

GUIDE TO MY BIOGRAPHICAL ISSUES

When I came out with my "World Writing" in China from 1943 to 1946, which title I changed to "Semantography" after I arrived in Sydney, newspapermen came to me for information. But what they wanted first and foremost was a story about my own life. "This is what the readers want" they told me, "the human interest story". I was unhappy about it because I believed that my life had nothing to do with my work.

But later an American free-lance writer told me that by asking me for information about my life, he is only following the successful method of the first great biographer Plutarch. Plutarch told in his "Lives" of the great men, by showing how their experiences in their lives, shaped their outlook, and made them think of new and great ideas.

This argument sounded reasonable to me, and I began to think of episodes in my life which could explain my motivation why I embarked on this new scheme to invent a new writing that can be read and understood in all languages. There was first my hatred of foreign languages in school, my fascination with the symbols of mathematics and chemistry, and lastly my arrival in China and my fascination with Chinese script. And there were many more incidents which pointed to the new idea which took shape in my mind.

This is the reason why I am making this guide to the biographical issues of the Semantography Series. However, the reader must understand that most of the issues of the Semantography Series contain references to my experiences in life. Therefore, I shall mention in this guide only those issues devoted mainly to my life and to my lifelong struggle with language and with understanding, misunderstanding, and non-understanding between the people of this planet. As for further notes, I advise the reader to go through the other issues not mentioned in the list below. Furthermore, many of the issues are approaches to academic and governmental institutions as well as to educators and professors. Most of these issues don't tell what happened to me after the approach came to naught. In order to inform my researcher I have inserted at the end of every one hundred issues a special issue titled "Report and Reflections on the foregoing 100 issues." There I have given vent to my unhappy feelings and tell how the futile approach has affected me. These reports and reflections too tell the story of my unhappy life, unhappy because of the futility of the approaches, happy however, because of my conviction that I have evolved something valuable for mankind which will be appreciated and used long after I am dead.

Lastly there is my mountainous correspondence. The big files containing my letters, and the answers I got, are preserved in the National Library of Australia in Canberra. Furthermore, the original copies of my letters and the originals of the letters received plus the originals of printed articles, etc. which are the basis of the S.S. issues are also preserved in the National Library of Australia in the special files dealing with the originals of the issues of the Semantography Series.

However, a warning to the researcher. I went through the abyss of despair and desolation many a time, and in these dark hours I have done what originators and innovators have done throughout the centuries. I threw away a lot of letters, of manuscripts, of drafts, of articles. So, the collection is not complete. And what may annoy the researcher is that the copies of my letters are full with typing mistakes and ill-placed and ill-used words. He may think that my original letters to the authorities and individuals do contain such unsightly mistakes and bad grammar. I wish to say however, that I corrected the mistakes and words in my original letters, but had no time to make the corrections in the copies retained. What for? I asked myself, when I am going to throw them away later in disgust and despair.

Why then did I go to all the trouble of telling of my personal experiences and my personal life? To explain my groping for a new idea in order to comply with Plutarch's methods? Yes and no. My main motivation is to show mankind that men who originate a new idea have still to go through desolation and death before their work is accepted, acknowledged, taught and used. It shouldn't be so! In my day dreams I hoped that a university would take me into the fold and give me an opportunity to work out the primers and the textbooks for children, teenagers and university students. It was refused to me. I hoped, and indeed I would be prepared to accept a 40 hour week's employment as

a laboratory cleaner, or as a janitor in a university, provided I can in my free time teach and work on semantography within the university. This too was denied. In contrast, the universities are full with researchers and lecturers who get much money and do little or nothing, except to write papers which nobody reads and nobody needs.

Why then do I go on working and producing this series? It is the desire of everyone for a little immortality, for leaving something behind when one has died. Most people feel this urge satisfied when they bring children into the world. I was not satisfied to do this. Why not? Theodor Herzl, the founder of Zionism and the state of Israel said once that people feel they have no purpose in life. And to find some purpose to live and to live for something, they put children into the world - who in turn feel that they too have no purpose in life, and to overcome this dreadful feeling they too put children into the world, and so on, and so on, ad infinitum. Often I thought what I would do if I had a son or daughter or more of them. If I could discover a spark of genius in them, I would slave for them and do what I could to nurture that spark until it burst into the flame of a new idea which could help mankind.

But if I were cursed with a child mentally deficient, or just like the many, many "normal" children I encountered, children who reject their parents, reject their teachers, reject any great idea and any great value - if I should have put such "normal" children into the world I would curse myself and my fate, and would hate myself, and sure enough I would soon be in open conflict with my son and daughter, would try desperately to win their confidence and friendship, but would have to give up in the face of stupidity and stubbornness of children who usually hate their parents - then I would disown them and would prefer to live a lonely life alone and away from them, and curse my fate again.

So, I am quite glad that I have no children, the more so as many of my ideas are contrary to the prevailing ideas, and hence even my own children would not understand me and would scoff at me. This is indeed what has happened and what is still happening with the children of my cousins here in Sydney. Almost all of them have gone to the university and some have married university men - and they scoff at me and my ideas. Well, I simply keep away from them. They are not my own children. But should this have happened with my own children, it would be for me a fate worse than death.

In my many letters to the parents and children of my own family my unhappiness about their shabby treatment burst forth. I refer especially to a large litany which I wrote in desperation in 1963. I had completed the beautiful booklet in memory of Claire (S.S. 211 Unforgettable Claire) and had sent a copy of each to all members of my family. Unbelievable as it may seem they didn't even acknowledge receipt of this booklet with the merest "Thank you!" Other people who have read this booklet have shed tears about Claire, and have told me that this is the most moving account of a love to a great woman that they have ever read.

When in desperation I asked the members of the family why they have not even said "Thank you!" I encountered abuse. They told me that they are not obliged to say "Thank you!" and one of them even brought forth the theory that it is not necessary to say "Thank you!" for any gift given, and one of them went so far to tell me brusquely: "Why say thank you, why say anything about Claire? Dead is dead, isn't it?" They sooner or later realised the hurt they have done to me and tried to make amends by inviting me, and I fool was glad to accept any sign of friendship and was glad to forget. But the hurt goes again and again, even at the moment I am writing this today the 22nd November 1971 when I am in my 75th year.

Why then do I go on trying to win the friendship of people? Why do I go on with the many approaches documented in my Semantography Series? Here again an incident from my early youth has made a deep impression with me, and is still driving me on in my incessant work.

I read the great drama "Faust" by Goethe. It is divided into two parts.

The first part tells of Faust the scholar who said:

"Ich moechte wissen was die Welt
Im Innersten zusammenhaelt"

"I want to know what holds
the universe together"

But he could not find an answer in all the books he studied. Then the devil appears - Mephistofeles - and promises to reveal to him any secret of the Universe against a small thing - Faust's soul. Faust agrees and signs away his soul. And what does he demand from the devil? Does he ask him to tell him the innermost secrets of the Universe? Hell, no! He asks the devil to make him young again, that means to make his penis stiff again and to get him a beautiful girl into his bed. And the devil complies.

Faust then abandons Gretchen who murders her child, is imprisoned and about to be executed. So far, everything goes according to the plan of the devil. But then something happens: Faust appears, repents his sins, and mumbles some prayers - and lo and behold he goes to heaven with Margarete and the devil has been cheated out of his bargain.

There are many scholars who find a similarity and even an explanation in this tale. They say that "Faust" reveals something of the German character. The Germans, they say, can commit the worst crimes ever, can do the work of the devil - but then they mumble a few words of repentance, and lo and behold, all is forgiven and they can go on to similar devilish feats in the future.

Well, this story of Faust is a great drama of human faults and no wonder that men of music have turned it into an opera, as for instance Gounaud in his "Margarete". But this is the story which Goethe tells in his first part - Faust I. The second part - Faust II - is rarely read in the highschools and universities, because it is too difficult to understand." For me however, the main theme was easy to understand. Faust becomes a benefactor of mankind, a great engineer. He engineers vast irrigation schemes which turn the deserts into fertile land peopled by happy people. And there is one scene in Faust II where Faust stands on a hill and looks at the happy land stretching to the horizon and the happy villages and towns populated by happy people, and he says "Es wird die Spur von meinen Erdentagen Nicht in Eonen untergehn". "The traces of my earthly days will not in aeons pass away".

These few words made a deep impression on me, the young teenager. And I decided to do likewise, to become a great engineer so that the traces of my earthly days shall not pass away. This the dream of my youth has been fulfilled more than I ever could imagine. Indeed not in my wildest dreams could I have thought to give mankind what I have given it with the toil of my mind and my hands.

But do I get some sort of acknowledgement for it? Very little. Instead I get abuse, first and foremost from the members of my own family (my Claire and my good brother Henry excepted). But I get abuse also from almost all people who work in the same field - or rather try to do what I have done in the field of symbols. I refer for instance to articles which have appeared in various newspapers and magazines instigated by envious "symbols for money seekers". See especially S.S. 276, 309 and 310. The abuse poured over my head is incredible. And therefore, I expect more abuse after my death - until the abusers themselves have sunk into the grave.

This is quite common. During the last years I was especially pained by the abuse which so-called "musicologists" have poured out over Beethoven on the occasion of his 200th birthday anniversary. As I am myself a musician, as I have indulged in compositions which however, I found unworthy to be written down, abuse on Beethoven drives me into a rage, because Beethoven himself was motivated by the same thoughts which are motivating my own life: to give joy and happiness to humanity. In his greatest symphony, the ninth, the Choral symphony, he let the choir intone the words of another of my heroes Friedrich Schiller, and his immortal poem "An die Freude" - "To Joy". There is that simple and wonderful tune, so simple and wonderful that it should have long ago become a school song, and the words for it:

"Freude schoener Goetterfunken
Tochter aus Elysium.
Wir betreten freudetrunken
Himmlische Dein Heiligtum".

"Joy, oh beautiful spark of the Gods
Daughter from Elysium
We enter drunken with joy
Your sanctuary oh heavenly Joy".

and then "Der Marsch der Himmlischen Heerscharen" - "The March of the heavenly Multitudes" a wonderful march, the tune of which should have been incorporated long ago into a marching tune and a hymn with the words:

"Seid umschlungen Millionen
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt".

"Be embraced oh Millions
This kiss to the whole world".

Now if you look up my very first issue of the Semantography Series, Leaflet No. 1 which I used as the cover for my first edition, you will find in the upper right corner the first bars of the Choral with the English words "All mankind unites fraternal". To a person not versed in German, these translated words in English are a paltry substitute to Schillers words and to Beethoven's music. But for me the German words made the deepest impression on my youthful soul as a youth and they still keep my soul youthful, though I am already in my 75th year.

And so dear reader and researcher, I bid you farewell and God's speed in reading my biographical issues and my correspondence. I hope you will realise that I had to hit out sometimes against my tormentors simply to keep my sanity. And should you read other abusive defamations of my work and my person then try to find the truth in my correspondence and in the biographical issues which I now list.

LIST OF THE BIOGRAPHICAL ISSUES

Number

- 12 The Inventor of an ingenious Universal Script
- 13 An Invitation for Bliss's first lecture at Sydney University

LIST OF THE BIOGRAPHICAL ISSUES Cont'd.

- 27 Scientific Humanism and Semantography
- 51 The Best Years of my Life
- 58 How I came to work out Semantography
- 63 Bliss and Semantography
- 78 The Semantographer
- 81 The American Humanist Association and Semantography
- 99 Report and Reflections on the Issues⁵¹ - 98
- 102 Newspaper Articles and Notes before the first lecture
- 105 Sydney Newspaper Articles 1946 on Semantography
- 171 Seven Letters to Albert Einstein on Semantography
- 199 Report and Reflections on the Issues 101 - 198
- 204 Guide to my biographical Issues (this is it)
- 205 My first 23 years
- 206 Semantography, my life in China and afterwards
- 207 Semantographie, mein Leben in China und nachher (in German)
- 209 A Diploma for Claire
- 210 In Memory of Claire
- 211 Unforgettable Claire
- 212 Two Memorial Cards for Claire
- 213 My brother Henry
- 214 Semantography and Jewish Philanthropists
- 215 A new way to solve the Jewish Question
- 216 Ethics, Claire and Carl
- 217 Ethics and Science, Claire and Carl
- 219 The life story of "One Writing for One World"
- 220 From the Cradle to the Concentration Camp
- 245 Epilogue reprinted from "Semantography" 1965
- 283 I protest and I accuse!
- 292 Australian Language Pioneer
- 300 Report and Reflections on the Issues No. 201 - 299
- 302 Mr. C.K. Bliss
- 307 Reflections on my 70th birthday
- 317 A Letter to the Government of Israel
- 322 The story of Bliss and "Bliss"
- 329 Time Report on "The New Genetics" and Bliss' Report on their biological blunders
- 336 The Meaning of Mittens and Himalayas and Buchenwald
- 338 Ralph Nader and Bliss and the Strength not to be loved
- 340 Bibliographic Photographs of C.K. Bliss
- 341 A Recording by Bliss for the National Library Records of Australia
- 353 Charles Bliss and Arthur Koestler

I sincerely hope that I shall not need to write any new biographical notes. Let me therefore end this issue with an interesting detail on my name. My parents gave me the Hebrew name of Kasiel, but in later years I tried to find that name in Hebrew scriptures but could not find it. After much thought I concluded that it must be a bowdlerized version of Jekuthiel which is indeed a Hebrew name. I asked a rabbi about it, and he didn't know. When I pressed on with my questions, he the rabbi, who is supposed to know everything, evaded the answer by saying that this is mere "philosophy" (which apparently could mean for him anything and nothing.)

Now, one day I stood in the Public Library in Sydney and waited for some books to be brought up from the stackrooms. Suddenly my gaze fell upon a large book on the shelf nearby with the title JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA. That reminded me of an encounter I had some

years ago with a man who came to Sydney to collect data for the Jewish Encyclopedia. I soon found out that this venture is a kind of "Who is who in Jewry", and an entry is bought with money by wealthy Jews who want to appear in print. In this I wasn't interested, and he was therefore not interested in my Semantography.

I opened the book and found nobody under Bliss. Then I looked under my old German name Blitz. And there I encountered a most interesting namesake: Jekuthiel ben Isaak Blitz ben means in Hebrew and in Arab "the son of" and here I read about Jekuthiel the son of Isaak Blitz. My name was different because my father's Hebrew name was different. My full name is Jekuthiel ben Mechel Anchel Blitz. Jekuthiel (or Kasiel) the son of Mechel Anchel Blitz. I wondered about my father's Hebrew name. Mechel was the name of the archangel Michael. But Anchel (or Antschel) was unknown in Hebrew, and no rabbi could help me. In the end I found out what it means, and I am unhappily sorry that I found it out long after my father died. He would have appreciated this linguistic research by his Karl (this was my Germanised name of Kasiel). Mechel Anchel is Italian. It means Michelangelo, Michael the Angel. Borrowing names from other languages is not uncommon among Jews. For instance, many Jews call their sons Alexander, after Alexander the Great, King of Mazedonia who was kind to the Jews and who wandered with him on his conquests even as far as India.

Now what has that namesake of mine Jekuthiel Blitz done which merited a place for him in the Jewish Encyclopedia? My amazement grew when I read that he lived 300 years ago at the time of Baruch Spinoza the great philosopher on Ethics who too lived in Amsterdam. Here is the text from the Jewish Encyclopedia:

"BLITZ Jekuthiel ben Isaak was corrector of the press in the Hebrew printing office of Uri Phoebus at Amsterdam, lived there in the second half of the 17th century, he translated the Bible in Judeo-German (Amsterdam 1679). The translation, the first of its kind of the entire Old Testament has 3 introductions, one in Hebrew, one in German written by Blitz, and the third in Judeo-German by the printer, together with a letter patent of the King of Poland Johann III Sobieski, and approbations by various rabbis. Bliss translated into Judeo German other Jewish books."

The date of Blitz' translation of the Bible 1679 has a special interest for me. At the same time Leibnitz formulated his idea of a "Symbolis Universalis" and he also visited Baruch Spinoza in Amsterdam. How interesting to note that now I, another Jekuthiel Blitz has made another translation of the first verses of the Bible in Semantography. See pages 729 - 737 titled "The Bible in Semantography" in my book Semantography 2nd edition 1965.

Judeo-German is of course Yiddish, the German of the 12th century which the Jews of Germany took with them when they were driven out by the crusaders and moved into Poland and Russia. There they found a sanctuary for 700 years - until Hitler came. Still, some Jews survived in Poland and lived there up to 1970. The final exodus was instigated by the present communist regime.

The End.