

Subj: **War in My Eyes**
Date: 3/9/2004 4:20:06 PM GMT Standard Time
From: Eleo.Gordon@penguin.co.uk
To: Rowdoxy@aol.com
Sent from the Internet (Details)

Dear Mr Rowdon, I can't write you a letter as I only have your e mail address.

I have now read your book and had a report on it. It is a very powerful story and the way you tell it - simply - is most affecting. That whole period of the war - going up through Italy, the rest and recuperation in Cairo and Palestine and the return to the war front is very well written and evoked. You well describe the everyday aspects of life, how it is affecting you and the way you and the other soldiers had to grow up overnight.

In the end sadly we don't think we can take it on though. We already have a number of WW2 books on our list and there is only so much room. I am sure though that someone will like it and I suggest you approach other publishers. Get hold of a copy of The Artists and Writers Yearbook. Other bigger publishers who may be interested are Macmillan; Transworld, harperCollins. Smaller companies include Spellmount, Pen and Sword.

I wish you the bet of luck and thank you for sending it in. Can you send me your address so I can return the manuscript to you. Yours, Eleo Gordon

This email may contain confidential material. If you were not an intended recipient, please notify the sender and delete all copies. We may monitor email to and from our network.

Order Beljanth:
16827279
5/2/5 09

Experience the orbitals
like 7 spaces & time!
hp deskjet 3600

Monday, August 30, 2004 AOL: Rowdoxy

47

The Blue.

In the silence round you,
The high dark blue round the earth,
You can't find a theme if you like, or none;
If none, then that's the message
Your eyes will carry, their light the pale light,
Your touch that of hands
Left in space, like darkness on darkness,
With nothing to reflect them.

But if the message you bear
Is continuous and long, and glows
And stays in the sky like someone
Always there but never known, the breeze
That touches the leaves at night and then
Is done, the bird that alone in the tree
Dwells on his theme, the hawk that
Wheels in the silence above, then the
Light, like the blue of the sky
Always there behind the storms and
Turns of fate, will be in your eyes,
Though it may not be seen.

Fishing Boats at Fiumicino.

Below the cobbled pier, asleep

TRUANT

Full length film story.

MAURICE ROWDON.

The story begins with the evacuation of school children from London in the summer of 1939. The war has not yet broken out. For JOHN, who is already eighteen, it is a welcome change of air: he looks longingly at the Hampshire hills and woods when the train arrives. This is just like a holiday, but a strange and ecstatic one---a holiday from which he will never go back, a trip into a life about which he can predict absolutely nothing, as vague as the marvellous warm haze that hangs over the fields as they assemble in groups for their billets. He will be called up soon, if there's a war. But he feels there won't be. Everybody feels the same. Yet there is something wild in Hitler's speeches, and something ineffectual in Chamberlain's, that tell him that war will come. Yet the sense of a holiday remains. It is in the air. But he remembers his parents. His last glimpse of the London backstreet where he lives was a troubling one.

The village has a pond and elm trees: the roads are virtually empty of traffic---business has slowed up, which adds to the sense of holiday and peace. He is given a billet with three or four other boys: the woman who owns the house is a drunkard, which suits him and the other boys wonderfully; they take her cigarettes, which she doesn't notice, and help her down her sherry, which amuses her. She slurs her words, sitting at the kitchen table, talking about the husband who was brutal to her, and seeming to enjoy the idea of brutality. He discovers the war means freedom, but perhaps a freedom too broad---it brings feathers to his belly. He goes for walks. The leisured weeks pass. War is declared but nothing changes. His mother writes that the air raid siren sounded just as war was being declared, but nothing happened.

He returns to London for a 'holiday', this time back into his past. Croydon aerodrome is bombed while he is there. He is walking home from the library when the siren goes. The streets are utterly deserted: not a soul their whole length. He has never seen the streets like this before. He passes a solitary man leaning against his gate in the silence, and he says to him in a half-hysterical merriment, 'Another false alarm.' But the man simply stares before him, with a set face, not even glancing in JOHN's direction. And in that man's face JOHN reads the whole of the next four years.

When he returns to the country a girl's school has moved near by, of a higher class than his own. Some of the senior

boys of his 'poor' school are invited by one or two liberal-minded teachers of the girl's school to tea. He is one of them. He meets the geography teacher and his wife: he likes their easy behaviour; their house is cluttered up with babies and dirty washing up and books. For them inviting his class was a kind of social experiment: he is their reward; they find him bright and imaginative. One evening, in the dusk, when they are all sitting round in the teacher's house, with the windows open, at the foot of a steep green hill, not a sound ~~coming~~ from outside, KATHY comes in and says a brief and awkward 'Hullo', and sits herself down without a word. She is one of the girls from the teacher's school. JOHN watches her in the darkness---black hair that makes her face seem to shine, and gleaming teeth and eyes: they are both quite still, while the others talk: they say nothing, and she leaves. Softly the geography man's wife asks him, 'Did you like Cathy?' and he says briefly, thinking that he is revealing nothing, 'Yes.'

JOHN and CATHY meet again. They go for a walk. He falls in love. They sit on a path in the woods at dawn, after being at the teacher's house all night, talking: she throws twigs at him playfully; they kiss. They creep into the kitchen of his billet just as the sun is coming up: they are cold and hungry, he wraps his thick jacket round her. The copper pans gleam on the wall in the first sun.

One morning he is lying in bed at the teacher's house and suddenly writes on a piece of paper, 'I am happy. I want to write this now so that I always know, whatever happens to me in the future. I am happy, now.' He tells KATHY on one of their walks that it feels like playing truant, from reality. The war has all but disappeared. Yet something must happen. This makes their love all the more ecstatic. They have long hours at night in each other's arms, with the window open at their side. He listens to the news on the radio that Russia has allied herself with nazi Germany, and sees what must happen for the first time: doom seems to hang over the mahogany wireless set, in the empty sitting room of his billet. England will be invaded: he is trained, desultorily, ~~a little~~, to put sugar in German petrol tanks, cut trees across the road, destroy the little rustic bridges. Yet he can't believe the idyll will end. It is endless: no time is involved. KATHY gets into trouble at school for staying out at night, always rushing off in the afternoons. Their love has a kind of local fame.

KATHY is a tomboy, gay, quick, with bright cheeks that swell like two apples when she smiles. She is from an intellectual family: and a communist, like her mother. The time comes for both ~~she~~^{her} and JOHN to leave school. They go to London. For a time she lives at his parents' home with him. It is her first experience of working-class life: she is entranced,

fascinated by the people her mother has always idolised. She loves the little rituals of teatime, in the snug, tiny back-room overlooking the garden. Her communist conscience has begun to trouble^{her} since she left school: she must find work in a factory, she must do something useful. She knows that the pact with Russia will not last long: her mother has been quite clear about that. She must do something against nazism, and towards the revolution that will certainly come to England when the war is over. She and JOHN sit in the upstairs bedroom. One evening, quite unaware of what he is saying, he murmurs to her, 'You know, this can't last.' She says, catching a certain tone in his voice, 'What do you mean?' He says in reply, 'Are we going to marry?' She says, 'I hadn't thought.' 'Yes,' she adds, 'I suppose.' He is silent. 'What's the matter?' she asks him. He says, 'We need our freedom. You might not want to stay with me always. We might want some variety.' She asks, 'Don't you want me any more?' 'Yes, yes. Always.' And they are silent again.

They go to pubs. An eleventh-hour bohemianism has entered English life, a touch of squalor and self-indulgence. They meet all sorts, painters, ballet dancers, theatre people. They tend to live at night. KATHY leaves for a trial week at a factory near Aldershot: when the week is over she returns to the London home but finds no one there; and she has no key; so she pulls up the cover of ^{the} coal-hole and gets in through the coal cellar. When his parents come home there is a great gossip about it: the neighbours are told: 'Thought we had burglars in!' He comes home and hears it. Then his parents go out to a wh~~o~~ist drive. KATHY says, 'John, I've got something to say.' And he goes pale, seeing her face. 'I slept with somebody,' she tells him. 'I went back to the school for a night, and Stan's brother was staying, on leave. It wasn't really sleeping with him. We were naked. We kissed each other, that's all. All over. And said darling. But not more.' He is wild, smacks her face. His own face changes: it loses its simplicity, readiness for joy. Her face becomes set too, as if she has forced some compassion out of herself. She never forgets the smacks he gave her, nor does he. They are no longer really youths. She reminds him about what he had said, ~~about~~ their needing 'variety'.

They take a ~~flat~~ flat together, nearer the West End: flats are going now. The raids start, beginning with the raid on the Docks one Saturday afternoon, in broad sunlight: they watch the tiny gleaming planes in formation high in the sky, like slippery little fish, out of reach to the flack of the aircraft guns. They don't go into a shelter, JOHN and KATHY; the young never do. They sit up at night talking, in drinking parties, with the raids going on outside: the walls shake, there are near-misses, the guns pound away. When there is a the hurtling whistle of a near-miss they smile at each other, sitting on the floor, drinking, smoking.

He isn't happy: life is bleak. He doesn't know what to do: really he is waiting for his call-up papers, and it doesn't seem worth while getting a job: she starts work in a London factory, and he lives on what she earns. He becomes emptily gay and useless: the sight of him with his long hair and extravagant shirts makes her communist conscience wild, especially after eight hours at the factory. He is playing the fool one evening, putting on a spotted cravat and dark glasses, and she screams, 'Take them off! take them off!' and smacks his face, flinging the glasses to the floor. Afterwards, in the contrite silence, she says, 'I enjoyed it, living with your mum and dad. But why aren't they militant? Working people aren't militant enough. They're asleep! It was a disappointment really, though I loved it.' It is clear to him that she is also talking about him---the disappointment she feels in him too. He says, 'I'd rather be human than militant.' She says, 'Try it, in this war.' 'I'll always try,' he tells her.

She stays away from him one whole night. This time she really does sleep with somebody, without enjoying it. She tells him afterwards, with wasted eyes, 'I did it to get rid of you. To get you out of my body. I don't know why.' She flirts ostentatiously. She falls in love with a student---really just an infatuation, which she realises. She and JOHN see little of each other. They meet for the last time on a railway-platform, she has the student's long college scarf round her neck, like an emblem: but she says, 'Don't take this as final darling. You were right. We've got to have our freedom.'

His call-up papers arrive. It is summer again. He takes the train to his camp, the same ^{Kam} that took him to the Hampshire village for evacuation. As a recruit he is shouted at, dropped into ten-foot pits, made to scale rope-heights, cross rivers hanging in full-kit; he is fired at with dummy bullets. But it makes no impression on him. The report is that he seems half doped. The officers look at him commiseratingly, from a distance, biting their lips. He catches clap---an adventure in a disused railway tunnel. His officer snaps, 'I don't like my men going with women.' And he is got rid of as soon as possible, on an overseas posting: an infantry unit where you are more expected to lose your life than not. But he is healthy at last. ~~They~~ ^{He} couldn't stop the good air and exercise and wholesome food from sinking in. He disembarks in Algeria, in the blinding summer sun, and his pale London skin succumbs to sunburn at once, and he combines it with dysentery, through drinking at the tented bar. He lies in the sweltering bivouac under the mosquito net with KATHY's photograph at his side, looking at it again and again, rushing off to the open air latrine in the noonday heat every few minutes, sick and weak.

He embarks again, for Italy: again it seems that war will evade him, since Italy has just signed an armistice, and Sicily is in Allied hands. He lands at Salerno, on D-day plus 8, in the dusk, and hears a man with red tabs on his shoulders (a brigadier) telling a few men in a low voice, 'I want you to go up to that road fifty yards ahead and plonk yourselves down and stay there, even if Jerry attacks, even if he walks over your bodies.' He thinks this is a manoeuvre. Even the mortar bombs that come whizzing over he takes as dummy bombs. Only next day does he realise that they are on a narrow strip of beach, with the Germans pushing them into the sea. It is touch and go. But he seems to know nothing about fear. He is gay, they nickname him the laughing boy. He only flings himself to the ground at the whistle of a shell because he sees the others doing it. Really his truancy has still not ended. But it soon does.

His baptism of fire is really after the Salerno ~~beachhead~~ situation has cleared up and they are advancing. The two men he is with on a terraced vineyard are caught by schrapnel: one dies, with holes in his back. A quick explosion and it was over. War is quite different from what he expected. It is mostly quiet, with sudden deafening noises, or a quick whizz and a death, in a moment. It is haphazard, you lose yourself all the time, there seems to be no guiding principle. He cries when the man dies, standing with an old woman who shakes her head. That is the moment of the death of his truancy: the laughing boy is dead too. He looks longingly at the little photograph by his bed, until it becomes just dots on a piece of paper, not a real face any more.

A friend writes to him that KATHY is behaving 'strangely', with other men: he doesn't know what JOHN knows, that their affair is over. The friend says she wears a scarf round her hair, and trousers, like all the munitions girls, or rather like munitions girls in the first war: she is ostentatiously unfeminine, and communist. JOHN writes to her and gets no reply. He realises he is quite alone. And in some way he must prove himself for her, or for some woman there might be in the future: he begins to identify the war with his own struggle. At his first attack, at the river Volturno, half the men turn back, run away from the line. He vomits with fear as he runs in the dark. He lies at the bottom of a vast shell-hole quivering with terror as the German 'wailing Winny' hurls mortar bombs over in handfuls of six, screaming across the night sky. He can feel the trembling of the man next to him ~~too~~. A man is wounded above, cries out. Stretcher-bearers pass the lip of the shellhole and call down for help: 'We've got wounded up here, give us a hand you blokes, they're dying up here', while the wounded man goes on crying, 'No, please no, no!' But neither

JOHN nor the other man moved. He is a coward. When he and two of his mates run up against a German sentry later that night, having got into enemy lines by mistake, he proves this even more by running away and not even pausing for the others, though one is short and fat and carrying all the equipment. When they are resting after that attack he lies shivering in his bivouac unable to sleep for fear of a shell dropping or a sudden attack, though this is five miles behind the lines. He tells the others this when they are eating from their mess-tins, and one of them says with a smile, 'That's guilt.' They accept cowardice easily.

But these words change him. In the next attack his company probe forward deep into the enemy line and take a house exposed to enemy fire on three of its sides. The officer is killed and an enemy tank appears, but JOHN to his astonishment finds himself rallying all the men, going from one to the other asking them if they want to be cowards: the gunners are missing, perhaps wounded or lost, and only their signaller is there: he arranges through the radio to bring down fire on the house itself, where they are sitting, to stop any attack from outside. The fire comes down just as the Germans begin their attack (which he predicted) at dusk: miraculously they avoid the house itself but disperse the Germans, six of whom surrender at the windows. He finds himself elevated to a non-commissioned officer, in charge of a platoon. The story of what he did goes the rounds. They expect him to be decorated, they finger the place on his jacket where his decoration will be pinned. He doesn't smile. He is more violently unhappy than he has ever been in his life.

This misery only lifts a week later, when he is standing at the window of a farmhouse with a machine-gunner and a dozen Germans appear at pointblank range hurrying across the field, ignorant of the fact that they are being watched. The gunner is just about to pull the trigger when JOHN lays his hand on his arm and shakes his head silently. The Germans, stumbling and frightened, hurry away to safety. JOHN hears that snatch of conversation again in his mind, 'Try it, in this war', and his reply, 'I'll always try-' (to be human). He realises what a deathly objective it is, to try to prove yourself in war.

The war ends and he returns to greater bleakness than before. He remembers her 'Don't take this as final'. London is sad, dirty, stripped of spirit. He phones from a kiosk where someone has vomited, and the directories are torn to shreds, the phone itself almost hanging from its hinges. He catches sight of KATHY in a crowd of students at the canteen where she goes: she points him out to the man she is with, who looks at JOHN inquisitively. Then they both turn away from him, the young

man with an embarrassed expression. JOHN is now an awkward, thick-necked, impulsive person, unable to manage a real conversation, always knocking things over. He hurried away. He knows that KATHY is doing canvassing work for the labour party and tries to get on the same group of streets, and follows her, but she always evades him. It reminds him of deadly reconnoitring in the war. She is at the corner of the street, looking womanly, collected, smooth-faced, and then she is gone again. He gives up, exhausted. He returns home to the snug little room overlooking the garden: only this hasn't changed. The clock ticks in the same way. The little school at the end of the road has been blown to bits. The street has lost its windows several times. His parents give a kind of party for him but he sits awkward and ungainly, not knowing any of the people, from across the road, from two doors away. A married couple fight, she smacking his face, he wrenching her arm. There is an air of misery. The older people look on, at a quite new world. A piece of schrapnel has penetrated the back window, and made a tiny hole. He stands there one morning peering at it, fingering it, dreaming, thinking of the past, quite friendless now. At that moment the post brings him a thick envelope: his mother hands it to him. It tells him that he has been mentioned in despatches for gallantry: it bears the king's facsimile signature. He screws it up, and fingers the tiny hole.

press release

**THE APE OF SORROWS: From Stranger to Destroyer
The Inside Story of Humans**

Maurice Rowdon, philosopher, historian, writer

Published by iUniverse, 25 February 2010 £15.00 (\$23.95)

“The only measure we have 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 creatures”

WHAT kind of species goes in for collective suicide?

Have our powers of self-invention to date been deeply misconceived?

Periods of decline usually contain the seeds of renewal.

What will it take for us to survive?

The Ape of Sorrows examines human behaviour through the simple but powerful rubric of animal intelligence, presenting a new view of humans as a magnificent, if misguided species which lost its way as it evolved beyond its niche to be niche-less, and separate, from all other non-linguistic animal life.

The Ape of Sorrows opens with a gripping retelling of the monkey brawl at London Zoo in the 1930s. It goes on to examine the history of our relationship with animals, and the development of our scientific, cultural and religious thought and practice through the millennia - the story that has brought us to this point of extreme instability in the 21st century.

Author, philosopher and historian, Maurice Rowdon brings a personal philosophical view to bear on our present state, offering an explanation as to how and why we are apparently so tragically committed to the destruction of this planet, our evolutionary mutations revealing a hard-pressed creature who seems to have had no other course.

The Ape of Sorrows is the culmination of 15 years of dedicated thought completed in the months before the visionary author’s death in February 2009.

BIOGRAPHY Maurice Rowdon (1922-2009) earned degrees in History and Philosophy at Oxford University and published twelve books on animal and human intelligence, travel, and war. A writer of fiction and non-fiction as well as a prolific playwright, he also taught his own breathing system, evolved from yoga practices, in California and Europe. In the latter years he lived with his wife, Dachiell, who survives him, in France and London.

Website: www.theapeofsorrows.com

- An examination of the human as he is, not as he
thinks he is
- A step by step guide to who you are not

the only measure we have to judge of any

Once we see human performance

Contact @ theapeof sorrows.com

Customer Profile:

Maurice Rowdon, 44 Brookwood Road, London SW18 5BY. Landline phone no.44+208.874.5361.

Authors and Other Royalty Participants

Not applicable.

Author Biography:

Maurice Rowdon took degrees in History and Philosophy at Oxford University and has published twelve books on animal/human intelligence and war. He writes plays, sometimes directing them, and for many years was a breath-guide in California, naming his system in 1981 'oxygenesis'. He and his wife reside mostly in London.

Information about your book:

Title: MAD APE

Subtitle: *The animal that said it wasn't.*

Author name as it should appear on book:

Maurice Rowdon.

QUOTE:

General quotes on various past work.

Italian Sketches: 'He can describe what he sees and hears with an unpretentious immediacy that brings a scene instantly and enduringly to life. He is full of variety...His style is extremely simple, short words and short sentences, yet every now and then he takes off on a purely literary flight of fancy that takes the reader with it in hilarious or tender acceptance.' (Times Literary Supplement).

'Extreme spiritual delicacy as well as physical sensibility...Artistically exhilarating. Often piercingly accurate.' (The Guardian).

'A loving sunlit account...like the chatter of asti spumante, effervescent and intoxicating out of a bottle.' (New Statesman)

'The delighted reader forgives him all his prejudices... He is endowed with a sharp reporter's eye.' (Sunday Times). 'It is a real pleasure to come across a quite original book.' (Observer).

A Roman Street: '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' (Observer).

The Fall of Venice: '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).

Hellebore The Clown: 'One of the truest novels I have ever read...an exquisite story' (Sunday Telegraph). 'A remarkably assured performance. Here is a fresh, vigorous and altogether unusual talent.' (John O' London's Weekly).

MAURICE ROWDON

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*

ELKE & BELAM

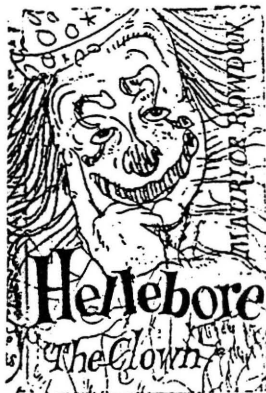
Highly entertaining and provocative, this is the incredible, true-life account of two astonishing dogs who communicate with humans, solve arithmetic problems faster than you can, and discuss topics ranging from the weather to religion.

Many other attempts of varying success have been and will be made to communicate with animals—dogs, horses, chimpanzees, dolphins. In *The Talking Dogs*, Maurice Rowdon has documented—painstakingly, impressively and convincingly—one such experiment, taking place right now, that has emphatically worked.

perimeter west

For all who care for literature that concerns itself with the things that really happen and really matter, *Perimeter West* is a novel to notice. It is original; its vision is simple and mature; and it speaks for a generation unacclimatised to peace and quiet.

"Profoundly serious" . . . "As an indictment of modern warfare *Of Sins and Winter* is extremely powerful . . . Here, it seems to me, is described the dilemma not only of war and peace, but that of this century", wrote the reviewer of Maurice Rowdon's last book in *Encounter*.



ITALIAN SKETCHES

'It is a real pleasure to come across a quite original book on Italy . . . I derived much pleasure from it.'

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON *The Observer*

'So often piercingly accurate and so far under the skin of everyday appearances that it is really a new appraisal almost of a new country'

ISABEL QUIGLEY *The Guardian*

'Within a couple of pages he has established a strong literary personality'

Punch

'A new writer of importance' - *Punch*

'Endowed with a sharp reporter's eye'
- *Sunday Times*

'He can describe what he sees and hears with an unpretentious immediacy that brings a scene instantly and enduringly to life' - *Times Literary Supplement*

'All books about Italy are frantic attempts to try and understand the nature of its fascination, and if Mr Rowdon's book (*Italian Sketches*) 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' - *Sunday Telegraph*

'A loving, sunlit account . . . something of Lawrence's travel books, something of Durrell's island books . . . like the chatter of an opera recitative, like *asti spumante* gurgling effervescent and intoxicating out of a bottle' - *New Statesman*

THE COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA

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

Eastern Daily Press

Clowns, some say, are a dying race. But if ever a sad day comes when The Great Clowns are no more, and people who have never seen them wonder what they were like, we could confidently recommend them to read this remarkable book.

The description of this performance, with all its tension, near-tragedy, humour and triumphant virtuosity, is a tour-de-force which marks out Mr. Rowdon as a writer of the highest promise.

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.

~~\$~~60

UK Speller:
801-222-4222

TIM

Licence No:
~~Registration~~
WP 246072

44.932.231.164

↓
WP (UK)
Wellington House
New Zealand Ave.
Walterton
SURREY
KT12 1PY
U.K.

DACKI

TAKE CHECK

"

1.30 p.m. dentin

"

book dog kennel

DRUGS:-

Order Desk:
1-800-321-4566

3/1

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.

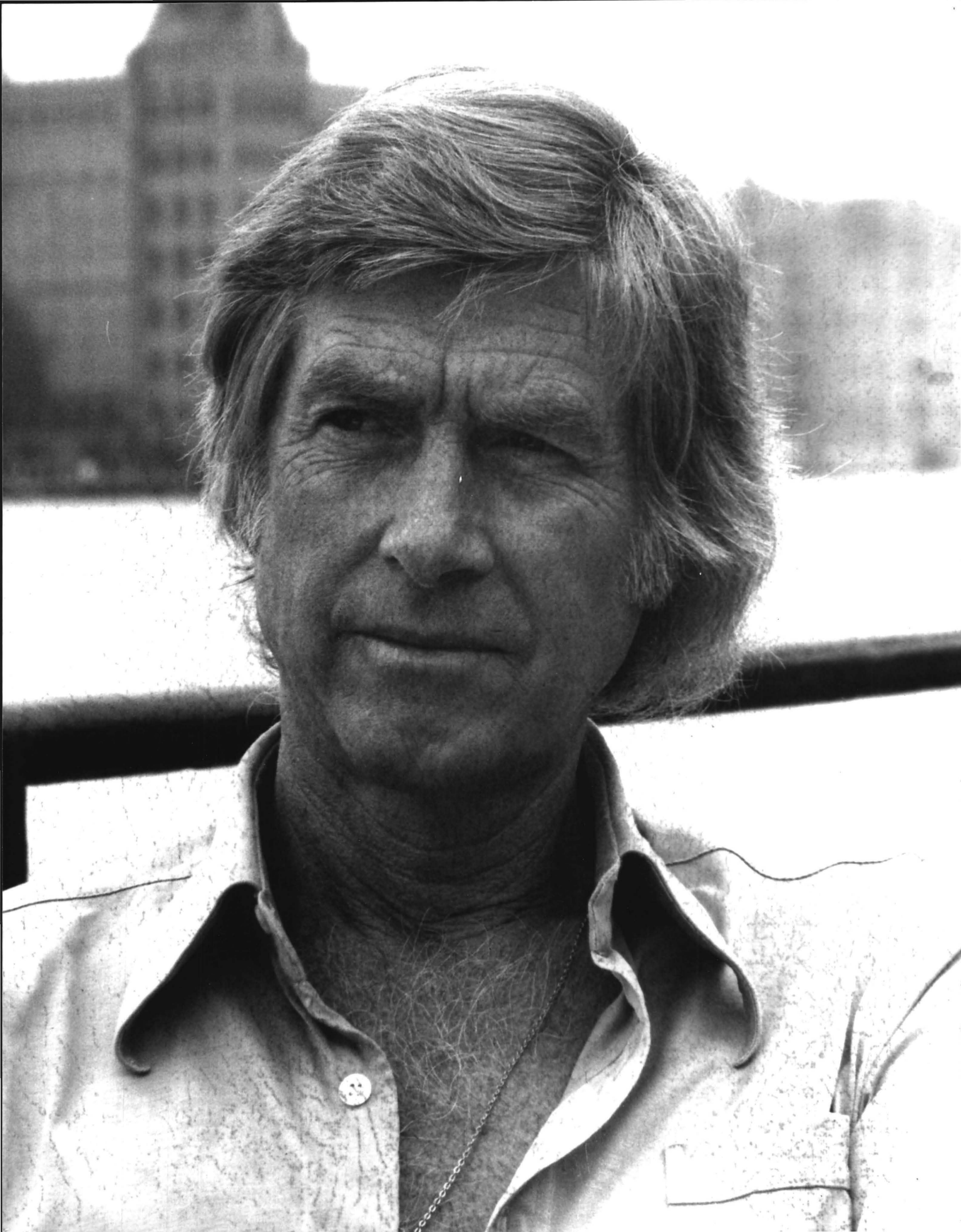
When these deaths happen---when someone is 'snatched away'---our regular daily habits (the ease with which we assume that tomorrow will follow today) suffers a kind of ridicule. All we can do is mourn, then as quickly as possible fall into the old bland assumption---to be shattered again by an accident 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'.

It is a private concern of mine. It is an altogether selfish concern of mine. I want to live while I am alive, that is all. I want at least to try. We have not yet been able to find out if it is possible for us really to live during all the seasons, all the changes of climate, all the stages of growth, each with its own fierce and magnificent problems, but we have the right to want to try. We don't really care if it kills us, just so we are allowed to try and not be interrupted by some irritating idiocy such as war which comes about through the same despair in duller men finding a different outlet. We want to go about it quietly, privately, without cannon booming, without oratory, without transportation, aviation, war tactics, abnormal pain, abnormal heroism, abnormal greatness. We want to go about it in some small part of the world we know, in which we have lived, and we want every part of this small landscape to be real to us, to become a part of us, and we want every God-damn tree in the place, every patch of empty earth, every plant with leaves, every stream, every moment of sky, every hour of light in the world, every ounce of pressure of air, every mouthful of food and water and wine, to mean something to us, to be a part of our seeking to be alive immortally. We want to have the time it takes and we don't want any interruption.

William Saroyan, *The Little Dog Laughed to See Such Sport*, 1963.



A sense of paralysis means a locked-up thought:
the new energy flowing in creates more fear.
The principle is therefore to try to LET GO.

Pain means that a feeling is going to be
released, now or later. It is actually increase
of energy.

'I am a safe place for you.'

'A separate force takes over which loves you
and there is no fear because it is actually
enwrapping you with as you go through the ex-
perience.'

'BREATH is all we need: the rest of life
follows. It commands all life.'

SHORT BREATHS, very gentle, will release
paralysis more easily, if combined with THREE
DEEP BREATHS.

Press on the stomach if a ~~pain~~^{feeling} will come
up, or ask a question.

SET THE PROBLEM if possible at the
beginning. Discover if there is A SET

OF THOUGHTS that dominate. Then TURN IT AROUND: 'I am afraid of failing' into 'I am afraid of succeeding'; 'afraid of losing' to 'afraid of being loved' (people will find me I'm a shit)

Sleeping under restraints is TO HEAL.

The SCENARIO ~ MOVIE. All anguish, worry, is the MOVIE. It has to be CUT. Esoteric law:

'Be true to yourself, not to ideas about yourself. The presence of a described self is easily detected: any feelings of worry, or pressure, any painful compulsion to prove oneself, indicates that a memorised version of oneself is operating destructively.

Esoteric law: 'what happens outside is a message about what is happening inside.' TRY TO GET THE MESSAGE.

If there is a heavy Life Scenario — do something new.

overcoming spiritual timidity.

Get out of your own way. We block ourselves.

Thought-examination expels the wrong thoughts.

The desire for 'strokes' come from self-rejection. Stroking is actually available all the time but it doesn't come from people.

All negativity is useful material: there is nothing that cannot be put to good use. Stay and examine the fear, the feeling.

Your dream was shattered in order that you should wake up: dreams come from not being awake. You can't dream awake.

Esther's law: We must enter uncertainty and stay there, not hindering any temporary happiness it might bring.

Esther's law: angry anguish is produced by inability to succeed - STARRING ROLES. One's stage identity might be labelled I AM A PERSON OWED MONEY AND RESPECT AND WOMEN (MEN). But the performance attracts anguish because it doesn't accord with cosmic action, which will not follow a script or scenario. If he fills a theatre one night, he ^{dreams} eats an empty one next night. No role = anguish.

Hurting others = hurting yourself. When you give others
to eat you eat yourself. (Eristic Law)

(How do you get angry with others without feeling the anger?
How do you feel down towards others without feeling
down? How do you feel love towards others without
feeling love?) Eristic law: there is no individual.

Eristic law: Don't be negative towards negative
feelings. It redoubles the trouble.

You can't remove the anguish by ~~acting~~
going into it mentally. The self-image
has to be removed that causes it ^{because} ~~to~~
~~the failure~~ of life ^{fails} to fulfil the image.

Things go wrong for the invented personalities,
new for your real nature.

There is a problem. Do away with
the worry and the anguish and this
solves the problem. Thinking
^{solves,} worrying blocks.

A basic principle of selftherapy (for me) is LET
not express your feelings! Let the feelings
go.

A feeling of disorientation from oneself, strangeness, lack of pleasure in the usual routine, comes from forgetting the self-programme for a time, the self-image.

Your real nature can never be elated or depressed by any practical course you take, for it is superior to all results in human affairs. In the supreme perception you every day ~~judge~~ judgement is released to handle any course with perfect command.

The synthetic self has to go.

Relishing has something to do with getting down to the real self, which has nothing to do with personal life. In a way it involves the end of personal life.

When refusing to run away from unhappy feelings, you force them, by psychological ~~habit~~^{laws}, to run away from you.

By noticing worry you can proceed to the next step of realising it has no power over a conscious mind.

Pay attention to a negative inner state when you try to throw off its fascination.

To understand a crisis or problem you have to stop fearing it. To stop fearing it you have to refuse to let it have false power over you. Think with the whole mind.

Q: How can we see the right now is the only time there is? A: Try to live in some other time.

One hurt by the opposite sex = his intense desire for the other person blinded him to the person's schemes or programmes.

If you want to know more about your self-image, notice where you are most easily offended.

Emotions are energies. Originally they are always pure. Emotions of fear and ~~worry~~^{worry} have to be re-channelled.

Don't wait for things to change your life. If you don't live right-now now, you won't then.

The mind asking the question cannot answer it. A higher mind can do that. This requires we cease pushing and stay clear. Do not expect. Let Whole Life do what it knows how to do.

Hope = anguish.

Things go wrong for invented personality, not natural self.

When meeting a problem or crisis understand it is the
then fight it.

You believe you must make an impressive
appearance. Drop it. It stops the proper
energies flowing in, ~~also stopped, these~~
~~fail~~ to supply the real dynamism and
magnesian which is much more powerful than
appearance.

Don't run away from a crisis. Stay where you are.
Look at it until you see that you are the crisis,
and your state of mind provides the difficulty.
You may then see that you are your own solution.

Feeling deprived of the right lover, work, friend,
help, opportunity, is simply a way of not living now.
The feeling that you are deprived of nothing because
you are yourself in the thriving universe is a
way of living now, and losing the deprivation.
re-join the world. You are no longer lonely.

Nothing = entering right-now.

Imagined success leads to imagined happiness.
But real success never leads to real happiness.
The false personality is that succeeds. The real self never has need to — it cannot fail. The false personality has to prove itself. And no false personality can be happy. It staggers thru one false situation to the next — the usual story of success.

If you will look long enough at the frightening you it will take fright and run away.

Do not fear is feel fear. Examine it.

The next time your world begins to fall apart stand calmly and let it fall as far and as fast as it wishes. Offer no resistance. Fight nothing. Just stand there as a calm and impartial observer. Have no fear in permitting this. There is nothing to fear, not at all. It only appears that way for a while.

A state of crisis outside reflects a state of crisis inside.

How can it be said that I have caused a war —
and then stamp the losses on my job?
i) Without an inner state of crisis intuition would have
of good warning and therefore protection ii) Without an

in a state of crisis you could feel no crisis and therefore treat the problem like any other, with clarity and not panic. (iii) induce an anti-crisis frequently to force a change in lives, and the conscious mind may know nothing of a careful preparation to this end.

Gradually you lose the sense of having to compete. And the sense of competition. So real relaxation sets in. Only the false personality competes.

Counterfeit confidence draws itself from ~~something~~ ^{events} exterior. It ~~contains~~ ^{contains} fear of unexpected change. The unexpected - the sudden rebuff - will frequently turn it to violence.

Become aware of every feeling of pressure or discomfort or nervousness that arises. Notice how persistently ~~they~~ ^{these} rise and take the organism over. Then become aware of the great energy they represent. This can be released into clarity.

If you are going to look into all this as the one reality there is going to be a lot of death for you - because its names and forms disappear utterly. What are you - death? Or is ~~the~~ ^{it} possible that you are reality, and have no death?

on heart: both cause and effect are inside you.

shuts, rebuffs, feelings of fear, resentment, anxiety, are OPPORTUNITIES. They are ENERGY waiting to be used.

Relistening = getting to the original self.

Stay with the emptiness. In the middle of it.

Ordinary psychology teaches compromise. Existential psychology teaches non-compromise. Both teach adjustment to reality: but they are different realities.

When desperately worried BREATHE THROUGH IT and wait for the positive side to show through, and then work on that. Worry is a POWERFUL ENERGY and it can be let through, and because it can get through it represents itself as mental pain.

Have thoughts about immortality. One day think of the idea that the human cell is theoretically capable of living for ever? Work on the idea that provokes and much deathism. Deathism will rise to the surface.

Tao, and all Eastern doctrine, refers to the person inside who never changes, never has up and down, feels neither elation at success nor dejection at failure, knows no age, needs nothing because he has everything, and it is this person the Relicting lives to the surface.

It is a simple breathing technique which chases death out of your life.

It drives death out of your body.

A tree doesn't say "I am this I am that, I am strong, I am weak, I need this, I need that." It simply is. And essentially all being is the same. It only differs in the way it manifests. But the way it manifests is not its being. BREATH gets below manifestation.

Examining Thoughts as they invade the head - alarms and fears, panics and sudden indignation, storms of feeling that may ~~also~~ arise out of unexpected situations - is perhaps the most important accompaniment of the relictive seen because these have grown in the low, unploughed land of the past - well up from old situations and old

situations and how to be dealt with only one. Examining
them already shifts their authority. They really do
think away & are forced. They can be compared to
germs preying on the system. But if they are
removed they can be seen as energy-effort
to solve a situation, though efforts that fog
the mind if unexamined. They can be called
negative but this undervalues their energy
content, and makes it seem the turning them
round into positive thoughts is enough. It is
good to turnip 'I ~~hate~~ hate him' into 'I love him' -
the thing to look at is the artificial self
the hates, and why it does so. When this
is dealt with the mind can think clearly,
and the situation be seen for the first time
without a storm of feeling. Then examining
thought does a clearance-job since the
BREATH has started. (Hurtful or shocking
situations may also be warnings: therefore a
clear mind to deal with the warning and avoid
future difficulties is essential).

we have human beings devoted so much time
to their thoughts. Because a new civilisation is
prepared.

Breathe through the anguish or terror. Waking in the morning with feelings of horror take long relaxed walks for first to head and slowly move it to the relaxing rhythm. If there are problems of nervous-hold-ups or stomach hauses or troubles, these are all symptoms of the depressed nature of the cell. If the mind is depressed, the cell is: a little though will tell us that the whole organism is comprised of cells and that the mind is only registering this cellular depression in its own way. We have to get out of the nineteenth-century way of thinking that was based essentially on the Cartesian concept mind swept Christianity like a disease - 'I think therefore I am'. It was exactly the wrong way mind. It said that all was a machine outside the mind - we animals were machines. This fearful intellectualization of life sank deep into the western mind and, after 2 or 3 centuries, it became the way of the ordinary man though 'naturally'. What we have to do, at this desperate time of the twentieth century, is to unthink that. (This part given out of early-morning

Anguish and horror: then showing the energy was
trying to be released in the cells, in the form of
clarity).

Don't give in to the anguish. Don't let it
motivate you, cause you to act. Act only
after weathering it out.

Extremely difficult to remind myself of this
but ~~don't~~ the anguish is to be USED.
So-called negative thoughts are a POWERFUL
FORCE insisting on changes. In this they
are like pain. In fact they are the same
energy as pain. And if allowed to take
charge of the organism they actually create
pain in the end. I am sure this is the
prime cause of intractable pain in cancer,
which is a major problem today and which
conventional medicine is quite incompetent
to deal with. The best treatments it can
offer are hypnosis, acupuncture and (where
the hospital is enlightened) healing; the
best treatment is ^{nerve-}surgery or sedative.
None of these, even healing, will remove
the work condition, but the patient is unable
to use the pain-energy.

With great trust, if the 'I am ^{being} neglected', 'I am
unloved, unwanted' false personality is detected,
you will find plans building up which could never
have occurred to ~~you~~ ^{you} without the trust, without
the urgent energy demanding ~~inner~~ change.

At one time people were surrounded by the robe of life.
We only have a part of it, the physical part.

Try to put the worry into the relationship - feed it
in while breathing, ~~but~~ when the energy starts flowing.

REBIRTHING stage by stage =

Long relaxed effortless breathing from feet to
head.

Sort out the unrelaxed areas.

Bring up into the chest

high quick breathes to unblock, followed by 3
of breathes.

Increase chest rhythm

Bring it up into the head = get the light
in the head.

→ Remove conceptual negativity = that is,
all anguish, worry, fear, foreboding, nausea,
hate, pain is a pure energy ^{typical} to
break through and not succeeding. These
things are clamoring for changes in your
life.

In all situations, however dark, there abound opportunities that can be used. But they have to be thought out. ~~But~~ ^{And} this cannot be done without a clearance-job first.

We create the problems. So we need a technique to get the programme right. Problem arise from not knowing this.

False or 'memorised' personality = rejection of self.

Affirmations = it depend on you are doing with your life (i.e. ~~the~~ the real 'you'). Re-programming the false personality with affirmations will change nothing. ~~unless you~~
~~do~~ When you are ~~not~~ doing with your real self, ~~it will~~ ^{false} may not be what the personality wants or thinks right. x

... says that the course is the material. How can we continue to programme ourselves as if it were?

... seeking humiliation (see overleaf)

Look for the lesson in very unpleasant experience. The experience indicates a need for the lesson.

Is the fear of loss, destitution, a fear that there is no love? That one isn't loved? X

X which is the problem of believing that one has a separate identity.

What we fear is the crumbling of name and position, and the resultant humiliation, and it is this very crumbling that sets us free.

It is like being caught onstage with nothing on in the middle of a performance. By permitting total humiliation we permit it to destroy the fantasy.

Cause and effect: a wish to take advantage of someone provokes the same wish in the other person, take advantage of you.

don't express yourself by expressing the self in a whole ~~you~~ it is. Let the self-expression go. This ~~is not self-expression~~ is self-expression. This is illusion, mistake of identity.

Giving money for the first relishes is a subtle way of creating the energy. It is an active entry.

There is a half assumption in most prosperity seminars the money represents prosperity.

Without urgent therapies like relishing the human race would collapse through sheer inner tension. It would need nothing external.

The first relishing is often the most beautiful to the relisher. The sudden cry of 'How terrible!', 'I can't go on!', 'Please stop this!', when the whole body vibrates, is like saying goodbye to the pleasure of death. After the first one, living instead of dying becomes a habit.

MAURICE ROWDON is a British writer and has published twelve books. His novels include HELLEBORE THE CLOWN, OF SINS AND WINTER, PERIMETER WEST (about West Berlin) and AFTERWARDS. His biographies include LEONARDO DA VINCI and LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT. His history works include THE SILVER AGE OF VENICE (which he made into a 55 minute BBC film) and THE SPANISH TERROR, a study of sixteenth-century religious persecution. His travel books include ITALIAN SKETCHES, A ROMAN STREET and THE COLLINS COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA. His latest book, ELKE AND BELAM, was on animal intelligence.

His publishers include, in the US, Putnam, Regnery, Praeger, St Martin's Press. In Britain they include Chatto and Windus, Heinemann, Gollancz, Weidenfeld, Collins, Constable and Macmillan. His agents have included Georges Borchardt, Elaine Markson and Harold Ober Associates. He is at present represented in the US by John Pickering and in Britain by David Bolt Associates.

Rowdon has an MA from Keble College Oxford in Philosophy, Politics and Economics, and after leaving Oxford he became Lecturer in English Literature at Baghdad University. He later began living in Italy, where he still has a home. For the past two years or more he has been resident in the San Francisco area.

His work in the theater includes ESKIMO TRANCE at the Victoria Theater in Stoke on Trent, England, directed by Peter Cheeseman, with Anton Vogel and Robert Powell. He later directed this play with the same cast at the Mercury Theater, London. His play MAHLER, with Vladek Sheybal in the lead, was produced at the Arts Theater, London, directed by Peter Watson, and Rowdon later directed it at the Studio Theater in Munich, Germany, where he was director of English-speaking productions.

He is at present working on a new comedy GURU GURU, and preparing a new book in the same genre as HOW TO STOP DYING IN CALIFORNIA, to be called THE TWISTED WORLD OF SURROGATE SEX.

Who we live
the 12 floor ~~the 4~~
~~Highgate~~!

The floor -
to

~~It was a~~ dark winter's afternoon: ~~and~~ It was some time before she answered the doorbell because she had to come down four or five flights of narrow stairs. ~~In~~ ~~It was~~ the part of London where you don't expect answer-phones at the door and ~~automatic~~ press-button release. She was dressed loosely, a long gown, very dark with steady black eyes, a ~~still~~ mother-type you would call her, something of a gypsy, you could see the wild side behind the stillness. She was staying on the top floor and I made a joke that must have been made several times to her when we got up there. After all those stairs I need to be reborn!

Because that was what I'd come to her for, to be reborn.

First we had a chat in the tiny sitting room. She half lay on a mattress on the floor with cushions round her. I wasn't exactly nervous but I had a sense of foreboding. I've noticed this a lot since---in others who want to get reborn. They know they're going to say goodbye to the old life. Something tells them that. So they get fearful and apprehensive or they may fall sick. That often happens. Or they may suddenly cancel the appointment. ~~Something is operating~~ ~~here~~ ~~there~~ ~~what~~ ~~is~~ ~~happening~~ ~~here~~ It seems people get a forewarnin of what's going to happen and even if they feel their lives are a mess they may still not want to get out of the mess in case there's a worse one ahead. More than that, a mess creates its own pleasures and comforts, and releases.

She told me women were more open than men in her experience. They cry more easily, she said. Oh I cry without difficulty I said. Great was her reply. We went down the corridor to the bedroom and she told me to lie down towards the edge of the bed. Then she covered me with a light quilt, and put a thin pillow under me head. She asked me if I wanted to pee and I said no. She said well I'd like to lie as still as possible, if you've got something to say you can say it and of course ask any questions you want to but otherwise keep as quiet and still as you can. All you're going, she added, is breathe in a certain way. She then turned the standing lamp in such a way that the room became shadowy. The curtains were drawn. It was very quiet considering it was such a busy part of London. She put my arms at my side and brought a chair over to the bed. She sat down and said close your eyes and keep them closed.



Insert into the Nahos cell. This
"skipping death" — one knows
this beforehand, it is so
strange. One knows + 1/2h/1/4
deep, atavistic awareness that
the truth will do.

in the course
of 2 hrs.

It was right to tell her I cried without difficulty. But I didn't expect the silent tears that poured from my eyes, and continued to well up again and again. And it wasn't ordinary crying. It had nothing to do with any distress of mine. I was crying to the awful kindness and tenderness being poured down on my me in such an unstinted flow I've never experience before or since. And that tender ess fwas coming from a definite entity. Simultaneously I felt en enormous gratitude to this woman who was sitting in a chair close to my head---
~~that she was saying and apperently doing~~
nothing---that she was the vehicle of this thing
thing that came out of the blue and over which I had
no control.

My hands had started tingling. I told her this in a whisper ad she said simply OK, that's nom normal. And the tingling spread gently to my stomach and legs, and then suffused the whole of my body. And as this happened
~~that I became aware of a presence in front of me~~
~~or above me I'm going to run into difficulties not only~~
~~with the reader but myself. It would be much more true~~
~~that I became possessed by something over which I had~~
~~no control. Better than hat, I was under possession,~~
~~I was sort of gripped by the greatest force I;d ever~~
~~encountered---gripped everywhere, physically as well~~
~~as mentally. I was entirely the property of this~~
~~shadowy force. I call it shadowy because it seemed~~
~~to be a living and dynamic part of the shadows of the~~
~~room, though my eyes were closed. And I was being~~
~~addressed. A definite message was being given to me~~
~~but not a t all a verbal one. And the presence was~~
~~much more than shadowy. It was visible---and much~~
~~more visible, much more present than w e remember~~
~~dreams to be. It was a face. And---again I risk~~
~~alientating not only the reader's but my own power~~
~~of belief (much that we experience we fail to believe~~
~~even while experiencing it) ---that face belonged to~~
~~a person I recognised. Yet I'd never met that person.~~
~~Some people said he'd never existed anyway. I'd read~~
~~quite a lot about him. I think that I gathered from~~
~~my reading a vivid sense of his personali.~~
~~I'd never really been part of the cults and institutions~~
~~organised in his name. I found the doctrines attributed~~
~~to hkm absrud. As for cults, my taste for hem had~~
~~bee satisfied well enough by orietal teachings---yoga~~
~~and various types of meditation, fasting. For over~~
~~sixteen years my attention had been given to other~~
~~teachers than this one---and ones proved to have~~
~~existed, and ones alive today. For this was the~~
~~face of Christ. How I knew this I couldn't understand~~
~~at the time, nor do I understand it now. But th~~
~~presence was so overpowering that the tears began pouring~~
~~from my eyes---there was such a shower of love and~~
~~tenderness from him that I could only break down~~
~~utterly. But I never for a moment lost my awareness~~
~~of him. Of course my mind was saying all the time~~

If I start I became aware of a presence in front of me or above me I'm going to run into difficulties not only with the reader but myself. It would be much more true that I became possessed by something over which I had no control. Better than hat, I was under possession, I was sort of gripped by the greatest force I;d ever encountered---gripped everywhere, physically as well as mentally. I was entirely the property of this shadowy force. I call it shadowy because it seemed to be a living and dynamic part of the shadows of the room, though my eyes were closed. And I was being addressed. A definite message was being given to me but not a t all a verbal one. And the presence was much more than shadowy. It was visible---and much more visible, much more present than w e remember dreams to be. It was a face. And---again I risk alientating not only the reader's but my own power of belief (much that we experience we fail to believe even while experiencing it) ---that face belonged to a person I recognised. Yet I'd never met that person. Some people said he'd never existed anyway. I'd read quite a lot about him. I think that I gathered from my reading a vivid sense of his personali. I'd never really been part of the cults and institutions organised in his name. I found the doctrines attributed to hkm absrud. As for cults, my taste for hem had bee satisfied well enough by orietal teachings---yoga and various types of meditation, fasting. For over sixteen years my attention had been given to other teachers than this one---and ones proved to have existed, and ones alive today. For this was the face of Christ. How I knew this I couldn't understand at the time, nor do I understand it now. But th presence was so overpowering that the tears began pouring from my eyes---there was such a shower of love and tenderness from him that I could only break down utterly. But I never for a moment lost my awareness of him. Of course my mind was saying all the time

this

And this brought the tears in evn greater flood--- the thought he was inducing in methat what had happened on the cross hadn't in the least been bad. He was trying to lift my head too, because that had dropp ed , under his shadowy directions, to one side, so that my chin restd on my shoulder-blade in the character- istic crucifixion position. And he was lifting it. He wanted to look into my eyes. He was urging me to feel joy. He was urging me to laugh. He was melt- ing the pain of the crucifixion into aother thing. And I was following him as closely as I could, strain- ing forward, my breathing quiet stopped now. And this increased my emotion yet more---the message that in pain there is joy, in suffering there is joy, but when I put it into words it sounds trite. But he conveyd th feeling to me, urging me to see life his way, to change my life in fact, to base it on that feeling, or rather awareness, that the pain and the suffering are an etire illusion and only the joy real and permanent. It is something I'm still learning (the hard way) well over a year later. But it feels as if that message entered my cells in some way---not my mind. My mind can't make much of it. My mind insists that what looks negative is negative, and tha what hursts is really hurtful. But I know he possessed me that day---whatever name you like to give him. And what he possessed me with was this basically inexpressible awareness that the suffering and pain are only a mistake about the nature of experience. ~~Hexxxdxxxxthatxmistake~~ ~~himselfxxxxxxxHexxxiedxxxxx!OxxxxxxxGdx~~ ~~whyxhasixthexforxakexxexix~~ Somewhre along the pain you will find the opposite, like something you have to pull aside curtains for. And of course---I nearly forgot this---I was feeling more and more joy as he conveyed this to me, more and more peace and utter satisfaction. And I floated in this, physically and in every other way. Yet I was on a sort of cross. I was sposedly in pain, I'd supposedly been spurned and persecuted by people, butthis ext aordinary liquid joy was sperading o ver me all the time, and thre were cast spaces round me, and everything lay still and content in this joy, ad this was the basic relaity of everything. And the sense of joy too increasd the emotion---the tears poured now because of the sheer relief. I knew while all this was going on that I was being told the most important hing of my life, and that if I disregarded it in the fuure, if I didn't in some way base my life on it, thin everything would go wrong. And even then, if 'everything went wrong' it wouldn;t be too late to realise that unerneath this too was this amazing stillness and joy, and perfect order. It was like hovering in a vast sky together with this presence, an here too was a sense of greater privilege and wonderment than I'dd ever had.

At the same time, almost throughout the experience, I was aware of a deep gratitude towards the woman who sat by the bed a_{nd} who had be_{en}

~~was~~sat by the bed and who had been the means the to
 this experience. In some way I felt it coming from
 her or through her, ~~and she was sitting there~~ She guided me
 only minimally, with a soft word here and there, to
 help the pattern of the breathing, and sometimes she
 laid a light hand on my forehead, when the tears were
 very strong, or on my shoulder, as if to steady and
 support me. It was as if she saw and felt everything
 I saw and felt. Not that I ever told her about what
 I'd gone through. This is in fact the first time
 I've ever recounted it. Somehow I felt that telling
 it to be, even to the one closest to me, would reduce
 the importance and intensity, and even make me begin
 to doubt it, whereas if I waited and recounted it in
 an ordered and considered way, as I'm trying to do
 now, it would so to speak receive its proper due and,
 above all perhaps, remain safely beyond the reach of
~~personal interference~~ human interference: I mean by this
 that if I'd told it freely to people some of them might
 have reacted sceptically, and this might well have
 joined up with the scepticism in my own mind, and thus
 bit by bit undermined the experience for me and, more
 important, diluted the message behind it, and finally
 destroyed it. I didn't want that to happen. So I
 kept it as my secret until now. Because now I can
 build on it, amplify it, justify it" it has relevance
 to practically every experience I've had since then.

+ + +

One thing I forgot to mention. This face of
 Christ subtly changed from time to time, especially
 towards the end of the experience. It wasn't really
 a physical change, more one of identity. He seemed
 to become Indian, and in that the softness ~~had~~
~~different~~ of his face became subtly plumper, though again
 I say there was no actual physical transformation.
 I realised at the time---but I remember with some
 difficulty now---that while changing into someone
 else he was remaining himself, or put in another way
 he and the other presence were the same one, the same
 person. Later I saw a picture of an Indian guru
 which fitted this 'second' presence perfectly. And
 I shall tell that remarkable story when I come to
 it later in this narrative. All I want to convey
 now is that Christ and this guru were the same
 presence, they were addressing me in the same way,
 and basically it was only my mind perceiving that
 they were two, because no observable change took
 place in the shadowy form above me, and the cross
 remained the theme of the experience.

Well my tears dried. The experience was over and
 I realised that I'd been given the most powerful guarantee
 possible for this 'therapy' as some people called it.
 For me it was a miracle. And a miracle arrived at with
 amazing simplicity---a matter of breathing in a certain
 way. Why had no one told me about this in over fifteen
 years of practicing eastern techniques? The lady in

the chair

the chair asked me if I wanted to pee and I said yes. I was still tingling in my extremities and feeling rather dizzy in head but she said it was OK for me to get up as long as I didn't dash about. I went to the loo and sat there in something of a maze (I was too unsteady to pee standing up). Life had changed for me. Not that I felt a different person. I simply knew that this experience was the most important one I'd ever had, and that it would in some way direct the rest of my life, determine my relationships and even change my work. All this in fact happened, but much more graphically and dramatically than I could have predicted.

All the time there kept ringing in my head the words "Well done Janabai" (this was the name of the silent lady). I couldn't rid my head of the notion that she had in some way been responsible for what I'd been through, and, more than that, had been chosen for the role. She was actually in London only a few weeks, and came from Honolulu, so that it was quite a fluke that I should have got her services and not those of a less all-seeing person. Janabai has that air about her--- of total ability to cope, and awareness of the most subtle inner states. Whether this is true of her private life I don't know and don't care. It is certainly true of her as a rebirther, sitting mostly in silence close to her subject's head. We went to the sitting room and chatted briefly. There wasn't much to say except that I'd had the biggest experience of my life, and all she said was that this was a rare occurrence, it happened to no more than one in seven people, if that. We made an appointment for the second session (she told me one needed between six and ten) and I left. I wanted to breathe some more in my room, but she'd warned me to not to try on my own---no more than twenty or so breaths at a time. I disobeyed her---and paid for it. But that first week was good. I felt light and healthy, and my face showed it, if the remarks of other people were anything to go by. Of course, as with all such techniques, it's a question of whether that state continues and for how long. ~~Amxxtetnniqmexxainooetxxindneeeexxx~~

I remember that at one point during that first session, when I was straining forward to get the message that was being given to me by that presence, afraid it might disappear at any moment, Janabai whispered to me 'Don't hold on', meaning not to strain or hold my breath. This was at the very end of the experience, when in fact most of the message had been conveyed. ~~ixxxyingxtix~~ In mentioning this now I'm trying to convey the reality of what was appearing to me. I describe it as being composed of shadows, yet these shadows were less shadowy in their effect on me than anything more physical would have been. That degree of love I have never received before, so that those shadows were very much more ~~inxthexxtinehxandxtinn~~ ~~ixmagixxtixixandxoxixthexxtinerxhanddrexix~~ than imagination or daydream or real dream could have evoked. I can only

only compare it to one other experience, in which the same kind of presence came to me, composed of hadows yet vsiible and of much greater potency in its effects than ~~xxxxxxx~~ an actualy human being would have been. I was a child of about ten and sleeping by myself in a small room close to where my parents slept. My door was open, and so was the door to my parents' bedroom. In the middle of the night I was aware that my grandmother, a small woman usually dressed in black, had entered the room and was standing by the bed. She remained there for a few moments and then bent down untilher face was very close to mie mine. And she peered darkly into my eyes. I woke up---and of course only then began to realise that it ~~wasn't my grandmother~~ couldn't have been my grandmother. Yet it was. And the moment I woke up, quite unalarmed by her presence, she slipped out of the open door again. It was only now, gradually, that I began to feel afraid. For my grandmother was dead. But she had actually been there. Waking up, in the dim light, I could still see her--- it wasn't that she was gone the moment I opened my eyes. Her prseence there at the side of my bed had woken me, but th waking din't diminish her vividness, so that my impression of her when asleep (or perhaps half asleep) was exactly the same as when I was awake, unlike either a dream figure or a real human would have been. Later in life I read (in the works of Frued) that this was a frequent 'visitation' in childhood the whole world over.

Was the Christ I was awre of familiar to me in a similar way--namely someone I ahad been constantly aware of in childhood because of bible classes and the fact that as a choirboy I was in church three or four times a week? Or did he apear to me from the past, intact, without refrence to any of my memories or assocaitions. I was struck, thinking about it during the week hat folowed, by the fact that during the session with Janabai he gad appeared to me wih auburn hair, which I hadn't expected and which I din't for a moment associate with Christ. I was also struck, now, by the fact that his face merged into tha of an In dian I didn't know but who was certainly a saint or mystic of some kind. I began to think back on a book I'd thought of wriing some years before. It was called the Indian Crucifixion. That Its theme had been the connection between Christ ad India, not simply spiritually but historically, through Greek and Persian influence. I had also conjectured that the monastic order he is said to have joined owed its origins (since the Jewish religion had no monastic ism) to Indian roots which found their way to the Mesopotamian world through missionaries and traders and the Persian army, where Indiands were sometimes enlisted. More than that, I had wanted to show hat Christ had actually brought Indian or oriental droctrine into Israel, ad that it had bee for this that he had been crucified. It seemed to explai that peculiar

Indian

India connection in the Christ appearance I had had. And I came to the conclusion that is you are going to get a powerful appearance from the world of shadows of this kind it will always in the terms that you have already made clear to yourself, in your day to day experience. Thus Buddha would be more likely to appear to an Indian or Chinese. And not at all likely to appear to someone like me. But in my experience was both Christ and the Indian guru, as the spiritual guides of my past. To that extent, I thought, I'd created that presence. But I certainly hadn't created the shadows. I began to see that the shadows will form any shape or suggestion you are familiar, but that the message they wish to convey ~~is precisely~~ is the sole matter of importance. The shadows will convey it to you in whichever manner will possess you and make you understand most completely. The fact that Christ (during the experience I never for a moment had any doubt that it was Christ, though how I could have been so utterly certain is beyond me) came to me as vividly as my dead grandmother had gone many years before, with as vivid ~~and~~ an impact, and with extreme emotional effect, ~~showed that~~ made me feel that a force had got to work on me that would alter my life, in the sense that the message it had conveyed to me in silence and shadow was to become in a strange way the goal of my life. At the time, during that week after the first session with Janabai, this was clear to me only a bare formula. I just felt it was going to be so. It took quite a few months for it to become a substantial reality.

+ + +

There was one other time when I was aware of shadowy presences, but much more recently. It had happened after I'd been reading about hypnotic regressions into past lives conducted by Helen Wambach with hundreds of human subjects. While reading her book I became aware (rightly or wrongly) that I knew about my own birth, though I'd never consciously known about it before. I could actually remember hovering over my mother in the company of other shadowy people (called I believe by the regression experts and by clairvoyants as one's spiritual "peers") who were in the same state of expectant joy as I was, and who were egging me on to enter life as a great adventure. In most of the accounts of birth from memory, by the way, the shadowy self enters the uterus only seconds before birth, and isn't resident in the foetus while in the womb.

But I was aware of these "peers" in the uterine memory while fully awake. They were so to speak at the back of my mind, while the Christ appearance and the appearance of my grandmother were totally "possessive", that is not a cell of my body was unaware of them, they were closer to me than anything physical, and much

more potent than anything physical.

This mention of the uterine memory ~~is strictly to the rest of the story~~ ~~is strictly to the rest of the story~~ is strictly to the rest of the story here because the 'therapy' I had started was called rebirthing. That is, it induced in the subject the first real birth, on the grounds that the first birth had been so conditioned, and usually such a shock, as to prevent the true desires (and even the true body) of the person born from developing. I had been promised that I would feel all the sensations of waking up to the world if not the first time at least in a way that demonstrated to me that I hadn't been properly alive before.

Rebirthing, I learned, had started in San Francisco a few years before as a result of an accident that had happened to Leonard Orr in a sauna. Or rather, it was an induced accident, an experimental one. As I (and a good many other people now see it) it was a very organised accident---organised as much by those shadowy forces that play at the edge of our lives as my Christ appearance was, ~~and using the same~~ He saw a notice on the wall warning everybody that no more than fifteen minutes should be spent in the steamroom. So he spent an hour---and he had to crawl out. To survive he found himself breathing heavily. And as a result of the breathing he went through some extraordinary sensations. Afterwards he remembered the breathing pattern and began to practice it on himself with impressive results. Much later he took the technique to India and was told by a famous guru that he had hit on a very ancient breathing technique which yogis had always been forbidden to teach to the lay public. It had been kept a monastic secret, and many Indians believed that Christ had used this technique as part of his training for his mission, while he was with the Essenes. All this was exciting material, and of course when I actually received the Christ appearance it all seemed to fit together in a strange way, though that was nothing to the events that began to fit together much later as a result of this first experience. (and led me to San Francisco where it had all started).

There were two forms of rebirthing. One was the breathing technique I was practicing and the other was the 'wet' rebirth in which the subject floated in water with a snorkel on, sometimes for an hour or more, breathing in the rhythmical fashion of the 'dry' rebirth. I never tried this, though there were quite a few "rebirth tubs" about in Britain. In fact like many people I never got the birth recall during any of my rebirth sessions. There are those people who undergo vivid and often painful recollections of their birth, and there is the majority who go through certain physical symptoms (coldness, hunger, fear, suffocation) which they may or may not associate with birth.

Simultaneously with my Christ appearance I went through the classical physical symptoms---first the tingling, which usually starts as I said before in the hands---then a feeling of extreme cold, followed by fear and alarm and a sense of not being able to get

enough air

enough air, followed after about two hours by a sense of heat and well-being and an enormous appetite (my first three sessions were dominated by hunger). Now the rebirth chiefs round Leonard Orr say that these are the feelings you had at birth, and they are passing out of your system to make way for the new creature. In my case the fear passed fairly soon but I had suffocation problems for a quite a number of sessions, and my feeling of not getting enough air tended to return from time to time over at least the following year. The Orr school says that nearly all people born more than ten years ago will have had the normal birth where the umbilical chord is cut too soon, that is before the child has begun to breathe, so that the first experience of ~~death~~ life is ~~xxxxxxx~~panic fear of death and a horrified sense of suffocation which makes the first breath of air when it does happen traumatic. The breath never recovers from this first shock. One of the results is that most people "subventilate", which is why, when they are rebirthed, they go through hyperventilation problems which require the presence of someone who knows what is happening and how to control. Conventional medicine would indeed describe all the symptoms shown during a rebirth as normal hyperventilation symptoms which have to be removed as quickly as possible (usually by an inhibition of the breath). The rebirth school says that only continued relaxed breathing will remove the symptoms, and that the tingling or violent vibration attendant on hyperventilation are in fact the entrance of energy. This energy has a marked therapeutic quality, and will go to distress points in the body, whether these are caused by a common cold or an operation or some deep seated illness which the subject and his doctors know nothing about.

In my case I had immediate numb and then throbbing sensations in the area where I'd had a hernia operation about seven months before. I was worried by this, in case I was opening the wound, or some such fantastic idea. It took two or three months of continual rebirthing sessions before the numbness and throbbing disappeared, and then it never came back and the last traces of the wound healed entirely. During subsequent rebirths I had aches and throbs in other vulnerable areas of mine--- the liver, the intestines and so on, and Orr's promise that all one has to do is breathe 'through' these symptoms, and that the pain or numbness or throbbing is simply a rapid therapeutic action, has been borne out in my experience over and over again.

I realised also that I'd never really breathed in my life, and had yearned all my life for more air without knowing how to get it. My teacher Janabai told me in the first session that I would soon get my 'breath release', though she didn't exactly specify what this was. And there

is a lot of contradictory and vague talk about this in rebirth circles, perhaps because not all people seem to have this release, and when they do its symptoms differ. In my case it hapened in the second session. I suddenly found myself drawing about twice the quantity of air, quite as if my rib cage had come unstuck from the ~~grixxx~~ grissle round it which had formed through under-use over the years despite daily yoga. The spasmodic digestion problems I was used to disappeared very early in the sessions and never returnd, whow ever I abused the digestive organs. I fond that drink affected much less than before and hat after leaving a club or pub one or two breaths of the kind Janabai had pateiently taught me were enough to clear my head and give me the sensation that I hadn't been drinking at all.

So it seemed to me that rbirthing was the fullest package I'd ever tried. It healed, it illumianted and, perhaps above all, as I was to discovr, it changed your life radically withou you doing anything about it. I didn't have an easier time after I re irthed, in fact I think I had it much harder than before, but I was aware very much aware of leading my own life, with my own resources, and of fighting through to that place in life where only I could b (and thre is such a place for evryone). The hard part of those months that followed my initiation ino rebirthing were due to the fact that I overhauled my „life from top to bottom. I went through more changes more quickly than I'd ever evn specualaed on before. In the process I lost all my money (despite or perhaps because of the mini 'prosperity seminar' I went through, spending my last pounds) and all my professional projects collapsed one by one in a way I couldn't believe was possible, going by previous experience. Having all my life ~~had~~ suffered by severe security worries, derived from having been brought p in great poverty, and having like many people brought up in such fear-dominated conditiins squandred my money whenever I got it (and I had had quite a lot in my life), I now had just about one thing to keep going on, my own person and the clothes I'd bought myself in the 'old' life. I often thought to myself, if this is a rebirthall I can say is it feels like death. And I read over and over agin a remark made by Leoard Orr in one of his seminars---after your rebirth you go through quite a lot of ups and downs, for quite a time. At the same time I was awre of clearing out of mysystem not only a lot of unwanted toxic substances which my yoga and evn my fasts seemed to have overlooked, but---and this was the factor changing my life---a lot of dead things in my mental makeup which I'd been carrying around with me as normal luggage. I learned fthrough rebirthing what I knew intellectually before---that I was responsible for my own life, and that any trouble I went through, ~~EXE~~ though i t seemd to start from the outside world and to invade my world unexpectedly and unjustifiably, was actually programmed byme, sometimes at birth, sometimes later, and most of the time withot meknowing a thing about it. *There's a yiddish saying the 10 enemies*

~~Like many people I had a usual problem. I always~~

ca
~~ca~~ cause a man ten has the he ge can whirry.
 + + +

Naturally I approached the second and third sessions with full expectations of the first ecstasies being repeated and the message that came with them becoming clearer.

Nothing of the sort happened. I used up about three boxes of paper tissue. The mucous poured out of me. In those days I always seemed to be hawking and spitting, and my nose was continually getting clogged, as if with an incipient cold, despite a good diet and regular yoga. I've been free of all that now for at least a year. I did have a series of colds during and immediately after the rebirth sessions, but ~~but I took the sessions and the sessions~~
~~provided by the breathing and the sessions of the~~
~~the therapy started by Janabai~~ all that's finished and gone now. It went the same way as the numbness round my hernia wound. And ~~was~~ similar feelings of distress in my anal and prostate areas. They held for a certain number of sessions, then disappeared entirely. My third session was uneventful, in the sense that there was neither a sense of ecstasy nor much physical therapy going on. I lost consciousness the time. That is, I just didn't know what had happened to me. I've observed this in people quite a lot since then. The body goes entirely still and to all intents and purposes the breathing ceases. Then the subject comes back with a jolt. Well I did that. And Janabai explained that it happened when the organism couldn't deal with some pain or block or problem in the mind, I've never been quite satisfied with that explanation, perhaps because it isn't provable. My tendency to go unconscious grew stronger in the following months as I began rebirthing myself. In fact, as I shall describe later, I got myself into considerable difficulties through that tendency. I believe now that the unconsciousness is ~~the reaction of the body to~~ an effort on the part of the organism to make up for a hell of a lot of tension and ~~was~~ so hidden sorrow (so hidden that it so to speak lurks in the cells like a toxic substance). ~~Another explanation of~~ Janabai also told me that it could be due to a great amount of pentathol and such sedatives substances in the blood due to past operations, if only those in the dentist's chair. This makes sense for me but the fact remains that my tendency to go right out (though not at all an unpleasant sensation) increased in my case even though I had neither operations nor dental attention in that period. Certainly these bouts of unconsciousness were followed by a deep sense of rest and ease. I also slept a bit in the third and subsequent sessions. If I arrived at a session very tired I slept most of the time (to Jaabai's annoyance). In other words that energy coming into me as a result of the rhythmic breathing always went to the points of greatest weakness--- and if the body needed sleep that was what the energy provided. I've seen a man with a lifelong insomniac problem, afraid since childhood both of falling asleep and going unconscious, do both in his first rebirth session. ~~These physical results were impressive but I doubt if I would have continued the rebirthing with out the Christ appearance in the first. I went to a small seminar~~

~~But if it had just been a matter of getting rid of physical distresses I don't think I would have done more than finish one cycle of six or eight sessions with Janabai. But I had a sense of this strange new manner of breathing---which was in some undefinable way much more than breathing---being a great adventure. Let me give an example of that right away. I wrote most of the above yesterday. It was a Sunday, sunny and quite warm, and I was full of ideas. The fact that I was starting this book after thinking about it for quite a few months was a matter of excitement for me, and I couldn't stop returning to my room to write another page or so throughout the day. Today was different. I expected someone to come for a rebirth at half past eight in the morning (for by now I have rebirthed many people in various parts of the world) but she called p up around eight to say she had stomach cramps from menstruation and didn't feel up to it. Somehow that screwed my day's programme. I meant to phone up a number of people---theatres, a newspaper, all professional stuff. I completed the phone calls and began working on this book but the zest of the day before was absent. One becomes used to this as a writer. You simply have to go through periods of gestation short or long and they aren't always enjoyable, in fact they are frequent; y harrowing. You don't quite feel like settling to any other job, in case (as can happen) you suddenly get the urge to go on writing. The day morning was grey, very still, with a low cloudy sky. The weather's been playing up in recent days, with floods, tornadoes and valanches. This morning's paper said that the Squaw Valley (I'm in California) would have to be evacuated because of avalanche danger. In the afternoon it began to rain. Now depression is almost unknown to me. I need only the simplest supports in life---a roof, a minimum of food, the possibility of music. I can stand as much solitude as I have to take, and enjoy most of it. But today there was definitely a stillness inside, a darkening of the light as I Ching calls it (and at times like these I Ching becomes my most important lifeline). I decided to phone the rebirthing headquarters to see if Leonard Orr was about as I wanted to ask him a few questions, They gave me a number but he wasn't there. Then--- whether it came across from Orr or not is anyone's guess--- I suddenly got a sense of rebirthing as a great adventure. I suddenly felt the miracle again, the world importance of this utterly simple technique. I remembered how that feeling had gripped me in the first days. And how once Janabai had said ' You know we have a miracle in our hands but its difficult to realise it all the time, it just pops up and strikes you every now and then'. Certainly I would never have done more than a cycle or two of rebirth sessions had it been a matter~~

If it had just been a matter of getting rid of physical distresses I don't think I would have done more than finish one cycle of six or eight sessions with Janabai. But I had a sense of this strange new manner of breathing---which was in some undefinable way much more than breathing---being a great adventure. Let me give an example of that right away. I wrote most of the above yesterday. It was a Sunday, sunny and quite warm, and I was full of ideas. The fact that I was starting this book after thinking about it for quite a few months was a matter of excitement for me, and I couldn't stop returning to my room to write another page or so throughout the day. Today was different. I expected someone to come for a rebirth at half past eight in the morning (for by now I have rebirthed many people in various parts of the world) but she called p up around eight to say she had stomach cramps from menstruation and didn't feel up to it. Somehow that screwed my day's programme. I meant to phone up a number of people---theatres, a newspaper, all professional stuff. I completed the phone calls and began working on this book but the zest of the day before was absent. One becomes used to this as a writer. You simply have to go through periods of gestation short or long and they aren't always enjoyable, in fact they are frequent; y harrowing. You don't quite feel like settling to any other job, in case (as can happen) you suddenly get the urge to go on writing. The day morning was grey, very still, with a low cloudy sky. The weather's been playing up in recent days, with floods, tornadoes and valanches. This morning's paper said that the Squaw Valley (I'm in California) would have to be evacuated because of avalanche danger. In the afternoon it began to rain. Now depression is almost unknown to me. I need only the simplest supports in life---a roof, a minimum of food, the possibility of music. I can stand as much solitude as I have to take, and enjoy most of it. But today there was definitely a stillness inside, a darkening of the light as I Ching calls it (and at times like these I Ching becomes my most important lifeline). I decided to phone the rebirthing headquarters to see if Leonard Orr was about as I wanted to ask him a few questions, They gave me a number but he wasn't there. Then--- whether it came across from Orr or not is anyone's guess--- I suddenly got a sense of rebirthing as a great adventure. I suddenly felt the miracle again, the world importance of this utterly simple technique. I remembered how that feeling had gripped me in the first days. And how once Janabai had said ' You know we have a miracle in our hands but its difficult to realise it all the time, it just pops up and strikes you every now and then'. Certainly I would never have done more than a cycle or two of rebirth sessions had it been a matter

staying people at the time the
closed-down universe is a illusion - it
seemed I could do with all the illusion
= my sleep.

→ The letter from my agent telling me the very letter
book was now sold (wasn't in the box outside). My
The woman I love was twenty miles because
we weren't seeing each other (if we see each other
we have - my, the keys, (which I hope) the we
have a man because we can't see each other),
Altogether the world looked - not black, but full
of closed doors. And despite the fact that I!

matter of getting rid of my physical distresses. The mucal problem wen, and all kinds of intimate symptoms which most of us acarry around with us and accept as part of what it is to be human (mild hemarroids, eurethal discomfort, prostate aches, aching joints, backache, headache). ~~All these things left me~~ All these things can be breathed away, if the breathing is right and the teacher too. But there was much more than this to it. And, ~~remembering~~ thinking this, I suddenly thought as I've often done over the last year, But rebirthing can rid of everything---the darkness in the mind, irreolution in work, lack of zest, lack of love, lack of connection. So why wasn't I rebirthing myself? Why wasn't I breathing? I hurried to the bedroom and drew the covers, took off my underpants (there must be nothing tight) and my wristwatch, and the rhythmic breathing began. I 'breathed out' my nervousness for a few minuts (realiseing for the first time that I was nervous and in a weaker state than usual), then a sense of inner depression came and I realised that I had that too, just before it disappeared. I felt close to the woman I love. And the form of what I'm writing now came into my mind. I saw that the nervous state, the weakness was a barrier to spontaneous thought, and spontaneity is the first thing you get from rebirth breathing. Everything falls i to place. There are no closed doors any more. ~~And when you feel~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ K suppose I breathed for twenty minutes. It wasn't enough to start any vibration, and nothing therapeutic happened, but it was enough to get rid of the dark edges round the mind, and to set me working again.

Now Sandra Ray, one of the rebirth chiefs h re in California, says that when you get into athe rebirth rhythm the 'inner breath' joins with the 'outer breath', you gradually fall into a rhythm ~~that is not your own~~ ~~because it is the rhythm of matter all round you, and yet more intimately your own than any other.~~ The sensation is that of reentering the universe, after having been an ~~observer~~ obbeserver. Time disappears--- and with it the though of growing age, and with that th thought of death. So you are released from the suffoc tation of three score years ad ten, you get to a source in you which is imperishable, though it may quickly disappear in the bustle of the world, when the rebirh is over.

But how is it that even when practiced frequently it doesn't immunise the mind to any form of darkening? Why am I still, a ye over a year after my first rebirth experience, and after many dozens of sessions, at least three or four a week in that time, leading what must look from the outside a disordered life? Why is my woman not with me---and maybe not my woman? Where is that ecatic love we had last summer in Italy when we were in each other's arms night and day, wakefully, for ten or more days without pause? Why, if a miracle has entered my life, isn't my pocket full of bucks? How is it possible for me (connected as I so lften am t that harmonious 'outer

'outer breath') to have rows with someone I love more perhaps than I've ever love anybody? How, after having been bathed in Christ's tenderness as I was on that first rebirth session, can I withhold tenderness from my own beloved? Really the answer to this is why I'm writing this book only a year or so after my first rebirthing experiences, instead of waiting my life is once more in order and I can see everything in perspective.

The fact ~~that~~ is that disorder is no contradiction of the order inheresnt in the rebirth experience. In fact the innder order induced by rebirth breathing may provoke its very oppsoiste, and in such a way that the outer disorder is in ratio to the order. It struck me in my first rebirthing days that my teacher, despite her utter calm and compsure during a rebirth session, was in constant distress over money, lovers and living quarters. But a moment of her company and other people felt reassured, hopeful. She ran prosperity seminars and her listeners did really get properous ofttimes. She made everything work, and without the smallest outley of effort, or so it seemed. She was a hopeless organiser but on the lower levels, the unconscious levels th ngs worked for her rebirthees in such a way that she seemed to have had a hand in them. This was after all how the woman Im not allowed to be with at this momnt came into my life. Janabai said 'I'd like to run a seminar a t your Italian house' (I part-own a small farm near Sieran with my ex-wife). She didn't turn up, ~~and the seminar was cancelled but~~ but two young women did, and one of them became the woman I'm only allowed to talk to on the phone. Now I'm in California at this moment because she'd planned to spend six months here on a therapy training course. And we agreed I should follow her out. I did---~~and~~ within a ~~month~~ week I was out of her bed, within another two I was out of the house in an ashram. ~~There was nothing about it, for me, which was unconnected with rebirthing.~~ There was nothing about it, for me, which was unconnected with rebirthing. My whole life had sort of taken a spin out of my control but the real I ~~was~~ seemed more in control than ever bef re. The ashram led to this house in the Walnut Creek hills where I'm writing this book and rbirthing people. The idea of me being here all alone with a young woman seems to drive 'my woman' crazy, even though there's no sex going on. Not that my woman admits it. Only whenever I talk about the hills outside the window when I'm phoning her she snaps 'I don't want to hear it'. So here I am more or less without a buck, rejected but not released by my woman whom I have no right to call my woman (especially as we haven't slept togetgher since ~~the~~ I left Stockholm airport exactly seven months. And we haven't slept with anyone else. Having been nine months celibate before I met her ~~(that was deliberate on my part---~~ I decided I was going to give u all sex until the woman came along, and she did) that makes quite a monkish total, the very opposite, you might think, of the kind

of resurrection I'm trying to sell in these pages. But that's why I'm writing these pages. It's a real resurrection, not the kind promised by ashrams and most yogis, namely a state of detachment and bliss which might be possible for a monk but not for those who have claims on their hearts from dawn to dusk. The heart works in a very different way. Storms are its language. And the most ancient and precious breathing technique known to mankind (for this, I believe, is what Leonard discovered) demonstrates it again and again. If Christ did use it, it might explain why his mission was in terms of the heart, always and everywhere the heart. And I began to discover, with this technique in my hands, that many if not most of the self-development workshops discourage the heart, and promise an order which is not only quite impossible but wrong. Of all the famous gurus in the world talking today only Rajneesh perhaps is alive to this.

+ + +

Awaiting my third session, ten days from my first one,

While I was waiting for my third session, about ten days after my first one, the rebirth people in London (who could be counted on the fingers of one hand) organised a tiny seminar. That is, they didn't mean it to be tiny. In fact they hired quite a large hall near the British Museum with at least a hundred seats. There were eight people at most, quite half of them rebirthers. Most of the talk was the psychological get-the-shit-out-of-your-system level, and that didn't interest me, and I said so, constantly. The feeling of that meeting was sloppy, rather disgruntled and resentful in atmosphere, and I had the strong impression that most of these people were locked in a depression, which they called themselves, of all things, the "rebirth society", and that was the tone, join our little group, you'll have fun. In fact those were the opening words of the meeting, from the organiser: 'Rebirthing is such fun.' Of course I was in a very sensitive state, having only had two rebirths, and feeling that I'd hit the greatest inner adventure of my life, and I was certainly in no mood to have that whittled down to some bloodless bible-class formula. And there was so much teaching. You were being told how things were, not only outside you but inside you. And I felt thoroughly miserable, even in a state of mild shock. For I'd been reading Leonard Orr and Sandra Orr and feeling strongly in tune with everything they were saying. And here were virtual children (so my mind said) playing with dynamic forces they had clearly not yet grasped, and which they would almost certainly abandon for another enlightenment package quite soon.

Today I would have taken that meeting in a very different spirit (assuming that I would go to it, which most probably I wouldn't). I know now that the whole rebirthing process takes place on the level desired by the rebirther, and to the intensity he can

tolerate, and that ~~this process may take place at any time,~~
~~making it impossible to say that rebirthing hasn't~~
~~taken effect, or that a person hasn't just hasn't got~~
~~the benefits.~~ For me, now, it is impossible for the
 rebirth breath not to have its effects, even (and sometimes
 especially) when the rebirthee denies that there has been
 any change. In other words the first thing you lose in
 the rebirthing process is the willingness to judge the
 inner state of others. That is a mysterious and always
 unique land which frequently, if only for a time, shows
 the outside world an opposite opposite face.

A lot of slogans came out that evening. And it
 seemed to me that these people (apart from my own teacher)
 had learned the slogans and were repeating them out of
 servitude. The slogans carried no weight with me because
 I knew they had grown out of Leonard Orr's experience
 and Sandra Ray's and not these people's. The very
 thing that Leonard Orr seemed to have avoided, quite
 deliberately, namely the guru game, was being undermined,
 which meant that rebirthing (again it was my mind speaking)
 could not be done successfully by these people. ~~Today~~
~~xxxxxx~~ Today I see a very different
 picture. Rebirthing is so much in the hands of what I
 now call 'the third force'---which enters all rebirth
 sessions like another presence, taking charge of both
 rebirther and rebirthee---that neither of the two has
 much control over the situation as persons. My feeling
 now is that your rebirther is chosen for you---on your
 level, and according to your requirements---however far
 you or he may have to travel to get to each other. This
 morning I spoke to one of America's greatest writers,
 whom I am rebirthing, and he said 'What astonishes me most
 of all is that my rebirther should be you, another writer
 who has lived in many of the same places, who is so close
 to me in experience and taste and all that, and who knows
 many of the same people, and here we meet each other after
 all these years just when I'm ready, just when I'm finally
 ready to commit suicide, just when I'm ready to overhaul
 my whole life!' And that's how it works. ~~xxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxx~~

When I look back on my first session under Jaabai I
 realize that any other rebirther might have interrupted
 my experience at a crucial point and wrecked everything,
 even supposing I had entered that same experience at all.
 When I phoned a rebirthing contact for my first appointment
 I was told that she wasn't available but there was this
 other lady from Honolulu/.....

After that meeting three or four of us, including
 Janabai, went to a crepe place for supper. ~~A pain started~~
~~round my heart, no doubt indigestion, but I knew it had~~
~~been brought on by the meeting and that a certain inner~~
~~flow had been interrupted.~~ Like many people who are
 being rebirthed for the first time, and finding it the
 greatest adventure of their lives, I didn't want to talk
 about it, much less have other people telling me what
 they couldn't know, namely what I was experiencing.
~~I've learned since that time that everyone is a universe,~~

I had actually talked during the meeting---grudgingly said that my first two rebirths had been nothing less than a miracle, and now I felt I shouldn't have expressed myself so soon, it was tempting the gods at that early stage of the experience. ~~With this regret I was inside me at saying that the pain in my heart was due to the breathing.~~ Meawhile one of th rebirthers was going ~~round the tables~~ from table to table interrupting lovers at their meals to persuade them they needed tp put down fifty bucks a session for a new life. I told myself that I would never go to another seminar or workshop connected with the rebirth movement, and I kept to that. And later on I found out why I kept to that---why it was right to keep to that.

When I got back I felt a pain round my heart, no doubt indigestion. Once al was in bed a voice inside started telling me that the pain was due to excessive breathing, and that rebirth was a ~~xxx~~ health hazard. I knew that nearly every orthodox doctor in the world would agree with this voice, even withot the slightest shred of evidence behind him. So I suddenly pulled the pillow out from tunder my head and started breathing as my eeacher had taught me. In just about half a minute the pain was gone ~~and I felt I had eaten for hours~~ so I continued breathing for another hour despite Janabai's warning not to do more than twenty or so breaths from time to time. At the end of that hour I felt as light as if I hadn't eaten all day.

Over that crepe supper I happened to mention laughingly that waking up that morning I'd become conscious of my mind asking itself involuntarily not whether I should commit suicide but what kind of suicide I ought to choose. ~~The moment I spoke I got a lot of teasing and xxxxxx a few xxxxxx (the xxxxxx teachers) and abruptly closed the subject again and added that I'd taken a bath instead~~ I was at once told that in such a case I should have written out 'affirmations' (this is sometimes used as part of the rebirthing process, and is a matter of writing out what you wish to happen as if it already had). As like most people I respond badly to 'ought' and 'should' and ('those who can't teach') I closed the subject abruptly ad said that I'd taken a bath instead and that had driven the idea away.

Not that I really did consider suicide. But I was still surprised that the idea, eve idle and flashing though it was, should enter my mind. My life was going, on the surface (where unfortunately I was judging it), badly, ~~with xxxxxx~~ I had gone to the wrong agent, which was wrecking my work. I was inlove with a woman, or so I told myself, who was not only living awith another man but too far away for me to visit more than once or twice a year, and, worse than that, I seemed to prefer turning her into a dream than actually trying to get her. An this had been going on for five years. I think I must have filled two or three thousand sheets of paer with I Ching answers about her feelings towards, and my propspects with her, over those years. We had had a short affair in Paris, continued it disastrously

of cancer. One hears all the time of well-known gurus in a state of sickness which one would think they could, with their powers, control. And here was Leonard Orr, ~~the xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx with the right xxxxxxx~~ after experimenting on himself in a sauna, alighting upon a problem which no one had really faced except with trite explanations like 'These diseases are a result of the yogi taking on other people's karma' (but surely he's beyond that primitive stage which any psychic healer can avoid?),

'If you have thrown out all your negative ideas except that death is inevitable, guess what? You'll use all your spiritual power to kill yourself'. I suddenly woke up---my God, surely I'd been doing that as hard as I could, and was still doing it!

Why else would I choose an attractive and intelligent young woman to fall in love with and then, instead of devoting myself to her welfare and listening to what she said, proceeded to live far from her, disappear for months on end, and steadily build a dream of her which was fine ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ for a book but which had nothing to do with her. ~~And xxxxxxxxxxx~~ What was that but a clever and enchanting suicide---and an attempt to involve someone else in suicide? What was it but a veiled assertion that I didn't want the real love I had for her (if it really existed) because I didn't want the real woman? that maybe I didn't feel worthy to have the real woman? that I didn't feel worthy to be fully alive? Because, in those moments after re-reading Leonard Orr on that Sunday morning, I began to realize that even I---considered by nearly all my friends unimpeachably self-confident---secretly (unknown even to myself) didn't believe in having a real life and that in recent years I had been using all my spiritual power to kill myself, in Orr's own words.

I had all these years wrecked my sexual life, turned myself into a sexual daydreamer after a long and sexually most active marriage, but above all I had ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ put a protective wall round myself which no new woman could penetrate and which, above all, the woman I belonged to (for I believe that there are a few people but only a few, and perhaps only one, to whom we belong) from drawing near. It was a serious situation.

I remembered thinking so often when working on a book or play 'What's the use of doing this if I'm going to die?' What's the use of loving and being loved if I'm going to die? Because if I'm going to die I'm ~~dead~~ as good as dead already. I have death hanging round my person and how can death radiate or receive love? And it can't.

In fact I was killing off every project in my life, amatory or professional or financial, as fast as it happened. And been heavily engaged in doing that for as long as I could remember. I wanted to make love but killed every chance of doing so, I wanted to make money but killed every possibility of doing as fast as it arose, so that I ended with a lot of love activity but little love and a lot of money activity but little money. A friend

of mine said to me about that time, 'You must have passed huge fortunes by, let them go out of the window, ~~from what~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ and that was about right. If I think now of any one project out of dozens I've been involved in, the general story is one of unexploited possibilities, unexplored fortune. I picked up money, sometimes quite a lot of it, but it never hung about my person. And so I passed a great part of my life in money anxiety, especially when I had a lot. ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~

There's a Yiddish saying that ten enemies can do less harm to a man than he can do to himself. And it now began to seem to me that I had spent at least two decades slamming closed all the doors that opened in front of me. My ex-wife saw it much more clearly than I did. She said to friends 'He has huge possibilities and somehow lets them all go.'

~~xxxxxxx~~ 'So people in enlightenment groups notice that they get themselves into suicide urges. Their suicide urge starts getting active and they are constantly thinking about committing suicide. The only way you can get out of that bind is to question that death is inevitable, which is to get yourself into a nonorthodox position.'

And here I started to think of that first rebirth experience. Wasn't this what Christ had been trying to demonstrate to me? Wasn't that why he pushed back my arms with such gentle force, and showed me that despite my resistance and unwillingness it didn't hurt, even with my hands being nailed to the cross?

And was his visit to me the second coming, the true second coming? How could we expect the second coming to be the reappearance of a man? He had done that once, he'd been through that. He'd presumably done it to show that in fact it's impossible to kill a man, that no crucifixion can work, that he didn't die and we don't die, and that what he was when he was crucified he is now, so that his second coming is continual and accumulative, and happening all the time inside us, and this is the so-called new consciousness, the joy of looking right through the crucifixion, right through the agony and distress, into where it melts into joy, so that death is uncovered as a total illusion...

~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~

And you can call him Christ or Buddha or whatever you like. Was this had this to be cleverly conveyed to me in that rebirth experience by the shadowy appearance of the Indian as the same man as Christ?

+

+

+

My hthird rebirth was on Good Friday (1981) and this time I received a second 'appearance' though much the lesser of the two in intensity and duration. It was a kind of appendage to the first one, ad my mind was much more in control. I was telling a friend of mine, a working woman in London, about the dying soldiers I had witnessed. The message I was giving her was that, in Wilfred Owen's words, 'the poetry is in the pity'. Thoughts of battle are frequently in my mind at Easter time. And then he reappeared, much dimmer than before but no less there--- as if once he'd made contact with me further contacts need only be messages---and he was telling me to take example from this very woman to whom I was talking in the rebirtg, because she was an example of one who was rich in ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ heart but actually poor, and full of joy when others like myself wwre always worrying about money and survival. The threat to her life was greater than that to mine but she still had more to give than me---to her daughtger, to anyone who called in. Here was someone who made you feel a king, and who hardly had a penny to bless herself with. Christ impressed me deeply with the idea that this was one of the most important people in my life, yet she saw herself and was seen perhaps by most others as a kind side product while her daughter was the real prodct. So the theme was the same as in the first rebirth: joy is a state, not the fruit of outer circumstance. Christ took the poorest person I knew and said "There isthe greatest joy.'

These appearances showed me what I thought I already knew but didn't---that Christ wasn't connected with the churches in his name. I'd known this intellectually but now it was quite a revelation for me that Christ had no more to do with Rome or a y other churcg than Lenin, in the sense that they weren't issuing statements from him or being in any way his mouthpiece. K I was suddenly liberated from the idea that these churches, parf icularly Rome, in some way encapsulated or contained him in themselves, or that he had authnorised them in some way, or that he was authentically and exclkusively interpreter by them. It didn't mean that I would use churches less than I did,for meditation---and for thinking about Christ when I wanted to. But the connection was broken in me, as a certainty. It was no longer a thought---that severance. It was knowledge. And of course whn we come to think it is fatuous to think tha a group of men or organisation can have exckusive right of this nature. I knew that these churches had to advertise themselves haas having an exc usive trading licence from Christ in order to keep their power. Having lived in Italy most of my adult life I know the degree to which this fraud has been perpetuated. It accou ts for the horror most Italians have of the church and anything priestly, and for the prevalence of marxism among the intellectual classes despite marxis being exactly contrary to the Italian temperament. ~~By this fraud you are held~~
~~as a prisoner, dispossessed even of your country~~

~~There is no xxx of xxxxxxxx~~

have gone on living what I now consider a death life, though the death life was considerably more comfortable than the one I had ~~xxxxxxx~~ later. The life after re irth, in fact, scared ~~xxxxxxx~~ me out of my wits. ~~xxxxxxx~~ I'm still having insecurity nightmares, and I still wake up with that nauseous "How am I going to survive?" feeling somewhere in my diaphragm. My cells got used to this, and the programme is lingering on for a bit until (so I now think) that I've finally learned for sure that lesson of the first appearance--- when I let my arms be pushed tenderly back onto that cross and don't resist any more, and find out that after all it isn't a cross. I believe that Christ found this out in the silence after he had cried "Oh God, why have you forsaken me?" For Christ resisted too. That's why the story of his mission travelled drom the simplest origins through space and time ad is as fresh today as it ever was" because he didn;t set himself up as a damned teacher or, more important, the Son of God in the church's sense. He was son of God precisely as every himan being is, and this is what the chrches don't on the whole let you know. He allowed himself to be ridiculed and humiliated, and he wasn't, as we all know, thought importan enough by the Romans to be mentioned in any of the records. ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ I mysle f have ben humiliated since I was rebirthed to a point that would have been utterly un erable to me before. I've had actually had people ridiculing me for having sunk so low as to be entirely dependent on their mercies for their survival. And I went through that without the smallest resistance. In fact it made me feel good. And they weren't bad people who were doing it to ~~xxxx~~ me. One is a close friend of mine in fact I'm writing this in her house in California, and the other I love more than I've ever loved anyone in my life. This experience took me right down to myself. I grew up very poor, I got usd to poverty, but all that ceased in my Oxford days, and I began to live a more and more artificial self; ~~xxxxxxx~~ (most people would have called me a natural and easygoing person) based on what I thought other people required of me, and on the way I thought thy saw me, and the way I thought I ought to be. And that; wha t the third force throws right out of the window. The subtle accumulations of so-called personality which are simply effort to be what you are not. Nobody asks you to bethat way, but you tell yourself that you're doing it for the world just the same. An I believe that mos of the people in the world now are putting huge effort to be what they are not, and this is screwing up the nervous stsytm, not junk food or too much sex or raditio n or over population or industrialisatin. All that would fade away as an obstacle the moment we built our lives on oursevles, that is to say on our breath. That is to say, oif that thir d force ran our lives and not our weak brains.

present time, that is why. What the psychotherapists so often do, is to send a patient home with a constructed per onlity which is more 'on the rails' than the old one but which requires just as much effort to keep up. ~~xx~~ But relaxing the effort would mean trouble, because that third force would not be there to do the thinking and the planning in the cells, whetehe thinking and planning are mean to go on, namely with the whole of the organism. Psychotherapy in other words promotes, must promote, more control rather than loss of control. Loss of control can only mean in therapeutic terms a lapse into irrational behaviour. Most psychotherapy is, in this way, a branch of conventional medicine in its treatment of the syptom rather than the cause, and cure rather than healing. The demand to have control, that is to construct ewih effort ~~xxxxxxpersxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ the situation round one, so that it emanates satisfactori;y from one's personality or sum'total of desires and ambitions, is precisely what screws s people up and drives them to the psychotherapist. But his success with them must be limited while he confines his treatment to verbalisation and mental probing. There are many who don't, notably the Reichians. But for the Reichians, most of whom are well aware of rebirthing and practice something similar, the way of getting rid of that 'armoury' which human beings put round themselves is stilla matter of analysis and altered control, with the breath helping. But rebirthing is entirely different not because the breathing it involves may be different from that of the Reichians, but because the breath is the be-all and end-all of it, and it is allowed to take its course, therapeutic or life-changing or spirtualising, in its own way, and without the minimal attempt thot control the process mentally. In fact it can't be controlled mentally. All ca be observed in terms of the breath, and all can be corrected in terms of the breath. I for instance can tell just what a person is doing with his body, that is his life, themoment he lies down and breathes normally for me. I told a young woman recently just before I taught her the 'rebirth breath' for the first time, 'You have no connectio with your body', just from watching her breatj. She murmured 'I can't agree with that', but after the session was over she agreed. And what persuaded her was the fact that she had been out of control of herself, and two years of psychotherapy, so sh told m, hadn't done anything to alter that. Not only did this woman, a brilliat writer, not know whose body she had before she rebirthed, she was the most chronic case of sub-ventilation I have ever come across: in fact I don't see how she sruvived her thirt-five years looking so healthy. What I am saying tha is that she believed herself to be in perfect connection with er body, and in control of it, precisley because she wasn;t getting enough air in to live, so that her body had really and truly beacome a thought for her.

But once the cellular connection has been with made with the outside world, you can feel what it's like to be any cell, not just your own. You are part of the cellular system for the first time. And some of the results of this are that you find yourself looking at animals in a different, even as equal beings. Or you look at children, strangers, cripples, drunks in a different way. ~~Unlikexmanyworkshoptherapies, and such that goes on in Indian ashrams in the name of the divine self, you this reconnection with the outside world~~ You may find it difficult to make love to someone who hasn't been rebirthed. You may find talking to rebirthed people so natural and open and without fear that talking to un-rebirthed people begins to strike you as difficult. Or you may discover such an extraordinary sense of liberation that you can only share this properly with fellow rebirthers. These are momentary, non-lasting effects. But they are the cells celebrating their first freedom nonetheless.

Such effects often follow enlightenment workshops or meditation groups. It is the same activity---the cells registering their relief at no longer being closed from the world by inner fears and (the ~~basic~~ result of the fears) efforts and the tension involved by the efforts. The effect of the workshops or meditation groups dies down, and finally away. So does the effect of the rebirthing. The cells get used to their new state. Or they lose their new state and relapse into the old. But in the case of rebirthing, once a person takes charge of his breath, and maintains his breath, he can always be assured that his life is under the control of the third force, and that he will receive constant 'messages' which will convey to him consciously what he has to do.

This is where effort is required. All life requires effort. But it is where the effort in life should be. Otherwise, in the lack of effort, in this quarters, and however much effort there is put in other quarters, the individual must go through the conventional stages of life which have been mapped out by and for the good Christian, namely, birth, childhood, youth, middle age, old age (or sickness) and death.

That cycle is entirely avoided by the process of rebirth as it is apparently not by other oriental methods that have come to the West, if the sickness of the greatest gurus in these methods is anything to go by. Rebirth is an ancient technique which until now has been kept a secret. We know of the existence of such techniques from yoga, hatha yoga, and we know of the contempt of most of the greatest Indian gurus towards the practice of techniques which will simply secure long and healthy life. What is the use of a long and healthy life if it's the wrong life? But the fact is that you probably can't have a long or healthy life (that is one without old age) unless it's a wrong one. So what has gone wrong with the Indian programme?

inert. The particles which are the inner substance of life move, exist---some physicists say with a life of their own. The atom may be compared with a stupendous glowing arena teeming with activity and life. In the West I think ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ there has been no exponent of this more convincing than Mary Baker Eddy ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ founder of the Christian Scientists. Quote.

Since everything is spirit, since everything is God, since every physical object, every cell, every desire and thought and motion of the created will manifests God and God alone, ~~why~~ renounce it all? ~~Was was~~ Why was being born into this splendid harmonious galaxy a misfortune, to be quickly undone? ~~Why~~ If meditation or obedience of the guru, or the act of realising our divinity brings us to a state of bliss, what is there to renounce? And if we ~~WEREXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ cannot die because we were never born, if the true 'I' belongs to none of the bodies it chooses ~~from time to time~~ to incarnate itself in, if the true 'I' remains utterly outside its material manifestations, why is it necessary to avoid incarnations and manifestations if possible? ~~The true self is not incarnated.~~

What are we doing

our

Of course the Indian scriptures are't naive or incomplete, however much contemporary gurus In dian gurus may be. The scriptures clearly show that once you have renounced the world inwardly, once you have identified your real self and recognised that reality is non-solid and illusory (a statement adequately supported by modern physics, as many people have pointed out) you can return to this world of 'veils' and appreciate it, live in it blissfully, even yprolong your life in it as much as possible in order to enjoy the divine creation. Ramakrishna used to say that it was like entering a house full of dark rooms, you entered each one, and mounted the staircase to the next floor, until you reached the roof, where you found blinding light. Once you knew that light you could return to those dark rooms, and you would no longer find them dark. There would only be light for you.

~~Is this self-contradiction that makes so many gurus sick? XXXX XXXX XXXX give up desires and will seek inner truth, who ever you are. XXXX Ramakrishna had this experience. Vivekananda, XXXX did Ramana XXXX who ever you are seek inner desires, if only for~~

Now if birth is a calamity for you, if incarnating is ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ done only in order that it may no longer be done, surely the logical outcome (for your cells) is that death is a boon for you, bodilessness a reward? Does this explain sickness in so many of the greatest yogis? Does this explain why they eshew hatha yoga, longevity asanas, as being on a level with the so-called 'left-handed' Tantric practice of God through sex. Hatha yoga, consisting of bodily asanas, was always thought to be the lowest of the yogic disciplines. But is that because what we take to be hatha yoga is the discipline with its mostt important secret missed out, namely the secret of the breath? Are the gurus as far from this secret as anyone else in the last centuries? Certainly Ramakrishna made no such practice. Nor did Vivekananda. To judge by the pathetic sniffing that



Don't want to let it be the fact the Louetier he feels
like hitting somebody on the ~~head~~^{head} + a wooden mallet, a
- at the end - saying something very hard. I was
intended - the fact the while at the entrance the
youthful directorate of Januaries and will - be
Lenny's - is put in a play, and the rehearsal
was a ~~different~~ scene of the work ~~was~~^{children}
Chaplaincy, but more than \checkmark could it be
- rehearsal of plays outside. The ~~rehearsal~~ had
to be heard (be believed).

Many people, and the fact that they have been
ashamed to mention it of fear of losing status
on the new social ladder that he came into
existence - in time, & those headquarters
is - California. I hope to the ladder
to spirituality. A devotee + the
light of absolute love - his eyes, ~~and~~

the - contradictory and finally harmful
process is set up
meaning

→ Such, encapsulated in a blissful doctrine, is an
invitation to suicide? - with the result ~~that~~
the more ~~we~~^{we} feel bliss we feel, the more
peace, the more love of a meditational kind,
the more depression enters our lives, ~~the more~~
though we may have no natural tendency to
depression at all. It has appeared to a great

the followers of Mukdenanda today go through as a preliminary of meditation, times have hardly changed. Mukdenanda himself has a 'heart condition', according to his followers. ~~That is not the case, he is not breathing properly~~ ~~Is that because he isn't breathing properly and never has done?~~

For once the cells are told by their masters that they are an inferior and temporary mechanism to reach a state in which they will not exist, they will rapidly degenerate, precisely as a man who believes in old age will become old at the prescribed time. ~~In other~~ Occy go say to God 'I have no use for this life except as a kind of waiting room' he will shorten the stay for you, and is this the advice that is being given to the West---that while you can copulate and make a family and feel attached to certain people (notably your lover, wife/husband or children), it would be better if you didn't. There is no avoiding this conclusion in the Indian programme as it is purveyed today. There are few Indian gurus around who will say boldly like Vivekananda that a man may have a hundred wives and be a man of God: indeed Mohammed did. So devotees are left in a half-way house, with the result that hours of meditation and asanas may leave the devout in a highly charged sexual state. I shall never forget how, a few weeks ago, during my stay in an ashram, I did my one-hour morning meditation from 4.45 to 5.45, followed by breakfast and an hour's chanting, to spend the rest of the day nursing an enormous erection. Vivekananda, during his American lecture tour in the last years of the previous century, was frequently asked by his ingenuous audiences why they felt so 'lustful' after meditation, and he didn't really have a satisfactory answer.

A friend told me yesterday that she spent Easter at an ashram in Santa Cruz and on the day of her departure they were meditating, that is sitting in the lotus position without support, for five hours together. She got up in an angry state and driving home to Berkeley didn't say a word to the other passengers. ~~But~~ She also noticed sexuality in the atmosphere---on this occasion men and women were together, not separated as is usual in ashrams for the meditational devotion. ~~Now the anger and sexuality~~ may be different elements of the same thing, namely an attempt---a rather aggressive attempt---on the part of the cells to assert themselves. Vivekananda's answer was that something must be wrong with the meditation, and this does seem clear. But is this because ~~the Indian~~ ~~programme~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~the~~ ~~case~~ ~~because~~ ~~he~~ ~~isn't~~ ~~breathing~~ ~~properly~~ ~~and~~ ~~never~~ ~~has~~ ~~done~~ ~~so~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~cells~~ ~~are~~ ~~forced~~ ~~to~~ ~~face~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~divinity~~ ~~in~~ ~~yourself~~ ~~actually~~ ~~increases~~ ~~the~~ ~~energy~~ ~~to~~ ~~live~~ ~~in~~ ~~your~~ ~~incarnation~~---and if you haven't in fact renounced sex, if you in fact love the sex act ~~with~~ ~~your~~ ~~sex~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ ~~any~~ ~~other~~ ~~act~~ ~~of~~ ~~your~~ ~~life~~, you will find the cells forcing you to face the fact, ~~if~~ ~~you~~ ~~as~~ ~~mine~~ ~~did~~

Hexagram Keeping Still, number 52,
astypical rigid - meditation, we have
meditation + mental effort, will affect
the heart, so will grasp in the smoke
set up, and the skulls will be
by unholiness. Comparison and
one for inside, in the cell therefore.
The mind itself cannot divide it.

~~There is~~ is high state problem
and. As I think rest is the

→ In London, too, I noticed a lot of
initial - once a time ~~some~~ ^{hysterical}
general, - between people who had
just recently practiced TM
meditation. I called it
initially - 'coming down' to
the high state. But I was wrong

The meditation is unsuccessful, and probably less good than not meditating at all. But is this because the Indian programme has failed to provide more than an unnatural mental self-alienation which will simply not work for most people? ~~Is it possible that the Indian programme in fact produced a sort of suicide blue-sheet not so different from that of the People's Church in San Francisco which resulted some years back in mass suicide? What is the objection to getting rid of the present body, if that body is ready to enter God?~~

This is where rebirthing comes in. I am going to claim that meditation ~~is not a mental activity or lack of activity at all. It is an act of the cells. And when this act is successful and properly managed it cannot lead to sexuality or anger.~~ ~~And when the cells are in a divine state--- they feel that way, it isn't a matter of a mental attitude. And you simply can't get the cells to behave like that, to become transformed, just by sitting with your legs crossed for an hour or five and doing it all by mental effort. You will maybe feel calm, or experience some well-being, and from time to time you may have the impression of a light surrounding you emanating from you. But you won't stop the mind working. You will still be in perfect control. You will still be in the 'real' world, or in perfect consciousness.~~ It is simply impossible to feel these things when you reach the state of non-breathing or stillness in a rebirth session. The mind is here truly inactive, in the sense that it is not in control. The cells are undeniably in a divine state--- they feel that way, it isn't a matter of a mental attitude. And you simply can't get the cells to behave like that, to become transformed, just by sitting with your legs crossed for an hour or five and doing it all by mental effort. You will maybe feel calm, or experience some well-being, and from time to time you may have the impression of a light surrounding you emanating from you. But you won't stop the mind working. You will still be in perfect control. You will still be in the 'real' world, or in perfect consciousness.

~~Now no doubt certain Indians do teach a definite physical method for arriving at meditation, whether it is breathing or certain repeated asanas or extreme fasting. Only in this way will the suicide factor be resisted.~~

It seems to me now that I am writing this because of that first rebirth experience, the appearance. I was told there not to accept the pain and suffering story, the vale of tears story, I was told, I think, that birth was indeed no calamity. I was told, I think, the opposite of what the Indian programme today is putting round the world, for the reason that it has lost touch with its own secrets.

+

+

+

The first thing to drain out of you in rebirth breathing is sex desire. With it goes all trace of irritation and anger. These things may come up in order to disperse almost at once. ~~And the Indian programme~~ Now frequently an Indian guru will advise people to let the most terrible thoughts flow through their minds without resistance, in the first stages of a meditation. I suggest that this advice

is unknowingly derived from an earlier, now forgotten ~~meditation state which induces rebirth~~ rebirth state. I believe that even the word meditation itself is a watery dilution of the real experience, throwing the emphasis on the brain, which in any genuine meditation is the least active of the organs.

The rebirth passes into stillness in his own time, and yet this time is determined by the breathing, its duration, rhythm and volume. ~~Now this duration, rhythm and volume is never constant.~~ Now this duration, rhythm and volume is never constant. Three minutes may be enough to induce stillness or non-breathing (I am deliberately avoiding the over-used word 'bliss' because this is only one of the many experiences possible in this state), and on another occasion (with the same rebirth) two hours may not be enough. On other occasions still not even two hours will get there: the organism is just not in a rebirth state.

The sniffing that many people practice as a preliminary or aid to mental meditation is, it seems to me, a last almost imperceptible trace of that early breathing through which the original masters of the Indian programme many thousands of years ago attained longevity, serenity and the power to survive without eating or drinking. Of course as a matter of fact sniffing may simply irritate the organism. Short sharp intakes of air without adequately long out-breath release have the effect, like all breath intake, of raising momentarily the blood pressure, heart rate, metabolic rate, temperature and nervous energy. So it may have the opposite effect to the one devoutly wished for.

To me it makes sense that Christ practised a form of rebirth because his mission was really the Indian programme, as I've called it, brought to the west. And that programme comes by means of what I've called the messenger, in the rebirth. It is why there is no Indian religion as there are other religions. The Upanishads say that 'all paths lead to God'. The Upanishads aren't about a particular path. ~~But what they say is~~ So what I am saying here is that they were actually given during rebirth sessions many thousands of years ago, in the form of the Vedas or early scriptures which were passed on from mouth to mouth. The whole doctrine of the divine self (which Christ repeated---'Is it not written that ye are Gods?'--- and the sense of reality as an illusion, that is that objectivity lies in the perceiver and not in the perceived, all the basic tenets of the Indian mysticism, are given in rebirth as an actual living experience. Surfaces are pierced, the self seems to illuminate the entire universe and become its centre, and guidance is given on how to behave (the messenger), not in the form of moral commandments but the only natural and harmonious behaviour open to the breath.

Now all this is clearly opposite to suicide.

And it is suicide that the Indian programme, like hold of the workshops and the mind-grabbing sects, invites and (praises) without the smallest intention of doing so or, apparently, the smallest awareness of what it is doing. The greatest teacher among the Indians, perhaps the greatest the world has at this moment, Bagwan Rajneesh is about the only spokesman of the Indian programme who is clear and categorical about it. He says religions make a difference between God and the world, they put God against the world, but you can have both, there is no need to think of them as separate. This is because he 's aware of the suicide built into the Indian programme, with which the mass suicide of the Indian people, their passivity in crisis and their inability (amounting to refusal) to deal with the simplest problems of racial survival, is partly the result: the Indian programme, eschewing the world not only as unreal but undesirable, especially its essential creative spark--- the living heart of every cell which we may call sex or conception or ~~love~~ love---has entered deep i to the ~~popular Indian mind~~ mind of the Indian people whether they acknowledge the Upanishads or not. Ramakrishna and Vivekananda and a good many other yogis worked against this process, extolling the West for its optimism and self-help, but they were monks just the same, and I doubt whether either had experience of an act of sex.

The workshops in their turn, taking directly ~~from the~~ or indirectly from the Indian programme, perpetuate the same psychological reaction, without (naturally) intending to either. ~~Invariably they follow popular freudian principles~~ ~~that~~ Not that they're against sex. In fact most of them follow, unconsciously or otherwise, a popular freudian principles, that withholding sex is unhealthy, that self-expression is essential, that the bad things inside, the hangups (in current Californian, the shit) has to 'come out'. It continues to come out endlessly. And it is rather as if someone with a chronic tendency to colds told hims lf each time 'It's my mucous coming out', It is indeed, and the release of the mucous does relieve the system, but nothing is being done to get at the cause. And if you You may be building up the mucus emotionally. ~~Existing~~ ~~existing~~ And the very principle that you do your yoga and your Brima and your massages and your rolling and your Est training and your actualisation and your dream analysis and your past-life regression and your psychotherapy in order to 'get rid of your shit' is already an encapsulated suicide. And it isn't w wonder that people tending to deep depression can go through these disciplines spending their life savings over a period of six months or more, and end p with the deepest depression of all time. The mucous has certainly come out. But no one has stopped it being manufactured inside. No one has pointed out that the 'shit' is nothing but inbuilt suicide, moment by moment suicide, and that expressing it

it, whether you do it at a Kubler Ross workshop, bteaing a pillow with a piece of rubber tubing to 'get the anger out' or under the caressing massages of a fellow Brimah student, unless the will to csuicide is tackled head-on nothing whatsoever has been done.

The above ahpened to my woman ('my'!---but we've seen each oher again, we slept in the same bed together for two niths, though we didn't touch each other) She sent through the whole lot---and ended with the deepest depression of all time. Now for me that depression was directly associated with the nager- and hate-display urged on her by the Kulber Ross. It was connected with the fact that, as part of the training, she enacted the suicide of her own mother when she was eight years old.

Clearly the West has a vast suicide programme too--- otherwise we wouldn't have found the secre of destroying the vry heart of matter, the inner sexof every cell, the atom. That has been weighed and researched and thought towards for centuries, at least since ancient Greek times, when the at m became the subjectof philosophical ~~for scientific**for that was~~ discussion. And finally we got there. All our Western vigous and optimism and slef-help created the means to destroy all animate life on the planet in less than a second. In our case we got there by listening to ministers of the church telling us that essentially we were bad creatures and that even the most ecstatic act known to huma expeierence, that of sex, was wrong and, more, filthy. And finally it sunk in. In the rebirth process you hit that suicide sooner or later whoever you are. I'm about the most unsuicidal person you coul have, as far as intentions and conscious tendencies go. But I hit it just the same. And when you hit it you are astonished that it has been resident in your cells all these years, really since birth, withot you knowing it.

We in the West run from this suicide and depression to disciplines which promise bliss and a reprieve from all the dark accusation that have been hurled against us by the churches and perpetuated by psychologists who still cling to the idea of there being a 'good' part of you and a 'bad' part of yoj, a 'super'ego' and a 'lower ego'. We fall straight into the arms of the Indian programme only to find that the suicide-principle is a basic inbuilt part of the discipline, only this time it woos us ~~for~~ and delights us. It can make us say, after a time, with Keats, 'I have been half in love with easeful Death'...

+

+

+

You can experience bliss or a state of desirelessness without believing in God. Nearly all the enlightenment techniques and workshops are concerned with calming the nervous system and inducing it to feel a state of security. They may advertise bliss as the Indians do, or they may not. But they must all promise a certain state of inner joy ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ because this is what enlightenment implies. It means living in a world of light instead of one of darkness. Any psychotherapist, too, must have a similar objective in the area of the mind: clear and optimistic thinking is clearly better from his point of view than dark and doomed thinking. But with this growing of light, with ecstasy and optimism, there may not be belief in God. ~~Especially in our world, the word God is~~ ~~(quite rightly) not a fashion, and the belief in God is~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ I'm deliberately using an old-fashioned expression which sounds to most of us not only empty of meaning but damned silly. How can you believe in the rigid dynamic force of creation in the universe, how can you believe in the everywhere, how can you believe in spirit? You either know it or you don't. And what I'm suggesting is that you can have the bliss and the ecstasy and, now and then, the feeling of utter security even in danger, ~~which is possible without knowing it~~ without knowing it. And if you don't know it, if you only get glimpses, you are thrown back into the 'real' world ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ (that is, the world you lived in before) ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ with most perplexing contradictory results. You may then find yourself thinking about suicide more openly than ever before, even though you know you will never do it, or even plan it. It is just there in the mind playing about. You may find that the darkness becomes more difficult to bear. You may find little unexpected misfortunes in your life. You may find doors closing on you which were always open before. You may find even your career folding up. But these things the ashrams and the workshops neither advertise nor acknowledge the possibility of this connection. And the result is a great deal of unhappiness of the kind I saw at the Mukdananda ashram, where constant inner crisis is blandly called a 'kria', and left where it is, to pass away (which it doesn't do). At that ashram I saw people in frantic tearful states, terror and so on, but there was no one in the directorate who could do more than smile sympathetically and refer the devotee back to his early morning chants. People rise from their meditations frequently feeling anger or hatred, and shame because they're feeling it, and frequently they believe they're alone in this and don't want to expose themselves to the Enlightened Ones by mentioning it. But all this trouble is caused by the inability to believe in God in its real sense, that is knowing with perfect security that you are being looked after. The path to that is endless, and every human being is on it whether he likes it or knows it or not. Every gesture to bring order into his life by rearing more or having the right lover or

making children or retreating to a holiday house or cultivating warm friendships or joining clubs (or workshops or gyms) is a gesture towards that security. But unless you know what you're really looking for you experience less security as time goes on, the more order you create around you. You can strive for the security of a being famous or rich but once there you will feel less secure than in your darkest days of failure and self recrimination. ~~If you want to know what you really want to know~~ And that security, that believing in God in the real sense where you no longer talk about God or about believing anything but just live with the knowledge, is what rebirthing (for me at any rate) is essentially about. It means an end to our need for churches. Churches are monuments to our disbelief. And paradoxically they create more disbelief, partly by living on it and profiting by it. This so-called Christian civilisation of the West has been founded on and organised by the richest and most far-flung church in the history of man, but who goes to church nowadays? The Italians, in the country where that church was first organised on an imperial basis? Going to church in Italy has, in the last thirty years, become almost an act of shame. And it's a reflection on your intelligence too. I have never met one man or woman in a lifetime spent in Italy who had a good word to say about priests.

But the God that expresses itself in leaves and winds and ~~the~~ dark inner moods and mysterious sounds at night, the God that intimates its existence to us in sometimes vivid and overwhelming ways---that is something you live with, a security you rest in, not concept in the head.

If you fight the darkness to reach the light in hours of meditation, if you fight the sexuality to reach non-attachment, the darkness and the sexuality will well up and suffocate you. As I Ching says, when one keeps still one gains control over one's body, but where rigidity occurs in 'the hips', that is the zone where the dark and light forces face each other, 'the heart moves aimlessly, the nerve paths will thereby be interrupted, and a suffocation of the heart is to be feared.' Such a thing is impossible with rebirthing. because rigidity is impossible. Rigidity comes from effort of mind, and if there is effort of mind the rebirthing process that process will simply cease.

What I call believing in God is simply the acknowledgement of the Third Force. Until that force is genuinely acknowledged ~~(and it is not)~~ nightmares and unexpected suicidal attitudes will continue.

The mysterious process of rebirthing seems to put the cells into a state in which things can begin to happen as if total security was there. The Third Force takes over as best it can---but while the mind doesn't

doesn't believe or assent, it can only work gradually and or fragmentarily. Now the rebirthing won't produce the mental assent. It will merely set the Third Force in motion. ~~This may upset the inner sense of security~~

Now the Indian programme, despite its emphasis on doing away with the mind (for that programme is more aware than any other of the blocking power of the mind), does not do this. Or rather, it can do it in only one way--- through the actual touch or presence of the guru. My belief is that there rebirthing there is no technique available like rebirthing which sets the Third Force in motion, and minimises the damaging effect of the mind. All the available techniques, including those of the Indian programme, are intellectual and verbal, and therefore however much they may discourage mental activity they are dependent on it and therefore cannot get rid of it. Mental control remains. And with rebirthing mental control is the first thing to disappear.

This at once separates it from psychotherapy, which may be called a journey through the mind. The rebirther isn't, and shouldn't strive to be, a 'clean vessel' as some psychotherapists call it, through which the subject's pain and distress may flow without causing discomfort or even reaction in the rebirther. The attempt to become a clean vessel (which only a monk who devotes his whole life to just this can be) ~~leads to~~ may lead to great affectation in a psychotherapist and make him adopt an attitude in which the heart ceases to act naturally. Thus an enlightenment endeavour may end by recreating the very cause of darkness, namely a shrivelling of the heart and its protection by all kinds of pretense and defense devices (which the Reichians call the 'armour'). I frequently cry when my subjects cry, during a session, (unknown to them, since their eyes are closed). This is when my heart works sympathetically. But the subject must also be prepared for the rebirther's heart to work unsympathetically. It happened to me when my teacher got angry because I had over-breathed myself into hyperventilation after my first session with her, despite her warnings that I must not try breathing alone. Her anger aroused pain and resentment in me: I thought I deserved her concern. But the important fact was that the heart was in active dialogue.

In California I found that people abandoned the rebirthing process, if only for a time, much more frequently than in Europe. And in the end I put it down mental control being such an important factor in American life. In the lack of traditions binding everyone together blindly and automatically, American life has had to depend on the mind as the one unifying factor among many religions and attitudes, and over vast spaces. Therefore it has played an essential role in building the country with the result today that the American tends to feel threatened and unsafe if he isn't in control of the situation around him. If he finds unexpected things happening to him as a result of two or three rebirths he will invariably feel he is being led into the unknown---and the unknown, he has so often been taught, means the presence of irrational

irrational forces (that is, to come full circle), mental control is absent. ~~For the expert religious society~~ We still live according to eighteenth century enlightenment principles: enlightenment meant at that time Human Reason. And the loss of this reason meant, for the thinkers of that time, chaos and madness. So quite often someone being rebirthed, and falling into a state where his mind is not in control and may not even be conscious, begins to fear that madness may result. For he has been taught that rational control is the one thing that prevents him from going mad: and the more madness there is in him, the more deep layers of unconforted resentments and afterdreads and terrors, the more he will feel the need for this control. Thus it may be said that those most in need of rebirth are those who fly from it. ~~And those who~~ once the process has started.

I found this in two writers I started to rebirth in San Francisco. One had been afraid all his life to fall asleep or unconscious (he did both in the first rebirth, although he denied the unconsciousness later), and the other was the most sub'vented human being I have ever come across. Both were living (and dying) from mental control, and the loss of control which they felt and marvelled at, though they both knew it was probably changing their lives as nothing else had done, was the very thing that frightened them and made them edge away. I say 'edge away' because these flights are always surreptitious, for the obvious reason that if they had stated their fear clearly the rebirther might successfully discourage it and have them on their backs again.

AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES

LITERARY REPRESENTATIVES

340 EAST 52nd STREET

NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

(212) PLaza 8-4213, 697-2419

Cable: MAXBIRD, NEW YORK

1 November 1991

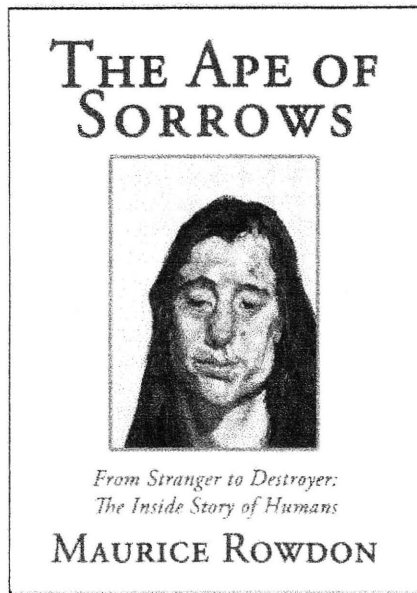
To: Maurice

Morrow reports: "I owe you many apologies for keeping this so long...Rowdon's book is very strong, written quite obviously by a brilliant man. However, I must pass because of its downbeat premise and message. Although I tend to agree, I do think it would be a terribly hard sell for us here at Morrow. I keep thinking if he focuses primarily on how we can begin to make the environment better by seeing the error in our cultural assumptions, he would have a more marketable book. But that may be too simplistic."

Sorry. The ms. has gone to the Simon Michael Bessie imprint at Pantheon. Please send the fresh copy I asked for; the Morrow reading shopwore one copy. I'm reading the novel and will be in touch; meanwhile I feel you should submit to HarperCollins in Britain direct, if possible. Good luck with house hunting.

Arthur

AO:cc



BOOK LAUNCH

23 February 2010

Daunt Books

158-164 Fulham Rd London

6:30 - 8:30 p.m.

r.s.v.p.

rowdoxy@aol.com

annabel.huxley@googlemail.com

www.theapeofsorrows.com

**WHAT kind of species goes in for collective suicide?
Have our powers of self-invention to date been deeply misconceived?
Periods of decline usually contain the seeds of renewal.
What will it take for us to survive?**

"The only measure we have 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 creatures. "

The Ape of Sorrows examines human behaviour through the simple but powerful rubric of animal intelligence, presenting a new view of humans as a magnificent, if misguided species which lost its way as it evolved beyond its niche to be niche-less, and separate, from all other non-linguistic animal life.

The Ape of Sorrows opens with a gripping retelling of the monkey brawl at London Zoo in the 1930s. It goes on to examine the history of our relationship with animals, and the development of our scientific, cultural and religious thought and practice through the millennia - the story that has brought us to this point of extreme instability in the 21st century.

Author, philosopher and historian, Maurice Rowdon brings a personal philosophical view to bear on our present state, offering an explanation as to how and why we are apparently so tragically committed to the destruction of this planet, our evolutionary mutations revealing a hard-pressed creature who seems to have had no other course.

The Ape of Sorrows is the culmination of 15 years of dedicated thought completed in the months before the visionary author's death in February 2009.

BIOGRAPHY: *Maurice Rowdon (1922-2009) earned degrees in History and Philosophy at Oxford University and published twelve books on animal and human intelligence, travel, and war. A writer of fiction and non-fiction as well as a prolific playwright, he also taught his own breathing system, evolved from yoga practices, in California and Europe. In the latter years he lived with his wife, Dachiell, who survives him, in France and London.*

NOTE: MAURICE ROWDON wrote twelve books on human and animal intelligence, and with great prescience on the shape of human culture, past, present and future.

➤ **Of Talking Dogs**, 1978:

"one of the most remarkable animal books ever written"; Evening News

➤ **In Italian Sketches**, 1963:

he casually wrote that cars would eventually be banned from city centres and politics in the future would be determined by environmental issues

➤ **Of Perimeter West**, 1956 (before the construction of The Wall in 1961)

"the most important novel to come to us out of England since 1945"; Welt und Wort

FRONT COVER: Lucian Freud, "Small Portrait 2001"

MEDIA CONTACT: ANNABEL HUXLEY tel: 020 7586 0932 / email: annabel.huxley@googlemail.com

Trees Highway
Tree Section

0208 874536



Admin

0208

8871 6397