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Editor : C. Lanciai
Ankargatan 2 A
S - 41461 Gothenburg
Sweden
phone 46 31 24 78 87

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The Shakespeare Debate (continued)

The Method of Doctor Mendenhall

In 1901 a strange experiment was conducted in Boston, Massachusetts, by a certain doctor Thomas Corwin Mendenhall. He had in 1887 elaborated a method to analyze the literary "fingerprints" of an author's style by means of a very simple but extremely tedious system of summoning up some hundreds of thousands of words from an author's writings and grouping these in words of one syllable, two syllables, three syllables, four syllables, etc, adding the sums in a diagram. The more words counted, the more precise the literary "fingerprint". The method appeared to work out well, since the stylistic "fingerprint" of the investigated author always was the same, no matter from what works of his you took the vast collections of words.

In 1901 he was engaged by the rich mr Augustus Heminway for *his* purpose of trying to prove that the works of Shakespeare had been written by Francis Bacon. Doctor Mendenhall meticulously carried out his investigation but came to the decisive result that the literary "fingerprints" of Shakespeare and Bacon did not match. The great Bacon admirer mr Heminway's purpose had failed.

However, doctor Mendenhall had also made his test on other contemporary authors like Ben Jonson, Francis Beaumont, John Fletcher, Christopher Marlowe and others. It appeared, that the literary "fingerprints" of Christopher Marlowe matched with Shakespeare as perfectly as those of Shakespeare matched with himself.

This could be regarded as an undeniable evidence of that Marlowe is the true author of the works of Shakespeare, since the method in all its simplicity can be carried out by anyone and is 100% objective.

The Shakespeare research has six authentic autographs of Shakespeare to compare, and they are variously spelt Shaksper and Shakspe. Others spell his name Shaxper, Shagsper or Shacksper. It has never been spelt Shakespeare by anyone before *The First Folio* seven years after the man's death. The different spellings of his name by himself and others might indicate, that he had some difficulty in spelling it himself. That would explain why nobody else could spell it properly. One of his daughters couldn't spell at all, she was illiterate, and on his departure from life all his property did not include one single book, so maybe also the father was illiterate. His will was obviously dictated. The more you close in on this Stratford man, the more improbable becomes his authorship to the greatest dramatic works of world literature, while as a reliable theatre man of good faith and common sense he could very well have served as the ideal cover-up for one harassed by the authorities with threats to his life like Christopher Marlowe.

The Contribution of David Rhys Williams.

His work *"Shakespeare, Thy Name is Marlowe"* (1966) doesn't really offer anything new. He sums up and confirms all the research results of Calvin Hoffman's in *"The Man Who Was Shakespeare"* (1955) and adds a few new ones, above all the method of doctor Mendenhall. Everything seems to lead away from William Shakespeare for an author of the great Elizabethan plays to instead indicate Christopher Marlowe, *"who stands alone, gloriously accused"* (Calvin Hoffman). The strange thing is that all these remarkable results of research conducted since 1895 have not in any way made the Shakespeare authorities

question their constantly less tenable position as maintainers of the Stratford man as author of the dramas. This can only be explained in one way: they don't want to, since they dare not risk the imagined security of their blind faith in authority.

Of course it isn't certain that Marlowe wrote everything in the dramas. We have pointed out a few weaknesses, for instance in "*Timon*", that could be later additions. But you can't escape the fact that Marlowe was the creator of the Elizabethan blank verse drama and that he already in "*Edward II*" brought this to perfection. You can't escape the fact that he alone had a motive for his death in Richard Baines' devastating denouncement of him to the Queen's Privy Council. He couldn't have continued to concentrate on dramatic poetry under such a threat. He had all the reasons in the world to free himself from all disturbances by disappearing as Marlowe to be able to concentrate on the main thing without interruptions. And you can't escape the fact that William Shakespeare does not exist as a poet until Marlowe has gone under ground.

But why Shakespeare? Here it is important to remember a few other things. Marlowe was not the only poet. Thomas Kyd was dead, but many others worked with the theatre. We must never forget the splendid and illustrious couple the Earl of Oxford and his son-in-law Lord Stanley, who according to witnesses both wrote dramas which no one knows where they have gone. Beaumont and Fletcher produced dramas unremittingly. Ben Jonson arrived later, but there were others. The Earl of Oxford had a *Shake-Speare*, a man shaking a spear in his coat-of-arms, and this heraldic symbol seems to have been prevalent here and there. The *Time International Magazine* points out quite correctly that the life of Edward de Vere was much more Shakespearian than any other contemporary person's: almost all the most dramatic episodes of the Shakespeare dramas occurred in de Vere's life. But such a colourful and self-centred Don Juan character doesn't write the world's most beautiful poetry, and those poems which have come down to us by de Vere's hand fall very far from the beauty of the Shakespearian language. De Vere may stand in the spotlight, but the observer thereof is somebody else. His son-in-law, theatrical collaborator and fellow enthusiast for the stage William Stanley must by this come under grave suspicion. Both the Stanley brothers held theatre companies, and William Shakespeare was on their payroll as an actor.

It is most probable that Shakespeare was selected as a gathering symbol for a comprehensive dramatic activity involving perhaps more people than the already mentioned. It's impossible that one man wrote everything in "*The First Folio*". There is a poem for example which we know for certain that was partly written by Marlowe and partly by Sir Walter Raleigh, ("*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*" in the collection of "*The Passionate Pilgrim*"). "*The First Folio*" is a magnificent collection of the finest drama and poetry during the period 1593-1613, and we can't guess what number of poets might be guilty thereof. But Christopher Marlowe had once and for all created the form and was probably the only master thereof. All the others could have provided him with infinite material and ideas, he might have edited any number of works by others, but the stamp of the editor is his own.

The same perfection of form pervades Robert Burton's impressive work of erudition "*The Anatomy of Melancholy*", his only work, which is constructed with the same clarity of form as any Shakespeare drama. This overwhelming purity of form is impossible not to relate with the architecture of the dramas in *The First Folio*. Certain covert confessions in Burton's work must also cast a suspicion on the underground Marlowe.

Then we have the poems on the relatives of William Stanley, written 1632-33, which directly remind you of the Sonnets in *The First Folio*. Here they are:

"Ask who lies here, but do not weep.
He is not dead; he doth but sleep.
This stony register is for his bones,
his fame is more perpetual than these stones;
and his own goodness, with himself being gone,
shall live when earthly monument is none.
Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands
shall outlive marble and defacers' hands.
When all to times consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

*- epitaph on the Stanley monument in Tong Church off Birmingham.
Buried are William Stanley's uncle Thomas Stanley with wife and son.*

"To say a Stanley lies here, that alone
were epitaph enough. No brass, no stone,
no glorious tomb, no monumental hearse,
no gilded trophy or lamp-laboured verse
can dignify his grave or set it forth
like the immortal fame of his own worth.
Then, reader, fix not here, but quit this room
and fly to Abram's bosom: there's his tomb,
there rests his soul, and for his other parts
they are embalmed and lodged in good men's hearts.
A braver monument of stone or lime,
no art can raise, for this shall outlast time."

*- epitaph on the Stanley monument in Chelsea Old Church.
Buried are William Stanley's son Edward with his two small children.*

According to popular legend, these two poems were written by Shakespeare. But the tombs are from 1633. Could Marlowe have lived that long? He would then have been 69 years old. Connected to the English stage since 50 years he might very well have been motivated to celebrate the name of its greatest protector and benefactor so beautifully as is done in these remarkable obituaries, which once again remind you more of Shakespeare than Shakespeare does himself.

The son-in-law of the Earl of Oxford Edward de Vere, William Stanley himself, the sixth Earl of Derby, perhaps the most important key figure in the whole mystery, died in 1642 at the age of 81 years, a very advanced age for those times; and with him died the English theatre, which was banned and closed by the puritans, who had extolled and written outrageous lampoons on the news of Marlowe's death, this Marlowe, whom a bishop of Canterbury gave an education at Cambridge to make him a theologian, who probably was the theological pamphleteer pseudonym *Martin Marprelate* of Canterbury, Marlowe's home town, who always remained a name of controversy to the pious party,

and who after his heydays probably returned to theology under the name of Robert Burton.

(A small parenthesis in connection with Shakespearian mysticism: *The Tempest* has a clear occult touch with obvious glimpses of the occultism *à la mode* in the 1610s, but already *Pericles* contains a ritual which was practised by the first freemasons, still Rosicrucians at that stage: Act III scene 2, when the presumably dead Thaisa is resurrected from the coffin thrown into the sea. Did the Rosicrucians adopt this mysterious scene from the play, or was it the other way around?)

All circumstantial evidence indicates Marlowe. Shakespeare was the name he chose as a collective pseudonym for all the theatre enthusiasts and their united efforts to turn the English theatre into something as big and marvellous as the Greek theatre of Athens had once been. Marlowe's own sacrifice for this cause was his own good name and reputation. The sacrifice couldn't have been greater, - but he probably felt the cause was worth it: the "Shakespeare" art of the theatre has never been surpassed.

The last word has not been said yet in this Shakespeare debate, which probably never will be concluded.

The Jesus Debate,

by John B. Westerberg.

The first thing to be said about the Bible and its God (in all its various versions, interpretations and definitions,) is, that no one ever has any right to try to bereave the Jews of this theology or the right which it gives them to call themselves *God's chosen people*. At the same time, this is the ground for all theology, without which no theology is possible, which always has been the major stumbling block to all other peoples concerning the God of the Bible. The eternal protest has been: "Why should the Jews be so special?" This has been the motivation for all antisemitism of all times and the launching pad to all persecutions. All revolts against Jewry including those of Karl Marx, Islam, atheism and communism have sprung from this argument. These eternal revolts against the Jewish monopoly on God will probably continue forever, and they will always continue to abort. They have always failed and will always fail. No man can indulge in a more foolish task than this meaningless revolt. Already Cain, already Sodom and Gomorra, already Pharaoh of Egypt, already the Assyrians and the Babylonians, already Haman in Persia, already Rome failed in this task, and humanity has never learned from all these perpetually aborted examples. The only aim reached in all these attacks against the Jewish monopoly on God is that the Jews have been inflicted griefs and damages to no gain for anyone. The Jews have their right to their God as he is described in the Old Testament, and no one has any right to even try to inflict on this right to religious freedom. Other peoples, though, have exactly the same right to the same God - if they respect the Jews.

We need to say no more about the Old Testament. Before embarking on the Jesus case I wish to defend Pythagoras in a parenthesis. The noble pacifist philosophy as it was developed in Greece after the fall of the state of Israel could be described as the best possible alternative to monotheism, since it is clinically free from all the disadvantages of monotheism. The risk of having one all-powerful abstract God as the highest spiritual *and* secular authority is that such a conception implies self-imposed authority and power, and

all power corrupts. God is the most ingenious justification for autocracy. Not even king David or Solomon succeeded in avoiding getting corrupt by the power position they held by having it confirmed by the dogma of the all-powerful God of Israel. That God from the very beginning equalled power, became the nemesis of monotheism from its very start; and all monotheistic religions were ruined from the beginning by this, especially Christianity and Islam. This could be described as the unavoidable, unsolvable and self-destructive dilemma of monotheism.

What a relief then is not the Greek philosophy with its unto perfection developed logic thinking and reasoning, which with indefatigable pains tried to find logic explanations to everything and almost succeeded. Without doubt, the greatest lengths were reached by Pythagoras and Plato, and their systems are still tenable today. What a marvellous contrast against all the secular turbulence and vanity caused by that power justified by God leading to infinite mess through war and violence, uncompromising one-sidedness, astronomical political stupidity, brute force, intolerance and plain barbarity! Against that background of all the misery caused by monotheism through eternal power struggles and ceaseless wars all over the world, those peaceful Greek philosophical solutions to the world enigmas must appear a better alternative. And being a philosopher doesn't have to mean that you are an atheist or a materialist.

Now we reach that most controversial case of Jesus. Who was he? At least he was a human being. Everything else is uncertain. It has been doubted whether he existed at all, but such remonstrations are as meaningless as to deny the existence of one Homer or Shakespeare on the grounds of no evidence to prove that they wrote what was published under their names. The Homeric poems and the Elizabethan dramas exist, and someone must have written them. If tradition then mentions Homer and Shakespeare as the authors, no one has any right to deny their authorship unless he can prove they did *not* write their works. It's the same thing with Jesus.

A basic misunderstanding is his name. His real name was Yeshùa, which is the same name which was carried by Joshua the successor to Moses, king Josiah of Israel, the prophet Hosea and Jesus the son of Syrach in the Old Testament Apocrypha, in other words a very ordinary name, like John in English. Some people claim that Jesus in fact lived some hundred years before Christ and that the gospels is a construction based on another Jesus a hundred years earlier. That's like claiming that a novel about a certain John in fact is a distortion of the story of another person named John who lived a century before the John of that novel. Jesus the son of Joseph, Yeshùa Bar Joseph, is as common a name at the time of Christ as John Andrews is in England today. These ridiculous speculations about different Jesuses probably come from the fact, that the unknown Jesus Bar Syrach of the Old Testament Apocrypha has very much in common as a personality with the New Testament Jesus and his teachings.

The controversy about Jesus is not really Jesus himself but rather what his disciples caused in the name of their master.

Before dealing with the disciples (the so called apostles) one by one, we must treat the Jesus case. Although *all* the gospels completely lack reliability (since they were written three decades after the death of Christ or later, and since they are biassed and personal not to say tendentious,) they give a very clear picture of an undeniable human fate during the Roman occupation of Israel. He was of royal blood and heir to the throne of Israel, which mere possibility made the old sick king Herod extremely uneasy, who had no such heredity himself. He was related to John the Baptist, and it's not improbable that they were cousins, (so that Elizabeth would have been Mary's elder sister). Both were in close contact

with the numerous freedom fighters' movements in Israel against Rome: the Zealots, the Nazarenes, the Essenes, the Sicarians, and others. After John the Baptist had publicly baptized Jesus and so to say launched his debut as an authority and leader among the prophets of Israel, Jesus takes full responsibility for that character. Many acknowledge him both as king and Messiah, and he acts very convincingly as if he was both. He challenges the Roman establishment by letting himself be greeted as king of Israel by entering Jerusalem riding on a donkey, which the Prophets had written the proper king would do. He continues the challenge by driving all the marketeers out of the holy temple by force. He thereby assumes full responsibility both as king and high priest. No wonder then that the Romans dispose of him.

It's probable that the Gospel according to St. Matthew comes closest to the truth since it is the most convincing and realistic of the gospels. Here we have a Jesus who "doesn't bring peace but swords" and turns "the son against his father and the daughter against her mother" etc. This is no kind pacifist but a brave determined revolutionary, who definitely is subversive against present conditions, that is the Roman occupation of Israel and the position of the Sadducees as Quislings of the Romans. The Pharisees held a position in between of an almost diplomatic character. Jesus had friends among these, but he definitely turned the Sadducee party into his enemies.

The whole crucifixion drama is so outrageous and realistic in its vast complexity with so many differently acting figures, that this can't be any pure fabrication. Pontius Pilate is a historical person, procurator in Israel 26-36, and so are the different Herods and Quirinius, the procurator of Syria at the time. The historical factors are so numerous in the whole New Testament, that it's impossible to try to explain away Jesus as a historical person except by blind and biased idiocy and petty nonsense. He died a martyr to his cause as a rightful heir to the throne of Israel and as a witness of his religion; and it was the Romans, not the Jews (except the Sadducees), who executed him.

The less said about the disciples, the better - Jesus himself at times expressed his exasperation at their stupidity; but some of them went farther in folly than others. I will not dwell on the issues whether Simon Zelotes and Simon Peter were one and the same person or not, whether Thomas, Judas II and James II were the brothers of Jesus or not, if St. John the evangelist was the same as St. John of the Apocalypse or not. Interesting is that St. Thomas also is called "Didymus", the twin; but the name Thomas also means twin. Whose twin brother was he then? My guess is that he might have been the brother of Jesus as well as the so called St. Jude of the epistle, but that he hardly was Jesus' twin brother but might have been called "the twin" since he might have looked very much the same and been particularly close to the master. The apocryphal gospel of St. Thomas expresses a deeper understanding of Jesus and his words than any other gospel.

There is much to speak for the second James as a brother of Jesus, who became the leader of the Christians in Jerusalem after the master's death. He lived up to his responsibility, which led him into conflict with the upstart and maniac later called Paul.

The interesting thing about Simon Zelotes is that there even was a member of that sect, the fiercest of all resistance movements against the Romans, among Jesus' disciples. He might have been Peter himself, who then would have been a Zealot before Jesus converted him into St. Peter. Peter is also known to have used force as he raised his sword against the high priest's servant in the garden of Gethsemane and chopped of his ear - even in the last days of Jesus he apparently was quite ready to use force and violence. It is written that also some of the other disciples had weapons. (*"He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."* St. Luke 22:36) Obviously they expected some attack at any time, so maybe it was

for some reason that the Romans sent a whole army unit of at least 500 soldiers to the garden of Gethsemane.

Judas Iscariot was probably also a Zealot. The name "Iscariot" is most probably a mistaken spelling of "Sicariot", which was another nomination of a "Zealot". The Sicariots were the most fanatical among the Zealots. The tragical despair and innocence of poor Judas I have treated earlier.

Paul was a Roman citizen and was paid by the Romans to follow their command and persecute the Christians, until he suddenly changed his mind and became a Christian himself. But he became more than a Christian. Apparently he was a man of exaggerations, and he overdid Christianity into something that no longer was Jewish. He must have had some constant objection against the Jewish authorities, who maybe had brought him up too hard. He had never met Jesus and could in no way have any real impression of him, wherefore he had nothing to go on except the legends. His letters are regarded as the oldest writings of the New Testament. They start the tendentious literature of Christianity on no other ground than an outrageous mythomania. Jesus is made into the Son of God, the unavoidable speculations about the empty grave Paul transforms into the dogma of the resurrection of the flesh; and his myths and fanaticism for the Jesus cult creates such a confusion among the Christians, that when Paul has missioned in Turkey and Greece, the Lord's brother James must in despair send out other missionaries after him to undo the disastrous effects of his boundless mythomania. Thus occurs the first great schism among the Christians between Paul on one side and James with Peter on the other. These tried to avoid the separation of the Christians from the Jews, but the intense labours of Paul compelled this to happen.

The doings of St. Paul are indeed for good and evil. On one hand he starts off the triumphant Christian conquest of the world, which he leads with the same adroitness as Mahomet 600 years later carried on the Muslim conquest of the world; but on the other hand he debases Christianity into an intolerant and dogmatic autocracy, which ruthlessly extirpates all opposition and does not tolerate any argument or criticism against the established myths of Paul. Again we see the ugly monster bastard of monotheism: authority gives power, which breeds corruption, cruelty and violence. Thus Christianity became the fatal executioner of classical antiquity with its wonderful cultural world of Pythagorean enlightenment. This devastating narrow-minded intolerance was exclusively the result of Paul's hard labour and dogmatization.

After the introduction of Paul's eloquent mythomania in eminent letters, the gospels were written more or less under their influence in the same vein. It's important to note, that the gospels were written *after* the incineration of Rome, *after* the first persecution of the Christians, and *after* the destruction of Jerusalem, when all Jewish resistance against Roman oppression had been destroyed and Jewry was reduced to martyred ashes. The Christians had earlier been persecuted together with the Jews - the emperor Claudius for instance made no difference. From this the tendency evolved to try to lick the Romans and blame the death of Jesus on the Jews. This was a political necessity. Otherwise Christianity would never have been able to take over Rome.

The most objective of the gospels is that of St. Mark, the disciple of Peter, which probably also is the oldest of the gospels. I already mentioned St. Matthew. Doctor Luke was a disciple of Paul and wandered completely in his shadow under his influence, but was more careful about his investigations into the matter than Paul. John finally gave his very own personal version of things, inspired by Paul's successful mythomania and eagerness for establishing a lasting cult, and was obviously also bent on establishing his

own position for eternity as Jesus' favourite. There is nothing to prove that he did not also write the Apocalypse as a definite stamp on Christianity as a very subversive revolt movement against the Romans.

Theologians of the future face the very difficult and serious task of separating Jesus the man from Jesus the cult figure, distilling truth from myth. To reconstruct what really happened after 2000 years is of course tremendously difficult, but you can always start by cleaning up among the myths, where most if not everything is dusty old lies. On the whole, Jesus the cult figure is just an artificial construction which was fashioned for opportunistic reasons to make way for the career of the militant Church as a political world power.

These necessary settlements must not in any way however harm or threaten the institutions. I rather believe that these only can survive if they undergo a clean sweep. By the institutions I mean the churches, the Orthodox Church, the Catholic Church, the Protestant Church, the Calvinist Church, the Coptic Church, the Anglican Church and almost all Christian churches. They are all as holy as Jewry by their mere faithfulness towards the religious literature and the worship of the idea of God.

Let that be the end of this theological discourse this time. I hope you have not found the topic too boring and exhausting. I apologize, but the subject is comprehensive.

John."

The Importance of Religious Criticism,

by John Bede.

Allow me to immediately confess who I am. In all my life I have been involved and engaged in the conflicts of Northern Ireland, being a Catholic of Londonderry. That should be all I should be obliged to say about that. Those who know anything about this the most meaningless of all conflicts will understand what I mean without one more word.

All my life people have tried to force me to take stands. I always refused to. I think both sides are wrong. So I have always thought, and it seems unlikely that I will ever find reason to change my mind.

All my life I have collected bad things to say about my Christian Church, whether it's Catholic or Protestant. They are all the same to me, and I find both equally bad. But if you express your criticism you will raise hell out of nowhere, you will get beaten down, you might get shot in your knees, you simply are forbidden to say anything against any rotten devil in any rotten church.

So the church is full of devils, but you can't reach them. You can't deal with them. You can't settle with them, because all the pious believers will do anything to stop you.

Thus the evil remains with all believing Catholics and Protestants of Northern Ireland. Thus both churches appear totally evil. Of course they are not. I am a solidly confirmed supporter of the paradox, that there is no evil without something good about it, just as there is nothing good without something being rotten about it.

To explain this baffling duality, how good and evil in religious business always is intertwined and almost inseparable, let's have a look at a totally different sort of religion, one of the outsider churches, who people have loved to cudgel occasionally and who has

acquired a kind of label of '*all abuse allowed*'. Let's have a look at the extraneous Church of Scientology.

One year I remember the Scientology page on Internet caused some attention across the world since it disclosed confidential material from an advanced Scientology course called OT III. The motive for revealing this remarkable material was apparently, that the source had studied the course, quit Scientology and used Internet to demonstrate why.

After some time this page was removed from Internet by the source himself, since, according to witnesses, he had been intimidated by scientologists to do so. This appears even more remarkable since the material disclosed had been regarded as "science fiction nonsense".

Most remarkable then is the scientologist reaction. If Catholics who leave the Church disclose intimate experiences of exorcisms and promiscuity, the Church doesn't mind at all but merely takes on a Jewish attitude like "that's what we get for our sins". But the smallest objection against the Church of Scientology immediately raises the most violent reactions. They can't take criticism. They are as confirmed bigots as the Catholics and Protestants of Northern Ireland.

Thereby the Church of Scientology places itself on the same level with other American esoteric movements, who all share that characteristic: the members can't tolerate criticism. The more important, then, becomes criticism. What may not be said then becomes vital. If a voiced opinion is silenced it will turn into a scream.

They are all the same, those American salvation armies, with their doomsday outlook on life, claiming to be the only ones capable of saving the world and preparing to do so when the time comes, like the Jehovahs have been waiting now for quite some time, establishing definite coming doomsdays and getting disappointed each time their doomsday prophecies prove phoney. I know you well, all you pious American extremists of naïveté. Your chief problem is that society always seems to be able to manage quite well without all your fatalist sects. It just doesn't care, even when you not seldom end up in a mass suicide.

Yet I will not be critical against Scientology, but on the contrary I must belaud its constructive parts. It has a splendid rehabilitation program for drug addicts which works, its founder Mr L. Ron Hubbard launched brilliant pioneering initiatives in the 40s against psychiatric abuses and within prison discipline and could have made history as a great scientist and psychiatric reformer, if he hadn't turned his assets into a religion and made it marketable in order to shamelessly use the doctrine of the immortality of man to make money.

The Church of Scientology probably went wrong when it was organized into a religion involving secrecy around its materials. The founder made it his ambition to "clear the planet", and in the 60s he launched his own private "Sea Organization" on ships, where the members signed contracts of a thousand million years. Media often mistook this figure and made it only a million years or even less, but the contract actually bound the signer to a thousand million years of service. Most people who signed this contract had low wages and had to work day and night for the organization. One of the most frequently used quotations of L. Ron Hubbard is: "The truth shall set you free," while at the same time it is remarkable that the scientologists can't stand hearing the truth about themselves and Scientology. I also wonder how much the Scientology religion and its sea organization was the creation of L. Ron Hubbard and how much of his lately imprisoned wife Mary Sue Hubbard. In a publication about the founder published after his death he is quoted during his youth in China (- another Indiana Jones?) to have found there in the western outskirts

the truth about mankind, realized the reincarnation mechanics and how to sort this mental problem out by scientologist technology. Please observe, that he embraced these ideas at the age of 15 in the middle of puberty. His mentality seems very close to that of Chinese emperors and Mao Zedong, who often qualified themselves by advocating ideas which they took for granted must be of universal application. L. Ron Hubbard seems to have taken for granted that his ideas would work not only on criminals and psycho cases but on everyone. Sound people under scientologist treatment have reacted against this. I would recommend, that if Scientology succeeds in curing mentally ill, criminals and drug addicts, it should only devote its energies to them and leave sound people in peace, and above all, not make sound people suffer economically by scientologist encroachment. There are after all people who don't take drugs, who don't become criminals and who are not mentally ill, and all such people I think had better stay off Scientology.

The most suspect thing about Scientology is in my opinion its secrecy. All material in advanced courses is confidential and obtainable only for money at large. All the same, such material has always leaked out by hearsay and even reached Internet. The religion has never tolerated disclosure of such materials, and what is once available on Internet can never be stopped, since even if it is removed it can be copied by any computer as long as it remains. The founder also created a methodical system which made criticism against the religion impossible. Scientologists were prohibited to mention any word of disparagement about each other, all disparagement about the religion was classified as "entheta", which means 'anti-spiritual', and people who committed this crime were labelled as "suppressive persons" and excommunicated, with the practical consequence that scientologists were forbidden to have any contact with them. If they violated this they were themselves excommunicated. In this way uncountable families have been divided by the Church of Scientology, which thereby turned very skilful in making unyielding enemies. And thus, the existence of freedom of speech, freedom of thought and freedom of conscience within the firm was debatable.

I must regret that L. Ron Hubbard never wrote an autobiography. That might have straightened out many question marks. The disadvantage of turning in without first cleaning up your desk is that you can no longer defend yourself after death. We shall now never learn the truth about his first two marriages, which seem to have broken up as the wives considered him out of his mind, which is the most common of all divorce causes. What we know for certain is that he was very apt at writing science fiction, category B. He is no stylist, his imagination is crude and stereotypical, he has no feeling and negligent empathy. One example is the short story "The Man from Hell", an adventure story with a colourful gang of dashing swashbucklers of very obscure origin and character, where captain Norton, the hero, is a fugitive from Devil's Island and the villain Chacktar is a Negro. The story consists of fights, murders, gunfights, violence and a finale by the geographically unknown Hurricane Island somewhere between Devil's Island and Martinique with a machine gun massacre. Bouts of fisticuffs are epically described in detail, and the corpses amassing in heaps during the course of events are almost uncountable. There is no human value - on one occasion the one woman asks the hero most anxiously: "Have you killed a human being?" He has already killed lots, and he answers directly: "You can't call those beasts human, can you?" Of course, this hero gets her at last. Whatever a writer writes says something about the writer's mentality and what stuff he is made of. In comparison with this pornographic violent trash, the very opposite of Joseph Conrad, a writer of popular adventure stories like Dennis Wheatley stands miles above in quality. If an author of such cheap superficial action nonsense then founds a

religion, it is hardly more than natural that that religion in that case will have some difficulty in making itself be taken seriously, especially if that religion turns out to be the best marketed religion in the world, - since it's not very religious for religions to be marketable. Towards the end of his life, when his third wife and many of his closest associates were in prison for phoney tax declarations, he seems to have returned to his science fiction authorship and spent his last years isolated on a ranch somewhere in the vicinity of Hollywood, where he first made his luck. I would incline towards thinking that L. Ron Hubbard's mistake after 1950 was to take his own science fiction fantasies so seriously that he thought they must be universally applicable, and thus all his scientific detachment was lost. Is that what happens to all founders of religions?

Some twenty years ago I happened to hear in a radio program one of his former friends relate how he went out on treasure hunts in the Caribbean Sea with his ships. Since he was certain that he once had been a rich pirate in an earlier life, he was also certain that he remembered exactly where he had buried the treasures. This absolute self-confidence is a rather conspicuous scarlet thread throughout this man's life. He wouldn't have anything to do with the saying, "It is human to err," which he denied, and his life's work the scientologist technology and organization excludes "the human factor" as anything worth considering. All the same, no treasures were found in the Caribbean. The story could have been made up, that's what the scientologists say unanimously with certainty, but that is the kind of stories that circulate about L. Ron Hubbard. On the other hand, if he had found some treasure somewhere in the Caribbean, perhaps the scientologists would have used such a fact in order to prove their leader's infallibility.

During the 80s many scientologists had to stand trial for monkey business, as they had persuaded proselytes to take loans from banks in order to finance their Scientology courses. When these loans couldn't be amortized in spite of completed Scientology courses, these proselytes found themselves in a difficult position, and several turned themselves into enemies of Scientology for life. For this the responsible scientologists were given some thrashing by their chiefs, since their procedure had resulted in bad PR for the whole business. It is possible that all these responsible and excommunicated scientologists would not have been thrashed by their seniors if their proselytes after having completed their Scientology courses all the same had been able to repay their loans.

Conclusion: if criticism is silenced it becomes legitimate. Since 1950 the Church of Scientology has refused to listen to criticism. The result is a mafia-like world autocracy which continues to make money out of the doctrine of the immortality of man. This doctrine can not be questioned, since no one can prove what happens after death; but to make money out of the immortality principle is quite another thing. I would suggest that everything Scientology says can be used against it. The only exception are the few scientific results which the foundation never can be denied the most commendable invention and introduction of, above all the working and successful purification program for the rehabilitation of drug addicts, criminals and mental cases.

In the same way, though, also communism, fascism and nazism are defended by that they started off well with some good ideas. But that can never diminish or indemnify their damage.

An autocracy always remains an autocracy. The Church of Scientology in my opinion thereby remains hopelessly controversial and doubtful, like all monotheistic religions governed by a centralized organization, like the Catholic Church and Islam.

God save us from all religious paranoia and power complex! And may God deliver us from all religious fanaticism and bigotry!

One last reservation: I am only against Scientology as an autocracy, not as an applied philosophy. This distinction is vital.

In the same way, I am only against all religions as autocratic and destructive influences in politics, like in Iran. Please let me not disturb anybody's sacred faith.

No offence! Only just criticism.

July 1999.

John Bede, Londonderry.

(This article is a revised and renewed version of a WES article from 1996.)

A Foreigner's View on Kashmir.

My first journey to Kashmir turned out to be something totally different from what I had expected. I had thought that only Jammu and Srinagar might be difficult because of the closeness to Pakistan and possible military disturbances, while all troubles would be left behind as soon as I was out of Srinagar on the way to Ladakh.

It turned out to be the contrary. I was very well taken care of in Jammu, both up and down, and Srinagar proved to be the perfect peace and just a wonderful experience, so I stayed on there for more than two weeks; but as soon as I went east towards Zoji La there was a world of difficulties.

I learned some interesting facts. There seems to have been some efforts for a referendum for the Kashmiris to choose between India and Pakistan, but there should be a third option: independence for Kashmir from both, and that seems to be what most Kashmiris would want, since both Pakistan and India have given Kashmir nothing but troubles since 1947. The last Maharadja seems to have turned to India only because Pakistan tried to invade Kashmir by force. So India found a good reason to use force as well, and so Kashmir has had wars for 52 years, and there seems to be no end on it.

Now, force is always the most stupid of all solutions, because it never solves anything. It merely kills, and that's no constructive solution. I believe that the only possible constructive solution to the problems of Kashmir would be total independence from both Pakistan and India, both ceding their occupied territories to Kashmir. Also the area occupied by China, the Soda Plains, must be ceded back to Ladakh, since they are illegally occupied.

Such a solution could only be accomplished, though, in a very long run by patience, negotiations and diplomacy. Since such a constructive way would be the opposite of force, it is not possible to achieve it by any kind of force. The primary goal, then, must be to put a stop to all hostilities.

Of course, we have the problem that only India can stop the infiltration of war maniacs in the north from Pakistan and Afghanistan.

We must have patience, but in the end I think that sovereignty of Kashmir could be accomplished.

For some, the case is already on the international agenda.

Voices from China.

During a mass meeting in the Tongwan district a man called Gan Dazuo was exposed to mass criticism, the dreaded Chinese process routine called *Tamzing*, where members of the crowds are obliged to accuse and assault the accused not to be accused and exposed themselves. ("If we don't kill the people the people will kill us." - Mao Zedong.) The accused was told to go down on his knees. Gan Yewei hit the victim on his head with a club, but the victim didn't die. Then Gan Zuyang pulled down the victim's trousers to cut off his organ. "Let me die first; then you can cut it off," pleaded the victim. Gan Zuyang didn't care about this and continued to cut. The victim resisted with all his might and yelled out with the full power of his lungs. Gan Weizing (who had arranged the mass meeting) and his clique cut the meat from the thighs. Gan Deliu cut out the liver. The rest of the mob pushed forward and flayed him."

Official cannibalism is no news in socialist autocracies. China differs though for example from the Soviet Union by carefully making accounts of the procedures and preserving them.

Wang Zujian was head of culture in Wuxuan, where he witnessed the mass cannibalism movement growing into a daily whirlpool of bloodshed. He couldn't bear watching the metamorphosis of his home town into the stage of a ruthless mob who in the name of the party tore asunder new victims in streets which already had been covered by mutilated bodies. There are always those who can't remain silent.

Cannibalism occurs in three stages. First it is all done in utmost secrecy and fear of being discovered. When victims were murdered in the inner party conflicts the man-eaters stole out in the night to the killing fields and often fumbled in their arrangements.

Then the blood-tide rises. Now the tearing asunder of bodies is performed openly, enthusiastically and with great skill. A swift cut under the ribs - the model is the Chinese sign for a person. Then step your foot on the belly and squeeze simultaneously out the heart and the liver, why not to the suitable accompaniment of the chairman's eight allowed musical pieces, militant marches all eight of them, with flying red colours and enthusiastic quotations from the little red book of Mao, all in the name of holy Marxism.

Finally the mass cannibalism movement: the mob in berserk rage like a hord of hungry dogs. The victim is chosen for a *tamzing* procedure, an open trial for all the people to partake in on the plaintiff's side, which inevitably ends with the victim getting slugged down. Thrust a pointed metal tube into his skull and suck out the brains. Whether the victim is alive or not the mob rushes forth like cannibals with knives and daggers drawn, and everything is good enough as ingredients for the feast, which is accompanied by carousal and hasard games. In the campus areas, in hospitals, in the various administration unit canteens the cauldrons are boiling and the smoke rising in the sky.

The Chinese are famous for their good economy, and they have never left any spoils. During the years 1956-82 the Chinese murdered 1,207,487 Tibetans, and it's not plausible that so much meat was left to nothing.

In unsurpassable naïvety president Nixon and foreign secretary Henry Kissinger at the same time opened their bosoms to China, let her into the Security Council in the United Nations, kicked out the legally governed Taiwan and promoted China to a permanent status of "most favoured nation". One of China's conditions to accept president Nixon's generosity was that America was to discontinue their support to the Tibetan freedom-fighters, who consequently were let down and sacrificed after 18 years of heroic struggle.

During Mao's heroic "giant step forward" 1958-62, when all China was industrialized by force, between 40 and 80 million Chinese died as a result from famine, since the farmers weren't allowed to cultivate anything anymore, since they were forced into the factories.

Books like Zheng Yi's "*Scarlet Memorial*", a collection of authentic documentary material from the Mao era, make both the terror regime of Hitler and Stalin's Gulag Soviet Union appear like heavenly idylls in comparison.

"My opinion is that the whole Han-Chinese totalitarian culture is dominated by cannibalism."

- Zheng Yi.

"We love our country, but we hate our leaders."

- student on Tiananmen Square, June 4th 1989.

"The one-party state of China is like the 'Titanic', and it's the west that keeps the doomed ship floating. Not until the leaking ship has foundered there will be any hope for China."

- Wei Jingsheng.

"China has one enemy only. His name is Truth, and China will never get rid of that enemy as long as China lives. But worst of all is, that as an enemy he is the most difficult and relentless one you can have. The greatest possible political mistake to make is therefore to make him your enemy by once failing him."

- Doctor Sun.

"There is not one Tibetan, monk or civil, who hasn't chosen to co-operate with the Chinese exclusively to thereby preserve his Tibetan life and heart. Their only hope is that they haven't done this ultimate sacrifice in vain, but that they one day will be able to return the enforced pledge and be rid of it for ever."

- John B. Westerberg.

The Finest Writer of the 20th Century.

His suicide together with his wife in February 1942 in Petropolis outside Rio de Janeiro when the Second World War raged at its worst has never ceased to foster new speculations as to his reasons. But the most tragic thing is, that he thereby was lost to contemporary literature, more or less cancelled from book-stores and shelves, and forgotten. The war was more exciting news than a casual suicide, and after the war it was more important to write new literature than to remember the victims. To the generation of the 50's he belonged to a lost epoch which never again could be brought back to life. Many other authors in similar melancholic situations were forgotten with him, like for instance Dimitri Mereshkovsky, the leading author of Russia before 1917, who was compelled to leave Russia, never found himself at home anywhere abroad and was forgotten, while instead the unfortunate buffoon Mayakovsky became the flagstaff of the new Bolshevik literature.

Stefan Zweig was a Jewish writer of Vienna who early made his debut with some poetry, which so charmed his publishers, that they promised to publish whatever he would write. Instead of using this opportunity he turned so severely self-critical, that it

took many years before he appeared again. His international break-through was his pacifist play "*Jeremias*" under the shadow of the first world war, which made way for him into the heart of the greatest pacifist of his age, Romain Rolland. From Switzerland they worked together for their pacifist movement as long as the war problem remained.

During the 20's his long list of biographies started to appear. At first he dealt only with well-known authors like Dickens, Balzac and Dostoyevsky, but he soon broadened his investigations to also fathom characters like Nietzsche, Mary Baker Eddy, Napoleon's favourite policeman Joseph Fouché, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Marie Antoinette, Mary Stuart and Maghellan among others. His "*Sternstunden der Menschheit*" is a vast kaleidoscope of biographies concentrating on decisive historical moments, concluding with a dramatization of the escape of Leo Tolstoy from home at the age of 82. Stefan Zweig's psychological insight and careful empathy is universally acknowledged, and Sigmund Freud was one of his close friends.

His good days lasted until 1934, when nazism started to ruin everything. Until then he was at times the most widely read author in the world, and he counted all his greatest contemporaries in music and literature for his friends, who frequently visited him up on Kapuzinerberg above Salzburg, where his 'Villa Europa' still remains. But already in 1934 nazism became such a threat even in Austria that he found no option but to leave, and his exile was for life.

He found a new home in England and lived in Bath until 1939, when the new war broke out. He was then sequestered as a war prisoner, being a citizen of Austria. As soon as he had got his British citizenship he left England for good. He escaped to America, never liked it there and continued to South America and Brazil. There he chose to voluntarily end his life at the age of 60 in the very darkest moment of the Second World War, a few weeks after the Wannsee conference, where 'the final solution to the Jewish problem' was resolved, and one week after the fall of Singapore to the Japanese, the final blow to allied control of Asia. All his books had then already been banned in all German-speaking countries since eleven years. What good did it do that he was the finest stylist in the German language, when he was a Jew?

He was not forgotten right away, although he immediately disappeared in the new age deluge of mass media culture of vulgarity and cheap nonsense, since all those who had read him never forgot him. But the new readers found no meaning in reading a writer of the 30's after the 40's. They preferred stranger originals without too much clarity and difficult messages of conscience, which compelled you to think, as for instance Franz Kafka and James Joyce, one more queer and weird than the other. It became *à la mode* to claim to understand what no one could understand. The same cult status was offered to Mayakovsky, who committed suicide protesting his disappointment in the bolsheviks, who nevertheless continued to boast him, since they had no one else. I am sure the day will come, when people at last recognize those three, Mayakovsky, Franz Kafka and James Joyce, as the three greatest humbugs of 20th century literature. Some have dared to express that opinion already long ago but were reduced to silence, forcibly forgotten and deported to that same rubbish heap where other scrapped great stylists have been sorted out as disqualified for a rotten age, like Dimitri Mereshkovsky and Stefan Zweig.

Gothenburg, August 1999.