

One

Humans are eroded animals

We humans can't bear the idea that we are animals. The thought is unsettling, it makes us feel squeamish. For many centuries we've been educated to feel that we've evolved beyond animal status. We are more sophisticated, enlightened, we are *better* than animals. Do animals have a Mozart? Can they laugh? This book will hopefully convince you not simply that we are animals but eroded ones, and that as eroded animals we have so completely lost our natural faculty to harmonise with our habitat that we live, all of us, in varying states of walking dementia.

What I'm saying in this book, what I'm going to demonstrate, is that we are frankly insane animals. Not one of us escapes living out some kind of lunacy which we cannot control, and our habitat, which has extended itself to the entire planet and all its resources, reflects this collective uncontrollable lunacy. And we are almost shock-proof where that lunacy manifests itself. We each carry about a person within ourselves whom we believe to be us. But it is a false person. He can't fulfil the programmes he sets himself. He doesn't know who he is, only what he is meant to be, namely a creature responsible for himself.

His turmoils and frenzies provide us with a picture of ourselves as humans. It is a picture of aberration from animal life. This aberration is so deep that we no longer compare ourselves with other animals, we deeply believe that our behaviour has no connection with theirs, it is conducted in a vacuum far from animal life. Our world takes no account of animals in its daily transactions, we feel no equality with animals (much of our love for them comes from our sense of them as unequal to us, helpless). We humans have made—each of us knows it—a world in which we find it desperately difficult to live, yet we're not responsible for it, you and I. Our very presence in it perpetuates its difficulties. We are born into this ambiguity. So adjustment to such a world is a long process, it begins in the earliest months of life

and is bitterly difficult, twisting the animal into contortions in order to approximate it to a fictitious personage called 'human', just as the Chinese once bound the feet of newborn girls to make them aesthetically appealing, no longer animal.

This book will show you that if we could surmount our ingrained and absurd notions about ourselves as heroically evolved creatures, if we could own up to our animality, we would begin to see how we became the poor unbalanced creature we are, which would lead us to see what *real*, that is to say *animal* heroism was involved in our survival. And from that point we could begin to learn how to project ourselves differently to the outside habitat, quit destroying ourselves and everything round us. This learning process, this way back into a tolerable life, means a completely different approach to ourselves, a realistic one for the first time, one that places us where we can use our full animal resources, not false imaginary resources that take us further and further away from ourselves.

Part of us says 'This man is talking sense'. This is the part that reads the paper, watches TV, gets scared or angry in the street, maybe over-drinks from time to time, gets into road rage, sometimes harbours an unwilling hatred so intense as to produce the wish to maim or kill. It is the part of us that feels something of a master, a knower, a doer and achiever. Another more passive part of us is saying 'Of course I do these things, I'm human, I get out of hand, but who wouldn't in this nut world?'. This is the part that sees us as a suffering species—but the suffering, we say, is due to our elevated status, other animals don't suffer like us because they're incapable of such a highly developed mode of life, we moved beyond animality and they didn't! Yet, even though this part of ourselves expresses unqualified superiority, it recognises, implicitly, that we humans alone made the world we're in and it is a world that makes us envy our pet cat or dog.

Only in the last ten or fifteen years have we given up the silly notion that apart from a few aberrations and accidents the human world is orderly, either in its high places or its low. The word 'progress' has suffered at last its demise. Not even the politicians go near it any more. Like 'development' and 'evolution' it suggested a human ever striving upward from a primitive base but *a steadily increasing*

erosion of faculties since the first human is a much more likely tale: not striving up from a primitive base but falling from it in an ever giddier spiral! Only in this sense could the present epoch be called, with terrible irony, the climax of history.

We say ‘the present epoch’ as we say ‘the world’, quite as if they had nothing to do with us and weren’t made by us. But the moment we see them as animal products arising from an urgent need caused by the *loss* of a world, the *loss* of our original fixed primate habitat, we are in a position to recognise that the erosion we see all around us, of oxygen in the air we breathe, of minerals in the soil, the erosion of the seas and the rays of the sun and the weather belt round the earth, are *an exact reflection of the erosion that grips our own faculties*.

Everywhere I look, in past centuries and today, I am told I must master myself, master my emotions, master my environment, master others. In this way, the millennia-old story goes, I would be happy, I would better myself.

But I live inside myself and I realise, in my secret self, that this self-mastery business will eat me up before it saves me, will lengthen the already fatally long distance between me and my habitat, me and my fellow animals, me and my real self.

Regaining my animality (i.e. my full faculties) doesn’t come by loving animals or having pets, though this is the first token of a wished-for change. Devisers of the most fearful pogroms and massacres, the wickedest persecutions, have kept the best in themselves for other animals. But the experience of *being* an animal, the realisation that *only in our sanest aspects are we animal*, means a change not of attitude but life.

Like everyone else I’ve been side by side with animals all my life and from time to time I’ve found myself learning from them rather than teaching them. Most of my graduate training was in philosophy (thinking about thought) and I couldn’t help noting the vast differences between my own thought and that of other animals. When I was learning to ride horseback I couldn’t help seeing that my ignorance of equine thought was far greater than their ignorance of my human thought. The fact that I could train them, with gradual sympathetic persuasion, proved that they could

decipher my codes of word and touch and sign, while I was locked in helpless hunches and hopes about *their* codes. As it happened I was never interested in trying to show how much their intelligences could *rise* to mine. I just didn't accept that starting-point. I didn't feel an animal needed to have to rise to a human level any more than a humming bird needed to rise to a kangaroo's. It *might* be that I needed to rise to theirs, in some way. When I thought of the two twentieth century 'global' wars, comparable to conscious self-eradication by a whole species, I thought that was possibly the case.

In a book about twenty years ago, published in the 'animal intelligence' category, I wrote about two dogs who were learning the German alphabet by tapping a different number for each letter (this tradition of 'tapping' animals began in Germany at the beginning of the last century). Now 'animal intelligence' implies the kind of intelligence we humans could *commend*: 'dumb' animals are trying to master 'higher' forms of communication. But I was interested solely in what those two dogs had to say, if they could say anything, about us humans. I was interested too in finding out what other animals would have done if their vital faculties had eroded as ours have done. Would they not have been obliged to construct a new voice-box and tongue language to meet the fact that their previous breath- and eye-codes had been forgotten? By studying the dogs, watching them tap out letters in reply to questions I had put to their teacher verbally, I began to think that nothing the human had done couldn't have been done by another animal, i.e. that *we have simply used our animal powers of adaptation*, powers which are required in all animals every moment of the living day.

Human civilisations and religions began to seem to me pure animal manifestations, that is to say efforts to imitate the experiences (visionary and spiritual as well as digestive and procreative) of *the whole animal*. At the same time I saw that it was going to be difficult to persuade either the religious or the atheist human that God was an unnecessary word for other animals because they lived in recognition, inherited and spontaneous and automatic recognition, of all that the word God suggests.

It became ever easier for me to see myself as an animal. But there was another reason for this. It came from my work over the last nineteen years as a therapist for humans. My therapy treats the human nervous system and it does so through the breath, hence its name ‘Oxygenesis’. It introduces ‘proper’ breathing patterns to the breathing muscles, patterns I arrived at through observing babies and animals in their sleep as well as their waking hours, patterns that have, in a word, eroded alongside many other faculties. From among the many hundreds of adults I’ve treated in more than one country perhaps two have had *the natural gift to breathe like animals*. The extraordinary results I sometimes witness as my clients revert to the proper use of their abdominal and thoracic muscles are due solely to the fact that the animal (or the human) has, in this one respect of oxygen-metabolism, been rehabilitated. Nothing short of a complete rehabilitation of the human can induce lost faculties to revive completely.

Therefore, the first thing I am going to provide in this book is an animal picture of the human, not a human picture of animals. I am going to dismantle those of our inherited beliefs that are expendable. I say ‘expendable’ because inherited beliefs can’t on the whole be touched. For instance, in a period of flourishing civilisation consensus is fairly absolute. At that time inherited human ideas are called, simply, *reality*, which is as impossible to question as to question that an oak table is hard to the touch. At such times law and order tend not to be imposed but to reside in the mind as an unquestionable way to behave. Only when human reality fragmentates as it is doing now, only when the self seems to disintegrate correspondingly, can we so much as broach the question of who humans think they are.

I’m also going to show you how you came to think you’re an animal *only* when you commit a brutality. I’m going to show you how the word ‘animal’ came to mean ‘brute’ from which decent humans must recoil. I’m going to show you how ‘animal’ in a *practical* sense equals tranquillity, harmony, balance, even spirituality, and how ‘human’ in a *practical* sense equals alienation, restlessness, abstraction and destruction.

And then I'm going to show you how to merge 'animal' with 'human' in a way that leads to an altogether new animated mode of thought. The word 'animal' will be taken back to its original Roman and Indo-European root as meaning 'everything that breathes'. The new thought won't be what the word 'thought' implies at present, namely abstraction and ideology. In this sense it won't be human thought. It will be animal thought. So here we go.

So deeply, in fact, that it isn't a performance for us at all but reality. Being so hypnotized by it, so surrounded by all its works night and day, deafened and excited and distressed by it (but distress confirms its power), we have to say 'This is too huge an edifice for me to question'.

It is as if the madman who claims he is Caesar so influences his keepers and fellow inmates and ultimately everybody outside his mental institution that he is acknowledged as Caesar by all. So in truth he becomes Caesar. And the demented origin is entirely hidden.

The peculiar power of dementia---the 'demonic' energy, as we say---lies in its transference of the sexual drive into all kinds of imaginative and mental forms. This doesn't at all mean that sex was 'sublimated' or 'canalized'. There was no *loss* of sexuality as there was a loss of vision and nasal power, but a great change did come about, just as it does in zoo animals. The murder rampage at the London zoo which I talked about in my first chapter shows to what extent *mind* had entered sexual performance (and therefore male hierarchy) in the captive animal. So it is the other way round---mind (concentration) invades the sexual drive, rather than the latter being in any way weakened.

I mention this now because we have so diluted the word 'mind' from its original Greek meaning of 'spirit', and so diluted the word 'spirit' to a sort of spook status, that the vast force of 'mind' in the human structure has been lost to view.

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In its original Greek form (*menos*) the word 'mind' meant the vigor or spirit displayed by a human, not his conscious thought as it does for us (though the Greeks could *also* mean that).

The word could be applied to the processes of digestion, glandular secretion, response to sexual stimuli. But we (beginning with Aristotle) have so elevated the word to a status where it means 'non-animal' that it now refers to the act of *withdrawing* from unconscious processes rather than *expressing* them.

This brought the word 'brain' into circulation. Originally, as the Greek word *bregma*, this meant just the brow or forehead, i.e. a surface---not at all a force, a spirit. If today we use it more and more it is because we think of 'mind' as being exclusively located in the brain area, a calculating apparatus in detachment from the rest of the nervous system.

Of course we know that we can't have a thought without electrochemical events happening inside us. We know that the brain depends on blood circulation and the whole nexus of nerves deployed along the spinal column. Yet our *perception* of the matter is that the brain is responsible for conscious thought, and that conscious thought is the chief directing force in life. But consciousness---and this is basically what we mean by 'mind'---is deployed everywhere in the organism. There are cells in the brain as there are in the rest of the body and the messages received within and sent out by the brain would be no messages at all unless an equally intelligent cell elsewhere received them.

But we have never been very realistic this way. Always, in this civilization, there has been a great disposition to strike poses, which means to look for the power element in everything. Many if not all of the heavenly fights between the Greek gods were *fights over power*. From the beginning of our civilization a more than acceptable level of grandiosity began to appear in our thought-processes, which in turn invited uncontrolled hallucination, to the point where the brain would come off its moorings.

When we believe (hallucinate) that we conduct our lives with conscious, freely chosen thoughts we are making an oblique reference to our degree of alienation from the habitat. So many of the habitat's functions have dried up for us that we understandably get the impression that we are consciously all life, especially as we operate within a closed man-made 'I am Caesar' habitat.

Having lifted the 'mind' out of the human pathological system we start attributing everything that happens to it. At the end of the last century doctors were keen on attributing their patients' symptoms to hysterical origins ('nerves'). This century 'mental problems' became distinct from 'physical symptoms', and tend to win primacy over the latter. In the Thirties there was a feeble effort to bridge the two in the form of the 'psychosomatic' theory, but a bridge implies two separate banks, so that this theory (now part of popular lore) left the Mind theology's mind-body division intact. This theology determined the structure of our medical thinking so thoroughly that we are lucky nowadays to escape our family doctor without a crude counseling lecture based on dimly perceived media hash-ups of psychoanalytical theory.

When Sechenov, Pavlov's teacher, argued that all human activity was in the nature of a reflex no one knew what he was talking about. We would be ignorant of his name were it not that Pavlov admired him. Sechenov was really saying that cortical or conscious activity is a tiny portion of the massive electrochemical activity we call life and can neither control the internal operations on which life depends nor act on any conscious analysis of it.

In the smallest matter, for instance breathing, we are governed not by conscious thought but by autonomic action. The moment most of us start thinking about our breath, and receiving instruction about how to do it, its 'natural' rhythm ceases, often to the point of hyperventilation. Any genuine breath specialist knows that such a 'natural' rhythm has long ceased in the human, even if it

It is the same with the eyelids. They blink according to laws of their own until we start talking about their frequency per minute. Only when the new facts have been absorbed by means of exercises will the breathing or the eye-lids function 'naturally' in the new rhythm. In other words, function *requires the thought to be made unconscious*.

This is how a civilization is made. It comes from the act of withdrawing from the habitat (thinking or concentrating) in order to create a new world but then it must build *unconscious forms* which can be inherited. The more successfully it does this the more perfectly will it imitate the habitat and not be at odds with it as ours is.

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In its flourishing moments a civilization is an artistic fling. Everything from painted plaster ceilings to finely reticulated fish knives conveys a sense of form. The artifacts are later collected and archived with reverence. At its peak a civilization is blind in the way lovers are blind. Acts of passion (or folly, i.e. passion gone wrong) abound. Love is more important than life.

In a period of fall like the present one we look back on civilization with wonder and misapprehension. Why on earth did Swann throw himself and his fortune and health away on Odette de Crécy whom he knew to be little better than a whore and not his type anyway? Why did his feeling that she was foreign to him actually excite his love into self-sacrificial

infatuation? Why did Proust linger so long over perfumes and the touch of things and a barely perceived expression of face instead of developing a good straightforward plot and making his characters do the logical, wide-awake, constructive things which we know the human, and indeed any animal, to be incapable of?


The technological observer looks back on all this dumbly, searching for his own literal truths. How was it those people loved and feared and followed and worshipped and denounced each other so ardently when they could have sat down and simply talked it out? How could they bear the dependency of loving and the disorder of hating?

In civilization we belong so deeply to it that the subtlest glances can become haunting ancestral beguilements, arouse unquenchable sexual longings, their language too deep for the conscious mind. Smells, the touch of hands, the sound of kitchen clatter, laughter in another room, footsteps on stone steps, the crispness of a morning melt together into an assembly which is only named as 'civilization' when threatened.

How to glance at the beloved, how to distinguish a fine walk from a gauche one, how to eat and drink, how to sit, take the air, laugh or sigh, how to greet a friend as opposed to a relative, how to give orders or receive them, how to sleep and how to rise from the bed, how to sneeze, cough, clear the throat, how to dally with the young or dandle a baby, how to listen and how to talk, how to kiss, embrace, excite, sustain the lover and be sustained in turn---all this was passed from one generation to the next with no explicit advice. The child observed them in the adult and yearned to be the same, and in the yearning was already the learning. This is how reflexes work.

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I felt that this decline could span centuries, even millennia---that our own civilization was so discontinuous and turbulent from the beginning as to suggest that the decline and fall of the Roman empire simply extended itself through Christianity until, with marvelous glimpses here and there of a civilization that might have been and so many times nearly was, this fall reached its hopefully final low---in this present killer century.



Twenty Four
THE FICTION OF HARD FACTS

In the twentieth century nothing more baffled us than the fact that what should have been an era of the most advanced civilization, steaming and thumping and roaring away with the spirit of industry, clicking and blinking and humming with electronic subtlety, turned out to be a mass murder that would have had Attila or Tamberlaine catatonic with terror.

All right, we don't brag any more about being the highest civilization, or even much of a civilization at all. Just the number and extent of our wars rule that out, quite apart from the lethality of our weapons---and the sorrows left behind by Hitler's all too Final Solution.

Still, we might feel gingerly about facing a certain proposition which I am now going to set down: it is that this century has been the climax of a long-laid compulsion *to destroy all living things*.

If we look at the way the techniques of war have developed over the past centuries we shall find that they increased the range rather than the precision of their destructive capacity. Gunpowder, the single most significant event in that history, was developed not for its ability to destroy precise targets when aimed from the barrels of small arms but for its destructive spread, until the final technique of all, this century, involved no cordite whatever but could achieve the disappearance of a city within eight seconds.

Not that the desire to kill all living things was ever a plan. After all, wars are entered into blindly and escalate helplessly. We look in vain for ideas of terrestrial suicide or even ones that vaguely suggest it. And because this is so we are likely to dismiss the suggestion that this is what we humans were out to do.

I repeat, it is human perceptions we must look into, and these become apparent from behavior. After uniformly *destructive* behavior for the last five centuries, and widespread violent skirmishes for a thousand years before that, we should be able to recognize certain consistent ideas. But this doesn't make them easy to accept, precisely because the old perception is intact, with the *design to destroy* lying immaculate within it.

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Of all the words in modern vocabularies one dominates and that is *enemy*. I am going to adapt something Freud said about phobia: the wonder isn't that we are *enemy*-fixated but that we are ever anything else!

The enemy is the one who always stands in our light. Get him out of the way and the light shines on us. Actually, we invent him. After all, no creature is born with this name. But fiction or no fiction we must get rid of him in order to see the light.

The enemy idea was brought to sophistication in medieval speculations about the devil (*diabolos*, from the Greek)---he being the principal one, Satan (from the Hebrew, meaning enemy) or Beelzebub (Hebrew for the fallen 'god of the flies' but more exactly a fallen angel) and all kinds of subsidiary demons (*daemon*, Greek, meaning half-god) and fallen angels who peeped out of the habitat in animal form and would devour you without so much as a thank you. The enemy was the infidel, the heretic, the pagan, the sinner, the witch, even a pot of ripe plums and your lust for them. Good things could become enemies. Cleverness was a snare of pride.

Charity was changeable for vanity. Ardor in prayer could address itself equally to Old Nick, who was all too pleased to satisfy self-seeking penitents.

Life was based on the enemy. The enemy kept you from becoming bent. Thus it was that killing became essential for the uncovering of the light. In crusades, persecutions, witch burnings, the rasings of heresy-infected villages the enemy was dealt a series of Last Blows which would secure the true, clean dispensation everyone was waiting for. But the offending victim always popped up again even from the headless, the charred, the quartered, the disembowelled, the racked-to-death---just as he does from the radiated, the bombarded, the fire-bombed today.

If *enemy* hovers so ubiquitously in the human mind, is so much at the edge of every half-thought it is because it means 'that which is preventing me from getting forward'. So enmity can't be switched off. You must be prepared for it not only in the wars that make your cities shudder and fall and necessitate less formal funerals than are normal (bulldoze them into holes) but when arms have been laid down and the soldiers gone home. Then the *trivial* murders begin---the group rapes, the random atrocities, the domestic outrages. The enemy is now parents, males, females, lesbians, homosexuals, heterosexuals, whites, blacks, Muslims, Jews, Christians, children, orientals, westerners, there being no category of human, no thought, beyond the haunted brain's capacity to demonize. It is a double process. The self which demonizes another into *enemy* has already turned itself into that enemy's victim, which adds to the smarting wound, then the smart adds to the anger, and fist-fights, strangulations, the cutting of throats begin to crowd the imagination, though the enemy may be a neighbor tranquilly cooking borsch and unaware of any enmity whatever.

Nearly all cries for freedom are for freedom from brain ghosts, those persistent ones which can't walk away because they aren't real.

If the Jews and Bolsheviks and gypsies didn't look like fellow humans to the guards of the nazi death camps it was because their perception of them already contained the Final Solution, namely saw them as *the last obstacle*. Just a little effort to overcome the first squeamishness was necessary, in the knowledge that after the clean-up the death chambers would no longer have to figure in life.

I mention the victims of the Final Solution here not because they have been the only *enemy* in history but because the Holocaust was at the very hub of human dementia.

Christopher Marlowe dramatized such things in *Doctor Faustus* and *Tamberlaine* four centuries ago. His stories were old epics from a legendary time. It might be worth adding that in one performance during the reign of Elizabeth I somebody in the audience got the idea that among the devils onstage was Satan himself. A riot broke out. Was it a preview?

Twenty Five

THE BRAIN REBELLION

Yet at no time even in modern history did *ordinary* people, those who had to produce the food and fight in the wars, show obvious signs of madness.

In fact, until ^{the 20th} ~~this~~ century, we could rely on a firm ballast of sound-nerved laboring families to compensate for the actions of enlightened people at the top. They made clothing, houses, vehicles. They groomed and fed and stabled the horses and collected the eggs and milked the cows and were sometimes listened to even by the enlightened for their illiterate wisdom.

But after 1945, namely at the end of World War Two, more and more people began to talk about being depressed. Formerly shrugged off as a personal mood that would quickly pass, mental depression now became something that doctors had to cope with. Diagnosing mental distress as 'just nerves' would no longer do, though in fact it was the best diagnosis of the lot. The old regime of sound nerves at the bottom of the social scale and a state of hysteria at the top was clearly gone.

These complaints about depression were most frequent in prosperous countries, and increased with the prosperity. As new money circulated so a much larger middle class came into being, with its vulnerability to enlightenment of every kind. 'Affluence', the fashionable word, brought a sense of liberation. The old middle class had taken a beating from the war. Less and less did it determine tastes and standards. There was abundant upward mobility if only because the top was much less different from the bottom than it had been in the 'old' days. Some Europeans saw this as the Americanization of the West but role models take centuries to get into the perceptions. In fact it was a process that had been going on since medieval times, namely *the fragmentation of authority wherever it put its head*.

Still, the nineteenth-century promise that once everybody had enough money and the chance of a university education good taste, good manners and good order would prevail looked to war-weary and day-dreaming populations in 1945 as if it might at last be fulfilled. The fact that precisely the opposite happened wasn't noticed for decades. It continued to be said in the Fifties and even as late as the Seventies that Man had at last reached the top of the arc. Progress figured so much in political speeches that it began to sound like overture music to the Last Act.

More books were read, more plays and films were seen, more music was heard and more discussion went on. But there were increasing signs that this had nothing to do with the propagation of old middle-class values at all. Most people when they watched a film or read a book or glanced at a newspaper wanted the crime and the calamity. Man, far from having got to the top of any arc, was increasingly fascinated with the darkness at the bottom. It was this rather than the enlightenment promised by Victorians (not, though, by intelligent ones like William Morris) that got to the top of the arc, and today malevolent behavior previously only written about and filmed is realized on the street.

Some people argued that this was the fruit of affluence. But affluence in other centuries had quite opposite effects. Why was the dark side of the brain now so evident, the bright side gone? Mental depression took various forms: it could be groundless fear and anxiety, a simple grey feeling, it could manifest in 'healthy' or 'normal' people as a love of (someone else's)

murder, calamity, torture, hostility, resentment, revenge, punishment, subterfuge, plotting and punishment in every real or dramatized form.

Depressive minds able to supply this were plentiful, and there was no market dearth of nasty stories both fictional and documented. Apparently humanity had finished two world wars only to sit down and think up the most ghoulish atrocities in the hope of selling them to a publisher or film producer, or sit down and watch the result. The massive degree of sitting and thinking and watching was alone enough to cause depression. It was as if humanity had lost the use of its hands.

This love of the fearful, the cruel and vindictive was the *active* side of the brain's darkness, and as such comfortable. The other *passive* side---plain mental depression and self-doubt---was something you needed a doctor for.

But no doctor pointed out that the two sides, the active and the passive, fed on each other and increased each other.

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This was where the chemical industry came forward: it would give doctors something to administer not as a cure but as a temporary knock-out.

This presented a novel view of medicine but was accepted without a murmur because short of sending millions of people to psychoanalysts, which most of them couldn't afford, there seemed nothing else to do. The pharmacies began filling up like Victorian ladies' drawing rooms.

It became imperative to encourage the light side of the brain, which would then presumably reduce the dark side. So, particularly in the Sixties and Seventies, a kind of therapy began to circulate that was distinct from both chemical/electrical psychiatry and psychoanalysis. It sought to improve self-esteem, optimism, confidence, good will and tolerance because these qualities seemed in abeyance. The personality had to be 'integrated', illuminated. There were Yoga classes, Yoga lessons on television. The word guru became accepted English, and Indian ashrams began to appear in the West. The guru was someone capable of putting the brain into a state of radiance.

We began to ask if this sense of light in the brain didn't have a chemical component, and words like 'endorphins' and 'melatonin' were put about. The endorphins were secreted naturally by the body. They promoted a state of optimism and protected the organism against pain (end-morphine). They were also essential to the body's immune system (another expression to enter popular medical language). There was the famous Norman Cousins case---he laughed himself back to health by dint of running comic videos on his television screen all day. Doctors began to look into his case and he was invited to join the medical staff at Stanford University.

The brain itself, not simply thoughts, much less behavior, now came under investigation. At last the human being seemed to be facing the fact that the erosion of certain forces within him might lead not only to his destruction but the world's.

The increased influence of the gurus and therapists meant that people began to look for more than medical repair-systems. The word 'God' began entering the mouths of Christians who had never entered a church except at a helplessly early age. On the lips of Indians and Buddhists it had a different ring---released from ethical overtones and the Old Man in the Sky image. A paradoxical situation arose in which as the Churches lost influence a sense of religion increased.

More and more people began adopting techniques of Californian progeny---Est, rebirthing, primal or scream therapy, spiritual massage, past-life regression, neurolinguistic programming, hypnotherapy. The tradition wasn't a new one. Back in the Twenties Los Angeles had teemed with cabalists, yogis, astrologers, psychics. Now these things became a service industry. The idea of religion was now connected with health and well-being and a sense of autonomy. If people didn't wish to say 'I believe in God' they accepted the inner benefits of doing so. Religion now had its place as a 'self-empowerment' therapy, as a passport to success. The fundamentalists began promising health, wealth and happiness as the certain rewards of following the Redeemer (the Redeemer had quite particularly emphasized that he was *not* offering these things). Even Californian masseurs began touting Security, a Good Relationship and Happiness as the fruits of massages that resembled 'hands-on' healing sessions.

All this, despite being much more effective than most non-Californians cared to know, tended to overlook the human's inbuilt capacity to recover his sanity and optimism without an arduous self-development program. There were gurus who said as much. The *self*, they said, was the only teacher, and 'I the guru am only an analogy for yourself. You have the thing inside you which you foolishly look for outside.' Socrates had said it and it was still true.

But it was easier said than done. Most people, if statistics were anything to go by, felt they needed help---from doctors, pharmacists, psychiatrists, family counselors, sects, while others went to aerobic classes, muscle-development clubs, yoga classes, health spas, dietary schools, martial arts groups and sexually indiscriminate swinging parties. There were unmistakable worldwide efforts by the human being to rehabilitate the human being by almost any means available.

Part of this effort took the form of drug use, whether prescription drugs or narcotics. Masses of people were clearly dissatisfied with themselves and their lives and were desperate to take substances that promised to enhance their experiences, their performance and their personality. 'Empowerment' became one of the key-words of the therapies but it was equally a goal for those looking for drug-induced trips because they didn't believe that life was as flat and stale as they found it to be.

With the heavy political stigma against drug-addiction it is difficult for us to see that here too, even in self-injection with tainted needles, lies a burning quest in the human for the life of which he feels starved.

Hoaxed into believing that his is a conscious mind within an unconscious body he naturally gropes for a connection with the habitat by means of mental events, which is exactly the wrong way round.

Many people who are unforgiving toward drug-addiction are themselves addicts, but of approved-pharmaceutically forms which have exactly the same goals of removing depression and creating contentment.

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Gradually in the last decades chemical or pill psychiatry has taken precedence over counseling. This was partly because a growing number of people complained of depression, 'intractable' pain, suicidal desires. But really it was an attempt to recognize, without seeming to, the fact that the human wasn't the *naturally* sane creature he was cracked up to be.

The ever more fashionable word 'biological' as a description of the new psychiatric approach confirmed this. Talk therapy was out but on the other hand no one wanted to hand the brain over to the neurologist, who was already beginning to say that serial butchers and sex mutilators had discernibly different brains from other people. The word 'biology' suggested things in the brain which no one could call abnormal and which therefore required round-the-clock psychiatric surveillance. Whatever else it was, it was good for business.

More and more the psychiatric belief was that aberrant behavior required chemical adjustment in order (rather vaguely) to 're-establish chemical balance in the brain'. But jiggering about with the 'neurotransmitter serotonin' is dangerous if only because less is known about the brain than any other part of the body.

Yet the matter is simple, despite the fancy names given to the chemicals of brain manipulation or their description as 'elegant' or 'state of the art'. Each of them in turn is a 'miracle' drug when it appears, and gets a media lift-off, even a front page if lucky. In time (but this part is rarely given publicity) it is quietly debunked in the profession on the grounds that the science is moving forward and has left it behind. But in fact the drug was found to be harmful, which doesn't stop it being re-launched under a different name.

Millions of people take these pills and within weeks are no longer authorities on how they feel or what they think because *their perceptions are now distorted*. The organism no longer communicates its distresses so readily to the mind. A serious de-pilotization of the nervous system takes place.

It isn't only the fact that the brain is a bafflingly complicated organ but that it is the cradle of those responses which make it possible for the human to function in the habitat. If the human were just a thinking mind it might be different. Then the so-called neuroleptics or 'lobotomy' drugs might have localized effects. But if you interfere with a response or neurotransmitter you upset the balance on which judgment depends. Anyone who has witnessed a psychiatric patient laughing with genuine enjoyment at somebody else's tragedy (a terminal cancer, say) will know what I mean.

It is what the courts call diminished responsibility, which is perhaps why one of the chief of the miracle drugs of recent years, Prozac, has been cited by defense counsels in a number of murder trials.

Seeing depression or alcoholism as chemical un-balance in the brain, a neurotransmitter problem, is a covert acknowledgement of universal dementia but if you chemically lobotomize the brain you drive the dementia deeper because you further deepen the state of alienation from which it all started.

This alienation didn't happen because of any damage to the brain but because of the particular hazards of human-primate existence. Certain situations of terror can drive any animal mad---i.e. *thoughts and impressions alone are enough to derange the brain*, without any structural changes having taken place.

Psychiatry is locked into theology like every other discipline, and as in medicine generally the inherited perception is that the human's 'animal' (irrational) side must be tamed or at least put out of view. Lobotomy, by means of pills or electric shocks, is the realization of a doctrine which said 'cut the mind from the feelings' as if---again the hidden theology---the mind was the *opposite* of biological, i.e. a special non-animal endowment.

life-enhancement increased until hardly anyone lives without some form of stimulant, sedative or hallucinator.

Governments make war on the drug barons. The idea is to limit and finally abolish the supplies but as fast as the supply of one drug diminishes another one appears 'on the streets' (we associate drugs with the streets as if drug-ingestion wasn't also a chronic middle-class habit). The demand in all classes is huge, unquenchable. People will risk imprisonment for experiences that their usual lives don't give them. They are on a *brain rebellion*, refusing to take what is supposed to be real life as either natural or true.

* * *

'Narcotic' drugs are said to be taken to 'escape' but far from escaping into another world drug-takers testify again and again that they discover the real one and that their the normal world of their perceptions doesn't give a true picture of reality at all.

We use the word 'narcotic' to encourage this escape idea but many drugs, like cocaine, are non-narcotic in effect. The hallucinations they provoke may unfold startling discoveries about reality which from that time on, even long after the drug has been dropped, change the very form of perception itself. And that was the reason it was taken---to *alter perception*.

At certain points of collapse in civilization, as dementia sweeps back to control human behavior, there is a widespread revulsion from the old perceptions and they are seen---yes, the very sights and sounds---as a prison. Getting out of the prison, however, has to be done carefully. But almost no one knows how. So quick-fix methods prevail.

When the American Indians used the peyote cactus (mescaline) and the Liberty Cap mushroom (psilocybin) in their ceremonies they knew how much to take and how often. The amount taken was tiny, the ingestion slow. Also the ceremony wasn't a daily occurrence.

Such ceremonies were built on experience. In pygmy ceremonies those who go into trance are held and cared for by others, just as it is in similar ceremonies in Pakistan and India.

The physiological process is a simple one, whether a person is taking tranquilizers or heroin or cannabis. We give ourselves an extra supply of endogenous chemicals---i.e. chemicals the body produces of its own accord. But this *lowers our own production of the same chemical*.

Every time we take a tranquilizer or smoke pot or sniff cocaine the organism responds by not producing those elements which the chemical is trying to imitate.

Thus the pain or sleeplessness or anxiety or depression gets worse once the first effects wear off. So at one and the same time you are augmenting the body's natural supplies and also depleting them as you go along.

So you are starting off with a certain *natural* erosion of faculties as a human primate, then you decide, of all disastrous courses, whether with the help of your psychiatrist or a drug dealer, to erode your faculties even further.

Since the brain always tries to achieve balance it stops self-production of a chemical so as to prevent too great a supply at any given time. Our reflexes are weakened because they depend on a steady and balanced reproduction of *endogenous* chemicals. If you take enough of a drug there is a marked slowing-down of these reflexes, almost always unobserved by the user, whether the drug is prescriptive or narcotic. The victim may 'forget' how to walk, breathe, mate, eat,

judge, behave with integrity. There are choking sensations as the respiratory muscles lose their autonomic motion. *This is the muscular expression of a general autonomic collapse.*

You will hear that certain 'character traits' are common to people who fall into drug dependence. They are often 'rebellious' types. They tolerate delays in the gratification of their desires with great difficulty, they are impulsive, socially happy etc.

But these same traits get soldiers medals. They are the traits of highly intelligent people too. And they *follow* habitual chemical use rather than precede it.

Not that drugs are character-building either. But the 'character flaws' are invariably features of the drug, not features of the character.

When someone on XTC throws himself off a roof in the expectation of flying he doesn't fly but he thinks he is going to. No character flaw here. It is simply how he sees things. When he swims far out to sea in the dead of night and can't judge the distance he has gone, and so cannot get back to shore, his mental expectations are due solely to the drug, which has destroyed his brain's proper habitat-responses.

Moral admonition will have small effect on this state. Analysis of childhood events or parental shortcomings can no more alter the effects of a drug than flying in a plane can develop the leg muscles. You have to have a drug-withdrawal program, and this requires special care because it is much like the death journey or journey to the underworld that the Greek mysteries induced, and which all 'rebirth' initiations must have in some form. The hand has to be held, the terrified mind night and day consoled. We must remember that the death journey's effect is to make the initiate go deeper into the habitat, not away from it. So a great sense of belonging, arriving home, ensues afterwards.

A lot of doctors urge patients to stop taking tranquilizers, ^{in acute depression or anxiety} unaware that chemical ingestion creates its own electrochemical need for further ingestion, ^{occurs} and that reducing or suddenly stopping the drug creates a need for higher doses.

The withdrawal treatment most likely to succeed is the one that approaches the brain directly, for instance through the use of electrodes emitting high-frequency waves. In a matter of ten days a tranquilizer- or narcotic-dependent patient can kick the dependency. What has unbalanced the brain can only be corrected by direct influence on the brain. In other words certain high-frequency waves can alter the perception 'I must have another pill' to the perception 'I don't need to take a pill'. What the mysteries did was achieve this electronic or acupunctural effect by sensory-deprivation, fasting or breath techniques, that is *by equally physiological means*, never by advice, admonition, verbal exploration or reference to the conscious will. An addict---the drug can be heroin or alcohol or sedatives---can't connect his feelings to the drug because the action of the drug is to reduce, never sharpen responses. The mind may be momentarily sharper, there may be a sense of greater awareness, but it is because the other ('animal') responses are numbed.

Someone who smokes pot regularly will often make a split-second pause when answering questions. For himself he is answering immediately. We know he isn't. His loss of response is unknown to him.

In the case of a heroin overdose, alone or mixed with barbiturates and/or alcohol, the respiratory muscles may cease action altogether. Tranquilizers too may affect these muscles both by depressing the brain centers on which oxygen metabolism depends and by paralyzing the respiratory muscles.

Jews. A year later, when I had left Iraq, they were banished from the country. and I heard that the Baghdadis lined the streets to watch them go, waving good bye, many of them weeping.

This is how humans can be overtaken by events they neither understand nor approve of. Yet they may very quickly approve of it, once hostility generated by governments or parties has taken hold. But governments and parties consist of humans like themselves: what is it that lies helpless in us, too deep for us to know, much less understand? Despite the vast personal etiquette we humans have, during political conflicts and even 'bitter' warfare, namely battle costly in deaths and wounds and screams, this etiquette remains.

Which makes a strange animal of us, one who needs vast courage to face what apparently lies within, but of which he or she knows utterly nothing.

This book, in its every sentence, is my effort to find out.

And the fact that it is a light-hearted book shouldn't come as a surprise. For sackcloth and ashes are no way to confront what we must recognise at last are our deepest absurdities.

Debunking such a species is, after all, a joyful not rueful enterprise.

it had demonstrated wisdom and sanity? On the contrary, we would shake our heads and say it was frankly mad and thoroughly deserved its fate.

Is it not possible that the most intelligent animal is that which leaves its environment enhanced, while the least intelligent animal is that which wallows in its own wastes, unable to dispose of them safely?

* * *

But having condemned myself, even reformed myself, what exactly do I do about it? Here lies perhaps the toughest greatest obstacle---me. As what might be called an obsessive user of electricity I am simply unable to respond to any request for me to reduce those emissions for which I am personally responsible, and for the good reason that I would be unable to live, not to say earn my living if I didn't constantly, throughout seventeen or so hours each day, switch on the light for purposes of work or leisure. Every time I go to the washing machine or dishwasher or freezer, every time I turn the television on or use my electronic appliance, *I am responsible for by far the biggest portion of emissions*, namely that caused by electric generation.

And so it is in the whole world. In the United States long-distance automobile travel is the essential basis of life for millions of people. It is why American gasoline must be plentiful and cheap. Carbon emitting becomes a necessary and unavoidable way of life.

At the moment of my writing this some enterprising people are wrapping part of the Gürschen glacier in the Swiss alps in a huge sheet of plastic foil nearly the size of a football stadium (this is what the newspapers say). The water flowing from a nearby lake (the beneficiary of prematurely melting snow) is being pressured off into snow cannons that will hopefully keep up the snow level for skiers. The environmentalists, as the anti-Carbon Age people are called, say this is absurd. And it is. And the people responsible probably know it. But they are doing to save their jobs. They must have their skiers. Plastic foil used previously on Austrian slopes were 'successful'. And all of us, including the environmentalists, are in the same boat. The moment we step into our cars to return home from work we have joined the throng.

Very clearly, we depend on carbon emissions, that is on our slow (perhaps not so slow) death. It is all very well to say that we have had a wake-up call but what do I do if I wake up to the meaning of those all too easy words 'climate change' or 'global warming'? Even to wake up and take notice I have to live. I must go about my life in the usual way, which means assuming, whether we like it or not, that all is well with the world. As long as there are walls to my bedroom and the taps yield water and friends call round and I talk to my neighbours *sleep takes hold of us*. In no other manner could we get through the day. At home or at an environmental conference my very limbs declare, and what a wonderful balm it is, that *all is well*.

It appears that far from being in charge of ourselves, and thus of the life we live, we are helpless and automatic in our behaviour precisely in the

manner we have always said typifies *other* animals. I am going to show later that this carbon age we at present live in was planned and looked forward to since at least the early middle ages. I shall be giving clear documentary evidence of that. In a word, we walked open-eyed and even joyfully into it. And blindly. For all those thinkers who, generation by generation, worked for it were blind to the outcome.

So the time has come to ask ourselves whether we humans have given less proof of a superior intelligence than of an *eroded one*? Could our *deficiency* of intelligence have been our guide, rather than our over-sufficiency of it?

Could it be that the lethal erosion all around us---from the fatally low oxygen-content of the air to the poisoning of all the seas and soils and sunrays and weather belts---is *an exact reflection of the erosion that have always gripped our human faculties*?

Is it possible that we have declared ourselves non-animals for so long because this was the beleaguered state we were forced to live in, namely a state of terrible isolation, far from any brotherhood with other creatures?

Yet we could never have survived had we quivered with fear. On the contrary, the human has shown a remarkable competence---clear from the nature of his many adaptations, and the mutations that crowned these. Human survival had behind it a simply tremendous force. It was a competence far the capacity of any other animal to imitate. Above all it was something other animals didn't need. They never worked. Building a nest or seeking a lair was

without intensity or even intention---‘they sow not neither do they spin’. Their inherited know-how saves them the trouble.

But where did human competence come from? How was it that it didn’t spring up in other animals? For the good reason that it wasn’t, itself, an animal manifestation. It was that of an eroded animal, one that had lost its way, which called for effort and vigilance, all the time.

Let us take a striking example of human competence that derives from and in turn leads to tragedy. We do not know of one civilisation for which war was virtually the basis of its well-being, its very instrument of power and stability. We do know of civilisations that were pacific (Joseph Campbell mentions a few of them) but they were all occupied by their neighbours or allowed to fester in weak isolation.

Now war requires a competence far beyond anything necessary in peace. No matter whether we are talking of the Assyrians or Greeks or Minoans the assembling and arming and moving of great bodies of men, and keeping them on the move while daily supplying them with food and arms and the means of shelter we are faced a degree of competence that is downright frightening (as it is meant to be).

Our civilisations have even turned war into an honour and delight involving a colourful hierarchy of many ranks in which each is personified by tabs, pips and the special design of ‘uniforms’ that are anything but uniform. All for the intended and planned killing of fellow human beings.

Look back a little to the last century and you face the black tragedy of two 'world' wars (i.e. wars disrupting all mankind), and what a heap of unctuous and glorifying words have been poured over them in ceremonies and remembrances ever since, quite as if the decimation of our own species were the proudest, while most sorrowful, component of our collective memory. It is what history is all about (in our Western civilisation, that very study started in ancient times with Herodotus's war saga).

* * *

If we consider for a moment that every human baby is born an animal (a simple physiological fact) we shall see through what forbidding thickets of bafflement that baby must pass through during his or her enforced transference into a 'human'. It is why perhaps Otto Rank, the Freudian, described the first gasp for air as the human's first taste of tragedy.

He or she, being an animal, naturally expects to be confronted by other animals, not a creature of enormous height on two legs. Contortions of behaviour, especially in the use of the voice box, must be painstakingly learned, just as the feet of newborn Chinese girls had at one time to learn how to live squeezed to smallness to make them aesthetically appealing.

Yet I cannot regain my animal self (i.e. my full faculties) by living close to animals. Inventors of the most fearful pogroms and massacres, the wickedest persecutions, have kept the best of themselves for other animals. It is

solely the experience of *being* an animal, the realisation that *only in our sanest aspects are we animal*, that we can dislodge the false personage that falls like a remorseless shadow on our lives. In my graduate years, when I was trying to improve my horse riding, I couldn't help seeing that my ignorance of equine thought was far greater than their ignorance of my human thought. The fact that I could 'train' them, with gradual sympathetic persuasion, proved that they could decipher my codes of word and sign and touch without the slightest difficulty, while I for my part was locked in hunches and hopes about *their* codes and signs.

Later I am going to show why many of us call ourselves animals only when we commit a brutality. The word 'animal' will be taken back to its original Roman and Indo-European root as meaning 'everything that breathes'. The thinking I am about to embark on won't be what the word 'thought' implies at present, namely an 'abstract' enquiry suggesting that I can survey the universe with a special and conclusive understanding. In this sense it will be animal, not human, thought. It will show that to have no animal awareness is simply to have no awareness.

Two

I think, therefore I'm nervous

So was our adoption of a non-animal identity 'our fault'? A moment's sympathetic glance at ourselves will show us that, of all disturbing contradictions, we were obliged to adopt such an unreal personage for the simple reason that we could not have survived as a species without it.

Let us picture it this way. An animal is suddenly thrust out of its original fixed habitat. We cannot know at this distance of time exactly what it was that plunged the 'human' (not yet one) into a crisis. Drastic weather changes may have ruined his original fixed habitat to which his nervous and digestive systems were attuned. He may have been overcome by predators. Whatever the cause, he was obliged either to look for a new habitat or adapt himself by slow degree to the changed one. That is, his nervous and digestive systems, once an interface that reflected perfectly his environment, became an 'inner habitat' for him which in turn created a sense of an 'outer' habitat for the first time.

This is an essentially identifying point in the human---one that no searching among fossils for the 'first man' can ever elicit.

He made discoveries. One was fire. He observed it, applied thought to it, devised how to start it at will. Quickly he turned it to strange uses. He eventually found it a saviour in that---cut off from the raw food he had formerly plucked or dug up---he could now, by the process of heating roots and grains too hard for him now, make palatable the inedible.

Thus it is that one aberration leads to a more elaborate one. Heating food destroys much of its value, proportionately to the heat applied, though it largely spares protein, which may have caused the human's diversion to a meat diet at an early stage. Eating animals is a further depletion of any sense of belonging to or with them.

If our fixed habitat was destroyed by storms or predators or volcano or earthquake or tidal wave what else could the stranded creature do but move to new ones ~~and~~ thus becoming used to new ones? His biologically inherited faculties failed him not because he wanted them to but because they were thrust out of service. In this one statement lies the key to 'the human'. He was required *to think everything out for himself*. It was thus that thought became of prime importance to this new animal.

There are a number of Adam and Eve stories from various parts of the world---accounts of a 'fall' from an earlier grace. And we can only suppose that these were recollections of an earlier state blest not only for its security but its beauty, namely the forgotten and regretted animal state. Our very aberration from animal life forced more and more aberration on us, creating that dread of abandonment that characterises the human and his domestic animals to this day, while at the same time the discomfort of it all spurred him to construct a new human habitat that would seem to have superseded nature.

He has been called the 'naked' ape. That is, his furlessness expresses exactly his forlorn and isolated status in a habitat that often seems to him an enemy, even a huge potential predator. Fur is an inherited overcoat for all

seasons, and its loss points to a trauma bitter indeed, one that required constant ever-vigilant repair that culminated in woollen under-shirts, gloves, socks, and buttons and zips to permit flexible tolerance of changing temperatures. The fur that was lost had to be thought out, improvised.

In a word, my nervous and digestive systems, my appetites and my biological tools---the claws and teeth and moving limbs once finely tuned to the outer habitat---must now develop *a pilot brain*, formerly a small if essential part of the animal nervous system.

And this pilot must do all the extra work. The brain's *reticular activating system* (our inner alarm bell that wakes us when we smell fire or hear unusual noises in sleep) must, in the human, alert us even in the apparently safe hours. It must report on the unusual at all times, to an obsessive degree.

But there is another even more contradictory feature in the long self-revision programme that adaptation and its long-term reward mutation must involve: the new animal must at all costs imitate the life of other animals, that is retrieve his lost animal status as nearly as possible. His inherited powers of adaptation will do it for him. That is, he must become *as automatic in his behaviour* so that the alert pilot brain could look after emergencies. This is why we could never drive a car ~~without~~ by thinking out every move of our feet and hands and eyes. Driving *must become as automatic as possible* if it is going to be safe. We must be able to listen to music or conversation while driving, or be lost in our own thoughts, while the automated driver in us can stop at red lights and even take a long route home of which he will not recall a single feature of

when he gets there. Without a full load of automatic reaction we animals couldn't live for a moment. The swallow has to give neither thought nor direction to the movement of its wings, which go by themselves and adjust to the air pressure and wind by themselves.

I shall show again and again how this is the key to all our learning processes---they must *defy* our false status as non-animals.

Of course all animals have an extraordinary power to adapt to the unusual. The Californian scale insect will suspend its breath for as long as half an hour to avoid insect-repellent sprays, that is *until the suspension becomes automatic*. In the same way the human must store as much automatic response into his system as he possibly can. His speaking of his own language must become so deeply unconscious of itself that it may be said to speak for him..

The word we should use in place of 'automatic' is 'autonomic'. All animal organisms are autonomic in the sense that they work by themselves, i.e. their glandular and blood and nerve systems, their breathing muscles and their muscular motion, work without supervision. And this remains as true of the human as it is for any animal.

So how did the human become such a menace to his environment, indeed so determined in his predations that finally he found the means of destroying the whole planet? We can only get to the truth here by reminding ourselves that any animal that has lost its fixed habitat will be subject to shocks too great even for his own nervous system. Ultimately these may become so great as to threaten his procreative powers. Just as some female herrings are

said to have developed male organs and to fight off the male on his approach, so every beleaguered animal, its food-sources once poisoned, will show aberrations in the form of growing male/female tension which quickly transmute into enmity now that the biological sources for rapturous procreation have gone.

* * *

Adding blame to such a sorry story is simply to misunderstand it. The very intensity of thought required of the beleaguered human was the source of both his survival and his difficulties. And his ingenuity in dealing with what always promised, in history, to be chaos was remarkable.

Since he never at any point ceased to be an animal he still felt guidance by something both inside and outside him which he found impossible to doubt or question---indeed that guidance lay in all his reflex movements that gave him swift motion and (in the case of the lemur, dance). It made it possible for him to achieve a 'human' system which miraculously (but then the miracle was its source and aim) turned his plight into happiness. And I am going to call this system *the religion/civilisation tandem*.

We call it 'religion' after the ancient Romans, who used the word to describe the worship they had inherited from the Greeks. Or rather it described the effect of religion on the human mind---*religio* meant 'a binding together', and referred to that inner consensus or shared conscience which collective

worship brought about. The Greeks had no name for what seemed to them to be in everything. They were as near to a western version of the Hindu (Indian) sense of the self as God as ever a civilisation came, which however didn't prevent them from waging war and maintaining slaves (nearly as great in number as the population) as the very basis, even sport, of daily life. So their successor civilisations, the ancient Roman one and the Christian, inherited in full their ability to treat fellow humans as objects of production.

It is very difficult for us to think clearly on the subject of religion because we are living in a period where, except as a 'private' conviction, religion seems to have died. But religion never leaves human thought for the very simple reason that it has produced every facet of that thought---its very form and starting point.

Historically we do not now know of one civilisation which hasn't come about as *the detailed and meticulous creation of the religion which preceded it*. In every case religion has come forward with the community, shaping it with rules of comportment---it is why the manifold civilisations of the world are so deeply different from each other, down to details of personal behaviour. One will accept a loud belch as a sign of satisfaction after a meal, another will frown on it. One will accept kissing on the lips among strangers, another hold it in contempt.

As I am going to show in more detail later, even atheism, a much prized stance of today, is a Christian legacy first suggested in the Middle Ages (let us accept this strange nomenclature for the moment). It was the result of concepts

of God as being so remote from human life that for all practical purposes He never touched a living chord. And this entered into medieval education, which strictly divided 'the divine' from the 'carnal' so that the twain should never meet. And that remains the frame of our educational system today.

Of all thinkers in our particular civilisation only Socrates faced up to the fact that dementia is our downfall and simultaneously our inspiration. The only modern thinker who seemed to understand this was A.N.Whitehead in the last century. He described religion as 'world loyalty'.

And Hermann Hesse, also in the previous century, wrote of the horror of living between two religions, the old one dead and largely scorned, the new one not yet arrived, and two civilisations, the dead one surviving only as a ghost within the august buildings it once erected, the future one not yet even in seed.

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The natural sympathetic bond between people is the first thing to die when religion wanes. Not long ago a serial killer under lock and key in Moscow, having killed fifty people, once asked for the death penalty to be applied to him on the grounds that he would certainly kill again, for he could not do otherwise. He said he felt neither sympathy nor hatred for his victims. He said people weren't individuals for him but a 'mass'. In other words he was attesting to the fact that the key animal bond of sympathy (within a species) had eroded in him.

When a civilisation and its parent religion die it is the disappearance of this bond that causes most distress---we say that 'law and order' is now apparently beyond the powers of law-enforcement personnel to contain.

It is consensus that collapses in a 'decline and fall'. When a civilisation decays, as it must quickly do once its religion dies, society is held together (as at the present time) solely by the last remnants of the old 'institutions'---those mental presences that used to inspire awe and are now steadily dismantled as a genuine bid for liberation. No one is safe any more. Private killings are ever more gruesome. In a disaster zone, with thousands of people homeless, difficulties are exacerbated by rape, pillage, kidnapping, as if 'walking' dementia had become in some cases madness proper.

* * *

And now I am going to make perhaps the most important observation in this book---that nothing said by humans about other animals has the slightest meaning or importance except as autobiography. From Darwin to Eugene Marais all such talk could without loss be trashed.

This is because no animal is capable of going beyond its own inherited physiology. A lizard, tiger or freshwater pike will see a lizard, tiger or pike world. They are equipped to navigate only and exclusively that world. The same with humans---nothing is 'true', nothing is 'knowledge' that isn't simply *an act of navigation*. There is a lizard truth, a lizard knowledge, and there is a

human truth and human knowledge, and each has precise reference to *a specific physiology and nothing whatever beyond that*.

This isn't to deny the truth of knowledge or the knowledge of truth but no cross reference of these things between species is possible: each species knows only its own navigational equipment.

The lizard and tiger and freshwater pike have no need for human music as they don't for words---or universals. They have lizard, tiger and pike visions and transports of feeling. If I am moved by Mahler or Schubert or Chopin or Verdi or Wagner I cannot (and incidentally do not, even while within that emotion) exclude other creatures from the same degree of inner transport for their own aural forms.

Even abstraction and hypothesis, the pillars of what we have denominated with great pride 'science', are modes of all animal thought. The choice of a twig for building a nest involves the mental abstraction of twigs as a genus from other forms of wood, and a bird may hypothesise as to the use of unfamiliar twigs by trying them.

That is, we humans have a specific (as in 'species') intelligence. A crocodile couldn't use the human physicist's latest view of superconductivity. Perhaps I would like to move my head in quick infinitesimal jerks while my body remained immobile but I am not, as the lizard is, on the look-out for insects or, therefore, for tiny insectual movements.

It is plain and clear to me that if I am asked to observe another species equipped with much the same brain structure as my own, the same blood

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* * *

Two

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So was our adoption of a non-animal identity 'our fault'? ~~A silly but~~ ^{All we can say is that} ~~deeply human question.~~ ^{over a vast period of time} The evidence of our remarkable adaptations, ^{show} that, of all disturbing contradictions, we were obliged to adopt ^{an 'human'} ~~this~~ unreal/personage, literally, for dear life.

Let us picture it this way. An animal is suddenly thrust out of its original fixed habitat. We cannot know at this distance of time exactly what it was that plunged ^{it} the 'human' (not yet one) into ~~a~~ crisis. Drastic weather changes may have ruined ^{its} ~~his~~ original fixed habitat to which ^{it} ~~his~~ nervous and digestive systems were finely tuned. ^{it} ~~He~~ may have been overcome by predators.

Whatever the cause, ^{it} ~~he~~ was obliged either to look for a new habitat or adapt ^{itself} himself by slow degree to the changed one. ^{When nature to may changed over in succession. Which} ~~That is,~~ ^{its} ~~his~~ nervous and digestive systems, once an interface that reflected perfectly ^{its fixed and now lost habitat} his environment, became an ^{how} 'inner habitat' for him, which in turn created ^{it} a sense of an 'outer' habitat ^{for the} ~~first time.~~ ^{We shall see that this bifurcation was because →}

This is an essentially identifying point in the human---one that no searching among fossils for the 'first man' can ever elicit. → 2

He made 'discoveries'. One was fire. He observed it, ~~applied thought to it,~~ → 3

devised how to start it at will. Quickly he turned it to strange uses. ^{He} ~~eventually found it~~ a saviour in ^{for him} ~~that~~---cut off from the raw food he had ^{as he was} → 4

→⁴ such as ~~treating~~ applying it to the food he had once dug the earth & or plucked the trees for. He worked. He boiled.

→³ That is, he used the habitus by means of mental calculation.

→² He does not adjust to a found habitus because he no longer has the unscrutinized: he makes it — and finds all habitus on the earth — his. And fossils cannot convey a state of mind.

→¹ ~~the way~~ the religion is terms of which he saw all things, ~~the~~ ^{like} ~~is a matter~~ no other animal on earth. ~~reference to~~ This is why we have made for ourselves a world, now mostly of cement, ~~and~~ the will, in very known habitus of the world, look like ours alone, to which we alone belong, until we can say, at last, that the earth is ~~our state~~ ~~to~~ ours, ~~at least~~ however much it daily proves not to be.

~~formerly plucked or dug up~~ he could now, by the process of heating roots and ^{no longer dig up. Fire made} ~~grains too hard for him now~~, ^{now} make palatable the ^{in an animal} inedible. ^{aberration.}

Thus it is that one aberration [^] leads to a more elaborate [^] one. Heating food destroys much of its value, proportionately to the heat applied, though it largely spares protein, ^{and then} which may have caused the human's diversion to a meat diet at an early stage. ^{And} ^{was} Eating animals ^{is} a further depletion of any sense of belonging to or with them. To turn a simian diet into, so to speak, →

But If our fixed habitat was destroyed (by storms, or predators, or volcano, or earthquake, or tidal wave) what else could ^a the stranded creature do but move to ^{desperately} new ones and ^{learn (with innumerable powers) to} ~~has~~ become used to new ones? ^{After all, he never asked of his} ~~biologically inherited~~ ^{faculties} failed ^{to} him ^{not} because he wanted them to but because they were ^{thrust} out of service. ^{So} In this one statement lies the key to 'the human'. He was required to think everything out for himself. It was thus that thought became of prime importance to ^{him-} ~~this new animal~~. ^{It had nothing to do with} →

There are a number of Adam and Eve stories from various parts of the world---accounts of a 'fall' from ~~an~~ earlier grace. And we can only suppose that these were recollections of an earlier state blest not only for its security but its beauty, namely the forgotten and regretted animal state. ^{(I repeat,} Our very aberration from animal life forced more and more aberration on us, creating that dread of abandonment that characterises ^{us} ^{slow} the human and his domestic animals to this day, while at the same time the discomfort of ^{this frightening state} it ~~all~~ spurred him to construct a ~~new~~ human habitat that ^{would seem to have superseded nature.}

would ultimately seem to have superseded the ~~population~~ ^{of other} ~~species~~, ^{rather than} ~~providing~~ ^{the} ~~it~~ ^{with} ~~its~~ ^{multiple} ~~various~~ ^{green} ~~populations~~ ^{and} ~~varied~~ ^{habitats} ~~the~~ ^{once} ~~abounded~~.

→ a cannibal me was ~~at~~ of it's a remarkable and drastic step, so far from the initial the an altogether new he is supported.

havis

→ / higher a higher intelligence, endorsed from by
for God knows where, ~~but~~ being a
simple adaptive tool.

^{We have}
 He has been called the 'naked' ape. That is, ^{or} his furlessness expresses
 exactly ^{or} his forlorn and isolated status in a ^{would (even now)} habitat that often seems to ^{us} him an
 enemy, even a huge potential predator. [Fur is an inherited overcoat for all
 seasons, ^{and} its loss points to a trauma bitter indeed, one that required constant
 ever-vigilant repair ^{ing} that culminated in woollen under-shirts, gloves, socks, and
 buttons and zips to permit flexible tolerance of changing temperatures. The fur
 that was lost had to be thought out, improvised.

In a word, my nervous and digestive systems, my appetites and my
 biological tools---^{my} the claws and teeth and ^{supple the new} moving limbs, once finely tuned to
^{a fixed} the outer habitat---must now develop a pilot brain, ~~formerly a small if essential~~
 part of the animal nervous system. ~~that~~

^{for us.}
 And this pilot must do all the extra work. The brain's *reticular*
activating system (our inner alarm bell that wakes us when we smell fire or
 hear unusual noises in sleep) must, ~~in the human,~~ alert us even in the apparently
 safe hours. It must report on the unusual at all times, to an obsessive degree.

^{* * *}
 But there is another even more contradictory feature in the long self-
 revision programme required by the process of adaptation and (its long-term
 reward) mutation: the new animal must at all costs imitate the life of other
 animals, that is retrieve his lost animal status as nearly as possible. His
 inherited powers of adaptation will do it for him. That is, he must become as
 automatic in his behaviour so that the alert pilot brain could look after
^{For instance,}
 emergencies. This is why we could never drive a car ~~without~~ by thinking out
 every move of our feet and hands and eyes. Driving *must become as automatic*

→ But ~~there~~ the lack of no adaptation to a life seemingly not animal at all must end here, since it doesn't account for ~~one~~ perhaps the deepest, and certainly most useful aspect of human life, namely that an organism at all times seeks to imitate the animal.

We could even say that ~~the brain~~ the human's brain (and most of our senses) endeavor is to replicate replicate the lost animal within himself. He must at all times try to render his behavior automatic, that ~~the~~ ^{since his} pilot brain ~~is not to have~~ ^{could never} to do all the work.

as possible if it is going to be safe. We must be able to listen to music or conversation while driving, or be lost in our own thoughts, while the automated driver in us can stop at red lights and even take a long route home of which he will not recall a single feature ~~of~~ when he gets there. Without a full load of automatic reaction we animals couldn't live for a moment. The swallow has to give neither thought nor direction to the movement of its wings, ^{They all} ~~which go by~~ themselves and adjust to the air pressure and wind by themselves. ^{And} →

I shall show again and again how this is the key to all our learning processes--^{we} ~~they~~ must *defy* our false status as non-animals. →

Of course all animals have an ~~extraordinary~~ ^{miraculous} power to adapt to the unusual. The Californian scale insect will suspend its breath for as long as half an hour to avoid insect-repellent sprays, ~~that is until~~ ^{The suspension becomes}

automatic. In the same way the human must store as much automatic response into his system as he possibly can. ^{For instance,} His speaking of his own language ^{unique} must become so deeply unconscious ^{his voice} of ~~itself~~ that ^{or just} it may be said to speak for him..

The word we should ^{use} in place of 'automatic' is 'autonomic' ^{rather than 'automatic'}. ~~All that is~~ ^{we can say} animal organisms are autonomic in the sense that they work by themselves, ^{The mammals'} ~~their~~ glandular and blood and nerve systems, ^{his} ~~the~~ir breathing muscles and ~~their~~ muscular motion, work without supervision. And this ^{is the key} ~~remains~~ as true of the human as it is for any animal.

* * *
So how did the human become such a menace to his environment, indeed so determined in his predations that finally he found the means of destroying the whole planet? We can only get to the truth ~~here~~ by reminding

→ And as much as possible we reinstate ~~the~~
~~entire~~ those lost in heated power. ☹

→ ~~we must~~ luckily, wight, we habitually and
daily do turns quickly into ~~the~~ an
automatic motion. We switch lights on and
off, turn the key in the lock, walk to the
station without any directions for the pilot
train at all. More, if we will not
recollect. Whatever we humans do, from
using a knife and fork to weeding the
garden; ~~at~~ ^{can} like place while we are
thinking of something else.

Of course, all animals ...

³
→ While had to be painstakingly learned, human...

We call it 'religion' after the ancient Romans, who used the word to describe the worship they had inherited from the Greeks. Or rather it described the effect of religion on ~~the~~ human ^{mind} --- *religio* meant 'a binding together', and referred to ^{the} inner consensus or shared conscience which collective worship brought about. ^{always, historically,} The Greeks had no name for what seemed to them to be in everything. They were as near to a western version of the Hindu (Indian) sense of the self as God as ever a ^{western} civilisation came, ^{not that it} which however didn't prevent them from waging war and maintaining slaves (nearly as great in number as ^{the} population) as the very basis, even sport, of daily life. So their successor civilisations, the ancient Roman one and the Christian, inherited in full their ability to treat fellow humans as objects of production (the 'labour market').

It is very difficult for us to think clearly on the subject of religion today. because ~~We~~ are living in a period ^{when} ~~where~~, except as a 'private' conviction, religion seems to have died. But religion never leaves human thought for the very simple reason that it has produced every facet of that thought, its very form, and starting point. ^{not to say}

Historically, we do not now know of one civilisation which hasn't come about as *the detailed and meticulous creation of the religion which preceded it.*

In every case religion has come forward with the community, ^{and} ~~shaping~~ ^{ed} it with rules of comportment, ^{especially the intimate ones,} it is why the manifold civilisations of the world are so deeply different from each other, down to details of personal behaviour. One

^{civilization} will accept a loud belch as a sign of satisfaction after a meal, another will frown

→ It is why the civilisations can be so deeply different from each other. The Chinese civilisation ~~had~~ ~~was~~ ~~communicated~~ with the ~~the~~ ~~other~~ world to civilisations difficult was a ~~different~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~Hindus~~ and the ~~Minoan~~ and the ~~ancient~~ ~~Greek~~ ~~and~~ ~~each~~ ~~of~~ ~~these~~ ~~is~~ ~~an~~ ~~check~~ ~~from~~ Egyptian. By the same token, civilisations can cluster together, and share many features, like a family, as is the case of the ~~Mediterranean~~ ~~and~~ ~~religions~~ ~~Judaic~~, ~~Christian~~ ~~and~~ ~~Muslim~~. The Minoan and Egyptian and Babylonian. Yet each will be either a menacingly or refreshingly 'foreign' world. That is why the Greeks referred to everyone non-Greek as 'barbarian'. ~~The~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~slight~~, ~~tip~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~mean~~ ~~ing~~ ~~tip~~ of 'strange'!

on it. One will accept kissing on the lips among strangers, another hold it in contempt.

As I am going to show in more detail later, even atheism, a much prized stance of today, is a Christian legacy first suggested in the ^{so-called} Middle Ages. ^(let us accept this strange nomenclature for the moment). It was the result of concepts ^{of the idea of}

of God as being so remote from human life that for all practical purposes He never touched a living chord. And this ^{ever} entered ^{into} medieval education, ^{and very basic, which} which strictly divided ^{it into} 'the divine' ^{on one side and on the other} from the 'carnal' so that the twain should never meet. And that remains the frame of our educational system ^{— and the other in —} today.

Of all thinkers in our particular civilisation only Socrates faced up to the fact that dementia ^{was} is our downfall and simultaneously our inspiration. The only modern thinker who seemed to understand this was A.N. Whitehead in the last century. He described religion as 'world loyalty', ^{that is an attempt} →

And Hermann Hesse, also in the previous century, wrote of the horror of living between two religions, the old one dead and largely scorned, the new one not yet arrived, and ^{they believe} two civilisations, the dead one surviving only as a ghost ^{it had been the former civ: to the credit of} within the august buildings ^{with} it once erected, the future one not yet even in seed.

* * *

^{An uninvested} The natural sympathetic bond between people is the first thing to ^{die} die when religion ^{dies} wanes. Not long ago a serial killer under lock and key in Moscow, having killed fifty people, once asked for the death penalty to be

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and very basic, which

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→ container of the human's ^{predicament,} ~~totalities.~~

applied to him on the grounds that he would certainly kill again, for he could not do otherwise. He said he felt neither sympathy nor hatred for his victims. He said people weren't individuals for him but a 'mass'. In other words he was attesting to the fact that the key animal bond of sympathy (within a species) had eroded in him.

~~When a civilisation and its parent religion die it is the disappearance of this bond that causes most distress---we say that 'law and order' is now apparently beyond the powers of law-enforcement personnel to contain.~~

It is consensus that collapses in a 'decline and fall'. When a civilisation decays, as it must quickly do once its religion ^{wants} dies, society is held together (as at ~~the~~ present ~~time~~) solely by the last remnants of the old 'institutions'---those mental presences that used to inspire awe and are now steadily dismantled ⁱⁿ as a ~~(genuine)~~ bid for liberation. ~~No one is safe any more.~~ Private killings are ever ^{become} ~~are~~ ever more gruesome. In a disaster zone, with thousands of people homeless, ^{the} ~~tragedy is~~ ~~difficulties are~~ exacerbated by rape, pillage, kidnapping, as if 'walking' dementia had become in some cases ^{returning to} ~~become~~ madness proper.

* * *

this is the case.

And now I am going to make perhaps the most important observation in this book---that nothing said by humans about other animals has the slightest ^{either the human} ~~significance~~ ^(fascinating) meaning or ~~importance~~ except as autobiography. From Darwin to Eugene Marais ~~all such talk could without loss be trashed.~~ ^{as far as the animal world is concerned} It is all from an elevated point of view that claims to see all things ~~more~~, overlooking ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ (that should have been clear to ~~simple~~ these students of animal life) that no animal

~~This is because no animal~~ is capable of going beyond its own inherited physiology. A lizard, tiger or freshwater pike will see a lizard, tiger or pike world. They are equipped to navigate only, ~~and exclusively~~, that world. The same with humans---nothing is 'true', nothing is 'knowledge' that isn't simply *an act of navigation*. There is a lizard truth, a lizard knowledge, and there is a human truth and human knowledge, and each has precise reference to *a specific physiology and nothing whatever beyond that*.

This isn't to deny the truth of knowledge or the knowledge of truth but no cross reference of these things between species is possible: each species knows only its own navigational equipment. *Real Truth and A*

The lizard and tiger and freshwater pike have no need for human music as they don't for words---or universals. They have lizard, tiger and pike visions and transports of feeling. If I am moved by Mahler or Schubert or Chopin or Verdi or Wagner I cannot (and incidentally do not, even while within that emotion) exclude other creatures from the same degree of inner transport for their own aural forms.

Even abstraction and hypothesis, the pillars of what we have denominated with great pride 'science' are modes of all animal thought. The choice of a twig for building a nest involves the mental abstraction of twigs as a genus from other forms of wood, and a bird may hypothesise as to the use of unfamiliar twigs by trying them.

That is, we humans have a specific (as in 'species') intelligence. A crocodile couldn't use the human physicist's latest view of superconductivity.

→ 'It speaks solely for the physiology, and has no
anything ~~other~~ beyond that.

→ (a word high-jacked for its true and
original meaning) 'knowledge'

→ 1^a in 'medieval' times, having a period of 500 years, during

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which ~~Christ~~ the monks and priests do to speak kept up the nature of the Christian world, as I shall be showing in detail later.

ourselves that any animal that has lost its fixed habitat will be subject to shocks

too great even for ^{its} his own nervous system. Ultimately these ^{shocks} (ultimately) may become so

great as to threaten his procreative powers. Just as some female herrings are said to have developed male organs and to fight off the male on his approach,

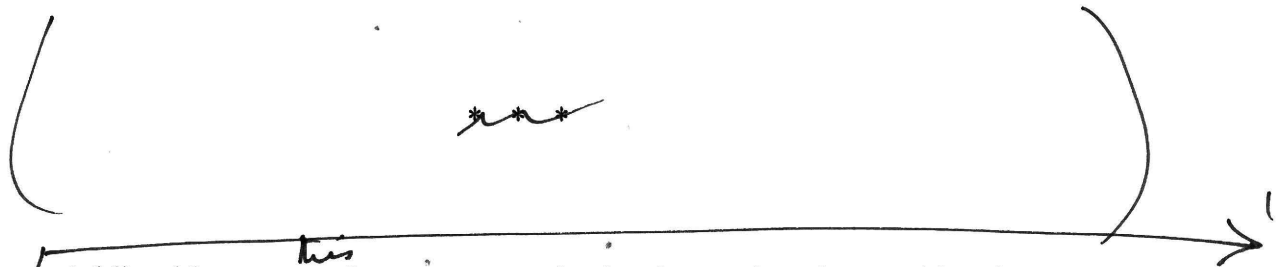
so every beleaguered animal, its food-sources once poisoned, will show

aberrations in the form of growing male/female tension which quickly

transmute ^{S/} into enmity ^{as} ~~now that~~ the biological sources for rapturous procreation

have gone.

P. 15
We call
it...



Adding blame to ^{his} such a sorry story is simply to misunderstand it. The very intensity of thought required of the beleaguered human ^{S/} was the source of both ^{his} survival and ^{his} difficulties. And his ingenuity in dealing with what ^{the} always promised, in history, to be chaos was remarkable.

~~Since he never at any point ceased to be an animal he still felt guidance by something both inside and outside him which he found impossible to doubt or question—indeed that guidance lay in all his reflex movements that gave him swift motion and (in the case of the lemur, dance). It made it possible for him to achieve a 'human' system which miraculously (but then the miracle was its source and aim) turned his plight into happiness. And I am going to call this system the religion/civilisation tandem.~~

