



ETHICS, CLAIRE AND CARL

First Draft Manuscript, written in the years of desolation after
Claire's Death in 1961 (finally typed and printed in 1967)

In the days, months, and years after Claire's death I tried to keep alive somehow by occupying myself somehow. First I wrote "In Memory of Claire" the story of our life together. It gave me some consolation. I remembered the many happy years with Claire. In re-living our life together, I counted my blessings of the past, and realized that I was extremely lucky having found such a wonderful creature as my life companion.

Afterwards, I tried to write a story about Claire and myself, and about my findings on the meaning of "Life" and "Ethics". In a way, all these notes were recollections of what I had written before in my 3 volumes on "Semantography", then in "Semantography and the ultimate Meanings of Mankind" (Semantography Series No. 120 and following numbers), and mainly in "In Search of a logical God" (Semantography Series No. 202). At first, I titled it "Claire and Carl", then "A Creature called Claire".

Then I discarded this first draft and began a second draft, which forms the next issue No. 217. I didn't finish both manuscripts. All this writing reflects my agony and desolation about the loss of Claire, and also my bitter realization that I had also lost all hopes of ever finding recognition during my life time.

Now the time is 1967 and I am in my 70th year. The outlook is a little brighter because the organisations in the travel industry have realized that pictorial symbols are the only solution to overcome the language barrier for the international travellers. However, they refuse me recognition, believing that they need only a few symbols, and not my complete symbol system.

Nevertheless I am of good cheer, believing now that one day the value of my work will be recognized. I don't want therefore to throw these draft manuscripts into the wastepaper basket. At present an American publishing firm is bringing out a book SIGNS AND SYMBOLS AROUND THE WORLD written by Elizabeth Helfman, and it contains a large chapter on my symbols. I believe therefore that one day someone will use these manuscripts to write a comprehensive story about my work, about Claire and about myself. To this future author these pages are dedicated.

To the Reader

F E W read what I write. Fewer still agree with it. But if this manuscript is kept for quite a time, say a hundred years and longer, then the children's children may discover in it what will be said by later generations, namely that:

This 20th century is the Age of scientific Chaos, in which the theory of chaotic chance creation by the survival of the fittest has brought chaos, mass murder and mass destruction upon mankind.

A Creature like Claire is then, according to modern mutation theories, nothing but a fortuitous biological accident, a genetic freak with an ethical streak. Such animals don't exist usually in our "dog eats dog" world.

But don't they? And do dogs ever kill and eat dogs, as human beings sometimes do?

What do YOU think?

The eternal Cry: Why?

Since primitive men and women began to form thoughts, and to realize their living, suffering and dying, a cry has risen in woes and wails: W H Y ? And now in our time, when our suffering and our dying has been multiplied millions of time, we demand an answer to our cry:

Why do we live? Why do we die?
Why do we suffer endlessly, why?

Why are the innocents punished with misery?

Why do the wicked wax wealthy in luxury?

Why?

Why each for himself, and not for another?

Why do we fight wars and massacre each other?

Why?

Any why is a GOD of Justice and Mercy

Without any justice, without any mercy?

Why let HE HIS children so suffer and cry:

Why?

W H Y ?, we ask the priests and the rabbis. But they tell us that we are not clever enough to understand God's inscrutable will and way. God doesn't exist, we say. But they tell us to pray - and to pay.

W H Y ?, we ask our scholars and scientists. They are the experts. They know all the answers from the inner space of universities to the outer space of the Universe. They must know. What do they know?

From Reiser to Socrates

My friend Professor Oliver L. Reiser of Pittsburgh University, an eminent philosopher and scientist, is a scholarly rebel like I am one. In his monumental work "The Integration of Human Knowledge" (Porter Sargent, Boston) he refers to me and my work a number of times. And in this book he points to "the tragic impasse as this is revealed in the shortcomings of science, religion, and philosophy." Their fundamental theories are all bankrupt. And then he sums up our "Knowledge" and all our ignorance in these questions:

"What is man? Is he a 'machine?' Or is he a creature with an immortal soul?"

"What kind of universe is it that man inhabits? Is it governed by rigid causal connections? Or by 'chance?'"

"Is there meaning and purpose within the cosmic processes?"

"What is man's place in nature? Is he here by accident or by design?"

And so we are back where we started when we asked W H Y ? Back to Socrates who said that "I know, that I don't know". Back to Reiser who said (what is said in and out of all the universities): "A scientist is a specialist who knows more and more about less and less, until he knows almost everything about almost nothing." And we are asked to pay for all this.

Kant and the University Idiots

The great philosopher Immanuel Kant used to say that the universities are producing more idiots than all other institutions. I too went to the university, and graduated in record time in the faculty of chemistry as a brilliant idiot. Though I dared to doubt their theories, I repeated them faithfully at the examinations, and I believed in them in later life. But what is Life?

LIFE is, according to our scientists, the result of chaotic haphazard happenstance collisions of atoms and molecules without any design, aim, sense or purpose, just by the "law of statistical frequency occurrences." This chaotic hit and miss of molecules resulted in all sorts of fancy freaks as seen in our zoos and aquariums. The culmination of this Evolution by Natural Selection is then the freakiest farce of all: Man the Murderer, who gets a meritorious medal for killing his fellowman. It's Survival of the Fittest, our scientists say.

Paley and Claire

A contemporary of Kant was the philosopher Paley. He used to say that when you find something so wonderfully constructed as a ticking watch, you cannot say it has made itself by sheer hit and miss of metal molecules and springs.

I thought of Paley when I sat, watch in hand, worries in my heart, in anxious nights listening to the ticking of the living clock in Claire's body. I realized that her worries for me, when I was in Dachau and Buchenwald, had grievously wounded her heart, and I felt how her molecules and cells are fighting a desperate battle to keep her alive.

And then a day came when the cells that formed her valiant heart couldn't go on any longer. Suddenly there was a deadly and frightening silence. All the atoms

and molecules that formed the sweet and warm body of Claire were all still there, but something had gone out of them. What was it? Her soul, her life, her breath, her anima?

The Heart and I.

When I was a young man, I saw a fantastic film, the creation of an embryo in a chicken egg. And there I saw it happen! Mysteriously, the molecules which formed the heart began to tick once, twice, and then continuously until all molecules had assembled themselves into a living fuselage with featherlight wings, formed to the finest aerodynamic design of a living aeroplane equipped with thousands of fine feathers, operated by mechanical muscles, triggered by electric nerve wires, which also operated fantastic television eyes, microphone ears, chemical power plants, etc. etc., and all "built by itself" with astonishing design, aim, sense and purpose. For me, the chemical engineer, it was wonder upon wonder. Here I saw the mysterious miracle of a marvellous machine which constructed itself by sheer magic.

But to the scientists, it's no magic at all. It's natural, they say. It's natural selection, they say. But what means "natural?" To me, it's "supernatural". And what means "natural selection?"

Language and I

When I was a boy I hated grammar and the idiotic "laws of language" so different from the ingenious "laws of nature." Only in later life, when I began to wrestle with the idiocies in all languages, only then did I realize that the verb to select is meaningless without the noun of the selector and the noun of the selectee. But WHAT selects What to form Life?

This question doesn't bother the scientists. They don't realize that once they turn the verb to select into the verbal noun selection, they can use this word as if it denotes a natural force of its own. And so they say that Selection does this, and Selection does that, and it's all natural. And so they befuddle us and themselves with words.

Here we can see how words can pervert our thoughts, thanks to the linguistic idiots in the schools and universities who pester all pupils with the idiocies of formal grammar instead of teaching them Semantics, which means in Greek the significant meaning of words and their influence on our thoughts and behaviour.

Leibnitz and Language

Three hundred years ago, there lived the great philosopher and mathematician Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz. He failed in his examinations at the University of Leipzig. He paid with his own money for the printing of the few books which appeared during his life-time. All his other writings are still packed in boxes in the basement of the Royal Library of Hannover. He is known for his invention of the infinitesimal calculus, but not for his most ambitious dream: a Symbolis Universalis.

Leibnitz became fascinated by tales from China where the people use a different mode of writing, truer to life than alphabetical writing. He began to speculate about the advantages of universal symbols, which children can learn to operate as they do with the symbols of mathematics. Such a Universal Symbolism would have two tremendous advantages. It could be read like $1 + 2 = 3$ in all languages without translation, and it could expose lies in thought like $1 + 2 = 4$. He stressed that this new logical writing should be used in addition to ordinary writing, and that the symbols should be pictorial.

Leibnitz' Prophecy

In his book "New Essays concerning Human Understanding" he prophesied that

"This Universal Symbolism would guide the mind as do the lines drawn in geometry, and the formulas for operation in arithmetic."

"This would be of service for easy communication with distant nations, but if introduced also among us without however renouncing ordinary writing, would be useful in giving thoughts less absurd and verbal than we now have."

"I think these thoughts will some day be carried out, so agreeable appears to me this writing for increasing the perfection of our mind and rendering our conceptions more real."

But for three hundred years, the universities remained true to the dictum of Kant. They considered Leibnitz' prophecy a mere philosopher's speculation impossible to realize. And impossible means impossible in any language.

In 1922, C.K. Ogden and I.A. Richards of Cambridge wrote in "The Meaning of Meaning"

"This speculation still remains where Leibnitz left it."

C l a i r e a n d I c o m e t o S h a n g h a i

Leibnitz heard only about the Chinese way of writing. But Claire and I came to China and saw it. In the Claire Memorial Booklet I told how Claire rescued me from the German concentration camps, and how we came to Shanghai, only to go into the Japanese segregation ghetto of Hongkew. Like Leibnitz I too was fascinated by the Chinese way of writing, and I thought the same thoughts as Leibnitz did 300 years ago.

And in 1951 Professor Oliver L. Reiser proclaimed to the American Association for the Advancement of Science

"Bliss realized the ambition of the great mathematician Leibnitz."

But what was considered impossible for 300 years by the universities must still be impossible. Why then did I start on this impossible task?

M y M o t h e r a n d I

My good mother was a poetical woman. She read to me, and made me recite the wonderful words in the freedom plays of Friedrich Schiller. And the burning desire arose in me to think new thoughts which could inspire and help mankind.

And there we sat, Claire and I, evening after evening in the dismal Shanghai ghetto, trying to find the true meaning of many words, trying to find universal symbols truer in meaning than the alphabetical jumbles of letters as in L-i-f-e, L-e-b-e-n, V-i-e, V-i-t-a, etc. What do we mean by Life, by Matter and Energy, by Space and Time, by Stars and the Universe, and by thousands of other words which contain hidden and mysterious meanings?

S o c r a t e s a n d S e m a n t i c s

Suddenly I found myself in the footsteps of Socrates. He did not write any books. He did not evolve any sensational theory. What he did was to ask people "What do you really mean by your words?" When he began to question the meanings in the high sounding words of the Greek elders, they condemned him to death.

Because Semantics (from the Greek word semantikos significant meaning) is the most dangerous science of all. You risk your life when you question the words of your rulers, not only in ancient Athens, medieval Madrid, or modern Moscow, but even in shabby Shanghai. No sooner had I published my first articles on semantics in a Shanghai journal than the Japanese Gestapo appeared in our room, confiscated my manuscript, and grilled me for hours. What have I done? I had not mentioned the Japanese rulers, nor any other rulers in my articles.

T h e S e m a n t i c s o f b e i n g a J e w

I had the horrors of Dachau and Buchenwald still in my bones. Why was I brought there? Because many millions of people equate the meaning of Jew with crook, swindler, evildoer. I showed in my articles that many illustrious Jews and millions of ordinary Jewish people are honest and ethical in action and thought. What we must do I said, is to crack down on the Jewish crooks in our midst, and show to the world that we mean it. There was uproar in a certain circle in the ghetto, and they denounced me to the Japanese Gestapo on charges which were found completely unfounded.

What I did not know was that certain Jewish rulers of the ghetto believed that I mean THEY. They administered the millions of dollars which American Jews sent via Switzerland "to help the needy Jews in need of help". Some of the rulers interpreted these words to mean they in the first place. Weren't they themselves "needy Jews in need of help?" And so they helped themselves. No one controlled them.

Discoveries in Australia

In 1946 we sailed for happy Australia, a land of happy, friendly people. I worked in Australian factories together with Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, Yugoslavians, etc. and Jews from all these countries. Never did I hear a word of discrimination from the real people of Australia.

And coming home from work I found myself forced to study books on all the sciences from A to Z. From Anthropology, Archeology, Astronomy, Biology, etc.etc. down to Zoology. I had to do it, in order to find the semantics, the true meanings in all those high-sounding words of our scientists.

And there and then I discovered the gigantic fraud committed in many languages by the scientists of many countries on the people of all these countries.

Socrates and the Scientists

They don't adhere to the dictum of Socrates "I know that I don't know!" They proclaim that they know. Only we are the ignorant fools, who are good enough to give them in taxes our hard-earned money.

How do they do it? They do it by language. They hide their ignorance behind a barrage of barren words which explain precisely nothing. But how do they fool us?

Latin and Language

They are confronted with totally unexplained mysteries in nature and the universe. Should they confess that they are ignorants? Hell and Heaven, we might refuse to keep them in clover.

So they form words which are Greek to all the people. These words are in fact Greek, and Latin too. And most people don't know what they possibly could mean.

The Explanation of Gravitation

"Why do stones fall?"

"Because of gravitation"

The word comes from the Latin gravis meaning heavy. If a professor would say that "Stones fall because they are heavy," he would look silly. But to speak of gravitational force, gravitational field - why, this sounds different, and explained too.

But believe me, Gravitation is still not explained, in spite of Einstein, Hoyle and the other scientists who claim all the time that they have explained it.

Language and Life

The biologists, zoologists, and the other scientists have befuddled us and themselves with the theory of mechanistic creation. According to them, all animals and human beings are nothing but 'machines' the result of collisions, combinations, mutilations and mutations of molecules without any design, aim, sense or purpose. Now ask the following question to any of them:

"Please Teacher, why do animals show logic and reason in the way they build their burrows and nests, in the way they search for food and hoard it, when they overcome the rigours of nature, when they defend themselves? Why do they show care and conscience in the way they feed and teach and protect and defend their children, and even die for them in heroic sacrifice? What makes them do it?"

To this the scientists have a ready-made answer. "Instinct does it!" they cry. The word comes from the Latin instinctus meaning Instigation. If a professor would say that "Animals are instigated by instigation," he would look extremely silly. But "Animals are motivated by instinct" sounds scientific, knowledgeable - and explained of course. But Instinct is only a word for the greatest mystery of our universe.

Locke, Language and Leibnitz

John Locke, the English philosopher (1632-1704) realized that the highbrows of Oxford and Cambridge take deliberately a devilish delight in making themselves not understood. In anger and revolt he wrote his "Essays concerning human Understanding". There he analysed the facts, the factors, and the factotums in

the factories of knowledge, who block human understanding.

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz, the German philosopher (1646-1716), was so delighted with Locke's "Essay concerning human Understanding", that he published (with his own money) his own "New Essays concerning human Understanding" as a dialogue and discourse between Locke and Leibnitz.

Leibnitz, Language and I.

There Leibnitz analysed the illogical idiocies in all languages, and there he speculated about a new Universal Symbolism, which would, like the symbols of mathematics, bridge all languages and all misunderstanding caused by words of all languages.

But the professors of the 17th century didn't listen to Locke and also to Leibnitz. In the 20th century the professors didn't listen again even to their own colleague Reiser who told them that "Bliss realized the ambition of the great mathematician Leibnitz."

So sorry to repeat myself. I want to shout it over the rooftops of the universities, if only they would hear me than. I proved it in their lecture halls to their students, but the professors didn't come to listen, in spite, or to spite my polite pleas.

Locke, Latin, and the Lord

Locke lashed out against the damned dons of his time. He cried:

"They Latin their tongue so that the people think, they speak by some sort of divine revelation."

And this was exactly their purpose: Divine Revelation. They wanted to make it known that they have their knowledge straight from the Lord. And the Lord talks Latin in all His Churches.

HE still talks Latin in thousands of Churches. And so THEY too use Latin words in all the universities and in all the highschools of humanity, in spite of, and to spite the pleas of powerless parents of helpless children. Why use simple words which everyone could understand? Because their fraud would then become a fact, visible to everyone.

Something had to be done after Locke's outcry, and something was done.

Into Prison with Professors

In Locke's time Charles the Second ruled England. And he too realized the damage done by the dons of Oxford and Cambridge. He therefore made it a punishable offence for professors "to read a paper."

Oozing boredom by oozing long-winded phrases in long-forgotten words to long-suffering listeners became a crime.

And it is a crime committed on millions of hapless and helpless young minds who then emerge in confusion from the universities with some confused knowledge of some confused words in Latin and Greek. That's wisdom, if you know what wisdom is. That's what the parents are slaving for.

The atomic Mushroom Cloud of Borium

But the dons of Charles dodged it all - and they still do it. They still read papers in a monotonous voice. Go into many lecture halls of all universities, and look at the poor devils of students. Some can't keep their eyes open, and their mouths shut when yawning - and yearning to get out of it.

But you can get out of it. Go outside and look at the sky above the university. You will see with your inner eye the atomic mushroom cloud of Borium. It's not the chemical element Borium. It's elementary Boredom. It's elementary!

Then realize the cauldron of confusion and contempt which simmers inside.

When I lectured at Sydney University, the students wrote in enthusiasm in their papers Honi Soit and Union Recorder. That was wrong, wrong by them, and wrong by me.

My Professors and I

When I came to Vienna to go to the university I had lost 4 years as a soldier

in the first world war. My father died in the war, and my mother and my younger brothers had to work hard to keep me in the university. They slept all in one room, and sublet the only other room, and even the kitchen for the night.

I wanted to become a good and fine engineer and fast too. So I had to learn hard, and fast too, and pay partially my way through the university too. I began for four weeks only to listen to their lectures. Then I left them, never to return, except for the examinations. And I graduated brilliantly in 3 years instead of the prescribed 4 years.

My Father and Helmholtz

My good father was an optician, and when I was a little boy he gave me his discarded lenses to make cardboard telescopes and cameras. Then he showed me that the eyes of our little cat and the eyes of all creatures have an automatic aperture, the iris, which opens and closes to let in only as much light as necessary to get a clear picture. From my many over and underexposed photos I knew what this means. Then he showed me that the eye has an automatic focussing device. From my many unsharp photos I knew too what this means. It was for me wonder upon wonder.

Then my father told me of the great Helmholtz, one of the greatest scientists of the 19th century. Helmholtz used to say that when an optician would deliver to him an optical apparatus as faulty as the human eye, he would send it back. I heard this in utter disbelief.

Helmholtz and Kant

Today, I still find Helmholtz' idiotic saying still quoted in scientific books. Where is the master optician who could design a pair of colour television sets which build themselves, work themselves, maintain themselves and repair (heal) themselves? And where is the master idiot who is greater than the great Helmholtz? Where? The universities abound with them, according to Kant, who cried two hundred years ago:

"How can purposive form of organisation arise without a purpose working cause? How can work full of design build itself up without a design."

But Kant cried in vain. The idiots still rule supreme. According to their theories living creatures are nothing but biological accidents, faulty 'machines' without any design, aim, sense and purpose.

In Search of the Meaning of Life

I thought of my good father, when I began a frantic search in all books on biology, trying to find an answer as to what Life really is. But the biologists talk only of biological this and biological that, and bio-logos means words about Life.

At last I found the only honest scholar Percy E. Raymond, Harvard Professor of Paleontology (the study of how life evolved on our planet). He gave me a crisp and clear answer in his book "Prehistoric Life" what Life really is. He said:

"What Life is, no one knows!"

The physiologist Du Bois-Raymond said it, safely in Latin:

"Ignoramus! Ignorabimus!"

which I translate in line with the Latin letters:

"Ignorants we are! Ignorants we shall remain!"

Carrel and the Creatures

Then I found Alexis Carrel, the famous medical biologist and Nobel prize winner. He put the ignorance of all his colleagues right into the title of his book "Man the Unknown." It became a bestseller, but it made no impact on the idiots. Why? Because Carrel was a crier in the wilderness of accepted scientific theories. Just read this saying of Carrel:

"Cells build as if they understood mathematics, chemistry and biology, and they act unselfishly for the interest of their entire community."

Consider the idiocies in this statement. How can cells ever be so clever as professors of mathematics, chemistry and biology? And how can they act

unselfishly, when they never attended lectures and sermons on ethics, moral virtues, love thy neighbour, and all that?

You and your little Finger

But observe your little finger. It just had a terrible accident. The skin is cut, and blood flows freely. Muscle tissues are severed, and the bones are broken. Who is going to heal your little finger back to health? Your doctor? He can't heal. He can only clean the wound, prevent infection, give you some soothing pills and put you to bed.

The real healing is done by the cells of your body. The brain cells alarm all other brother cells to come to the rescue of the injured brothers of the little finger. Wonder drugs are immediately manufactured by the cells of various organs, and carried by other cells through the blood and the lymph stream to the scene of the accident. Ambulances arrive with nurses, doctors, and repair cells, and by working unselfishly together they heal and rebuild the broken skin, the broken muscle, the broken bone, until all is well again in the entire community of cells which comprise your own body.

Your little Finger and your big Teachers

And this mysterious and miraculous ethical and unselfish cooperation of living cells does not only happen in the bodies of human beings. It happens in all creatures, even in those which have no nerve centre for the cooperation of all cells. Make a cut in a tree, in a flower stem, in a blade of grass, and the cut will be repaired somehow - we don't know how.

Every child, every boy and girl can see it. Only the scientists can't see it. "Ethical cooperation of cells is nonsense!" they cry, "There is no ethics in the universe where only the fittest survive in brutal competition!" And they go on crying, in spite of the fact that their own cells alleviate their cries of pain when they cut themselves.

Living Cells and Prison Cells

When I was a boy I read a fantastic story "Der Zellen Staat" - "The Cell State". It told me of the wonderful social order and social justice in the living cells of all creatures.

Suddenly I heard shouts in the streets, and when I ran out I saw a demonstration of poor workers who fought the police who carried one worker off to prison. In desperation the demonstrators cried:

"Solidaritaet! Alle fuer Einen und Einer fuer Alle!"

"Solidarity! All for One and One for All!"

Little did I realize then, that this high ethical principle is indeed held high in all the communities of cells, except in the communities of men where cruel kings and commissars rule with brutality their suffering subjects.

The greatest Story ever told

It's not the Bible written on parchment or filmed in technicolor. It's not the Jewish scripture of a vengeful God of wrath, Jehovah with name, who punishes the innocent children of the third and fourth generation for the sins of their fathers.

I, the rebel against the authorities of the rabbis and monks, the teachers and preachers, the professors and professionals, I am going to tell you the greatest story ever told, a story which you cannot find in any book, a story which no teacher or professor of biology or zoology has ever told you. It is the story of the most momentous event which happened on our earth. It is the story of how life began.

According to our scientists, it was the most muddled melee of molecules. There were hydrogen molecules, oxygen molecules, nitrogen molecules in the air of our young planet. Suddenly BANG a lightning struck, and BINGO some molecules combined to aminoacids which form part of protein. Some more Bangs and Bingos occurred during the millions of years, until beautiful blooms and butterflies came to life, lovable little kittens and dogs who will take on the biggest intruder in heroic self-sacrifice should your little baby be in danger - and all was and still is created without any aim, sense or purpose - and least of all ethics, the scientists say.

The most fantastic Fact
not Science Fiction Story

I can't tell you WHY it happened, and HOW it happened. I can tell you only WHAT happened, and every boy and girl, who can operate a microscope, can verify my fantastic tale.

Imagine our young planet one billion years ago. Torrential rains and thunderstorms rage over the surface of a turbulent ocean. In the tormented waters, atoms and molecules, sand and pebbles are tossed about in wild and senseless chaos - until something happened - the greatest moment in ^{the} history of our earth.

A group of atoms got weary of being tossed together and torn asunder by senseless forces of wind and waves and gravitation from below. Suddenly they felt another force from above which drew them together. This force must have come from the sky, from the stars, from the depth of space, from the Cosmos.

This group of atoms could not talk to each other. But they acted as if that mysterious cosmic force had inspired them with thoughts of something which did not exist and could not exist on our planet when it was a fiery ball of searing heat.

The force which began to act on these atoms is the same force which acts within the atoms of the bodies and brains of all creatures on our planet and of myriads of other planets in the universe. And this is what happened.

Let there be

Suddenly this group of atoms began to act as if that mysterious cosmic force had made them think and say the following words to each other:

"Enough of this senseless Chaos! Let there be Order and Harmony! Let there be Cosmic Compassion and Co-operation! Let us form an ethical Co-operative in which each of us will 'act unselfishly for the interest of our entire community' as Alexis Carrel is going to write about us many millions of years later. We shall be known then as 'the one cell Amoeba!'"

And there was Cosmic Compassion and Co-operation! And the atoms of the Amoeba saw that it was good. And they began to multiply and to sail the seven seas.

This is the greatest Force in the Universe.

Einstein and the Einsteinians and the other idiots have totally overlooked it. They could only see the force which draws the lifeless atoms together into nebulae, stars, and galaxies. They could only see galaxies on collision course, bent on destroying each other.

They could not see that another and greater force works in the universe which draws atoms together into living communities. These atoms don't collide in senseless destruction, but unite in sweet showers of compassion, and creation of a new community of atoms in compassion and co-operation, in order and in harmony.

Haven't you never felt this Force?

Surely, you have felt it when walking the street with your girl. Why did you suddenly grab her hand and let not go? Why did you throw your arm around her? Why did she cling to you? Why did you both press your bodies against each other, as hard and as sweet as you could possibly do? Why were you so irresistibly drawn to each other, that you became totally oblivious and careless about the disapproving moral stares of passers-by? Why did you feel as if your bodies have melted into One? Why?

Because the atoms of your bodies have been permeated with this force, which is greater than the forces of gravitation and electro-magnetism. Because this is the ethical force of cosmic compassion and co-operation. What happened to you, happened to the atoms which drew together to form the first amoeba in order and harmony, in compassion and co-operation, in selfnesses and altruism. One for the Other, not for himself.

The cosmic Force at the Railway Station

Haven't you ever stood at the railway station in utter desolation and despair, because you both had to part against your will, against the will of every atom in your bodies? Haven't you held each other tight and tighter in hopeless helplessness? Haven't your tears come down in torrents of sad and sweet sorrow? Haven't you both pressed your lips and your bodies against each other in irresistible force, determined NOT TO LET GO - until the shrill whistle of the locomotive had pierced your hearts?

Haven't you tried to hold hands through the window, running alongside the train, and still holding hands, still feeling that your bodies are still in contact and compassion - until the mass of the train had torn your hands apart? And haven't you felt as if your heart is trying to leap out of your body, attracted by the atoms of another heart which is travelling away in gathering speed.

This is the force of attraction which is greater than the force of attraction of gravitation and electro-magnetism. This is the force of ethical compassion. This is the same Force which makes your kitten press her body against your leg. This is the same Force which makes your dog leap up at you in utter joy. He presses his paws at your body. But this is not enough. He wants to touch you with his inner body. So he licks your face joyously, his way of kissing you.

The Lines of Forces of Attraction

In school we have seen how iron filings on a piece of paper arrange themselves along the invisible lines of the force of magnetism, exerted by a magnet held beneath the paper. We have then learned that our whole planet is enveloped in invisible magnetic lines of force which converge at the magnetic poles. These invisible lines of magnetism hold irresistibly every magnetic needle which guide the lonely mariner across the wastes of the waves.

We have also learned that our earth is enveloped in invisible lines of force which hold the moon in its path. And our earth in turn is held in its path by the invisible lines of force exerted by the sun, stretching away over millions upon millions of miles and reaching our planet and holding us fast through the vastness of the spaces.

Now we must learn of other lines of force which too are stretching away over thousands of miles and holding fast the human bodies like the celestial bodies.

Haven't you stood at night in utter loneliness and utter longing for your beloved one whose body is thousands of miles away from you? Haven't you looked up to the stars, and haven't you felt that they are looking down on her this very moment? And haven't you felt that you are still in contact and compassion with each other, held together by invisible lines of that force of cosmic compassion?

James Jeans the Astronomer

James Jeans looked up through his telescope to the starry firmament. Then he looked down at the lines of force which envelops our planet. And then he tried to find some sort of explanation as to the eternal HOW and WHY?

And then in despair of ever finding any explanation, he threw up his arms, and said, may be, the very same force which acts between the atoms of our brains and bodies is the very same force which creates the hydrogen atoms in the depth of space, then draw them together to form nebula, to form stars, to form galaxies, to form atoms with more and more electrons and protons united and held together by that irresistible universal force, which then draws the atoms together to form amoebas, then bees and butterflies and birds and humans, all acting under the invisible lines of that universal force which creates all creatures in the Cosmos.

Alexis Carrel the Biologist

Alexis Carrel looked down into his microscope and then he looked up to the starry firmament. He visualized the innumerable invisible lines of the force of gravitation. He also visualized the innumerable invisible lines of electro-magnetism which carry the many messages of our misleaders, as well as the melodies of many of our musicians. But he also visualized other lines of another force of attraction.

He asks us to visualize our planet wheeling through space, enveloped and enmeshed by innumerable lines of the greatest force of the universe. These lines carry the thoughts of human beings bound to each other in love, but separated by lonely spaces.

A lover and his girl, a mother and her son, a father and his child, a friend and his friend. And with some of them, the eternal universal force is so powerful, that they can fathom the thoughts of their beloved one faraway, and they can see even with their inner eye, what they are doing right now. These are the well known and well proved phenomena of telepathy and clairvoyance. Are they real?

A Lover and his Girl, a Mother and her Son

Haven't you read the many stories confirming and confirming again and again the existence of those invisible lines of force which act between the brains and bodies held together over thousands of miles by cosmic compassion? Haven't you sometimes thought the same thought as your girl, or your mother or your father far away?

Haven't you read of the many stories of a mother waking up at night because she has heard her son crying out to her for help. She saw him thousands of miles away, a pilot ditched in the ocean and about to drown, and then crying out for help to that creature to which he was connected by a life line in her womb?

Are these stories old wives tales, or are they true? Let's ask the scientific pope of all unbelievers.

Julian Huxley, the Pope by Natural Selection

Julian Huxley, the grandson of Thomas Huxley, (the self-elected public relation and advertising man of Charles Darwin), is the Pope of all Atheists. An atheist believes (believe he must) that he believes nothing.

I have argued with Huxley when he visited Sydney, and we have continued to argue in our letters. He was much impressed by my own work and he wrote that "it provides something of real importance."

But he got mad at me when I tried to question the semantics of the words "natural selection." He got even madder when I used a word for an unexplained mystery, for the greatest mystery of our universe, the mystery of life.

Julian Huxley and the Life Force

For want of any term, I spoke of the "Life Force" which creates the creatures. "Life Force is nonsense" he cried in his letters and in his books. Creatures were not created, they evolved, he cried. He did not realize, poor devil, that he himself is a victim of language. Evolution is only another word for slow creation over millions of years. As to the creation (pardon me) of the amoeba, this was due to the BANG and BINGO of molecules without any design, aim, sense or purpose (as told before).

And what has Huxley to say about the strange actions of "brain waves" over thousands of miles away? According to the scientific scriptures, these are nothing but old wives tales.

Julian Huxley on Water Divining Telepathy, Clairvoyance and Precognition

Water divining is the name for the phenomenon of minds who sense water in the ground.

Telepathy (from the Greek tele far, and pathos feeling, suffering, affection) is the name for the phenomenon of one mind being able to sense the thoughts of another mind miles away.

Clairevoyance (from the French clear viewing) is the name for the phenomenon of minds seeing with their inner eye what is happening the very same moment thousands of miles away.

Precognition (from the Latin pre before, and cognitio to know) is the name for the phenomenon of "seeing" into the future and foretelling coming events.

All these mind phenomena were dismissed and discarded by the professors of all universities, until some black sheep among them began to make experiments.

And this is what Julian Huxley was then forced to say:

"Unesco should pay special attention to seeing that borderline fields, especially those neglected by orthodox and organised science,

are properly explored. As one example, we may take what is now generally known as parapsychology - the study of the unusual, and at the moment scientifically inexplicable properties of the mind, such as extra sensory perception of various kinds. The painstaking researches of one or two recent workers in this unpopular field seem to have established the reality to some degree, not only of extra sensory knowledge, but of precognition. It is urgent that these phenomena should be thoroughly investigated so that a new and more comprehensive framework of knowledge may be erected." (underlinings mine)

H u x l e y a n d U n e s c o

To this humble confession of Huxley I said in my book "In Search of a logical God": "Huxley should have used plain words in saying: "Our scientific framework of knowledge is in shambles. Our theories of nature and the universe are false and bankrupt."

Needless to say that Unesco did nothing of the sort, though Huxley said these words as the first Director General of Unesco in 1946. Unesco officials are too busy hopping around the world to conferences for the calling of conferences to discuss old and orthodox ideas which have been discussed before on previous conferences. I have approached in vain Unesco and every Director General of Unesco and their chief officers with my Semantography and its many applications for mankind. Professor Lancelot Hogben cried out in despair:

"Unesco is a comic synonym for Fiasco!"

M i n d a n d M a t t e r a n d t h e P r o f e s s o r s

In the same book "In Search of a logical God" I continued to say: "Professors have refused to investigate the manifestations of extraordinary mental powers in telepathy and hypnotism, well known for centuries, but still left to vaudeville performers."

They have also refused to investigate the mental powers well known for centuries, and called "water divining". Innumerable times private and public bodies have employed those "water diviners" and innumerable times they have proved that their sensitive minds can indeed sense water underground.

Here is brain matter (domain of the professors of medicine, psychology and psychiatry) which interacts mysteriously with ordinary matter (domain of the professors of chemistry, physics, geology, mineralogy, etc.)"

E i n s t e i n a n d F r e u d

It becomes clear that Einstein's theory on matter and gravitation, and Freud's theory on the mind, are ridiculously inadequate and false (as they will be denounced later anyway) in the light of these phenomena.

It takes centuries until they take to new ideas. How many years will my dust be dissipated until my simple logic and semantics will give the future loafers of Unesco a good excuse to hop from conference to conference discussing the probable future introduction of my work in the schools of the world?

T h e b l a c k F e l l o w s a n d t h e w h i t e F e l l o w s o f A u s t r a l i a n U n i v e r s i t i e s

I lectured to Students of both Universities in Sydney. They wrote enthusiastically about my lectures in their papers. They told me that my lectures were the best they ever heard.

But the professors remained severely aloof, in spite of the praise I received from scholars abroad, and from here - or because of this. In the aforementioned book I have this to say about their reactions to parapsychological phenomena:

"Here in Australia, the "primitive" aborigines, the blackfellows, have proved time and again that they have indeed the mysterious powers of clairvoyance and precognition. They reported for instance that, a man whom they knew and mentioned by name has been murdered this day thousands of miles away, and it was proved true. How do they know it?

What a fantastic field of the most fantastic research into the most fantastic phenomena! But Australian professors won't touch it - not even with a ten foot pole.

It might damage their reputation as true scientists.

Whenever an authenticated story appears in the papers about such feats of the blackfellows of Central Australia, or the black eels of Lake Coila, the universities keep up a stony silence.

The black Eels of Lake Coila

In the same book "In Search of a logical God" I told the story of the black eels of Australia. They have to go to sea and come back as do the salmon of Canada.

Those eels who live in rivers and lakes connected with the sea have it easy. But there are eels who live in waterholes and landlocked lakes. How do they go to sea?

T. C. Roughley, Superintendent of Fisheries said:

"Eels will wriggle over dew-covered grass to get to a waterhole a mile or two away. How they know the waterhole is there is anybody's guess."

And here is the most fantastic fish story ever told, only it's a true story, as reported in the papers. It's the story of the black eels of Lake Coila to the south of Sydney, separated from the sea by low sandhills. Herebelow is an excerpt.

How do the Eels know of future Events ?

"From the waters of landlocked Lake Coila last weekend the heads of thousands of eels appeared like a forest of blackened twigs. The sea was calm. A big stretch of sand separated the lake and the eels from the ocean."

"There seemed to be no reason why they should be there. Their heads kept popping up always looking seaward. Then, as if those eels had known it all along, the sea began to rise. The evening high tides had built up from about four feet to a flood of six feet six. With this came a storm lashing the waves across the beach over the low lying sandhills and into the mouth of Lake Coila."

"And then in squirming wriggling masses the eels began threshing their way across the sand into the sea..."

"The experts cannot tell how these eels seem to carry built-in tide charts and storm predictors which tell them when they can get out of a landlocked lake."

"Dr. A. Racke, marine biologist of the State Fisheries Department says that prawn, like eels, are able to forecast high tides, and even when kept in a room can tell when the moon is up."

The Fish Story and the Bird Story

For these incredible happenings, there is only one "explanation": these eels and shrimps know more about geography, astronomy, meteorology and related sciences than we can ever learn in school.

Few know about the eels of lake Coila. But we all know that birds foreknow that a winter is coming, and that they have to go south in the Northern Hemisphere, and north in the Southern Hemisphere. And then come back to their nest.

Recently, zoologists in Europe reported that they have "solved" the riddle of bird flight.

They put birds into a planetarium, and faked the constellation and rotation of the starry sky as if autumn was here. The birds took off to the south of the planetarium.

Then they turned the planetarium mechanism around and faked the south. The birds took off to the new south within the planetarium.

This allows for one explanation only. Apparently, birds know more about astronomy than we ever learned in school. Who can "explain" this biological mystery? Only a biologist like Carrel.

Carrel, the Coila Eels and all the
Creatures

All creatures are composed of cells, and all cells are composed of atoms, and living atoms are permeated by that mysterious cosmic force which made them come together and create in compassion and cooperation the first amoeba on our earth.

And we have already heard what Carrel the biologist had to say about living cells:

"Cells build as though they understood mathematics, chemistry and biology".

This, I said before, was idiotic and incredible. How can cells ever be so clever as professors of mathematics, chemistry and biology?

But I asked too how they can act ethically without ever having attended lectures and sermons on ethics, moral virtues, love thy neighbour, and all that? Because this is what Carrel said:

"Cells act unselfishly in the interest of their entire community."

In order to realize this most fantastic statement of all, let's see how the atoms of the one cell amoeba are doing it.

The eternal Town Hall Tale of the Amoeba

According to the scientific theory of merciless competition and survival of the fittest, the amoeba, this smallest and most defenceless of all creatures, should have been exterminated eons ago. But to spite our scientists, it still sails the seven seas in countless trillions. How do the ethical atoms of this cooperative do it?

They build their Town Hall, the Nucleus, which has more departments than any of our Town Halls, Ethical Atom engineers are sitting there at the electrical switchboard and they direct the departments of food gathering, food processing, waste disposal, oxygen renewal, transportation, and other departments, and the most ethical of them all: medical ambulance stations in case an accident happens to a brother atom.

Now listen and learn:

Their Town Hall is no Tammany Hall. There is no Greed, Grab and Graft there! There are no Aristocrats and no Bureaucrats, no Patricians and Plebeians, no Brahmins and Untouchables, no Proprietors and Proletarians, no Demagogues and Dictators, no Kings and Subjects, no Serfs and Slaves, and no loafing and hate-inciting Rabbis and Monks, Imams and Mullahs there. There is only one ethical Principle at work:

"One for All and All for One!"

This is the greatest Story ever told, the Story of atomic cosmic Compassion and Cooperation.

No Rabbis and Monks, no Imams and Mullahs

have ever told us this story. The story which they made us swallow for 2000 years is told by God Himself, that is THEIR GOD, of THEIR own invention, a merciless God, a treacherous God.

THEIR God invented the fraud in articulate language: the LIE, and He told the serpent to tell a lie to Eve. How should poor Eve know that God has created the Lie?

And having laid the trap nicely, he drove them out mercilessly from the Paradise. Then in a Paroxysm of vengeful Vandalism and Destruction he drowned all innocent Creatures in a great Flood. Then he told Abraham to kill his only begotten Son.

Jehovah and His chosen People

His story is not my story of the ethical amoeba. My story is not His story of how He told His chosen People to go into His promised Land, and make war on the people there, and raze their towns, and kill their men, and take their women and children as chattel and slaves.

My story is not His story of endless wars of Jews against Non-Jews, and vice versa, and even of Jews against Jews, of suffering and dying, of killing and crying, and then of chanting Hallelujah and Hosannah when innocent animals were slaughtered on the High Altar in order to give food for feasts for the High Priests and the Low Priests.

What Jews can do, Christians can do better

And having received from the Jews the Holy Scriptures, the Christians took heart from this heart warming tale, and began to massacre anyone who did not pray to the same God in the same words in the same house of worship, but prayed to the same God in other words and in other houses of worship.

They all professed to be good Christians, and so for the greater Glory of God and Christ, they massacred other Christians by the millions in religious wars more ruthless than any rapacious war for plunder and robbery.

Baskets full of Babies

In the St. Bartolomeo Night, they threw baskets full of babies into the Seine to drown, because they were born to Protestant Huguenots, who protested against the Pope's perversion of the teaching of Christ.

The mercenaries of another Pope blinded all men, women and children of the Christian sect of Albigenses, and left only one man with one eye to lead his blind people over the Alps, where most of them perished on the way to France. The descendants of the few who stayed alive, still live in France today, still cling to their old belief in a better religion than Rome.

Blessed be the Weapons of Destruction !

And all the time, the popes and prelates, the priests and pastors prayed for the victory of the true believers, and they condoned and controlled, commanded and commended the slaying of Christians by Christians in the name of Christ.

But the Jewish Rabbis, and the Muslim Mullahs, and the other religious mis-leaders of mankind were not better. In our time Hindus and Mohamedans massacred each other by the millions - and they are still at it!

Why do they kill for God's sake ?

Why do they do it? And why do their religious rulers rouse them to the kill, instead of stopping them?

And why do the religious rulers of ALL Christian sects, and of ALL Jewish sects, and of ALL Islam sects, who ALL pray to the SAME GOD FATHER - why do they not UNITE to pray to the SAME GOD FATHER TOGETHER ??? WHY? WHY? WHY?

I shall soon tell you why! It's a matter of mathematics, money mathematics to be sure. In order to understand this, we must go back again to the amoeba. The ethical atoms who form this one cell creature, know - according to Carrel - more mathematics than all the professors and teachers of mathematics put together and laid end to end.

The molecule mathematics of the amoeba is not monk mathematics. And this makes all the difference.

Supernatural ethical Mathematics

Let us take another look at the ethical atoms of the very first ancient Amoeba one billion years ago. They have taken in food which consists of atoms, and some of the atoms have become members of the community. The Amoeba cooperative is growing and is prospering. Soon there are enough atoms to operate two Town Halls.

And so the same mysterious ethical force of cosmic compassion and cooperation inspires them all to do something which every boy and girl can see in the microscope - provided their teacher has inspired them with the sense of wonder, and not, as most teachers do, with the sense of hating another subject with Latin names.

Our Mathematics Teachers are all wrong

They have told us in school that ONLY $1 + 1 = 2$. But boys and girls can see in the microscope the magic of supernatural mathematics. They see the miracle of the amoeba atoms making $1 = 2$. They see how one amoeba forms itself into two amoebas, in much the same way as one village community of humans form a second self-sustained village community elsewhere.

Later in life (or rather even before) these boys and girls learn that the supernatural ethical mathematics, which works in the amoeba, can even make $1 + 1 = 3$, then 4 and more. They learn how Dad and Mum are drawn together irresistibly, and how they give one cell of each of them to add up to one complete baby, then another, then another brother or sister - but they learn it only in whispers and in shame? Why?

U n - N a t u r a l U n - e t h i c a l M a t h e m a t i c s

Because their religious teachers told them in Sunday school that this is sin - no it's more than that, it's the ORIGINAL SIN from which all evil, and all misery comes - though the children soon find out that this SIN gives them the sweetest showers of happiness.

Why is this sweetness sin? Because of the Bible story. Because our rabbis and our Priests get their revenue by declaring us sinners, and then making us repent and repay - at their price. And then we sin again.

What can we poor devils do if that cosmic force draws us irresistibly to another human with whom we are not married, and whom we cannot marry often because of our religious rulers?

B u l l i o n b y t h e B i l l i o n s

And it brings in the donations in dollars and pounds by the billions. In Japan they had to instal automatic coin sorting machines in the shrines of Shintoism. The priests were simply flooded with money by the millions of millions. In America, the Methodists collect in ONE year 600 million dollars - hard cash for soft words. The Southern Baptists collect even more- that's why they don't want to share it with their brethren the Northern Baptists. It's unethical mathematics I tell you!

M a y M e t h o d i s t s m e r g e r ?

In America there is a movement going on to unite at least four denominations out of 400 Protestant sects, yes 400 of them complete with church and vicars and vicarages.

But according to TIME magazine the methodist rulers methodically rule it out of order. Their chieftain cried out: "Why should we unite? We are strong!"

What is the semantics of being "strong" in this context and pretext? It means strong in strong boxes, that's what it means.

When I was an engineer in a firm in Vienna, it merged with another firm. Suddenly there were 2 presidents, 2 managing directors, 2 boards of directors, even 2 gatemen and 2 night watchmen. One of each had to go!

What should the bishops, the priests, the parsons, the pastors, even the sextons and the cleaners do who suddenly and obviously become obsolete?

Hence no merger as long as the money comes in. And thank Heavens, it comes in coins and cash, and money orders by the millions. And so to Hell with all ecumenical blabla of uniting all Christian sects.

T h e "P e t e r ' s P e n n y" i n A u s t r i a , A u s t r a l i a , a n d e l s e w h e r e

We have seen this ecumenical word machine working in Rome in recent years. There the biggest business organisation has its headquarters. They make more money than all the industrial and commercial firms together.

When I was a boy, I heard of the "Peter's Pfennig" - the "Peter's Penny" they collect in church. I didn't know what it means. Later in life I stood in the Basilica of St. Peter in Rome. There I understood.

I k n e e l b e f o r e t h e P o p e

Claire and I, and my crippled brother Isidor were received by the Pope. Together with many poor peasants and rich patriarchs we knelt down and kissed his hand. It was the most awesome spectacle I have ever felt and seen. We were simply overawed, and we were Jews. Claire who was a Roman Catholic reared by nuns was also mightily impressed.

And believe it or not, when the Pope gave us all his blessings, how did the audience, full of Italians, respond? They clapped their hands in applause as they do in the opera. And indeed with all the fantastically costumed hellebardiers, and knights in shining armor, it was the most fantastic opera scene I have ever seen. It was worth any man's money.

A Penny from the Pope

When it was all over, a lackey in brilliant red costume, silk breeches, stockings and golden-buckled shoes gave us each a little coin which looked like a penny. It was a medal with the Pope's likeness on it. Overjoyed and overimpressed I gave him a terrific tip. He took it.

My poor crippled brother Isiu (he died in 1946) prayed to his Jewish God in Hebrew for deliverance from his sickness. And he clung to anything which had any connection with God. Perhaps it might bring him luck. He kept that Pope penny in his purse for years.

A Penny is a Penny

Then I received an urgent letter. Someone had stolen his purse. He was desperate. He didn't mind the money lost. But if only I could get him another penny from the Pope.

I sat down to write to Rome. Then I thought, may be, one of those Devotional shops could help me.

I went to St. Stephen's Dome in the inner city. The little streets behind the cathedrals are full with such shops. I showed the man behind the counter my penny medal, and could he help me to another one like this?

He opened a big drawer, and there they were, thousands of them. I was overjoyed. "How much?" I asked, prepared to pay any price.

"That will be one penny, thank you!" said the man.

The religious Meaning of Austria

Austria is called in Austria "Oesterreich". The original name means in English "Easter Rich" (Commonwealth) - the Eastern Commonwealth of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation (since Charles the Great).

But the people of "Oesterreich" call their country often "Kloesterreich." This means "Cloister Rich". And indeed, the cloisters are among the richest and biggest land owners of Austria, and for that of Australia and many other countries.

If you can't pay their rent - they evict you in utter ethics.

And so do the monks of Mohamed, and the businessmen of Buddha.

It's unethical mathematics I tell you.

Jewish unethical Mathematics

You may not know, but there are Jewish sects, who are so roused by their respective, but disrespectful rabbis, that they break into each other synagogues, and smash the furniture. It happened in Galicia, Slovakia and elsewhere.

It's all because of rabbinic revenue, survival of the fittest, you know!

In the Middle Ages, when Jews were confined in ghettos, their rabbis had walls erected for a ghetto within the ghetto. There they forced the Jewish sect of Karaites to live with their Karait rabbi, but without contact with the other Jews. Today, there are still a few thousands of Karaites living in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. They still pray in strictly segregated synagogues, still in their spiritual ghetto, still imposed upon them by their own rabbi and by their ancient brethren from Germany and from Spain.

Ancient German and Spanish Jews

In most great cities, and of course here in Sydney too, there are the two greatest Jewish sects, the Ashkenazim (Germans in Hebrew) whose forefathers were driven out from Germany 700 years ago, and the Sephardim (Spaniards in Hebrew) whose forefathers were driven out from Spain 500 years ago.

In Spain under the reign of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castil Jews prospered. Then came Torquemada of the Holy Roman Catholic Inquisition. Soon fires were put to the faggots of the unrepenting heathens, and their properties were confiscated. Good business! But any Jew who got himself baptized could remain in Spain, provided he paid a stiff fee, and more fees later. Nice business! The others emigrated in terror to the countries along the Mediterranean.

A n c i e n t G a s c h a m b e r s i n G e r m a n y

But in Germany in the 12th century baptism and bargaining was impossible, because an unruly mob ruled the towns of Germany. They believed in plunder, not in the paying of religious fees. Those were the hordes which formed the armies of the crusaders.

On their way to Jerusalem to massacre the infidels, they decided to have some massacre training on the way down. They broke into the ghettos and raped and robbed. In terror the Jews fled with their wives and children into the only place where they could be nearest to their God, the synagogue.

Whereupon the crusaders boarded up the buildings and set them on fire. Not an efficient method really. Hitler's henchmen exterminated in one day more Jews than all the crusaders in all their time - thanks to modern German chemical and medical research.

But the German crusaders could claim a noble precedent - Krimhilde, the noblest of all German womanhood.

K r i m h i l d e , f a i r m a i d e n o f t h e f i r s t G a s c h a m b e r

The most noble saga of all German literature is the Nibelungen Saga. It inspired Richard Wagner the composer, of whom his contemporaries said that he was the King of Cads, and the Cad of Kings. He wrote four overwrought operas "Der Nibelungen Ring", which in turn inspired Hitler with the most noble ideals of Germanhood.

What is the Nibelungen Saga all about? Believe it - or read it up in the encyclopedia - it's all about something which is supposed to ^{be} utterly and absolutely Jewish, namely MONEY and nothing but MONEY. It's a hoard, the "Nibelungen Hort" the "Rhinegold," a tremendous heap of gold and silver and precious stones. And all the treachery, and all the murders which reached up even into the heaven of the German God Wotan, are all about that MONEY - inspiring, isn't it?

Siegfried "der hehre Held," the cream and peak of German manhood, kills Fafner the dragon who guards the hoard. In turn, Siegfried is killed by Hagen, who was inspired by Brunhilde, who is married to Gunther, the brother of Krimhilde, who is Siegfried's wife, but now a widow.

A t t i l a , K i n g o f t h e H u n s

Krimhilde thinks of nothing but revenge. Nothing but the wholesale murder of all German knights, including her own innocent brother Gunther the King, will satisfy her. And so she marries the most despicable of all men of her time, Attila, King of the Huns. When she has settled in her residence in Hungary, she invites the whole German nobility to come and to feast. There will be paprika and pork and the peak of Hungarian cuisine, the goulash.

To get something for nothing is worth the journey. And so the German Knights travelled on horseback along the Danube, a stretch of which is still called today the Nibelungen Gau. On they went the noble knights, and at last they are welcomed by Krimhilde in the great banquet hall. When the knights are feasting and drinking, Krimhilde has the hall boarded up and set on fire. All perished, including her own brother.

What Krimhilde could do, Hitler could do much better. And believe it or not, many of the Jewish rabbis claim that Hitler was the tool of Jehovah. The Jews deserved the gaschambers, said God, said the rabbis, because they have turned away from the way of God. So, let's turn back to them, and their rabbinic revenue.

R a b b i n i c R e v e n u e i n A u s t r a l i a

As told before, there are in all the great cities of the world, and also in Sydney, strictly separated Jewish communities, the Askenazim, hailing from the ancient German Jews, and the Sephardim, hailing from the ancient Spanish Jews.

Who separates them really? Only their rabbis? Think of the loss of revenue, if one of them would turn into the other synagogue. So, they pray in strictly separated synagogues, and most of them have no social contacts with each other, and avoid each other even in business.

One holy day, on the holiest of holiest Jewish fast days, the Day of Atonement, I went to the Maccabean Hall, and found the great hall full of Ashkenazi Jews beating their breasts and crying for forgiveness for all their sins.

Aimlessly I wandered through the building when I heard strange chanting from the top floor. I went up out of sheer curiosity, and found in one room a community of strange people. They had strange Thoras (Bible parchment rolls), strange Tallises (prayer shawls,) and were led in prayer in a strange Hebrew by a strangely clad rabbi.

I learned that they are Jews from India.

The Jews of India

They reminded me of the small Jewish sect of Cochin in India. They number only about 1200 souls. But in line with the Indian caste business of Brahma and Buddha, they are divided into 3 separate castes, held together and apart by 3 different rabbis, and they avoid each other as if the others were Indian untouchables. Consequently they pray in strictly separated synagogues.

The Indian Jews of Sydney are members of the Jewish sect of the Bene Israel, the Sons of Israel. Their forefathers came to India two thousand years ago in the wake of the armies of Alexander.

When the State of Israel was proclaimed, some young Indian Sons of Israel realized their sacred duty, and emigrated to Israel. Some fought in the Jewish army. And one of them fell in love with an Ashkenazi Jewish girl. They wanted to marry and went to the rabbi to have the bans put up.

Can a Roman Catholic Rabbi wed a Protestant Jewish Man?

But according to a TIME magazine report the rabbi refused to marry them. And the Chief Rabbi of Israel confirmed the refusal. Why? Because the Israeli rabbis are Ashkenazi rabbis, and to them the Jews of India, whose rites have changed in 2000 years, were not really Jews. "Have I not fought for Israel?" cried the young bridegroom in protest.

There was a way out. They could travel to Cyprus and have a civil marriage there. But they hadn't got the money, and then what about the children when they will go to school? I don't know how it ended. It was enough of misery to read the story.

We shouldn't wonder when Ashkenazi rabbis refuse to wed a Jewish couple of two different Jewish sects. The Roman Catholic rabbis too refuse to wed a couple of two different Christian sects. They do it only when the couple make a vow that the children will be brought up as Roman Catholics. Why?

Because the family which prays together, pays together, that's why! It's all because of rabbinic revenue, and it's unethical mathematics I tell you!

The Gypsy Baron

When I was a little boy, the wonderful waltzes of Johann Strauss were in all ears and so were the hit songs of his operettas, foremost "Der Zigeuner Baron." I saw it, and my father bought me the music sheets. To his great delight I played the songs on my mandoline and violin, and sang them with my mother.

I have forgotten the many thousands of words of all those songs. I remember only 12 words, because they made me think strange new thoughts. This is the story.

On the stage, the police surprises the gypsy camp in the forest, and the police officer begins to question the leader (the baron) and the girl standing with him.

"Who are you?"

"We are husband and wife!"

"Husband and wife, eh? Wer hat Euch getraut? Who wedded you in holy matrimony?"

The couple are embarrassed. "You tell him" she says. "No, you tell him" At last the girl takes heart and begins to sing:

"Wer uns getraut? Sag Du!"

"Sag Du!"

"Der Dompfaff hat uns getraut!"

"Who wedded us? You tell!"

"You tell!"

"The Dompfaff wedded us!"

W h o i s t h e D o m p f a f f ?

The Dompfaff is literally a Roman Catholic Priest. In Austria, the people usually don't use the word priest (Priester). They always speak of the "Pfaff" - but never in the presence of a real Pfaff. Because this word has a derogatory and deprecatory meaning. The Austrians despise their Pfaff. They endure his fire and brimstone sermon on Sunday, and consider him a necessary evil. Without him there is no birth certificate, no wedding certificate, and no death certificate. And so they have to go to their Pfaff to pay for all this and more.

The Dompfaff then is the priest from the dome, the cathedral. But this name means also a sweet song bird which abounds in the Austrian woods. And he sang the wedding melody for the gypsy baron and his sweetheart. Or in other words: They were not legally married.

T h e G r a p e s o f W r a t h

Because you must know that gypsies are heathens at heart. They despise Christians. In order to understand this, read John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath". Steinbeck tells of the poor and homeless American farmers from Arizona's dust bowl. Driven by sand storms from their homes buried under sand dunes, they went by foot and by cart to California because they have heard that they need fruit-pickers there.

And when night falls, and they reach the outskirts of a town or village, and want to bed down for the night in the open, they are met night after night in village after village by groups of hostile looking men with shotguns, bludgeons and bloodhounds.

"Get on!" they shout, "no place here for vagabonds and vagrants!"

And this is the way how gypsies have been chased for centuries by devout Christians, as devout as the American villagers who chased their Christian brethren. And on Sunday they join their pastor in singing holy hymns to HIM.

But the Jews can do exactly likewise. And here is the most fantastic Jewish story I have heard in our time. It is reported in TIME (January, 18, 1960)

T h e J e w i s h I n d i a n s o f t h e A n d e s

A Protestant missionary went up the Andes in 1935 to visit some tribes in inaccessible places. He found in the Patagonian Andes on the border between Argentine and Chile a tribe of South American Indians who were, to his utter astonishment, Jews. They knew of Moses, and his ten commandments, and they observed the Jewish rites and festivals. Slowly the story was pieced together. When the Spanish inquisition swept South America in the 16th century, some Jews escaped into the Andes, found refuge with a tribe, and taught them the tenets of Judaism. These Indians knew and believed in the age-old prophecy that one day the Jews will return to their homeland.

And then this happened in 1948. The state of Israel was proclaimed. A great excitement swept the tribe. They sold all their belongings and set out to Buenos Aires where there is a Israeli embassy. They asked for entry visas into Israel. But the Jewish rabbis of Argentine declared them Non-Jews. They can't read Hebrew, and can't pray in Hebrew. They must learn it first. The Indians were prepared to do anything, even to learn Hebrew. Their only fear was that some of them, especially their old people may not pass the examination, and may not get their entry visa. They would be left behind, and this was impossible. They want to go together to the Promised Land.

Two years after the story appeared in TIME I wrote to the Israeli Embassy in Buenos Aires enquiring about the fate of those Jewish Indians. I received a reply that a few of them, the young ones, have been allowed to immigrate into Israel. The others, the older ones, are still in Buenos Aires, and slowly going to pieces - thanks to the Jewish supernatural scientists who think that God understands only Hebrew.

I revolted against them already as a boy. I stubbornly refused to learn and to pray in Hebrew. And after studying the natural sciences and becoming a

natural scientist and engineer, I revolted against the unnatural scientists, the grammarians, the keepers of the languages of mankind.

The Jews of Canberra

They are only a small community of about 250 souls. And they want very much a synagogue. So they turned to their prosperous brethren in Melbourne and Sydney and asked for funds. But here they encountered a religious rift.

The Orthodox Ashkenazi Jews are mainly centered in Melbourne. The Liberal Ashkenazi Jews are centred in Sydney. The liberal Jews of Sydney were prepared to put up pounds upon pounds, thousands of them. But their rabbi demanded that the Canberra synagogue must also be opened to services in the liberal ritual.

This is however tantamount to the doings of the Devil in the eyes of the orthodox rabbis! They refused. Why? Because it would divert holy money liberally given into the holy coffers of other holy men.

How then will the Jews of Canberra go about building their synagogue? They will go to the bank, as do the Jews of Sydney and Melbourne suburbs. The Bank will give them a mortgage on a building block and on the building. And when the synagogue will be up in all its splendour, there are lots of ways to get religious revenue.

How to get religious Revenue

The biggest draw - sex and sin with penance and payment - works with Roman Catholics, but really not with Jews. Their rabbis can marry, can even divorce their wife, and remarry, again and again.

Now, the Jews have been prevented for nearly 2000 years from carrying out any profession, except money lending and trading. Why not use this to get rabbinic revenue, thought their rabbis. And this they do.

On the holy holidays they offer prayers from the altar for the souls of the departed family members of the congregation. They name them loudly by name when they ask loudly the Lord to take good care of them in the hereafter. But they have prayers and prayers.

Going, going, Gone!

They have bigger prayer, said with bigger words, and with intense pronouncement. These are costly. Then they have prayers of lesser words and these are mumbled only. They are the cheap ones which anyone can afford.

But this is not the whole story. I have seen what you won't believe. But ask any old Jew from Europe. He will confirm my tale. Many rabbis in European synagogues actually auction off their prayers to the highest bidder. They have an excuse. It's for the charity organisations they say. But they are part of it.

Their religious auctioneer is as good as his brethren of the Sydney Agricultural Show who auctions off yearlings, sheep, and pigs. What am I bid for the holy, holy extra holy prayer for the beloved ones? And the bidding is lively. Going, going, Gone!

I tell you, it's the only lively part of the whole service. And I have seen it in Ashkenazi synagogues and in Sephardic synagogues. The only difference was language.

The Languages of religious Auctions

Auctioning in Ashkenazi synagogues is done in the ancient German of the 12th century (Yiddish) whereas in Sephardic synagogues the language is the ancient Spanish of the 14th century (Spaniol). The prayers were in ancient Hebrew, but pronounced as differently as is Cockney from Cambridge English.

Outside the synagogues they spoke German in Germany, Polish in Poland, Czech or Slovakian in Checho-slovakia, or Roumanian in Roumania. Here in Sydney they speak English of course.

Professor Higgins in the Synagogue

But even the English of Sydney Jews is different from one group to the other. I am a sort of Professor Higgins. I can differentiate between the English of the various Jewish immigrants. I will recognize a man from my home town the moment he opens his mouth.

And as I shall prove later, language is one main cause of the trouble. Cockney people from London's East despise heartily Londoners from Mayfair in the West. And Polish Jews of Sydney despise heartily Vienna Jews. And they in turn despise heartily Berlin Jews. And are despised in turn. And all because of a different dialect or a different language.

NOTE: Here my unfinished manuscript ends. I started another one, which now forms the Semantography Series No. 217.

The End