

The Free Thinker

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*Collaborators all over the world,
but the sole participant of this issue is, with mutual gratitude,
Doctor Sun of China.*

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Pius XII and the Jewish Question in the Second World War

It's a question of cowardice. Although the pope very well knew about the Jews being annihilated in millions he never dared to condemn their murderers.

His one possible defence is that he chose the difficult path of total silence in order not to expose the church to any anger from the Germans - they did control Italy and Rome, and their capricious cruelty was capable of anything. They might have blown up the Church of St. Peter for him. He had no wish to make an extremely difficult situation even more difficult for a much larger number of people. He preferred protecting his church to imperilling it by breathing one word in favour of the Jews.

This is what sentences him and his church. If he had dared to side with the Jews with his world-wide Catholic church, the greatest and most influential of all Christian communities, he would have saved not only Christianity morally but also countless numbers of Jews. Instead he chose the opposite in his folly.

Since the days of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor in the 4th century, Christianity has claimed an absolute monopoly of religion by accusing the Jews for having crucified Christ and condemned them as heathens although they always believed in God, only because they never were formally baptized. This prejudice was not abandoned by the church until the days of pope John XXIII in 1959.

The parting line between Christianity and Jewry is the Christian notion that Christ was the son of God. The Jews prefer believing in God directly without by-roads. This is really the only thing separating these two faiths from each other. Although the Jews believed in God long before Christ was born, the Christians have always asserted that their faith is the only true one and always denied the Jewish faith any legitimacy in comparison. Of course this is pure stupidity and unpardonable ignorance, which according to the wisest heads of Hinduism and Buddhism is the only unpardonable sin.

People have often been curious about my own standing-point. Since I read the Bible the first time from beginning to end at the age of 21 I have preferred the Old Testament to the New one, since nearly everything in the New Testament was already written in the Old. I always had faith in Christ as a divine personality but carefully avoided taking sides to all the later constructed dogmas of the church. At the same time I agreed with St. Paul refuting Jewish formalism concerning circumcision and other such matters, which at least on our latitudes no longer are hygienically necessary formalities.

At the same time I willingly embraced the vast fields of knowledge of Hinduism and the humane constructivity of Buddhism. If I embrace all these different faiths - how then can I tell where I stand exactly? You need two feet to stand on for some security - one is not enough. I prefer standing on at least four.

An Eternal Issue

"If you were marooned on a desert island and was allowed *one* book for company - which book would you choose?"

This query is not unusual among literary colleagues, but it is always impossible to answer. The problem is, that once you have got yourself involved with books, you just can't do without them. William Somerset Maugham solved his abstinential problem with literature on going on travels by simply stuffing a large sack full of books without distinguishing which, and thus be well stuffed with books for the journey, of which some would inevitably provide agreeable surprises, while others could be left on the way, thus providing space for purchase.

The problem with the first question is, that the better you know literature, the more vital it becomes not to go to a desert island without bringing at least a complete library. The question is generally modified with: "Well, if you were allowed ten books, which books would you choose?" whereupon ten books would certainly not be enough, growing to a number of twenty indispensable ones, demanding references of another 20 volumes, which would automatically increase the diet to a hundred, and then you easily reach two hundred, and before you can tell how you already have a thousand books which you simply can't do without, which demands another thousand for reference - in brief, sooner or later you arrive at the conclusion that you can't go anywhere without bringing with you a well assorted library.

But if you are compelled to concentrate on bringing with you only the most important items from world literature - what would you choose?

No matter how you try to limit your concentration to a minimum, the answer must become encyclopaedic.

In an independent project of history of literature, which for a start was enthusiastically encouraged by the Institution of Literary Science at the Gothenburg University, we tried 1984-88 to pinpoint what an everlasting classic really was. We proceeded from a basic material of just 40 selections from world literature, but in spite of this disciplined limitation, the project soon swelled out into a smaller history of all the world literature until 1942 and further on. When the project was concluded by an analysis of the circumstances and occurrence of the suicide of Stefan Zweig and was delivered to the University with Index and all, we had the sour reaction from the University that the work could never be published, since it was too voluminous and at the same time far too incomplete. So we were urged on to continue working on the limitless job forever, one of its countless descendants eventually emerging as *The Free Thinker*.

The original query of this essay transports us to the basis of a new enterprise of such insurmountable pyramidal dimensions worse and more engulfing than the tomb of Cheops.

All the same it might perhaps do some good thus ten years after the beginning of that distant project commenced so long ago to make a review and attack the problem from a different side and thus turn the issue upside down:

"What books would you manage without?"

Of course the answer couldn't be generally acceptable but would have to be most personal.

Of course, every person could do without most of world literature and is usually compelled to do so, since he has to live and work and eat, which is more necessary than to read. All the same, there are classics which the history of literature simply can't dispose of no matter how many people gladly would do so. Here follows a

personal recommendation of what books you *could* bring with you to a desert island without ever getting bored.

Of course, the Bible is a safe bet with everything it contains and even the apocrypha of the Old Testament. If you forget that book at home the excursion to the desert island is doomed to fail. Even if you don't read it, this book is better than any other for just turning up pages at random to find some stimulation from some loose sentences - and you never risk getting the same verse twice.

Homer is the second surest card with both the Iliad and the Odyssey including the Homeric hymn to Apollo. The other Homeric hymns are worthless in comparison, and Apollo was the only one of the Greek gods to be really original - he had the only interesting oracle (at Delphi) and was the only god not to betray Troy. Homer is the first must to all lovers of eternal feuilletons, as when you reach the end of Homer you realize that you have to read it all over again from the beginning - and slower each time, just as with Shakespeare.

Hesiod, though, you can do without. His two works are strangely heavier and duller than Homer, although they are so much shorter, and you don't even reread them willingly once you have come through.

You can never let go of Herodotus, though. Once you have made friends with him, you'll never let him out of sight, for not only has he embraced all the ancient history in a nutshell, but he is also the most entertaining and spiritual of professors of history ever.

Also you have to bring along all the dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides - they are only 33 and much fewer and shorter than those of Shakespeare - and in addition all well versed from beginning to end, so they are easy to read. Here you find everything from shocking thrillers to exorbitant comedies, dire tragedies of destiny and sophisticated social debates, challenging women and the boldest of heroes storming against heaven, and always generous floods of blood. This is the most colourful and bloody literature before Shakespeare.

Then the problems begin. Plato goes on talking forever, and it becomes rather burdensome and painful as nothing ever happens, and we all know already what happened to Socrates. This only drama in the world of Plato is talked around most infinitely and bores most listeners into perfect sleep. All the same, my advice is to bring all the dialogues and letters of Plato. You never know when suddenly "Phaedo" or "Symposium" or "Timaeus" pop up again in conversation and you need the sources. Aristotle, though, you can safely leave at home. *That* dryness is not fit for a desert island.

You can also leave Aristophanes, Menander, Terence and Plautus at home without any greater risk of missing them. Possibly you could make allowances for Aristophanes' "The Frogs" and the works of Terence. You could also leave Cato, Titus Livius and Cicero at home but not Cicero's letters. That best pen friend in the world must never be overlooked.

You should also bring Virgil and Horace in complete editions - their works are not so voluminous and heavy, and you don't have to read the last six songs of the "Aeneid"; while Ovid is a matter of discussion. The risk in taking Ovid with you to a desert island is that the spleen of his "Tristia" and the less constructive morale of certain other arguable works could worsen your sentiment on that desert island instead of the contrary.

You could also do without Seneca, that old boring debauchee, the greatest advocate ever of double standards, but not the brilliant Lucanus nor Tacitus, whose

complete works are unsurpassed in sardonic morbidity. You could bring Suetonius along as an appendix to Tacitus.

More difficult to come by are the complete works of Plutarch, which therefore are the more anxiously recommended. Besides being the greatest biographer of antiquity he was also the most brilliant essayist, and his "Moralia", which are as valuable as his comparative biographies if not more, constitute an excellent foretaste to the much heavier and slower Michel de Montaigne.

One of the handiest books to bring is the short collection of "Meditations" by the emperor Marcus Aurelius, more to the point and more replenished as a philosophy than the whole world of ideas of Plato. The tiny book could really last for years.

Those are the main items of Antiquity. Other books of the same age to remember are Lao-Tzu's indispensable "Tao Teh King", if possible even more invaluable than Marcus Aurelius, and the Indian "Bhagavad-Ghita", if possible even more invaluable than Lao-Tzu.

This basic list of ancient literature could be complemented with Xenophon's interesting books about Persia, "Anabasis" and "Kyropaedia", the account of "The Pelopponesian War" by Thucydides, a most sober work which takes time to read, the charming "Argonautica" by Apollonius Rhodius of the love story between Jason and Medaia, the sympathetic love poetry of Catullus, the love story of "Daphnis and Chloe" by Longos, and maybe in spite of their nastiness and simplicity the farces of Aristophanes although they are so base, and, if you really care for utter sobriety, Lucretius' "The Nature of the Universe". Anything less sensual about love has never been written in world literature, so you'll after all definitely need Ovid's exquisite works of love and poetry to balance up that wooden log.

The Middle Ages

Objections have risen to our last chapter. How can you omit Pindar? Or Sappho? Or Anacreon? Or some other dozen of Greek poets?

Of course, all these classical poets are utterly indispensable - if you can read them in Greek; since it is very difficult to do them justice in translations. So bring them all along to the desert island, the more of them the better, but only if you are able to study them or learn to study them in the original.

Many other candidates have been brought forth by opponents to our list; but the very purpose of our task was to make an effort to limit ourselves. So of course the excellent Sallust is unforfeitable in his acute historical annals, and also the invaluable biography of Alexander the Great by Arrian - including all other classics of antiquity, from Julius Caesar to Plotinus, from Herondas and Epictetus to Flavius Josephus and all the apocrypha of the New Testament; but then we have completely forgotten our purpose to instead start bringing the whole library of Alexandria to our desert island.

So let's be strict and really concentrate on the main thing. With the Christian era begin the awkward Middle Ages with their oceans of Christian and Moslem literature, both problematical from their bias. Almost all Christian and Moslem literature during the Middle Ages is partial and tendentious, which makes it very difficult in this jungle to find a flower suitable for our special garden. One of the most biassed and voluminous is St. Augustine, so leave his wild forest out in the jungle where it belongs; and the same accounts for St. Thomas Aquinas and all the established church leaders, with one brilliant exception: St. Francis of Assisi. His small flowers collected and preserved by his small brothers and sisters together with

his poems and legends constitute the most precious pearl in Christian literature of edification, which also must be of universal value outside church. The same applies to the radiant conclusion of the Christian Middle Ages, "The Imitation of Christ" by the unknown Thomas à Kempis, the one book that the Secretary General of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjöld, brought with him on his last journey as he was shot down.

What about Islamic literature, then? Are there no equal exceptions there? At least the Quran does not belong to them, the angriest book ever written, where 60% of its contents were taken from the Old Testament in Arabic transformation and 8% from the New Testament, a most controversial book mainly because of its "holy wars" commandment and its promise of "houris" in Paradise to all successful fighters in the holy wars who die as martyrs to the only proper faith - for these reasons an extremely doubtful book to found a world religion on. Mahomet can not side with Buddha and Christ as a holy religion founder since he had wives. Fortunately religions like this never fail to bring forth heretics. One of the prohibitions of the Prophet was against telling fables, wherefore fables became extremely popular. Some were collected into "Arabian Nights", which is to be preferred for a proper reading for a long stay in a desert island to the much more arid Quran, although most of the tales are merely repetitions of the same phenomena of mainly magic, sex and djinns; but gems like "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Ali Baba" fit very well into the context of other superb story-tellers like father Perrault, the Grimm brothers and Hans Christian Andersen.

Another work from the Moslem world must be brought, and that is the wonderful chronicle of the Persian poet Firdausi called "Shah Nameh", the ancient Persian story of kings, a work of the same stature as the Indian "Mahabharata"; and the wonderful Danish masterpiece in Latin by Saxo Grammaticus, "Gesta Danorum", containing among other tidbits the original story of prince Hamlet.

This brings us into the problem of handling the vastest body of literature in the Middle Ages: the Icelandic sagas. You can't just bring any number of trunks of literature to a desert island. So my advice is: bring at least "The Saga of Burnt Niall" and of "Grette Asmundson", the two greatest sagas, together with "Gunnlaug Ormstunga", the most idyllic one, for a change, and you have the best portion out of the unique Icelandic contributions to the world of letters.

Then we reach the highlight of the Middle Ages and the first somewhat objective Christian poet Dante Alighieri from Florence. Of course you have to bring his Comedy, which he never claimed to be divine himself, and the first and best collection of love poetry in the new age, "Vita Nuova", about how his great love affair with Beatrice really started never to end; because in writing so beautifully about it, he fulfilled his ambitions in documenting his love in such a form that it would never die.

The art of Dante opens the gate to all the great Italian renaissance poets: the Sonnets of Petrarca, the wonderfully entertaining "Decameron" of Boccaccio, Ariosto's fantastic visions of what really happened to the furious Orlando, Macchiavelli's controversial originality and political ambiguities - it is still argued about whether he was in earnest or not - and the high-strung Torquato Tasso's devoted homage to the idealistic supreme effort of the Middle Ages - although it failed just like Torquato Tasso - the First Crusade, ardently celebrated in "*Gerusalemme liberata*".

Of course, many have been left on the side of the way. We have all the wonderful medieval minstrels and their songs about the court of king Arthur (Chrétien de

Troyes), about Parsifal and the knights of the Holy Grail (Wolfram von Eschenbach), Tristan and Isolde (Gottfrid von Strassburg) and other such wondrously romantic chevaliers. Also we must not forget Chaucer's frivolous Canterbury tales, his best work, or François Villon's bizarre poems about the gutter life in those days. Doctor François Rabelais' bombastic excesses in proper indecency must also not be left behind - but then we are already well into the Renaissance.

Proceeding from the Renaissance

Two names have appeared that shouldn't have been left out, according to certain complaints: the venerable Bede and Snorre Sturluson. Bede's chronicle contains wonderful stories and exciting phenomena that are interesting to read about also outside Britain; and considering the proportions which English literature later acquired, Bede becomes prominent as the first person to try writing in English.

If we include Snorre Sturluson's Scandinavian chronicles, we must also include Egil Skallagrimson, the only humorist in Icelandic literature.

Then it is also opportune to include the old Spanish songs of "El Cid" and like the cathedral of Cologne imposing dome of thought imposed by the excommunicated but the more interesting Meister Eckhart.

The problem about the Renaissance is that suddenly there are classics galore. Three stand out, however: Michel de Montaigne, Miguel de Cervantes, and Shakespeare, whoever he was. All three are uneven, why it is safest to include all their works so as not to forget something. Especially "Don Quixote" is very unstable and really overestimated, but you can't do without it.

Then we have an avalanche of philosophers like Francis Bacon, Spinoza, Hobbes, John Locke, Descartes, Pascal and others, who all produced massive works without end. My advice is to leave them all behind. On a desert island infinitely sophisticated philosophy easily becomes too much soporific.

French literature of the 17th century offers many costly pearls, such as Jean de la Bruyère's extremely astute observations of his times, all the dramatic works of Racine and some of Corneille, the maxims of la Rochefoucauld, a selection of Molière with at least "Don Juan" and "The Misanthrope", la Fontaine's alluring fables and as many works of Marivaux as possible, since they are difficult to come across. If we continue in France we soon stumble over endless sets of volumes by Voltaire and Rousseau. Bring as much Voltaire as possible and as little Rousseau as possible. Also Choderlos de Laclos' "Dangerous Liaisons" is a must especially for a desert island.

Among the dramatists of the Renaissance we also find the Spaniards Calderón and Lope de Vega, but the latter is too petty and provincial while Calderón is more enduring. His "Life is a Dream" is a definite must, but it's worth while taking on more of him.

If we then approach Germany with care we are surprised by the splendour of the sumptuous work of Grimmelshausen's called "Simplicissimus", apart from Münchhausen and Wilhelm Busch perhaps the only German instance of any sense of humour. We can also survive without German baroque philosophers like Leibniz and Kant, but with the age of enlightenment things begin to happen in Germany. A literary and philosophic friendship and co-operation like that between Moses Mendelssohn and Lessing is almost an even more significant flower for all times than that between Goethe and Schiller, and the result of that friendship was above all the unsurpassed play of tolerance "Nathan the Wise" by Lessing, which evidently the

Nazis later on overlooked in their education. It is advised that it should never again be overlooked by anyone.

Goethe and Schiller by all means, but they also wrote a lot of dead-weight, especially Goethe. You can bring all the dramatic works of Schiller along without hesitating and give them together with his poems a place of honour, and few poems are more outstanding than the whole production of Goethe's. "Faust" and "Werther" you should of course also bring along with Goethe's other plays, "*Die Wahlverwandtschaften*", the epic poem "*Hermann und Dorothea*" and perhaps his autobiography "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*", although that fiction and truth hardly can be separated as they are both his versions about himself.

Thereby we reach the shore of the romantic age, and that stormy ocean of overwhelming sentiments is rather too precarious as yet to embark on, as a good sailor always waits for the right weather. Meanwhile we could rest among some precursors.

On both sides of Shakespeare we find Marlowe and Ben Jonson. Marlowe didn't have time to write much, but it is all interesting stuff written in good language, so bring him all with you. Ben Jonson though was a duller pedant, so spare him your attention. Just bring "Volpone", because he was never better.

Samuel Pepys' description of the fire of London in 1666 is an exciting curiosity, so bring at least those chapters out of his endless diary. John Dryden is agreeable for his polished style but rather without sting: you miss Shakespeare's sharper but sincerer tongue. More interesting topics are then being displayed by Daniel Defoe (all of his works and not just the most indispensable of all for a desert island: "Robinson Crusoe",) and Jonathan Swift (ditto), the former as a bold and controversial documentary, and the latter as a most irresistible humorist.

Laurence Sterne could be discussed along many other over-valued English 18th century authors, (fuck Richardson!) but not Henry Fielding, whose complete works must be included, the only worthy successor to Shakespeare's liberality of mind. The idyllic Oliver Goldsmith is more doubtful like Doctor Johnson, but not that most priceless book about all that glorious bunch written by James Boswell.

Also the sentimental masterpiece "Manon Lescaut" by Abbé Prevost is worth a place in the list but not "Gil Blas", a dilettante work of stylish balderdash. But now it's time to embark on that vast stormy sea of Romanticism.

Across the Romantic Sea

Before proceeding we should remember a few extra renaissance artists, first of all Benvenuto Cellini for his personal moral victory against all the popes, but also others, like the Spanish soldier Bernal Diaz del Castillo with his authentic documentary of the Spanish conquests in Mexico with the annihilation of the Aztec Indians and their unique capital Tenochtitlan, built like an Indian Venice on islands in a lake, which the Spaniards dried out after having levelled the city with the ground. In this context we should also remember the anonymous "Lazarillo de Tormes", Spanish black humour at its best and in a way preferable to Don Quixote's acrid ridicule of all ideals.

Someone reminded us of John Milton's famous characterization of Satan. Of course all Milton's poetry is recommended even for company on desert islands, no matter how puzzling his fantasies and speculations occasionally may seem.

More convincing than is the mammoth piece of Edward Gibbon "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire", a meticulous chronicle of all the political turns within the Roman and Byzantine empires from the golden age of Augustus to the fall of Constantinople in 1453, most entertaining in its constantly increasing decadence.

The age of Romanticism really started in Germany with the *Sturm und Drang* period of Goethe and Schiller but soon spread as an epidemic all over the world, to France (never forget Chateaubriand's "Atala!"), to Italy (the exquisite poetry of Leopardi), to Russia (Pushkin's and Lermontov's fantastic masterpieces: their collected works are definite musts!) to find its strongest vent in England, though. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats are all qualified poets but alas! How vulnerable, unreliable and susceptible! The only one of these five whose complete works will do is John Keats, who died youngest of them all. Shelley is difficult to understand even on a desert island, but his collected works will not occupy much space in your luggage. Lord Byron was more a colourful personality than a qualified poet, and you can find vexing anomalies in all his poems. For those who like being irritated by a poet's vanity, Byron will be their idol. In Wordsworth you can sort out most of it all, since he is almost completely provincial (like Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy and other such by English local patriots overestimated Englishmen) while the output of Coleridge is so rare that you must save it all. Even America has a poet closely related to all these emotionally possessed romantic poets: Edgar Allan Poe, whose complete works is almost as treasurable a collection as the Bible.

The romantic flagship however is Sir Walter Scott, in later ages sadly neglected. His production is more than vast, but everything is worth taking care of, especially his verse, the most neglected of all his writings. A poem like "The Lady of the Lake" outshines all of Lord Byron's poems, but Lord Byron was all the same given a higher esteem for his more demoniacal and theatrical gestures. Byron *is* more dramatic, but there is always gold glittering in the calmer and wider waters of Walter Scott, if you only care to wash the sands carefully. He was rumoured to become duller and weaker in his later novels and that only those he wrote with a pseudonym are worth reading, but we must disagree. Such a late story as "A Highland Widow" is one of his most poignant works, and the eminent Balzac's favourite was such a late novel as "The Fair Maid of Perth". Even an odd end like "Castle Dangerous" has its own worth for its toweringly gothic style.

Behind the flagship of Walter Scott appears a ghostly fleet of the most wondrous ships that ever sailed in literature, crowding in chaos into a cramped but previously well ordered harbour. The strangest of these vessels should be identified. We find the first horror novel Matthew Lewis' "The Monk", Mary Shelley's wonderfully romantic "Frankenstein", the highstrung sea novels of Captain Marryat with "The Phantom Ship" leading, the fantastic production of Ernst Theodor Hoffmann with madness prevalent everywhere in glorious ebullience with "The Devil's Elixir" as a supreme masterpiece of its kind, all the horrible tales of the Grimm brothers and H.C.Andersen to frighten small children out of their wits with, the unbalanced Nikolay Gogol of Russia with his weird tales of witches and magicians, martyrs and heroes of Ukraine and St. Petersburg with "Taras Bulba" as an unforgettable masterpiece, and the most absurd of them all: Victor Hugo, with his poems, dramas and novels of monsters and hunchbacks, convicts and suicides, the expert on victims of fate and the supreme master of supreme exaggerations. His first novels are so ridiculous that his reputation was unfairly tainted with the mark of his first absurdities. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame", "Les Misérables", "Workers of the Sea"

and "The Laughing Man" all belong to the most fascinating masterpieces of world literature, and the least consummate of these is actually the most popular, "Les Misérables", while "The Laughing Man", the most notorious, is his most intelligent and splendid composition.

On the other side we find the most overvalued Balzac with his boring bourgeois novels about mostly bored, petty, quarrelsome and greedy people of narrow minds, who never see a world outside their small vicious circles. "César Birotteau" is first recommended, his overwhelming account of a simple bankruptcy, and we could add "Eugenie Grandet", "Papa Goriot", "La recherche de l'absolu" and a few more of his best known novels, but certainly not "Life of the Courtesans" or "Lost Illusions" - boring mastodon pieces without life or meaning. Maybe his supreme masterpiece is "Cousin Pons" about the meanness of ignorance and human blindness - nowhere in French literature is the narrowness of human nature more bitterly exposed.

More vivid and interesting is then Stendhal in all his works and even Alexandre Dumas in his best novels like "The Three Musketeers", "The Count of Monte Christo", that part of "Vicomte de Bragelonne" which recounts the story of the man with the iron mask, "The Black Tulip", "The Corsican Brothers", "Joseph Balsamo", "The Werewolf" and "The Cavalier of Maison-Rouge". Dealing with novels of some weight we must not forget to bring an extra coffer for the complete works of Charles Dickens, always impossible to do without especially on desert islands, but then we are already well into the new world of realism.

The New Age of Realism

Balzac has been given prominence as the greatest pioneer of realism, and of course he is nothing but a realist. But the greatest realist of all should rather be considered the Russian Leo Tolstoy, the most sober of writers, who mercilessly sees through everything and everyone and who can't be fooled by anything or anyone.

Also the naturalists are great realists, like Emile Zola, Henrik Ibsen and others, and like the ways of Ibsen are related to the ways of Tolstoy in regard to people, so Zola is a continuation of Balzac. All these are superb material for our luggage to the desert island. Still there is another category of realists who are to be preferred.

Dickens is the foremost of them, but many others belong to the same kind, in the first row the Brontë sisters and William Thackeray, Thomas Carlyle and Wilkie Collins. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle comes later but is of the same highest society. They are not only realists but observe something else than just palpable reality. Their characterizations are not just cold literary photographs but fine psychological portraits painted with care and nuances, and they leave some space for metaphysical imagination and speculation. "Jane Eyre" (Charlotte Brontë) and "Wuthering Heights" (Emily Brontë) are both precise realistic novels which have their chief interest though in the unfathomable psyche of man and especially its abyss. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is a dreadfully cynical novel with only mean egoists, but the whole novel is built on one sole too benevolent person: Dobbin, who is completely outside reality with his Amelia. No one has depicted the French Revolution more realistically than Thomas Carlyle, but his whole revolutionary pathos is coloured by a personal temperament constituting an intensive empathy in a historical past which must be considered a marvel of artistic ingenuity. To the same category of realists with extra dimensions belongs the Russian Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

All his novels are completely almost exaggeratedly subjective to such a degree that they almost appear psychic or expressionistic, and in this overwhelming ocean of intuitive feelings and passions you easily lose sight of that knife-sharp realism which is always there at the bottom. Dostoyevsky never commits a casual error, an inconsequence or anything that doesn't fit. His personages always blindly follow their own ways and create their own ruthless destinies in terribly logical consequence of how oddly they are fashioned from the beginning in their souls. His saints never step down from being saints, and his more demoniacal characters never cease to become more demoniacal. Probably never has any author succeeded in achieving such a thorough psychological realism as Dostoyevsky.

Also Anton Chekhov is a realist but adds to his realism a unique extra temperament of melancholy and sadness. His fine infinity of subtle nuances is perhaps the finest literary filigree-work of all.

To the same category of extra tempered realists belong John Lewis Runeberg in Finland, Henryk Sienkiewicz in Poland, Jules Verne in France, (his extra dimension to realism is the invention of science fiction,) Herman Melville in America and the exotic story-teller Selma Lagerlof in Sweden, who miraculously makes the most supernatural thinkable tales appear as utterly real. Oscar Wilde is less effective, for all his wit can not disguise the fact that he is not at all a realist.

That leaves us not much left for our catalogue to the desert island. After the outstanding century of realism followed the two world wars with only disastrous effects on literature, and the world conquest of mass media almost finished it. The art of writing a great novel has almost completely vanished in our century and been forgotten together with true poetic feeling and the Homeric-Shakespearean ideal view of man. Few authors have in our century been able to continue this great tradition.

Two who made efforts were Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. The former died too young to succeed completely, and the latter lost his son in the First World War without young John Kipling's grave even ever having been located, which broke the vein of the most constructive of imperialists. Instead the bleak pessimist Joseph Conrad survived with his Polish fatalism, while the great tradition in England was chiefly carried on by such first class B-writers as Somerset Maugham, James Hilton, Henry Rider Haggard's late and decadent romanticism, Nevil Shute's flying novels and the broodings of Graham Greene.

In France the first writing generation of the new century was instantly broken in the person of Henri Alain-Fournier. His one novel before the war that killed him cries out painfully about what wonderful possibilities were buried in futility. He was like a direct heir to the fine arts of story-telling as advocated and mastered by Gustave Flaubert and Maupassant but much brighter. The other Frenchmen to survive promise less and usually end up as dry old academic bores and duffers excelling only in insolence, but Jean-Paul Sartre's plays after the Second World War are a magnificent exception. And then we have Romain Rolland.

He wrote best and most about music, but his enduring biographies also contain for instance Michelangelo, Tolstoy, Gandhi and other Hindus. He introduced Hinduism in Europe so successfully that it became fashionable in the 20s, and he himself converted to Hinduism. In this connection we should also remember Rabindranath Tagore, but above all the closest friend and heir to Romain Rolland's frame of mind was Stefan Zweig.

There is an overwhelming number of German-speaking writers who all came to grief because of the Second World War, since most of them were Jewish. But Erich

Maria Remarque was not, whose novels are still interesting, and neither was Thomas Mann, although he wrote four bulky novels about Joseph and his brothers. The novels by Thomas Mann of everlasting interest are almost only the late "Doctor Faustus" and "The Holy Sinner". His other novels are almost all interminably and unbearably dry.

All the works of Stefan Zweig are valid though for all times. This unhappy Austrian refugee, who committed suicide in exile in Brazil when he could bear the world no longer after the fall of Singapore in February 1942, is perhaps the most indispensable of all during a refuge on a desert island, so he is apt to conclude this list of recommendations. You could still add names like Boris Pasternak, Mika Waltari, Mark Twain, Jack London, Pearl Buck, John Steinbeck, the colleagues Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, Robert Graves, Karen Blixen and some more, but not Hemingway (except "The Old Man and the Sea") not James Joyce (except "Dubliners"), not Freud or Jung, certainly not Nietzsche and not even Maurois, Malraux or Mauriac.

We have to admit though, that there are always many authors left to discover.

Films

"Priest" is simply made and shows simple people in humble circumstances in the slums of Liverpool in the depth of miseries of the great recession. The environment is depressing with parking lots and houses to be pulled down, depressing inhuman interiors of square concrete houses and dejected people among whom not a single one is going up. In this bleak scenery of delapidation an upsetting drama takes place in a Catholic vicarage.

The central problem is the obligation of silence under the sacrament of confession, just like in Hitchcock's film "I Confess", where a Catholic priest receives a murderer's confession and must keep his silence about it since that is his duty as a priest, even though he himself becomes a suspect of the murder committed. In that film things are sorted out but not here.

In this story of Liverpool a young inexperienced priest is told in confession by a small girl how she is being abused sexually by her father, and there is nothing he can do about it, since she has told him under the seal of holy confession. The father continues to abuse her, hears that she has told the priest about it, whereupon he threatens the priest if he doesn't keep his mouth shut. Of course this leads into a terrible dilemma for the priest. He can't suffer seeing the girl suffering and developing epileptic fits because of her father's ill-treatment of her, and at the same time he can't break his silence. The girl's mother suspects nothing, until one day by chance she takes her husband by surprise *in flagrancia* with the child. This is the most interesting scene in the film, since the priest at the same time suffers his severest doubts about his calling. When the mother learns that the priest knew about it she blames him for having done nothing to help the girl.

The question is: had in this extreme case the priest the right to break his obligation of silence? If he had done so the harm had been less for both the girl and the mother. This problem of doctors, advocates and priests concerning the obligation to observe secrecy sometimes becomes severe trials of conscience, and in such moments the doctor or priest or lawyer must also consult his own judgement. According to the Hippocratic oath, the prime concern is not to harm the patient: "What I have seen or heard practising my profession or outside it in connection with

people which might be matters of intimacy too delicate to be communicated to others with any constructive result, I shall keep secret and regard as never having been told." This implies that the doctor must judge by himself what he hears if it should be further communicated or not. If you stick to the chief Hippocratic purpose to keep the patient from harm you will find, that the mother did right in blaming the priest for not breaking his obligation to observe secrecy.

The priest's personal tragedy in the film is of secondary interest, while the film mainly depends on the character of father Matthew, an older and more experienced priest, who sleeps with the vicarage maid, who preaches walking around among the pews in his church, who doesn't fear speaking his mind under any circumstances and who even challenges his bishop, who gives him hell for his outspokenness. In the end all the threads of the story are united in a marvellous solution, where even the worst of crimes can be pardoned and forgotten under mutual shedding of tears.

A much more wholesome film, though much crueller, is then "Rob Roy" about the historical rogue Robert MacGregor of Scotland in the early 18th century, about whom even Walter Scott wrote one of his best novels. The phenomenon of Rob Roy is his personality as a paragon of supreme honesty, although he was a thief of cattle and an instigator of atrocities; but the honour and honesty of one single man who is right while the whole world attacking him is wrong is always one of the most fascinating of human themes. The film is excellently written almost like a Shakespearean drama with clearcut characters, a fine story and wonderful surroundings in the Scottish Highlands. It is a joy to see so much health and freedom, so much integrity and honest human initiative in this world, which still today, like in the days of Rob Roy and like always, is constantly suffocating in corruption, human filth and destruction, wickedness and selfish motives nowadays destroying even Dame Nature's own freedom. But as long as there still remains one single man to demonstrate a personal protest, there is still hope for the entire world.

A Sicilian's View

He knew all about the Kennedy murders: the one who profited most was Richard Nixon. If the Kennedy brothers had been permitted to live on, Robert would have become president after John F, and then Edward, which would have finished Nixon's career. Instead, John F. and Robert were murdered, and then the arrangement of a perfect scandal was enough to terminate Edward's possibilities. My man on Sicily maintained that the democrats has always made America, developing her democracy, while the republicans always had sabotaged constructivity by developing military industries and insisting on gunfire freedom. That John F. Kennedy was murdered because he wanted to end the Vietnam war (according to Oliver Stone's realistically credible and convincing film) was if anything a motive which fitted perfectly into the policy of Richard Nixon and the republicans. Remember how Richard Nixon was the right hand of Joseph McCarthy in the witch hunts of the early 50s against left sympathizers like Dashiell Hammett, and let's never forget how the Nixon government sanctioned both the sacrifice of democratic Chile in 1973 (including the murder of president Allende), the sacrifice of East Timor in 1975 to the Indonesian military autocracy, and the sacrifice of the cause of Taiwan and the last freedom fighters in Tibet just to adulate the world's greatest totalitarian state communist China in order to make business possible with the cruellest regime

in the world. If Richard Nixon hadn't been stopped by the Watergate scandal, who knows but that the Vietnam war commitment might have continued until 1989 at least.

He regretted very much the development of the world after 1945 while he wistfully praised the times before, when lack of food and constant wars had compelled people to work hard and do things right, which had rendered them happy. In those days, he told me, people sang everywhere, they were healthy, you moved mostly on foot although you had to travel tens of miles, and you were happy and content with only little. After the Marshall aid there was never more any real lack of things in Sicily, instead life became comfortable, and no one walked anywhere but went by car even if only a hundred meters, and people in general fell ill and became unhappy. The young ones do not sing any more but get themselves brainwashed instead by deafening rock music and go to discos to get themselves drugged and involved in further criminal activities.

At large he blamed everything on the rich. "It's always those who have money who cynically and ruthlessly invest it in exploitation of every possible unsound kind, socially using youth to further bad music and develop the use of drugs, globally by ruining the environment, politically by weapon industries and the support of violence, and economically by corruption. In the beginning of the 60s the world saw a most promising human development led by capable personalities like pope John XXIII, the secretary general of the UN Dag Hammarskjöld from Sweden, president John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King. If their efforts for a better world had been permitted to continue, the cold war would have ended 20 years earlier. The reversion commenced by the murder of Dag Hammarskjöld by agents of economical interests in Africa, the pope didn't have much time and also another pope was quickly disposed of, the Kennedy brothers were murdered, and even Martin Luther King was murdered. Instead the American arms industry was given a giant leap forward by the prolonged Vietnam war together with all the weapon industries in the world, and the entire peace movement of the 60s was derailed. Thereby the end of the cold war was delayed by at least 15 years. Only Germany and Japan were wise enough to instead of supporting arms industries and atomic bombs invest in peace and peace industries. That's why they are today the strongest economical powers." He concluded categorically, that where the money is, you find evil, the initiative to war and dictatorship, and the beginning of all corruption and destruction; and there you will find that phenomenon called power, which never can be used except to bad ends.

The Panchen lama

Since the 16th century he is the second highest authority of the Tibetan hierarchy, being established by the Dalai Lama himself as an insurance of the hierarchic stability: when the position of the Dalai Lama was weakened by exile or minority, the Panchen Lama would compliment the power liability and vice versa. In the 20th century it has constantly been the case, that while the Dalai Lama has found it necessary to leave the country, the Panchen Lama has remained in office, and when the Panchen Lama has fled to China the Dalai Lama has increased his power. The tenth Panchen Lama, who died in 1989, and the 14th Dalai Lama, who is today 59, have always been good friends and supported each other even during the most hideous adversities.

The position of the tenth Panchen Lama was however dubious and tragic from the beginning. He was not the only candidate for the office but the candidate of the Chinese; and there was another more trusted Tibetan candidate, whom the Chinese succeeded in eliminating - he was arrested at Yatung on his way on an Indian pilgrimage and probably murdered - the body was never found. He was just a small boy.

When the Chinese invaded Tibet in 1950 it was done on the pretext that Panchen Lama, then 13 years old, had asked China to come and liberate Tibet. Already then they had the boy firmly under their control, and they turned him into their best collaborator in Tibet. His universal reputation as a phoney Panchen Lama and the chief lackey of the Chinese occupation army was founded in the 50s; but in the face of the resolute rebellion of Kham from 1956, the atrocities following the escape of the Dalai Lama in 1959 and the looting of his own monastery Tashi Lumpo a few years after, his loyalty towards China started to vacillate.

His great moment of truth came in March 1964. He had then been forbidden to speak in public for two years by the Chinese, but they now decided to give him a chance to improve his conduct. At the great prayer festival celebrated for three weeks he was on one occasion to make a propaganda speech before an audience of 10,000 people. The Chinese had commanded him to once and for all officially denounce the Dalai Lama. If he pleased the Chinese by doing so, he was to be reinvested with all his authority and privileges.

Conventionally he started his speech and advocated diplomatically the necessity of freedom of conscience and religion and for Tibet to be developed by her own people in their own way.

The moment came when he was supposed to denounce the Dalai Lama. He fell silent looking around at all his fellow Tibetans seemingly meeting every one of them with his eyes and sighed audibly. Everyone held his breath. Then he spoke the most carefully considered words of his life:

"His Holiness the Dalai Lama has been brought from his country into an alien nation. While he is away it's in the interest of all Tibetans that he meets with no harm. As long as Dalai Lama is safe, the happiness of the Tibetans will also prosper and continue. Today as we all are gathered here I must express my firm belief that Tibet soon will regain her independence and that His Holiness the Dalai Lama soon will be restored on his golden throne. Long live His Holiness the Dalai Lama!"

Of all affronts thinkable that any Tibetan could have insulted China with, this took the first price. The highest respected and positioned Tibetan in the country spat China right in her face in front of the whole Tibetan people. The dramatic effect was tremendously extreme and should have its place in world history.

The Chinese unfortunately have no political sense of humour, and this was not even a joke. The consequences became vast and unsurveyable. The Panchen Lama was arrested and forbidden to leave his house, where he was totally isolated. After some comprehensive conferences in Beijing behind locked doors among only the highest chiefs of the communist party like Mao Zedong, Chou Enlai and all the great bosses, a massive campaign of calumny against Panchen Lama was launched all over Tibet.

The trial against the Panchen Lama then took place during 17 days in August. Chinese trials all have the same procedure, soon degenerating into lynching of the accused, which everyone present must take part in if he doesn't want to become an accused himself. This trial was no exception from general Chinese routine, and the well organized public trial enabled everyone present to approach the accused

Panchen Lama to beat him, kick him, spit on him, denounce him and abuse him in every conceivable way, though many were those who refused to participate in his official lynching.

The verdict had been decided in advance. Directly after the trial, the Panchen Lama, his parents and all those of his family and household who as yet had not been murdered or brought into concentration camps, were put in irons and brought in an armoured car as very dangerous criminals to an unknown destination. For fourteen years no one knew where the Panchen Lama was being held. Not until February 1978 news came that he had been kept in the number one prison for top party members, where they had constantly tried to brainwash him, which he constantly had protested against by trying to commit suicide. Neither brainwash nor suicide efforts had succeeded.

In 1982 he was allowed to revisit Tibet after 18 years of imprisonment under extreme and inhuman conditions outside Beijing. His freedom to act and move about was very much restricted mainly to restoring and rebuilding monuments destroyed by the command of the Chinese. Just after finishing the great stupa at Tashi Lumpo, the mausoleum for the last five Panchen Lamas, one of the most beautiful monuments in Tibet, made in the same architectural style and timeless harmony as all traditional Tibetan architecture, he died of a heart attack 52 years old. During the course of massive adversities and inhuman sufferings, he ultimately succeeded in defending his title, his own and all the integrity of Tibet and the honour of his ancient office.

Now the reincarnation of the Panchen Lama has been confirmed by the Dalai Lama. As all the world wished the eleventh Panchen Lama "tashi deleg", that is good health and happiness, the Chinese authorities sought the six year old child out, kidnapped him and brought him to China together with all other possible candidates for the office in order to start again from the beginning in the vain efforts of deprogramming and brainwashing out the 2500 year old Buddhist faith, which the Chinese communists feel to be the greatest threat and peril to their ideal state.

The Tibetan Problem - a concise summary

Of the Human Rights, as established by the United Nations, China has violated 19 in Tibet:

§3 The right to a private life, freedom and personal security has been violated by murders, rapes, imprisonments without trial and arbitrary executions.

§4 The prohibition against slavery has been violated by the fact that China, under the pretext of liberating the people of Tibet, has enslaved them instead.

§5 The prohibition against torture and against cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment of people has been violated since this has been carried through against the Tibetan people.

§9 The prohibition against arbitrary arrest, detention and exile has been violated.

§12 The prohibition against interfering with people's private lives, family lives, home lives and correspondence and against defamation of character and the right to

protection of law against such attacks has been violated by compulsory divorces, dispersion of families and the deprivation of children from their families against their will.

§13 The right to freedom of movement to and from and within one's own country and from any other country has been taken from the Tibetans.

§16 That marriage may be entered on only by the free will of both parties has been violated by compulsory marriages between monks and nuns and by that many Tibetan women were forced into marriage with Chinese.

§17 The right to property and the prohibition against arbitrary deprivation of property has been violated by mass confiscations as the Tibetans often were bereft of everything except clothes and household articles.

§18 The right to freedom of thought, of conscience and of religion was taken from the Tibetans.

§19 The right to freedom of opinion and expression was taken from the Tibetans mostly by the methodical destruction of their writings and the burning of their books.

§20 The right to peaceful assembly and association was forbidden by the Chinese as only meetings proclaimed by the Chinese were allowed.

§21 The right to take part in the government of one's country was forbidden by the Chinese.

§22 The right to social security was denied the Tibetans as 1) the economical resources of Tibet went to China, 2) the social changes in Tibet were disadvantageous to the Tibetans and 3) efforts were made to destroy the religion of the Tibetans.

§23 The right to work, free choice of employment, to just and favourable conditions of work and to a fair salary was denied the Tibetans by forced labour under inhuman conditions without a salary.

§24 The right to rest and leisure with paid holidays from labour was denied the Tibetans.

§25 The right to a decent standard of living and to medical care and the right of all mothers and children to special protection was violated as all Tibetan economical resources were taken care of by the Chinese.

§26 The right to free education and upbringing was violated since the educational institutions of the Tibetans were closed and replaced by communist schools of propaganda and by the fact that the Tibetan children were taken from their parents to be indoctrinated in enforced propaganda.

§27 The right to participation in the cultural life of the home country was taken from the Tibetans by the Chinese effort to eliminate Tibetan culture by replacing it with atheistic communism.

§29 That personal freedom is to be limited only by appropriate consideration of other people was violated by the Chinese mostly through the bombings of Tibetan monasteries, which were built most of all to protect personal freedom and development.

The violation of Human Rights in Tibet has continued undisturbed for 45 years, since the systematical, methodical and well premeditated genocide against the Tibetans that was initiated in 1950 never has been interrupted, although China is a member of the United Nations.

The above-mentioned statements of violation of Human Rights in Tibet were ready and internationally known since 1960, which is long before the Cultural Revolution. They were published by the International Commission of Jurists of Geneva, which in 1959 carefully documented an overwhelming number of individual cases with precise statistics, which China negated and still denounces as lies and fantasies.

The cultural revolution, which was given free reins in Tibet 1966-76, added a number of 6246 monasteries destroyed out of 6259 possible to the list of crimes against human rights in Tibet. The only monasteries to be spared were such that could be of advantage for tourism. Of this universal destruction amounting to 99,5%, not much is seen today, since all prominent and noticeable monasteries have been rebuilt since 1979. As a rule, the restored monasteries only form a tenth out of the original size and area of the real monasteries, and only about 5% of the original number of monks and nuns are permitted to live there.

Besides monasteries, also a vast number of temples and other traditional monuments were destroyed, even the oldest one of Tibet, which for the sake of tourism were restored to form a conspicuous façade of the Chinese fashioning of Tibet.

How many Tibetans that were killed by the Chinese is not known, but in 1983, the names and destinies of 1,207,487 Tibetan victims were documented, who all met with death because of the Chinese. Of these about 480,000 were from Kham, who fought a heroic guerrilla war against China 1956-74 until the Americans betrayed them by the deal of president Nixon with China.

Furthermore, in this Chinese holocaust of Tibet, 60% of all Tibetan literature was destroyed. Those 40% that were saved are represented at the library of Dharamsala by about 50,000 volumes, all written in longhand or printed by hand. This means that about 75,000 volumes of priceless original manuscripts in the Tibetan language are lost forever in the Chinese destruction. About 85% of all existing Tibetan books and manuscripts were destroyed in all. What escaped destruction in the 6246 ruined monasteries, that is objects of gold, statues and other items of art, were transported to China, melted down or sold by Hongkong on the international market for antiquities.

In Tibet China maintains an army of 500,000 men posted close to the Indian border of which 200,000 are permanent.

In Tibet China has constructed 17 secret radar stations and 14 military airfields.

In Tibet China has established 5 bases for nuclear weapons, in Kongpo Nyitri, in Powo Tamo, in Rudok, in Golmo and in Nagchuka.

In Tibet China has stationed 8 ICBM (long range missiles), 20 intermediate and at least 70 short-range missiles reaching all of northern India and southern Siberia.

Koko Nor is the greatest of the four holy lakes of Tibet. The "Ninth Academy" at the Koko Nor is a nuclear power station for among other things store of nuclear waste.

In Manchuria the original population has almost been exterminated. Only 3 million Manchurians remain in their own country while the Chinese immigration amounts to 75 million.

The corresponding figures for Inner Mongolia are 2,6 Mongolians against 8,5 immigrated Chinese.

The corresponding figures for East Turkestan ("Sinkiang", in Chinese "the new province") are 3 million Uigurs against 7 million Chinese settlers.

The corresponding figures for the Tibetan province of Amdo are 900,000 remaining Tibetans against 3,5 million Chinese colonialists.

In the Tibetan province of Kham it is not known how many Tibetans remain, but during their resistance against the Chinese 480,000 Tibetans lost their lives. Since then 3,6 million Chinese have been established in Kham.

In the autonomous province of Tibet there are at the moment 2 million Chinese increasing all the time while the Tibetans are constantly reduced in their own country.

One Chinese in Tibet costs as much as 4 Chinese in China. These Chinese in Tibet the Tibetans are forced to pay for by taxes and inflation.

Before 1959 there were 592,558 monks in Tibet. Today the Chinese allow only about 35,000 since the monks, who live in celibate, are considered a dangerous threat to the Chinese control society.

The world did nothing in 1950 as Tibet appealed to the United Nations for help against the Chinese invasion.

The world did nothing when China let loose the holocaust of the cultural revolution over Tibet, which was a calculated effort to extinguish all Tibetan culture and national identity.

Even today Tibet is of no interest to the world being so remote and without economic attractions, while China as the fastest growing economy of the world is of vital interest, why the world for economical reasons gladly close their eyes to the Tibetan case, as it likewise has refrained from doing something decisive about Kurdistan, Indonesia and Bosnia, other genocide stages, since these remote mountain and jungle places are not economically interesting. The world did not hesitate to interfere with the occupation of Kuwait by Iraq, however, since Kuwait had oil resources, no matter how dirty that business is.

Only the happy few are aware of the enormous importance of Tibet to the world. Among other things, Tibetan medicine offers the only cure to the world epidemic of Aids. But who cares about curing Aids when there are so many medicines to make money on, for instance AZT, which only can be applied to Aids patients as long as they remain ill?

In brief, the Chinese have committed the greatest genocide since the Nazi holocaust in Europe (surpassing Indonesia, Turkey and Pol Pot in Cambodia), the vastest ecological destruction of the environment which ever has been committed by a nation in another nation, (the Chinese desolation of forests in Tibet has resulted in ecological disasters in all adjacent countries,) and they have tried to utterly destroy the Tibetan civilization and culture, and they are getting away with it, the world closing their eyes, refusing to learn the truth, profiting by the crimes of China, while

China just tells all those who know and remember anything about the holocaust of the cultural revolution and the multi-decennial destruction of Tibet to try to forget all about it.

The Tibetans are not Chinese. As a people they are completely unique and find their nearest kin in the Navajo and Hopi Indian tribes of Arizona.

Tibet is historically an independent nation which not only has been recognized by China but to which China even sometimes has paid tribute.

The Tibetan language, written like Sanskrit from left to right, has no connection whatsoever with the Chinese language.

The Tibetan Buddhism is originally Indian and not Chinese.

We introduced this issue stating the case of His Holiness the Pope Pius XII and his cowardice in the Jewish issue in the second world war, doing nothing and not even mentioning the Jews during the whole war although he was completely aware of what was going on. The genocide of the second world war was followed by other genocides against the Tibetans, against other peoples suppressed by communists, against minorities in Moslem countries and by Serbians against other people. If you fall silent in the face of any of these genocides you are as much of a coward as His Holiness the Pope Pius XII in the second world war. The least you can do is to take sides by at least saying a word. If you can do more it is even better, but it has to begin with a clear declaration of which side you are on. If you don't even take this preliminary step of the least reaction and spread the word of knowledge about the truth of the world's greatest crimes against human rights going on today, then you are by your silence quietly acquiescing to what the Chinese are doing.

What Is To Be Done About China?

by Doctor Sun.

This issue is very difficult. The root of the problem is the megalomania of the central government as established by Chairman Mao. In the 1950s he had the golden opportunity to bring forth a new China as a paragon of modern states politically and militarily. Instead he marched into the trap of megalomania, occupying Tibet by force and launching a Chinese atomic bomb program. That was his most unpardonable mistake. Without a nuclear program of military purposes, China could together with Japan have constituted the most powerful political peace force in the world, leading a pacifist course against nuclear politics, which would have resounded with universal acclaim all over the world. Instead, China led by Chairman Mao embarked upon a military nuclear program and launched the devastating cultural revolution, wasting all the prestige of China, ultimately ruining her economic possibilities and politically committing suicide, pulling the entire communist party with him into the abyss.

What then is to be done? The communist party and the military forces must be dismantled. In the beginning of the 1980s, Dalai Lama of India presented a very reasonable suggestion: total disarmament of Tibet, dismantling all the atomic bombs and missiles, on condition that China retains her suzerainty and her control of the administration. This was so reasonable and opportune that only madmen could have objected. Unfortunately the Chinese communist party mainly consisted of madmen and does so still.

We have to wait for the madmen to be cured or to be done away with. An old Chinese proverb says, that if you wait long enough by the river, your enemy's corpse will come floating by. That is all we can do: patiently wait, at least praying, if we can do nothing more concrete.

Tibet has experienced 20 years of a winter nightmare 1959-79. Tibet is not alone. Many millions in China are still also waiting for the first ray of spring, and we have been waiting since 1949.

This letter is smuggled out of China by clandestine ways, because if it was to be published in China, many good people would lose their very small amount of freedom in China.

- Doctor Sun of Canton, June 4th, 1995.