

THE GIGANTIC GUILT OF ECONOMISTS

On the foregoing page we have learned how they make economic "laws of nature". But their predictions do not come true and their false theories have brought untold misery upon humanity. Here are two examples only.

We have all been made to believe that the terrible miseries of the industrial proletariat of the 19th century were solely the result of the greediness of industrialists. But few know that professors of economics advised willing factory owners not to pay higher wages, because of Ricardo's "Iron Law of Wages." If you pay them higher wages they will produce more children. They, when grown up, will depress the labour market. This will result again in lower wages - a vicious circle.

We know to-day how false this theory is. But the misery it created gave rise to the economic school of Karl Marx. His economic theories and predictions have all been refuted. He predicted that an accumulation of capital and private enterprise would lower the standards of workers. Exactly the opposite happened in "capitalist countries". He predicted that state monopoly of production would raise the standards. Exactly the opposite happened in "socialist countries". But what he did not foresee was that state monopoly needs the prison, the slave labour camp, the firing squad, in order to produce less than the minimum for bare living.

Marx's idea of complete state monopoly is still influencing government economists even in the free countries. There is no end to the misery and the holocaust which is their making.

THE PROFESSORS OF ZOOLOGY

Thanks to them, zoos are maintained because of their "educational value." Children, enjoying the caged creatures, develop subconscious sadistic trends. From the atrocities of the zoo and the circus to the atrocities against human creatures there is only a step. The commander of Buchenwald concentration camp Koch (his wife "human skin lampshade Else") had a zoo erected next to the barbed wires of the camp. His blackguard boys enjoyed on Sundays the miserable creatures (human and animal) in their miserable cages. I know, because I was caged there.

Professors of zoology should have demanded legislation, should have fostered a horror, a boycott, an end to zoos and circuses and all senseless cruelty. To please some rich women millions of feathery birds are slaughtered, millions of furry animals are crying their little lives out in traps. But the professors are not usually on the boards of society for the prevention of cruelty against animals. They are too occupied sadistically harassing students with classification and self-invented Latin names.

My idea of a "zoo" are pavillions containing small picture theatres, showing films of creatures living in freedom, building their nests and caring for their young. This would tell us what the professors have failed to tell us: that the evolution from animal to man is an evolution towards a higher ethics, towards higher co-operation between the members of the same species.

THE PROFESSORS OF BIOLOGY

Do the botanists, zoologists and biologists know what Life really is? Harvard biologist Raymond gave the honest answer: "What life is nobody knows". But his colleagues won't admit their ignorance. They hide behind a battery of scientific terms. Zoologists and biologists have to answer ^{to} two grave charges. Firstly, they have failed to realise the basic difference between, what they misleadingly call, "biological warfare" and human warfare. Living beings can live only on organic matter produced by living beings. But, as one lone scholar proclaimed "Among the same species the highest ethics is supreme law". Lions don't kill lions, elephants come to rescue their own, wolves will roam the wintry forest, howling madly of unbearable hunger, but no wolf will kill a fellow-brother-wolf. But man kills man.

The professors have made the grave mistake of identifying the hunt for food (from other species) in the animal world with the hunt for destruction (of the same species) in the human world. Thus they have helped the militarists who maintain that war is part of nature and will ever be with us. Thus the professors have blocked effectively any research into that exclusively human perversion: warfare among the same species. For the second grave charge turn to the next page.

THE GREATEST GUILT OF MODERN SCIENCE

Professors have deceived us and themselves by their cherished invention: highbrow language. They have invented names for unexplained phenomena and they examine their students as if these names were explanations. Why do stones fall? Why - because of "gravitation". Why does a mother animal feed and defend her helpless young? Why - because of "instinct". Explained, isn't it?

And so they have explained everything. They have searched the heavens and earth and have found no purposive force, no creative spirit, no possible existence of a supreme intelligence, no Creator - just Chaos, atoms drifting aimlessly, being attracted and repulsed without any visible purpose, without any sense - just by the "doctrine of statistical frequency occurrences."

But how do the professors explain the incredible feat of living cells? Cells repair themselves. Cells build a heart "pump", and eye "camera" and more. Cells produce in a mother animal milk for her young and defiance for their defence. How? And why?

Why, cried the professors, "Evolution" does the trick. When fish were left on dry land, they simply grew legs. Later they grew feathers and flew, and so on - it's easy. But fish can't do this on their own will. Darwin maintained that a Creator is at work in the miraculous and most purposeful working of living cells. But the Dawrinians did away with any creative force. And so they have given us the new religion with the result that.....

THIS IS MANKIND'S DARKEST AGE

"Survival of the fittest," the theory (already refuted) given us by the biologists has justified total warfare. Anthropologists' theories have brought about extermination of inferior races. Political scientists have divided mankind into warring camps and have justified liquidation of politically "unreliable people". Chemists and physicists are building better and bigger bombs. Chaos reigns, thanks to the idiots who in their race for professional salaries have developed into the world's worst racket of specialised experts, who know more and more about less and less until they have lost sight of the obvious - the greatest force in the universe.

A child could see that cells are drawn together to form in harmonious co-operation the miracle of a flower, a bee, an animal, a child. If by accident a twig or our arm is hurt, then cells hasten to repair the tissue, and restore life, they reproduce themselves and co-operate in the most purposeful way to form communities of a higher order, a rosebush, a beehive, a herd of deer. From the care, caresses and intellect of animals to the care, love and thoughts of humans we see a supreme and divine intelligence at work instilling in us the urge to build higher communities of harmonious co-operation.

This divine, natural and universal urge has been blocked in us, by the muddled and miserable mediocrities in the temples of learning. They have given us the theory of chaos. They have led us into chaos. When will these changers of words be driven out of the temple?

End of second part.

Third partEDUCATORS AND NEW IDEAS

In the first part of this book we have learned of the disastrous selective process in the teaching profession. Timid boys, who are afraid of hard competition in a hard world, chose the teaching profession which gives them a miserable security and a miserable salary. By their very nature, they are mediocrities. Teaching the very little they know, they are afraid not to displease their superiors in mediocrity. By their very nature, they dislike the disobedient stormy student who questions their authority and their outdated ideas of education. By their very nature they dislike the pioneers of new ideas.

This explains why teachers and professors are usually opposed to new ideas, why they form a conspiracy of silence about pioneers and their work, why they condemn them to an untimely death without trial, why it takes centuries until an idea in education is at last taken up in school.

This hierarchy of mediocrity forms a formidable block extending over all countries. Even the most violent political changes cannot unseat them. They go on teaching the same old stuff, and they go on not teaching how to deal with difficult situations in our home, in our community, in ourselves and in our relations with our fellow men. They see to it that pioneers who can teach this are not permitted to teach. They, the educators, are the most formidable barrier to a better future of mankind.

HERE IS A TEST FOR YOU

My charge against the educators and their inability to introduce new ideas in education may seem incredible to you. Indeed, 12 years ago, it may have seemed incredible to me. But in the meantime I have approached many hundreds of educators personally and through publications. What still stupefies me is their complete apathy. They did not go to the trouble of examining and dismissing a new idea in education. They simply were not interested.

Now here is a test for you to prove that educators are incapable of greatness in their field. Name 5 great poets, 5 great painters, 5 great inventors, 5 great explorers, 5 great names in any field of human endeavour. This should be easy for you. AND NOW NAME 5 GREAT EDUCATORS !!!!!

I will help you : Comenius, Locke, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Dewey..... would you have named these names ? Are they familiar to you ? Do you know of greater names in education ?

And now to the second test and question : WHAT NEW IDEAS IN EDUCATION DID THESE GREAT EDUCATORS PROCLAIM ?

If you are an educator you might know the answers. Then find out how many intelligent people (not educators) know the answers. Few might name the great names, fewer might know their ideas in education. But the most crushing fact in this enquiry is that the new ideas they promoted are so commonplace that one cannot understand that they had to fight for them. One cannot understand why the educational authorities opposed them for hundreds of years.

COMENIUS, LOCKE, PESTALOZZI,FROEBEL, DEWEY

John Amos Komenski (Comenius) born 1592 in Moravia was one of the greatest educators. Yet, he was wandering persecuted, homeless, supported by friends only - a real pioneer's fate. He condemned classic book learning. "Why should we not instead of these dead books lay open the living book of nature?" He proposed pictures in textbooks and is therefore a pioneer of Semantography.

John Locke, born 1612 in Bristol, condemned grammatical language teaching (but they still teach it). He condemned caning (but they still beat children). By his "Essays concerning Human Understanding," he became a pioneer for Semantics (still not taught in schools). This book inspired Leibnitz to formulate the idea of Semantography (not realised for 300 years).

Heinrich Pestalozzi, born 1746 suffered a pioneer's fate. His schools were closed after a few years. His life was embittered by recrimination and litigation. He taught observation and sense-perception.

Friedrich Froebel, born 1782 in Thuringia is the originator of the Kindergarten. But because he maintained that freedom is a divine gift, the Prussian government closed his private Kindergarten.

John Dewey belongs to our time and his writings resemble the writings of many modern educators. With a little training in Semantography you will not be able to stomach the utter vagueness of modern writings on education and you will realise the utter hypocrisy how they talk, compared with what they teach.

HERE IS ANOTHER TEST FOR YOU

Comenius, Locke, Pestalozzi, Froebel, etc. - ah well, let's bygone^s be bygone^s. Those were the days when schools were caning institutions, but today with the emphasis on child psychology we live in an enlightened age of Education.

If this is your belief, I am sorry to shatter it, again with a simple test. You are reading newspapers, and journals. Then you know that in 1945 the United Nations Organisation was created together with the United Nations Educational, Cultural and Scientific Organisation, better known as UNESCO.

UNESCO is now functioning since 1945 with headquarters in Paris and branches in most countries of the world. UNESCO can use all the educational brains of the world, can take advantage of every new idea in education, can use all the facilities of education available anywhere. If there is an organisation in the world which can develop a new idea in education it is UNESCO. Moreover, its mother organisation, the United Nations Organisation can show so little success, that any little success of its daughter organisation UNESCO would be trumpeted throughout the world.

And now think hard, think very hard. Do you remember any news item reporting a new educational idea developed by UNESCO? I assure you there is none - not one.

"WHAT DO THEY DO AT UNESCO." ASK PEOPLE

"not only in Afghanistan but also in Birmingham," wrote Max Maser, official British delegate to a UNESCO General Conference. This emphasises "officially" the question I have put before you on the foregoing page.

Now I for one know what they are doing. I have subscribed to official UNESCO publications, I have studied any UNESCO item in print, and I have a large file with letter from high UNESCO officials including all Director General of UNESCO.

In dealing with UNESCO I came across a worse type of educator: the administrative bureaucrat. All they do is writing letters, evading, delaying, postponing any issue - except one: the calling of conferences.

UNESCO is nothing but a glorified free travel agency. With important looking briefcases, they are hopping around the world (first class), attending conferences in Valparaiso, Bombay, New York, Beirut, Paris and many more nice places worth sight-seeing. As to their work it is laid down in resolutions which run like this:

"The Conference recommends to the Director General that a committee should be set up to study ways and means for the calling of a conference with the aim to set up a permanent committee, which shall call regional conferences, the recommendations of which shall be laid before the General Conference with the aim of establishing a permanent conference committee, etc., etc., etc.," And off they go drawing up huge expense bills paid by you and me and all humanity.

"UNESCO - A COMIC SYNONYM TO FIASCO"

wrote Professor Lancelot Hogben, author of "Science for the Citizen", "Mathematics for the Millions," etc.,

This joke sums up very nicely. But now, let's realise the disastrous truth in this joke, the truth which I have tried to bring before you in all the foregoing pages. Here is a world organisation of educators commanding all the educational brains of the world, and all the educational ideas cropping up in these brains, and the result is FIASCO.

I could bring many more damning accusations such as the one of Prof. Hogben. The impotent educators are fizzling around in conferences, and fizzling away the millions of dollars, and not one single new idea in education is the result of many years of fizzling. FIASCO indeed! If you read somewhere praise of UNESCO, it is either fierce self-praise, or the grateful praise of a professor who, out of the blue, got a free ticket for a nice sight-seeing tour to a UNESCO conference. All he has to do is say a few words, but few will be there to listen, as many are partaking in sight-seeing drives in the surrounding countryside. In later pages we shall deal with particular "inactivities" of UNESCO, relating to the scope of Semantography. If there is a man whose greatest hope was UNESCO, it's me. And if there is an idea worth being promoted by

UNESCO, it's Semantography, this "One Writing for One World." This is the unanimous opinion of all scholars, and laymen who have grasped the idea of Semantography.

THE TRAGEDY OF A NEW IDEA

We have discussed the sterility of educators with regard to new ideas in education. New ideas in education mean better methods for imparting better knowledge. Apart from these ideas, there are many new ideas in the field of the humanities, such as in art and poetry, in the field of the sciences, such as in physics and technology and in any other field of human endeavour.

The question arises then: What actually is a new idea? We shall later on analyse this question with the symbolic algebra of Semantography. Thinking in ordinary language, the answer seems obvious: A new idea is a new idea. But we must realise the tragic consequences in the meaning of new idea.

Ideas are cropping up in human minds. And new ideas are those which have not cropped up in many minds. Consequently a new idea is very different from the ideas familiar to many minds. Being unfamiliar, new ideas seem to be opposed to old and familiar ideas. They seem to be strange, absurd, revolting.

Few people realise that the old and familiar ideas have disadvantages and deficiencies. Fewer people go to the trouble of examining a new and unfamiliar idea. Very few people realise its advantages. And only one or two might dare to stand up and fight for it.

The result is that a pioneer of a new idea finds few friends to help him along. Instead he faces many enemies who oppose his work. Who are they? The "Men in the Street," or the "Men in the Chair"?

WHAT HAPPENS TO A PIONEER OF A NEW IDEA?

For a number of years I was first secretary, then director of the patent department of a large electric concern. I have dealt with many new ideas, I have studied many thousands of patent specifications. I have done scientific library research concerning new ideas, and I have taken part in terrific legal battles in a number of countries, concerning new ideas in electronics.

In following up a new idea I have found that their first originators faced handicaps and hostilities. With very few exceptions - the pioneers of new ideas went broke, went bankrupt, went mad, went down the abyss of frustration and despair, went down the grave as cranks, crackpots and phantasts, only later to be "exhumed" in so many words and proclaimed pioneers of a new idea.

Why is it so, and why should it be so? From time to time articles appear telling the heartbreaking stories of pioneers, of now famous poets, composers, artists, inventors, scholars, who in their life-time were considered infamous, indolent and incapable, and who suffered accordingly. Such articles contain usually the sad reflection that the "masses" the "common man in the street," the "uneducated mob," etc., are incapable of realising greatness and through their apathy and lethargy the deplorable fate of pioneers is brought about.

This is a lie, a damned dastardly lie. The sooner we realise this the better. Mankind's best sons are condemned to an unhappy life and death, not by the mob in the street, but by the mediocre mob in the universities. This will be proved in the next page.

WHO CONDEMNS THE PIONEERS TO A DEATH OF DESPAIR?

"Not the mob in the streets, but the mob in the universities," I said on the foregoing page and I promised to prove it. This proof is simple indeed.

Consider yourself as the originator of a new idea, something which is not taught in the books and schools. You feel that you are on to something great, something which will be someday recognised and practised by humanity. What are you going to do with your work?

Are you going to rush into the streets and tell the common men about it? Or are you going to the uncommon men who have the education, the experience and knowledge to realise the advance and advantage of your work. Answer this question honestly and you will agree that your thoughts and approaches will go to the professors working in your field. And right you are. Not only do they claim to be first and ultimate experts and judges; they are paid the common man's money for just this: to help new ideas along.

Consequently your manuscripts, your polite letters, your polite visits, will be

directed to the men in the universities. The men in the streets will know nothing about your work. And if you are kicked, you are not kicked by the men in the streets, but by the men in the chairs. If you suffer humiliation, frustration and despair, you cannot blame the masses, and the people. They are usually overawed by the feats of learning. You and any other pioneer of a new idea are kicked and humiliated by the experts whose apathy or envy, rivalry or jealousy spells death to pioneers.

THE GUILT OF THE PROFESSORS

The foremost aim of this book is to make mankind realise the terrible injustice meted out to mankind's best sons. In order to do this, a dastardly lie must be unmasked and disproved, the lie that the "uneducated people" the "masses" are responsible for the unhappy fate of pioneers. The opposite is true, as has been proved on the foregoing page.

The lie could persist so long because the real culprits, the professors are talking progress all the time, not revealing that the progress they are working on was initiated by some pioneers now dead. Those pioneers have not been recognised in their lifetime by their professors. They had to die in order to enable the oncoming generation of professors to make a living by them. These are harsh words, but they come from a professor who admitted the guilt of his profession.

The catastrophic consequences of this fact must be fully realised, namely that RIGHT NOW when professors are talking progress, RIGHT NOW pioneers of new ideas are wringing their hearts out in helplessness and hopelessness and in utter oblivion. But the professors are not oblivious of these pioneers and their work. The professors have received their manuscripts and letters and visits, and their pleas for help and support.

As a man who pioneers a new idea, and who for 18 years approached many professors. I cry out for all fellow-pioneers who suffered the same fate.

ENVY AND ENMITY, JEALOUSY AND RIVALRY

these are the driving forces ravaging the high seats of learning. It's natural, if you come to think of it.

Here are professors paid for the development of new ideas. They have got to have them. But most of them are mediocrities and naturally they are unhappy about it. Naturally, they are envious if another fellow is luckier. Naturally, enmity, jealousy and rivalry fill their hearts.

Believe me, who talked and corresponded with many a professors. Some of them treated me as a fellow scholar and opened up their hearts. If I complained about frustration, they complained ever more. If I got sore about editors of scientific journals, they showed me letters how they have been kicked by them. If I went mad because some professors ignored my letter and material, they proved to me that they and many professors are treated with the same contempt by other professors of greater notoriety, if not fame. They showed me more evidence which made me dumbfounded, until I realised the dark forces ravaging among professors, envy, enmity, jealousy and rivalry.

How on earth has an outsider any chance to penetrate this "cauldron" outwardly serene, but inwardly seething with conflict and competition of a deadly sort? And what chance has an outsider with an outside idea? None whatever. Because we must realise that new ideas are outsider ideas, outside the orthodox scope of research. Not only the outsider is shunned. A professor who might get an outside idea faces a terror of which the outsider knows little.

TERROR AT THE ALMA MATER

In the middle ages a professor of the French Sorbonne who taught principles contrary to Aristotle was liable to the death penalty. In our time places and names have changed. At some universities in the East, Aristotle has given way to Karl Marx, whose teachings are sacrosanct. At some universities in the West, it is just the opposite. However, there is an important difference. In the East a professor may lose his life. In the West he may lose only his livelihood. For many this is terror enough.

We have got to realise the deadly struggle going on beneath the professorial surface, a struggle for existence and for survival. Salaries are low, but standard of living must be pretended high. From a reader to a junior lecturer onto a senior lecturer and then (if you are lucky) to an assistant professor, an associate professor and then at last to a full professorship is a heartbreaking, a backbreaking and often a conscience breaking struggle. Survival of the fittest means often cowering, flattering, entertaining, and bowing physically and mentally to high noneties who happen to be trustees, presidents, vice-chancellors and other "vested interests". Having a wife who is very good at cocktail parties is a much

greater asset than having a wife who encourages you to defy them all and proclaim your theory which is contrary to the accepted orthodox theories. If you do this, then the full terror is unleashed against you. You have got to be very lucky to survive it.

RUSSIAN TERROR ON SCIENTISTS

Prof. Eric Ashby of Sydney University was attached to the Australian Embassy in Moscow during 1942-1944, the honeymoon of the communists wooing of the West (guns plus butter instead of principles). He was allowed to visit universities and talk with professors. He tells astounding stories in "Scientist in Russia" (Pelikan).

Everything in Russia is planned and the plan must not fail, otherwise the planner fails. Consequently quotas are set very low, in order to ensure success of the plan. But how to ensure success of a research plan? Russian scientists found a way.

They make up plans for next years research, containing work which they have already secretly concluded this year. At the end of next year, the plan proves a sweeping success. All targets have been reached successfully. And so on. It's a wise life insurance plan.

Next, the research results need some trimming for publication. They must comply with the tenets of dialectical materialism. This is easy for word jugglers. If they are at a loss for words, they use some quotations from the scriptures of Marx, Lenin, or Stalin. Furthermore it is convincing in itself that communist potatoes cannot adhere to decadent bourgeois capitalistic genetic principles. Instead they follow Lenin and Lysenko.

Professor Ashby tells of Prof. Vavilov, who opposed Lysenko's "new genetics". He was accused of delaying practical results and adhering to fascist theories. Dismissed, imprisoned and dead in 1943 as told by Eric Ashby.

FREE TERROR ON SCIENTISTS

This comparison "Russian terror" against "Free terror" is a dastardly semantic trick easily perpetrated in ordinary language, but impossible in Semantography. The important difference has been told before. In Russia a scientist may lose his life, in the West he may lose his livelihood. But these are extreme cases. Enough of tragedy if a scientist is bypassed by promotion boards, foundations, science editors, publishers and if he remains a stationary senior lecturer with a stationary miserable salary.

A scientist can get into this mess if he doesn't know how to win friends and influence people. Also by thinking along unorthodox lines, by insisting on research which his superiors consider a waste, and by pronouncing theories on subjects which are taboo on many a university.

Nuclear atomic research receives today the highest priority. Imagine a scholar who poses the problem "Have atoms souls?" There are some indications. Atoms repel or unite in violent passion like animals do. Now imagine a scholar starting to lay wires, to build apparatuses to prove that atoms have souls, starting to spend his allotted money and to explain his scheme to visitors. There will be raised eyebrows, hilarity, questions of mental disorder and in due time the full terror of the free university will be in full swing.

But this is an extreme example. You will be surprised to learn that commonsense ideas are taboo too.

COMMONSENSE IDEAS ARE TABOO

AT UNIVERSITIES

This is another dastardly title, easily written in ordinary writing, but impossible in Semantography.

But now let's take a commonsense idea, the simple decimal metric system, already international in some countries. Let's take two great civilised countries, the U.S.A. and the British Empire. Millions of working hours are wasted each day by complex calculations in the ancient, outdated and atrocious weights and measures, the various pounds, ounces, drams grains, the various tons, bushells, gallons, quarts, pints, the yard, foot, and inches, the pounds, shillings, pence, all not decimal, but illogical.

Wouldn't be a good commonsense idea if the professors of mathematics, physics, technologies, etc., would unite to advocate world simplification. But they won't do it. They usually disagree in principle and practice. One billion means in America one thousand millions, but in Great Britain it means one million millions. The international meter measures 39.37 inches in America, but in Great

Britain it is 39.370147 and no side will give in in this and many other commonsense ideas of which I could fill books.

Now imagine a man who undertakes to pioneer world unification in measures, in weights, in calenders, and in many other diversified tables which add to our daily burden. He would point to successful conversion and simplification in many instances in many countries. He would approach the professors for support. But they would treat him as they have treated many pioneers of commonsense ideas - with contempt.

COMMONSENSE IDEAS FOR LANGUAGE PROFESSORS

One of the main arguments for Semantography is that grammarians don't care whether a statement contains a lie, a fallacy or a vague nonsense, as long as it is written "correctly". In short, they are concerned with the form, not with the content. But the form has changed and is changing - not with the help of the grammarians, but against their horrified protest. Much later they have to take as correct the simplifications of writers, printers, common people and children.

The plural of cow was correctly kine, until children formed incorrectly cows. They learn to say "I work" and "I think", but when they form "I worked" and "I thought" they get a bad mark and don't know why. Common people have simplified Malborough into Malboro, but the grammarians won't allow thoro and thru.

When Norway separated from Sweden, parliament changed drastically Norwegian. But why should language be planned for reasons of politics only, why not for reason alone? Yet, have you heard of linguists making a concerted effort to remove one by one the idiotic, illogical irregularities, which clogg English or other languages? Sir Richard Paget wrote that "the keepers of our language maintain a die-hard attitude and succeed in preventing reasoned improvement." Language is mankind's most important tool but when men come forward who pioneer planned language reform the professors are treating them as cranks and crackpots. And if a lone professor pioneers it, he too is treated as a crank by his colleagues.

THE INTERNATIONAL "FRATERNITY" OF SCIENTISTS

is a fallacy and fiction. It does not exist. There are some friends, but usually envy and enmity, jealousy and rivalry reigns among them. If they convene a conference they are in full agreement about convening another conference. But they won't implement the most commonsense ideas (see before.)

You don't know professors as I do. Long before I approached some of them with Semantography, I dealt with some as director of a patent department, fighting legal battles in a number of countries. If the other party produce a professor testifying for them, our firm had to produce a professor with a counter-testimony. It was the easiest thing. Don't you remember sensational court cases with professors giving conflicting evidence? And all for a price.

We have got to realise that these haggling mediocrities profess to be the paladins of progress. But they are concerned with their own progress only. And if a lone pioneer comes forward with a new idea, (unorthodox, strange, absurd) they hasten his progress to the grave. The amateur chemist William Prout of London was struck in 1805 by the fact that atomic weights are almost full members of hydrogen weight. He advanced the absurd idea that all elements are built up by atomic parts of hydrogen - the modern atomic theory. But the professors laughed him off. Even to-day a proposal to change the name of proton to prouton was not carried out. Amateur Prout suffered a pioneer's fate at the hand of the professional professors.

HOW THEY TREAT A PIONEER

You believe that professors are courteous, polite, educated. But you don't know how they behave against an unknown man who pioneers a new idea. You might not believe me that in 18 years of respectful approaches to the rulers in the realm of ideas, I have suffered many indignities and humiliations.

If they receive a letter from a certain Mr. C.K. Bliss who happens to be president of a university, foundation or big corporation, they will be courtesy itself. But when it turns out that Mr. C. K. Bliss cannot dispense favours and disfavours he may go to hell for all they care. And if it turns out that C. K. Bliss has worked out an idea which might make his name known for generations to come, the worse for him. Because professors are working their head off to get such ideas. They are paid for it and it is expected of them. If another man is luckier than they, why, he got already more than they got. "Into the grave pioneer - posterity will pay you homage - NOT ME !!!"

This is the real state of affairs. Pioneers are the tragic victims of the men who are paid to help new ideas and their pioneers along. It is their damned duty and they should be damned if they don't do it. The loser is mankind, because these pioneers are

mankind's best sons and could do much if encouraged instead of being discouraged and condemned to an unhappy untimely death. We must wake up to the injustice meted out to them by the paid keepers of ideas.

End of Third Part.

Fourth Part.

JUSTICE FOR THE UNLUCKY PIONEER

THE TRAGEDY IN THE MEANING "PIONEER"

The tragedy in the meaning of "New Idea" has been discussed before. New ideas are in opposition to the orthodox ideas promoted by professors. A man whose mind harbours a new idea faces therefore opposition which usually leads to tragedy.

If professors of geology declare that a territory does not contain oil, and a man opposes their opinion, they won't love him for that. If he seeks government money, they will advise against his venture. If he starts out of his own and cannot go further for lack of money, they will rejoice about his defeat. (I told you so).

But this story about oil must start with the time when professors laughed off a man who brought them some oily substances he had found. "Oh yes, oh yes," they would say, "such things are known for thousands of years, but they are of little use." If the man opposes their learned opinion, why, he may go to the devil, the CRANK.

THE CRANK, this is the word used for a man of a new idea. Only later, when his persistent efforts and / or his tragic end has made people realise that after all, he wasn't a crank, then and then only will he be elevated to the rank of pioneer. At the unveiling of his bust in his hometown professors competent to make the proper speeches will express gratefulness for his pioneering work. They ought to, because his work has given them something to talk about and make a living with.

THE LUCKY BREAK

A few men were called cranks, when they started digging for oil in Pennsylvania. Then they got their "lucky break". But many pioneers are not so lucky.

The other day I read in the paper about a man who in addition to a well-salaried scientific job was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He told the reporter that success comes largely from "lucky breaks". In reading the article I found his foremost lucky break - an uncle ^{who} is an influential professor. Election to the Royal Society is an "inside job." 6 Fellows must propose the candidate. He got his lucky break, he got his F.R.S.

I know a university where the saying goes that the surest way to a professorship is to propose to a professor's daughter. I know one such professor of physics who got his professorship through courtship. Listening to his drab lectures I concluded that his only asset must be sex appeal.

Speaking of professors and sex do you remember the picture the "Blue Angel" with Emil Jannings portraying admirably a tyrannical professor who got entangled with Marlene Dietrich's legs? This was Marlen's lucky break. In all her later films she was mediocrity herself, like Hedy Lamarr whose lucky break - to tell the naked truth - was her nakedness in "Ecstasy".

When we look at success, we must think of those who had more ability, but less luck.

THE LUCKY BREAK FOR CHOPIN, VERDI, AND OTHERS

Imagine that Chopin would have been seized by the Czarist Ochrana and deported to Siberia like many of his Polish compatriots. Or imagine he would have arrived in Paris, a middle aged man, ugly and unpleasant. Would George Sands the women of influence, taken to him, love him, promote him, make his genius bloom? She was his LuckyBreak.

Verdi was born in Italy amidst the glorious height of Italian opera. But many other great operatic masterpieces were composed by others and are forgotten. What was Verdi's lucky break? His name. His first operas came out during the violent independence fight for a united Italian Kingdom. His name Verdi spelled V-ittorio E-manuele R-ed' I-talia - Victor Emanuel King of Italy.

Under the very eyes of the military and political oppressors, innumerable flags with the letters VERDI were displayed everywhere. Every performance of^aVerdi opera was a packed and tumultuous demonstration. Everyone sang his songs or whistled them when passing a policeman or officer because it meant courageous defiance of ruling Austria. In time, his melodies heard so often, got^{nt} to the ears of everyone and stayed there.

Leoncavallo's and Mascagni's operas Pagliacci and Cavalleria Rusticana became famous because they won first prize in a sensational marathon competition. The others are forgotten, and so are all other compositions of Leoncavallo and Mascagni.

This book will put forward a plan for the spiritual and physical rescue of the geniuses who had no lucky break.

THE LUCKY BREAK FOR EDISON

Edison's lucky break was that he was born amidst the phenomenal rise of American electrical communications. There was big money to make and Edison got what many equally gifted inventors never got, because they were born at the wrong time and in the wrong country. Edison got financial backers.

Electric lamps were known for more than 50 years before Edison. But he got financial backing to make a marketable product. In trying to find a suitable carbon filament material, costly expeditions were sent out, which brought back more than 6000 different bamboo fibres, which all proved worthless. A number of his inventions were failures. On an apparatus which reacted to the earth's magnetism and by which Edison (and his financial backers) hoped to locate metal ores, he lost over 2 million dollars - not his money. Had Edison been born a hundred years earlier, when electricity and mechanical things were curiosities only, he might never have attained fame.

A few years ago, I approached the big American typewriter companies with a blue print of a simple semantographic typewriter with an advantage un-heard of. People who speak different languages could type letters to each other without knowing a single word of each others language. I was turned down, except by Underwood, which agreed to adjust an ordinary model for Semantography. But they wanted me to pay for the conversion. No financial backing for me. Semantography is a curiosity only "ahead of its time."

THE LUCKY BREAK FOR MADAME CURIE

Mr. and Mrs. Curie had the luckiest break of all chemists of the modern age. Had they lived anywhere else but Paris, or at any other time there, Radium would have been discovered by any other chemist who had followed up Prof. Bequerel's accident. It was like stumbling into an open goldmine.

Professor Bequerel of Paris had a piece of uranium ore laying - laying by the luckiest of breaks - on a wrapped up photographic plate. Then he found that the plate was spoiled showing the outline of the ore. Apparently, some unknown (X) rays emanating from the ore had penetrated the paper. But he had no time to follow up this investigation.

The Curies looked around for work on a doctor's thesis. Someone suggested that they see Bequerel. So they got the idea to work on Uranium ore. And by the luckiest breaks they found^{an} enlightened official in the Austrian Ministry of Mines who sent them gratis 5 railway cars of pitchblende from the only mine known, Joachimsthal in Bohemia.

The Curies had no money and no support from any university or academy. They worked in a shed in a highschool backyard. Laboriously they used conventional methods of chemical separation in cheap cauldrons. And then the inevitable happened. It would have happened to any chemist who had started to work on the separation of pitchblende.

Putting out the lights in the laboratory before going home, they witnessed a mysterious glow radiating from various glasses. Believing they have found a new element, Mr. Curie consented that it be called Polonium in honour of Mrs. Curie's home land. But it turned out that Polonium was not the radiating substance. So they had to call the other substance Radium.

Then Mr. Curie had the unluckiest break. He was run over and killed by a horsedrawn truck. But his bad luck extended beyond his grave. His name became forgotten. Madame Curie was feted as the discoverer of Radium.

THE LUCKY BREAK FOR EINSTEIN

Einstein's lucky break was the unlucky break of Riemann the mathematician, who died forgotten in 1876. Riemann (not Einstein) evolved the idea of light being bent by the curvature of space. He evolved the formulas for multidimensional spaces and Einstein used them.

Another unlucky guy was Fitzgerald, who first suggested the contraction of space. Another was Lorentz, whose formulas Einstein used too. And then there is the unluckiest of all, Friedrich Kotter of Vienna, who worked out the mathematical ideas before Einstein. Alas he was not in the professorial race. He was an employee of Kodak. But Einstein knew of him. He could have helped him, he could have made him his co-worker. But he did not.

In an Einstein biography written by his friend Professor P. Frank, Reimann's name and work, Fitzgerald's contributions are not discussed at all, although Einstein admitted having used their formulas and ideas. He added to his fame by bewildering scholars and laymen with his baffling inferences from Lorentz's formulas - trains on which you live longer, clocks which slow down, etc, until even scholars admitted they don't understand him.

Einstein's theory is a classic example of what abstract symbols can do to our thinking. To-day after 50 years no proof has been found that time and space form a sort of elastic "continuum" in which space contracts and times slows down on moving bodies. The time is ripe to discard this theory of Einstein, just as we discarded the celebrated theories of Descartes, the Einstein of the 17th century.

THREE PIONEERING IDEAS

Fridtjof Nansen advanced in 1905 the idea that a current runs across the polar sea and he proposed to drift from Siberia to Greenland with a ship frozen within the drifting ice. The scholarly authorities declared this as sheer madness. But he succeeded.

Thor Heyerdahl advanced in 1949 the idea that a current across the Pacific brought the ancient Peruvians to Polynesia. But he could not find a scientist for his idea, nor a publisher for his manuscript. He decided on sheer madness and drifted with his balsa raft Kon-Tiki across 4000 miles of sea. By sheer courage and luck he succeeded. But he did not succeed with many of his scholarly colleagues who envied him his feat and fame. They said he proved only his voyage but not the ancient voyages. One of them declared in a letter to me the Kon Tiki expedition a waste of money and effort. How do I come into the picture?

I too advanced an idea referring to ancient man, I too approached scholars, and publishers. But I cannot decide on sheer madness like Heyerdahl, unless someone offers me a Wellsian time machine to voyage into the dim past to prove my theory. But the proof is here for everyone to see, and it was here all the time, but the scientists have not seen it. This makes my venture even more difficult, because professionals won't admit that they have overlooked a discovery of utmost significance, which - worse even - has been discovered by a non-professional.

Meanwhile a famous anthropologist admitted that my theory may be correct. He tried to get me a publication grant, he tried to place my article in a scientific journal, he tried to get me into Harvard. He failed miserably in all three tries. I am an outsider with no lucky break. For me, it's heart-breaking.

THE FORGOTTEN PIONEERS

The most unlucky of all pioneers are those whose manuscripts are not found in any library. Their works and even their names are forgotten as if they never lived on earth.

But those forgotten men lived and thought, studied and wrote, were happy in their creative work and unhappy because no one understood them. They had approached the great professors of their day but had been rebuked by them. Bugged down by material difficulties, they gave up the struggle and ended their lives in obscurity.

After the funeral the relatives set upon the task to clean up the place, to do away with all the rubbish which filled all the drawers, papers, papers, papers with notes scrawled all over, which no one read and no one is going to read. Usually the relatives don't think that all this mess has any value. If it had, it would have brought some recognition, publication and money. The best thing to do is to do away with it. Into the dustbin with it.

Sometimes however, there is a friend or a relative with a sentimental streak. He might put all the papers into a box and store them away in his attic to be forgotten there, destroyed later - or rediscovered after a century. When Franz Schubert died, his relatives sold all his unpublished immortal compositions as wastepaper for 7 shillings and 6 pence. It simply brought no more, although Schubert was well known in the music circles of Vienna. The greatest of all composers Mozart who had played before kings and emperors was so forgotten and forsaken when he died at the early age of 35, that there was no money and no friend to pay for a decent burial. Instead he was thrown into a massgrave.

No one knows where his body lies. Should you visit Vienna, go to the Central Cemetery and visit the graves of great composers. The most impressive grave is that of Mozart. But no body is buried there. The grave is a fake - to the eternal shame of Vienna and the Viennese music lovers.

Johann Sebastian Bach is considered the most profound composer of religious music. But when he was alive, no one recognised him as such. He was a poorly paid organist at a church in Leipzig. Faithfully and hopefully he wrote down all his great compositions, hoping against hope that he will find a publisher and a little extra money for his family of 16 children. But he hoped in vain. When he died his compositions were thrown into boxes and fortunately hidden away by some thoughtful relative. Hundred years later they were discovered by Mendelssohn and his friend and recognised as what they are, the work of a genius. But how many manuscripts were thrown into the fire by hostile relatives - and how many manuscripts were thrown into the fire by the genius himself when he realised the utter hopelessness of finding recognition in his lifetime. The only reward he got was a little warmth from his burning papers for his freezing body and soul.

What can be done to rescue the works of such geniuses? We have realised that pioneers are ahead of their time, and that the orthodox professionals are their worst enemies. We must find a way to rescue the new Schuberts and Mozarts and Bachs of our day who are rotting away right now in Vienna, Paris, New York and other places.

HOW TO SAVE THE WORKS OF GENIUSES

When I was a teenager I admired some of the ^{young} men in my hometown. I used to walk with them during the moonlit nights and listen to their inspired talks. Some were writers, some were composers. They declaimed their poetry, their exalted verses. They told me of their novels and read portions of them. The composers told me of their dreams, the opera they are working on. They sang the parts and imitated the accompanying orchestra. The dark trees in the park and the moon gliding through the clouds provided a wonderful backdrop to the enchanted scene. And I listened in admiration. I would have given much if only I could have been like my friends. Alas all my abilities centered around the natural sciences and engineering. Though I could play music, I could not compose. Though I could read, I could not write poetry. I envied my friends who were on the sure road to fame, so I thought.

I followed their fate through the years. Some were able to place some poems and short stories in the papers, some could even see one of their compositions performed by the local orchestra. But that was all. As the years went by they sank into utter oblivion. You could see them walking in the streets, sometimes distraught and dishevelled, muttering to themselves, or waving their arms as if conducting an orchestra. They had to make a living somehow, as employee of the printing firm which produced the local paper, or as a member of the local orchestra augmenting their small earnings by teaching music and composition. When I visited them, they showed me their unpublished manuscripts, poems, and novels, songs, sonatas, symphonies and even operas. But no recognition for them, no reward, no hope. And so they died as "verkannte genies", as they were called in German "unrecognised geniuses". Alas, the tragedy was greater than they could bear. Everyone called them "verkanntes genie" and this was a name of ridicule.

Take the composer of the world's most loved opera Carmen, Georges Bizet. All his hopes for a square meal rested on this composition. He was lucky enough. A Paris theatre risked the money and the labour to stage it. But when it was performed the critics raged. They condemned it in the harshest words they could master. Bizet was heart broken. And died within 3 months, at the youthful age of 37. What more wonderful music could ^{he} have composed if only the professional experts had recognised his genius, and had given him hope to go on living?

What can we do to save the Bizets ^{of} today from a similar fate? The first thing we can do is to realise that the recognised experts are utter mediocrities themselves. Indeed, we must get rid of that time honoured institution, the professional critic. We must realise that the acid comments they produce in the papers are born out of their envy and their realisation that they themselves are incapable of producing a work of genius. Let the theatre advertise a new play, a new opera. Let the publisher advertise a new volume of poetry, or a new novel. But let us make it clear to the press that we don't want any condemning critics any more. The critics have not been able to recognise any genius. On the contrary. They have murdered them, almost literally. So let's murder the critics metaphorically. If, say 20,000 subscribers of a newspaper would threaten to cancel their subscriptions, the newspaper proprietors would see the light and would stop printing acrimonious critics. Let us realise that the men and women who produce art are the most sensitive souls among us. What they need is love, not hatred. In time they will give us more and more of their creative thoughts which will uplift

our hearts and will help us to a better life.

This will be the first step in our endeavour to give justice to the genius. Then we can make the next step.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY FROM A GENIUS

It's easy. He is usually a very poor man, and crooks and not so crooked pillars of society had at all times an ^{easy} job fleecing the poor and the poor geniuses. In our time the genius inventor is an easy prey for money hungry men who have money to defy all lawful legal safeguards for the inventor. I refer to the patent laws in all countries which are so monstrous that they benefit only the firms who have the big money to buy the better barristers (see the foregoing chapters THE PROFESSORS OF LAW and THE PATENT LAWS - CRIME AGAINST THE CREATIVE MIND).

The geniuses in the field of literature may have it easier, thanks to the international copyright laws which are better than the patent laws. But the trouble is that the genius with a creative manuscript to his credit has a terrible time finding a publisher. He may send his manuscript to one publisher and then he may have to wait a year and more until it is returned to him. Then he may try another publisher and wait perhaps another year, then off to another publisher, then another, and another, and as the years go by the genius goes by the board and to the dogs.

The publishers have of course an excuse. They lament that they are simply swamped with manuscripts. They employ readers and swamp them with the manuscripts. It takes months and months until the reader comes around to read it and report on it. Often the opinion of another reader is sought with another holdup for months. Thus it may take a year until a rejection slip is slipped into the mail of the hopeful hopeless author.

When I realised this terrible handicap I came up with a solution. Why not duplicate the manuscript and send say 100 copies to 100 prospective publishers? Whoever appreciates it first and contracts to print it - well, he will get it. By this procedure the year long going a-begging from one door to the other door of another publishing house will be eliminated. Such a procedure is common with any marketable product: approach as many interested firms as possible and let the first firm win. Why not with publishers? It would have a most wholesome effect on them. They would hasten to read the offered manuscripts, in order not to be outsmarted by a quicker publisher.

Well, this is just the trouble. Publishers don't want to be pushed. They want to take their time, and may the waiting author take to the devil and the dogs. They frown upon duplicated manuscripts, they frown upon the idea of submitting a manuscript to more than one publisher. Indeed, they don't touch it, once the author has made it clear that he has submitted the same manuscript to other publishers too. Such things are simply 'not done' in the time honoured relations between publisher and author. Twenty years ago I did not know about all this. When I visited an artist friend in London I noticed a cartoon on the wall of his studio. The caption read: The proper footing between author and publisher is underfoot. And the cartoon depicted this relationship. At that time the utter tragedy in this truth did not occur to me. Today I know better. And I have thought for many years how we can give a better deal to the genius, in order that mankind can get a better deal from works of geniuses.

WHY DO THEY PLAY BEETHOVEN

AND MOZART ALL THE TIME?

In our time of thousands of radio stations spanning the whole globe, it can be said that not one second passes by without an immortal melody of Beethoven and Mozart and other immortal composers being sent out on the ether waves and pervading the whole surface of our planet. We can also say that no day passes by without a symphony orchestra somewhere staging a concert with Beethoven and Mozart on the programme. I have listened to hundreds of concerts and to symphonies played thousand of times again and again, symphonies by Beethoven and Mozart and other immortals who were mortal once and became finally mortal without recognition now given to them all over the world a century after they died. Many a time I asked myself why they play so little of the living Beethoven and Mozarts. Very rarely a composition of a living genius is presented - a genius who is, as most of the geniuses are, 'ahead of his time.'

Of course this is not true. The ether and the air is filled with the din of the music of living composers of jazz music, of beebop songs, of rock and roll and all the other outcrops of merchandised music. Beethoven never had enough money and enough friends to buy for himself a small cottage in the Vienna woods. There is not one 'Beethoven House' in Vienna. There are more than 60 Beethoven

Houses in Vienna, more than sixty houses which belonged to quarrelsome landladies who made hell for the deaf composer, until there was nothing left for him than to try another hell with another quarrelsome landlady.

But to-day composers have it much better. Their songs are recorded and by hook and crook, playola and payola, it is dinned into the ears of millions of people until they are mesmerized into buying the records and the sheet music by the millions. And the millions are rolling into the coffers of the firm, the performers and even the authors.

But are they to be counted as immortal geniuses? Good heavens no! Their compositions are virtually dead within a few months, within a few years at best. Meanwhile however, if they are clever and play the stock market cleverly they can put away a nestegg to keep them in clover for the rest of their lives.

But what about the living Beethovens and Mozarts, which are supposed to rot in gutters of New York, Paris and London? Do they really exist? Is this music-minded age of ours not better than the age of Mozart and Beethoven? After all, there are a number of serious composers of symphonies and operas who have won acclaim in their life-time, in our life-time.

Let's take the greatest of them all Richard Strauss. I happen to know something of him, having been a fervent music lover and music performer in the city of music, Vienna. In order to get the intendant of an opera house to stage your opera, it is not enough for you to be a genius. In fact, it is a handicap. A genius is ahead of his time, that is ahead of the ideas of his time, that is ahead of the men who profess the ideas of his time. Consequently he must be at loggerheads with the old ideas and the old men who profess them. Consequently he is not understood, and he cannot understand why others, and lesser geniuses get results where he only gets rejection and an empty stomach in the bargain.

In order to see your opera and your manuscript accepted, you must first and foremost 'go with the time' - not being 'ahead of it'. It doesn't pay. You must compose and write in accordance with the taste of the time. In short, you must please the public and, before you can do that, please the publisher and the opera intendant. Strauss was brilliant in this. He was suave and smooth and soothing and successful. In addition he knew what money can do. In addition to playing the piano, he played the stock market as well, and well too. It helped him composing in a warm and comfortable studio when other, less suave and less successful were trying to compose with clammy fingers in a freezing attic. And speaking of a studio, Richard Strauss was in my opinion the greatest real estate operator I know. He laid eyes on one of the choicest pieces of real estate in Vienna, the Belvedere Garden, a short and pleasant walk to the Vienna State Opera. This piece of land belonged to the people of Vienna, but Strauss managed to make a slice of it belong to him - for a price of course. The price: he offered to the Austrian Government in exchange the manuscript of his opera "Die Frau ohne Schatten" an opera which had no success whatever. But the government realised its duty and indebtedness to a genius. They accepted. Papers were exchanged, the music sheets against the title deed. It was just as easy as that.

But Richard Strauss is not the exception. There were successful composers before him who understood successfully how to woo the public, the publisher and the man of power. Let's go back to the time when Mozart was still alive in Vienna, about two hundred years ago. At that time the successful composers of Vienna were Italians. They lived in luxury with liveried laquais waiting on them. Their compositions were conducted by orchestra conductors, lauded by the critics, printed by the publishers and bought and played by the public. Mozart - he was no genius, of course. The public paid no attention to him when he grew out of his prodigee clothes. Beethoven too was not considered a genius - just a good piano virtuoso who tried his hand at compositions too. There were many other composers in Vienna who made a bare living somehow. Naturally, they were embittered, and so was Beethoven.

In short, it is the old story over and over again and again. The men long dead whom we consider geniuses today were not recognised during their life-time. The men who were feted and applauded during their life-time are virtually forgotten today. Take one of the most beloved composers of gay music Johann Strauss. He was feted during his life-time, and supported by wealth he composed many dozens of waltzes and polkas and dozens of light operas. Today only a few waltzes are played, and from his light operas only two have survived "Die Fledermaus" and "Der Zigeunerbaron". I remember how they tried time and time again in Vienna to revive other operettas of Johann Strauss which were raved about by the public and the critics during his life-time. Every time it was like trying to revive a corpse. Performances stopped after a few tries. And this was the brilliant and inspired music of Vienna's beloved Johann Strauss. A century later Johann Strauss, Richard Strauss, Richard Wagner and others who were great in their life-time will be forgotten just as we do not play today the many operas of Gluck and Handel. Already today, only we of the old generation like to listen to the gay melodies of the Strauss waltzes which remind us of our gay youths in the ball rooms of our day.

But the youth of today is not interested in Strauss melodies. They listen and rave about other composers who rake it in handsomely. In the times when Italy was the real place of opera, thousands of them were composed and performed and applauded and sung. In fact, the public could not get enough operas. The change was so quick as today's hits and cinema changes. A few months, or weeks or days only and then off to another town. It did not pay to print the sheet music, because it became so quickly obsolete. And just as Hollywood productions swamp the world of today, Italian operas swamped Europe, Mozart tried to compete with them, but his operas ^{so many} among others survived a few weeks only just as the others did. And all the hopes of Mozart for a handsome stick of money which he needed so badly were dashed time and time again. In the end there was not even money for a decent burial of the young composer.

But why do they play Mozart and Beethoven incessantly over all the stations and in all the concert halls of the world? Recognition of the genius at last? Is this the explanation? Or are there other tragedies hidden of which we know so little? There are. And if we really want to help the geniuses of today we have got to understand these tragedies.

THE CONDUCTOR-COMPOSER AND THE CRITIC-WRITER

When a young man discovers that he is good at music or writing, he begins to dream of a future of great successes. He sees himself as a brilliant composer of operas and symphonies or as a brilliant author whose books are bought by the millions. Of course, with most of them it remains a dream only. But they must eat, and so they try to make a living in the professions which mean so much to them. The composer becomes an orchestra conductor and music teacher. The writer becomes a journalist and a critic. And great bitterness fills their heart, and envy too, envy about the very few who have really scored success and are rich.

Talk to the conductor of your local symphony orchestra and he will open drawers in his studio and show you his sonatas and concertos and symphonies and operas not printed and not performed. Why in hell should he help along another living composer? Why should he put the unknown symphony of the unknown **composer** on the program when he himself cannot get a hearing? Why indeed? Better stick to the men who are dead for good and need not be envied. Better stick to Beethoven and Mozart and Brahms and Buckner. They are all dead. They cannot enjoy success any more. Besides, his musicians don't like him to put on an unknown symphony of an unknown composer. It means rehearsals and rehearsals. Better stick to the Egmont Overture which they know by heart, followed by a Mozart Concerto followed by a Beethoven Symphony which they again know by heart. Besides, the public like to hear the familiar tunes. And besides....and besides there is money involved. Every expenditure which could be cut should be cut. Rehearsing a new symphony means paying the musicians for time and overtime. If it means also additional income for the conductor well and good. But the trustees of the orchestra don't like the extra expenditure. Besides, an unknown symphony of a living composer will arouse controversy. There are professional critics to consider. They will tear the performance to pieces. It is expected of them. They too envy any success to a living author, because they themselves are ^{un}recognised authors.

But the hardest expenditure to swallow is the smallest one - the royalty to the living composer. Why in hell should he get money in addition to publicity when we the unrecognised authors cannot get our creations printed and performed? And so, throughout the lands and throughout the publishing houses and throughout the composer-conductors and critic-writers and throughout the employees, whose dreams of recognition have been shattered, there is one overwhelming drive: let's stick to the work of dead geniuses who are dead for good. Besides, or rather above all the copyrights have expired. We need not pay a single penny and cent to Mozart and Beethoven, to Shakespeare and Schiller and to all the other geniuses.

The worst offenders in this deadly game are the professors at the universities. In their youth most of them tried their hands at writing, or composing or painting. But all that remained was an ability to talk only, and to be on the safe side they mostly talk and discuss and dissect the works of authors, composers, painters who are dead for good. They dislike living geniuses and are the first and the last who refuse them recognition. Into the grave pioneer, into the grave first. Only then shall we extol you, extol you and exploit you by making a living by you and your works. But you have to be dead first.

SAVE THE LIVING GENIUSES!

The need to do this has been recognised in all countries. And in all countries the government have set aside small sums to give to living writers, composers and painters. Of course, they have to ask for it. They must apply dutifully and submissively submit to the judgement of the professional judges. These are usually the professors of these arts.

And time and time again these professionals have proved that they are incapable of recognising geniuses. Their awards went to the mediocrities. Why? Because the mediocrities write and compose and paint in the taste of the time, time-honoured by the professors and professional critics. The geniuses are usually ahead of their time. They cannot find understanding with the academicians because their new creations violate all the laws professed by the professors.

But the most revolting aspect of this deadly game is the fact that the genius whose plea for help has been rejected has no recourse to a higher court. He cannot appeal. Worse even, he is not given a counsel for his defence. He and his work is judged behind closed doors and sentence and condemnation is pronounced in his absence. He can do nothing more than go back to his little room in the attic, crushed and defeated, forsaken and forgotten. There is no justice in this world for the living genius. Here are a few lines from a letter which I wrote to an American professor who was sympathetic towards my work and who tried to get me a scholarship and a publication grant. He failed of course, simply because I am an outsider and my ideas are outside the orthodox ideas professed at the universities.

If a man commits a hideous crime he is given a fair trial, a judge and a counsel for the defence, and even a lay jury, he can appeal to the higher court. But if a man commits the crime of evolving a new unorthodox idea, he has no court where his doings can be tried and judged, no counsel for the defence, no lay jury. He is condemned without a hearing, without a trial. He has to go the bitter road of oblivion and desperation. Only when he is dead is the value of his work realised. But what could he have done in his field if he could have got a little encouragement, a little help?

If I am allowed to sink into deeper bitterness and desolation, I shall have no other resource to keep alive mentally and physically than to devote all my energy to a book in which I am going to show that, with few exceptions, mankind's best friends are condemned without a trial and without a hearing - virtually a death sentence.

What do I ask for the inventor, the pioneer of a new idea? I ask for him the very same thing which the criminal gets: for a number of years his worry about his next meal, the next rent, the next pair of shoes are taken off his mind. He is given a cell, he is given seclusion, is given a free mind to think about what he cares to think about. If he wants paper to write on, he is given it free of charge. Indeed, many great works have been brought to paper in the merciful seclusion of a prison cell. The lunatics are better off than criminals. They are housed, fed, cared for in the best hospitals, set in wonderful parks. But the geniuses, the pioneers of new ideas are allowed to die in poverty. What should be instituted is a Trial for the Pioneer, a Jury for the Genius.

HOW JUSTICE IS DONE.

This is the way how ordinary justice comes about. It is a terrible way and it takes years, decades, centuries and sometimes even thousands of years of brutal injustice until justice is brought about.

When primeval man became conscious of his powers, he also became conscious of how to exploit his powers. He subdued nature to serve him, and then quite naturally he began to subdue other human beings to serve him. That is if they let him subdue them. It all depended on who had the greater power of the fist for yielding a bigger club to club down his fellow man into utter subjection and submission. This is still done in many countries. Only the names have changed. The king is called president or chairman of the people's commissars. The clubs have changed into rifles for firing squads, barbed wire for concentration camps, etc.

Of course, if two men in the dim prehistory of the race were somewhat of equal strength they may decide (after whacking themselves bloody with bruises) to go to the wise man of the tribe and let him decide who is right. Thus the honorable profession of judges came about. Many a bloody fight was averted by the mutual decision to go to court. Indeed, many times a weakling won over a strong man. Thus justice was brought about.

Now let's realise the following procedure. As soon as some safeguard for justice has been established, strong man (strong in arms and strong in mind) find a way to by pass it for their own selfish ends. The appointed judges were appointed by the divinely anointed king. And when the king was disappointed with a judge, he could "dis-appoint" him. Indeed, he could throw him in prison, could have his head cut off, could frighten the other judges out of their wits, so that they did not dare to pass judgement and justice on a man whose right was a nuisance to a king. And this is indeed what happened. At all times and in all countries judges have sanctified the grossest injustice on people. The judges and the people were mere servants to the king and his courtiers. This is still the case in many countries East of Suez and West of Suez, and on both sides of the Ural and on both sides of the Alps.

Hitler and Mussolini are dead, but more formidable Hitlers and many more smaller Hitlers reign in many a country, and woe to the judges who refuse to submit to the particular justice of the modern tyrants which is gross injustice to many millions of people.

How then can the important profession of judges be made independent from the strong men in the government, in order that the judges may dispense justice without fear. This is how it happened in some enlightened countries.

Sometime a weakling ascended to the throne. He depended on the strong barons for fighting men. And he depended on the wealthy burghers for fighting money. Sometimes they made a bargain with him and wielded some power from the king. Then a Magna Carta was drawn up which had at its basis: Justice. Justice for the common man. He cannot be thrown into prison without a proper warrant, decided upon by a proper judge who is independent of all the powers of the king. And nobody can be sentenced unless his guilt is proved in due process of law. In fact, everyone must be considered innocent - until proven guilty. He must have a legal counsel for the defence, and he must have the right to appeal to a higher court, and so on with many more safeguards for one thing only: justice!

This was a tremendous step forward in civilisation. But as usual, every arrangement made by human beings, is sometimes converted into the opposite. And so all these arrangements for justice have led quite often to injustice. The judges were simply bribed by the strong men with the strong box in the bank. This money could also buy better barristers, who could find more loopholes in the law through which their wealthy but guilty clients could escape justice.

In order to overcome this handicap to justice, the judges were well paid and their life was made absolutely secure. Now people believed that this will result in justice for the poor and the weak. Often it does, but often it doesn't. What's wrong now?

Well, a man who always has a full belly, who never experienced hunger, who never knew what it means to have no money to buy a meal, he simply cannot understand what hunger means. He cannot understand that people will do anything, even steal simply because they cannot resist hunger.

This is exactly what happened not so long ago in lordly England with all the Magna Cartas and with all the safeguards for justice. The well-fed judges sentenced anyone who stole a loaf of bread or something of the value of 5 shilling to DEATH. And many a poor devil was hanged in due process of law with all the bewigged judges solemnly proclaiming that justice has been done, GOD SAVE THE KING.

Lucky for the poor devil if he or she was sentenced to deportation to dreaded Botany Bay. Thousands died on the way to Australia in rotten ships. Many more thousands had to go through a terrible misery of a terrible life, chained to each other day and night, walking through the streets of Sydney, setting one foot forward simultaneously because the chains which held the feet of the whole gang together were terribly short. So they were driven to their place of work with hunger gnawing in their intestines.

Every day I pass the High Court building in Darlinghurst I dare not look at the high wall which surrounds the former prison. There you can see many an initial, many a symbol carved into the sandstone slabs bearing witness of the poor devils who slaved out their lives here in Sydney because they were once terribly hungry in England.

But similar injustice was meted out thousands of times in other enlightened countries where properly installed judges, well fed, well paid, well made secure and snug, proved themselves incapable of understanding the ravages of passion which wrecks the lives of the poor. Unjustice was meted out so many times through so many years that at last the people revolted, burned courts, and the palaces and fought for a new conception of justice and judgement - not by legally trained judges, but by simple men and women who had no knowledge of the letters of the law, but who had very much knowledge of what goes on in the minds of the poor wretched people. And so the idea of the lay jury was born. No matter what the learned judge thinks of the guilt or innocence of the accused. If those 12 men and women say "Not guilty" the judge has to obey their judgement and pronounce freedom for the accused.

This then is our concept for the new idea of justice for the genius. We must realise that the proper judges who profess to know all about art, and poetry and literature, and music, and inventions. etc., etc., are simply incapable to give justice to the new genius, simply because he overthrows the ideas they teach. Thus they condemn him to oblivion and despair and an untimely death.

In order to give the genius justice we must fight and win the battle for a better deal for the genius. He shall be judged by a lay jury. He shall be given a counsel for his defence for his creative crime. This counsel shall explain to the simple laymen and women who form the jury the advantages of the new idea which the genius pioneers. They should then pronounce judgement. What judgement? This will be explained in the next chapters.

A JURY FOR THE GENIUS

I have thought of this idea for the last 10 years. I am an engineer who knows how to organise men and materials. I say that it can be done quite easily. What is necessary is that a great part of the nation should become convinced that our geniuses do not get a fair deal, and that something must be done to help those men who are helping the nation and mankind to a better life.

Of course, you may believe that what I am aiming at are new taxes to support first and foremost a new bureaucracy, operating a new sort of court, and becoming as unwieldy and slow as present court procedures are in all countries. My answer to this is : no new taxes whatever and no new bureaucrats. The men and women who are prepared to work on such a jury will work in the same capacity they work on normal juries that is, without pay. It is an honour and a citizen's duty to be a juror. No working time will be lost with compensation and all that. Not many creative crimes by creative geniuses are committed. Few such trials will be held in the evening and the weekend. Everyone who thinks to be intelligent and interested in progress will come and crowd the courtroom. The creative work to be discussed and judged will become a matter of national interest, something much better than the present murder trials in the courtrooms and the film and television. The very publicity may be enough to help the genius out of oblivion.

Moreover, we shall have to make a distinction as to the neglected geniuses who ask for a court procedure. Authors who can't place a new manuscript which deals with murder and rapine are out. We have already enough of crime in literature. We have already enough of deadly competition and deadly fighting stories. We have enough of war stories and the history of wars. A new concept of creative artistry must pervade our whole thinking. We must be careful to help those geniuses along whose work will help mankind along. To hell with the painters who smear canvasses full with idiotic scrawls and proclaim that it is high art. To hell even with the painters who paint a few pointless oranges and other still life which in itself has no meaning and no creative thought for a better relationship between fellowman. To hell with the musicians who imitate the painters by letting loose a cacophony of earsplitting disharmonies. Let them make the noise, by all means, but they cannot come to the new jury and claim help. They don't want to help mankind. On the contrary, they bewilder us, they make us believe that life is terrible and that we cannot do anything about it.

Let us realise that never in the history of mankind was a new concept of life more urgently needed than NOW. I have tried to explain this new concept in my new manuscript, finished this year (1960) and titled GOD AND YOU AND LOGIC. I have shown there that between the molecules and cells of living organism, be it a flower, or an insect, an animal or man, a mysterious wonderful co-operation takes place for the benefit of all cells of the whole community. We human beings however perverted this natural urge which works in all living organisms. We believe that deadly competition is the rule and the best rule to follow. This is utterly false.

Once the intelligent men and women of a nation have grasped this truth it will be obvious that only creative works will be favoured and promoted by the jury which fosters this truth, the need for co-operation between all members of the human race so that we may indeed build a better world.

But what help can we give the geniuses whose work we have pronounced worthy of promotion? Whichever way you look at it, help will mean in the end first and foremost one thing : MONEY. Where shall it come from? If no taxes are contemplated should it come from voluntary contributions? Are these not new taxes and highly unfair too to the men and women who are prepared to give their time and labour for the promotion of the living geniuses?

WHERE THE MONEY WILL COME FROM

It's the easiest thing in the world, once you have grasped the idea. Orchestras play Beethoven and Mozart for a number of reasons, one reason being that the copyrights do not exist and they have to pay no royalty. If they play new hits and new songs and new compositions they have to pay royalties to the publishing houses and a fraction of this will go to the composer too. Why not enforce a law that royalty must also be paid for every Beethoven and Mozart piece played. What for? Why, to help the living Beethovens and Mozarts of today. If this copyright law is enacted orchestras and operahouses will not be so tempted to play the compositions of dead composers because it cost them nothing. Royalties paid for any piece played by an orchestra are usually very small, a few shillings or dollars at the outmost; yet, this expenditure, being the smallest, is usually the hardest to pay by envious musicians and conductors whose own compositions are not played. Once an operahouse has to pay royalty every time they play Carmen or Figaro or any other old opera, they will be more inclined to play the opera of a living composer. After all, when we have seen Carmen 10 times we have seen enough of it. We want to see something new.

The same idea for getting money from works from long dead geniuses can be applied to book publishing, radio and television performances. Let publishers pay royalties for any new edition of Shakespeare or Goethe or Dostojevski, so that the money can be used to help the living Shakespeares, Goethes, Dumas and Dostojevskis.

But how shall we help the living composers, and writers, and inventors with the money thus gained from the dead geniuses?

WHICH GENIUS SHALL GET OUR HELP?

It may seem preposterous if I should even hint only that I consider myself in the ranks of geniuses. Yet, many times it has been said that genius means the ability of taking infinite pains in the pursuance of a new idea. Ideas are two a penny, but to work them out in detail, to test them and to fight for their acceptance, this is the real labour, the real fight which marks the genius. He and he only should be helped. But how?

Let us first divide the sorts of geniuses we want to help. There are mainly three groups to consider. First, the creative artists in literature, arts, and music. Whatever may be said in their favour, we must realise that the value of their work is mainly in the entertainment field. When we read a good book, when we look at an interesting picture, when we listen to beautiful music we feel finely entertained. We get a thrill out of it, a thrill of high value, but a thrill nevertheless, an entertaining thrill. Entertainment, this is the core of all this creative artistry.

Of these high class entertainers only those deserve our support whose work aims to teach us the great need and the value of human co-operation. Judging from this point of view most writers of our times will fall by the wayside. In almost every book (with few notable exceptions) a corpse must be at the basis of all commotion. Crimes and killing and destruction, this is the main theme of the main book production. Their authors do not concern us.

The second group are the inventors. Not those men who invent a new gadget for the kitchen, or an improvement in some manufacture which improvement is not of importance to mankind. For the inventors something is desperately needed: a revision of the patent laws. The introduction of a world patent office which issues patents valid in the whole world. This attainment is beyond the scope of the jury idea advocated in these pages. I have dealt with it in other issues of my writings. Nevertheless, a small group of inventors whose utterly new ideas could be of tremendous advantage to mankind shall be able to get the help of our new jury.

The third group are those authors and inventors who actively work not for entertainment, not for some kitchen gadget with which to make money, but who work on an idea for a better education of mankind for a better future of mankind. They deserve our utmost help, not only because their work is more important than all the literature, art and music and mechanical gadgets, but also because the "competent experts" in the field of education are the worst reactionaries, the ones who oppose every new idea in education, the ones who resist the introduction of commonsense educational ideas for centuries.

The pioneers for a better education of mankind for a better future of mankind are those who shall get our greatest help.

MENTAL HELP FOR THE GENIUS

From my own experience I can say that one of the feelings which is harder to bear than anything else, is the feeling that all the thoughts, all the labour and all the fight of the pioneer for a better education of mankind will be utterly in vain, an utter waste, an utter loss. He cannot find a publisher, because whatever he has written has no entertaining value and because his ideas are not accepted by the school of schoolmen. He cannot get recognition for his ideas because the men in the schools and the universities are his greatest enemies. And so slowly the thought gains hold of his mind, the thought that he has to die without seeing any recognition and any help. It is this thought of despair which indeed hastens his way to the grave.

If only something of his work could be preserved, so that a future pioneer may read it, profit and go forth to put the new idea into practice, if this could somehow be assured it would be a balm to the tormented mind of the genius. It would indeed give him that mental help for going on with his work, simply because whatever he works out will not be lost. After all, our pioneer has come to realise that most pioneers do not see the results of their labours. They know that they will die eventually, and all they want to know is that their idea, their brainchild will not die with them.

I remember the great joy which filled my heart when the Library of Congress

gave a standing order for all my writings, though they were mimeographed only. They paid for every typewritten sheet the price I asked and they printed indexcards for their index catalogues, bearing my name and a short explanation of what Semantography is. Great was my joy when I received a letter from a researcher in Washington who found there my mimeographed writings. His name was Te Winkel, and he wrote to me of his great joy when he found that someone has at last worked out the idea of "One Writing for One World". He said in his first letter "It seems too good to be true".

The indexcard of my works printed by the Library of Congress hangs now below the framed picture of my parents in my studio. Everytime I look at it and at the faces of my mother and father I feel elated and happy. Semantography is my proudest achievement and the printed indexcard is the proof that my life and my labours were not in vain, and that the lives and labours of my parents in bringing me up, were not in vain either. How wonderful a thought, how wonderful a feeling.

The action of the Library of Congress prompted me to collect all my writings apart from the three books on Semantography and thus I started the Semantography Series. I sent promotion material to other universities and I am glad to report that universities and public libraries in all parts of the world have bought my books and my series. I have no despair any more. I fear no death for myself and for my work. I have to die, but my work will live on and will be carried on by younger minds who will come after me.

I believe therefore that we could preserve the lives and the mental activities of pioneers by helping preserving their ideas. It should be done in much the same way as it is now done with my work. However, at present only those libraries receive my mimeographed books and publications who order it and are prepared to pay for it. Here is a better plan.

In every civilised country there is a national library into which copies of everything printed in this country must be delivered free of charge. This is for assuring the copyright and for collecting a national heritage. Here in Australia I deliver a copy to the National Library of Australia in Canberra and another copy to the Public Library of the State of New South Wales. In addition these libraries and other libraries in Australia have bought my writings and paid for them. These books are on the reference shelves for any reader interested in my work.

In the United States two copies of everything printed there, must be delivered to the Library of Congress gratis. In addition, this library buys books and publications from authors of other countries in order to keep the national library up to date of any new idea put into writing anywhere, outside of the U.S.A. This is how my books got there, and into a number of other public^{and} university libraries in the United States.

In Germany before World War II it was the Deutsche Bucherei in Leipzig. The library collected everything written in German anywhere, not only in Germany, but also in Austria, Switzerland etc. I remember my visit there. Just for fun I thumbed through the indexcards bearing names alphabetically near my own name. I wanted to see whether there are authors of my name. To my great amazement I found an indexcard with my own name. When the 50th Anniversary of Edison's invention of the electric lamp was celebrated throughout the world, I, being an engineer in a factory for electric lamps, wrote a small brochure on the development of the electric lamp. It was distributed gratis by my firm. How on earth the Deutsche Bucherei got a copy I don't know. But there it was before my very eyes, brought to me by the library attendant. I cannot describe the wonderful feeling which pervaded my whole mind when I found that my labours in writing this booklet have not been in vain and have not been forgotten.

In order to give all pioneers the very same feeling and the assurance that it is worthwhile to go on working on new ideas, even when the "experts" think nothing of it at present, we must establish something on similar lines as the Deutsche Bucherei, the Library of Congress, the National Library of Australia etc., etc.

Let us think that a special branch is attached to say thousand of the most important libraries in all countries. Let us think that a pioneer who could not find recognition for his ideas appeals to our new jury for a public trial of the worth of his ideas. When the jury finds that the work of this pioneer is worthy to be preserved for future generations, it may agree that thousands copies of his manuscript be mimeographed and distributed to the thousand pioneering library centres throughout the world. What would be the cost? Very small. Mimeographing a manuscript, or a condensation of it and making one thousand copies of it may cost between 100 and 200 dollars. In fact, it is very likely that the man would gladly pay with his own money if his income is adequate - if only he is assured that these 1000 copies will be preserved in 1000 libraries throughout the world. He may order another thousand copies for distribution to selected scholars and universities, and he may submit copies to publishers. Now that the worth of

his ideas have been proclaimed in public by a national jury he may have greater chances to find a publisher. The Juries in the various countries would also work on publishers to submit to the same procedure used in other industries - that an inventor or an author can approach simultaneously many manufacturers and publishers, and may the first firm which recognises the worth of the submitted work first, be first in getting the sole right for publication.

There is even more to it. Today with the new electric typewriters and cheap offset printing, mimeographed pages can be made to look like printed pages. Indeed, nothing stops the author to order another 1000 copies made and bound. He will find the booksellers who specialise in special fields, and who would take orders for his work. I know, because such booksellers in the U.S.A. and Great Britain have sent me orders for my mimeographed books. They got customers for them, and I was only too happy to oblige. Thus the title of the publication and the name of the author would go into the booksellers catalogues, and the author would be able to help the distribution of his work along. Later on, a publisher might be persuaded to bring out a new edition.

The cost involved is very small for the first 1000 copies and another 1000 copies for special distribution and sale. If the pioneer has the money he will gladly pay, knowing that distribution is assured. If he has not the money, the jury may grant him a loan. If he is utterly destitute, the jury may agree that all the cost for the distribution of 1000 copies, and perhaps another 1000 copies be born by the national institution which is built on this jury idea. The money would come from the royalties which publishers and performers, opera houses and orchestra will have to pay for making money from Beethoven and Mozart, from Bizet and Balzac, from Dostojevski and Dumas, from Shakespeare and Schiller. Thus the living geniuses may be saved from utter oblivion and despair.

The same procedure can be applied to writers who do not propose a new idea for a better education of mankind, but who have written a powerful book, a fiction story which propagates the need for human cooperation in a powerful way. There is no necessity to have a corpse in the story, or a murder, or a massacre in war. The story can be told in human terms and should be deeply moving, advocating the need to change the way our children are brought up today. Again such a manuscript, if it does not find a publisher, and the author appeals to the jury, can be mimeographed in 1000 copies and distributed to the pioneer libraries throughout the world. Another 1000 copies can be made for special distribution or outright sale by the author himself.

The same procedure could be applied to composers who cannot find recognition. If their work, performed on the piano, or on whatever other instrument it is written for, impresses the jury, 1000 copies of the sheet music can be mimeographed and distributed, either the author paying the cost himself, or if he is destitute the jury granting the sum. Again special favours should be accorded to works of music which in one way or another advocates the cooperation of mankind. I remember vividly the great impression which Beethoven's 9th symphony made on me, not because of the music but because of the words sang by the choir "All mankind unites fraternal - Alle Menschen werden Brüder". These words of Schiller which I knew so well gave tremendous significance to the melodies. Well, such compositions with choirs and words should be specially favoured by the jury.

Then there are the painters. Those who paint still life and portraits and scenes of no significance to our main aim: the cooperation of the human race, do not deserve our special help. Let them go on painting their canvasses. After all, a canvas and a frame, a few brushes and some paints are today within easy reach of almost everyone. Let them paint their pictures and let them sell them, by all means. But there are other painters who paint with an aim of imparting an idea. If this idea favours our main theme, then they shall have our help. Anyone who comes to Brussels should not miss to see, what in my opinion is the greatest thing to see, the museum devoted solely to the paintings of a forgotten painter Wurtz. I was virtually overwhelmed with emotion. The tremendous impact of Wurtz canvasses, some of great size, must be felt. It cannot be described. For instance, there is one picture of Napoleon. Now, there are virtually thousands of paintings all featuring Napoleon. But Wurtz painted him against a background showing what he really was: the Hitler of the 19th century, the archcriminal, the butcher of the youth of France and Europe. How lucky Wurtz was to have a few friends and to have therefore the means that his pictures could be preserved for later generations to see and to learn, that is to be educated.

But can we distribute 1000 copies of such paintings to the 1000 pioneer centres? Of course, we can. Colour photography is today so greatly advanced and so cheap that one thousand small slides are indeed as cheap and even cheaper than 1000 copies of a small mimeographed brochure. The same idea of slides could be applied to statues and sculptures. Today artists do not use huge marble slabs. There are new materials and new techniques which are infinitely cheaper, plastic and fibre glass, which can even take paints and make the sculpture vividly lifelike in colours. With such pieces of art, a few colour photographs taken from various angles with a stereo camera would

give a vivid impression in three dimensions to the onlooker who would be able to view it in the library. When I was a young man I had a wonderful collection of the greatest paintings in the world. In Europe, all the museums sold picture postcards of their greatest attractions. These were excellent reproductions and were very cheap. In fact, you could buy picture postcards of great paintings at your local bookstore and stationary shop. The Viennese writer Peter Altenberg called the picture postcards of famous paintings "The art gallery of the disinherited", meaning the poor people who cannot afford to buy a work of art. I assure you that my picture postcard collection gave me greater pleasure than the visits to the famous museums in Europe, where you have to trudge through chamber after chamber, being overwhelmed by the many pictures and overtired by the many halls.

Today, there is even something cheaper than picture postcards. There are small monographs, brochures devoted to a single painter and selling for a few shillings. The reproductions are excellent. But there is something better already on the market: colour slides which you can slip into your viewer or your projector at home. The brilliance of the powerful projector lamp and the reflecting screen and the large-size pictures gives you a better impression of a great painting than if you would see the painting itself.

This brings me to another idea. If people collect slides of great paintings of masters long dead, they could just as well collect controversial paintings of masters still alive. They could buy the slides of works of art which have passed the jury of their country, or of other countries. I visualize even exchanges of such slides between people of various countries. After all, a small box containing 50 slides can be easily posted for the cost of a postage stamp.

Once the 1000 pioneer libraries contain individual viewers where people can see colour slides of paintings, and stereoslides of sculptures, we can add something which is today available in many a great library: microfilms which can be made from any manuscript and which can be distributed like mimeographed copies. But not only tapes of celluloid can be made. We can make magnetic tape and thus record compositions which the jury has found worthwhile to have recorded. A piano piece, a violin sonata, or a quartett can be easily performed by the composer and his friends. I visualize that even an orchestra of enthusiasts, augmented by enthusiastic professionals could study a new symphony of a new composer who has won the verdict of the jury and perform it once under the direction of the composer. A tape recording, or a disc recording can easily be made and copies be sent to the 1000 libraries, and additional copies be distributed or even sold by the author. If there is a demand for these new compositions you can be quite sure that commercial firms will jump in and be only too happy to oblige. They would now advertise the great virtues of the great new work and thus save a genius who would otherwise have gone to the dogs.

Even geniuses in architecture who cannot find employment and acceptance of their daring visions can be helped. Let us realize that there is a tremendous difference between the conception of an architect and the real building when it is completed. Usually, the impression is not what we expected when we looked at his drawings and his model. The real building is crowded in by other buildings. You cannot appreciate it from the window of your car, or a sightseeing car. You have to watch dangerous cross traffic in order to get the best position to see it soaring into the sky. But a few years after it has been built, the soot and grime of the city have taken their toll and the building does not look any better. In our case, colour slides of the drawings, or stereoslides of the models could give a much better impression. Once the jury has granted the cost of 1000 copies, the young architect can secure additional copies to be sent to architectural firms, to municipal councils, governments which contemplate the building of a new university, a new theatre, a new community centre, a new suburban village.

Thus the living geniuses, who cannot get a hearing and acceptance from the firms who commercially deal in artistic creations, can get a world-wide hearing when appealing to the jury in their country. They can be saved from oblivion and they can go on working for a better life of a better mankind.

But what with the geniuses who are bogged down by material difficulties, which make it impossible for them to sit down and write the manuscript they wanted to write for years? What about the painter genius who has made scores of sketches for his great painting, but who cannot find the time to paint it really. He has a wife and children to support. He comes home in the evening dead tired from a hard day in the factory, the store, the office. Even the weekends are full with chores which he has to do. Can these geniuses get our help too? Yes, they can, and the next chapter will tell you how. Let us realize that there will be much money available. Every book of Shakespeare and Schiller sold will bring in a few cents. Every record of a great composition of a master long dead will bring in a few cents. Every performance of a great work of music will bring in a few cents. Every reproduction, every slide made of a great painting of Rubens or Rembrandt will bring a few cents. There will be millions available, millions made by the

dead geniuses which will help the living geniuses complete the great creations which they can do if only given a little help.

But one thing I want to make perfectly clear. Once there is money available, selfish people will want to lay their hands on it and be it only to get a safe salary in a new government office or a charitable organisation, something where you are not bothered by a profit and loss account, in short a new sinecure for friends of the government people and for their sons and daughters, nephews and nieces. Years ago I read a statement which made a great impression on me. The unknown author said that every great idea is squashed or even converted into the opposite, once a bureaucracy is created to put this idea into practice.

In order to avoid this to happen, all the work which need be done by managers and typists, by tradesmen and even cleaners of offices must be done by voluntary workers and gratis. This is nothing new. A group of people come together to build during their spare time a new community centre, a new community swimming pool, a new community church, etc. etc. It's an honour and an obligation. It's the realization that we citizens have the most important task to perform, to work for the cooperation of the human race. In my last manuscript I have shown that such work is a thousand times better than just prayers. In fact, such unselfish work is indeed religion at its best, and helps us more to face life and its hardships than a thousand prayers can do. Unfortunately, the religious organisations of our day are selfish organisations. The priests and pastors, the rabbis and the imams are all well paid, and they are out for the money of the worshippers. The church of the future will have only voluntary workers, priests who preach on Sunday and do not take a single cent for this community service. Once this idea is established, we shall see how quickly the division into innumerable sects will disappear. There is no money to be gained by selfish charity workers, so there will no monetary competition result which today rent athunder the yearning for religious thought which pervades mankind.

Therefore, the institutions described in the next chapter will be run wholly by voluntary workers.

HOW TO HELP THE POTENTIAL NEW GENIUS

In a small way this is already done today, but again in a small way only. The government sets aside grants and scholarships to potential writers and painters who need the money in order to write their book and paint their picture. Even publishing houses and museums give grants and scholarships to potential geniuses. But as explained before, and as proved by the many thousands of instances, the geniuses so promoted, turn out not to be geniuses at all. Why? Because the experts who are made judges are unable to recognize the genius because he is far ahead with his own ideas, indeed he overthrows the ideas of the expert judges in the schools and the universities. Hence, the awards and grants and scholarships go to the mediocrities. Hence the need for a lay jury as explained in these pages.

But once it is known that this lay jury organisation has millions to give away to potential writers and painters there will be a terrific scramble to get this money. Thousands of applicants will besiege the organisation, will waylay the jurors, will try to get a grant by hook and by crook. Should they get it? No. Should the real potential geniuses get money? No, again. So what have I in mind? I have in mind the words which I wrote years ago to an American professor. You will find these words reprinted in this issue on page 42, paragraphs 3, 4 and 5, beginning with the words: "If a man commits a hideous crime he is given a fair trial... (and ending with the words) "I ask for the genius the same thing which the criminal gets: "

"...his worry about his next meal, the next rent, the next pair of shoes are taken off his mind. He is given a cell, he is given seclusion. is given a free mind to think about what he cares to think about. If he wants paper to write on, he is given it free of charge. Indeed many great works have been brought to paper in the merciful seclusion of a prison cell. The lunatics are even better off than the criminals. They are housed, fed and cared for in the best hospitals, set in wonderful parks. But the geniuses, the pioneers of new ideas are allowed to die in poverty..."

These words indicate what I have in mind. A monastic institution, but not a monastery where loafers tell the poor people that they are holy men and therefore must be supported. My idea is that once the jury recognizes the potential worth of a man who proves that what he wants only is the opportunity to write his manuscript, he should be given this opportunity. For one year, and not more, he should be admitted into a monastery institution. He should be given a small cabin set into woods or parkland which will give him enough privacy for his thoughts and his writings. All the inmates should carry out all the chores, even the cooking. It will do them good to work for half a day every week in the kitchen, or the administrative offices. He will have to clean his cabin, and to wash his clothes. A little exercise will be a fine change from his creative activities. And he shall live in utmost frugality. Only once a month should he be able to see visitors, or go to town. All the rest of the time should be devoted to his utmost concentration to his creative work. In short, he

he will not be much better off than a criminal on a prison farm. In fact, he will be a prisoner in a way, a prisoner secluded together with his ideas. He will have to work very hard to shape his thoughts and his manuscripts. And he should work well into the night. Relaxation and recreation? For the man who really wants to get his manuscript off his mind, the work itself will be creation and recreation. He may take a stroll through the woods. He may have a spirited conversation with a fellow writer. But apart from that, he will be virtually a prisoner and one from whom hard labour is expected. If he is married, his wife will have to take on a job in order to support herself. If there are small children, the jury may help them. But all in all, it will be something which few people will want to get into. They would have to give up their present job, and may not get it back when they come out a year later. They will have to face this difficulty. Only the men who really need the seclusion badly, because their mind is tormented with their work, only these men will submit to the rigours of this institution. And this will keep the thousands away who would like to get some money and some vacation in the bargain. And - after a year is over, our genius will have to produce his work to the jury. The jury will take a dim view when it turns out that the author has not been able to write, etc. etc. by one excuse or another. In fact, our author may be turned out even before the year has expired, when he does little to support his claim to geniushood.

HOW TO HELP THE PIONEER FOR A NEW IDEA IN E D U C A T I O N

What is the most important creative human activity, a thousand times more important than all the writings of poetry and fiction, of all the paintings and sculptures and of all the music made and sung? It is the creative activity of shaping the minds and lives and future of the children, the citizens of tomorrow. In the first part of this book I have exposed the catastrophic education created by the professional educators. I have advocated a REVOLT AGAINST THE EDUCATORS.

Consequently our jury organisation will have to be most concerned with those pioneers who have new ideas for a better education of the human race. I said before that the most important R which is not taught in any school is the Art of Reasoning. Children and adults are not taught how to reason, how to recognize vague, ambiguous and fallacious words which ruin the families, the nations and the whole human race. We trust those who can talk well. Consequently we are being led into the abyss of self-destruction by demagogues and dictators. We must stop the self-destruction of the human race. We must build a better future for our children.

In my latest manuscript GOD AND YOU AND LOGIC I have exposed the false theories taught at present in the schools and the universities. I have shown how these theories are leading us straight into greater massacres, until no one will be left to bury the dead. I have shown how my Semantography, this new simple Logic and "Algebra of Thought" realized at last after 300 years, can help us and our children to better thinking, reasoning and acting. After me others will follow with similar and improved ideas. They cannot get any hearing from the professional educators, because they want to upset and overthrow the professional educators. For them there will be one way open: to the jury, composed of simple men and women.

It will not be enough to grant such a pioneer the means to mimeograph his writings. If he proposes a new and simple method for a better education of our children, then surely adults will be able to understand it. Consequently, his method should be tried out first with interested adults, then with teenagers and then with groups of children. If it works, if it really gives them something better for their future life than the stuff they get in school and forget soon, well, then let's fight for the introduction of this new method. The new organisation has the money to print a million booklets to be distributed free to everyone, until everyone starts talking, until the professional educators will simply be forced to adopt the new method.

A few weeks ago, the American magazine TIME reported about a survey carried out by Columbia University. The question was: how long does it take until a new educational concept is introduced in American schools. The result of this survey was catastrophic. It takes 15 years until a new educational concept is introduced in 3 % of American schools. It takes half a century until it is introduced in all American schools. But what educational concept is new? They try now to introduce little plastic men with ten fingers in order to teach children how to calculate with fingers. This "new" educational concept is thousands of years old.

Let us then realize that utter mediocrities are governing our schools and universities, and thus the future of our children and the human race. Let us realize that there is only one way open to us: a jury for the genius who proposes new ideas in education, and a revolt against the educators who oppose for centuries new ideas.

The End.