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Muriel Carlmark In Memoriam.

There is a Swedish expression which was Muriel's favourite, and which best characterizes her entire being: "*full av skoj*", which means 'full of fun'. Few knew Muriel from her humouristic sides, but that was in fact her main character. She was a light human being who saw everything in rays of joy and harmony, and she was always enjoying herself.

This might be refuted by those who knew her fate and the struggle with which she carried it; but it was her unquenchably bright sides which helped her to endure the unendurable. Her irrepressible optimism in union with those trials she was subject to, which would have broken anyone else from the beginning, resulted in an incredible valour and toughness, which never gave up until even her apparently inexhaustible body had to obey the laws of nature.

She was born in 1910 while Leo Tolstoy was still alive and King Edward VII ruled in England, when Elgar and Vaughan-Williams were accomplishing their greatest achievements and when the whole world basked in the light of order, welfare and peace. She came from a richly endowed and highly cultivated family, the Dugdills of Brixton; her father could have become a concert pianist but instead ended up one of England's foremost ornithology experts; and also her brother followed the path of art becoming a photographer with poetry besides. She also went quite far in music and mastered pieces by Liszt and Rachmaninov before she was tempted out of England to marry a Swede from Åmål (pronounced *Awe-maule*).

Her life then became that of a house-wife with four children of her own, all musical with international outlooks, and her daughter married a Frenchman during a missionary journey in Peru together with Abbé Pierre, who is still alive and a definite candidate for the Nobel peace prize.

During her long life Muriel experienced both the world wars, and in London towards the end of the first one she outlived the first German bombings by air. She almost took it for a joke - "they were like paper aircrafts coming with flying dustbins which exploded full of rubbish and didn't even do any harm." As long as she lived she recalled vividly how she found protection against these bombings in the shelter of her neighbour's kitchen together with a German family, who couldn't understand what was going on. During the Second World War she was in Sweden and thus didn't have to endure how London was bombed for real.

She always remained quite English and could never really feel at home in Sweden or understand the Swedish society. She liked it best in Sweden when the family lived out at Marstrand by the sea, where it was closer to the outer archipelago of Gothenburg - the British Isles - than from Älvängen and Gothenburg.

A great and lovely smile and light has left us but still lingers on, with the glow of happier times from before the great world destruction of the two world wars, a glow which though always will remain as typically English as a cup of tea with muffins out on a sunny veranda in a neither too shadowy nor too sunny garden of incorruptible beauty with an entire universe outside it to discuss, a world which in spite of all the tragedies nevertheless to her always remained as incurably 'full of fun' as ever.

February 2001.

The Shakespeare Debate :

John Michell's Solution to the Problem.

"Who Wrote Shakespeare?" by John Michell appeared in 1996 and is perhaps the most entertaining book written on the subject while at the same time it offers a magnificent survey of the whole problem. John Michell follows the popular path of Laila Roth in not viewing any candidate as out of the question. In his book he presents all the 63 candidates, of which at least 24 are to be considered seriously as possible sole authors of the works of Shakespeare.

His explanation to the phenomenon is briefly as follows. The brain behind it all was of course Francis Bacon, whose life program was to reform humanity by philosophy, science, law and a fourth unknown means, which then would have been the theatre, the dominating mass media of the time with its irresistible power to manipulate people's minds and ways of thinking. To that purpose he would have manufactured the Shakespeare plays. His candidature is strengthened by the fact that he was homosexual, why he had the best reason in the world to hide from it, which he publicly declared was a good thing to do.

But Francis Bacon was an official bore sitting in London all the time, while the Shakespeare dramas are brightly coloured by country life with very much sport, which is very difficult to find any trace of in the life of the bureaucrat Francis Bacon. Enter the Earl of Oxford, Edward de Vere, a hot-tempered adventurer who had spent much of his life abroad and favoured things Italian, a passionate nature who was a master of the Sonnet, who lost his father at an early stage, why his mother immediately remarried a worthless villain; and who gladly fought duels and killed a servant in the house of his guardian, Prime Minister Lord Burghley, wishing the servant had been Lord Burghley himself. Here we have the authentic Hamlet in reality dangerously raving in the corridors of the supreme power. In the 1590's he retired grieving about the injustice and persecution he had to endure and then probably wrote the embittered sonnets, which clearly are stamped by the scars of a deeply wounded and perfectly honest man's refined confessions out of extreme anguish. "Othello" and "King Lear" in the year of his death, 1604, match perfectly with the deep but noble desperation of the Earl of Oxford.

His son-in-law was William Stanley, the sixth Earl of Derby and of royal blood, who definitely can be connected with two of the dramas: "Love's Labour's Lost" and "The Tempest". "Love's Labour's Lost" occurs in Navarre at the court of king Henry IV and exposes secrets of what was practised there to such an extent, that the author must have spent some time there as an intimate resident at the court. William Stanley did this, and the play ridicules his tutor Richard Lloyd in the character of Holofernes: a silly show by Holofernes occurs as a play within the play, which in real life was a serious composition by the pretentious Richard Lloyd, William Stanley's chaperon during his journeys. The scenery in "The Tempest" is probably a small island outside the Isle of Man, which William Stanley ruled as a sovereign. Caliban is probably a characterization of the Manx people, the aborigines of Man, who had their own unintelligible language and naturally objected to the English occupation of their land. The arguments for William Stanley as the man behind "The Tempest" are overwhelming.

But still there are others. Roger Manners, the Earl of Rutland, visited Denmark, knew members of the families of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and was one of few foreigners who were initiated in the routines at the Elsinore castle as they are presented in "Hamlet", which he consequently has to have had some share in. And then we have the remarkable genius Christopher Marlowe, for whose participation in the drama production there is binding evidence, since his and Shakespeare's style are scientifically identical, as if they had exactly the same fingerprint although two different people, which of course is absolutely impossible. The most remarkable thing is that the style of Shakespeare continues to be identical with Marlowe's long after the death of Marlowe and as long as the Shakespeare production continues. And let's not by any means forget our old friend William Shakespeare himself, the arch theatre trickster, who snatched anything from anyone and could produce a play out of anything and nothing. Whoever turned to Shakespeare with some obscure play could be certain that his identity would not be revealed: the name of the qualified manipulator Shakespeare was a warrant that the texts would pass the censorship unmolested. And let's not forget, that censorship in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I was more severe than under Stalin.

That's the solution offered by John Michell: everyone was guilty one way or another, co-operating, helping and depending on each other for the unique production of the plays. It's a very popular and amusing view which easily could be accepted by anyone. There is only one problem: it doesn't stand scrutiny.

The Shakespeare production of all the plays and poems stand widely apart from all other kinds of English literature. There were other authors and playwrights, like Edmund Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson and later on John Milton. Even Francis Bacon wrote works under his own name which like all other works differ from Shakespeare's by a less developed style and a smaller vocabulary. The Shakespeare language is at least 50% richer than anyone else's. This sole fact indicates that there must be a single person behind it all, which immediately excludes the verbally much poorer and more limited Francis Bacon.

It also excludes the Earl of Oxford, who died in 1604, while many important Shakespeare works were written later. It also excludes the earl of Rutland, who was born in 1576 and therefore far too young to have written the early Shakespeare plays. We are then left with only three candidates: William Shakespeare himself, William Stanley and Christopher Marlowe.

William Shakespeare was a great talker and fixer and very popular as such while at the same time he was very good at making business. Among his colleagues, especially Ben Jonson, he was well known and often pointed at as the perfect theatre freak and hustler who would stop at nothing. As an unscrupulous businessman he was the perfect terminal for cautious men of genius who had good enough reasons to avoid trouble and stay out of the public life, and he shamelessly took advantage of the state of things. There is evidence that parts of "Hamlet" have been added after Shakespeare's death for the final edition of 'The First Folio' in 1623. There is much to indicate that he didn't write one word of the Shakespeare canon himself, (*see next article,*) and least of all the anguished Sonnets.

So we are probably left with only William Stanley and Christopher Marlowe. Here the problem is getting difficult, but we will try to solve it in time.

All We Know About William Shakespeare,

by Mark Twain.

"He was born on the 23rd of April, 1564.

Of good farmer-class parents who could not read, could not write, could not sign their names.

At Stratford, a small back settlement which in that day was shabby and unclean, and densely illiterate. Of the nineteen important men charged with the government of the town, thirteen had to 'make their mark' in attesting important documents, because they could not write their names.

Of the first eighteen years of his life, *nothing* is known. They are a blank.

On the 27th of November (1582) William Shakespeare took out a license to marry Anne Whateley.

Next day Shakespeare took out a license to marry Anne Hathaway. She was eight years his senior.

William Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway. In a hurry. By grace of a reluctantly granted dispensation there was but one publication of the banns.

Within six months the first child was born.

About two (blank) years followed, during which period *nothing at all happened to Shakespeare*, so far as anybody knows.

Then came twins - 1585. February.

Two blank years follow.

Then - 1587 - he makes a ten-year visit to London, leaving the family behind.

Five blank years follow. During this period *nothing happened to him*, as far as anybody actually knows.

Then - 1592 - there is mention of him as an actor.

Next year - 1593 - his name appears in the official list of players.

Next year - 1594 - he played before the Queen. A detail of no consequence: other obscurities did it every year of the forty-five of her reign. And remained obscure.

Three pretty full years follow. Full of play-acting.

Then - in 1597 - he bought New Place, Stratford.

Thirteen or fourteen busy years follow; years in which he accumulated money, and also reputation as actor and manager.

Meantime his name, liberally and variously spelt, had become associated with a number of great plays and poems, as (ostensibly) author of the same.

Some of these, in these years and later, were pirated, but he made no protest.

Then - 1610-11 - he returned to Stratford and settled down for good and all, and busied himself in lending money, trading in tithes, trading in land and houses; shirking a debt of forty-one shillings, borrowed by his wife during his long desertion of his family; suing debtors for shillings and coppers; being sued himself for shillings and coppers; and acting as a confederate to a neighbour who tried to rob the town of its rights to a certain common, and did not succeed.

He lived five or six years - till 1616 - in the joy of these elevated pursuits.

Then he made a will, and signed each of its three pages with his name.

A thorough-going business-man's will. It named in minute detail every item of property he owned in the world - houses, lands, sword, silver-gilt bowl, and so on - all the way down to his 'second-best bed' and its furniture.

It carefully and calculatingly distributed his riches among the members of his family, overlooking no individual of it. Not even his wife: the wife he had been enabled to marry in a hurry by urgent grace of a special dispensation before he was nineteen; the wife whom he had left husbandless so many years; the wife who had had to borrow forty-one shillings in her need, and which the lender was never able to collect of the properous husband, but died at last with the money still lacking. No, even this wife was remembered in Shakespeare's will.

He left her that 'second-best bed'.

And *not another thing*, not even a penny to bless her lucky widowhood with.

It was eminently and conspicuously a business-men's will, not a poet's.

It mentioned *not a single book*.

Books were much more precious than swords and silver-gilt bowls and second-best beds in those days, and when a departing person owned one he gave it a high place in his will.

The will mentioned *not a play, not a poem, not an unfinished literary work, not a scrap of manuscript of any kind*.

Many poets have died poor, but this is the only one in history that has died *this* poor; the others all left literary remains behind. Also a book. Maybe two.

If Shakespeare had owned a dog - but we need not go into that: we know he would have mentioned it in his will. If a good dog, Susannah would have got it; if an inferior one his wife would have got a dower interest in it. I wish he had had a dog, just so we could see how painstakingly he would have divided that dog among the family, in his careful business way.

He signed the will in three places.

In earlier years he signed two other official documents.

These five signatures still exist.

There are *no other specimens of his penmanship in existence*. Not a line.

Was he prejudiced against the art? His granddaughter, whom he loved, was eight years old when he died, yet she had had no teaching, he left no provision for her education although he was rich, and in her mature womanhood she could not write and couldn't tell her husband's manuscript from anybody else's - she thought it was Shakespeare's.

When Shakespeare died in Stratford *it was not an event*. It made no more stir in England than the death of any other forgotten theatre-actor would have made. Nobody came down from London; there were no lamenting poems, no eulogies, no national tears - there was merely silence, and nothing more. A striking contrast with what happened when Ben Jonson, and Francis Bacon, and Spenser, and Raleigh, and the other distinguished literary folk of Shakespeare's time passed from life! No praiseful voice was lifted for the lost Bard of Avon; even Ben Jonson waited seven years before he lifted his.

So far as anybody actually knows and can prove, Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon never wrote a play in his life.

So far as anybody knows and can prove, he never wrote a letter to anybody in his life. So far as any one knows, he received only one letter during his life.

So far as any one *knows and can prove*, Shakespeare of Stratford wrote only one poem during his life. This one is authentic. He did write that one - a fact which stands undisputed; he wrote the whole of it; he wrote the whole of it out of his own head. He commanded that this work of art be engraved upon his tomb, and he was obeyed. There it abides to this day. This is it:

Good friend for Iesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
and curst be he yet moves my bones.

In the list as above set down, will be found *every positively known* fact of Shakespeare's life, lean and meagre as the invoice is. Beyond these details we know *not a thing* about him. All the rest of his vast history, as furnished by the biographers, is built up, course upon course, of guesses, inferences, theories, conjectures - an Eiffel Tower of artificialities rising sky-high from a very flat and very thin foundation of inconsequential facts."

This short Shakespeare biography by Mark Twain is a psychological masterpiece, though not entirely fair. The poor poem on Shakespeare's tomb was hardly written by himself, and the two named ladies of his youth were probably one and the same with different spellings, since people in Stratford at that time didn't well know how to spell - mistakes must have been common. But the interesting detail is the masterful analysis of the will. This document is the only existing writing by Shakespeare that is proven his - it can't be disproved, even if he only dictated it. Since the same William Shakespeare has been given the honour of having written the finest collection of dramas in world literature, this will must be of singular interest, which Mark Twain duly has observed and analyzed in that context. And what are his conclusions? His logically irrefutable conclusion is that the will is composed by a consummate business man with only trivialities on his mind, the consequence of which conclusion is that this banal, dry and materialistic business man hardly could have written the greatest plays in world literature.

Mark Twain's observations have never been opposed, and logically it's impossible to refute them. It's a fact that the will doesn't mention one single book or play or poem or manuscript while it carefully details only mundane items of no human interest at all.

And Mark Twain is right also in his other remarks: there are no other facts known about Shakesperare, and all the stories about him that reached later ages were invented in the 18th century without grounds, like the ones that he was a poacher as a young man and therefore compelled to leave Stratford, that the Earl of Southampton, Henry Wriothesley, had given him £1000, that Shakespeare had played the Ghost in "Hamlet" and played it well, and that he would have fallen ill after a drinking bout with Ben Jonson visiting Stratford which would have resulted in his final illness and death, and all other spurious anecdotes. Not one of all the stories about Shakespeare which no

Shakespeare biographer has forgotten to repeat has any bearing on reality. No evidence of Shakespeare's authorship to the works in his name has ever existed.

And he includes also the most suspicious circumstance of all, that no one reacted on Shakespeare's death. No one wrote any necrologue or dirge, no one came down to visit Stratford, no one broke the universal silence, as if everyone very well knew what an opportunistic freak and bad husband he had been. Only after seven years Ben Jonson broke the compact silence, who was well known for writing anything and extolling anyone if he only was paid well enough.

Mark Twain proves nothing, but his elucidation of the obvious probability that William Shakespeare surely was a good business man but hardly a poet can't be ignored. In fact, his will could be regarded as the one flaw in a perfect set-up for a phoney authorship. If William Shakespeare hadn't made that will, his authorship might never have been disputed, at least not by Mark Twain.

He was not only a splendid author of boys' books but also a prominent pioneer in the field of criminology, especially by his novel "*Pudd'nhead Wilson*", in which he stresses the importance of fingerprints long before they were criminologically used. His views therefore should be regarded with as much respect as if they had been presented by Sherlock Holmes. Mark Twain does not go any further, though, than to name only one person who he believed not to have written the works of Shakespeare.

We have asked John Bede for a comment, and here it is:

"Mr Samuel Clemens was unfortunately prejudiced against all things British, which bias most clearly shines through in "*A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*", in which Americanisms are favoured in an almost inhumanly tasteless way while the English are ridiculed. If Mr Clemens was so prejudiced against England, naturally Shakespeare was included in that attitude, which his Shakespeare remarks could be regarded as rather obvious symptoms of.

Which doesn't mean that his views should be ignored. On the contrary, they should be considered with the highest respect, like all other views on the subject aiming at reaching a solution to the problem of who really wrote Shakespeare. One thing you never brought up in your debate, which I consider of the utmost importance, namely, that no Elizabethan poet could with any certainty be pinned down for any of the plays. Certain works are attributed to Christopher Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Thomas Kyd and others, but there is no evidence whatsoever as of who were the authors of what among at least 220 plays produced during the Elizabethan era in England."

The Secrets of Anthony Bacon.

One of the obvious things about Shakespeare's will which Mark Twain didn't call enough attention to was the most important (and perhaps the decisive) detail, that the will is completely void of love, while, if there is anything in the plays and poems of the poet, it's nothing but love. Shakespeare is almost heartless towards his wife in a way which could be called outrageous, unless it was a joke, especially viewed against the

contents of a play like *"Romeo and Juliet"* and the unfathomable overwhelming flow of untiringly sustained love in the Sonnets.

There is another noteworthy thing concerning the candidates Shakespeare and Stanley. The world of Shakespeare drama displays a dramatically dynamic force without comparison, which thereby must have been a characteristic of its creator, who consequently must have been a rather dramatic and dynamic personality. There is no testimony whatever of such characteristics in the personalities of Shakespeare or Stanley. From the little we know about Shakespeare we get the picture of a petty bourgeois and colourless businessman, but very crafty as such, which is clearly stressed by the will. Of Stanley we have a very colourful and vivid poem about his journeys as a young man, the contours of which surely are most impressive; but not even this splendid odyssey bears any witness of any dynamic personality. He is very far from any Ulysses but appears rather like a passive tourist who is served everything since he can pay well. Stanley makes a fiery impression only in his marriage and then mostly through jealousy. About the rest of his personality we get nothing.

But the Elizabethans were among the most colourful set of people who ever wandered upon earth. They were adventurous and enterprising. Sir Francis Drake sailed around the world, Sir Walter Raleigh searched for Eldorado in South America, the Earl of Oxford had such a raving temperament that he would gladly have killed his protector, the Prime Minister of Queen Elizabeth, but killed his servant instead; as the favourite of Queen Elizabeth the Earl of Essex caused such emotional upsets and storms within the country that the whole society order was threatened and he had to be decapitated since he made life so uncertain and unsafe for everybody by his mere presence; and so on. England swarmed with dramatic personalities. Both Shakespeare and Stanley seem almost to have been peripheral exceptions to this rule.

But creative geniuses are generally never peripheral, and their activity is impossible without dynamics. For example, both Rembrandt and Sibelius worked mainly in strict isolation but found themselves nevertheless positions at the centre of the world's attention, and if they tried to exclude the world from their private universe, the world came and sought them out. Especially around the year 1600, when the Renaissance peaked and the Baroque started exploding, when the world was full of ecstatically creative artists, when a Caravaggio raved his wildest ways around Italy, Sicily and Malta, when a Rubens started spreading naked blondes all over Europe, when Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake for his maintenance of the right of science to objective thinking as more important than any religion, and when the Protestants in the North started to find freedom of conscience worth establishing as a universal ideal, the artists and their creative spirit was in their highest gear, and they were never ashamed of what they did, but rather naturally demonstrative about it.

This spirit you find no trace of in Shakespeare and Stanley, and no matter how much you look for it you only find nothing. They are void as wells of virility and spirit, except Stanley through his wealth, his marriage and his influence. There is absolutely no controversy about either of them as characters, which makes them very convenient as candidates.

Why, if all the others, and especially Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh, were so markedly volcanic and over-stimulated? It has been easy to see the Shakespeare dramas in context

with both Raleigh and Essex and Oxford in view of their personal dynamics, but such associations with Shakespeare and Stanley are quite impossible to make.

Of course, Stanley had his very good reasons for absolute discretion after the fate of his elder brother Ferdinando Stanley, who was probably poisoned, and as a theatre manager with activities involving many men Shakespeare emanates a certain qualified shrewdness as well as perfect diplomacy; but they were also both young once upon a time and should have marked themselves in at least one scandal or controversy, if either of them could write any of the plays of Shakespeare.

There is only one person who fits into the most fantastically dramatic costume of the Shakespeare dramatic art, and that is Christopher Marlowe. Because of his many controversies, he is the least convenient candidate of all. You find in him not only the dynamics represented by Oxford, Raleigh and Essex but also something more, which is the psychologically most interesting matter of all.

Marlowe had a magnetism which gave rise to mixed feelings. The same magnetism was found for example in Michelangelo, Beethoven, Tolstoy and Sibelius. Even Dostoevsky had the same strange emanation of magnetism, when he worked on "*Crime and Punishment*" and turned his hostess completely terror-struck as he wandered around the floor above her, talking aloud about a person he had murdered. It was a radiation of fearfulness. People easily get scared of such persons and that for no rational reason. Such individuals can look dangerous and inspire fear without being dangerous at all. It's the dynamics of creative power which invests them with a unique aura which almost infallibly causes terror to ordinary people without their realizing why. It can lead to terrible misunderstandings and not seldom to fatally unjust actions against those possessed by creativity, as in the case of Giordano Bruno. The Vatican executed him just because the Vatican was afraid of him and that for no reason.

These very volcanic dynamics, which people misinterpret as something dangerous, belonged to Christopher Marlowe, which there are several witnesses of. Poor Thomas Kyd was scared to death of him and denounced him for no other reason, and that denunciation (of heresy, blasphemy and atheism) was so fatal, that Marlowe had no other choice but to go underground for good.

In the last years an archive has been opened, which had remained sealed with all its secrets of the Elizabethan court for just about 400 years. The archive contains the papers of Anthony Bacon. He was the brother of Francis Bacon, and they worked together closely during the later period of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Of the greatest interest to our research are certain documents relating to a certain agent in Her Majesty's Secret Service called Louis Le Doux in France, since this mysterious man at the court of King Henry IV presented a rather large-scale bill of no less than 56 books from England, which bill actually was paid in his absence. What makes this matter interesting is, that these books are mainly the literary sources to the plays of both Marlowe and Shakespeare. Among other interesting items in the list is a French dictionary, which hardly a Frenchman but rather an Englishman would use in France. Whoever might this Louis Le Doux have been?

After considerable research, such a person has been found in history. He was the son of a Huguenot refugee family in Canterbury at the time when Christopher Marlowe grew up there and was of about the same age as Christopher Marlowe and might have been his friend.

The most probable thing is that Christopher Marlowe would have remembered the name and used it. All those expensive books which the Bacon brothers paid for are probably the very books that Marlowe used in his exile from England after 1593, acquired in foreign countries for English money. That this bill was found in the papers of Anthony Bacon would imply that both Anthony and Francis Bacon were very well initiated in the troubles of Christopher Marlowe and that they stood up for him and helped him, most probably supported by Lord Burghley. (*Note these 56 expensive books in contrast to the fact that William Shakespeare at his death did not own one single book.*) Further, there are letters by this mysterious Louis Le Doux the handwriting of which probably is the same as that of Marlowe. Thus, at last, we get glimpses into the life of Christopher Marlowe after his well arranged death.

There was another agent of the same sort named La Faye, which meaning is almost synonymous with Le Doux. There was another agent of the same sort under the name of William Hall. Christopher Marlowe probably used a number of names and alter egos during his journeys in Europe and occasionally back to England. This William Hall is documented as an agent up to the year 1603. He was sent to Prague in autumn 1593 and to Denmark in 1601, that is neatly before the final compilation of 'Hamlet'. His initials remind you of a certain "Mr.W.H." to whom the Sonnets are dedicated, "*the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets*", which then might be an almost too clear cipher connotation for Christopher Marlowe.

Thereby we would have an established connection not only between the Bacon brothers and Christopher Marlowe but also between Lord Burleigh with son and Marlowe, since both Louis Le Doux and William Hall were in their secret service.

But in this debate we have also found clear evidence of the Earl of Derby being deeply involved. His share in the Shakespeare dramas is so evident, that many eminent authorities of literary history have claimed, that he must have been the Poet.

At the time when the Marlowe plays were enacted all over London, the company that staged his plays was no less than the theatre company of Lord Strange, whose theatre was the newly rediscovered and restored 'The Rose'. Lord Strange was the title of the heir to the Earl of Derby, in this particular case Ferdinando Stanley, elder brother to William Stanley. So Lord Strange, alias Ferdinando Stanley, was the producer of Marlowe's plays.

This is not the only connection. Marlowe was arrested a few times by the police in street quarrels and sometimes duels. On one of these occasions his trouble was with Richard Baines, the puritan who later tried to send him to the Star Chamber. The police released Marlowe after he had stated that he was under the protection of Lord Strange.

We have here several implications of a close collaboration between Marlowe and Ferdinando Stanley. Let's not forget, that 'Ferdinand' occurs twice in the Shakespeare plays: "Love's Labour's Lost", in which Ferdinand's name is given to the character who in real life was King Henry IV of Navarre and France, and in "The Tempest", where Ferdinand is an equally sympathetic main character. One easily gets the impression, that the author gave these two characters the name of Ferdinand out of love of someone with that name. In the first of these plays, the name of Ferdinand is even given to the best of the French kings.

This Lord Strange, that is Ferdinando Stanley, died suddenly under mysterious circumstances on April 16th 1594, whereupon William Stanley, his younger brother by

two years, became the new Earl of Derby and owner of the very theatre company, 'the Lord Chamberlain's Men', which then had started to stage Shakespeare plays.

That's not all. When Richard Baines' libel against Marlowe was presented to the Privy Council in 1593, one of the men in the council was no one less than the Earl of Derby. It's impossible to imagine that he would not have reacted. The playwright who kept the theatres of London going, which the Court and the whole society regularly visited and enjoyed, was here denounced for heresy, atheism and coining of money and forsworn to the death penalty at least three times over. Still, Marlowe was not arrested but only told to keep in touch. Of course, the older Earl of Derby must have had some interest in that Marlowe could continue as a dramatist.

So evidently there are many long and close connections between Marlowe and the house of Derby.

The theory has been presented, that Derby would have written also the works of Marlowe except Shakespeare's. This theory falls on the fact, that some of Marlowe's works are autobiographical, especially *'The Massacre at Paris'*, in which historical event Marlowe himself had had some interest as an agent and spy for England at Rheims, which is illustrated in the play, which is Marlowe's most anti-Catholic; while Derby was the political leader of the Catholics in England and thereby hardly could be critical against the Catholic Church. Also the works of Marlowe are coloured by idiomatic expressions of the university language of Cambridge, which also marks Shakespeare's works, while William Stanley was entirely an Oxford man.

Speaking of Cambridge, an interesting thing to note is, that two other Cambridge students at this time, although younger, were the Earl of Rutland and the Earl of Southampton, the famous and beautiful Henry Wriothesley, the almost certain object of the first seventeen Sonnets, since they evidently were commissioned by Lord Burghley with the intention to persuade Southampton to marry his granddaughter. It didn't come off, so the girl was married to William Stanley instead. The Earl of Rutland was the man who later on became familiar with the families of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and the ways of the Danish court at Elsinore.

The deeper the research into the subject, the more and clearer appears the circumstantial evidence of Christopher Marlowe being the only one guilty of Shakespeare's works, and of that Shakespeare himself didn't write one word of them. The poems *"Hero and Leander"* and *"Venus and Adonis"* written approximately at the same time show by closer investigation that both poems were written as if both authors knew the other poem by heart. This is a practical impossibility, if they are by different authors, since *"Venus and Adonis"* was published after the supposed death of Marlowe. So they must have been written by the same man, since he only could have been as familiar with both poems as the poems show that 'both' the authors were.

Next we have the mystery of the name of 'Will'. There is evidence that Christopher Marlowe actually was called 'William' sometimes; and 'Will' at that time not only signified the 'willingness to love' but also direct sexual desire. If the author of the dramatic works of Shakespeare was anything at all, he was a lover. This could be an explanation why the poet in some of his Sonnets calls himself 'Will', since all the Sonnets are sonnets of love.

Finally we have the devastating denunciation of Marlowe by Richard Baines, here presented in excerpts:

"....

Concerning his damnable judgement of Religion and scorn of God's word:

That the Indians and many authors of antiquity have assuredly written about 16 thousand years ago whereas Adam is proved to have lived within 6 thousand years.

He affirms that Moses was but a juggler and that one Harriot, being Sir Walter Raleigh's man, could do more than he.

That Moses made the Jews to travel 11 years in the wilderness (which journey might have been done in less than one year) to the intent that those who were privy to most of his subtilities might perish and so an everlasting superstition remain in the hearts of the people.

That the first beginning of religion was only to keep men in awe.

That Christ was the son of a carpenter, and that if the Jews among whom he was born did crucify him they best knew him and whence he came.

That Christ deserved better to die than Barabbas and that the Jews made a good choice, though Barabbas were both a thief and a murderer.

That if there be any God or any good Religion, then it is in the Papists, because the service of God is performed with more ceremonies, as elevation of the mass, organs, singing men, shaven crowns, etc.

That all Protestants are hypocritical asses.

That if he were put to write a new religion, he would undertake a both more excellent and admirable method.

That all they that love not tobacco and boys were fools.

That all the apostles were fishermen and base fellows neither of wit nor worth, that Paul only had wit but was a timorous fellow in bidding men to be subject to magistrates against his conscience.

That he had as good right to coin as the Queen of England, and that he was acquainted with one Poole, a prisoner in Newgate, who hath great skill in mixture of metals, and having learned some things of him he meant through the help of a cunning stamp-maker to coin French crowns, pistolets and English shillings.

That one Richard Cholmeley hath confessed that he was persuaded by Marlowe's reasons to become an atheist.

That this Marlowe almost into every company he cometh persuades men to atheism; as I think all men in Christianity ought to endeavour that the mouth of so dangerous a member may be stopped."

This is perhaps the most interesting document of the whole problem, since it is the most vivid portrait of Marlowe we have. It's like a map of his personality. This petty puritan tries his best in his hateful effort to annihilate Marlowe but succeeds in his ridiculous caricature only with the opposite. What we see is the envy of Richard Baines shining through every word against this superior talent, who so clearly discloses that he has looked through the whole of Christianity, and who is so wise and knowledgeable that he is fully aware that Indian history goes much farther back than that of the Bible. Richard Baines finds it the challenge of his life to match this superior personality whom he can't bear, why he tries his utmost to destroy him. Only one of the charges was serious in the eyes of the Queen: that of coining money. Everything could be forgiven Marlowe for the sake of his art, but it was quite impossible to allow any kind of coining

or any publicity thereof. For that reason, and for his own safety, so that he could continue his much appreciated work, he had to disappear.

The initiative was probably Marlowe's own in joint deliberation with his closest sponsor and friend Thomas Walsingham, and the decisive factor was not the base libel of Richard Baines, but the denunciation by his friend and colleague Thomas Kyd. Marlowe and Kyd had lived together and worked together. In May the home of Kyd was searched by the police for forbidden pamphlets against illegal Flemish immigrants. The police found only atheistic writings. Thomas Kyd blamed them on Marlowe. Consequently Marlowe was arrested, who soon could prove that the papers were not by him. (These fatal documents still exist today and have proved to be written by no one else than Thomas Kyd himself.) But the fact that Thomas Kyd had informed against and betrayed his maybe closest friend and colleague must have given Marlowe very deep and hard feelings and a sense of having lost the ground under his feet, (the theme recurs often in the Shakespeare canon, for example in "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*" from a few years after, and is the leading theme of evil in "*King Lear*",) and the matter was in no way easily disposed of. It was unavoidable that the police would undertake investigations into the forbidden, dangerous and illegal free-thinking activities of Marlowe, Raleigh, Harriot, the Bacons and many others. Marlowe's fate and disappearance must be viewed against the background of both Baines' and Kyd's betrayals and denunciations.

Another curious detail: Eleanor Bull, in whose house the disappearance of Marlowe was staged, had two interesting relatives: Blanche Parry, Queen Elizabeth's very closest chamber maid, and John Dee, the most famous occultist of the time. Through Blanche Perry, Eleanor Bull could at any time turn to the highest authorities of the country, that is Prime Minister Lord Burghley, who helped her with legal problems.

In relation to that we might note, that the great debut play of Marlowe's, *Tamburlaine the Great*, really isn't about the great Tamerlane at all but Ivan the Terrible of Russia. Marlowe's own relative, a certain Anthony Marlowe, had shares in *The Muscovy Company*, later on *The East India Company*, which had an agreement with Czar Ivan the Terrible providing them with a European monopoly on all the merchandise of all the Russias; and it was the house of that Company, owned by the merchant agent Richard Bull, husband of Eleanor Bull, which was chosen as the scene for Christopher Marlowe's extremely dramatic and well-staged exit from public life.

There was probably a ship to France with Marlowe on board on that very day, May 30th 1593, but probably the whole establishment of England knew about the operation, not only the Derby brothers and the Bacon brothers but all his friends, Prime Minister Lord Burghley with his son and most probably even the Queen, who by all means could do without Christopher Marlowe, his troubles and controversies, but not without his plays.

So we have now the possibility to ascertain Marlowe's continued existence after his death by comparing the hand-writing of Louis Le Doux with Marlowe's own. If they match each other as well as the language and style of the plays of Marlowe and Shakespeare match each other, that is perfectly, it will be very difficult to bring forth a candidate with a stronger case for the authorship of the Shakespeare poems and plays.

Research continues.

An Orientation in Contemporary Literature

(The Darjeeling Lecture.)

The Bible - Homer - Dante - Shakespeare.

These are the four corner stones of world literature and civilization: the Bible as foundation for the three monotheistic world religions, Homer as the firm ground of the whole classical civilization, Dante as the originator of the Renaissance, and Shakespeare as the maker of modern man. These four authorities almost make up half of the history of literature.

Victor Hugo - Charles Dickens - Dostoyevsky - Leo Tolstoy.

These are the four literary giants dominating the 19th century, Victor Hugo by his romantic spirit, Dickens with his humanitarian pathos, Dostoyevsky by his psychology and Leo Tolstoy by his realism.

Then comes the 20th century, but why don't we have giants like that in that age? The First World War destroyed an entire generation of hopes and talents, such a brilliant and promising novelist as *Henri Alain-Fournier* fell on the western front, many were the poets that shared his fate, and the Second World War was even worse. The disasters of the first half of the century made it almost impossible for creative writers of classical literature to exist.

Among the most typical examples are the collaborating couple *Romain Rolland - Stefan Zweig*, pacifists who detached themselves from the mundane world and almost completely dedicated themselves to writing only biographies, to preserve for the future the lives of real artists and writers, the existence of which a new unhuman age had made impossible. Romain Rolland ended up as a Hinduist, and Stefan Zweig, after perhaps the most brilliant literary career of the 19th century, committed suicide in the third year of the Second World War, being an Austrian and a Jew. He found it impossible to exist in a world which could have brought one Adolf Hitler to power.

All the same, there have been writers in the 20th century, but what kind has dominated it? Affected modernists and posing humbugs like T.S.Eliot, James Joyce, Samuel Beckett and other freaks and frauds of unintelligible language distortions. Classical literature has almost completely disappeared, like classical art and music, to be replaced by nonsense, ugliness and noise.

Fortunately there have been exceptions though, and a few examples are worth keeping in mind. In America there are but very few, since vulgarity seems to dominate everything produced there, but in England we have several interesting examples.

Robert Graves had enough of the western world by the First World War and afterwards almost exclusively dedicated himself to classical history and mythology. *Joseph Conrad* was a Pole but wrote in English, and his greatest admirer was *Graham Greene*, who must be regarded as one of the most important authors of the century, like the great connoisseur of human nature, *William Somerset Maugham*. Another underestimated writer is *James Hilton*, educated at Cambridge, with his sometimes ingenious novels. Among later authors *John Fowles* should be noted, whose novel "*The*

French Lieutenant's Woman" is a successful attempt at reviving the great 19th century novel.

Let's also remember a few authors outside England. By the epoch-making "*Doctor Zhivago*", Boris Pasternak continues the great Russian tradition from Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy. The dramas of Jean-Paul Sartre are completely original and very effective, while at the same time he continues the tradition of the ancient Greek drama. Another very important modern novel is the Italian Elsa Morante's "*History*" in its deep neo-realistic settlement with the times of Mussolini and Fascism.

Although the great romantic-realistic story-telling tradition has had its hardest setbacks since the darkest medieval ages it has survived and is continuing. But the same rule applies as ever: we have nothing else to build on but tradition. We have our great universal examples in the Bible, Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, and we have the great 19th century novelists to look up to, and even if the first half of the 20th century was almost only disastrous adversities we still have the old examples to keep in mind, continue to learn from and keep up for the future.

Why, then, finally, is that tradition so important? Why bother about reading books? Because in those great immortal sacred books we have all the humanity there is. We have to look to them to find the sources of humanity, humanitarianism, the very identity of civilized man. The great classical writers are those who best understood and knew about man and thus could improve him by setting new examples. That's why I call the writer behind Shakespeare's dramas 'the maker of modern man', for so far no one has understood human nature better and improved it more than he.

Darjeeling, November 2000.

Tibetan attitude toward death not mystical.

by the Director of the Satori Foundation, *Rahayu Ratnaningsih.*

The most popular views of death are typically dualistic in nature: on one hand there are the spiritualistic, soul theories embedded in theistic belief systems, on the other there is the "modern", materialistic nihilism.

The former posits the eternalness of the soul, either jumping from one life to another through multiple births and rebirths, or from life to the hereafter, i.e. the blissful paradise or fiery hell.

The latter rejects all kinds of speculation of what might happen to the "soul" after a person dies, since the concept of soul itself has no grounds in the empirical scientific circle. It is regarded as something scientifically unverified, thus the question of its existence cannot be determined with reasonable certainty, therefore it is safer to believe that only nothingness embraces us after death.

Blissful nothingness. It sounds enticing, sounds much better than the emotionally draining and physically painful existence of life. But why do even those who believe in this theory dread death so much? Presumably, because deep down they do not really believe in it, not to mention that there is little credible evidence for their nihilistic belief.

No one has ever returned to report entry into nothingness. In fact, those who have had near-death experiences testified to a kind of realm resembling the religious or spiritualist view of the afterlife.

It is hard to believe the great souls we know, the people whose presence illuminate those around them, will one day just be a piece of nothingness; their greatness no more than a sum of atoms and molecules in the brain that will decay together with the rest of their physical existence.

It is absurd to think our mother's unique personality and strong, loving character is nothing more than an effect of atomic or molecular flux in her brain, that her consciousness is a matter of electric leaps among the neutrons in her central nervous system. If that were the case, why are we so different from one another? Why is each of us so marvellously unique? If consciousness were a matter of uniform biological and physical mechanisms, we should all be as boringly predictable as Japanese-made robots.

Buddhism, the tradition that is adhered to by the Tibetans, rejects the two extremes represented by the two opposite camps above. Although it acknowledges the continuity of consciousness from life to life -- as energy can neither be created nor destroyed -- it rejects all absolute soul theories -- postulations of a rigidly fixed identity or static personal essence -- with its cardinal doctrine of selflessness, or soullessness (*anatta*).

It, however, never rejects the relative presence of a living self and contrary to nihilists, it insists on the continuity of the changeable, fluid soul from life to life. During his time, the Buddha explicitly challenged the contemporary nihilism that reduced the relative, conventional, lived soul, self or identity to a random epiphenomenon of matter. He insisted on the relative self's reality, vulnerability, responsibility and evolutionary potential.

This process of continuity is sophisticatedly dealt with by "*The Tibetan Book of the Dead*", one of the most important books our civilization has produced. Written by the great master Padma Sambhava, it is a manual of useful instructions for people who are facing death, as well as for their relatives and loved ones, and has been quite popular for centuries in Tibet. It is connected with a large body of literature in Tibet that thoroughly investigates the phenomena of dying. The title is a free translation of *Bardo thos grol*. *Bardo* means "between-state", which refers to the whole process between death and rebirth. Tibetans discern six betweens: the interval between birth and death ("life between"); sleep and waking ("dream between"); waking and trance ("trance between"); and three betweens during the death-rebirth process ("death-point", "reality" and "existence").

The words *thos grol* mean that this book's teachings "liberate" just by being "learned" or "understood", giving the person facing the between an understanding so naturally clear and deep that it does not require prolonged reflection or contemplation. So the more apt translation of the title would be "the great book of natural liberation through understanding in the between".

The Tibetan attitude toward death and the between is neither mystical nor mysterious. Their multilife perspective is no more (and no less) a religious belief system than our modern sense of the structure of the solar system, or of the pattern of the cycle of seasons in a year.

They considered it a matter of common sense and scientific fact that animate beings exist along a continuum of lives, and that the death, between and rebirth processes

follow a predictable pattern. They have credible accounts by enlightened voyagers who have gone through the experience consciously, preserved the memory and reported their experiences.

Tibetans accept these reports of their "psychonauts" just as we do those of astronauts who report what happened on the moon. Tibetans also believe that most people can recover memories of their former lives by a fairly elementary regime of meditation. Tibetans act on this Buddhist perspective in a practical manner, using their lifetimes to educate themselves to understand the world and to prepare for death and future lives by improving their ethical actions, emotional habits and critical insights.

Despite their seemingly unreal, "gay" acceptance of death, Tibetans celebrate lives to the amazing point that they will not harm worms when it can be avoided, for "those worms could have been their loved ones in their previous lives".

Tibetans are on the whole a cheerful, vibrant and lively lot. They cherish freedom in all respects and on all levels. They are very modern, indeed, in their heads and hearts. They have lived intelligently by their lights, have used human life well and extracted its fullest potential for evolutionary, not just material, progress.

With the surprisingly sophisticated age-long inner and death science of the Mahayana Buddhist tradition they have cultivated, they have so much to offer to their more "modern" counterparts, whose concept of achievement is heavily colored by a relentless pursuit of materialistic accomplishments. A distinct measure of the unparalleled beauty of their civilization comes from their vivid awareness of the immediacy of death and the freedom that awareness brings."

Comment. So this article denies both personal immortality in every possible form (both in Paradise and Hell and through reincarnation with the maintenance of an identity) *and* the materialistic concept that all is finished once you are dead. Instead it makes allowances for a kind of impersonal immortality through reincarnation in a form which we in a mortal shape can not grasp. This is a kind of compromise solution to the problem and something so genuinely Buddhist as another instance of *the golden mean* and *the middle path*. And this at least is very sensible.

A Note of Warning, by Doctor Sun.

Don't get fooled. China never means what she says, and all she says is a formula of lies meant to cover up her real intentions. She invaded Tibet in 1950 for the sole purpose of swallowing her up with her mountain riches, not caring one iota about the Tibetans. Since her successful occupation of Tibet in 1950 she has consistently carried out her plans, robbing Tibet of all her riches, pushing the Tibetans back, gradually taking over the country, aiming at a final result of having all the Tibetans exterminated or sterilised and the Tibetan Buddhist religion only maintained for show to fool tourists. Since 1950 China has only spoken well of Tibetans and their religion, claiming what they did was only for the welfare of the Tibetans, preaching tolerance and freedom, while in reality genocide has been practised consistently since 1956, and it has never slowed down except temporarily only to immediately renew its strength and harden its oppression.

China always had only one policy in Tibet: Smash and grab. It wasn't pretty, so they always had to mask it behind lies and pretexts.

The Chinese are scared stiff, because they know they are losing their ground. Or should I say only the Chinese communists, the majority of the people being innocent and not aware of the schemes of the ruling party? But the whole Chinese people are accessories to the crimes of the regime, since they obey the regime.

One chief characteristic has dominated every communist regime in the world ever since Lenin, through Stalin and Mao, through Pol Pot and Milosevic. That characteristic has been the quality of evil. They have all been aware of their evil, they have practised evil, and they have been fully aware of the evil they have done all the way. When Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot and Milosevic carried through their genocides, they were perfectly aware of what they did, and so are the Chinese communists. When they speak peace, talk generosity, claim progress, preach human rights and profess benevolence they only mean murder. So don't get fooled, like the Russian peasants by Lenin and Stalin, like the farmers by Mao, like the world by Pol Pot and Milosevic, and like the Jews by Nazism and Hitler. It's more important to survive than to listen to politicians, take them seriously and believe in them. They are always wrong while only individual thinking is right.

China claims to have ruled Tibet for 700 years and to have rightfully reclaimed their own property. But before that Tibet conquered China with the result that Tibet and China made an everlasting agreement to leave each other in peace. But China has always broken all agreements and tried to rewrite and falsify history, because the Chinese government has never had anything else to stand on except lies.

And what about the 6000 monasteries and temples that China reduced to ashes and dust in Tibet, together with 60% of all books in the Tibetan language? What about the 1,2 million Tibetans, a fifth of the entire Tibetan population, that the Chinese purposely murdered? That's history for you. Don't you forget it ever.

Recognise evil when you see evil, or else you can't protect yourself from it.

(Doctor Sun is intimately engaged in various freedom and democracy movements in China, like for instance the free trade union movement, the Falun Gong crisis, the suppression of Christians and Buddhists and the increasing unrest among the wronged farmers all over China.)

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So much material is pouring in,
so that it will probably not take another half year until the next issue.
If any of our English readers might be interested in our publications in Swedish,
here are some of them on the Web:

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