



SEMANTOGRAPHY

MY LIFE IN CHINA AND AFTERWARDS

A translation from the German of the Semantography Series No. 207 which I wrote in 1960 for those of my friends in Europe who don't understand English and to whom I wanted to convey the story of my life from 1940 to 1960. However, there is no necessity to translate in full all those paragraphs in which I explained to my friends my Semantography. These explanations are to be found in my books and in the many issues of my Semantography Series. I shall however concentrate on those paragraphs which tell of my life and of Claire's life during those years. I consider therefore this a biographical issue as I am going to relate details of our life which I have not recorded elsewhere.

My dear friends,

At last I find the stillness of the Easter Holidays to write to you. I wanted to do this for years but I couldn't do it because I believed that a number of you are not more living but have perished in the Hitler holocaust. I didn't want to make enquiries, hoping instead that maybe you are still alive. And then the miracle happened. My high school friend Paul Klein put an advertisement in the New York immigrant paper "Aufbau", enquiring about my whereabouts. Several of my friends in New York and Australia, and even Israel read the advertisement and wrote a letter to Paul giving him my Sydney address. I cannot tell you of the extreme happiness which filled my heart. I began to look up the old addresses and began to write to my old friends and imagine my happiness when I found some of them alive, and knowing that they have survived. Alas, you, and I myself, and Claire have lost some of our beloved relatives and friends, but if there is a consolation in this disaster it may be this that we ourselves are already of old age and we will soon follow. Death has no sting for me. Indeed at times I wished it could come sooner because too great changes came upon me in the last 20 years and the old Karl Blitz whom you know has changed very much. And it is the story of these changes which I want to tell you.

However, you must excuse my German. If a person speaks and thinks for 20 years in English then it is inevitable that certain English phrases and words are translated into German where they make curious reading. I remembered my earliest childhood in Czernowitz. A young couple had emigrated to America and after a number of years they came back to visit their relatives and friends. They could speak German of course but they spoke it in English phrases, and we laughed and laughed about their curious expressions. I mention this because this was one of my first impressions how the mother tongue of a person can change. In Czernowitz there were many nationalities and my parents and brothers who served them in our shop had to learn to speak with them in German, in Yiddish, in Ukrainian, in Polish, in Russian and in Roumanian. I however, refused to learn any other language but German. It seemed to me senseless and illogical that the very same meaning should be expressed in so many different words and in so many different languages. In our high school I was forced to learn French and Roumanian and I struggled unhappily with these foreign languages. When it came to grammar in these languages I was one of the worst. But I was the best in the school with regard to Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics, Geometry, etc. I found that the rules of these natural sciences have no illogical exceptions. In contrast, the rules of the grammar of any language contain senseless and idiotic exceptions. It seemed to me that my teachers were sadists who tortured us with all those irregular verbs and nouns, etc. etc. not only in French and Roumanian but even German. (I told them then the story about the false translation of the saying "the exception proves the rule". See my book "The Invention and Discovery" page 33.)

And so I went from one school year to the other, always tottering on the brink of disaster, facing the possibility that I would have to repeat a year because of my very bad marks in French and Roumanian. What I could not understand was that I was the Best in German when it came to reading, writing and recitations. But not in German grammar. At the same time I was best in school in the natural sciences. But I just couldn't explain my difficulties in the foreign languages.

(I then went on to explain the many irregularities in our own mother tongue German, irregularities of which we are not aware because we have grown up with them, and alas language teachers and professors make no attempts to simplify

their language and to make it logical and regular. All this I have said many times in my books and other issues.)

I have come to the conviction that the language teachers of all languages have a sadistic desire to keep their languages as complicated as possible because if their languages would be easy to learn so many teachers would be out of a job. For nearly 100 years many millions of people have come to believe that the language difficulties of mankind could be greatly relieved if an artificial auxiliary language like Esperanto could be taught in the schools of the world. But the greatest enemies of this idea are the language teachers themselves. They could introduce compulsory Esperanto lessons tomorrow if they want to do it. But they don't want to do it.

But not only the teachers and professors of languages are instrumental to keep mankind divided. The preachers of all religions are doing their "best" to keep mankind divided not only in different religions but even in many hundreds of sects of the same religion. And they make the different sects hate each other and sometimes even kill each other. Indeed some of the greatest massacres in the history of mankind have been perpetrated in the name of God and for the greater glory of God.

But what is the tool of our teachers and preachers by which they divide mankind? It is language. And so my dear friends you can see the great change which came upon me when I contemplated what language is and what language has done to mankind. Language is the greatest invention of man because it enables him to communicate and co-operate with his fellowman. Alas, our teachers and preachers have made it a tool of division and destruction.

Now my dear friends you may ask what brought this change upon me. You all know me as a pleasant young man who had no quarrel with anyone, who tried to be a good chemist, who liked to play the mandolin and who liked to hike and indulge in his photographic hobby.

Why suddenly this change?

The answer to this is very simple. It was Adolf Hitler and his language which made me realise the catastrophe of the spoken word. I don't need to repeat what has happened since Hitler used language to make the German nation go mad and commit the worst crimes ever committed.

But it is not only the political and religious wordmongers who bring unhappiness and misery upon mankind. Just think that there are angry debates in almost every family. Our teachers in school have taught us how to pronounce the angry words we speak, how to write them down in correct spelling and grammar, but they have not taught us how to recognise those words which create great unhappiness, and which should be avoided.

(And so I went on in many paragraphs telling my story of the need for semantics and then told about the dream of the great Leibnitz, about Professor Reiser, about my starting on my semantography, etc. etc. And then I went on to explain why I started it all.)

When I came to China in 1940 I was already 43 years old. The stormy years of my youth were over. I believed that I have not the power to create anything new. And besides, making a living in China was hard. Why then did I start on my semantography? To understand this you must know that when I was a little boy I was greatly taken with the great dramas which my good mother read to me, especially the plays of Friedrich Schiller. He was my hero. Then a time came when all classes of all schools marched out to the great place in front of our city theatre for the unveiling of a marble statue to Schiller. But Schiller was dead. He surely could not enjoy this festivity in his honor. Why then make a monument to him? I concluded then that monuments are made to great men of the past in order to make young boys determined to make great things too. And thus, I decided to become an inventor.

Well, I was a good chemist and I made a number of inventions in the factory but all this was little or nothing. I believed that the world is on the way to greater and greater progress but I won't be one of the innovators who will bring such progress about. Then came Hitler, and my whole world collapsed.

And then I came to China. I was intrigued and fascinated by the curious Chinese writing which people who speak different languages could read in any of their languages.

(And now I showed some of my symbols for progress, for above and below, etc. explaining why all the demagogues consider themselves progressive, and why Hitler made his nation believe that they are a superior race (above) and the Jews an inferior race (below). And why I began to work on such a modern writing.)

Once I realised the wonderful advantages of such a modern international writing, I realised too that the symbols of mathematics and chemistry and electronics and also the pictorial warning signs, which help the motorist avoid dangers on the road, are based on the very same idea. But alas, the teachers of languages and with them most other intellectuals and especially the journalists

cannot see the advantages of the Chinese writing and to prove this I quoted now in full an article which appeared in the Vienna ARBEITER ZEITUNG 1958. It tells the story of how Mao tries to change over to the Alphabet.

(There is no need to translate this article because it deals with all the old fallacious arguments which I have disproved so many times. After this article I quoted my long letter to the Vienna newspaper in which I disproved the whole article. Newspapermen are not happy to hear that an article they brought in their paper is sheer nonsense. And in due course I received an answer from the editor saying that the whole problem is too difficult for the average newspaper reader and therefore they decline to bring anything about my arguments. And now I told my friends how I worked hard in Shanghai on my semantography and how I worked even harder in Sydney, how I typed my book on stencils and how I was encouraged by my lectures in Shanghai, but alas, I was discouraged by my lectures in Sydney where most people and especially the intellectuals believed that Chinese writing is backward. And then I told them of a curious fact of human nature. How do we make enemies?)

In Vienna I did not have real enemies. Of course when Hitler overran Austria I suddenly was treated as an enemy. But among the people who know me really, I had no enemies at all.

In Shanghai too I had no enemies. I was liked by everyone and everyone knew that I was working hard to make a living for Claire and for me. Everyone could see me in Shanghai on my bicycle wheeling through the streets to deliver a camera or a movie. In summer I suffered like everyone else under the great heat and in winter under the cold. We had just one room and one kitchen for ourselves, the room being also my office and workshop and the kitchen being my dark room and even our bathroom. And so everyone in Shanghai knew that I am a poor man and some had pity with me.

But suddenly articles began to appear in the Shanghai papers, notices of my lectures and then something incredible happened. People began to envy my success in this field and suddenly I had enemies. And then came the Japanese.

In 1943 the Japanese forced all of us 16,000 Jewish refugees into a Ghetto. We had to leave our small poor homes and had to go to an even poorer home. We couldn't leave the ghetto to go out into the business quarter of Shanghai where we could make a living. This was a very hard time for all of us. About 6,000 refugees were herded into abandoned factories and were fed by a Jewish organisation which got money from American Jews via Switzerland. I refused to become destitute and to be at the mercy of those charity dispensers who let a lot of money go into their own pockets. After great difficulties I was able to wrangle a permit from the Japanese authorities to leave the Ghetto at day time and work in the business section of Shanghai. Alas, my previous customers, the British and Americans, were all gone into prisoner of war camps around Shanghai. And throughout these hard years from 1943 to 1945 we were in ever greater fear of the Japanese and indeed began to doubt that we should ever come out alive from Shanghai.

But we did not only fear the Japanese. We feared the advancing Americans too. From the radio news we knew what was happening in Germany and how whole cities had been devastated by bombs. We learned that American bombers have bombarded Japan and we began to fear American bombs coming down on us. Our Ghetto was within the Japanese sector of Shanghai and I always told my friends that one day bombs will be raining down on us.

I then decided to build a bomb shelter. We lived in a dilapidated old Chinese house with some other refugees and I scraped all my money together and had a small shelter built in the basement just big enough to hold a bed where Claire and I could spend the night when the bombers would come over. Everyone thought me silly and marvelled at how much money I must have to spend it on such an idiocy as a bomb shelter. I tried to interest my Jewish neighbours to participate in the cost of the shelter which they could share with me, but nobody wanted to give me a penny.

And then the bombs came down. And the neighbours came running. My little shelter which I built for me and Claire alone was quickly filled with over 30 persons tightly pressed to each other and all praying as the bombs crashed around us. Many houses went up in flames and many people, among them many refugees, were killed too. By a miracle our house was spared.

And suddenly the war was over. Peace came and with it tens of thousands of American soldiers, sailors and airmen. And all had only one desire: to go home. But as they had to wait for their discharge they wanted to see as much as possible of Shanghai and to buy cameras to photograph it all and to buy Chinese silk, gowns, pyjamas, underwear, etc. for their families at home. The American armed forces hired a large house and installed there what is called a post exchange, a kind of department store. Among the many stalls where goods were sold to American soldiers, there was also a stall for cameras. But the man who got the concession, a Mr. Diamant was helpless. He could only buy and sell cameras but the Americans wanted more. They wanted information and advice how to take

pictures, etc. etc. Mr. Diamant remembered me and offered me a partnership. But after a few days he gave up. He said "Bliss, I am going to sell you my concession for \$500." 500 dollars! I had not even \$50 in my possession. I would have to borrow this money and pay heavy interest, and to-morrow I may lose all. One dissatisfied sailor may go to the commander and denounce me that my camera is dearer than similar cameras in other stores in Shanghai. In such a case, I would lose the concession and the 500 dollars too. Three days and three nights Claire and I worried very much what to do. At last I decided to gamble, simply because I had Claire with me. She had to stay in the stall when I went around buying up cameras. And now is the opportunity to tell you something about Claire's part in my semantography, in my success and in my life. My story must begin in Vienna on the 18th March 1938. When I left the house to go to work I did not know what was before me. It was 13 months later when I at last returned. And these 13 months were the most terrible of my whole life. I went through the terrors of Dachau and Buchenwald, the Nazis concentration camps in Germany. In this hell, I had only one hope, and this was Claire. She did what she could but how could she fight the Gestapo and get me released? She wrote to my family in Czernowitz, she wrote to my friends in England, in America, and asked for help, for entry visas, for affidavits, etc. etc. Quite often she broke down and could not go on. The burden of all was too much to bear for her.

And so I myself felt that I too have to do my part to engineer my release. Though I could speak German with the SS guards, there was no understanding possible. And thus I decided to try another language but German. I tried the international language of music. I requested in my letter to Claire that she should send me into the camp my mandolin and my guitar. Of course, I had to say all this in veiled words, words which the SS censors would not understand what they mean. I began to speak about my brother Henry, and made Claire understand that when I spoke about Henry in Roumania who needs an entry permit to England or Bolivia, and Henry should write to my friend Dr. Behrendt in America to do this or that, Claire understood that I need all this, and that she must do what I told her to do "for Henry". I could always prove that I have indeed a brother with the name of Henry. I wrote; send my mandolin and my guitar to Henry in Czernowitz, and Claire knew she had to send them into Buchenwald camp. But it was forbidden to receive parcels. Hence I had already told my commander that I shall receive a gift from the camp orchestra, and the two instruments are not for me but for the camp orchestra. Of course I was a member of this orchestra.

In Dachau I was near suicide and indeed made even one attempt to kill myself with a razor blade. But a friend of mind, an old camp inmate had already recognised in my incoherent speech, in my glazed eyes, that I am a candidate for suicide, and he did not let me out of his sight. When I disappeared in the dormitory to cut my veins, he was soon there and took the razor blade away and gave me a tongue lashing. How then did I get out of that terrible stupor and hopelessness which enveloped me in Dachau? I discovered there an old mandolin. In Dachau there was no orchestra and no loudspeakers, and hence there was no music. Suddenly I had a mandolin and suddenly my fellow prisoners realised that I can play the mandolin marvellously. They crowded around me and could not get enough of my music. And equally suddenly I realised that I should not commit suicide because there are people who need me. I was of course convinced that I should never get out of Dachau alive, but as long as I am alive I can help my fellowmen with my music to endure the terror and the torture. When we left Dachau on the 23rd September 1938 for Buchenwald I had to leave the mandolin behind, but as soon as I arrived in Buchenwald I wrote to Claire to get my instruments into the camp. I was of course incorporated into the camp orchestra and this made my life a little easier, as I had not to march out in the morning for doing heavy earthmoving work. We practised music for the occasions when the camp commander needed it.

In the evening when all were in their beds and the room was darkened, I sat down and played in the darkness my mandolin, and I improvised my music to the mood of the moment. I gave my friends courage to hold out, and I gave them the promise of a release and a new life. And by doing this sort of music I myself calmed down. But not only my fellow prisoners were attracted by my music. Some of the SS men too began to like it. For instance, our Blockfuehrer would come into the hut at daytime and call out: "Bliss, play something on your mandolin, but in chords!" Playing in chords was something I did well on the mandolin. And thus I made new friends among the SS blackguards, and one of them helped me in my endeavours to get free. And here is what I did.

Once a week the public notary came from Weimar to legalise illegal Nazi robbery. The Jews who had great properties in Austria and Germany worth hundreds of thousands Marks had to "sell" them for say 1000 Mark or even only 100 Mark. It was all legal with all the documents signed according to the law.

That weekly visit gave me a possibility to contact someone outside, the notary public himself. I had a mad plan, a plan which could cost me my life. But I had to gamble on it as my life was worth nothing already. I wanted to

engage him as my solicitor to secure my release. But it was an impossibility right from the start, because every prisoner was accompanied by an SS guard who set through the whole interview and made sure that only the business approved by the authority was conducted. As it happened, I knew that SS blackguard well, and in fact I had made him my friend already through my music playing and my devotion to the task allotted to me. I therefore asked him to bring me to the notary public - though he had no authority to do it, as only those prisoners were called up whose property documents needed to be signed. I went even further in my mad scheme, and begged him to allow me to see the notary public in private, without the SS guard being present. I told him that it is "a very private family affair." And the unbelievable happened. He agreed to bring me to the notary public and agreed to disappear. And so it came about.

I then told this "Rechtsanwalt" (advocate for justics) that I have nobody of my family in Germany who could help me to my release. Such releases are legal and are carried out - sometimes - if the family makes a formal application and submits all necessary documents, as for instance an affidavit from the police commissioner that no criminal records exists about the prisoner, and also an entry permit is necessary to show that the prisoner could leave for abroad immediately. In fact, if the country was outside Europe the ship's ticket too has to be produced. By that time I had learned already through Claire that two courageous Dutchmen had set up an office in Vienna to get the release of prisoners legally. One was a solicitor Mr. Van Baren, the other a religious man Mr. Gildemeester. Claire had already spoken with both and they advised her to provide the necessary documents. All I needed now was a kindhearted German right in the midst of the concentration camp business to push my plea through with the Gestapo. And this should be the solicitor and notary public. I told him my plea in moving words and he was duly impressed, and then asked him to be my solicitor, my "Rechtsanwalt," my advocate for justice. And then came the maddest thing. I took my heart in my hands and with trembling fingers I put 20 Mark on the table and begged him to accept this as my first payment. Had he been an ardent Nazi and a Jew hater, he could easily accuse me of bribery, could have called in the guard, could have shown the 20 Mark banknote on the table, and that could have been the end of it, but also the end of me and perhaps that kind SS guard too. But incredible as it seems, he took the 20 Mark and promised to write to Van Baren, and he did. I am sure he did also his bit with the Nazis.

Thus I had pulled myself out of the concentration camp like Baron Muenchhausen by my own bootstraps. And then came the incredible morning when I was called up for freedom. I and the few others marched to the "Kleiderkammer" the depot where our civilian clothes were stored in sacks. When we opened these sacks and took out our clothes, our shirt, our tie, all symbols of a free life, we began to cry helplessly, but also happily. And then we waited and waited to be marched out of the camp - until an SS man came and shouted: "Off with your civilian clothes, and on with your prison garb. All releases have been stopped."

In utter despair we obeyed, knowing very well why we were not released. A typhoid epidemic was raging through the camp, and the doctor was afraid to let prisoners out. Everyone despaired, because everyone could catch typhoid and then Good bye world. But I remained happy. I knew now for sure that somewhere in the Berlin headquarters of the Gestapo there is my file with a rubber stamp on it: "Freizulassen" - "To be let free." And I could wait. That was in February 1939.

We waited 6 weeks and in the meantime the prisoners in the huts and the orderlies in the prison hospital did something with those who caught the disease. They were simply kept in the huts and not put into the hospital. Thus the doctor could get the report that no new cases of typhoid had occurred - and on the 14th April we were called up again, marched to the depot and got our civilian clothes - only to be commanded later to take them off again, as the releases had been stopped again. This was terrible, but we hoped for the best. And indeed a few hours later came the order over the loudspeakers that all those called up this morning had to assemble again at the clothes depot, and there we got our clothes and soon marched out of Buchenwald - alive. Incredible but true. Outside on SS officer told us not to breath a word about the camp in the outside world, as otherwise - "Unser Arm ist lang" (our arm is long) we will get you even in America and bring you back into the camp and then you will never see the free world again."

I cannot describe all my emotions when we travelled in the bus to Weimar railway station where the Jewish community of Weimar gave a hearty welcome, gave us coffee and cakes and good food and took the addresses of our people in Germany and Austria and sent off telegrams to advise them of our coming home. We all cried unashamedly. And thus, unbelievable as it seems to me, the same rails leading to Vienna, the same rails on which I travelled to Dachau brought me back to Vienna. Allow me also not to describe the storm of emotions which swept over me and Claire when we embraced each other after so many months of incredible sorrow and despair. It was unbelievable, unbelievable, unbelievable that we could start a new life.

But I had to report to the police every day about my preparations for leaving as soon as possible for England, where my old friend Rath, through the begging of Claire, had secured an entry permit for me. My good mother came to Vienna to see me off. Alas, it was our last meeting in this life. I have a photograph of both of us, I wearing a hat in order to conceal my close cropped prisoner's haircut. My good mother did not know that I was in a concentration camp. Claire sent her letters to my sister in Czernowitz, and her husband then typed a kind "letter" to my good mother purporting that it came from me and he forged my signature. Thus my mother was spared endless agony. We said Good bye on the airport, and

I landed in London and sent a cable to Claire "Gluecklich gelandet" - "Landed happily!" When it came, Claire burst into tears and my mother wept with her, and then Claire told my mother that I was in Hitler's concentration camps.

In London I got immediately a job as factory manager, but all my thought was to bring Claire to me. I rented a nice apartment for both of us, and Claire sent our best furniture to London and hoped she will soon follow. But the war clouds grew darker and darker. I had immediately applied for an entry permit for her, but it took months, from May to August, and then the war broke out, and we were finally separated. No German, even no German Jew was ever allowed to enter England.

Seeing that the war is near, I advised Claire to go to Czernowitz and to stay with my family which she did. My mother was very happy to have her there, but the news grew worse and worse. Hitler had attacked Poland, and Stalin had attacked this unhappy country too. The Roumanian authorities, swamped with tens of thousands of Polish refugees, were very suspicious of every German and refused to extend Claire's permit. Frantically I searched for a way to help her out of her difficulty, and I found my old friend Ing. Klein from Kremenezky where we worked together, being in Greece. He of all other people approached by me, agreed to look after Claire, and one day Claire said Good bye to my mother and my family and set out alone to go by steamer via a Black Sea port, Istanbul and the Dardanelles to Greece to stay there until I had found a way for her to come to me.

In desperation did I travel every lunch hour to all the consulates of the free world outside Europe in order to get an entry visa for me and her. I could do it only during the lunch hour because I depended for my livelihood on my factory manager job, and even more so for sending Claire the money to live in Athens. At last, there was only one way open to us. I would go via Canada to Shanghai in China, and she would go via Russia, Siberia, Manchuria to China. And so on the 23rd June 1940 I left England, traversed Canada and landed in Shanghai where I started immediately a Film Service. Meanwhile Mussolini had attacked Greece and Claire was now in real danger. I borrowed money and sent her all in order to enable her to go via Turkey to Moscow and then with the Transsiberian Express to China.

I myself slept on the floor, having sent Claire all the money I could borrow. Imagine Claire having to leave Athens in a blacked-out military train for the Turkish frontier, then having to cross the Black Sea alone, having to be a prisoner in her Moscow hotel room, then having to travel for 7 days in the train in the deepest Siberian winter. At the frontier town to Manchuria she helplessly sank into deep snow with her luggage. Then she had to sit on the deck for 3 days amidst Japanese soldiers when crossing the Yellow Sea. At last on Xmas Eve the 24th December 1940 we sank into each other arms after three years of the most terrible separation. And then she broke down. It was just too much for her.

I nursed her back to health and we made a living with our Film Service, until another disaster came upon us and upon the world on the 22nd June 1941. We had to visit one of our customers and we took two rikshas to go there. But it rained and the ground was very slippery and Claire's rickshaw puller slipped and fell. Claire was thrown out on the street and broke her right upper arm. There she laid helplessly and moaned in agony until the ambulance came and picked us up and brought us into the best private hospital. Imagine my despair when the doors of the operating theatre were opened and Claire was wheeled out, her whole upper body packed into a heavy plastercast. In great unhappiness we came home. And there we heard on the radio that Hitler had attacked Russia. Now my fears about my family made me frantic. When Hitler attacked Poland in September 1939 he had made a secret pact with Stalin giving him a free hand in Eastern Poland, and also the right to occupy the northern Bucovina (including my hometown Czernowitz) and the Roumanian province of Bessarabia. When I landed in June 1940 in Halifax Canada I learned from the newspapers that Stalin had marched into Czernowitz. I realised what this means for my family the confiscation of our shop as being capitalists and perhaps deportation. However, I could correspond with them from Shanghai via Siberia. But now that Hitler had attacked Russia and gained quickly hundreds of kilometers of territory it was only a question of time when he would also overrun the town of Czernowitz now Russian. This would mean the end of my family.

But there were more pressing needs at the moment. The terrible and torrid

Shanghai summer came upon us and Claire suffered agonies in her plastercast. She was covered with sweat and it run, into her plastercast and caused terrible itchings. I poured liters of alcohol into her plastercast to relieve the itching, And when the plastercast was finally taken off after 3 months we feared for the worst. And indeed, she could not move her arm for months.

And then another terrible scourge came upon us. A typhoid epidemic, and Claire contracted it. The doctors advised me to put her into the infectious hospital. But I refused. I know that even in Vienna the hospitals are the main cause of people contracting there infectious diseases, and this would be even more so in the war-time China overfilled with patients. I closed my film service, let nobody come in and nursed her slowly back to health. I did the right thing of not letting her go into the hospital. A friend of ours followed the advice of his doctor and when his young and beautiful Christian wife, who had followed him to China from Vienna, contracted typhoid, she died after 14 days of agony.

And now another disaster came upon us. It was the night of December 9th; we were woken up by a terrifying bombardment. The sky was full of gun fire. We learned in the morning that the Japanese had without a declaration of war (just as in 1904) attacked the United States in Hawaii, and the Japanese warship in Shanghai harbour had shot into death the British and American gunboats there.

And then 3 months later came a new declaration of war, but this time against us, the 16,000 refugees in Shanghai. The Japanese forced us all into a ghetto and confiscated all the shops, factories, and apartments of the Jewish refugees. With great difficulties did I acquire a small flat consisting of one room and one kitchen in the ghetto and now we began a new life of utter poverty and misery. We could not leave the ghetto to go into the city of Shanghai and make a living there. Quite a lot of Christian wives of Jewish refugees had by then enough of the misery. They went to the German consulate asserted their German nationality and began divorce proceedings. Some of them however remained loyal to their husbands and their divorce had a very practical aim. As they became Germans once again instead of being "stateless" they could stay on in their apartment and could help their husbands in the ghetto with food and money. But Claire would not think of this. She went wherever I went and be it into death. Indeed, now that Japan the ally of Germany was in the war, we gave up hope to come out alive.

And now is the opportunity to tell you how my poor family fared in Russian and later German occupied Czernowitz. My good mother had two sisters Hermine and Susie. Hermine was in Vienna, her three children have gone abroad, Karl to Sydney, Paula to Shanghai where she married Kurt, and Willy the youngest to England where he stayed with a wealthy Jewish family. However, he made no friends with them and when the family of Spielman heard that I had arrived in London they immediately deposited Willy at my doorstep. Immediately I took him in, secured a job for him, and then left him my apartment and all my belongings when I had to go to Shanghai to rescue Claire. He was safer in England. But poor Hermine, his mother, was deported to Riga by the Germans and gassed there.

The other sister of my mother, Susie was a doctor who practised in Czernowitz. My two brothers Isidor and Henry had their optician shops in Czernowitz. My sister Sidonie was married and her husband had a thriving business. When the Russians took over, my brothers lost their shops and they had the utmost difficulty to find work being branded as "capitalists." Isidor found work in a department store, Heini in a factory, and Kitziu the husband of my sister found work in the post office. But then Hitler declared war on Russia and soon had overrun Czernowitz. Kitziu who had turned into a big communist to please the new masters, fled with the retreating Russian armies, leaving Donia and her baby in the care of my mother and my two brothers. The Germans later killed him.

Soon the Germans sent Heini into a concentration camp to work on roads under terrible conditions. And then all the Jews in Czernowitz and the whole of Roumania were rounded up and put into deportation camps to be transported to Besarabia. The Germans had no time to build gas chambers. They sent the many thousands without provisions into desolate and destroyed villages where most of them died. I lost many of my relatives all in all 34 of them. Then came the time for my old mother and my two brothers and their wives to go into the deportation camp. They went, but my sister did not go. She had money and at that time it was possible to leave Roumania by steamer to Palestine. Old ships totally unseaworthy were loaded up^{to} the gunwhales with Jewish refugees who had to pay dearly for the passage and left for Palestine. My sister had the money to pay the passage for all the members of our family. But she is a terrible woman, greedy for money, and she offered only to take our mother with her. But mother refused to leave her sons to die. So Donia and her baby boy left for Palestine. The captain knew that the British would not allow him to enter a Palestine port. He sailed for the Turkish coast and there in shallow water he scuttled the ship. All waded ashore, but all their luggage was lost. My sister was then brought into a refugees camp in Cyprus.

She later was allowed to enter Palestine. However, all the money which she had saved from the business of her husband, all the money which was enough to bring my mother, my brothers, and their wives also to Palestine, all the money which my rapacious sister saved for herself only - all this money she lost - partially when the ship was sunk, and partially through her Jewish friends. She thought it wise to give it to them for the promise that their relatives will give it back to her when in Palestine. However, the relatives refused to give her a penny. There is a dreadful story which my brother told me. Donia, my sister left Czernowith with 16 trunks, at the same time when my mother and brothers had to go into the deportation camp. When people asked Donia why she took so many trunks, she answered in greedy determination "I would rather have these 16 trunks sunk into the sea before leaving my belongings here" And her shameless thought came true.

I am writing this line down on January 1, 1972. almost exactly 30 years later. But I regret to say that my sister have proved unrepentent, and she has made my life miserable here in Sydney, so much that a few months ago I broke finally with her. I will not tell of the shameless things she did to mother and my brothers before she left them to the Nazis. Only two things should be told. Every Jewish family, whether deported or about to be deported, or leaving for Palestine knew that they have to abandon all their furniture, because the gentiles in the town did not offer a penny but simply went into the homes of the Jewish families and carried the furniture and the contents away - as it happened with my brother Henry. But my sister did one better. She SOLD the furniture to my mother, and my poor mother paid her in money which my sister took only to lose in the water or to "friends." Another dreadful story is this: My aunt Susie who hoped that she will survive the deportation had given her jewellery to a Christian friend for safe keeping. But when Susie died (as I shall soon relate) that honest Christian came to our family and gave back aunt Susie's jewellery. Unfortunately, he gave it to my sister, and she was determined NOT to give part of it to mother and her brothers. Instead, she claimed that she herself has lost some jewellery, and now she invented a shameless word trick: the actual gold value and the sentimental value. This she told her family that she has lost say one ring. Actual gold value was according to weight say 1000 Lei. BUT THE SENTIMENTAL VALUE TO HER was 10,000 Lei. And this was the sum she actually deducted from the actual - not sentimental - value of the recovered jewellery of aunt Susie and she was thus able to keep the loot for herself. That such a woman is still alive, is still sunning herself in the sun - this is one of the unjust things. But she is a lonely woman. Her own son also in Sydney, lives separate from her, though he is a bachelor, and would not give her a penny, nor help her and be it even for nailing a loose board in her flat. I have broken with her, and all the family too, as she does not deserve to be loved.

I want to clear up one point. The story told in the foregoing paragraphs is NOT translated from the German text. I did NOT tell this shameful story of my sister to my Austrian friends. But translating the German text where I told in a few words only that Donia escaped the Nazis, and landed in Palestine - these few words brought back unhappy and terrible memories and I had to tell it here. Similarly I did not tell how my aunt Susie died. May be I told it in my story of my Life with Claire (S.S.210). I am too occupied to look for it now. I want to tell the story of the death of my aunt Susie to those who may read these pages when I am dead too. The story is worth telling, because there is a tragic semantics in it.

Many years ago when all was peaceful in Europe a book came out by Franz Werfel "The forty Days of Musa Dagh." It was a true story which happened in 1915. The "young Turks" had overthrown Abdul Hamid, the Turkish Sultan, had joined the Germans in the first world war and saw now a great opportunity to destroy effectively a Christian nation who lived for many centuries within the Ottoman Empire: the Armenians. And though ally of a Christian nation Germany, they set to the task to destroy the one and a half million Armenians in their midst. And the irony of it, they used a method which the Germans imitated more than 25 years later when they obliterated the Jewish people in Rumania: they sent them on a death march into the desert where all perished. Only the people of two Armenian villages could save themselves, lead by an Armenian who was once a Turkish artillery officer. These Armenians retreated to a mountain near Aleppo on the Turkish coast, the Musa Dagh. There they offered heroic resistance to the Turkish battallions. The Armenian officer was able to capture two Turkish canons, and with them he defeated the Turkish soldiers - until British ships came along and took all the Armenian people into safety and brought them to Egypt - all except that Armenian hero who was killed in the last moment by a sniper's bullet. Forty days he had held out on Musa Dagh.

This book has made a terrific impact on the world, and the shame which befel the Turkish government of that day. The time was about 1925. Metro-Goldwin Mayer wanted to make a film of it, but the Turkish government declared publicly that

if this film is made, they will prohibit entry of any American film ever made, or to be made later, into Turkey. Metro-Goldwin Mayer was prevailed upon by the whole movie industry not to make the film "The forty Days of Musa Dagh" and thus nothing came of it. But the book was a bestseller, now even more.

Aunt Susie had read the book, and when she was ordered to leave her flat and her belongings and go into the deportation camp she said to my mother, her sister: "This is Musa Dagh all over, and I am not going to be a party in the deportation." She slipped out at night of the camp, went to her flat, and took a deadly dose of barbiturates. Her strong body had to fight for fully fortyeight hours against the poison. She was unconscious all the time - and then she died.

Two weeks later something happened. The Burgomaster of Czernowitz went to the German commander and told him that the town is coming to a standstill as all the Jewish doctors, engineers, tradesmen and professionals are already in the deportation camp. Very reluctantly the German commander, who after all was responsible for the town of over 150,000 inhabitants, issued release permits, and one of the first persons to be released was Frau Dr. Susanne Seidman, my dead aunt. If only she had not relied so much on "history repeating itself", if only she had waited a little longer carrying with her the poison to be used when the need was desperate, she would have been released, would have continued her work as a doctor and would have survived it all, as indeed my good mother, by a sheer chance of luck, was released too from the camp together with her two sons, Isidor and Henry, and she could return to her little flat and live out the time when the Germans were defeated, and the Russians came, who in the first wave of liberation allowed the Jews to emigrate. Mama went to Seret, just across the new frontier between Russian Ukraine and Roumania. In Seret she had relatives and old friends.

But in my story she is still in Czernowitz and the Germans in full fury against the Jewish inhabitants. My two brothers were both opticians and hence they were needed. There was the large store of Schmidt and Fontin which had also an optical department. Isiu my elder brother worked there, but he was a frail and sick person and the German manager did not want him really. He wanted Henry. But this would have meant that Isiu would have been sent into deportation or a slave labour camp where he would soon succumb to the hardships. And indeed this was the dilemma facing my two brothers when the Germans were anxious to recruit more and more labour for building strategic roads and defenses. Henry, the good and altruistic brother, decided that he will go into the slave labour camp so that Isiu could stay at his job, safe and secure. And so it happened.

Henry worked at road building from 1942 to 1943. We usually (throughout the years in Sydney) did not speak of the terrible experiences during those bitter years when I was in German camps and Henry in a Roumanian camp. But sometimes a few words are said and thus I learned a little about Henry's hardships. In Dachau and Buchenwald I lived in a hut and was thus protected against the rain and the snow^{at night}. But the Jewish workers in the Roumanian camp were not so lucky. For them a square hole was dugged out of the ground and covered with some planks soon to be covered with snow, because the winters in the former Russian plains were hard and long. In these holes Henry and his other prisoners had to live. Unheated of course, and the walls soon covered with several inches of ice from the steamy breaths of the human beings there. The weak and the sick succumbed.

During the days they worked at the quarries, but here again they were exposed to great dangers. When the explosive charge was detonated, the Jews were not allowed to run to safe cover. They could only seek protection behind some boulders. Many were hit by flying stones. But by a sheer chance of luck, Henry survived it all and by greater luck he was able to return to Czernowitz when the war worsened for the retreating Germans. In the spring of 1944 came the Russians and liberated the town. Alas at the same time my poor brother Isiu died. He was always a sick person. But he died in his own bed, and in the arms of his beloved wife Jenny (who now lives in Sydney married to a well-to-do man, all through my help). My mother wrote to me from Seret of the terrible happening that she had to live through the death of her husband, my father, who died in 1917, and now her sister, ^{my} aunt Susie, and now her second son Isiu.

Alas, I was able to write to her from Shanghai, but I could not give her better news than that that we should be lucky having survived at all. The fact was that the situation in Shanghai had begun to worsen - in spite of the Americans being present there. In the beginning, that is from August 1945 all was very rosy. As I told before, I had taken over the camera shop in the American Army Post Exchange. And as told before, without Claire I would have been unable to carry through this successful business venture. And also without my good reputation I had acquired during 5 years in Shanghai. When I came to Shanghai in 1940 I felt that it would be very difficult for me to make a living. In the eyes of the outside world Shanghai was a city of robbers, and how could I make a living who never was a robber? I thought then, that perhaps utmost honesty must be at a premium in Shanghai.

In the beginning I made a living by making films or editing and titling films for the American, English and other European nationals living in the city. But when in 1941 the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour, the Americans and British and other allied nationals realised that their time had come to go sooner or later into the Japanese prisoner of war camps. They had to sell their cameras. By that time I had acquired a very good reputation with them, and they would rather sell their cameras to me than to the Chinese or Japanese camera shops where they would not get a good price, as these would take advantage of the Americans, English, and other people who were forced to sell their belongings. And so I was the go-between, and continuing my policy of utmost honesty, and being satisfied with a small commission, I made good friends with the Chinese and Japanese camera shop owners who knew that they cannot put anything over me. Thus in due course I was considered a very honest man and the Chinese, who could speak little English said about me "Bliss - he proper!"

Their friendship and esteem proved now invaluable. I needed cameras, many cameras, and the Chinese shops realised that the American soldiers, sailors and airmen would go into the American Army department store and buy their cameras there. Thus the Chinese sold cameras to me and gave me an honest price too. Every morning I would set out on my bicycle with a large basket in front and one in the back and a thousand U.S. dollars in my pocket, and when I came into a Chinese shop they had already lined up a few dozens of cameras for me. We haggled little, as the Chinese knew too that I had to sell my cameras cheaper than any other store in Shanghai, as otherwise I would soon lose my concession. Soon I selected the cameras I needed, whipped out my bundle of dollars, paid up, and hopped on my bike to the next shop. Meanwhile Claire had arrived with me early in the morning, had opened the store, had taken out the cameras from the safe I had bought, and was ready when our sales employees (we had 6 of them) arrived. A few hours later I arrived with my baskets full of cameras, which were then taken into the inventory, tagged with the prices and put into the show cases. It was a very thriving business, and during this year from August 1945 to about May 1946 I earned about U.S.\$ 11,000, an unbelievable fortune to me and Claire.

And then most of the American soldiers went home, and business began to trickle down and then unhappiness about our future began to worry us. Chiang-Kai-Shek the leader of Nationalist China took over all of China and abolished the International Settlement. He was also a hater of foreigners and did not look kindly at the 16,000 poor Jewish refugees. He declared them as "Germans" and began to treat them as foreign nationals. Before this happened I and Claire decided to remain in Shanghai. It was a good city and I was already well liked by the business community. I would rent a shop in the main street of Shanghai, and we would live in a fine apartment and live out the rest of our lives in China.

But when Chiang-Kai-Shek made an end to my dream I decided to get out, and get out quickly. The Chinese soldateska began to loot and hold up their own nationals and we lived in a very dilapidated quarter of Hongkew. Soon they will come to us, and we would be helpless, and there would not be any British or American soldiers to protect the foreign community. I telegraphed to my cousin Karl in Sydney and together with his sister Paula and Kurt her husband, and their newly born son Harry, we set out on the 1st of July 1946 on an American cargo steamer for Sydney. It was a wonderful sunny day, and I stayed on the deck with Claire, and slowly Shanghai sank into the horizon. Somehow I was afraid that a Chinese raiding party of custom officials and soldiers will board the ship when still in Chinese waters and would open our trunks and confiscate our belongings and the money we carried. But nothing happened, and we embraced each other when the ship had left the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang and headed for the open sea. At last, the Chinese stay had come to an end for us, and a new life awaited us in a new and peaceful and happy country Australia. Karl and Mary and a few friends were on the wharf when we docked in Sydney and we were utterly happy then.

But I had no rest. I realised the new situation in Europe with the Russians now turning against the Western powers, and trying to grab as much territory as possible. My family was still in Roumania and we felt Roumania was the first country to become communist, and then my family would never be able to get out. My mother stayed in Seret which was still Roumania, and Henry and Rita and their baby daughter Ariane went to Budapest the capital of Roumania. I corresponded with all of them, and Mama was immensely proud when she could show to her friends all the newspaper articles of Shanghai, showing my picture and explaining my semantography. I shall never forget the words she wrote in one of her postcards: "Here I want to stay for the rest of my life. Here I want to conclude my days."

Alas, I had to convince her that soon the Russians will take over. I did send her a permit for Australia, and she expressed the hope that she will be healthy enough to make the long journey to Australia. Alas, it should not be. Henry received a telegram that Mama had fallen ill, and a few days later, she died in the arms of her best son. The news was a terrible blow for me. I had hoped to see

her here with me and Claire. We had bought a fine new cottage, and there I wanted to instal a single bedroom flat for Mama with her own kitchen and her own toilet. I did this indeed, but for Henry and his wife Rita when they arrived in 1948.

At that time I believed that all are alive of my family, that is Mama, Isiu and his wife Jenny, Henry and his wife Rita and their baby daughter. I was worried that Isiu did not write to me, but he was a sick man, and his wife Jenny wrote. But then I made my application for Isiu and Jenny to come to Australia, and Jenny could not longer conceal the truth that Isiu had died in 1944 - in his own bed, and in his own home, and in the arms of his beloved wife Jenny who cared for him. It was a terrible blow when on a Sunday morning I got a letter from Karl my cousin who lived nearby and whose letter address I used.

Alas a few months later, Karl handed to me another letter this time from Heinu. But at that time I had already my own cottage and my own address, and there was no need for Henry to send the letter to Karl. But I understood immediately. It meant that my dear Mama is dead, and so it was. Henry told me that during her last weeks she was extremely busy to care for a deadly sick neighbour - until she herself fell ill, and slept into oblivion in the arms of her best son Henry. This was a dreadful blow for me as I had to inform the Immigration Department that the permit granted to my mother was not needed any more.

But Isiu's widow, Henry, Rita and Ariane were still in Roumania and the communists prepared to take over the country. I wrote letter after letter to the Jewish organisation in Roumania, in the U.S.A. and in Paris to help them out of Roumania. At last I received the news that they have boarded the train for Marseille where they stayed for 3 months until they could at last board a steamer for Sydney. I had written to Jenny, the widow of Isiu to come out to me and I shall marry her off quickly, as there were many middle-aged Jews in Sydney who had learned that their wives and children had perished, and who married in order to get over the intense grief. Indeed, Jenny married 5 months after arrival a good man Mr. Isaak Goldberg, and she proved for him a good party and helped him mightily in his instalment business. Later, they opened up a wholesale business for door-to-door hawkers, and today both are alive and retired and comparatively wealthy. A few years ago Jenny visited Israel where all her family of over 20 persons had migrated. She described me the reception she got in the Israeli airport when she arrived a wealthy woman with trunks full of good things for everyone. I was happy.

Alas, my sister Sidonie, or Donia as she was called, refused to follow my plea to come over to Sydney and marry here. When she at last came 5 years later, it was only to make the escape from Israel because her son Micky came into the recruiting age. Before that, I had send her an entry permit to Australia, then when this expired another one, which she too let go, and a third with the help of Henry. I sent her money and over 200 food parcels for herself and her young son. Alas, whatever I did was not good enough. She is in my opinion a mental case in so far as she has fixed her hatred on me, the man who did most for her. Today when writing these lines in January 1972 the break with her is total. She gets along well, having a house which she rents out, having a fine apartment, but having lost the love of both her brothers me and Henry whom she defiled and abused for so many years. A dreadful chapter in my life in Australia, added to the abuse and disrespect I and Henry have received and still receive from the Bittman families, the children of my dead aunt Hermine who was abandoned by them and died in the gas-chambers. I tried my best to rescue her from Shanghai, but I had no money and my pleas for money for the fare of Hermine to Shanghai were disregarded by her own children. Enough of this sad affair. I have broken with most of the people of my family, as I cannot stand the abuses now in my age of 74 and more. I have learned a terrible truth. The people who should show gratitude to me and Henry because we kept them alive for 10 years after the death of their father, are inwardly hating their benefactors because they know that they have failed to show their gratitude in a practical and fruitful way. When Donia arrived in 1953, a widow with a young son, and impoverished, I told the Bittman families that Henry and I have given them in Vienna the equivalent of over 6000 Pound Sterling. Now I want from them to give Donia 400 Pound Sterling so that I could put down a deposit for a new house which cost £st 4000 at that time. / Donia and her son would live in say one third of the house, and they would sublet the other two thirds to tenants who would thus pay off the mortgage. But all my pleas to the Bittman families fell on deaf ears. And although they are all well off, and well able to give Donia the £st 400 I asked for her, all I got from them was about £st 140 just enough to pay the key money for a small flatette with a Jewish family and later her own rented flat. No wonder that my heart is full of unhappiness about such shabby treatment and to this comes also the shabby treatment which Donia herself has meted out to me and Henry - a clear case for the psychologist. Indeed I found in books on psychology the well-known fact that people do not show gratitude to those who were their benefactors in their hours of need.

This is page 12 of this translation, and I am right now at page 19 of the original German text of "My Life in China" S.S. 207. I have indicated in a previous page that I shall not repeat all the paragraphs and pages of the German version where I explain to my Austrian friends my semantography...this I have explained and explained at nauseam in my books and in many issues of my series. I shall therefore not repeat this again. I will however note the pages of the German version and tell in a few words what I have written there in order to give my future researcher a possibility to examine the German text for further enlightenment.

Page 19 of the German text of S.S. 206 I explain the content of articles which have appeared in various newspapers and magazines about me and my work. Some articles were friendly, others were not, to my intense sorrow. Envy about the achievement of another guy is something dreadful, and I had to experience this too.

Page 20 I continue to tell of instances where untrue remarks were made about me in newspapers. Indeed, I refused newspapermen a story when I had reason to believe that they are only looking for an odd story about an odd crank, meaning me. I learned a new truth when, in my anger and unhappiness, I studied the life story of other innovators and found that they too were harassed in much the same way.

Page 21 I tell of my symbols for safety on the roads, and how I was frustrated in my pleas to the road safety authorities in Australia and abroad to let me only explain the superiority of my symbols against the many signs in words only. I told of innovators who were maltreated and died an untimely and unhappy death. I tell my friend that I have become a rebel.

Page 22 I tell of my dreadful experience in Shanghai. I had published a series of articles in a Shanghai Jewish weekly under the title "The End of Antisemitism" and the subtitle "A new Way to solve the Jewish Question." In these articles which I brought out as a brochure I spoke of semantics, and of the dreadful result that every Jew is treated as being the same crook as some Jewish crooks. I demanded that we must crack down on our own crooks in our midst in order to make the name of Jew a honorable one.

Page 23 I continue my story of my articles in Shanghai and of the influence of Chinese great philosophers on me, notably Confucius (Kung-Fu-Tse) and his "religion" which is no supernatural religion at all, but only a way of an honest life. I tell how I was denounced by the Jews who were incensed about my article series and who thought I am meaning them, as they were busy to let relief money from America via Switzerland go into their own pockets.

Page 24 I continue the story how a denunciation by my fellow Jews brought the Japanese Gestapo into my home, how they confiscated my manuscripts and how by the incredible chance I was not more molested because the Japanese translator knew me for 6 years as he was an employee in a camerashop and told the Japanese police that I am an honest man. I tell of my lectures in Shanghai were only lectures to some of my fellow Jews were received unkindly. I tell of similar lectures in Sydney again to my fellow Jews. I tell that even my own Jewish friends who were my guests at my dinner table, or I was their guest in their home found it proper to abuse my work as the crackpot idea of a crank.

Page 25 I continue my unhappy story and tell now my friends in Austria who know of an Austrian scientist Dr. Konrad Lorentz whose work was described in a Vienna newspaper under the title TIERE KENNEN KEINEN BRUDER MORD. This means ANIMALS KNOW NOTHING OF FRATRICIDE AGAINST MEMBERS OF THEIR OWN SPECIES.

Page 26 I continue my story of my researches in the caves of stone age man. I tell of Chisholm and his theory what has made man a killer and a cannibal of his own fellow-men.

Page 27 I continue my story about animals who don't kill their brothers and sisters. I tell of the disastrous influence of the words "Good and evil." I tell of all words which I classify as human EVALUATIONS. I tell of the ethical behaviour of living cells. I tell of wells who repair and help their injured brother cells.

Page 28 I continue the story and tell of animal and bird parents who feed and teach protect and defend their children so that they shall survive. I tell of the story of the lions who were brought up in peace by Mrs. Anderson, and of her book "Born Free." And this is the end of my story about my thoughts. The last paragraphs say this:

My Friends, when I was a young man I had several wishes for my old age, and here they are, and I note down whether God or the ethical Power of this Universe has granted them to me. I wanted to reach an old and healthy age (granted). I wanted to have a good wife (granted). I wanted to have a small independent business which gives me enough time for my literary ambition (granted). I wanted to live in a free country (granted). I wanted to live in a country without a harsh winter (granted). I wanted to live near the sea, preferably in my own house (granted). I wanted to live at the Eastern seashore and see the sun rising out of the ocean (granted). And my greatest wish: I wanted that my life shall have a good purpose in the help for humanity. And this my greatest wish was also granted to me in an unheard-of way. I wrote the German version in 1960 when Claire was alive, and I sent the paper to all my Austrian friends with the hope that Claire and I shall stay alive for a number of years. Alas, Claire died in 1961, and today is January 1972. The End