

In ~~all~~ the document file, to find all floppy's that you have

My documents

Control + F = Find (Search)

For instance, tap in GENE in the search. It will bring up hundreds of files

Within my <sup>ORIGINAL</sup> my documents file (Maurice's work) I need to make Folders within Folders.

NOVELS → ~~File~~ inside Novels folder, I make other folders - one with each.

TRAVEL

Non-fiction

Plays

Poems

Backing up everything once every two weeks / so do this & go to

make a new folder

~~mad~~ Ape of Sorrows

TMP are backups

3rd Portable  
320 Hard Drive (Verbatim)  
Amazon

Noton Ghost 40\$

(staples)

Files I want to go through

Control + A means select All

Control + click on the individual document you want = ~~gives~~ selects multiple individual doc.

To take memory sticks out safely — go to little green arrow in the 'system tray' by the clock + <sup>left</sup> click there | it comes up 'safely remove hardware' | click there | it makes a little pop noise + then you take them out.

I was born in a London working-class family and took two degrees at Oxford, the first in Modern History (a 'war degree') and the other in Modern Greats (Philosophy, Politics, Economics) specializing in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason (three years), my first year having been curtailed by the outbreak of World War Two. At the age of 21 I was a Forward Observation Officer in the Italian campaign. After the war, when I had taken my second degree, I taught English Literature at Baghdad University and there wrote my first book *Hellebore the Clown*, the story of a professional clown's guilty encounter with his dead son's closest friend, who had watched him die on the battlefield. Afterwards, on my way back to England I stopped in Italy and decided to live there if and when I had a sufficient income from my writing. It came from Harper's Magazine, to which I sold a story, and this provided me with a generous year's income. I began publishing books on Italy, beginning with *Italian Sketches*, which received such enthusiastic notices that from this time all my books were commissioned in advance. By this means I became a specialist in Italian civilisation, so that I could settle in that country while keeping a home in London. At that time it didn't do to have any awareness of what would one day happen to our planet, even though there were drastic and lasting weather changes immediately after World War Two. In an otherwise enthusiastic review of my *A Roman Street* in the Times Literary Supplement the critic added that he even forgave me the 'crankiness' of my suggestion that political parties would one day come into being with the ticket of what we today call 'green' issues. Dissatisfied with Occidental thought I now turned to the Orient and began practicing Hatha Yoga and daily pranayama or breath-discipline under an Indian guru in Switzerland. My daily practice of this for twelve years or more led me to develop a breath technique which would be thoroughly safe. For this purpose I induced panic states of hyperventilation in myself so that this could never occur in any session of mine. I taught this system under the title of *Oxygenesis* at Berkeley and San Francisco Cal. over a period of eight years. There I continued my writing in the evenings and began to feel that there was no distinction between my fiction and non-fiction books---fiction being a document in which I created the plot while a non-fiction plot was created by history. Thus it was that I wrote my novels in a style suitable for an historical document and my history books in a highly personal style suitable for a novel. My *SPANISH TERROR* was written in that mode, being the story of how money began to take precedence over the human, in order to finance war, despite the strict usury laws of the time. I suppose my life-work (if I can be forgiven this pompous expression) has been a continual involvement with the nature of intelligence, human and animal, and the role of religions (and the civilizations that grew out of them) in their effort to contain and canalise what I increasingly felt to be *human dementia*---a dementia exactly reflected in the present state of the planet, loose on its axis, riddled with war, doomed not to last. I was fascinated by the way in which a hitherto dignified and ruthlessly self-sufficient civilization could suddenly become degraded and divided and no more than its stones and frescoes and

This

Italy

second book in Italy

X

solid

betw

I was born in a London working-class family in 1922 and took two degrees at Oxford, the first in Modern History (a war degree) and the other in Modern Greats (philosophy, politics and economics), specialising in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason (three years), my first year there having been curtailed by the outbreak of World War 11. At the age of 21 I was a Forward Observation Officer in the Italian campaign ~~World War II~~. After the war, when I had my second degree, I taught English Literature at Baghdad University and there completed my first book *Hellebore the Clown*. Afterwards, on my way back to England, I stopped in Italy and decided to live there if my writing financed me. I sold my first story to Harper's Magazine and it was enough to keep me for a year. I began publishing books on Italy, *Italian Sketches* and *A Roman Street*, which received such immediate press attention that from all my future books were commissioned in advance. By this means I became a specialist in Italian civilization, so that I could settle in Italy while keeping a home in London. Dissatisfied at this point with Occidental thought I turned to the Orient and began practicing Hatha Yoga and daily pranayama or breath-discipline under an Indian guru in Switzerland. My daily practice of pranayama for twelve years or more led me to develop a breath technique of my own which would be wholly safe, and for this I put myself into the panic of hyperventilation so that it could never occur during any session of mine. I taught this system under the title of *Oxygenesis* at Berkeley and San Francisco Cal. for nine years. There I continued my writing in the evenings and began to feel that there was really no distinction between my fiction and non-fiction books---fiction being a document in which I created the plot, while a non-fiction plot was supplied by history. I therefore wrote history in a highly personal style, as if it were a novel, and my novels as if they were history. I suppose that my life work (if I can be forgiven such a pompous expression) has been a continual involvement with *the nature of intelligence, human and animal*, and the role of religions and civilizations in trying to help the human contain what would otherwise be an untamed state of dementia. Thus my forthcoming *MAD APE* *The animal that said it wasn't* takes its departure-point not from what the human has said about himself, or flattered himself to be, but from the far more exciting story of his *mutations and adaptations*, which were his staggering, if quite unsuccessful, effort, to reach once more *the fixed habitat he had known as an animal*. I became convinced that ~~not until we see ourselves as animals do we reach the truth about ourselves.~~ For the only way we can judge the intelligence of animals is by how they leave their habitat, whether enriched or degraded. *By this criterion the human animal is the least intelligent animal on earth.* And now that truth is dawning on us: Many hundreds are rehabilitating the 'dead' earth they find by settling animals in it, especially the animals indigenous to it, though the simply introduction of a few horses (as in France) will bring along with it all the other fauna and flora it is barren of, just as living among horses as their fellow being (also in France) breeds the very same attitude in them. Human dementia is perfectly reflected in the present pitiful state of the planet. We can see our full responsibility for this. We can see why so many of us see other animals as 'blindly automatic' simply because those animals fit perfectly into their habitats, they go unhesitatingly to their food in the soil or trees or the lake or ocean, while as Trelawney the friend of Shelley and Byron said about swimming, 'the monkey must learn'.

In 195 in a Roman Street I predicted that politics would be defined by green issues.  
 In 1960 in Elke and Belham  
**Space exploration**

He has published with Chatto and Windus, Heinemann, Constable, Weidenfeld, Barrie and Rockcliffe, Gollancz and Macmillan in London; Praeger, Putnam, St. Martin's Press and Henry Regnery in the USA; S.Fischer Verlag in Germany. [double click to Amazon, Abebooks etc].

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encounter with his  
son, his friend, who  
had witnessed the <sup>friend's</sup> death.  
~~1.2.1945~~ - 12.11.1945

→ At the time it didn't do to have any awareness of what  
would one day happen to this planet, even though there were  
drastic and lasting weather changes immediately after WW2.  
~~turning away from~~ to ~~review~~ an enthusiastic review  
of my 17 Roman Street the Times Literary Supplement's only suggestion  
reserve was that I showed signs of 'crankiness', <sup>including my</sup> ~~including my~~ <sup>suggestion</sup>  
~~Again and again to find~~ <sup>the</sup> political ~~groups~~ parties and ~~movements~~  
- the future that we would today call 'green'. <sup>they were</sup> ~~they were~~  
[A] which were his efforts to find the foxed helmet to  
which he no longer belonged, ~~a helmet which he didn't~~  
~~have to~~ ~~though there~~ so the, in no valiant try after  
another, he occupied all the known helmets of the  
lost, and is still no nearer to the animal state  
(like Adam)  
he remembered (~~as Adam did~~) but could not find.

Was he satisfied the  
 he ~~severe~~ was me — and useless.  
 (dementia)  
 in his ~~severe~~ ~~which~~ ~~but~~ ~~not~~ ~~before~~

bridges—this produced THE SILVER AGE OF VENICE. I began to study not what the human said about himself or flattered himself to be (history) but the far more exciting story of his *mutations and adaptations*, namely his brave prolonged and repeated efforts to find again the fixed habitat he had once enjoyed as an animal. He naturally failed but not until he had occupied every habitat in the world. A 'human' really means an animal rooted nowhere. He carried his dementia everywhere, so that inevitably the planet today reflects it. I became convinced that only by seeing ourselves as animals could we reach the truth about ourselves, which is why I was ready to examine the intelligence of two dogs in ELKE AND BELAM. For in the end we can only judge an animal's intelligence by the state in which it leaves its habitat, whether enriched or degraded, ruined or flourishing, and by this criterion the human has the smallest intelligence of all the animals.

Thus did he

This is perhaps dawning on more and more people. Many hundreds seem to be engaged in rehabilitating 'dead' land by the simple introduction of animals. These need not be indigenous to that type of land. Horses have been introduced into 'dead' land both in France and Britain, and that land has sprung to life again with flora and fauna. There are plentiful signs that more and more people are aware of other animals as equal to themselves, if not models, by the same token

seem to be

~~the human can approach other animals as perfect equals, so that these animals reflect their joy in equality — this too is happening (R. etc). they romp together as one body — this too is happening (R. etc). In the south of France a French man treats his horses as perfect equals, <sup>so that</sup> they all romp together with the utmost freedom (see video) ...~~

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→ Meanwhile we go to work by car — even if ~~the~~  
work is ~~there~~ ~~written~~.

→ Meanwhile we go to work by car — even  
if the work is climate change.

When he satisfied the  
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 (dementia)  
 this search which he had before

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seems to be

~~The human can approach other animals as perfect equals, so the horse reflects this in equality — this too is happening (F. etc). They romp together as one body — this too is happening (F. etc). In the south of France the French man treats his horses as perfect equals, and they all romp together with the utmost freedom (see video.)~~

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# A Roman Street (This is all about people)

## Excerpts

P. 5 (first page) 'We got back...' to (same page) 'shining ~~at~~ marble!'

Then P. 7. 'This is a feud...' to P. 8 'shaking it to pieces and going wrong like once a week.'

P. 12. 'Borne, a young man...' to P. 13. 'Forge, forge!' — quickly!

P. 29. 'When I got to my own barber's 'found...' to P. 30 '...Thank you!' The tips are shaved!

P. 87 'Last night ...' to P. 89 '... look wrecked, duller and delinquent.'

P. 133 'Our neighbour...' to P. 134 '... And the less I drink is quantity!'

→ P. 26 'For me the medieval ... leads to Constantinian!'

P. 112 'I met our landlady...' to P. 113 '... fine-drawing, traced vaguely in the past!'

## Excerpts The Talking Dog

P.11. 'When I met...' to P.14 'eyes & expressions that this words are short of!'

P.43 'In those days Belau neither looked...' to P.44 'His reputation had travelled far!'  
'... was almost impossible!'

P.95. 'Many people who...' to P.96. 'Expressing self-awareness!'

P.165. 'The Swiss TV producer... During a lesson on Saturday...'  
[INSERT ROBERT BARRAT FROM PARIS MATCH]  
To P.167 '... doesn't want to practice!'

P. 220. 'The famous Pavlov experiment...'  
to P.221 '... he believes with them!'

## Italian Sketches

?? P.17 'I walked ..... to P.21. 'Guarda le scarpe! Look at those shoes!'

P.79 'A man was downstairs... to P.80 'An experiment... to

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

*Publications (unagented)*

HELLEBORE THE CLOWN	(Chatto and Windus)
OF SINS AND WINTER	(Chatto and Windus)
PERIMETER WEST	(Heinemann and S.Fischer Verlag)
AFTERWARDS	(Barrie Rockcliff)
<i>(Agented)</i>	
ITALIAN SKETCHES	(Victor Gollancz)
A ROMAN STREET	(Victor Gollancz)
COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA*	(Collins)
THE FALL OF VENICE*	(Weidenfeld, Praeger USA)
LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT*	(Weidenfeld, and USA)
THE SPANISH TERROR*	(Constable and Book Club, St. Martin's Press USA)
LEONARDO DA VINCI*	(Weidenfeld, Book Club Associates)
THE TALKING DOGS*	(Macmillan, Putnam USA, Japan, serialised for one week by Evening News)

\* *Commissioned non-fictions.*

*Theatre*

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

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

*Television*

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

Subj: **Re: MAURICE ROWDON**  
 Date: 6/28/2007 2:30:14 P.M. Pacific Daylight Time  
 From: webservices@authorsguild.org  
 To: Rowdoxy@aol.com

Dear Maurice,

Do you currently have an account with GoDaddy? Or with a company called Domains by Proxy? If you look up your domain name in the Whois (which gives the contact information for the registrants of all domain names; you can look it up here: <http://www.domaintools.com/>), you'll notice that domain name is registered through GoDaddy, but that the contact information for the domain name is through a company called Domains by Proxy. There are many companies who offer private registrations for domain names, because, by law, the registrants contact information must be displayed in the very public Whois database. Often times, large domain name registrars, such as GoDaddy, offer private registrations for an extra fee to their customers who do not want their contact information displayed. GoDaddy might even have a relationship with Domains by Proxy to provide the private registrations for their customers.

I mention all of this because we will need to start a conversation with GoDaddy to either transfer your domain name to the Guild, or to change the nameservers to point your domain name to Authors Guild servers. Do you have a confirmation from GoDaddy from when you first registered the domain name? If so, it should provide you with details about how to manage your domain name.

Otherwise, I think it would be worth it to give them a call, and see if they will change the nameservers for you, or are able to give you online access to your account. I found the following number at godaddy.com:

24x7 Technical Support & Sales  
 (480) 505-8877

If you have any further questions, please let me know.

Best regards,  
 Abigail Montague

Rowdoxy@aol.com on Thursday, June 28, 2007 at 10:14 AM -0500 wrote:  
 Dear Nellie Bridge and Abigail Montague:

Yes I would certainly appreciate your help in registering my domain name 'mauricerowdon.com' to the Guild.

When I approached Godaddy for the registering of my domain name to NS1.authorsguild.net/NS2.authorsguild.net I received a long self-promotional email followed by the details of how I could unsubscribe, which I was happy to have done as it relieved me of their almost daily emails.

As you may imagine, I'm anxious to publish my Guild website so that I can start revising and clearing the typos.

with my best wishes  
 MR

Customer Support



Visa  
 4520 (226)

Friday, July 20, 2007 AOL: Rowdoxy

Subj: **Re: MAURICE ROWDON**  
Date: 6/26/2007 9:55:24 A.M. Pacific Daylight Time  
From: Rowdoxy  
To: webservices@authorsguild.org

Dear Nellie Bridge and Abigail Montague:

I have now unsubscribed to Godaddy which held my **mauricerowdon.com** title so I assume this to be free now for my Author's Guild website.

Their formula for unsubscribing offered me no chance to mention ns1.authorsguild.net etc as you advised.

Thank you for your attention

Best wishes Maurice Rowdon

Friday, July 20, 2007 AOL: Rowdoxy

Subj: **Re: MAURICE ROWDON**  
Date: 6/28/2007 11:10:28 A.M. Pacific Daylight Time  
From: Rowdoxy  
To: webservices@authorsguild.org

Dear Nellie Bridge and Abigail Montague:

Yes I would certainly appreciate your help in registering my domain name 'mauricerowdon.com' to the Guild.

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As you may imagine, I'm anxious to publish my Guild website so that I can start revising and clearing the typos.

with my best wishes  
MR

Friday, July 20, 2007 AOL: Rowdoxy

# day Times Critical Viewers

## PICK OF THE DAY

### For Omnibus read double gondola

VENICE HAS HAD a pretty good show on our screens these past few months. Casanova was in prison there for six weeks and Horizon devoted one of its best hours to explaining why the islands were in danger of sinking. Now along comes Omnibus with yet another programme on the most beautiful city in the world and a daring experimental approach that seeks to blend Casanova with Horizon. It draws a parallel between the earlier swamping of hedonistic Venice by Napoleon in 1797 and the imminent physical collapse of the place due to the contemporary Venetians' indifference about saving it.

**The Fall of Venice (10.05 BBC1)** begins with actors Vladek Sheybal and John Ronane arriving at Venice airport with author Maurice Rowdon and a tangle of technicians. Ominously, as it turns out, they took no actresses; producer John Gibson picked up what local talent he could find and dressed them in the hundred costumes he brought with him. Alas, as well as being unable to act, the ladies aren't even good-looking, which makes a nonsense of Casanova's bedroom antics. The film switches abruptly and often to and from the eighteenth-century, with Sheybal as a Polish-accented Casanova and Ronane as a plum-voiced poet of pessimism, Angelo Maria Labia; from and to the present-day with them as themselves wandering and chattering about Venice.

The equation of the two periods is viable enough to hold the interest, but Gibson seems to have been a little too ambitious. How much better it would have seemed if it had been put out a year ago, when it was made, is something that all concerned can only ruefully speculate upon.

Perhaps some of the millions that enchanted by Jenny Agutter snow goose may expect

## MONDAY

### BBC-NW pulls off the treble

SO MANY GOOD LOCAL programmes are made by the regional studios of the BBC, put out in just one area, and never seen again, that when the North-West Region manages to get one on the whole network it's a matter of jubilation all round. **Long Live Our England (11.15 BBC1)** is Su Dalglish's study of Manchester's West Indian immigrant community and shown there over three weeks recently. Now the three films that make up the ninety-minute survey of where they come from, how they are treated and what they feel about living here, are all going out nationally during this week: tonight's first, **Mother Country**, retraces the steps of one immigrant from stepping off the plane; **A Tale of Black Families** is on Wednesday at 11.25; **Young and Black** is on Thursday at 11.20.

There's another slice of Northern minority life in **Under the Age (10.40 BBC2)**, the first television play of E A Whitehead, the Liverpool writer whose work at the Royal Court has made him the most talked about new playwright of the moment. It's set in a provincial home town: two 19-year-olds at a loose end on a rainy day, a barman, called Susie, is a homosexual and has some problems. Then a couple of them, in, setting up a situation of Whitehead's first novel, *Some*.

Usually, when you have to go into the studio for a 16mm film, it's often a low quality picture, upsetting the Regiment's



of the Month; Ian Hendry is the name story (ITV network, 10.15); work serial (5.35)

and Garden: early spring outdoors. ce from Imperial College, London

detective stories. Julian Symons, Fleming.

term saving.

ng kids.

aves.

vellers (repeat).

argaret Hall v

ient v Arsenal,

ith Peter Wyngarde.

t with more than a

ith Shirley MacLaine,

ed of stealing. Plots?

ne with Norman

MAURICE'S MEMORIAL

MUSIC FOR OPENING OF THE SERVICE-BACH'S 1<sup>st</sup> SUITE FOR SOLO CELLO  
IN G MAJOR.

THIS IS NOT A RUNNING ORDER BUT SUGGESTIONS FOR WHAT MIGHT BE  
INCLUDED.

HYMNS

1. MORNING HAS BROKEN LIKE THE FIRST MORNING
2. GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT REDEEMER
3. ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL, ALL CREATURES GREAT AND  
SMALL.
4. JERUSALEM (ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND) MY  
FAVORITE.

ANIMAL POEM      CATS BY T.S. ELLIOT

SONNET              SHAKESPEARE

GUITAR              RODRIGO

OPERA                SOMETHING BY VERDI, PUCCINI OR DONIZETTI  
'O MIO BABINO CARO' is beautiful from Gianni Schicchi.  
Maria Callas's last performance at the festival hall.

MAURICE'S POEM ? Your choice  
PASSAGE FROM ONE OF HIS BOOKS?

2 OR 3 TRIBUTES    VALERIA. SHURA. CLARE OR ANOTHER OLD FRIEND

PSALM 23            THE LORD IS MY SHEPERD

AVE MARIA by SHUBERT Des Liedes Version SUNG BY SINGER IN GERMAN

BIG BAND MUSIC    TOMMY DORSEY?

SOMETHING FROM BERNARD SHAW OR NOEL COWARD.

SOMETHING BY BYRON ON ITALY?

MAYBE BLOW UP A PHOTO OF HIM TO BE PLACED AT THE FRONT OF THE  
CHURCH.

*Ruth Lampard*

*Graham -  
Nolan*

1-262 949 2436 Bobbie

Biddulph 0207 351 3800

- ✓ Susannah
- ✓ Neil
- ✓ Evelyn
- ✓ Shara - 0207 352 4672

- ✓ Irene Hill 0208 8589217
- ✓ Edward Hill + ENL (203 7784)61

James Cartwright  
Sue Cartwright

Clare Joechin

Ralph Thorpe

(Camille)

The Indian Man -  
Budgen

Jonathan Ross

Lindy + John

Jonathan Rowdon

Leslie

Josh

Ben

Don

Annie 0207 351 1432

Jeff

John Lyons

Corinne

Vaccina - Sandro

Henry 0207 244 8877 called  
Mario

Simon + Carolyn  
Greta Sathy

Christy Oller + Yvonne 0207 380/388

(Simon  
Carolyn)

André

Tse Tse

Tom Hara (yutorn)

Lucie

Lena

Our immediate neighbors

Lindy + John 01 737 842538  
0794 1131770

Sara -

(Diane 0208 333 0427  
Joyce

St. Luke's

Prelude to  
Wagners Lohengrin

Valeria

Shane

Clara

Susanah

Fred

Jonathan. Close

Steven Beaver

Robert Booth (Sylvie)  
05 63574865

Pma + Nanni Bella

Gordon Burwell  
01372 462783

John Burchell

rajendra

Chitra Som Heath  
EPR

Book Laurel

Cousin

Steven Beaver

Branon

2 string movement from  
Sibelius quartet  
to begin

ESTATE OF MAURICE ROWDON

DACHIELL ROWDON

44 BROOKWOOD ROAD

LONDON SW18 5BY

rowdluce@aol.com

9 March 2010

Irena Darling,

Here's Maurice's **Alma Phoenix**. Do be very careful into whose hands you put it as I understand there are sizeable risks to having one's work ripped off. I'm sure you have ideas. Are you taking it to Italy for the yearly Mahler festival perchance?

I'm also sending you the first three chapters of The Man's war book, working title **The War in Italy: The Hitler/Churchill Honeymoon** for you to give to your friend at Random House. Meanwhile I'm looking for an agent.

As you see from my covering letter about the book I am only suggesting the above as a working title. Personally I think it is a marvellous title but Maurice had the most amazing gift of driving people away from his work. I'm not English enough to know whether he's going to set too many teeth on edge with that one. What a glorious rebel! His first title was **Forward to the Death**.

Sweetheart, do take care and let us chat on the phone at least. I think I'm going off this Sunday or Monday as my bones simply cannot take anymore cold. This means I will miss your grand 60<sup>th</sup>. I'm so sorry!

Much love,

Dash x x

Dash

Anna

There was a Rakshasa's daughter who had teeth in her vagina. When she saw a man she would turn into a pretty girl, seduce him, cut off his penis, eat it herself and give the rest of his body to the tigers.

(From The Vagina Dentata Legend,  
Verrier Elwin, British Medical Journal)

One night the wife of Mansingh Goud went out to excrete near an ant-hill. As she sat there the ground broke and a small snake came out and entered her vagina. In her belly it grew fat. Her husband thought her pregnant. So twelve months passed. One day she went with her husband to the bazaar. As she sat in a bania's shop the snake poked its head out from under her sari. The bania saw it and knew what danger the husband was in. He bade him get a crowing cock, tie his wife's hands and feet to four staves, open her clothes and run away. 'Tie the cock near and when it crows the snake will come out and you can save your wife and yourself.' All happened as the wise bania had said. This is a true story.

(ibid, British Medical Journal,  
Psychology 19: 439, 1941)

The sex organ of a man is simple and neat as a finger; it is readily visible and often exhibited to comrades with proud rivalry; but the feminine sex organ is mysterious even to the woman herself, concealed, mucous, and humid, as it is; it bleeds each month, it is often sullied with body fluids, it has a secret and perilous life of its own. Woman does not recognise herself in it, and this explains in large part why she does not recognise its desires as hers. These manifest themselves in an embarrassing manner. Man 'gets stiff', but woman 'gets wet'; in the very word there are childhood memories of bedwetting, of guilty and involuntary yielding to the need to urinate.'

(Simone de Beauvoir, The Second Sex)

Quand sera brisé l'infini servage de la femme, quand

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99 GREAT RUSSELL STREET,  
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5th February, 1957.

Dear Mo,

Did you know that on 26th January the eminent Dutch critic, G.H.M. van Hewet, devoted an entire article to your work in the Rotterdam Algemeen Dagblad. The address of this admirable newspaper is Witte de Withstraat, 73, Rotterdam.

It makes you whistle through your back teeth doesn't it?

Jim

M. Rowdon, Esq.,  
bei Fischer,  
Falkensteinerstrasse, 24,  
Frankfurt,  
Germany.



- 1) The 4 friends (Couples)
- 2) The hotel circumstances from prison camp.
- 3) The group who having been persecuted to meet the new ones.

accompanied by anger and every appearance of irrationality. It means simply the observance of detached rather than social or racial or family principles, as the principles of practical operation. It follows the line of a profit, of self-advancement, of extended influence or power, and no consideration of other possible principles of operation will do more than temper that conduct. That is, the principle is always invoked in the preparation for action, but sometimes other principles may come in and modify it though rarely halt it. The point is that ~~traditional~~ 'irrational' principles of allegiance have no play in any of the key-transactions of our epoch. An allegiance of friendship or belief is something that may come in to bind or secure the 'rational' transaction but never to initiate it....

....The American team shocked and confused the English group by suddenly firing questions to them about what class each of them came from. That is, the deepest allegiances flinch before the searching 'rational' eye. In the same way, a clever English team could have thrown the Americans into confusion by means of their deepest allegiances (shames)....

....On one of their programmes ex-priests were asked what it had been like living without 'It'. The barbarian camera bored into their faces, looking for the terrible ravages supposedly resultant from the thwarting of the appetites. But celibacy in the western priesthood had a definite function. It did not come from doctrines of asceticism and self-mortification. These had no part of it whatsoever. Where celibacy succeeded it produced a wide ~~charity~~ charity in the man, a disposition to forgive and understand, because of a lack of deep selfish allegiances which satisfied appetites involve. Where celibacy failed, which was more often than not, it was ~~(and is)~~ a disaster: it produced an aggressive disposition to compete and wound, and a blistering envy of couples, and twisted desires. Celibacy---the control of the semen---succeeds only when a bliss is known which is felt to be worth the sexual bliss a thousand times over. The state of 'knowledge', according to Sri Ramakrishna, turns every cell, every particle of the body into a million sexual organs directed towards God. He said that the control of the semen for twelve years produced 'the nerve of memory', which made a state of illumination possible. ....Every religion acknowledges a connection between semen-control and divine knowledge, which is an utter puzzle to the 'barbarian'. It is the meaning of Mose's serpent, turned into a rod of power. The serpent was the Egyptian---and no doubt the Mesopotamian---symbol of the sexual energies: the bird (spirit) is seen clutching (controlling) the serpent in its claws. The farthest the 'barbarian' can go is to say that the priest 'sublimates' his sex, implying that it is still at bottom a sexual activity, and sex-motivated. This is not the case, except in 'wrong' celibacy. Sex is not the causal energy but an expression of the causal energy, and itself might be described as a sublimation on the easiest level. It is not distinct from all the other uses of the energy, which are all towards the one end....

~~....In the Dieter had said. I intended that the only time the audience rustled into ease and warmth was at the brief functional references to sex. But I had never realized that I had brought laughter down from the audience.~~

these days....

....The Anglia television man wants to see me about Persona Non Grata. He wants some cutting of the outdoor scenes to the size of his budget. I suddenly realised with some sadness that the interest aroused by this script in all the companies was due to a mistaken interpretation of its tense atmosphere as a criminal atmosphere....It has almost come about that crime is the only accepted subject of the TV imagination, an accepted convention like that of high life in pre-war West End plays. Dreams of high life destroyed the old society, destroyed the working class, and it remains to be seen if these dark dreams will do the same and if at the end of this dark age there will be no awaiting light....

---

# PROPOSITIONS

Personal -  
Pre-war with C, with  
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## PAIN IN WOMEN

More and more women today are being hit by pain which has no apparent disease behind it. It just comes out of the blue, and may disappear as mysteriously. The doctor can't explain it and his treatment doesn't help.

The afflicted area may be the abdomen, the neck or shoulders, the back, even the feet. The pain may abate for weeks or months and then strike again worse than before. It may stay as long as ten or fifteen years if nothing is done about it.

Perhaps the most agonising of these so-called intractable pains is tic douloureux. It affects the side of the face, usually the right side, and it hovers in the region of the trigeminal nerve which passes down the cheek, hence its other name---trigeminal neuralgia.

Annette Rowdon, a sculptress in her forties, is one of those who refused to let pain dominate her life, though it took her a four-year battle to win her way back to normality.

She developed tic douloureux just after she finished a large stone-and-crystal figure for a new Kodak building in July 1975.

"It started very slowly," she says. "It wasn't a big pain at first---rather like a mild toothache. It always came when I was eating. Looking back I know it had something to do with physical work. Also I'd been under a lot of personal strain before that."

For about a year the 'toothache' pain came and went, always a little worse each time. Then excruciatingly painful spasms started.

"That was the worst thing, the spasms. They moved around the teeth, the jaw, the chin, always changing places. When they were near the nose they were the most unbearable. They lasted about

a minute."

Was there any pattern in their occurrence?

"Yes," says Annette. "They came back or got worse just before my period started, and eased a few days after it was over. I think this is because the hormones in the blood change, and this causes stress.

"The pain started interfering with my sleep. Eating was very difficult because I couldn't open my mouth properly. I started mashing my food to make chewing easier.

"When I had the pain I didn't want to be with people, even my family, because it was embarrassing. I just wanted to withdraw. The less I talked the less pain I had.

"I got dreadfully thin and felt I was unattractive. My work suffered. I cried a lot with the pain and often felt very foolish and helpless. It was like being tortured for no reason. You feel life's against you and I got very depressed.

"Most people were very sympathetic and felt sorry for me. But they treated me like a terrible invalid, which I wasn't. I knew I didn't have a disease, just a state of tension underneath. Some people got impatient. This was because they couldn't see a reason for the pain."

In the course of four years Annette tried just about every treatment under the sun. Like many other pain-sufferers she went from doctor to doctor, abandoning treatment before it had time to work because the pain made her impatient for quick results. She saw osteopaths, nature-cure doctors, homeopaths, acupuncturists, dentists, as well as orthodox neurologists.

"I heard that sometimes people had their jaws injected with alcohol or their trigeminal nerve cut, but I didn't fancy going round with one side of my face drooping. I've always been against surgery or drugs except in emergencies, and I was sure my tension

was the thing that had to be tackled."

Two years ago, despite the continuing spasms, she took up a teaching job in the USA. On the advice of a dentist in Pennsylvania who was '99% sure' that it was the cause of her pain she had an impacted wisdom-tooth removed.

After an operation under full sedation and an expensive two-day stay at the local hospital her spasms became more agonising than ever. Sometimes she thought she would faint with the pain.

Back home again she became so run-down that her doctor advised her to go to a private hospital for at least a month to build up her strength again. She spent six weeks there and felt much better afterwards. But the spasms returned.

So far she'd kept off the pain-killers. Now she felt she couldn't afford to slip back into the old pain-wracked life and lose all the strength she'd just built up. She heard of a non-habit forming, non-depressant drug called Tegretol, which acts on the central nervous system and is particularly successful in soothing tic doloureux, and she began taking between one and three tablets a day. Unlike the other pain-killers she tried, it worked.

"I wasn't happy depending on a drug," Annette says. "It made me feel vague and irresponsible, and affected my memory. I was tired and less sensitive to things---and this is very bad for an artist."

But in the spring of this year help came in the form of two very different kinds of practitioner.

"First of all I started going to a healer. A ballet-dancer I knew had gone to her with a paralysed arm and been completely cured. She encouraged me to take Tegretol, which surprised me a lot. She said, 'You've got to work and live normally, then as things get better you can gradually give it up.' And this is what happened."

The only pains Annette has today are twinges---much less than the original 'mild toothache'. She

For one thing healers today are much better organised. And on the whole doctors are better informed about their successes.

In fact, a healer's first patients often come via a doctor, and healing sessions have been given at NHS hospitals with doctors looking on. The Hospital of Nervous Diseases is particularly cooperative here.

In Plymouth, Dr Alec Forbes, senior consultant physician at the General Hospital, sends out circular letters to his patients advising them that a spiritual healer is available if they want one.

The Healing Research Trust (of which Dr Forbes is a member) recently placed a plea with the Department of Health and Social Security that healing be accepted under the NHS.

It may be a long time before this and other less-known techniques like Ayurvedic and homeopathic medicine reach us through the NHS. But who ten or fifteen years ago could have guessed that acupuncture--- once much ridiculed in the West---would one day become standard treatment?

In the end it's a question of patients knowing what treatments exist and asking for them. Demand creates supply even in the medical world. Otherwise we would be without one Pain Clinic today, let alone over a hundred.

me here soon and one of our aims will be to bring Ayurvedic methods to poor people."

But it isn't only Indian medicine that emphasises the need for ridding the body of its poisons. The Hygienic Clinics in the USA which have existed since at least 1830, and are very likely the pioneers of the modern health-farm idea, claim unqualified success in the treatment of tic doloureux, while American orthodox medicine, like our own, can only suggest pain-killers or other forms of anaesthesia.

The method of the Hygienic Clinics is a prolonged fast which may last as long as a month. The pain usually reaches a well-nigh unbearable climax in the early stages of the fast, but when it does ebb away, the Clinics claim, it does so for good, unless of course the patient puts all the poisons back again by wrong diet.

Unfortunately, this is an area where the NHS cannot help. Our medical establishment, and therefore NHS hospitals, still see fasting in strict connection with overweight, and a woman-sufferer who feels the need of a medically supervised fast, or at least expert advice about it, will have to visit one of the numerous health farms in this country as a private patient.

Health farms aren't all outrageously expensive and can cost, inclusive of careful medical supervision, little more than a packaged holiday abroad.

Spiritual healing on the other hand is available to any pain-sufferer who asks for it, though it isn't an NHS treatment. If the GP or local hospital cannot help, the National Federation of Healers at Sunbury on Thames can, and will also offer an absent-healing service where only the patient's name need be registered. No cost is involved.

Much more is known about healing than it was in 1956 when the Archbishop of Canterbury asked a commission of doctors, of all people, whether divine healing was valid or not.

is living and working normally, and back to her old weight.

"The healer showed me that I was holding my shoulder in an odd way, and her hands always went to my spine as if they were being guided there. She said that that was where the trouble lay and this was confirmed later by a very good osteopath. Now I feel my spine's much more flexible. Sometimes it really hurts when she pushes at a certain place, or rubs. And sometimes she just touches you lightly. She's been called the healer with the steel fingers. Usually after her sessions I feel much better in myself. She raises your spirit so wonderfully, makes you feel stronger and more courageous. It's as if she gets your circulation going again."

The other practitioner who began treating her was a young Indian doctor who specialises in Ayurvedic medicine. This is India's traditional medical system, recently given official recognition by the Indian government so that its hospitals and pharmacies (five thousand of them throughout India) take equal place with those following orthodox Western methods.

Twenty-four-year-old Ashwan Barot is resident physician at Ludshott Manor Hospital in Liphook, Hampshire. When he heard about Annette's case he was convinced that Ayurvedic methods could help her.

He sent to India for the relevant medicines and treatment began.

"I think the medicines are herbal," Annette says. "They've certainly released something in my abdomen, and I feel relaxed there as I haven't done for years. I've learned that I have to keep calm and get plenty of rest.

"It looks as if the healing and the Indian treatment have done the trick. I don't know what an orthodox doctor would think about it. All I know is that these two people have given me relief after four years of intermittent agony."

What about the woman-sufferer who just goes to her GP, fails to get the right treatment and unlike Annette Rowdon gives up there? Are unorthodox forms of treatment available to her even within the confines of the NHS? Is her GP likely to know about them?

Surprisingly, the answer is yes---if she tries hard enough.

A much greater variety of medical treatment is available through one's local GP or hospital than may at first appear. It's only a matter of the patient knowing what she wants and asking for it. Where the GP is ignorant she can inform him.

For instance, there are now over a hundred Pain Clinics in Britain, attached to NHS hospitals and solely devoted to the treatment of pain. Patients have to be referred to these clinics by their GP, and the rule is that his treatment must have failed to solve the problem.

The treatment provided at the Pain Clinics includes drugs, vibration and spray techniques, electro-analgesia, low-frequency waves directed at the ganglion, local anaesthetics, antibiotics, surgery, deep X-ray and sometimes, if outside help is thought necessary by the doctor in charge of the case, hypnosis, acupuncture and psychotherapy.

Dr D.S. Robbie, chief anaesthetist at the Royal Marsden Hospital in London, began noticing the upward trend of intractable pain back in the early Sixties and decided to do something about it. He organised a weekly three-hour session to deal with pain-patients alone. Three hours were all his hospital would give him, since pain as a complaint in itself aroused little medical interest at the time.

But the demand grew. And it grew all over Britain. Other anaesthetists became involved and by the end of the Sixties they had formed the Intractable Pain Society with the aim of persuading the Department of Health to take a serious look at

the problem.

Pain clinics began appearing all over the country---usually out-patient surgeries held in NHS hospitals once or twice a week. Here the sufferer from intractable pain could get all the expert sympathy she might have been looking for over a period of months or years.

But how many women in fact reach these clinics? In an article published in 1977 four anaesthetists, one of them Dr Lipton, head of one of the most sophisticated Pain Clinics in Europe at the Walton Hospital in Liverpool, suggested that very few do---only 'the tip of the iceberg.' One reason they gave was that the GP often doesn't know 'the variety of methods available for the treatment of pain'. Another was that 'intractable pain may make the patient appear to be a chronic complainer', with the result that the doctor just shrugs his shoulders and advises another drug more in hope than belief.

All too often the woman-sufferer today gets that 'Oh my God, another neurotic woman' look from her doctor just because her pain can't be diagnosed or explained. Even her family may feel she's 'exaggerating.'

And this may discourage her from going to the doctor again, or even looking for a solution. Here the Pain Clinic can help psychologically if not medically. There she can see other sufferers with the same look of helplessness. She can talk to doctors who deal with cases like hers every day and who recognise her symptoms without difficulty (or disbelief).

With that said, not everyone agrees that the Pain Clinics are all that successful. Most of their techniques are designed to kill or deaden pain, not to remove its causes.

Pain is an urgent signal by the body that something is wrong, like the dog that barks when there's thief in the house. Have we really solved

the problem by killing the dog?

Also the clinics are often in the neuro-surgical department of a hospital, and therefore under the management of surgeons and anaesthetists. Are they the right people for the job?

Dr D.S.Robbie has his doubts. "On the whole," he says, "We anaesthetists are used to <sup>a</sup> quick impersonal relationship with our patient, not the long personal relationship which the treatment of intractable pain obviously requires."

A point to remember here is that acute pain isn't necessarily a dangerous sign, and it can often be a useful one. Dr Sharma, medical director of Ludshott Manor Hospital, believes that women tend to 'express' their inner stresses more easily and immediately than men.

"Little aches and pains and the occasional cold are often the signs of a healthy organism fighting disease," he says. "Nothing frightens me more than a man who comes into my surgery and says, 'I haven't been to a doctor for twenty years.'"

So pain may be a life-saver. It may signal physical stress when there is still time to do something about it. This was certainly the case for Annette Rowdon. "It made me realise that I took on too much work without first building up the strength to handle it," she says.

How much intractable pain originates in stress? We know that fifty percent more women than men develop tic dolooureux. Is it the same story with other well-known intractable pains like lumbosciatic syndrome, post-herpes neuralgia, post-traumatic neuritis, which are also on the upsurge? Do more women than men develop hidden stress and anxiety because, as housewives, they lead lonelier lives? Or is today's world with its unceasing pressures harder on the female organism than it is on the male?

One good example of a relationship between

stress and pain is dysmenorrhoea or painful menstruation. In almost all cases an important emotional factor is found at work, and if the sufferer can learn not to over-react to day-to-day anxieties the complaint usually clears up.

The fact is that when we feel anxious or afraid our bodies react by preparing us for action---any action, even when there's nothing to do. The heart increases its output, blood gets diverted to the muscles, glucose is liberated into the bloodstream to provide extra energy. In other words, we 'tense up', and it stands to reason that if our bodies are constantly doing this we have to pay the price in some internal disorder sooner or later.

Certainly complete relaxation has removed pain in a lot of cases. Dr Ainslie Meares, after studying pain for many years and travelling as far as the foothills of the Himalayas to find a man who claimed he never felt anxiety, came to the conclusion that a state of absolute rest has a marked 'distancing' effect on pain.

One of his patients, a retired 76-year-old doctor, had a persistent intractable pain in one foot. Surgery had proved useless. The main nerve in the foot had been cut, then the nerves leading to the toes, then those round the artery. The pain went on. Only Dr Meares' elaborate mental relaxation exercises helped, and finally the pain disappeared altogether.

Today of course there is no lack of opportunity for learning relaxation techniques. Yoga and meditation classes are available up and down the country for a small fee and often for nothing.

Hypnosis too is available through the Pain Clinics and has been known to help. The usual argument against it is that like pain-killers it only suppresses the trouble so that it may flare up later in another form.

For Dr D. Zimmermann, a Harley Street specialist

who has practised hypnosis for years, this is a red herring. He has had marked success in curing harmful habits like smoking and holds that the desire behind them simply disappears under hypnosis, if it works.

But in the case of intractable pain he finds that a patient may not always want to get rid of it. The pain may be there to cause attention, or to expiate a hidden guilt.

Once, after inducing hypnotic sleep in a Vietnam veteran who suffered from excruciating back pains resulting from wounds, Dr Zimmermann asked him, "Do you want to get rid of this pain?" and the answer was "No."

Ayurvedic doctors would say here that all disease, certainly all intractable pain, comes from mental disharmony of some kind.

"If sad or bad news reaches you in the middle of a meal," says Dr Barot, "you can't eat any more. That is, your stomach juices are immediately stopped. Western medicine has shown little recognition of this simple process. In the West all disease is made to seem accidental and it isn't."

The first thing an Ayurvedic doctor does with a new patient is to rid his body as far as possible of toxic substances. He does this by means of enemas, induced vomiting, steam inhalations and medicines. Then he applies traditional herbal and mineral remedies, in pill or liquid form, some of which may have gold, silver or mercury bases.

These remedies are carefully prepared over a long period of time, and for this reason are difficult to introduce to a mass market.

But Dr Barot hopes to set up Britain's first Ayurvedic centre. "I'm young," he says. "I've no need to rush. I'm not interested in money, just as long as I can survive. My fiancée, who is also a qualified Ayurvedic doctor, will be joining



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14th March 2000

Maurice Rowdon Esq  
44 Brookwood Road  
Southfields  
London SW18 5BY

Dear Maurice

You are sweet to think of me, and it was absolutely lovely to hear from you again and I remember how phenomenally glamorous you used to be and I'm sure you are now.

Darling Maurice, I'm going to be brutally and vilely frank with you. I just at the moment have finished an eight-day-a-week, twenty-four hour spate of writing to do a first draft of a novel to get some money out of my publishers. I have a tidal wave of other things to do. I have in my in-tray, about ten bits of manuscripts, half manuscripts, ideas, that people want me to help them with. I am so sorry, but I don't quite know what I can do, short of sending your idea to publishers and getting some backing that way. I am at the moment defeated. I'm so, so sorry. I will have a think. But just at the moment I've suddenly got a mass of subject reading to do. I'm going on tour for my paperback from now onwards really. The first interviewer is coming today and I just feel wet, quite frankly, and I know we are both animal lovers and I know I ought to do something about it. If I can think of anything in the next few days, I'll get back to you, if not just please forgive me and I'm so very sorry.

Tons of love,

Jilly

JILLY COOPER

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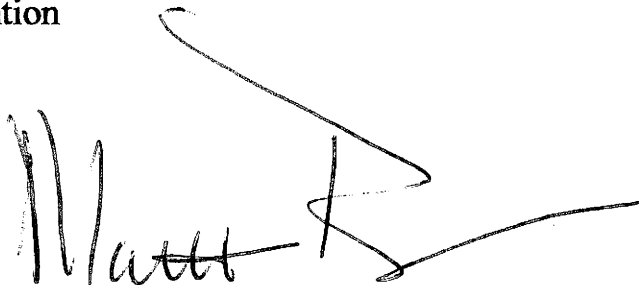
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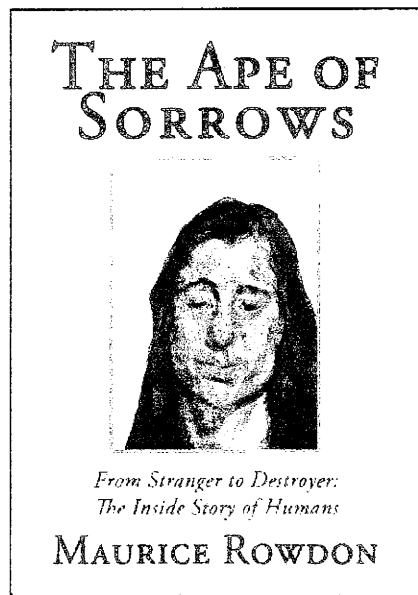
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**WHAT kind of species goes in for collective suicide?**

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

**Periods of decline usually contain the seeds of renewal.**

**What will it take for us to survive?**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

> Of **Talking Dogs**, 1978:

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

> In **Italian Sketches**, 1963:

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

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

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

**FRONT COVER:** Lucian Freud, "Small Portrait 2001"

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