

graphy for an International Calendar" or the illiterate farmer and his agricultural needs, or botany and zoology, and even for an international menu card, etc. etc. Slowly something else emerged, something of which I did not even dream of in Shanghai. I found that my symbols could be used in a new kind of symbolic logic, so simple that even children can be taught to realize the vagueness and ambiguities, the demagogies and fallacies in the speeches of demagogues and dictators, not only in the homes and in the workshops, but even in the newspapers and the political arena. Consequently my special chapters on the semantics of semantography and on politics grew. In the end, I had three large volumes before me, not only filled with chapters on a symbol writing and a symbolic logic, but also new ideas and new thoughts about the evolution of language, and the evolution of the human race, and its most disastrous scourge, human warfare. I was able to find the proof that the most disastrous words in all languages, words which cause strife and wars, are the meanings of good and evil, and I found the archeological proof that paleolithic man, who had not evolved articulate language yet, was not a killer of its own kind. I went even further, and found that the creatures which have no articulate language at all, and hence no meanings of good and evil, do not wage war against each other. Lions don't kill lions, tigers don't kill tigers, wolves will starve together, but no wolf will attack, and kill and eat a fellow-brother-wolf. And searching with ever growing excitement I found that a few zoologists, and archeologists and anthropologists had come to the same conclusion. All this was terrific scientific news, and I was sure that it will cause great interest in the circles of scholars and intellectual laymen alike. No wonder that Claire and I lived in a state of high hopes.

But before I announce my finds to the world I felt I had to have the expert testimony as to the value of my work from at least one great world authority. And it happened that Lord Bertrand Russell, the eminent logician and mathematician came to Australia on a lecture tour in 1950. Immediately I started a correspondence with him, and was overjoyed when he showed great interest and promised me an interview on his arrival in Sydney. I put before him my three books and asked him to give me any meaning he could think of in order to prove to him that I can indeed express any meaning in my symbols. The tests went off beautifully. I have told about it all in issues of my semantography series (see the catalog). Then Russell studied my 3 books, and afterwards he asked me in what way he could help me. At that time I still believed that I shall get enough money from philanthropes in order to have my books printed, and I said so. Whereupon Russell wrote his wonderful letter in which he closed with the words:

"Any man or men who will spend the money necessary to get your work printed will, in my opinion, be performing an important service to mankind."

I was jubilant. I felt that with this letter in hand I shall have no difficulty to find recognition in academic and intellectual circles, and no difficulty too in finding the high-minded philanthropes "who will spend the money necessary to get my work printed," and thus "will be performing an important service to mankind." The future for my work and for myself and for my Claire was bright indeed.

The fool I was! The double fool! The incorrigible fool! The idealistic fool! I made two stupid mistakes. First I believed that the Western scholars and intellectuals will recognize the value of my work. Secondly I believed that philanthropes, be they Jews or Christians, are interested to help humanity.

My first mistake is understandable. In Shanghai I found friendly understanding among Chinese, and Americans, and British and French people, and also among the enlightened Jews of the Russian and the German communities. There was for instance Mr. Josepho, a Russian Jew, and a photographer. We became great friends and he and his family (after his death) helped me very much. There was the editor of the Jewish weekly. I have forgotten her name, but she was very helpful to me. Then there was Dr. Friedrich of the Ghetto, who arranged my lecture before the Hongkew Medical Society. And there were Chinese, and Americans and Britishers who arranged similar lectures on my "World Writing". Why did they do this? Because they lived in China. They could see that the most cumbersome and complicated symbol writing could work beautifully among the Chinese whose speech is so different as to be in fact different languages. And hence, they realized that I am on "to a good thing" and that "I should write a book about it." Without the Chinese ideography, and without the encouragement of those enlightened residents of Shanghai I would never have embarked on this venture. But when I arrived in the West, the picture became altogether different.

In the "West" (which means Australia, and America, and Europe, etc. etc. or in other words, in all countries outside the Far East) the Chinese script is considered the peak of backwardness. In fact, scholars and laymen in the West believe honestly that the great illiteracy of the Chinese people is only due to the fact of Chinese having such a cumbersome and complicated script. They don't realize that in India, and in the Near East, and in Africa and South America where an alphabetic script exists, illiteracy is as rampant as it is in China, simply because the overlords of those poor people don't bother to instal schools. And the people themselves are so abjectly poor that they need the help of even the smallest child in the field in order to grow the food they all need. In almost all articles written about China and the Chinese way of writing you can find the lie that Chinese script consists of about 40,000 different symbols, and how does this compare with the simplicity of the 26 letters of the alphabet? And all these lies in spite of the fact that a Chinese typewriter contains not more than 1500 symbols, which are utterly enough for correspondence in commerce, in industry and even in science, and that typing Chinese does not take longer because one stroke types a whole word. There are other arguments which could be brought forward to show how utterly ignorant the West is about Chinese script. And consequently for them, the idea of a modern Western symbol writing modelled on the principle of Chinese writing seemed to be the height of folly, and Mr. Bliss seemed to them an utter crank. Hence, I found no help for my work among scholars and laymen (a few blessed minds excepted). And of course, I found not the financial help I was hoping for, in spite of Bertrand Russell's words about the "service to mankind."

When I arrived in Sydney, it was natural that I should turn at first to the Jewish communities. Here again, I made another mistake. I believed that people of the same community, of the same faith and of the same cultural environment will help one of their own, who is an innovator in ideas by which mankind can benefit. I did not know that such a man will find his greatest enemies among his own people. I had to learn the hard way the Roman proverb about the prophet who finds no honour in his own country. And Australia soon became my own country. It is true, that I was allowed to lecture to students at Sydney University, and to other audiences. But active help was not forthcoming. And so I turned my hopes to the rich men, be they Jews or Christians, who spend so much for humanitarian purposes.

Soon I made another discovery. Rich men give money to charitable and educational organisations only when these organisations are recognized by the government and donations to them are a tax deduction. It was as simple as that. If those rich men would not give one penny to charity, the taxation commissioner would take their surplus earnings away, earnings which are burdened with higher taxation the higher they go. Hence, the richmen are faced with the loss of this money anyway. Why not use it to make a grand gesture and pose as a philanthrope, a lover of humanity? In short, the philanthropes are not what the word says: philos loving, and anthropos man, in Greek. The taxation commissioner says: "Give, or I take it away anyway!" So they give with gnashing teeth. So they love humanity.

In the United States where the greatest group of rich men live, they have found another way to cheat the taxation commissioner, or the Internal Revenue Department, as it is called there. There, they are allowed to give the money away to a charitable or educational foundation which they control. In fact, they themselves found such a foundation with the help of their lawyers. They perpetuate even their names as in the "Rockefeller Foundation" or in the thousands of other such foundations. And then they nominate the trustees of their foundation which are usually members of their own family and friends whom they want to give a hand-out. True enough, those idlegoers have to pay tax on their salaries from these foundations. But they find enough ways to cheat the department. But above all, the founder of the foundation can use the money for any purpose he wants. If he is say an oilmagnate, he can establish a research institute for oil products, and staff it with his own men, and then use the fruits of this research for his own business. Or he can win powerful friends among the men of the universities and the politicians who would help him when he needs help. Or, he can even borrow his own money back from his own foundation and use it in his own business. Or he can establish businesses which work for profit, but which profit is untaxable because it goes into the coffers of his own foundation and is therefore a tax free profit. In fact, so many ways have been found to turn the meaning of philanthrope upside down, that the United States Government has been driven to enforce a law in order to stop some of the most glaring of these philanthropic abuses.

I did everything I could to get in touch with these foundations. My great endeavours with the greatest foundations, notably the Rockefeller, the Carnegie and the Ford Foundation are recorded in a special issue of this Semantography Series. I tried even to enlist the help of certain businessmen, who make it their business to set up such foundations for anyone who has the money to pay them for their service and to retain them as consultants. I told them I want to enlist their service and to pay for it, but what I want is that they should help me to get a grant from an established foundation. This is nothing unusual, because there are special businesses in America and elsewhere which cater for churches, charities and educational organisations in need of funds and unable to raise them. These businessmen call themselves fund raisers, and the way they go about to raise funds, for instance for a church which employs them, is a mockery of the meaning of piety, and philanthropy. They make it a ruthless business, employing all the psychological means of the pulpit thunderers, who make their congregation tremble in fear of hell if they don't come forth with plenty of donations.

My approach to the foundation founding businessmen was futile. Their job is to help dissipate money, not to collect it. My approach to the professional collectors was equally futile. They realized that an appeal to give for semantography would not bring enough to cover their own expenses and profits. I had not the most important incentive for philanthropes of any caliber, namely a tax deduction. Here in Australia hardly a week passes by without one or more letters arriving in my letter box from nowhere, soliciting donations, and proudly telling the would-be donor that donations as low as £ 1 are already a tax deduction. Hence the fund raisers refused to work for me.

I ferreted out the names of foundations founded by rich Jews, who give their money away for educational and other charitable purposes. They need not the incentive of a tax deduction, because all the money they have and distribute is already tax deducted. But they are very wary not to be accused of squandering these tax-deducted dollars on schemes which are not approved educational in purpose. My symbol writing posed to them as some sort of educational object. But it was not approved education. On the contrary. It was contrary to the educational ideas approved by the teachers and professors of language. They could raise a cry. They could accuse that foundation and its founder of squandering the "people's money" given in trust only, on hairbrained schemes. Even if the rich man did not care who gets the money assigned for educational purposes, his employee, the secretary of his foundation is very wary about it. He knows he has a very plush job. He need not sell. He need not show any profit or any success. All he need to do is to squander the money given to him, but to squander it so wisely that his own job and security should not come in jeopardy. Hence, he would give only to approved educational organisations, usually to universities only and their professors.

If the foundation has large sums to squander, this task is not entrusted to a secretary, but to a committee of trustees who get a fat salary for their wise squandering. Some of these trustees are from the founder's family, but most of them are professors themselves. And no sooner are they installed in office than they are simply overrun inside their office and outside of it by money hungry professors. Of course, the professors don't want the money for themselves. They want it for research, but research into what? The trouble is that everyone expects every professor to come forth with great and world-shattering discoveries. It could be an archeological discovery, but to go digging in some distant land cost a great chunk of money, part of it is incidentally for the expenses of the professor, who gets his salary anyway, but who need much more. Any other discovery in say chemistry and physics, and any other science needs too large chunks of money. All the money in the world is not enough for those money hungry, and discovery hungry, and renown hungry professors. The few lucky ones who get a grant deplore the fact that they got only a fraction of what they really need. But the thousands of professors and lecturers and post-graduate students who are turned away with their pleading applications, they get nothing but stomach ulcers and feelings of frustration and futility. How they envy their lucky colleagues! How they scrutinize their research object! How they criticize the eventual research result! And how they down-grade the "discovery". Usually it is not a discovery at all, by any stretch of the imagination. All that remained when the money is spent, is a report for which there is not even enough money left to print it. It's only a mimeographed report, but this is of no importance. The report is the proof that the money has been spent for educational purposes, and therefore any prying outsider or government snooper must be satisfied that no fraud has been committed. But the fraud is there, in almost all those hand-outs. In the issue which I have written about the great foundations I have quoted from Professor

Bazin's (of Columbia University) book "The House of Intellect" in which he cries out in shame about the perpetual fraud perpetuated daily in pseudo-scientific papers and research which are nothing but thinly disguised hand-outs to the mediocre or subdiocre noneties which crowd the universities and cry for higher salaries. The Ford Foundation for instance, the largest foundation of them all, in which professors or former professors ^{have} turned administrative philanthropes, has found it even impossible to get as many "research reports" as they have money available, and therefore with the stroke of a pen they have assigned hundreds of millions of dollars for such scientific feats as simply raising the salaries of all teachers and professors in a category. I approached the Ford Foundation with the request for a small publication grant for a small brochure which could have the most far-reaching advertising effect for the Ford Company, the makers of motorcars, which earn all the money for the Ford Foundation. I wanted to publish a brochure showing how my semantography symbols could be used to display any meaning needed in road safety. I always believed that the Babel of road warning signs in all countries, and even in the different states of the United States is only due to the fact that there is no system available in which all and any meaning for road safety could be shown in pictorial symbols, readable in all languages. I pleaded with the high officers of the Ford Foundation, (and I wrote a separate letter to the high officers of the Ford Company) to realize the great value of such a booklet which should be distributed in millions to all road safety organisations and to all motorist organisations of all countries of the world. Such a booklet would demonstrate visibly to all motorists all over the world that the Ford Motor Company has taken the decisive step to save more lives on the motor roads by advocating a complete simple system of pictorial symbols for all countries. I pointed to the fact that the cost of such a booklet to be printed in three columns in English, French and Spanish (to demonstrate visibly the versatility of my symbols for all languages) would be only a few thousand dollars. At the same time the Ford Company spends hundreds of millions of dollars over the years for advertising its products in the glossy magazines of the world. I said that the Ford Foundation would enhance the prestige of its bread-winning company by using the foundation money for the printing of this brochure.

And I got nowhere with this simple scheme. The Ford Company declined, and the Ford Foundation declined too. Their money is already assigned for definite purposes, and therefore no money could be ^{made} available for my proposal. I was deeply disappointed, and I was deeply enraged when I found out in later years that the Ford Company had assigned at the very same time a chunk of money to scholars of an American university for delving in "the scientific aspects of symbolism." These scholars delivered dutifully their mimeographed scientific papers and received dutifully their award and reward from the Ford Foundation. These papers are with me, and they contain as usual a Bibliography at the end, showing how the scientists have laboured through many books in order to arrive at their world shattering "discoveries." The Bibliography about those papers on symbolism contain over 220 books, many as far-fetched as medical books about the eye, because after all, it is the eye which receives the impact from symbols, isn't it? But the shameless fraud committed is, that these scholars deliberately left out my books, though ^{they were} available to them, and though they knew about my work. Why? Because all their silly scientific squibbling about symbols would seem utterly useless, once they refer to my books, where all the scientific aspects are discussed and the problem solved. All this may seem incredible, but I have the proofs, and the interested reader will find all my letters, and the answers from the foundation, and the scientists concerned in my issue of my semantography series. It's all true, unbelievable, but true nevertheless.

Finding myself unable to convince the philanthropes and their administrators in America, I turned back to Australia and to Sydney, because here I could peddle my wares to the prospective philanthropes, and I could use my oratory and my demonstrations for persuasion. But I realized that I shall get nothing if my "Institute for Semantography" (though working not for profit) is not an approved educational organisation which could allow the donor to deduct his donations from his taxable profit. And so I turned to the government department which alone could give this stamp of tax-free respectability, the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation in Canberra. My fight over the years, my pleading letters to the director general, the former professor Clunies Ross are all available in my issue no. 180 of my semantography series. My pleading letters to the great foundations are to be found in the issue no. 181. I advise my future researcher to read through the catalog of my many issues, where he will find special approaches to special people and institutions, telling all of my great hopes, but also of my great disappointments and my great desperation.

Today, in 1964, looking backwards over 15 years of great hopes and great disappointments I know that I would not get anywhere, even if I had the approval of tax-deduction. Why? Because the great philanthropes of Sydney and Australia or for that of all the British capitals and countries, they all want a double bargain. Mere tax deduction is not enough. What they all want is a knighthood, the little three-letter word "Sir". And therefore, the money they give away has to be given to influential people in the charitable organisations, the churches and the universities. Only they could make their voices heard in the antechambers and chambers in Whitehall where the list of the "Sirs" for the next birthday of the Queen is drawn up, and where the ultimate decision is made who should be chosen, and who not. Thousands of "lovers of humanity" are crowding to be knighted by the Queen, but few only make the grade. The others rave in disappointment. They have to be comforted in order to be milked again next year. And so these philanthropes, be they Christians or Jews, are made doctors for honourable causes in impressive ceremonies at the universities. They are given all sorts of letters, 2 letters, 3 letters, 4 letters, but all these letters are behind their name. What they want, and what they covet are the 3 letters in front of their Christian or Jewish name "Arise Sir Salamon" the Queen should say. That's what they want! That's what they are striving and slaving and spending for!

But may be, they are spending their money on the wrong people. After all, the prelates and professors of the charitable and educational organisations do not make up the lists of the would-be knights to be presented to the Queen. This is done by other men, the men of the Establishment, the men who govern Great Britain, the men of the prevailing party which elects the prime minister, who elects the men to be presented to the Queen. And therefore, our would-be knights have to set out on the long and weary journey to London, a long journey of many years, and of many cheques and of many thousands of pounds for the party funds.

It is a well-known secret that money is needed, much money, to become a Sir, and to be knighted by the Queen. The late Lloyd George and Bonard Law have been past-masters in this fine art of gentle and brutal extortion, and their successors have followed in their steps, step by step. One cheque is usually not enough. There must be more of them spaced in intervals of years, in which the would-be knight has to cool his heels in the antechambers of the knightmakers. In the meantime, the knight-to-be is told that he must show himself worthy of the Queen's graciousness. He must give to charity, and he must see to it that his gift is properly publicised in the papers, so that when the time of his knighthood arrives, he has proved that he well deserves it. But usually it is a long time, until he deserves it. Not because of his gifts to charities. The party managers are usually not satisfied with the amounts offered in cheques. They have a fair idea about the income and the fortune of the seekers of a "Sir" and they see to it, that a few percents of their money go into the partyfunds. Those philanthropes are usually hardboiled businessmen, who drive hard bargains all their lives. They try to drive a bargain too, and the party managers know this too. Unfortunately, it's not a plain play of supply and demand. The demand is great, and the supply could be great too, but the amounts wanted are great too. It's a long story, and a despicable one too.

But somehow, the world knows about it, and does nothing about it. Why? Because the money extorted from those "Lovers of Humanity" does not go into the private pockets of the prime minister and the other exalted partymen. True enough, they need the money from the partyfunds eventually to secure their own salaries as members of parliament and the government of Her Majesty. But in order to get these salaries they have to spend large sums which eventually go into the pockets of millions of people in the British Commonwealth. These people are the printers and papermakers, and distributors of the papers in which the party advertises their candidates. Then there is time to be bought on radio and TV, public address systems are to be installed, and hiring fees for many lecture halls have to be paid for the great election campaigns. Millions of pounds are needed for these elections. Somehow people find that the cycle has been completed. The great fortune makers have made their fortunes out of the pockets of the people of Great Britain, and they have to turn over part of these fortunes to the partymen, who pay it out to many people who earn their living in the process of electing the party to power. When the cycle is completed, new knights have arisen in the process.

To be a Sir is surely a great honour. To be a Sir is more than an honour for a rich Jew. For him, it is the fulfillment of his dreams when he got the first kicks as a Jewish boy. Now he has kicked himself up to be an aristocrat. He does not suffer any more of discrimination. Now he can discriminate himself with whom he associates himself. He tries to associate himself with other aristocrats, and surely not with Jews, least of all with Jews who are unknown crackpots.

In the chapter "Do Jews help each other?" I have shown the fallacy in the question, but I have also shown the fallacy in the myth that Jews help each other. Some do, some do not, some do occasionally. Giving to charity is an old Jewish ritual, just as the preparations on Friday for the Sabbath are. You do it, because you are a Jew. But all the giving to charity amounts to nothing more than piteous alms, nothing which really makes a dent in your purse. Rich Jews must give too, but they have to give not because of ritual. They know that they are surrounded by enemies who envy them everything they have, who grudge them everything they got, and who despise them for their meanness, no matter how "much" they give. Enemies can make life miserable, and the rich Jews give alms because they want somehow to lift the poisonous atmosphere which hangs over their heads. But they give grudgingly, and in fact they give little. They still remain the rich Jews who get richer the more they give.

Now in our time the center of giving and receiving has shifted. Before world war one there were millions of poor Jews who lived in Eastern Europe. They were beggars and "Luftmenschen" men who lived on "air" most of the time, an occasional job, or an occasional alms. Hitler has massacred them all. In the prosperous countries of the West, the Jewish beggar has disappeared. Instead we have now organized begging on a gigantic scale: for the State of Israel. It is an interesting fact that 2000 years ago, when the State of Judea still existed, its inhabitants too lived on massive organized begging from the rich Jewish communities of Alexandria, Rome, Carthage, and the other great centers of commerce. Today we have the same spectacle, organized begging on a gigantic scale without which the State of Israel would wither. But this time, it is not only Jewish charity, not only Jewish pride that Jews have their own postage stamps, and their own army, navy and airforce (which swallow most of the sums collected, though to give for Jewish rifles, mortars and bombs is a perverse turnabout of giving for charity). Today, we have apart from the bureaucracy for gathering the sums, we have the Jewish diplomats, and their retinue and helpers, who have to be supported lavishly in jobs which are little better than loafing. Many a time, I have raised my voice against this new kind of Jewish "Luftmenschen". I have advocated the same procedure which prevailed among rich Jews when I was a boy. In our Czernowitz (pop. 84,000) there were rich Jews who haven't got enough money to become an aristocrat like Baron Rothschild. But there were lesser titles to bestow and to be paid for. There was the title "Kaiserlicher Rat" (Imperial Adviser), "Geheimrat" (Secret official adviser), and "Commercial Rat" (Adviser in Commerce). These titles cost a lot of money, and the title holders saw to it, that those Jews who came to them with some plea should address them properly "Will the Imperial Adviser be kind enough to listen to my plea...etc."

But somehow, those titles bestowed on rich Jews by the Government of Austria lost their lustre. And rich Jews cast around for new and interesting titles to buy. They had not to look long. There were the small "independent" States of Central America, which were so terribly dependent on some hand-outs, alms, anything which means money to support the bureaucracy of the new States. They printed fine stamps, and the stamp collecting idiots around the world bought those colourful bits of paper for tenthousand times the cost of printing them. When this revenue proved not enough, those States began to sell consular titles. In our little Czernowitz there were some Imperial Advisers who were also Consul or Consul General of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras and the rest. They never had to issue a passport visum, but they had the appropriate stamps to do it. They never had to do some official correspondence, except once a year to send in the fee for being privileged to have outside their house a large tin plate with the official emblem and the words in Spanish and German Consulado de Guatemala. Once a year, on independence day, the Jewish Consul of Guatemala in Czernowitz would have the official flag of "his" country pulled up on the perennial flagstock on his balcony, and will be proud of it - and pay for it, year after year.

When I heard of the colossal sums which are swallowed by the Jewish Consulates and Embassies around the world, sums which have to be gathered first in the old time-honoured Jewish way of "Shmorrning", I was enraged. In the time of old, shmorrning was done to support poor Jews. Now we shmorr to support Jews who were mostly idlers too, but who live in palaces, and drive around in Cadillacs. It is monstrous, I cried. And I advocated the time-honoured Jewish way of paying for coveted consular titles. Why not paying to be a Consul of Israel, or even Ambassador? There are very rich and influential Jews in all countries who would not only pay for being a Consul or an Ambassador, but who

would even pay for the whole office apparatus, typists and the rest. More than that, they would be better consuls and better ambassadors than those idlegoers from Israel. These rich Jews in America, and Australia and in other countries have their many influential friends in their own country. They could do much more for Israel, than those "Ambassadors" who are today in Australia, and to-morrow in Argentine, and who are strangers wherever they go.

When I bring this idea of mine up for discussion at a party or discussion group, it is as if a pall had settled over the gathering. I had touched the sorest point in the relationship of World Jewry to the State of Israel. This sore is called: "Double Loyalty" It is the most painful thought for many a Jew, and especially for the Jews in the United States. What are they now? True-blooded Americans or Israeli in exile? If a war brakes out, and for some idiotic reasons, the government of Israel have been seized by some determined Jewish communists who side with Russia, what is going to happen to the Jews in America, in Australia and elsewhere? Will their loyalty not be doubted? Will they not be sent to concentration camps as it was done in Australia in the first and second world war with true blooded Australians who were born and bred in Australia, but who happened to belong to the old German communities and towns in South Australia, or to the Italian communities in New South Wales, whose loyalties were suddenly in doubt. And "when in doubt - my country first" said the minister of the Home Office in England when he interned many thousands of Jewish refugees from Nazi oppression. And the same doubt was raised with German-Australians, and with Italian-Australians in Australia, and they were interned, just as the American government interned many thousands of loyal Niseis, the Japanese-Americans who are born and bred in the United States. And the very same thing happened which happened in Nazi Europe and Japanese China where Jews were deprived of their fortunes, of their houses and homes, of their offices and shops and factories. They had to sell them for less than 10% their value and for even less. The Germans and Italians in Australia, and the Niseis in the United States, they too were robbed in much the same way of their houses and homes, their offices and shops and factories before they went into internment.

The aspect for World Jewry is absolutely frightening. It could happen in any and in every country, and anyone who has only a faint knowledge of the rabid ruthlessness of some Jewish communists can well imagine what could happen in Israel, should a new world war break out. Suddenly during one night, and in spite of all precautions by loyal Israeli troupes, of whom some are loyal communists, the airfields will be seized, and as pre-arranged military bombers and military transport planes will be coming down roaring through the night, as they came down in Austria on that fateful 11th of March 1938. In the morning, the inhabitants of Israel will be wakened by martial music from their radios and by the jubilant announcement that at long last the National Jewish Socialist Soviet Republic of Israel has been created, and the respective ambassadors are on their way from and to Moscow. And at the very same time, horrified Jews all over the world will hear the announcement and will begin to wonder whether they must begin to pack their bags for the internment camp. The aspect is utterly frightening.

This time, Jews would not be persecuted for religious or racial reasons, but for political reasons. And because of this frightening thought Jewish philanthropy has taken on a new and frightening aspect. I have seen it happen here in Australia shortly after the end of the second world war. Everyone, who was slightly tainted with "progressive" thought, everyone who ever believed or asked whether perhaps the idea of Socialism is the idea of the future governments of the world, everyone of all socialists, or would-be socialists, or faintly progressive, they all were convinced that it was the superiority of the Russian red soldier, fighting for socialism, who has won the war against nazism and fascism. And therefore, Communism must come. Soon there will be the United Communist States of America, the British Communist Commonwealth of Nations, and of course the Socialist Soviet Republic of Australia. "Be prepared!" is the motto of the Boy Scouts, and the rich adult Scouts of Australian Jewry, who saw the red writing on the wall, scurried to the headquarters of the Australian Communist Party to pay their "respect" - and pay they did in good Australian currency, hoping that when the day will come when Australia will be taken over by big Mother Russia, they will not be liquidated as all the other capitalists will be. They will be spared, because they had supported the Communist party all the time all the way.

And now I came across another aspect of that fright, the fright of Jews who live in the Far East in the shadow and under the threat of a take-over by Communist China. Here the threat and the fright are terribly real. But equally real are the great commercial advantages which accrue from living so close to the land of China, now in the hands of the Communists. I am speaking of the Jews of Hong Kong.

There is no difference between the Jews of Hong Kong, and the Jews of Shanghai. In fact, many Jews now living in Hongkong lived before in Shanghai. When Shanghai began to crumble before the onslaught of the communists, members of the old Jewish communities of Shanghai began to emigrate. A few of them went to Sydney, and only recently I met one of them who told me that he was born in Shanghai. For him, Shanghai was and still is "home town", now lost forever. Here he spent his childhood and went to school, and had his first love affair. Now, he feels lost in Australia, a stranger, a Jew in exile.

A great many Jews of Shanghai did better than emigrating to the countries of the West. Instead they went to Hong Kong. And here, they found the same life as in Shanghai, the same throng of thousands of Chinese in the streets, the same plentiful supply of cheap Chinese servants so important to their wives, and the same good business opportunities, or rather better opportunities than they were in Shanghai. True enough, the future of Hong Kong is worse than it ever was. But all foreigners who ever lived in China are accustomed to the perennial threat of riots, and bloodshed, and war, and massacre. Somehow, the threat never materialises and in the meantime, something else materialises day after day, and year after year: profits, money and more money. And so the old China hands stayed on, and as history proved it again, they survived even the onslaught of the Japanese, and they are confident they will survive the onslaught of the communists. In the meantime, they make business with them, and big business it is, thanks to the wise men in Whitehall, who recognised immediately the communist regime of China, because they recognised immediately the great business opportunities with Communist China. And business is business, and Britishers are much better at it than the best Jews can be.

It was business which drove the British to China. In Shanghai I read the best-seller of that American advertising man Carl Crow "Four hundred Million Customers". What he said in 1930, the British realized in 1830 and before. And centuries before the British, the Portuguese had realized it too, and had shown how to go about it. They bargained a foothold, a trading post at the coast of China in Macao, and another one on a tiny island in the bay of Yokohama. Centuries before Admiral Perry of the American Navy came to Yokohama, the Portuguese were there, but whereas the Portuguese gained their foothold by friendliness and persuasion, the British and the Americans used another means of persuasion which incidentally was invented first by the Chinese: gunpowder and canons. And so they gained Hong Kong, and so they gained Shanghai. And so they opened up for business.

Business was slow at first, and it was mainly tea which they exported in their famous tea clippers, the gracious windjammers. There was always a race on between British and American clippers, and even today, the walls of many business offices are hung with wonderful pictures of those wonderful ships, the "Cutty Sark" and the others. But as any old salt knows, shipping must be a two way trade. No use to return with water ballast in the holds. But what to export to China? The British found a way, and combined happily business in India with business in China. For the tea they took from the Chinese, they brought them opium from India. It was, what learned professors of economics call today "redressing the trade balance".

But it was a terrible thing to do. Opium is a drug. It saps the strength of any man who succumbs to it. It ruins him thoroughly and effectively. It ruins whole populations. But the British were (as many astute businessmen are) not squeamish about their means to their ends. In Boston, the Americans staged their teaparty, and threw a British cargo of tea from China into the harbour. In China, the Chinese staged their opium party and burned the entire store of British opium. Those heroic Chinese realized the terrible threat of opium to the health and the future of their nation. But the British realized only the threat to the health and the future of their trade, and they used again their own means of persuasion: gunpowder and canons. In the two opium wars they defeated the Chinese forces, and business was again as usual. And Shanghai and Hong Kong grew and grew.

Today Hong Kong is at its peak of business activities, now more than ever, as Shanghai is dead, and so are all the other former trading ports of China. When I lived in Shanghai I read avidly all the books of Pearl Buck, the daughter of an American missionary, and other books on the history of China and the history of the British in China. I felt in my own heart the reassuring feeling of what it means for the safety and security of foreigners in China when there is a tiny gun boat in the harbour, manned by not more than 20 British marines. They were at hand when needed, and they patrolled the port. When the American military left Shanghai in the summer of 1941, there was still a British and American gunboat in the harbour, and it gave us still that feeling of security and safety.

How I loved to read those thrilling stories of those tiny British gun boats, navigating the shallows and the rapids of the Yang-Tse-Kiang and the other great rivers of China, and fighting seemingly hopeless battles with overwhelming numbers of their opponents. It seems to me that many British have somehow a love of defeats, ending in ultimate victory. In England they told me "We fight best with our backs to the wall!" and "We lose all the battles but the last!". When I was horrified about the total loss of the whole equipment of the British army at Dunquerque, and the shameful retreat, the London newspapers were celebrating in headlines VICTORY IN DEFEAT. So let me tell you about the heroic battle of a British gunboat in Shanghai. I knew nothing what really happened, until I learned of the story 22 years later. But I and Claire were there.

At the same time, when Japan attacked the United States at Pearl Harbour, the heavy cruiser Idzumo, moored for years at the Hongkew waterfront, moved a few hundred yards upriver, until it was at the Bund. There tied up, were the tiny American gunboat and its counterpart, the British gunboat H.M.S. Peterel. It was the night of the 7th December 1941, across the dateline from Hawaii where the 8th December dawned in perfect splendour. The Peterel displaced only a few hundred tons, and therefore she could not be withdrawn from China waters. She was useless for the war effort. Consequently, the breechblocks of her two three inch guns had been removed and sent down to Hong Kong. Two elderly Lewis guns constituted her sole remaining armament. The Japanese knew all this, as everyone could see what the little ship had, everyone who stood on the waterfront of the Bund. But apparently the Japanese believed in overwhelming numbers. The Idzumo looked in comparison with the Peterel like a big oceanliner to a small tug. Nevertheless two Japanese destroyers and one gunboat were there too, and also Japanese field batteries on the other side of the river.

Claire and I were asleep in our beds, as was the rest of Shanghai, including the crew of the Peterel, 18 men all in all, commanded by Lieutenant Polkinghorn R.N.R. a former Tientsin river pilot, and now aged 63. Suddenly, Shanghai awakened by the thunder of guns. We ran to the window and the sky above the water front was ablaze with fire and the tracing of firing shells. And then, after a while it was all over. We switched on the radio, and learned that Japan had entered the war on the side of Hitler. Our blood froze in terror. This is the end, we said. The Japanese will be more ruthless than the Germans. All our efforts to escape the Nazis, all our efforts to be united again, and be it in Shanghai, were all in vain. This means our end. Then the morning papers told us that the commander of the American gunboat had surrendered, and that the British gunboat had been shot to pieces. I went to the Bund, and I could see the American gunboat still there, but not a trace of the Peterel.

Twentytwo years later I learned the full story from a new book YELLOW CREEK: THE STORY OF SHANGHAI by J. V. Davidson-Houston (Putnam, London). At 4 a.m. the British Consulate telephoned Lieutenant Polkinghorn and told him of the attack on Pearl Harbour. Immediately Polkinghorn had action stations piped and gave orders, as prearranged by his superiors, that the ship be scuttled. At that moment a Japanese launch arrived, and another at the American gunboat with the written summons to surrender. The commander of the American gunboat surrendered as it was sheer idiocy and suicide to put up a fight. But not so the old man of the Peterel. He rejected the surrender offer. It was in the true tradition of the British navy where England expects that every man will do his duty. A few minutes later, the Japanese heavy cruiser, the two destroyers, the gunboat and the shore batteries opened up fire on the Peterel. And here is the story as told by the reviewer of the book in the Sydney Morning Herald of 23rd March 1963.

"Although his ship was being blown to pieces about him, Polkinghorn refused to strike his flag. He had his two pathetic Lewis guns manned and opened fire on the Japanese squadron. They kept firing until the Peterel was a shattered hulk, ablaze from stem to stern. When the order "abandon ship" was given, seven of the gallant 19 were dead and seven severely wounded. Polkinghorn and the other survivors were picked up by sampans, and spent the next four years in Japanese prison camps."

"Later in the day of the desperate little battle, Captain Otani sent for the chairman of the British Residents Association, received him courteously, filled two glasses and said: "I ask you to accept the admiration of the Imperial Japanese Navy for the noble action of Peterel!" A toast to Peterel and her captain was then drunk. It was a tribute heroically earned."

But who knows about it? In Shanghai when it happened, almost nobody knew what really happened, and today the gallant and heroic stand of those few men is utterly forgotten. Thousands of ^{new} books have come on the market, and this one is one of them. The author rescued the saga from the naval archives, and the story was published because it has one special distinction, of which no one knows. Ask anyone where the first British shots were fired in the Pacific war. Nobody knows the answer. It was Polkinghorn and his heroic men from the Peterel who fought the first British battle in the Pacific.

And why do I tell this story with apparent pride? And why do I rise in wrath when anyone deprecates the British? True enough, the British nation has its fair and unfair share of cruelty and injustice. meted out to other nations. But the British nation has given to mankind more than they took. The great ideas of liberty of the individual, liberty of speech, liberty to govern themselves and much more, they all originated in the British mother country. Right now we can see what happens when Britishers withdraw from their former colonies in Africa. They got their "independence", but it means terror and dictatorship in almost all new and "independent" African nations. As for me, I tell everyone who wants to hear it: "It was a British permit which rescued me from the concentration camp, and it was another British permit from Australia which rescued me from Shanghai. May my right arm wither, should I ever forget you Britannia!"

You may say whatever you want, the great British men who have ruled Great Britain had a better grasp of the realities of governments than the American ruling men. Our world of today would be a better world, had Roosevelt listened to Churchill. And this goes for Truman too, and the men of the State Department. Churchill wrung his heart out to make Roosevelt understand the true plan of Stalin and the communists. Churchill cried that no Russian soldier should be allowed to cross into Central Europe, but Roosevelt would not listen. Instead he believed in his "great design", namely that the noble deeds done by America for the Russian people will be recognised by the Russian men in power. And Truman too lived in the same delusion and illusion. When the Russians staged their coup in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, etc. etc. and turned them into communists satellites, although Stalin had promised them democratic governments, Truman did not move a finger. Only when the Russians did the same thing in Korea, only then did Truman move. But in the meantime a hundred million people in Europe had come under the communist yoke, and only Heaven knows when they will ever be liberated. I am of the opinion that not only the great feats of the great men should be remembered, but also their great faults. They are now planning a gigantic monument for Roosevelt in Washington, giant slabs of stone and concrete should commemorate his deeds. I suggest that one big slab should be used to commemorate his misdeeds, in order that future statesmen should learn how the "good heart" of Roosevelt and Truman had helped to enslave a hundred million of people in Europe. But this is not the whole story. Russia herself with her miserable agriculture and industry could never have done what Krushchev is doing, namely posing as the great giver and helper to underprivileged nations. When he gives them economic help in building factories, sending machinery, erecting bridges and dams, these feats are not done by the Russians, but by the engineers and skilled workers of East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, etc. those nations who had a long stretch of democratic government to develop free enterprise.

Who is to be blamed for the romantic notions of Roosevelt? Only his teachers and professors in the schools and the universities of America. They don't teach the future citizens of the ruthlessness of men craving for power under whatever name they sail, be they communists, or fascists, or nazists, or anything else but democratic. The result is utter catastrophe. One country after the other falls to dictators, and the Americans do nothing. And they did nothing but their old romantic antics when they took China. I and all other foreigners of China, and many intelligent Chinese, were utterly downcast when we saw how the American Government and the State Department dealt with the threat from Russia and the Chinese communists. We tried to tell every American that America must remain in China, and must see to it, that it should never fall prey to the communists. And what did the State Department do? They sent the former Chief of Staff General Marshall to Chungking, for what purpose? To mediate between Chiang-Kai-Shek and Mao Tse Tsung, the communist leader. Marshall's name was duly "translated" into Chinese characters in the usual manner. Every name which has the Ma syllable is written with the Chinese character of a horse, because Ma means horse in Mandarin. Consequently, General Marshall's name was written Ma-Re-Sha, which means "Waiting Horse", and waiting he did - until the whole of China was swallowed up by the communists. The United States have lost the war in the Pacific.

When I saw what is going to happen in China, when I realized that there will be no peace and no security in China, because the United States are going to abandon China, I and Claire were one of the first to emigrate. We left Shanghai on the 1st July 1946, and arrived in Australia 14 days later. And one by one foreigner, and one by one Jew followed our example and emigrated too. But many of those "old China hands" went to Hong Kong, because they felt that they cannot start life afresh in a country of the West. Moreover, it was much easier to transfer assets and money to Hong Kong. The rich men of Shanghai had already some of their money working in Hong Kong too, and for them it was therefore natural to go there, when life in Shanghai become unsafe. And among those rich men were the Kadoorie Brothers.

They had calculated correctly. The British Government recognized the communist regime of Mao Tse Tung immediately he had occupied the whole of China with the help of the Russians, and had driven Chiang Kai Shek to Formosa, where he is still secure under the protection of the American navy. Meanwhile Hong Kong began to prosper as never before. It was the only outlet for China to sell whatever they could sell. And it was the only inlet for China to buy whatever the free world had to offer. And all the wealth from and to China passed through Hong Kong and benefitted everyone there, and most of all the rich men who had the money to import and sell, and to export and sell. Moreover, the misery in China drove hundreds of thousands of refugees into Hong Kong. This cheap labour cried out for work at any price. As a result, thousands of factories were opened up by enterprising Chinese and European merchants, where the new arrivals worked, and still work at one fifth the wages which their counterparts in other countries get. As a result, Hong Kong became a producer of almost everything which does not demand very skilled labour. The world is flooded with cheap wares from Hong Kong. And the government of Hong Kong responded in the true colonial spirit. Taxes are tiny in Hong Kong. The richest men are taxed not more than $12\frac{1}{2}\%$. As a result, they can double their fortune every 8 years or so. Moreover, as the future of Hong Kong is very fragile, and it can be taken over over night by Mao, every enterprise started must bring back the money within 3 to 5 years. After that time, all is clear profit.

The inflow of hundreds of thousands of Chinese refugees had created great problems of course, especially in housing. The government did whatever they could, but their funds are limited, due to the low taxation. Here, private enterprise did better. Huge tenement houses were erected into which the refugees crowded and paid their rent with the money earned in privately owned factories. It was mutual prosperity which solved many problems, not charity, and not government handouts. And so the years went by from 1946 to 1962. I lived and worked in Sydney, and had no personal friends in Hong Kong. I read of course all the articles and reports I saw in the press, and I could vividly see it all, because it was the same story I had seen in Shanghai. And suddenly, I read about the Kadoorie Brothers in an article which appeared in the American magazine TIME.

It is difficult for me to recognize how that article came about. TIME brings in every issue one or two great business success stories. May be, the successful businessmen instigate the TIME reporter to write about them. In America, and in other prosperous countries it is a sign of great success, a status symbol (as it is now called) to get a write-up in TIME. Those businessmen had paid their lawful taxes, and had published their companies' balance sheets as provided by law. They take great pride to see their pictures in TIME and to read of their success. But it is another matter for businessmen in Hong Kong. There, every rich man lives on the brink of disaster which may come overnight, be it a great robbery, a kidnap and a great ransom, or other threats from the hundreds of thousands of paupers in the city, not to forget the greatest pauper of them all, Communist China which could make all rich men of Hong Kong paupers overnight, and corpses too. In countries, where it is a great hazard to be a rich man, publicity about these personal riches is deadly. And rich men in such countries shun such publicity like they shun the devil. In fact, they pay out favours to journalists not to write about them.

Be that as it may, the fact was that such a business success story appeared in TIME about the Kadoorie Brothers. They were reticent in Shanghai. Why are they now shouting their riches from the roof tops? I believe they had no control over the TIME reporter who wrote the story, because it contained one sentence which must have jarred the nerves of the Kadoorie Brothers. It said that not the Chinese, but the Kadoories are the richest men in Hong Kong. And imagine that all the riches of Hong Kong are obtained from and through Chinese people. It's deadly, and the Kadoorie Brothers knew it.

The trouble with most TIME articles is that the editors know what people want to read. They are of course for the American way of life, that is for freedom of the individual, freedom of speech, the rights of man, and all that. Hence, they are anti-communist, and anti-dictators wherever they appear. But at the same time, they realize that all is not well in the so-called "free" countries, and this means the United States in the first place. They know that there are millions of Americans and of other "free" nationals, who realize the ills of our democracies. Hence, they must also write for them, in order to gain their readership. If they report of some good deeds of some capitalist goodies, they must add a few words which deprecate them. If they caress with one hand, they must slap with the other. This is called in journalistic jargon: "Slanting both ways." And so, the TIME reporter, reported truthfully about the Kadoorie Brothers, the two sons of the Jewish multimillionaire, who was knighted in 1926 for his philanthropic ventures. He reported that his sons were now doing the same thing about the Chinese refugees in Hong Kong. But having slanted one way, he had to slant a little bit the other way too. Nobody likes to read about very rich people, nobody who himself is anything but rich.

Apparently (as I see it) the Kadoorie Brothers were much perturbed about the TIME article, and they had to do something about it. Another article appeared by a Mr. Clarence W. Hall in the "Christian Herald", of all papers to write about Jewish good capitalists. But apparently (as I see it) the article in the Christian Herald had a very definite purpose. No sooner did it appear in May 1963, than a condensation of it appeared in The Readers Digest under the remarkable title "The Remarkable Kadoorie Brothers of Hong Kong." This condensation was in the true Readers Digest fashion. Every issue of the Readers Digest contains at least one article about some rich industrialist in America, or Spain, or Italy, or other pauperized countries, showing this valiant man doing better than his democratic or non-democratic government in fighting poverty and the threat of communism - and no "slanting both ways" as TIME does. In the Readers Digest article, the remarkable free enterpriser is slanted only one way, the good way. And to make this doubly sure, the condensation about the Remarkable Kadoorie Brothers ends with a statement by the Kadoorie Brothers quoting Edmund Burke: "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing."

The "good men" are the Kadoorie Brothers, and they lost no time to order reprints from the Readers Digest. And they sent me such a reprint, because I sent them the page from TIME about them. But I also sent them something else, and this will be the subject of these last pages.

There are many millions of people in the world who have become cynics by force. In schools, their teachers told them about the honest way to riches. In the churches their preachers told them about the honest way to heaven. But the newspapers tell them every day quite another story, namely that the ruthless succeed and the meek are trampled under. Wherever they look there is terrible injustice meted out by the rich to the poor. Hence, they become cynics, and refuse to believe that it is worthwhile to work for humanity, and for a better future of a better mankind. Only idiots, and idealists are thinking that it is worthwhile to work for this. And apparently I am such an idiot, because since my boyhood I dreamed of just this: to become a benefactor of humanity, not by handing out hand-outs and alms to the poor, but by giving mankind some new idea, some new tool, some new invention which could help humanity to a better life and a better future. I never thought of making much money. I always thought of some idealistic goal. And I am glad that I have achieved what I had striven for. My semantography could help mankind in more than one way. It could help people to a better understanding across the barriers of language. And it could help people to understand the fallacies in words by which ruthless men try to enslave them.

But when I had concluded my great work, and had laid it down in three large volumes, I found that I could not go one step further. In order to bring this new tool to humanity, I had to use publicity, and this cost much money. Soon all my approaches to publishers made me realize that they won't sink their money in ventures like mine, which could only spell financial failure. With publishers crime does pay, and they print crime stories by the billion. There is no use for people crying out that all these crime stories begot crime only. The publishers point to the great writers of all ages, including the writers of the Bible. All those great men became great by writing about crimes, low crimes and high crimes committed by the highest in the lands, by the kings and by the emperors who murdered each other and whole populations. As my Semantography had nothing to do with crime, I could not find a publisher anywhere.

Therefore I began to approach scientific and educational foundations for a publication grant. And when the officers of these foundations refused to give money to someone who is not on the staff of a university, when they feared that they are endangering their plush job by supporting me, I had to turn to the men who gave the money for those charitable and educational foundations. Most of the foregoing pages are filled with my stories as to how and why money was refused to me. But, being an incorrigible optimist I still believed that one day my work could catch the fancy of a man of means and then all my publication troubles will be over. And so, I consoled myself with the thought that I can't get money anywhere in the West, because the West considers the writing of the Far East as the peak of backwardness. Anyone who sees some good in it, is a fool.

But people who lived in the Far East did not consider me a fool. On the contrary. They were fascinated by my work, and they supported it and encouraged it. And so, deep in my heart, I nurtured the hope that one day I would meet just such a man, a rich man who is a philanthrope, a lover of mankind, and who would realize the worth of my work, and support it lavishly. And this day came about when I read in TIME about the Kadoorie Brothers, and how they spend millions for the resettlement of the Chinese refugees from the mainland. At once, I was determined to write to them. But I realized too that a short letter might not reach them at all. Rich men have their secretaries, and one of the jobs of these secretaries is to sort out all the begging letters which arrive by the hundreds in the mail. Usually these letters tell of some hard luck story, of some family misfortune, of some illness and the need for an operation, etc. etc. Such letters are dealt with summarily by the secretaries. They have learned that their master wants to give away money with the proper publicity. And small beggars don't tell. Now, what would one of those secretaries think if he opens my letter? No story of hardship, illness, and hard luck. Instead, money for publicity is wanted. For what? For a picture writing, of all things. And without further thought, my letter would go into the wastepaper basket. May be, I would get a short answer with some short phrases.

This has happened in the past, and I thought of a new approach which would make it simply impossible for a secretary to throw away my letter. Thus I conceived the idea of a souvenir album for the Kadoorie Brothers, an album depicting step by step the evolution of my idea, but not in words of my own. I have found that people are doubtful about the achievement of a person, until they read his praise as written by others. And so I selected mostly printed matter about myself and my semantography, and began to tell my story in cuts of newspaper articles from papers in Shanghai, and papers in Sydney. I added some printed issues of my semantography series, and introduced each page with a few words written on the paper on to which I pasted the printed stories about me and my work. I had to use a very large paper size 11 inch by 14 inch to accomodate large printed articles. All in all I made up 37 of such large sheets of paper, and it took me some months to put all together and to inscribe it properly. And when it was all done I gave it to my bookbinder who made an impressive bound volume clothed in navy blue linen and bearing the following words in gold letters on the cover

The Story

of a Chinese Achievement

and a Jewish Refugee in Shanghai

and in the lower right corner

Dedicated in Gratitude to

Messrs. Lawrence and Horace Kadoorie

The gratitude was really and truly meant. The reader of the foregoing pages will remember that I had not one bad word for the work of the Kadoorie Brothers in Shanghai. I accused there many members of the Russian and European Jewish community but I had nothing but praise for the school which the Kadoories built for the children of the Jewish refugees. I had lectured myself in the evening there, and I had always appreciated this work. Indeed, when I think back of all the philanthropic deeds for the Jewish refugees of Shanghai, the Kadoorie school stands out as a real and most beneficial achievement. I have seen many times the children going into the classes, or playing in the lawn-covered campus which was surrounded by the school buildings. In other words, I felt gratitude and I said so in my souvenir album. I felt gratitude for the Kadoories on behalf of the children and their parents.

And then I sat down and spent a number of hours in calligraphing slowly and carefully letter by letter and word by word in my own handwriting, but looking as it was printed, my plea to the Kadoorie Brothers. And here is the text of my dedication on the first page:

To Messrs. Lawrence and Horace Kadoorie

Dedicated in Gratitude
in the names of the many Jewish refugees whom you
helped so greatly and generously during the war
years in Shanghai

by C. K. Bliss

who asks you to look kindly through these pages
and to respond to the plea on the following
and the last pages.

April 1963

And here is the text of my plea on the second page:

This is the Story of a Jewish refugee - a research chemist from Vienna - who went through the horrors of Dachau and Buchenwald and then fled to Shanghai where he found a haven with his wife.

In Vienna, Bliss was hampered by scientific publications in too many languages. He thought of a way to bridge languages, but he realized that professors and plain people alike, don't like to learn a foreign language like Esperanto or others. But they all can read the symbols $1 + 2 = 3$ in any of the many mothertongues of mankind.

In China, Bliss saw a symbol writing at work, though cumbersome and complicated. Then he realized that the same idea has been used in the West in the road warning signs. This ideograph /' means a CURVE TO THE RIGHT in all languages. Then he read the prophecy of the sinologist Prof. Sir Basil Hall Chamberlain who wrote:

"Ideographic Writing will surely achieve the final Victory over phonetic Writing"

Bliss set to the task and developed a modern simple symbol writing, using less than 100 basic symbol elements, which can be typed on an ordinary typewriter, in which the capital letters only are replaced by symbol lines, Bliss' endeavours are illustrated in the following pages.

What is needed now are philanthropic visionaries, who will donate Bliss' books to the most important 1000 libraries of the world, so that other visionaries shall make this unifying

"One Writing for One World"
a reality.

I approach you, dear Messrs. Kadoorie with the plea that You should become these Benefactors of Mankind.

I thank you in anticipation

Yours sincerely

C.K.Bliss

And on the last three pages I pasted the two issues of the semantography series (No. 52 and 157) both showing the picture of Bertrand Russell and his plea that

"spending money on the publication of Bliss' work means performing an important service to mankind"
and I continued:

"I applied and appealed for publication grants to foundations, universities and wealthy men in America and elsewhere. I was told that grants are given only to faculty members for subjects taught at universities. Besides, all Western people believe that the Chinese idea of writing in symbols is "backward" - in spite of the success of mathematical symbols and road warning signs now installed

all over the world, which can be read in all languages.

Therefore - You, dear Messrs. Lawrence and Horace Kadoorie, who know of Chinese arts and achievements, You will recognize the value of my work for the generations to come. Therefore, I appeal to you to donate - with your Names as donors on every book cover - to 1000 libraries in all countries the 7 Volumes on Semantography so that future visionaries shall make this world-unifying

"One Writing for One World"

a reality, and thus commemorating Your Names of Kadoorie as Benefactors of Mankind.

I thank you in anticipation

Yours sincerely

C.K.Bliss

Sydney, April 1963

Besides spending many hours on the compilation of this large souvenir album, I spent some pounds for the binding and the gold lettering on the cover, and more pounds on the heavy airmail fee - and sent it off with great hopes that, may be, this time my hopes will be fulfilled, and the Kadoories will help my work along. To make doubly sure, I also despatched by separate airmail the following letter, including a copy of it in the parcel.

Sydney 14th May 1963

Messrs. Lawrence and Horace Kadoorie
H o n g K o n g

Dear Messrs. Kadoorie,

It was a pleasant surprise to read about you in the attached article in TIME, and to hear that you are doing well, and continuing with your humanitarian philanthropies. I met one of you in your Kadoorie School for Jewish refugees in Hongkew, where I lived with my wife as refugees from Vienna. You may be interested to hear that my study of Chinese art and culture has given my life a new purpose, and I believe has given humanity a new medium of communication across all language barriers.

Knowing that you are very much interested in all human endeavours for the betterment of mankind, allow me to present to you the attached album as a small token of gratitude which you have earned from myself and the many thousands of Jewish refugees in Shanghai. Alas, my good wife can join me only in spirit. To my intense sorrow, she passed away 2 years ago.

I am a graduate of the Vienna University of Technology, but also a graduate of Dachau and Buchenwald, and also the Japanese "segregation area" of Hongkew. In Vienna, I was director of the patent department of a large firm, and I realized the great handicap in science, industry, and commerce, which is caused by the many languages of mankind. I realized also that learned men and laymen alike, are reluctant to learn foreign languages, including Esperanto. But everybody can learn and read the ideographs $1 + 2 = 3$ in any of the many mother tongues of mankind.

When I arrived in Shanghai in 1940 I saw in amazement an ideographic writing at work, though cumbersome and complicated. Then I read the prophecy of the sinologist Sir Basil Hall Chamberlain who wrote:

"Ideographic Writing will surely achieve the final Victory over phonetic Writing." This prophecy has come true already in the symbols of mathematics, chemistry, electronics, and on the motorways of the world. This arrow $\nearrow$ means a CURVE TO THE RIGHT in all languages.

Inspired by this Chinese achievement, I set to the task to develop a modern, simple and scientifically sound symbol writing. I gave a series of lectures to the Jewish, Chinese, and Foreign Communities of Shanghai. Incredible as it seems, I need only 100 symbol elements, which can be further simplified to about 30 symbol lines, which can be accommodated on an ordinary typewriter, by replacing the capital letters only. The small letters remain for ordinary correspondence and for international words, etc. More important however, is the fact that my system of writing follows closely English so that the student of my writing can easily proceed to learn the corresponding English words. Thus English can become the real

language, the international language of mankind, and those people who cannot yet read it, can nevertheless read the symbols in their own language. However, it must be understood, that my writing shall only be an auxiliary writing, where understanding across all languages is needed, as it is often in science, industry, commerce and other human activities.

We arrived in Australia in 1946, where I wrote my 3 books on Semantography (from Greek *semantikos*, significant meaning, and *graphein* to write). I gave also lectures at the University of Sydney, and the University of Technology of New South Wales. A number of great scholars supported my work, and Lord Bertrand Russell wrote:

"Any man or men who will spend the money necessary to get your work printed will, in my opinion, be performing an important service to mankind."

However, publishers pointed out to me that my work is not yet a textbook for schools, and that they would lose money propagating an idea which might take many years until the educational authorities of the world have accepted it. I also found that scientific foundations and university presses are overrun by professors, who ask for publication grants for their work already carried out in universities. Undunted by these setbacks, I mimeographed my 3 books and offered 100 copies to university libraries. Today, my writing encompasses 6 volumes (see p. 32 and 33 of the album), and all my 100 copies have been taken up by university libraries. I have some other manuscripts still to be incorporated in a 7th volume.

But 100 copies are not enough. At least 1000 copies of my work should be distributed to the most important school, university, and public libraries of all countries, so that future researchers can go forth where I left off. One day the authorities of the world will realize that the success of motor warning signs can be repeated in other fields. Then they will find my volumes, and complete system. It is a fact that it takes many years until a new idea is accepted. Usually, the originator is already dead. I am now 66 years of age. I shall not see the fruits of my labour.

You are both great philanthropes. Could I hope that you would donate under your name as benefactor 1000 copies of my work to the great libraries of the world? You have given many millions to feed and educate people. Here, however, is something more: a monument to your names as visionaries of a new mankind. People of the West who don't know of the advantages of Chinese script, are usually doubtful. But you are living in the East. You know that many sinologists are of the opinion, that the main unifying factor, which has unified different tribes, ~~speaking~~ different dialects and languages, into the largest nation on earth, is the Chinese ideographic script. Sinologists too believe that a European nation would have been a reality centuries ago, if all the nations of Europe had an ideographic script in which all the books and papers would be printed, though everyone can read them in his mother tongue.

If you are favourably inclined to my suggestion and plea, I would send you my 3 volumes, and the volumes of my Semantography Series, and would also send you an estimate of the cost, which your representative in Australia could examine. The cost of mailing alone would be about £ 2000, so all in all, about £ 10,000 would be necessary. Of this money, not one penny should be given to me. Everything should go to the printer, the bookbinder, and the mailing. And every book which goes out into all the countries of the world, should bear your name as benefactor and visionary.

Hoping that my appeal to you will fall on good ears, and will have your favourable consideration, I remain, thanking you for giving me your valuable time in studying my proposal,

Yours sincerely

C.K.Bliss

I sent this letter and the parcel off by airmail on the 14th May 1963, and sat back, hoping for a favourable answer. I got it only two months later, but this was because Messrs Kadoorie had sent their answer by ordinary ship mail. Why not an airletter? Because it would have cost too much - not the letter itself but the airmail fee for the parcel: THEY RETURNED MY SOUVENIR ALBUM though it was a gift to them, bearing their names in gold letters on the cover, a gift given in gratitude for what they had done to us refugees in Shanghai.

I cannot describe the disappointment and the downheartedness which followed. I had gone through similar disappointments in the past, but this time it was as if my last hope has failed. I shall not have the strength to approach anyone else with a similar plea in support of my work. To this came the fact that the second anniversary of the death of my Claire was only a few days ahead, and I was already in the throes of deep unhappiness and sorrow. Somehow, my work on Semantography is keeping me alive these lonely years, because I see no value and no use of continuing my lonely life without her, unless I can see that our brainchild is growing. Now I had to mourn the death of all hopes, because the Kadoories were my last hope. Time and again I read their letter, written by Lawrence Kadoorie (or perhaps by one of his secretaries). I cannot reprint it here, unless I get his permission to do so. Should I get it, I shall retype this page. As I do not want to infringe the copyright I can only give herebelow an outline of the content of this letter.

It begins with a thank for my letter and the finely bound volume which I have dedicated to them in kindness. Both brothers have read it through carefully.

They admit that my idea of 100 symbol elements is interesting and constructive. They informed me that International Business Machine Corporation has brought on to the market a new typewriter "the Golf Ball Machine" in which a small sphere contains all the types, and swings them in front of the typing paper whenever one typebar (of the usual arrangement as in all typewriters) is pressed down. This small sphere can be easily exchanged against another sphere bearing the same alphabet etc. but of a different type. Thus, various types can be printed, and they think that one such sphere could accomodate my symbols. They include the IBM catalog about this typewriter.

However, they are unable to help me in publishing my "language." They have many commitments, and their work is concentrated on minimising the sufferings of the poorest in the community by giving them opportunities to make a living and to feel happy and useful.

I should not think that their refusal to help me has any bearing on the value of my work. They are convinced that my books are interesting, but they feel my work is ahead of its time, and it will be difficult to convince others.

They return the bound "document" which I presented to them, because it contains original documents which might be valuable for me.

They said in the last paragraph that they are not happy about the type of publicity they received in TIME, because it is not exact, and it is exaggerated. They are sending me a better article which appeared in Readers Digest.

So far their letter. Now, I have heard that story time and again, that my work is "ahead of my time". True enough, but so is the work of any innovator who comes forth with a new idea, unheard of in his time. This is the reason why I appeal to people to have the vision and see ahead of our time, and realize the practicability and possibility for the realization of my idea. This argument is no excuse.

But what hurt me most was the return of my souvenir album. There was no need to do this. This was similar to a slap in my face, and to a kick. Even a beggar would feel hurt being treated like this. They could have responded graciously. They could have sent me a book in return, say a new book about Chinese art and culture, or perhaps a book about the Chinese way of writing, or any other book. They could have given me an order for a set of volumes on my semantography for their private library, or for the library of Hong Kong. Or they could have gone to the lowest answer to a gift, and could have sent me a cheque for say £ 10 in order to reimburse me for the money spent on the compilation and on the binding and gold-lettering and lastly on the heavy airmail fee. It would have been a gracious ending to a lost hope. But to act like this, to toss my personal gift back in my face, this was a cruel thing to do. Right now, when I am writing these lines, my feelings of hurt which I have suffered more than half a year ago are coming back, and are not less painful. Throughout these bygone months I set down many a time to compose an answer to the Kadoories. But I gave up every time. I felt sure that this time their secretary would not show them my letter. And so, another idea took hold of me. For a long time I wanted to record my experiences with Jewish philanthropes. I thought of making an issue of my semantography series by writing of my experiences. After all, my Semantography Series bears the sub-title "The Story of the Struggle for Semantography." How much have I struggled in my approaches to Jewish philanthropes! And this is how this long issue came about.

And here is my last letter to end my last hope for help from a Jewish philanthrop.

Sir Elly Kadoorie & Sons
St. George Building
Hong Kong

Sydney 11th February
1964

Your letter LK:et of 31st May 1963

Dear Messrs. Lawrence and Horace Kadoorie,

It took me 8 terrible months to overcome my bitter disappointment when you turned down my plea for support of my work for mankind, and when you returned even my souvenir album dedicated to you. Now, I ask you as a last wish to read this last letter to you, because it will be read in libraries all over the world when we all three will be long dead. This also explains its length.

Following a spate of publicity about your generosity towards Chinese ("any needy person can apply, none is turned away"), I, an old man, and not in need of anything, dared to apply to you in the name of needy mankind, badly in need of common understanding. I quoted to you the appeal of Lord Bertrand Russell to all good men. He said that financial support for the printing of my work means "performing an important service to mankind."

In previous years, I have appealed to other philanthropes. It was in vain, and I believed that they think, as people in the West usually think, that Chinese writing is utterly backward. They don't know whatever about the principle of Chinese script, and that it was the main unifying factor in forming different tribes of different languages into the largest nation on earth. But you know. And therefore, my hopes were high when I appealed to you to help publicising a new medium for unifying the whole of mankind in common understanding.

In Shanghai I had lectured in your school, and in thankfulness I compiled a souvenir album from newspaper cuts and printed papers, had it finely bound and had the gold letters printed on the cover saying (and meaning it)

Dedicated in Gratitude to
Messrs. Lawrence and Horace Kadoorie

I was prepared that you will decline support of my work, because my ideas (as you wrote) "may be in advance of the times and consequently difficult to put over". But this is the case with every new idea. It needs philanthropic visionaries who can recognize its future value for mankind. That's why I wrote to you, hoping that you will have that vision.

But even if you decline your support, I felt sure that you will graciously accept my souvenir album for your private library. It has no market value and it has only a value for you. In return I hoped that you will order my books on Semantography for your, or the public library of Hong Kong. Or, you could have done what is the common procedure among gentlemen and gentle people in such cases: send me a nice book about Chinese art or something else in return.

But I was utterly unprepared for the insult you have inflicted upon me, when you felt it right to toss my souvebir album back into my face. I felt hurt and outraged. I felt that such things are simply "not done" among gentlemen, who aspire to the highest honour, to be knighted by our gracious Majesty, our Queen.

Your semantic subterfuge for returning my album, because it is in your own words a "document" containing "original papers of considerable value" to me, is simply not true. You and everyone else could see that there is not one "original document" in it, only newspaper cuts and printed papers of which I still have hundreds of copies. I would have sent to you original documents in photostat copies only in order to prove to you that my work has the solid support of eminent scholars, and that it is worthy of your support. This is said in the papers and newspaper cuts which I sent to you in the souvenir album.

What shall I do now with this album "Dedicated in Gratitude to the Kadoorie Brothers"? I will dedicate it to the British Museum as a document of our time, together with an explanatory brochure (see below). Great libraries around the world have acquired my volumes on Semantography and the issues of my Semantography Series, and have even given a standing order for future issues of this Series, which contains all articles and lectures, controversies and correspondences in the struggle for recognition of this world-embracing idea. For a long time I wanted to write an issue of my 21 years long approaches to philanthropes the

the world over. But none of them, be they Jews or Christians, have offended me as much as you did.

I have now written this story in over 25,000 words, and I am sending you by surface mail

Semantography Series No. 213

Semantography and Jewish Philanthropes, the Kadoorie Brothers and Others.

This issue is a study of the semantic implications of the Greek word *philos* and *anthropos*. It shows that rich men cannot be "lovers of humanity". They have obtained their riches from humanity by driving hard bargains, and now they have to be hard to the hordes of beggars who pester them for almons, and who more than often get a kick only.

Now, in our time, the taxation commissioner has changed all this. He takes away in excess taxes most of the excess earnings of the rich men, but he allows graciously that they become "lovers of humanity", because gifts for charitable and educational purposes are tax deductions. But here again, the rich man wants to drive another hard bargain. To be called a "philanthrop" or even a "honorary doctor of letters" is not enough. He wants to become an aristocrat in the bargain. All the letters behind his name are nothing against the three letter word before his name. "Arise Sir Salamon!" that's what he wants to hear.

Knights are made by the dozens each year. A few are cricketers and jockeys. Most are noneties. Some became a Sir, because they paid heavily into the party funds of the prevailing party in power. The late Lloyd George and Bonar Law have developed this gentle persuasion to a fine art, as it is well known in England.

You have done much for the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. You have helped with the refugee problem, and you have helped Hong Kong to a better name in the world. You should have been knighted years ago. There is only one explanation. You must have enemies high up and low down. Surely, you don't deceive yourself in your help for the Chinese refugees. Surely, you don't think that your lives will be spared when, according to the propagandists in the Bank of China building "the final reckoning will come for all the colonial capitalists and exploiters of the Chinese masses," according to Marx and Mao. And it may come overnight.

And this brings me to an aspect of my work, which is contained in my souvenir album for you. It is something unheard of in any language. It is, according to a journal "the greatest step forward since language and writing was invented by man." My symbols contain a simple symbolic logic, so simple that even children can learn to recognize the falsehoods and fallacies in the words of demagogues and dictators. On page 35 of the souvenir album you must have seen Semantography Series No. 157 which contains the following paragraph:

WHAT SEMANTOGRAPHY IS NOT

"It is not a new Esperanto. It is not a picture language. Esperanto needs translation like any other language. Semantography is readable in any mother tongue. You can write in Esperanto, or in any other language

"The Democratic People's Republic of Communist China"

But if you write this in Semantography, it becomes as nonsensical as $3 = 1$.

And this brings me to my question to you: You have given so much for food for the bellies of young Chinese. But what about the food for their brains? This "food" they get from Peking, and I have seen it here with the young Chinese in Sydney, and even with the young Australian communists. And what you can see in Hong Kong, and I in Sydney, is repeated all over the world. We spend billions on the defences of our cities, but not a single penny on the defences of the minds of our citizens. Here, the communists have breached our mental defences so much that there are millions of people in the free countries who cannot wait for the day when the Red Armies of Liberation will create the United Communist States of America, the British Communist Commonwealth of Nations, and the rest. My symbolic logic is so far the only weapon yet devised to counteract that terrible threat of world enslavement by the communist dictators. And now? To answer this question, let me quote you from the Readers Digest, where you quoted Edmund Burke: "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing." But you did something. You rejected my plea and tossed back my album. I am now negotiating a loan to bring my books, and my series, including issue no 213 and this letter into the libraries of the world, which haven't got them yet. My souvenir album will go into the British Museum. That's where it belongs.

Yours sincerely hurt

C.K. Bliss, B.Sc.