings on death and began to wonder if they had anything to say about God. Elke had already indicated that she was aware of the word.

Dorothy asked Belam: "What do you love more than Mami (their pet name for Frau Heilmaier)?"

He seemed perplexed and she added: "Do you understand?" NO.

"Do you love something more than Mami?" YES. He tapped MAIAGRIT, which seemed to make no sense, then he flopped out on the floor.

### Heaven

"Do you understand the word 'God'?" YES. "What do you think of when we use this word?"

LEBEN UBER IHN BIS ODEM ALLE (live by him until breathing ends) he tapped. Alle is a colloquial expression for "gone," "ended," and Odem is an old, poetical word for "breath."

How did that word reach him? For it rarely, if ever, figures in daily speech.

"Can you say something more about God?"

IS SCHEN I HIML UND MID NGEL he tapped for ist schon im Himmel und mit Engel (is beautiful in heaven and with angels). We laughed — where had the cliché come from?

WE HAD been discussing reincarnation and whether animals might not be a source of knowledge on that subject. We decided to ask Elke "Have you ever died?" Dorothy asked her. YES.

"How long ago? Do you know?" YES.

She then tapped O (the tapping for this could also mean two) followed by IARE, which was clearly her phonetic rendering of Jahre (years).

"Do you mean two years?" NO. "What do you mean, then?" UN EDWAS for und etwas (and something).

"Do you mean two years and something?" YES.

"Are you sure?" YES. Elke had never been formally taught to measure time in terms of years.

"Have you died many times? Can you say?" YES.

"So—have you died many times?" NO.

"Have you died only once?" YES. "Do you know more of all this?" NO.

"Can you say more about death?" YES.

"Or about God?" YES.

She then tapped ER EIN ZO ZART MATERI for er eine zu zarte

Materia (he a too fine—or soft—matter). Materia is a word used in philosophical discussion, meaning substance.

"Do you really mean Materia?" YES.

"And who is er (he)?" GOD for Gott (God), she tapped.

OUR NEXT WALK, on a bright and splendid morning, took us to the Ramsau arid, high in the hills.

At the parking lot, near an inn, Frau Heilmaier pointed to one of the benches and told me that Elke I had been very ill at that spot, shortly before her death.

She also told me she had had an irresistible feeling, at the time she was buying her, that Elke II was the reincarnation of Elke I.

Elke I was Frau Heilmaier's original dog pupil, but she had died midway through her training.

The rough date Elke gave us the other evening for her own death — two years and something ago — corresponds with that of Elke I's death which was two years and eight months ago. While we talked, Elke was on the lead between us.

That evening Elke was coaxed into the tapping position and Mami asked her: "Do you know the bench at the inn where we were today? Were you there once before?"

YES, Elke replied. "When was that? What was your experience there? What do you remember of that time?"

She tapped perfectly BESONDERS MAROOD (the second word very sadly) ELKE WR (for Elke war) — especially sick Elke was.

"How long ago?" R (or three) IARE (for Jahre) — three years.

"Do you mean three years?" YES. July 1972 had been the month of Elke I's prolonged sickness, and we were now in September 1975.

"Did you understand what Mami was saying to Mr. Rowdon at the bench about Elke?" YES.

"So which Elke was it? Was it another Elke?" YES.

### Sickness

"Which Elke was marod? Do you know?" She tapped ELKE UBAN BIS DOD.

"Is uban right?" NO.

"Do you mean uben (practise)?" YES.

The sentence therefore stood for Elke uben bis Tod (Elke learn, or practise, till death) — an excellent way of identifying Elke I.

"Why do you say you were ill? Mami knows nothing about your being ill?"

DOCH TOT GEWESE SPER ZU ERKLEREN for doch tot gewesen schwer zu erklaren (indeed been dead difficult to explain). Here she stopped.

Had she described her own experience in a previous life, or her impression of Elke I's sickness from many overheard conversations, or received a telepathic picture of it, through Mami?



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### Result

Letters should be sent right away and must arrive before September 11. Address them to "Talking Dogs," Evening News, New Carmelite House, London EC4 4 1AQ (Comp). If an appropriate SAE is enclosed we will endeavour to return photographs. The Editor's decision is final. No alternative prizes. No correspondence about the result. Employees of Associated Newspapers Group Ltd. or members of their families are not eligible.

Tomorrow:  
Three experts  
give  
their verdicts

WILLIAM HALL AT THE CINEMA

# Hitting the high— and low—notes...

YOU have to admire the nerve of a man who sticks his neck out as far as Warren Beatty does.

In *Heaven Can Wait* (A, Plaza) not only does he put his name on the line as star, producer and co-director, he also has a hand in the script.

The problem for any actor who jumps around behind the camera as well as in front of it is that if he falls on his face, it is written off as one mighty ego trip.

But in this richest of black comedies, Mr. Beatty somehow manages to make all those hats fit quite snugly on his untidy thatch of hair, and he comes up with a film that should help lighten the dark evenings ahead.

He plays a football quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams who gets involved in a road crash.

As he is escorted through a sea of clouds by a sober-suited messenger (played by fellow-director Buck Henry), to catch a silver Concorde to heaven he protests. It's all a mistake. He shouldn't be dead at all.

His credentials for the Pearly Gates are checked out by urbane James Mason, an archangel in celestial pin-stripe. Sure enough, computer error! He is 50 years ahead of his time.

"Don't the words, 'Being a good sport,' mean anything to you?" irvably asks the messenger as Beatty insists on being returned to Earth and back into his own body.

They do not. Especially when Beatty finds his body has been cremated with unseemly haste, and his ashes scattered over the flower-bed, leaving him a wandering soul without a home.

Then he chances on the

body of millionaire industrialist Leo Farnsworth, drowning in his bath after being given a lethal dose of poison by his wife (Dyan Cannon) and private secretary (Charles Grodin). The soul of Mr. Farnsworth departs for other shores. Mr. Beatty enters instead.

From then on, it's a chuckle every minute as Beatty decides his newly acquired personality will take on a fresh change of heart and a new lease of life.

The man is obviously a heartless monster. Feared by all. Putting up nuclear plants in quiet villages in overseas England, and even canning dolphins along with the tuna at local seaside resorts.

With a few swift boardroom decisions, Beatty reverses it all, persuades a fiery schoolteacher (Julie Christie) to fall in love with him and is all set to live happily ever after when further mur-



Falling in love: Christie and Beatty.

Whistling in the dark: Carradine.

# One-man bands

der plots threaten to put his head in the clouds yet again.

The clever twist is that we never see what the industrialist actually looks or sounds like. We have to use imagination to decide just what an ogre the man was.

And it works. Gimmick or not, I tilt my halo to a spritely, if macabre, comedy without the ghost of offensiveness in any of it.

## Long-player

A WEEK for one-man bands in the cinema, and Renaldo And Clara (AA, Camden Plaza), billed as "the Bob Dylan" film, is a long, long-playing record in self-indulgence that is bearable, provided you can't get enough of Bob Dylan.

It lasts 3 hours 52 minutes — cut from 4½ hours.

Directed, written and edited

by the maestro, and starring him as well as Joan Baez, it is one of those unending road-show movies mingling Top Of The Pops camera work with behind-the-scenes glimpses of the group.

The music is smashing. — but oh, the muddy dialogue!

## Fast-runner

"LOOKING a little ragged today, aren't we?" inquires the bank manager caustically as a rumpled Elliott Gould arrives for his stint behind the counter at the Toronto branch.

Hardly surprising, really, since Mr. Gould has just found a woman's head in his tropical fish tank, is on the run from a mass-murderer, and is about to complete his own embezzlement of the bank's funds.

The Silent Partner (X,

Scene 4, Leicester Square, Classic 3, Oxford Street) is a film that hovers between the humorous and the horrendous, and almost makes it with an intriguing plot that keeps us guessing right to the end.

This is largely due to a chilling performance by Christopher Plummer as the steely-eyed sadist who commits a bank robbery only to find the mild clerk (Gould) has pocketed most of the proceeds.

From then on it becomes a cat-and-mouse game as Plummer stalks his quarry through wet streets, conducting a war of nerves.

A slow-paced thriller, meticulously directed by Daryl Duke with Hitchcock overtones but too many unnecessarily nasty moments to make it totally palatable.

IF not exactly the most wonderful, *The Silent Flute* (AA, Columbia), has to be the weirdest film of the year. Heavy with symbolism and lines that mean a lot at the time but not much.

afterwards, it is a tortuous "know thyself" odyssey as the bare-chested hero (Jeff Cooper) plods gamely over mountains and plains to find Ultimate Truth.

At every turn he has to fight off demons, monkey-men, warriors, and other exponents of the martial arts, egged on by a blind flautist (David Carradine), who can still defeat six horsemen in combat. But nothing will stop our hero.

Finally he faces a shrouded (but fangless) Christopher Lee to learn the secret of life.

Despite a screenplay by Stirling Silliphant and Stanley Mann, the script is so weighty that ultimately it sinks the film with all hands — monkey-men, warriors and all.

## 26 • GENERAL VACANCIES

Continued from Page 14

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# Is your dog trying to tell you something?

THE next time your dog starts tapping the ground with its front paw, pay attention.

It could be trying to complain about the food or to lay the groundwork for a philosophical discussion.

In Bavaria in southern Germany a poodle called Elke and a saluki called Belam have been talking to their mistress since 1973, using their paws to signal an alphabet of taps.

## Silly

The conversations, which began with words like man and ball, now include subjects like the afterlife and the existence of God.

Talking animals have been around for a long time.

A tapping horse mentioned in Love's Labours Lost who could do "strange and wonderful things by the arts of magicke" was later burned at the stake with his master "as one witch", while in the 1900s Clever Hans a stallion who could count, spell, add, subtract and read clocks and maps, became world famous.

By and large, however, talking dogs and the rest have had a bad press as a regular feature of the silly season, along with

by Dan  
Lees

the Loch Ness Monster and pavement fried eggs.

But now, with scientists making serious efforts to communicate with apes and dolphins, Elke and Belam could stand a chance of getting through to us, especially as they seem to have a great deal more to say than most of the others.

Former personnel consultant Dorothy Meyer and her friend Frau Heilmair began by teaching the dogs to count and then to do simple sums.

When they could divide and multiply they were introduced to the letter tapping code: One tap for F, two for O, three taps for R and so on up to 25 taps for X.

After weeks of patient work the dogs' vocabulary included words like gut for good, dumm for stupid, katze for cat, and wurst for sausage, with Belam lagging behind Elke.

But even Elke was only tapping out words suggested to her or written up on the blackboard.

Then Dorothy began asking her pupils questions like "do you remember the name of this sign?" which demanded a definite answer and provided for a controllable response.

After nine months of lessons Belam, asked what he had seen in the wood, replied raven, confirmed that he meant a bird, and added that it had pecked him.

Another great breakthrough was to teach the dogs personal pronouns proving that the animals had a sense of identity.

By 1975 the dogs were spelling out words that they had overheard rather than been taught and giving their thoughts on the after life as "a soft dark mist with eternal genuine lustre".

## Conclusions

In *The Talking Dogs* (Macmillan, £5.95)

Maurice Rowdon, who spent some time in Germany with the dogs and their teachers, tells the story of their achievements in such painstaking detail that only two conclusions are possible.

Either the two German ladies and their pets have made the sort of breakthrough that warrants an immediate investigation by the most highly qualified scientists available.

Or they are consummate liars and confidence tricksters with Mr Rowdon as their dupe or their accomplice.

Meanwhile I shall be careful about what I say in front of our cat.

You never know whom she might repeat it to.



The talking dogs: A howler, or a sc advance? *h/c*

**Bolt & Watson LTD AUTHORS' AGENTS**

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Directors: David Bolt Sheila Watson

Maurice Rowdon Esq.,  
5 Tamworth Street,  
London SW6.

10th December 1974

Dear Maurice,

I'm returning now under separate cover the following manuscripts, A TUSCAN VILLAGE, A SONG OF THE END OF THE WORLD, THE BATTLE OF THE MONKS (two outlines), THE NIGHT OF THE ECLIPSE (3 folders), JANET, CONFESSIONS OF A EUROPEAN, LETTER FROM SIENNA, DEVIL'S BRIG, TALES & TRAVELS, PICTURES OF A DARK AGE (outline).

I think that's the lot but if we come across more I'll send them on. Here is a list of our submissions:

A TUSCAN VILLAGE just returned by Constable. But Ben Glazebrook there writes:

"This is a most attractively written outline and I am reluctant to send it back to you, but I am afraid we all agree here that there simply are not enough potential buyers for us to be able to make out if we published.

"Incidentally, won't Maurice have to be careful about what he says on page 11 (top) from a libel point of view?

"If you do not place this with another publisher, and Maurice intends to go ahead anyway, I would be most interested to see it when it is finished, provided that it is not too long - say 65,000 words."

Previously declined by Temple Smith, Allen Lane/Longman, Cassell and Eyre Methuen.

SOPHIA just back from Chatto whose editor writes:

"I have read Maurice Rowdon's new book with ceaseless wonder, but with little enjoyment, and was frequently put in mind of the later Bunuel films in which one image so lightly attends upon the next as to challenge all one's wits. In short I do agree; it is a very difficult book. And alas, no I cannot make you an offer for it. I hope you find a good home for it as it deserves. (It is a very far cry from AFTERWARDS)."

Previously declined by Gollancz, Constable, Bodley Head, Hutchinson and Cape.

contd/.....

Stanley House,  
Farm Lane,  
London, S.W.6.  
01-387-0255.

2.9.87.

Dear Maurice,

I finally read your play. It made me dizzy with amazement and delight for the next two days.

It is evident how much you have matured as a ~~writer~~ <sup>writer</sup>, researcher, philosopher. As a matter of fact Kokochka bits are better and more original in writing and surprises, than the Mahler's bits. But THIS works alright and makes an interesting contrast.

~~Why Mahler and Kokoschka? Why not the other ones~~ I asked myself this question. I know now. I think that it must be emphasised somewhere in Alma lines that Mahler was the greatest genius she lived with and Ko Ko was the greatest stud-fucker she ever had.

Then- I think the play is a bit too long but this is no problem. One can cut. Then there is this gigantic technical problem for an actor how to make these transitions done swiftly and efficiently. I know, you did give me enough time to change make up and costume for the transitions but I don't think ~~think~~ this should be (could be) convincing. What I think is: why not to try and do it like in one Pinter's play where two actors play several interchanging characters. He would go to

to a corner of the room (on the stage-in full view) pick up a walking stick and from now on he would play a new character. The magic of the stage and acting is immense. It is ~~only~~ important HOW you do it. Aren't I right? In that case one avoids this a bit "circus like" QUICK changes and the nerves: will I do it in time? God I forgot mustaches and I am already on. You see what I mean.

Then: something has to be done about the second part of the second act. Too many changes: KOKO Mahler, Mahler KOKO etc, I thought. It seems to be a bit messy.

All beit-I think the material is powerful. Splendid. The wisdom of life and the wisdom of art is there. There are splendid lines. And scenes.

Thank you for sending it to me, Maurice.

I didn't get in touch with the director to be. I thought I should first tell YOU about all my impressions: good and bad.

I am going to film in France from the next Friday. Will be back around middle of September. I hope you also will be back in Assisi. I will be waiting to hear from you.

Congratulating you once again on your work,

Best regards to you and  
Datchell  
Yours Hedell

DIRECTORS

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VICTOR GOLLANCZ, LTD

14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2

LONDON

18th September, 1953.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,  
bei von Schack9Lukschy,  
BERLIN - Grunewald,  
Falterweg 31,  
GERMANY.

My dear Maurice,

I don't really know how to take your last letter: did my letter of September 1st mark you so much, or were you using my letter as an occasion to vent a long-inhibited anti-publishers spleen?

The point about THE EMBALMERS is this: you have a profound theme, you write with sensitivity and from a poet's mind, at times it looks as though the book might be becoming a second "Red Badge of Courage," and yet in the end, to me, to our chief reader, and presumably to Chatto's, it doesn't seem to come off. There is no point in beating about the bush - the novel, in our opinion, fails because you haven't given it sufficient shape or narrative thread so that your war is simply a succession of incidents, without sequence in time or meaning; even more important, there doesn't seem to us any development of the theme, for the separate episodes aren't much more than repetitions of it, and in the later stages aren't even that.

"The book has to be taken on by someone who wants my other work and is prepared to risk a loss for that work, or else by someone who believes that the book would be good for people"...well, to take your first point first, obviously we should like to see your future work. But, rightly or wrongly, we feel that this book would do

/continued...

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.

(2)

18th September, 1953.

your reputation more harm than good, besides being, from our point of view, a loser. As for your second point, I believe, if you will forgive the presumption, that you have it in you to write a book that will be "good for people." I also believe, for what my judgment is worth, that this book is not it; or, if it would do some good, it won't do as much as a book that you are capable of writing and may write in a few years time.

This letter may possibly mark you more than my former one. But it comes, as my grandmother would say, from a sincere well-wisher.

The manuscript is being returned to-day to Joan.

Yours ever,

*Hilary*

HR/WM

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LESLIE A. MACDONNELL.  
HYMAN ZAHL.  
Entertainment Bureau.

*Piccadilly House,  
Piccadilly Circus,  
London. S.W.1.*

12th November, 1953.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,  
bei von Schack-Lukschy,  
BERLIN - Grunewald,  
Falterweg 31,  
GERMANY.

Dear Mr. Rowdon,

I did receive your play and have just finished reading it and I hope you will forgive me for not acknowledging it sooner.

May I say quite frankly that although it is a very interesting and perceptive piece of writing it does not, in my opinion, add up to a play even in the most limited meaning of the commercial world. I do not mean that I object to a play having a serious and even menacing note. I do not. However, I have to sell plays which the present day theatre managements will be likely to appreciate and understand. Yours, I'm afraid would not come into this category. However, please send me anything else you may write and if it is a little more lighthearted than "A Pilot of the Crooked" so much the better.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

*Max Kester*

MAX KESTER.

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MEMBERS OF THE AGENTS ASSOCIATION LTD.

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ESTAB. 1888  
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LESLIE A. MACDONNELL.  
HYMAN ZAHL

Entertainment Bureau.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,  
5, Redcliffe Gardens,  
LONDON, S.W.10.

*Piccadilly House,  
Piccadilly Circus,  
London. S.W.1.*  
14th December, 1953.

Dear Maurice Rowdon,

Thank you for sending me "A KINGDOM FOR THE VULTURES".  
I will read this, but not until after Christmas! I am interested  
to know that Ian Atkins is reading "HELLEBORE THE CLOWN" and  
have taken the liberty of dropping him a line asking him to  
let me know his views at the same time as he writes to you. I  
have every confidence that between us we shall pull off a  
deal of some sort even if we have to wait some time for it.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

*Max Kester*  
Max Kester.

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VICTOR GOLLANCZ, LTD

14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2

LONDON

1st September, 1953.

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,  
bei von Schack-Lukschy,  
Berlin - Grunewald,  
Falterweg 31,  
Germany.

Dear Maurice,

The position about THE EMBALMERS is this: I read it myself as soon as it came in, liked a good deal of it very much, but had certain reservations about its selling potentialities. It is a particularly difficult book to decide on, because one's reaction to the subject is naturally so subjective. So, before writing to you, I wanted to have the opinion of our chief reader, who has been reading for us for over twenty years and whom I know would be sympathetic to your approach. Most unfortunately, he has chosen this month to take his three weeks holiday, and therefore it will be another ten days or a fortnight before his report comes in. I am sorry to have to keep you waiting, but can the matter rest over till the middle of this month?

Yours ever,

*Hilary*

HR/WM

# CHATTO AND WINDUS

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Telephone

TEMPLE BAR 0127/9

PUBLISHERS

40-42 WILLIAM IV STREET  
LONDON  
W.C. 2

NS/HL

16th July, 1953

Dear Mr Rowdon,

Thank you so much for your letter of the 12th July. You should have had Cecil's letter about THE EMBALMERS before you got mine, as he wrote a day or two ahead of me, but I'm afraid it was sent with the manuscript, by registered post, so it has probably been delayed. However, I am enclosing a copy, as I think you might like to know rightaway why we didn't feel able to take on the manuscript, despite all the excellent work you had done on it.

I'm not surprised that you are puzzled by American and subsidiary rights. Let me see if I can sort them out a little for you.

We have not been idle as far as the book rights in the States were concerned, as you will have seen from my previous letter, but the dramatic and television rights are a different matter, and although it is as a rule easier to sell them after a book has been published, unless the author is very well known, I think you would be well advised to get a specialist in these particular fields to handle the rights for you. There are two people I could suggest, both of whom are very good. Max Kester, who, incidentally, handles the film, dramatic and television rights for Aldous Huxley, Aubrey Menen, and Edward Grierson; and Alan Collins of Curtis Brown, New York. Their respective addresses are:

Max Kester  
\* Foster's Agency  
Piccadilly House  
Piccadilly Circus, S.W.1

Alan C. Collins  
Curtis Brown, Ltd  
347 Madison Avenue  
New York 17

Both firms could also deal with your short stories, though I believe you had contact with Patience Ross of A.M. Heath, and you may like to continue with her as far as this side of your writing is concerned. She could handle them on both sides of the Atlantic, whereas Kester and Collins would only deal with American publication. An alternative to Patience Ross would be Miss Ursula Winant of Richmond Towers Ltd, 1 Bloomsbury Street, W.C. 1. She would be very good as she is herself half-American and knows the market in the States well.

\* also in U.S. William Morris Agency, Inc. 1740 Broadway, N.Y. 19.

With regard to translation rights, we have already been at work on these and have offered HELLEBORE in Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden and France, so far I fear with no luck, but it's early days yet. Mondadori turned it down in Italy and it's now on its way to Bompiani. Similarly, Norstedt in Sweden having just turned it down we shall send it to Bonnier. As we hear from the others so we shall take the necessary action, and I will let you know immediately if we make a sale.

I am delighted to hear about PARASOL - a charming title, by the way - and I hope you won't let your play-writing interfere too much with your novel-writing! Though I can quite understand your interest and admiration for the play form, never let it be said that it is more important than the novel. What's going to happen to us publishers if all the young writers put the theatre first? I agree, nonetheless, that we are sadly short of first-class playwrights, if the London theatre's passion for importing American work is any guide.

Let me know if I can do anything more to help, and don't hesitate to write at any time: I love to hear from you.

All best wishes,

Yours sincerely,



Maurice Rowdon, Esq,  
c/o Bianchi,  
Via Vittoria Colonna 40 (int 12),  
Rome, Italy.

LE CHEF DU SECRÉTARIAT  
DE  
S.A.S. LA PRINCESSE DE MONACO

30 65 52  
30 18 31  
30 62 52

Palais  
Palace of Monaco  
February 28th, 1975

30 17 31

Dear Mr. Rowdon,

H.S.H. Princess Grace  
has directed me to answer your  
letter of January 26th, 1975.

Although the English-  
speaking audience in Monaco is  
rather limited, the Princess  
has given instructions to pass  
your inquiry on to the Director  
of our Summer Festival, Monsieur  
Antoine Battaini, for consideration  
and reply.

Sincerely yours,

*P. Choisit*

Paul Choisit

Mr. Maurice Rowdon

Je suis ici à Monte-Carlo  
avec mes collègues, et  
~~je suis très fatigué~~  
Puis-je me voir par  
un moment demain  
matin ?

DR. BERNHARD FRHR. VON BRÜCK  
RECHTSANWALT

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8000 MÜNCHEN 22  
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TELEX: 05 23 937 JUS D

Herrn

Maurice Rowdon

Casa Campardi

San Gimignano /ITALIEN

15/0

16. 1. 1978

Lieber Maurice,

das Verfahren Caron ./.. Peterson leidet an Deiner Un-  
reichbarkeit. Auch meine beiden Schreiben vom 30.9. und  
19. 12. 1977 blieben unbeantwortet. Ich bitte wenigstens  
einmal zu antworten. Du weißt, daß das Verfahren in München  
mit Deiner Zeugenaussage zu gewinnen ist. Dein Schweigen schafft  
mir im übrigen zusätzliche Arbeit. Auch ich hätte den Prozeß  
gerne vom Tisch.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen



Rechtsanwalt

# THE GOD DOGS

5 Tamworth Street  
London  
S.W.6.  
April 2 1978

Dear Harold,

Feeling lots of nostalgia for NY. Get hold of my ELKE AND BELAM (Putnam) and please read it. I would like to get together a kind of science fiction, occult story in which because earth disasters have gone too far the dogs through the agency of a small group of men virtually take over the direction of the rehabilitation of the earth by communicating with extra-terrestrial beings who have for some time been much concerned about the future of the earth and its harmful ~~etc~~ effects on the rest of the universe. This would later entail you reading another book, also a true one, which has not been published in the States but are trance readings from a psychic in New York State. It must be done quickly because Walt Disney asked to see my book-recently and I do not want ideas to grow out of it. Please show the book to your agent if you think there is a chance of his helping in the pre-financing etc. Ideal would be for you to be tied into it beforehand, and everything to be copyrighted including title ahead of time. You would be an excellent director for this. Copies of this letter are not going out to Jules Buck, Lew Grade or even Ken Russell.

It should not be difficult to get financing up front with the book to show. I can handle the dog side, show how it's done, how the dogs must sit etc, and in any case I initiated the first tapping school in Pa. which might well produce a real American tapping dog or two by the time the film came to be shot. The script could be most exciting, setting out from a series of disasters, and much psychic communication that pointed to the imminent crisis and the necessity of 'talking to the dogs' which none of the psychics involved understand. Then it transpires that the owner of a 'tapping' dog understands what it is all about.

I forbid either of us to work on this without everything prefinaanced and prearranged. The film could have wonderful dimensions.

Lots of love to you both. Wait, I've something more

to say. If you can't find a copy---it is possible that because of this madman who is trying to have the book stopped Putnam are holding it off the stalls for a time---call up sweet Laurie Tag at Putnam and say you're a friend of mine and must have a copy or two right away. Please remember me to Jane, and I hope there haven't been any more meteors.



PS Did Su find her china again. Give her a big kiss for me. Who is the guy who called my London agent months ago and asked to see a copy of the book but we didn't send him one. Name of Schiller and his company the New Ingot Production company of LA. Maybe he'd be good for the financing but one has to be careful here. Could you find out about him?

PPS I think the seed of all this was Su. She told me about a film 'which is just up your street' only about was it rabbits? and this must at once germinated with my dogs.

# SOPHIA

Connect more securely with Gnosticism.  
All this information is coming into "me"  
psychically.

THE DOG GODS

Dear David,

As

The credibility  
fact is the  
inner way;  
a media

the fact  
supp. m.  
on the

Dear Laurie,

Many thanks for the first two copies off the press, it was a most sweet thought. Meanwhile, as my last letter may have shown, I'm ~~a little~~ apprehensive, mainly ~~on the score of credibility while we have no media support.~~ I'm about to go to Zurich to hopefully conclude negotiations for the public appearance of Elke and Belam. The key to these is Werner Schmid, the Swiss impresario I mentioned to you in connection with Uri Geller and Puharich. He is a wheeler dealer and naturally has discovered that the two dogs are potential d gold. He has his eyes fixed on doing a TV series with them except that he has done nothing about it. He is tirelessly cunning, and in Germany has been called 'three Jews and two Armenians', but this isn't true because while he has the dynamism he certainly lacks the widdom. In fact he magnetises disaster. I once ran a press campaign with him on another subject and ~~saw him~~ <sup>watched</sup> shrewdly setting up ~~one~~ day what he pulled down the next. He even started a row with me on a live chat show. He must be the only mannin the world to create a financial empire out of HAIR and then lose the lot. He was arrestes on the German border for tax evasion and sat in his cell with his overcoat on and his suitcases packed at his side after having cabled Uri Geller to dematerialise him for a couple of hours as he had an important show to see in Hamburg. They thought he was crazy. I am afraid B ~~Laurie~~ he is Mrs Heilmaier's public relations, and she has utter faith in him. I am dealing with her directly at the moment but I'm sure he is in the background somewhere. They want a percentage of my royalties. I am very willing to make a contract with them but they won't come out and say what they want or if they will. <sup>B</sup>

Mt fears about ceredibility at this delicate stage were what prompted me to suggest in my last

This is why I told you in my last leter that I th  
This is why I think

then  
b m  
be all k  
You ask about the National Enquirer, who called me while I was in Venice to suggest sending a reporter down. I set out some stiff exclusivity yerms which they didn't rise to, at least if the silence of Ann Borchardt on ths esubject is anything to go by. I am giving exclusivity to a British Sunday, which has long been familiar with the book, ~~since last year, knows~~ Dorothy Meyer and Werner Schmid. Hopefully we will get a good story and ~~be able to~~ syndicate it to the States before you publish.

My wife writes to me today from Connecticut that there is a noticeable lack of prepublication fuss about the book, and I ~~always take note of what she says as she has two or three generations of highly successful publishing in her blood.~~ I fear any 'fuss' must hinge on media support. For me (and I had hopes Mrs Heilmaier) the commercial

it didn't decrease my apprehension. In all I know understood →

~~subjective~~ ~~is~~ ~~secondary~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~part~~ of, that of  
changing human consciousness

B

If you want to drive Doubleday out of business, <sup>the way</sup>  
just call them every day and say Werher Schmid would  
like to come in for a chat.

Luckily Macmillan advanced ~~for~~ some cash to keep  
me, literally, flying. I'll keep you closely and  
immediately informed about Zurich. If you want to  
contact me phonewise my London agent will know exactly  
where I am on any given day.

I have a much more optimistic picture of British  
possibilities on the book at the moment. As I said  
in my last letter, the credibility factor is better  
here because I'm available to talk to people, especially  
the press. But I'm fluffing and clucking like a hen  
because

All the best from

Perhaps you need organisational  
a prize meeting - 15-day  
and seven other days -  
for me.

future spread of the  
book, a series of  
interviews, he  
putted at the  
the day was brown

would hopefully create a iv. Since I'd smooth on the  
German sentences - the work. A paper here planned 4/7/70

that my doubts are credible which  
prompted my last letter. I'm a belief  
the very personal appearance was essential to  
pub. a work. It's only when the  
human as the p.m. newspaper  
of a syndicated story &  
pictures. -



He has a reputation & tastes unique - in fact

B ~~Two Jews~~ <sup>Two Jews and</sup> he's been called 'Three Americans,  
and Two Jews'. ~~He's so crazy,~~ <sup>but</sup> this isn't true -  
he undoubtedly has the dynamism - he's got all the  
wisdom. He must be the only man in the world to  
make an financial empire out of HARRIS and the <sup>London</sup> ~~London~~  
the whole lot. He was arrested on the same ~~charge~~  
for tax evasion and saw in the cell ~~talking~~ with  
his overcoat on and his suitcase packed, after  
being called Mori Geller is demonstrating that  
for a couple of hours in ~~the~~ <sup>there</sup> a show he ~~is~~  
~~was~~ he had a son - in Henry ~~that~~ he  
could afford to win. Yes, <sup>they</sup> he was crazy.

States was essential, because it has worked here  
without the dog having yet been seen. I will  
ask the Nat'l Hygiene. I laid down exclud-  
ing since ~~appeared~~ they didn't rise to, <sup>anyway,</sup>  
~~it would have been premature.~~ I am giving exclud-  
ing to <sup>popular</sup> British Sunday, which he may be  
family & ~~to the~~ the work, ~~that known to~~  
~~the teacher~~ and ~~known~~ when schooling  
Happell or will get an interview before  
I indicate the story to the State ~~for~~ you publication.

→ I was a power camper & I'm a college guy, and I'm in ~~pull down~~ <sup>curiously</sup> ~~set up~~ <sup>setting</sup> ~~to watch~~ <sup>great</sup> ~~curious~~ <sup>one day</sup> ~~on Monday~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~pull out~~ <sup>pull out</sup> ~~the work~~ <sup>the work</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>hide</sup> ~~chat show~~ <sup>chat show</sup>. [A]

[illegible]



Zürich

Dear Annette,

Am dashing a line to you  
to catch the post. Thanks for your  
letter since I got yours before I left  
home, just in time to see Mr  
Chamber who by the way send you  
his best wishes and will write as  
soon as he can. Of course I'm too

trying to sort out the difficulties  
of seeing the dog - time is getting

very short now before publication in  
the State which I hope to do something  
about. Please tell Scotty  
if you ~~wishes~~ wishes to send me

love to David Boll, Boll and Watson,

8/12 Old Queen's Street London SW1 and say  
he's a friend of mine. He has become  
one of the very best altho' still entirely  
forgetful. An advantage wd. also be  
tht he radiates through me Brooke I  
hope your work goes well. I had a  
pleasant hour with Gisi yesterday in  
a cafe. He seems to be quite well.  
When of his wish I got Gisi's lawyer  
to offer free discussion to an immediate  
settlement his lawyer replied with a very  
flat and rude No. Am thinking of  
coming to the State around publication of  
the work but of course the important  
thing is to get the doc seen. This  
is the blocking matter.

Love

Maurice

004988 Munich

00441 London

0039 ~~55~~ 41 Venice

Valeria 003941/36679

① Laptop. Eurosave  
151 Knightsbridge

Judy  
~~7483102~~

My number

Zürich 349570

we go 2100 hrs.

~~11.00~~  
~~11.00~~  
~~11.00~~  
~~11.00~~

~~939/2538~~

Book for

~~postpone till~~

Wednesday n so.

11.00  
Sat.

② Find nr train Munich & Munich

③ Call Ruth Cameron 343887.  
Address?

④ Call Gisi & trip & Munich.

054/85897

→ off of Theatre.

Kaulbachstr 61 RGB

"What was the reaction to our meeting?"

42 Increase. 9 at the top.

3. Difficulty at the Beginning.

"Does this 9 at the top mean how she saw me?"

28 Preponderance of the Good, 6 at the top

44 Coming to Meet.

"Does she want us to be together again?"

19 Approach. 6 in 3

"Should I telephone <sup>11 Peace</sup> her tonight to say that seeing her  
was the important thing, not the work?"

5 Waiting 6 in 4.

11 Peace.

"Will we be together soon?"

7 The Army. 9 in 2.

2 The Recepture.

"Will she see Werner Schmidt tonight and give him  
all the facts?"

18 Work on which has been spoiled.

"Do the Hood, the pit, the water on the head in  
the above hexagram refer to my work or my relation  
with Melitta?"

42 Increase. 6 in 2, 9 at the top.

60 Limitation.

5 Tamworth Street  
London  
S.W.6.  
6.1.1978

Dear Mrs Heilmaier,

Miss Gautschy kindly got in touch with you about my book on Elke and Belam, and has now advised me to write to you.

The book will be published shortly in the USA by Messrs Putnam, and later in Britain by Messrs Macmillan.

As you probably know, publishers only sign contracts with writers or their agents. My agents are responsible for all my contracts, and for receiving on my behalf all my royalties.

You have asked me, through Miss Gautschy, whether my publishers will negotiate a contract with you for a separate royalty. As this would be impossible, I suggest that my agents sign a contract with you assigning to you a fair and just percentage of my royalties based on accepted practice and precedent in the publishing industry. As the book is published in each country, so will the agent responsible for that country sign an agreement with you whereby he sends you a portion of my royalties for as long as the book is in circulation. It would therefore be necessary for you to name a bank account to which you would wish this money to be sent.

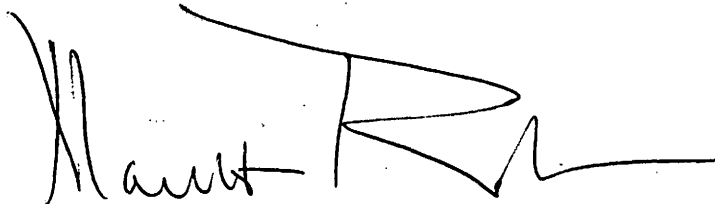
May I have your permission to see the dogs once more, Mrs Heilmaier? And will you allow them to be seen by journalists if necessary? As I believe Miss Gautschy has already told you, people may soon be asking to carry out their own 'interviews' with the dogs. This is not simply a matter of trying to increase book sales. It is of much greater importance than that, as I am sure you know. At present there is a certain danger that the book could become a successful book for pet-lovers, which was not my intention when I wrote it, and was certainly not your intention when you began the education of the first Elke. The task of such a book is surely to penetrate human consciousness with the much larger issue of animal intelligence. I believe that only your help, your sanction and approval can make that enormous difference.

In writing to you, I feel deeply inhibited by the thought that you may believe I am guided by the desire to get a bigger circulation for the book. This is not

the case. Interest in both the USA and this country already shows that even without TV or newspaper verification the book creates an interest and momentum of its own. But, I repeat, I wrote the book to achieve more than sales or even interest. We have a marvellous opportunity here to reach the human heart with a story that is not too difficult for people to understand, and which does not arouse their fears of the 'mystical' or complicated. Only you can turn all this into a change of human consciousness.

I hope and pray that it will be possible for us all to work together again in peace.

Yours very sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Maurice Rowdon'. The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping 'M' and a long, horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Maurice Rowdon

# WOMEN ~~LIVING~~ IN A LAWLSSY LAND.

## I PIERA

(Does the lawlessness go with the up-  
-rooting & country life?)

- Photographs:

1. In new apartment.

Working up her shoes, + Gabriella.

The old life at Pericle = now a hotel.

## II VALERIA

Chaos at school.

Photographs

1. At home in Sant' Elena.

2. The school at the Lido.

3. The overcrowded vaporino.

4. Teaching with TX.

## III Florence

the hairdresser

1. At the hairdresser's

2. At home.

IV Marthe's visit in Latuá.

With the children

The diet etc.

~~IV Rome = <sup>2. time mass</sup> Jean = she has lived in~~

~~Rome for years. Secret thoughts~~

~~IV~~

V Rome = ~~the heart of the Fermat.~~

VI Salerno

(Sandrine's friends).

(Is there love between the sexes?)

## THE LIBERATED WOMAN

(Has the woman really changed? Or  
is it like before?)

I Bank girl S. Ginzburg. (The "foreign  
man" marginal)

~~Crime's daughter~~

(The sexual-  
ity? Is there love?)

~~Crime's daughter~~

II

Le Femmine, Venice

III

Another friend of Valeria ~~Crime's daughter~~

~~Crime's daughter~~

IV

# LECTURE TOUR

- 1) Based on philosophy degree: the nature of perception. \*
- 2) Titled ANIMAL PERCEPTION.
- 3) See Talking Dog excerpt - if animals perceive they must understand symbols and this is the nature of intelligence.
- 4) Complete list of published books? I have ~~touch on the~~ touched on the subject, changing human perception is a theme of my historical work - notably, ~~I have touched on the subject in various of my books - notably~~  
Leonardo da Vinci, The Spanish Terror, Renaissance the Magnificent and the Silver Age of Venice. I wanted to study animal perception after my examination of the "talking dog" of Berkeley, and deal with it in my BOOKS AND BEHAVIOR, the publ. history by Putnam.  
It is 16 and I have always been my opinion that perception has to be analyzed theoretically, a branch of metaphysics, rather than as a part of psychological studies, because.....

I

simplified

Ull

N's attitude was that philosophy didn't allow for a content the human being - he wanted philosophy to be a method, a device, of becoming (?) a human being. My feeling the I was half way through an intense course in Immanuel Kant and in the way, I thought, to a Oxford career in philosophy, was that I wasn't a detached thinker, and philosophy seemed to suppose I was - knowing that I could think in abstraction for life, I saw its effects on others - the

II AM is a self-regenerative system, including  
muscle and calculated emotions and abuse.

If I said the psychosis may  
also be seen as a healing process  
I might be doing no more than  
restate many psychiatrists have said and  
continue to say. If I say the psychosis  
was primarily a masked 'Kundalini  
crisis', that is an example of a purely  
hypothetical nature, I might be repeating  
the arguments of a little book  
published by a <sup>psychiatrist</sup> ~~pharmacologist~~  
(→) many years in Northern  
California since has sold many  
thousands of copies.

But, it appears, we find  
difficult to take these theories  
and observations to their natural,  
even their logical conclusion, and  
accept the fact ~~that~~ — a fact



) The man who stated that  
 clearly was so critical —  
 ... readers... Since his time  
 then hasn't been a revision of  
 it, and his own thought was  
 hauled and deblooded into a  
 'rational' philosophy, is fact  
 the basis of all our present  
 absurdities — above all, the  
 untenable regime of financial  
 hysteria we ~~have~~ (try to) be  
 live in.

~~a civilization is always marked by~~  
~~def features of tax work, virtue~~  
~~• dramatic loss of self guidance,~~  
~~ref~~ But this too is all too  
vague. We shall have to find out  
exactly how this works, and how  
a civilization starts, and what that  
state which we call a 'fall' or  
'decline', ~~and which coincides~~  
~~with~~ a period in time there is  
a marked loss of rehabilitative  
features.

## I CONTINUED

The whole problem of reality —  
which is simply the problem of being  
human, namely, an injured animal —  
was dumped by psychology,  
psychoanalysis and psychiatry  
into the area of disease. ~~Handled~~  
~~because~~ Practically, this happened  
because the practitioners were  
doctors. But really it was a  
recognition of pathology  
~~the~~ biological impairment  
without the slightest change of  
tone, language, and the logos  
thing we are wont to call detachment!  
Karl Kraus.....

as a definition of  
the human ~~being~~ animal.

Had Freud not been required  
by his own system to somehow address  
a ~~man's~~ a normality ~~to~~ ~~conf~~ against  
which dementia and its faint blood-  
weather neurosis ~~with~~ ~~might~~ have been  
~~out~~ he would have had no difficulty  
linking things like non-animal  
biology, and then finding biological  
impermeable. He would also not  
have fallen into the (18 trap of  
seeing civ. as a refinement process,  
and barbarism as a kind of relapse  
to dark (essentially) animal  
desires.

At the same time he had no difficulty acknowledging in principle the responsibility in his demand that the ~~author~~ analyst become

the analysis of a long period before  
he could qualify. So now we are  
naturally sane, naturally healthy.

Now again he was acting like  
a doctor. We apparently didn't demand  
of our doctors the things that fit in  
healthy: all we want is the  
treatment, and if he doesn't know  
how to treat something he will say  
'we don't know'. Now is no  
attempt in any medicine,  
mental or otherwise, to suggest  
that the healthy are leading the  
side, the same leading the mad —  
it is simply the treatment that counts.

~~For corrections, this <sup>was</sup> became~~  
~~he has become a new correction~~  
~~The Acology of good and evil,~~

~~angel and satan, domesticated by~~

This led quickly to words. The animal words - pig, cow, bitch, etc, worm, snake, drake - gave way to 'paranoid', 'schizoid' is the sense, 'bitch-schizoid', 'neurotic' as a judgement of unreliable character, 'sadistic', 'narcissistic' etc. The modern disease comes on the scene you have the idea, aberration. We can aberrate briefly and directly, with colds and we pneumonias, etc diseases with Epidemics in fighting aspects, ~ desperate physiological distortions, excitability: the human as in the animals.

The moment we are able to see  
our real status in the animal world  
we know that there is no 'aberration'  
in the norm, but an aggravation  
of the norm, ~~and sufficient~~  
extreme aggravation meaning <sup>in</sup> madness.

In fact in all human thought  
and activity there is impairment,  
and the art of containing human  
madness lies in ~~the recognition~~  
~~of~~ identifying the nature, the  
impediment and the likely mad  
behaviour it is likely to incite.

Psychiatry, by classifying the grotesque  
Itomoe Supicious doctrine as its  
basis (~~using~~ the human animal  
is 'rational' or 'irrational'),  
~~forfeited~~ condemned itself to

remain at the personal, that is  
the level of the 'self', without any  
reference whatever to the self  
as an aspect of impaired animal life.

## DEAD SUNDAY

in the lounge before

I 'lose' my keys, & the

a Channel train crossing: I sit

K in the cafe now coffee and  
croissant drinky fumbled, after

the shock of putting my hand  
in the empty back pocket where

the keys go. I must phone the  
taxi company: did I leave the

keys in my seat? Did I leave  
them in the door of the house?

I sit there drinking my coffee and  
~~thinking~~ breaking off pieces of

croissant. And I ask the neighbor  
to look? Or will I get back?

The neighbor has a key but it's  
it a new <sup>copy</sup> one and they will

not so reliable. When I'm finished  
my coffee and enter my car is no  
1 sit back, wondering if I should  
to catch the train yet. Someone  
comes along and clears my  
cup, etc and says 'Thank you'  
and I say 'Thank you'. All of  
a sudden someone tells me  
'You were asked for your keys  
at the security check-in and  
you didn't reclaim them'. Blatant,  
I go back to the check-in and  
get them.

Who Told me about those  
keys! I wasn't packing any  
baggage. I wasn't trying to smuggle  
anything at. I wasn't going  
through procedures of where I had

I had accepted this loss in  
my mind and meant to phone  
the taxi company. It was  
just information for the  
outside. Why not inside?  
The one who acts is all  
this?

For I can look back and  
remember myself acting,  
especially in the matter of sex.  
Genuine acting is flirtation is  
usually, and both sexes  
do it. But I mean in the  
love scene. Here there was  
genuine love. Someone was  
acting my part and it was  
true and it wasn't bad acting,  
i.e. imitation, it was sincere

and felt good, it felt like  
simply being alive.

## The Mind Ape - Intro

Stories lies in every  
name. The <sup>white</sup> Stone pertains  
the against water we recognis-  
able at once and feel me  
with a tank ) being up - a  
fountain. The peculiar husky-  
just sound - the ~~so~~ <sup>still</sup> ~~below~~  
days 'car'. We have assembled  
all these stones and the do it  
lay cat and dog a tiger  
or cloud but us, us, us.  
And so everything loother, us  
and holds us and beckons to  
us however far we travel,  
especially towards the  
deeper darkest forest ion's

free from the overhead  
dream, the drop of the  
helicopter is a clearing —  
we have made it so that  
the most unusual thing, the  
"I's and 'you's" and 'he's  
and 'she's will for the only  
thing that seems to be in ~~between~~  
heaven and a castle, that  
we cannot have or make,  
that we cannot be or make  
seen to be, that we cannot  
belong <sup>to</sup> ~~it~~ all we make ours.

In the very constitution of  
our minds lies the seed of  
madness that sprouts every  
moment and tries to overcome  
us like ivy.

It is seldom you meet a  
person who knows Venice, who  
knows the secret and the  
mystery - she it is, she will lie.  
The secret is very simple and  
I am going to state it right  
away. We can cut the cloth  
of the city to your taste and  
size. The cloth is thick like  
tapestry, and colored like  
metal, but it can be cut.

Even if, in the end, all  
the cutting in the world will  
be seen, but to have affected  
the gaudy, fading, scurilous  
cloth, and it will show no  
trace of you having been at

work. The people you knew —  
now you cut to your taste and  
size — ~~and~~ <sup>as you</sup> were cut, in your  
turn, to this taste and size —  
they too go, and like the  
city are no more of the  
cutting. Yet something  
memorable has happened. Only  
the only trace left is in  
the tapestry-like piece —  
he remains forever the  
same as he always was.

"Secret Power of Tantric Breathing"  
Swami Shiva Priyananda  
TANTRIC BREATHING

My reflection: (e.g. by holding the breath)

the mind can override the  
respiratory centre at the back of  
the brain is the medulla

oblongata. Its being connected  
to nerves leading to the spinal cord  
and the part of the brain where  
the the breath changes according  
to the nervous state, and mental  
impressions, and if the same takes  
the breath, under control, can  
create certain states.

FAST + PROLONGED BREATHING

leads to dumping carbon dioxide  
too quickly, and leads ultimately  
to muscular rigidity and coma.

But the respiratory centre will usually induce the breathing to cease of its own accord, and at this point there may be extraordinary experiences, perhaps the first experience of <sup>the</sup> 'negotiated' (initiation).

This is why initially activities use all kinds of drum rhythms with dancing and singing or the repetition of the same steps to induce a state of trance.

The opposite, too much carbon dioxide, works for light-headedness and trance. The initiation tries to reach the right ratio of carbon dioxide and oxygen for real experiences.

Left nostril - inhibitive effects.

Right " - excitatory "

(in sexualis)

SHIVA-PARVATI (the ecstasy  
of post-initiation sex).

actually looked as if they'd  
taken off. Again it is the  
point of relief.

Yes for fun being an  
abstract or academic or  
semantic problem it is the  
most intimate problem we all  
have. In the work common  
disturb the cult, across all  
frontiers, stress, it is the  
'inner' reality that takes  
charge, creating its own  
story, rhythm and degree,  
the we call 'pressure' (but  
all pressure — like all  
reality — is inner!) the

~ father

fatherly created is that it

is an outline thing. It may

be having 15 kids up there

children with enough money

to do it, and no need to

help, in which case the

other children, now, he

were not there, a physical.

~~But all the therapies~~

But this doesn't alter the

fact that it is a true

experience which no one <sup>else</sup>,  
essentially, can understand.

And the violence is violence

can't be the violence

can't be the violence

children should be a

supreme, <sup>primary</sup> violence is but

but a attempt is realistic  
itself in the 'physical'  
realm (which is also  
inwardly concerned). ~~The~~  
~~universe in this sense is~~  
~~always the victim - everything~~  
~~becomes an end to him as~~  
~~the effect~~ The universe  
sacrifices the function by  
entering it, as it feels  
to be.

Hugh Grant

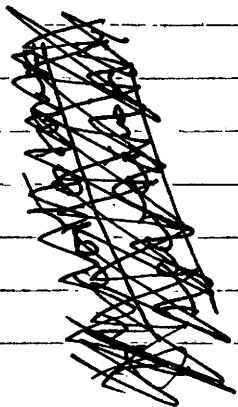
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0171

636 6565

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Lawrence & Kevin

(0171) 706.0859

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Concerto C<sup>+</sup> Bach

— ... —

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OAE.

All animals, and I know  
the human animal, are  
dominated by their  
stomach & feeding  
instincts. They have

inherited instincts - clean,  
hands, long sharp teeth,  
fingertips & mouth. The  
hygiene instinct & sharp  
movements - it

is a clean & a real  
life. The gentle  
will work for the

Top of the branch of a  
tree, ~~the center of~~

the girth of the tree to  
the base of the tree, 1-  
with and berries. Some  
bark, some wood,

some during - trees,  
some down, some

fly. This task we  
designed to navigate  
away from the region

in the habitat. The

I am suggesting the cu-  
linary knowledge, to  
make the, is a

navigational tool and

cannot then be  
judged used to judge

animals with def.

navigational - 1. Notes

related to catching

any kind of fault

all the 'the world'

since the is just a

form of 'very navig-

ature field. His  
work examines whether  
or simple very clear  
pictures, pictorial  
the human, sense of  
how being a animal.

His has been its work  
letter work of defence,  
and very brief date  
and the planet altogether.

Bill Exling  
BRC Holdings

Chairman of  
MATRI-GM

---

Right now  
research &  
wait for special  
to go early.

---

①

When I heard the news... date  
the there was to be a public enquiry  
into the compulsory purchase order by  
Council council on property in the  
~~the town~~ <sup>the town</sup> of ~~Greenwich~~ <sup>Greenwich</sup>. The last  
remaining streets for the seventeenth  
century, I was heartened and relieved.  
I felt the public spirit had won,  
1-1975 I have had a shop in the  
~~area since 1975~~ ~~1-1975~~ 1-1975  
I bought a shop in the area where  
I began my glass <sup>blowing</sup> ~~cutting~~ business.  
I worked at the back of the shop,  
with my furnace and various small  
tools for ~~the~~ miniature work, and  
my wife looked after the customers.  
She brought the two children  
with her and for lunch we frequently  
put potatoes in the ~~oven~~  
annealing oven, while the glass  
cooled down. Friends would drop

from the other shops, ~~so we got to know~~  
~~most of the owners~~ and gradually  
 we got to know the other shopkeepers.  
 We were both keen to live near the  
 river, part of a way of life is  
 Venetian. The Naval College at  
 high water is ~~very strict~~ puts <sup>one</sup> ~~one~~  
 in mind of ~~a fundamental~~ the  
 Zattere as we look across the  
 lagoon towards the Grindecca.  
 I began to remember the the ~~the~~  
 Thames at Greenwich is more a <sup>tidal</sup>  
 creek than a river, ~~and~~ so we  
 hear the slow lapping of water  
 against stone walls as we do in  
 Venice. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ I remember an  
 American visitor who came to  
 Greenwich quite by accident, by  
 river, and talked with his  
 astonishment at finding a place  
 world of palaces and parks and  
 fine Georgian streets and boatyards.

the ~~Victorian~~ <sup>3</sup>  
Dickens and ~~the~~ (\*)

pulls like the Tugger/und Gutter,  
Saw the both across the river  
through great windows.

But ~~the~~ <sup>among all these beauties</sup>  
~~the~~ <sup>and these</sup>

~~Devonport Dreadnought~~ <sup>hospital</sup>  
~~at~~ <sup>in the whole</sup>

(~~the~~ Mutual Friends describes  
this area ~~the~~ in the wedding  
scene ??)

in bad shape. The Dreadnought  
hospital <sup>discontinued 3 years ago</sup> the Devonshire nurses'  
Home which were closed 3 years  
ago just sitting there empty and  
unmaintained. In the <sup>big</sup> Naval College  
with its colonnaded walkways and  
lawns ~~and~~ <sup>tenancy</sup> its use by the  
Navy has almost come to an ~~end~~ <sup>end</sup>.  
Its future is uncertain. The  
rooms ~~and~~ are ~~still~~ <sup>potentially</sup>

wonderful but have been used as  
offices and quarters for too long. They  
need a new look which will revive  
this original one, so that the  
extraordinary ~~Potters~~ ~~exterior~~  
baroque exterior may once more  
be watched inside. <sup>apartments of</sup> All these  
buildings are up for sale. We are  
various applicants to the council for  
the right to take them. One is  
the the building that belongs to  
the University of Greenwich, with  
help for the Maritime Museum.  
Another is the that had become of  
the official residence of London's  
former mayor.

Traffic light & heavy  
curtains to put there! The ~~existing~~  
Greenwich is a one-way system  
that discourages the development of  
the 2 ~~main~~ streets - the way  
created as part of a redevelopment

by Robert Kaye, who also built the  
Trafalgar Tavern, in the 1830s.

~~At the time of the~~

more May 7 we could hope to  
~~see~~ <sup>see</sup> medieval Greenwich, ~~rather than~~  
~~these late buildings, but~~ but when it  
has all been swept away in earlier  
times. It is this we have to recover  
= the new Greenwich of the  
Williamites. Both Henry VIII and  
Elizabeth I were born in the royal  
palace which ~~used to be~~ ~~the~~  
~~Naval College~~ was pulled down of the  
Naval College. It is to day  
that the college had never been  
built (as many people did say at  
the time) but that every trace of  
the long old palace has gone.

Today it is simply not necessary to  
travel down the side of Greenwich  
Church Street, which the Council  
is proposing to do, nor do the

(18) Buildings - Creek road have to go. We can remove a building here & there to make <sup>way</sup> for, say, a shopping mall, but leaving the rock provides just the ~~ent~~ satisfying context will make a town a pleasure. King James's

~~The following Queen's House~~  
(~~the~~ <sup>prose</sup> ~~the Maritime Museum~~) ~~is to be seen~~ (one) the model for the White House - Washington - has its elegance. Jones was also a designer of madras & stage decor. for the Court, and this house is more, a designed backdrop than a place to live in. That's how it looks, and if <sup>still</sup> we had the <sup>Tudor</sup> ~~royal~~ palace, in a ~~great~~ <sup>fine</sup> way, at the ~~river's edge~~ <sup>river's</sup> edge it would be a ~~watermark relief to~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~much~~

I can understand by the naval

Chapman was exposed the amazing  
excitement ~~he~~ felt by the ~~new~~  
'new perspective' of the architecture  
at the time. But it was hardly  
necessary to remove all of the  
Tudor Palace at the river's edge.  
~~It was not necessary for~~ [A  
matter of fact the Queen! There  
was under threat of demolition of a  
time - by Wren, of all people  
like so many of Top architects he  
felt he needed a place site  
for the Naval College, but the  
queen (May & Anne?) declared that  
she had a special affection for  
the house, and the plan was  
dropped.

1. 1997<sup>3</sup> Then was a ~~proposal~~  
to build a monument with  
corridor for the Council Monument  
down to the hill where the Queen's  
House was ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> or for below,

with a word of clipped line trees  
= the French manner. I was perhaps  
an attempt to recreate <sup>an spirit</sup> a ~~(17) idea~~  
French idea of the <sup>Versailles</sup> ~~(17)~~ <sup>giving</sup> idea.

When I heard what this I

was simply appalled. I could imagine  
the argument could not be made  
with the ~~the~~ ~~idea~~ ~~the~~ ~~idea~~  
~~was with~~ divide this lovely  
area with such a grandiose symbol  
of authority. Greenwell park is the  
old - magical combination of French  
linear axes and ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
informality of English landscaping.

I decided to initiate a  
campaign <sup>to stop the plan. This</sup> ~~to stop the plan. This~~ led to a  
public meeting in which the  
proposal was voted down ~~with a~~  
~~though~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
campaign I ~~had to~~ ~~produce~~ converted  
my shop into a small ~~the~~  
exhibition area ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

Show into the plan and make the  
park look like. I felt the three  
possibly, a good argument of a water  
curved ~~to~~ ~~the~~ of the Versailles  
to ~~some~~ ~~where~~, but not in the  
place & in those dimensions. It  
was another example, of how, of

---

Peto Inna (Table  
Line) Emma —

dark blue : light

177 cm. X 260 ? (cm)

F30 mentally, nephew  
who, not a prince.

---

(\* Queen Mary: When was  
planning to build Naval C. to  
block new view for house. ~~the~~

The made his change design.

\* \*

↓  
This could be dev. better than it has  
been. It lies in the Park —  
for the loc. of the Park is  
the backcloth of V.C. & Queen's  
House: altho' the cascade was  
an unfortunate idea it is still in  
time the sunset is rising to  
complete the kind of picture the (17  
essentials like to plan.

The Park was designed in 3

directions & see in 2. " "

seem ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Le ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Native

of Versailles had a part in

planning the lay-out, as a

picture. See for the balcony

of Queen's H. the hole,

the space is designed to work

as a picture. 6<sup>m</sup> from Queen's

H. 15 ft. high, which is designed

to lead the eye, & it will have

been planned so that the contours  
moved in the lower area: the  
background being the Overcathay  
of the angle, the ~~telescope~~  
facade can up here be a  
manifestation of their novel  
picture.  
The 1st would propose a ~~diagonal~~ <sup>path</sup>  
~~path~~ three zig-zag diagonally  
a subtle addition which would  
leave the grass <sup>area</sup> undivided, yet  
would allow access to the top  
of the hill, and ~~make~~ similar  
is a person in a station of  
the cross area. \* \*

Leading from this entryway  
we started contour walking & proposed  
for the path. (ALL ABOVE after  
this \* \*)

Greenwich Landscape Studio  
(Three of us, me - trained landscape  
architect)

We made a presentation to the Dame Jennifer Jenkins review Committee at the Royal Parks. She commended our idea of a London Dial - an important axis along the meridian going <sup>down</sup> north which goes on the Greenwich River State & Greenwich peninsula, which is <sup>also</sup> the site of the Mill exhibition. The main axis, where the Queen's House lies on, & which is the main axis of the Park from Blackheath Village through the Opera House down the hill <sup>to</sup> the Queen's house. This if continued this it would go whole lot length of Britain ending at the Isle of Harris in the Hebrides down to near Hastings. It divides British towns & land area almost equally. The significance is

Greenwich is a centre where the  
axis crosses the meridian, a  
historical & basis of being important  
center. The 2 axes cross near  
the bottom of the slope under the  
statue of James Wolfe.

# Final Proofs

New4word 39 KB



Same

~\$E of Sources Forward

(I think this is the one I <sup>university</sup> has)

~\$W4WORD

~\$REWORDAPE of SNOW



Same forward

F-8133D

55X40X20

F-8133D

# UNIVERSE

1] Can I cut ~~BE~~ FORWARD?  
How?

2] Can I GET DIRECT  
ACCESS TO PROOF  
I.E CORRECT ON  
LINE, IF I REMEMBER  
NUMBER OF CHANGES  
PERMITTED.

3]

Wulw, get healthy again .com  
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U

M

## The Animal Philosopher

Why does the animal Man ~~have~~  
~~philosophy~~ need philosophy while  
other species do not?

Because he isn't biologically  
guided as other animals are.  
He isn't whole.

Philosophy is for those who aren't  
whole and comes from the thought  
"I am not whole" which is also  
"I am not I". Hence so much  
concentration in philosophers → ~~"I am"~~ →

Philosophy is therefore the completion  
of the animal Man, or the  
Monkey Animal, in that he thereby  
speaks of ~~and~~ himself and by  
this means seeks wholeness. →

→ Descartes 'cogito ergo sum'  
meaning 'I think (therefore properly  
~~meditate~~ meditate ~ ponder on)  
therefore I am', which as philosophy  
is close to madness — in the  
way as  
some Freud's in the 20<sup>th</sup> century  
embodied <sup>with</sup> classical analogy  
and a very winning literary style but  
dest self-destructed by the ambition  
to get it <sup>24</sup> ~~to~~ to speak, registered and  
legalised in the hospitals. Too much  
ambition is always self-defeating.

→ Only Einstein understood philosophy properly. He said 'first the theory, then the facts'.

The animal Man arrives at Facts through his theory, whereas if he lives in ignorance of ~~philosophy~~ he believes the facts come first and ~~hence~~ ~~he thus becomes~~.

1) Relief no more  
easy because ...

2) NN trip at the  
beginning. There are, the  
"new college" etc as  
centre, not priority of mill.  
celebrate. Xr destructive  
of the past, there is

Greenwood, all the new  
hobby of that destroyed -  
of matter place. We need  
the protestant workshops,  
the shopping mall & no of  
work into a dev. for  
not a replacement.

UNO — article 21

people taking part.

a local design, local  
architecture — modern to  
the degree the Council  
can take it.

A series of directions  
— the new college,  
the building of medieval  
Council. before it is  
to be careful not to do  
the same.

Always a further pro-  
vision Elizabeth, time.

On the local people's  
idea — the Ken Gden  
(econ. plan) idea —  
the commitment of having  
plans — develop a  
committee.

Could have looked at  
local people too —  
"rights" had to be  
changed.