

## OXYGENESIS

The language of the breath is the subtlest known and the least known. Its link with the autonomic nervous system can be found. The Oxygenetic process provides psychoanalysis without words, regeneration without medicine, information without thinking.

Maurice Rowdon has worked in this field in four countries. All nervous systems are strong, even when they function badly. They convey messages to the brain without fail. If the two sides of the brain were removed and the brainstem only left, the organism would continue to function autonomically---that is to say, it would continue to ingest and digest, evacuate liquids and solids, withdraw muscularly from unpleasant contact. The brain, if replaced, would then continue to receive the information. It would become 'aware'.

It is this awareness that leads us to believe that the mind is actually in control of the organism, and guides it, and is even the seat of the ego. But in the Oxygenetic process this conviction (virtually the basis of western thinking since the seventeenth century) undergoes a deep change, but not through argument or exchange of ideas: it comes about in the organism. The organism finds itself living in a different way. It no longer feels in the grip of the mind, least of all of a super-ego intent on ideals, punishment, goals, blueprints of behaviour. Something more intelligent, more dependable, more in touch with the objective world seems to have taken over. Emotions are no fewer or less strong but the organism is now insulated: for emotions are the mental symptoms of our encounter with the world, and the bridge for that encounter is the nervous system. In the case of schizophrenia the ego is split because the sympathetic and para-sympathetic systems, in their interaction, have lost the power to distinguish inner from outer, subjective from objective, private from public.

Maurice Rowdon's interest in this field began at Oxford where in his studies of the various metaphysical theories of perception he began to suspect that the mind was not in fact the seat of our power to 'objectify' our sensations, as the great philosophers argued. His claim today is that the seat of the ego is the nervous system, which can be reached by dieting, fasts, medicine and surgery, but can be altered, individuated and aligned only by the breath. Above all, that system is our sole source of information

about the world. Whatever is known to us must be received through the nervous system; and the mind is secondary receiver. This is the case even with material of a telepathic or intuitive nature which we often assume to come in some way 'through' the mind.

For the mind to receive the right information no changes in the mind itself will avail, since it is a receiving, analysing and ordering agency. Only a change in the nervous system will ensure that the information service is a sound one. Once it is sound, information of a quite unexpected nature begins pouring in.

It is well-known that thinkers sometimes make a breakthrough in their work which they find quite unaccountable. The answer is suddenly there after perhaps years of waiting. The mind just doesn't know how it happened. This was because the nervous system was quietly and invisibly at work, and presented the answer when the organism was ready to receive it or act on it.

The intake of large quantities of oxygen may be, but need not be, beneficial. It can be harmful and deeply disturbing to the organism. Oxygenesis is the process of learning the language safely, carefully and confidently, in private consultation.

The human's fictional concept of death and his consequent terror of it are not only a key-factor in his biological development but the very source of his civilisations. That concept created in him a distress unknown to other creatures, and the human's search for habitat became even more frenetic, the more the search failed. This new, alternative, fixed habitat would provide all the consolations of the 'old' habitat, would no longer stare him in the face with the horror of the unfixed, the impermanent, the fleeting, the accidental, the unpredictable, the uncontrollable.

'Every minute dies a man,' wrote Lord Alfred Tennyson (Charles Babbage, a Cambridge mathematician born in 1792, probably the first designer of the calculating machine, pointed out to Tennyson that in fact men die much more rapidly than that, which is why the final version of the poem reads 'moment' instead of 'minute'). The human faced not only this endless procession of the dying but the apparent inconsequence with which the young, the healthy, the good and the wise were picked off, suddenly lifeless maybe a moment after the fullest vigor: this discomfited the mind in its search for a habitat no longer subject to the unintelligible design of unknown forces.

When these deaths happen---when someone is 'snatched away'---our regular daily habits (the ease with which we assume that tomorrow will follow today) suffers a kind of ridicule. All we can do is mourn, then as quickly as possible fall into the old bland assumption---to be shattered again by an accident on the road, news of an air disaster. Or we try to mend the tear in the illusory curtain of 'permanent reality' by saying that the accident was 'destiny', as soldiers say that the shell or bullet that gets you has your number written on it.

Doctors, scientists, healers, even therapists who write best-selling handbooks on health and longevity are as suddenly snatched off as others, and their comforting (or frightening) suggestions that life could be brought under control, whether with computers or nuclear energy or transplants or space-travel or pills, are given the lie. We know from the Hayflick researches that the human cell is capable of living 120 years, and that the human span could possibly become immeasurably longer: but the accident, the unforeseen?

Little wonder that 'science' became necessary, as a climax of centuries of religious effort to substitute for a seemingly chaotic and formless reality one that would suffer no changes. Few churches can avoid the temptation to promise good fortune now to the devout, and bad fortune now to the sinner. Even eastern gurus promise health, wealth and happiness to those who do their asanas, or meditate, or follow the rules of the ashram. The implication is---not the proper religious one that 'realisation' will bring you freedom from your own fears---but that reality outside will somehow accomodate itself to you, remove its 'stings'.