

# The Dawkins Delusion

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To our latest article, *Time for Dawkins to Retire*, we predictably received a certain amount of flak.

Knowing that a number of our previous critics and no doubt, and even *hopefully* some new ones will be reading this work, we would like to immediately point out something about Richard Dawkins which they have likely given little thought.

Richard Dawkins is a famous man, he is a celebrity who counted world famous almost revered *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* author Douglas Adams as a close friend. How many countless millions of fans and even other celebrities would have liked to have been even an acquaintance of Douglas Adams, let alone a close friend?

Next we wish to point out that not only is Dawkins a celebrity, his book sales must have by now made him comfortably rich. He may not be in the Harry Potter league of J K Rowling, but then *who is?* But we can safely assume that if he wants a Rolls Royce he can have one, and who knows, maybe *does*.

Next we would like to point out that not only is he a rich and famous celebrity, he is also a Cambridge University Professor, he is a respected academic in one of, if not *the* most respected science universities in the world, and unquestionably so in England.

Next we would like to point out that not only is Richard Dawkins a rich and famous celebrity, who is a highly esteemed academic bearing the most elite title of *professor* at the most elite of British scientific universities, Cambridge, he is married to a glamorous blonde TV actress of aristocratic birth who was the object of fantasy of millions of British boys and men.

So before we look at what Dawkins *says*, we want the reader to be very clear about just *who* Richard Dawkins *is*, which we very much doubt his numerous hypnotised fans have really ever had the objectivity to consider and see.

In short he is *nothing like you or me*.

How many of us are university professors? One in thousands. How many of us have a beautiful girlfriend or wife? Arguably about 1 in 20, or 1 in 50 of us, depending on how we define *beautiful*. You know, there was likely about *one or two* pretty or beautiful girls in any class of twenty or fifty teenagers, so that means 19 out of 20 of us or 49 out of 50 of us don't get her. If we are lucky, we get someone *pretty*, or *attractive*, but what we don't get is *a goddess* like Dawkins has got, and what we definitely don't get is someone of aristocratic birth, who in her case is the daughter of a Viscount.

Then how many of us are wealthy enough to afford to buy and *run* a Rolls Royce? Less than one in a hundred probably. It pretty much requires one to be a millionaire to run such a car, a new one of which costs several hundred thousand pounds or dollars just to purchase.

And then how many of us are celebrities, who before he died, could lift the phone and say "Hi Douglas (Adams), how are you today? Fancy a chat and a drink in the *Atheist's Arms* later this evening? Eight o'clock? Fine. See you there"?

So we are not trying to whip up *envy* here, but were we to actually *see* the world Dawkins is living in, rather than just “worship him from afar” as does the average Dawkins fan, likely most of us *would* envy him.

Does your author envy him? Not in the least. Your author takes his satisfaction not from his social status or material possessions, but from his *state of consciousness*, and from *the quality of his human relationships*.

Fame, riches, celebrity, “social standing”, “academic esteem”, etc. do not guarantee either of those two things – i.e. a happy consciousness and good human relationships – but on the contrary, by reinforcing and supporting one’s vanity and egotism tend to work positively *against* good human relationships, and a peaceful, unconflicted heart and mind, which is the only proper basis for “happiness.”

But your author simply wishes to point out that the rich, well connected, academically feted, aristocratically married, Professor Richard Dawkins of the elite and historic Cambridge University has got practically *nothing whatsoever* in common with his average reader, i.e. *with you and me*.

What the blindly worshipping Richard Dawkins fans do not realise, as they fete their “champion”, and “religiously” learn all his lines, and repeat them back like parrots, is that not only is his highly privileged, sexually fulfilled (if indeed we thought such a thing was possible, which we don’t) life nothing like their own, is that his words though claiming to be hard science, are *designed to make sure things stay that way*.

When we say *science is the new religion*, the average science fan will laugh at us, with thinking along the lines of “Don’t be such a fool. Science is wonderful – it’s about *how things really are*, it’s human beings learning all the secrets of the universe, showing they don’t need a parent in the sky to tell them all the answers and rule them, whereas religion is just superstitious nonsense. The two things cannot be compared, and it’s ridiculous to do so.”

Well, on the subject of *ridiculous comparisons* we will have more to say *later*.

But our point here, is that what the science fans do not see, is that Karl Marx and Richard Dawkins are not actually as different as they imagine.

Marx said “Religion is the opium of the people.” i.e. it is a mind numbing fantasy to keep the people dumbed down and mindlessly happy while a prosperous elite and corrupt clergy rules over them. And despite claiming to do so under the mask of “science”, all Dawkins is doing is restating *exactly the same*.

Marx called it “the opium of the people”, Dawkins calls it “the God delusion.”

But though Marx’s philosophy *in theory* promised *equality*, promised *human freedom*, we saw what happened in the only countries who have ever seriously run the experiment long enough to see where his philosophy ultimately goes, i.e. Communist Russia and Communist China.

And as we have seen, we see *the very opposite* of human freedom, we see *totalitarianism*.

We see that people *do not have any freedom to have spiritual or religious beliefs*.

What starts out as a mere *philosophy* or *ideology* transforms into a tyranny, a ruthless dictatorship which transforms the entire nation into a gigantic state sponsored prison, with draconian authorities and police who are ready to brutally deal with or torture opponents of the system, or even just pick on innocents who have done nothing, because when there are no *moral laws* in the state (you know, the ones that come *only* from

religion, whatever Dawkins says) there is nothing to stop them, and as we have said, Communist China and Communist Russia have *proven* our “theory” only too well, as pointed out in allegory in both George Orwell’s brilliant major works, *1984* and *Animal Farm*.

What we also see in the *1984* novel, which once again is a real reflection of the totalitarian state is *a thought police, a mind police* (of which of course the famous *political correctness* is the equivalent in our own society).

Such a *thought police* obviously seeks to imprison not merely somebody’s physical body and restrict their movements as in surveillance and chains, but to imprison and put under surveillance and control *even their very thought processes*.

And though Dawkins’ blindly believing fans cannot see it, this is *exactly* what he is doing, and they have been programmed, hypnotised to believe that Dawkins is really a true scientist, helping them attain “freedom of thought”, when all he actually is, as we have pointed out, is a cunning, ultra-authoritarian agent of the ongoing *mind police*.

No doubt his thoroughly hypnotised fans if they *dare* to read this are already fretting and crying out in their minds, “Nonsense! Garbage! Excrement! Illogical! Irrational! Bulldung!” etc. etc.

Well, the *mind police* would not be doing its job very well, would it, if *you*, the *little people, the nobodies of the world* whom the elite wants *kept firmly in their subordinate and subservient and humiliated places*, if you *didn’t* respond so quickly, judgementally and angrily to any counterargument to the beliefs it wants you to hold?

So let us have some *logic* here, let us have some *proof*.

The reality is that Dawkins’ latest book, *The God Delusion*, is an unending stream of arguments which seeks to plug every last little leak in the dam which might let some much needed refreshing water through, and to block every last exit from the capitalist materialist prison so that *nobody* can escape.

For all the prophets like Christ, Moses and Mohammed, and Buddha claim that religion or at least spiritual speculation is not the *opium* of the people, but rather *the oxygen* of the people, without which they will have *no genuine freedom*, will be unable to breathe and gain inner nourishment, and will hence wither and die.

Let us be simple about it.

Suppose a little child asks its daddy – who sadly in this case is *Richard Dawkins* – where it came from.

He says “Ah, you are big enough now to understand Natural Selection. I’ll explain it to you.”

Then when he is finished, the little boy says:

“Well yes, I understand that. So you are explaining that species gradually changed into others by mutation, and some died out because they couldn’t adapt, and others survived because they could adapt. Well, yes, any IDIOT can understand that, daddy. But what you haven’t explained is HOW mutation took place.”

“Oh, don’t worry your little head about that son. We think it’s cosmic rays or something, but anyway, our scientists are still furiously working on that one. The answer is *coming right up, just over the next hill*.”

“What, you mean like virtually cost free nuclear fusion reactors, and the cure for the common cold, daddy?”

“No, well not exactly son. But the main thing to bear in mind is that mutation is *random*. There’s no *reason* in it. There’s no *design* in it, there is no *designer* in it.”

“But at school daddy, they mentioned something about what they called God.”

“Ah no son, that’s just a fairytale they tell to little children like Santa Claus. There is *definitely no God*. Now you’re nearly a grown up, I can tell you about “the facts of life”, and the only one worth knowing is *natural selection*.”

(Dawkins stops and sighs with vain self-admiration)

“So you mean, if there’s no God, then there’s also no heaven, there’s no after life, you mean we’re all going to die, and that’s the end?”

“Well, yes son. But that’s nothing to get upset about. Look – you just have to imagine there’s no God, and no heaven, it’s easy if you try.”

“Aren’t you quoting John Lennon now, daddy, and that mediocre, overrated song of his?”

“Well, yes, son, but it’s useful to get a world famous rock legend on side when you are trying to get the point across that there is no meaning to life other than serving the capitalist system and you want to get the masses to accept their own slavery and insignificance.”

“Doesn’t leave the people much though does it, daddy?”

“Oh, no, you are wrong about that son. There is *science*, there are the wonders of the universe to explore. You can go and look at a mountain or a sunset and burst into tears, or you can contemplate the trials and tribulations of science heroes of the past like Galileo who was threatened with torture by the religious Inquisition, and then you can burst into tears again at the injustice of it.”

“I am a bit confused, daddy. I don’t enjoy it when I burst into tears. Why do you? And in any case, isn’t there anything else for the people to look forward to before they die?”

“Well, look son. I shouldn’t tell you this – *don’t tell your mother I did* – but you know what girls and women are, don’t you?”

“Well, kind of daddy. They wear skirts, and we don’t.”

“Well, ho, ho. There are *a lot more differences than that!* You’ll start realising in a year or two that there’s a lot more to girls and women *than meets the eye*. Haven’t you noticed how they are a bit more, ahem *curvy*, than boys and men are? Well, you know that thing dangling between your legs when you go to the toilet, son?”

“Yes, daddy, it gets in the way a lot, and sometimes hurts.”

“Ah well son, in just a few years time, you won’t be worrying about that, you’ll find it goes big and stiff every time you see a woman with no clothes on, and sometimes even while she is still wearing them. There’s this thing called *sex* you see, and once you get yourself some of that, you won’t be worrying about death. You’ll spend all your life dreaming of this sex and doing it whenever you possibly can, and with whoever you possibly can. You’ll learn to adore and worship women. You’ll learn to bow down before them and kiss their feet, and in fact, kiss them pretty much everywhere else also.”

“Well, that sounds a bit dubious dad, and even a little scary. Is that really all my life is going to amount to?”

“What son? When you have got a career as a materialist slave to look forward to, to wonder at the marvels of modern science, and then to have sex with all the women in

sight, and that's not enough for you? You ungrateful little piece of excrement! You are no son of mine!"

"Well, actually daddy, perhaps I shouldn't tell you – and please don't tell mummy I said so – but she told me that things being what they are nowadays with office Christmas parties and so on, she said she isn't quite sure..."

Daddy Dawkins turns white, and says some rude expletives about God.

Innocent son says "I thought you said there wasn't any God? How can you keep cursing and talking and writing about him all the time if he doesn't exist?"

"Well, he does *sort* of exist son, but only as a *delusion*. God is a flying spaghetti monster, he is a miniature teapot floating around Mars."

"Are you sure you are feeling well daddy? Mummy says she knows a good psychiatrist for people who think that the nature and question of the existence or non-existence of a hypothetical cosmic intelligence is metaphorically analogous or equivalent to that of a flying spaghetti monster or a miniature teapot orbiting around Mars."

"Ah, you don't understand son. These religious people, like these fundamentalist Christian and Muslims. They want to flog women for showing their breasts and legs in public!"

"Well, that sounds really cruel daddy, that man across the road always likes looking at mummy in the garden when she's sunbathing in her bikini on the lawn. And so does his son. Surely there can't be anything wrong in that?"

Dawkins raises an eyebrow in concern.

"Well, let's not worry about that right now, but flogging women isn't on, so if I have to bend a few rules of logic and rationality to get my point across, that's only par for the course."

"I don't get it daddy. What do you mean, bend logic and rationality? Surely scientists aren't allowed to do that? You *are* a scientist, aren't you daddy?"

"Well listen son. Don't tell *anybody* I said this, but I have been a bit naughty this time. I said that nobody is allowed to be an *agnostic*. I said that it isn't scientifically acceptable. I called that section "the poverty of agnosticism" in my book."

"So what did you do that was so bad, daddy?"

"I said that nobody was allowed to say *I don't know* about whether God existed or he didn't. I said they either had to be religious zealots or confirmed atheists and that anything in the middle that expressed any doubt on the subject was a cowardly position that no self-respecting scientifically educated person could ever take."

"Do anything else bad while you were at it, daddy?"

"Well yes son. I know what I'm telling you won't go any further than you son, will it?" says Dawkins a little paranoically. "I actually *REWROTE LOGIC ITSELF*."

"Oh daddy, surely not! Even scientists aren't allowed to do that, are they?"

"Well, son, not normally. But as I said, we have got these Muslims and Christian fundamentalists to deal with, and *desperate problems require desperate measures*."

"What you mean, daddy, like the way they tell lies beforehand to justify every war, like Tony Blair did?"

"Well, kind of son, but you have to understand, it's about protecting us all from the terrorists, and the Christian fundamentalists, it's about protecting *mummy*, son. What more justification do I need?"

“Well, yes, daddy, but are you sure you can protect mummy from that man across the road and his son? I’m wondering now you explained to me if it’s this sex thing that is on their minds, and they are as crazy about it as you are. I wonder if that’s why the Muslim men cover their women up and insist they are all virgins until they get married?”

“Oh, son, don’t let that virginity nonsense worry you. You’ve got to be more tolerant in a civilised society like *ours* in the West. If your wife did it fifty times with the baker, and the plumber and the taxi driver before or after she met you, that’s just the way it goes nowadays. It’s called women’s liberation son.”

“So you mean, daddy, that’s why mummy isn’t sure whether you are my real daddy or not, and now presumably neither are you?”

“Hmm. Er, let’s stick to the subject son. I was confessing how I rewrote the rules of logic.”

“Yes, and how did you do that daddy? I am not quite so sure anymore that I am so proud of you as I used to be.”

“Well, I said that if anyone believed in God, they either had to prove it *affirmatively* or else that meant he didn’t.”

“So what’s wrong with that daddy? I am a bit vague about this logic business myself at times.”

(Dawkins sighs in some guilt).

“Well, if I had been talking about whether there was life on Mars or not, I would not have taken that position. I would have said that we had to investigate, we had to take samples, we had to analyze them, and until we had done that we would have to keep *an open mind*.”

“But you didn’t deal with the question of whether there is a God or not in the same open minded way, daddy?”

“Well no son. I compared him to a flying spaghetti monster, a teapot circling round Mars. I prejudiced the question by using a ridiculous and inappropriate analogy that I could get all my followers to quote like parrots to mock and put down anybody who disagreed with my insistence that they have got no right to even think that there just possibly even *might* be a god. Because everybody knows there are no flying spaghetti monsters or teapots circling Mars, because both are human inventions, and nobody has even taken them there, I made the question of a God existing or not look equally ridiculous. But you have to understand son, I did all this for mummy, I did it to protect mummy from all those religious people who want to flog mummy for having adulterous affairs or dressing like a whore or at the very least make her attend compulsory Sunday school classes until she learns to behave like a lady again.”

“Well, yes, daddy, but I have to confess something to you about this *flogging* thing.”

“What son?” asks Dawkins in bewilderment.

“Well, don’t tell mummy, but when I was at my friend Charlie’s last week, we downloaded images off the Internet of naked white Western women tied up and getting flogged, sometimes by men and sometimes even by *other women*. What I don’t understand is if you are telling all these lies to protect Mummy from those brown skinned people flogging her, why white Western men and women are flogging women who look to me just like mummy.”

Dawkins mumbles uncomfortably, and coughs a little to clear his throat before replying.

“Ah well, son. I’m afraid it’s this *sex* thing again. You’re too young to understand. You see, the difference is the Muslims flog women occasionally (and also, and likely more frequently *men*) to try to maintain law and order. Whereas *we* do it *for fun*. She actually *enjoys* getting flogged you see. I know it sounds a bit strange to you, but you have got a lot of growing up to do yet before you understand all the games adults play.”

“But are you sure she really enjoys it daddy, are you sure she isn’t just doing it for money to excite men, or because her husband is a sick pervert who enjoys inflicting pain on women, and she puts up with it because either she is too scared of him to say no, or so emotionally needy that she is scared he will leave her if she won’t fulfil all his sadistic fantasies?”

“Bloody hell son! Where did you get all those ideas? You are a right cocky little so and so aren’t you?”

“Ah well, Daddy. When I was at Charlie’s, we didn’t just download porn. We also downloaded the works of a guy called Sam Fryman.”

“Oh really, and just what else has this know-it-all got to say?”

“He says that religion is the logical outcome of the survival instinct, because humans know they are going to die, unlike the rest of the animal kingdom. He says that if there is any hope or rumour that people might survive death in some other form, then it is a logical step that they should investigate it however remote that hope may be, because the alternative is merely eternal oblivion.”

“Well, perhaps son, but what he is missing is that religion is just a fantasy invented by a few maniacs to keep everyone else mugged into wasting their lives looking for fairies at the bottom of the garden, teapots flying around Mars.”

“Well, maybe daddy, but what are you going to waste *your* life doing, having sex and flogging naked women for pleasure?”

“Now just hang on son,” says Dawkins indignantly, “I am *an important man*, the OBE or knighthood cannot surely be too far way. *Sir* Richard Dawkins (knighted for services to keeping down the masses with scientific illusions as opposed to religious ones). Won’t that sound good?”

“Well, yes, daddy. That is exactly what Sam Fryman says about you. He says that because the world has made you an important man, made you feel superior to everybody else because of your academic fame, and because you’ve got a gorgeous aristocratic wife, you don’t think about death – like you said about *sex* – because you are busy defending not your *personal survival*, as the would be religious or religious people are, you are defending *the survival of your ego*. You live on the illusion that your fame and sex life, and “love” with your wife are going to last forever, when actually they can be taken from you at any moment, for example by a car crash or some crippling disease. And that is why your followers also are so angry and intolerant and insulting. They also do not want any pin placed in the bubbles of their egos, because they want to proudly think they are superior to everybody else, and everybody else are fools.”

“And INDEED THEY ARE, SON. IGNORANT FOOLS, DELUDED IDIOTS, EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM, WHO *DARES* TO DISAGREE WITH *ME*. DON’T THEY KNOW WHO *I AM*? I AM A CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR!”

“Yes, but does that mean you are necessarily right, daddy? Have no university professors ever been wrong about anything?”

“And who the hell does he think he is, this Fryman guy son?”

“He doesn’t think he is anyone special, daddy. He is just passing on the information he got someplace else – guys like Krishnamurti and so on – because he says he cares about human happiness and freedom, and people need to know what a truly free mind is, that is not subjected to the arrogance and dictatorship of the mind police.”

“But I care about human freedom, son!” says Dawkins angrily.

“Well in that case, why do you keep trying to tell everyone what they can and can’t believe, and that the only rational position is to be a devout atheist, which you logically *must* believe to be the case, because that is *your own*?”

Dawkins stamps his foot in anger, froths at the mouth, and then goes off to have sex with mummy and forgets all about the conversation.

He wakes up the next morning, sees that his goddess wife is still beside him, looks at his academic award certificates on his wall, some old newspaper photos of himself, and checks the large amount of money in his bank account is still there.

Things are all right in his world. He is still one of the celebrity elite, the rich are still rich, and the poor are still poor.

The bad guys and girls are still getting what they want out of life, and the good guys and girls often aren’t.

Now if only he could find something even more insulting to write about those Muslim fundamentalists and get them so angry it would cause a world war. Then the Christian fundamentalists would have to tell the Israelis to fire all their nuclear weapons at them, and then when the Christian fundamentalists were seen as monsters for starting the Third World War, that would take care of *both* the Muslims *and* the Christians and then the liberals and the feminists could rule the world without any opposition.

Well, wouldn’t that just be *heaven*? the likes of Richard Dawkins might say.

Well, actually no, many of us who care about human freedom, truth and justice think that that whole scheme and its result is just *hell*, and Richard Dawkins, though he has a few good points to make about the unjust excesses of religious extremism, is mostly merely playing the Devil’s Advocate, as an elite and privileged puppet of the feminist and capitalist authorities, who want to create a slave labour camp world of people without hope or belief, who will fully surrender to the forces of capitalism and feminism without any complaints.

You have been lied to. Dawkins’ book is packed full of what are known as logical *sophisms*, i.e. plausible sounding arguments with a usually hidden or difficult to spot flaw in them.

The big flaw in Dawkins’ position, the elephant in the sitting room that none of his followers notice, is that Dawkins denies the human problem of *death*, he has no positive philosophy to offer humanity whatsoever in resolving this problem everybody has.

All he has to offer is *denial*, to brush this never-ending fundamental human problem under the carpet, when in the minds who cannot take such an “ostrich with its head in the sand” position, who aren’t so rich and feted and sexually free as Dawkins so they can keep it off their minds, this problem is staring them in the face.

Any rational person knows they are going to die, and the only rational position therefore is to spend one’s whole life trying to find out why, what it is all about, and is there anything beyond this life.



But like learning to be a great musician, or artist, or acquiring the skills of a sporting champion that path is difficult, it is tough, so most people shirk the labour involved and “drop out.”

They go into denial that the “greats” are really so good, and say they could do it themselves if they tried. Then all they do is spend the rest of their lives in the same denial mocking those who have achieved greatness.

This is Dawkins’ position re the saints and prophets who claim to have experienced God. In about six or eight pages he completely dismisses all religious experience, of all the countless prophets, saints, gurus and mystics who claim to have had a greater or lesser experience of God, on the unproven assertion that it’s all a delusion in the brain.

He completely ignores the long traditions of Buddhism, Hinduism and Taoism, and so many other religious traditions, and instead focuses on the easy targets of Muslim and Christian fundamentalism.

He has got no personal experience of any higher conscious states, and thus denies that they exist, which is like denying that anybody could ever have the talent of a Van Gogh, a Salvador Dali or a Rembrandt, merely because *he personally* has never seen their pictures.

He is the misguided weaver of a web of sophist pseudo-scientific thought, feeding off the basic scientific truth he has borrowed from Darwin and almost claimed as if it was his own, and if the reader cannot see that, then they will be lost and trapped like a fly in his web until they die, no longer able to flap their tired wings in resistance, while outside his dark spider’s web all the other creatures are able to soar through the skies happily in joy, light and freedom.

The choice of whether you as an individual want to live in mental slavery or freedom is entirely up to you.

Like Marx, Dawkins claims to offer freedom, but before our very eyes, as with Marxist China and Russia, we see the Western world that *supports his* philosophy, makes *him* a best seller, is claiming to be based on freedom but is transforming into dictatorship and slavery.

Do readers doubt this?

Well, perhaps as a final thought we will remind readers that the UK – i.e. Tony Blair’s Britain *where Dawkins lives* – is the most under surveillance society in the whole world, with any person who dares to go out in public being recorded on potentially hundreds of cameras on one single trip.

But it is now going one step further. The authorities have recently started installing *microphones* in the surveillance cameras, and one young vandal found that just as he was about to commit some minor vandalistic act, the camera actually *started talking to him*.

It told him to “Stop that at once!”

Just how far from Orwell’s totalitarian nightmarish dictatorship can we be? Obviously, not very, most of the pieces are now in place.

*This* is the world to which modern “scientists” like Dawkins and establishment thinkers like those who attacked our earlier work are leading us.

They deny religious ideas, *the only things* that would save them from the world of *1984*, because *they are the only places any rules come telling people how to behave*, and again, Dawkins tries to bury that *fact* in specious and cunning arguments saying:

“Well, whose rules should we obey then?” (pause for a mocking laugh). “Those of which book of the bible, many of which seem barbaric and all contradicting one another?”

Such cunning arguments have been the work of cheats and manipulators since time began.

*Behave yourself, Mr Dawkins. We only need one rule. Treat your neighbour as yourself.*

Or to expand on that a bit, *Moses’ Ten Commandments* will do.

There is *nothing* in Moses’ commandments about flogging women, hanging homosexuals or abusing children.

All Richard Dawkins’ supposedly science based denials of God have as their *motive* is to prop up this rotten status quo, in which child abuse, the abuse of women and of men, crime, war and addiction is rife.

The rich elite of which Dawkins is a fully paid up member and servant carry on as ever as usual, while the rest squabble and fight over what remains of the rest of the spoils, cheating and manipulating and humiliating and fighting and killing and degrading one another, while these despots sit smiling and laughing on the throne and going off to sex orgies in their palaces, while their soldiers kill each other needlessly in war.

The only thing that will change things is *true spiritual freedom*. That all nations will sign up to the basic laws of justice, as described in Moses’ or Christ’s laws and commandments.

The denials of Dawkins are just cunning attempts to resist this truth, the only truth that could ever create the equality which Dawkins clearly is not in favour of due to his elite position, the only truth that could ever set all men free, and not just a privileged few.

Does the reader not yet understand?

The Darwinian position says *survival of the fittest. The law of the jungle*. That is *all* there is. If you take *God* out of the equation, which is exactly what Dawkins is so desperately, and if he gets his way, *permanently* trying to do, then that is *all* there is.

The law of the jungle. The strong dominate the weak, they gather an army of brutal police and soldiers around them to make sure the weak can’t fight back and rebel.

Ninety five percent of us are the weak, Richard Dawkins is in the other five percent, the elite.

In which five or ninety-five percent category are *you*?

And you still want to support *him*?

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All Sam Fryman's works are currently available free of charge via the link

<http://www.geocities.com/thmlplx/>

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