

ETHICS AND SCIENCE, CLAIRE AND CARL

Second 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 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 recountings 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 the first draft which forms the issue No. 216, and started this second draft. 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 recognised. 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.

U N F O R G E T T A B L E C L A I R E

When my poor father died in 1917 at the young age of 49, I was a thousand miles and worries away. The world was aflame with war, and I was a soldier in it. When my poor brother Isiu died in 1946 at the even younger age of 45, and when my poor mother died in 1947 at the ripe age of 75, I hadn't seen them for 10 long and terrible years, with a world war, concentration camps and deportation in-between. The news of their death tore a gaping wound of sorrow in my heart, but it brought no change in my daily life.

But when Claire died on the 14th August 1961, the change was terrifying. Suddenly I felt alone in the whole world. For more than 35 years we were together, except in the terrible years of Dachau and Buchenwald. We were together even in the Ghetto of Shanghai, and then during the 15 sunny years in sunny Australia, surely the happiest years of our life, because here in Sydney there was no Nazi terror as in Vienna, and no Japanese threat as in Shanghai.

And then Claire closed her eyes, never to open them again. I woke up during the night after, and realized with horror that she is not more with me in the same room, that she is somewhere in a freezing chamber, awaiting her cremation. For nearly 8 years, since she had her first heart attack, I knew that all this will happen one day. But now that it did happen, I cannot describe the tempest and torrent of sorrow which swept over me. Often during the long and lonely months that followed, I felt that I am losing my sanity. What shall I do to bear her terrible loss?

As a university student I had realized that the schools and universities cram much useless stuff into our heads, without teaching us "the art of living", the art of dealing with our daily problems which beset our minds and our souls. I began to teach myself a new discipline how to overcome worries and how to make every day a happy one. When Claire joined my life, Claire with her sunny smile, her joyful radiance, it was easy for me to be happy too.

But now as I was suddenly thrown into the darkest unhappiness, I remembered the rules of my "art of living", and began to count my blessings - alas, my blessings of the past, the blessed life of 35 years with Claire. I began to write the story of our life together "In Memory of Claire". As I remembered and recounted year after year, I filled page after page, until a whole book of over 70,000 words was before me.

Today, 2 years after she passed away peacefully, my sadness has mellowed, but my sorrow is still as intense as before when she comes into my mind. And she comes to me every day. Again I feel I can best alleviate my misery by writing about her.

In this book I shall recount some incidents I had not mentioned before, I shall show some pictures, and I shall try to prove that whatever I am, and whatever I have achieved, I owe it to my parents and to my Claire. I shall try to trace the factors which made and moulded her life and mine, as if we were made for each other.

During the last 25 years, since Dachau and Buchenwald, I had studied the meaning of words, and their influence on human behaviour - the science of Semantics. I shall show how certain words and sayings had influenced our lives. I shall also try to summarize my thoughts and my work, my ideas and my feelings which have pervaded my mind. During the last 2 years one thought was and still is foremost in my mind, namely: Claire is alive for me, alive in spirit, and united in spirit with me - as she indeed promised it to me in her last conscious hours. But can Claire be alive, if in spirit only?

WHAT DO WE KNOW OF LIFE AND DEATH?

I am an engineer, trained to face facts and deal with them. In previous years I often asked myself which human invention is the finest one? Is it the making of fire? The wheel? The discovery of the many uses of electricity? Or is it perhaps the bringing of cool clear water to parched plants, animals and humans? Which invention can help us most to alleviate our sufferings in a sorrowful world?

I found that the finest invention is the belief that the persons we so dearly loved in life are not gone forever from us. The belief that their souls are still around us, and that we shall be united again when we too have left this worrisome world. How else can a mournful mother ever live down the death of her beloved child? How else can a lover still go on living after losing the one who made life worth living? How else can I go living after Claire has left me alone?

But this belief is good for old wives tales, or old mystic tales from the East. For us rational people of the West, "the immortality of the soul" is at best an abstract concept, good only for philosophers and poets to write about. It's a fairy tale only, a fable, a falsehood, nothing more!

But did not the poet express the belief of many when he wrote that

"There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy"

Philosophy! What a wide and vague meaning! Literally translated from the Greek it means only "a love of wisdom." But the German scholar who translated Shakespeare into German chose a better term instead of "philosophy" and it was this word which made a deep impression on me, when I read Hamlet as a boy.

"Es gibt mehr Dinge im Himmel und auf Erden von denen sich unsere Schulweisheit nichts traumen laesst"

"Schulweisheit" means "Schoolwisdom", the miserable "schoolwisdom" which miserable "wise men" in the schools and universities cram into our heads. But what do they really know?

Already as a boy I found that they know little. In fact, most of them won't admit what Socrates admitted 2400 years ago, when he said

"I know that I don't know!"

In our time Du Bois-Raymond said it - safely in Latin:

"Ignoramus, Ignorabimus!"

"We don't know. We shall not know!"

Or in line with the Latin words

"Ignorants we are. Ignorants we shall remain!"

I was born in the triumphant days of the natural sciences, when our exalted experts in the universities made mankind believe that they have explained just everything, and quite naturally too. Consequently everyone rejected those crazy tales from the East as sheer nonsense: that men could walk over glowing coals without a blister on their soles. That they could thrust needles and daggers into their bodies, thus cutting and severing vital organs - and yet, not a drop of blood no pain, and almost instant healing of the wound inflicted.

"All fakes and falsehoods!" all cried. "Mass hallucinations by mass hypnosis!" I believed. But then, Claire and I came to the Far East, and if our minds were subjected to hallucinations - surely the lens of my movie camera and the film were not, and I still have the film with those unbelievable happenings. Moreover, during the war army photographers took similar pictures all over Asia. It's all real.

Confronted with these natural phenomena, I realized that our professorial experts are beggarly ignorants, who have no idea, not even a vague hypothesis on the interactions of matter and mind, of body and soul, of life and death. Worse even, they refuse to delve into these mysteries. They refuse to examine scientifically even those strange matter-minded phenomena which are known and performed even in the West.

There is the phenomenon of "water divining", the fact that certain sensitive minds can sense water underground, even minerals and ores. Then there are the matter-mind phenomena of telepathy and hypnosis. They are still left to vaudeville performers. They are not examined and taught at most universities - though it was known for centuries that these mental activities can heal and help suffering people.

Strangest of all matter-mind mysteries are the old wives tales of "clairvoyance" (French clear viewing) and "precognition" (Latin to foreknow). It was known for thousands of years that some "seers" can "see" into distant space, can discern what happens right now thousands of miles away. Some can even "see" into the future, and can predict coming events.

Here in Australia, the aboriginal blackfellows have proved time and again, and beyond any scientific doubt, that they have these "extra-sensory perceptions" to a high degree. What a fantastic field of 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. Although - and this is the incredible part about it - some professorial pioneers (as for instance Ryan and Reiser in the U.S.A.) have proved that these old wives tales are scientific facts. The greatest disbeliever and debunker of everything "supernatural" Julian Huxley had to admit ruefully that they are scientific facts. They are real.

But few have realized the consequences of these finding, namely that all the theories taught in universities about space and time, matter and mind, body and soul are hopelessly inadequate and downright false. All those mysteries are bound up with the greatest mystery of them all - the mystery of Life, though for most learned and laymen alike, there is no mystery at all about Life. It's natural. But what means "natural?" What means "natural Life?" What means "natural Death?"

W H A T I S L I F E ?

When I studied the ultimate meanings of mankind, I realized that the words of all languages cannot help us to any understanding. The alphabetical sound symbols L-I-F-E, or L-E-B-E-N, or V-I-E, or V-I-T-A can't tell us what Life really is. I tried to find a new symbolism which could help us to a better understanding. Soon I found that the meaning of "natural Life" conceals the most supernatural happenings: atoms and molecules acting under the influence of mysterious forces combine magically to living cells which build the most amazing engineering wonders out of the blessed and blissful union of a male sperm and a female egg.

Among their first activities is the construction of a pipe line, a life line, the navel cord, through which all higher animal mothers, and all human mothers send the materials to the master builders in the womb. There, most miraculous and most mysterious supernatural building activities are carried out, until a complete and complex baby being is perfected with the most incredibly ingenious engineering apparatuses, an automatic heart pump, electrical television eyes, ear microphones, lung carburettors, etc. etc. and thousands of miles of channels and electric nerve wires which feed and control through the electric switchboard in the brain the most complex chemical processing plants, and the most miraculous organs and organisms, be they fish or reptile, insect or bird, land animal or human being.

In growing wonder, amazement, and urgency I asked myself the question:

What is Life really?

I began to study books about Life (bios in Greek). But I soon found that the biologists are victims of their own words, deceivers who deceive themselves and others. They give names to mysteries and then teach and examine their helpless students as if these names are explanations.

What makes animals do the most logical things for themselves and their children? How do they know that a winter is coming, and that they have to build a warm den and hoard food, or migrate to equatorial countries. How do they know that there is no winter at the equator? How do they know where the equator is? How do they find their way back into the same village and into the same nest? How do they know that they will have children, and that they have to build and equip a safe and warm nest for them? How does a little mother cat, giving birth to babies for the first time, know (what only trained midwives and doctors know) that she has to cut the navel cord, and dispose of the placenta, the mass of living cells which nourished the baby in her womb? How do animals know that their children will be weak, and hungry, and ignorant, and that they will have to feed them, teach them, and defend them with utmost care and conscience, and even self-sacrifice? How? How?

To these questions most scientists have the ready-made answer. "Instinct does it!" they cry. But "instinct" is no explanation. It's only a name for a profound, awe-inspiring mystery. The word comes from the Latin *instinctus* meaning instigation. If a professor would say "Animals are instigated by instigation", he would look extremely silly. But "Animals are motivated by instinct" sounds knowledgeable, scientific and "explained."

And so I found that the biologists are talking about "biological this" and "biological that", without telling their students that "bio-logos" means only "words about life", and that "biological" explains precisely nothing. The fantastic fact remains that living atoms and molecules, cells and organs think and act most logically, better than the best scientist and engineer could ever do it, and they work and built most magically, miraculously and mysteriously.

As the biologists could not give me any answer, I turned to the paleontologists (from Greek *palaio* old and *onta* existing things), the experts who believe to know how life started on earth. For most of them there is no mystery about it. When the temperature of our earth came down to the right level, they say, various atoms and molecules, tossed about in aimless chaos in a warm sea, began to collide and combine in aimless chaos, and presto, just by this hit or miss chance, the most logically engineered "machines" were set into motion. Machines which could swim and dive, walk and fly. Machines which could make baby machines by love. Machines which could exercise care and conscience in nursing, feeding, teaching, and defending their children machines. All this happened and still happens without any sense, without any design, aim, or purpose. "Accidents by chaotic chance combinations" is their explanation of Life, and this scientific theory is the theory of Chaos.

In volume III of my books on "Semantography" I deal with the meaning of Life, and I quote the 18th century philosopher Paley who confounded the scholarly adherents of the mechanistic theory of Life (and he still confounds them today). If you find a machine which is so marvellously designed and built as a ticking watch, Paley argued, you cannot say that it has built itself out of sheer chaos.

I enlarged on this argument by asking my readers to imagine how, during the many millions of years in the history of our earth, some atoms and molecules of iron, copper, zinc, carbon and other elements came together by mere chaotic chance and then began to form themselves into cogwheels, axles, springs, diamonds, frames hands, and all other organs of a watch. Then an earthquake gave it the initial shake, and presto - our watch sprang to life and began to tick tock lustily.

Later, when some axles broke, and some cogwheels became worn out, the atoms and molecules learned how to repair the broken or worn-out parts and how to grow new parts. Later, male and female watches made love to each other and out came the offsprings, little perfect watches, which the parent watches nursed, fed, taught and defended with utmost care and conscience. And then, just by such chaotic chance happenings, all sorts of watches came to life, little wrist watches, bigger mantel piece watches, grandfather clocks, Big Bens, etc. etc.

"Nonsense!" you may say. And yet, today 200 years after Paley, this nonsense is believed and taught by most wise men in the universities. Naturally, they have found a new word. "Mutation does the trick!" they cry. But "mutation" is again only a word for a profound and profoundly unexplained mystery.

At last, I found the only honest scholar who gave me a crisp and clear answer what Life really is. Percy E. Raymond, Professor of Paleontology at Harvard, who said in his book "Prehistoric Life"

"What Life is - no one knows!"

It's a profound mystery, the greatest mystery of our universe. But just try to tell any biologist or student of biology what Raymond said, and watch them going into a lather trying to tell you that they know it better. According to them Life is - don't you know? - "biological this" and "biological that.". They won't admit that they are blablabbering ignorants.

And then I remembered a book which I read as a boy "Der Zellenstaat" - "The Cell State". It told a fantastic story, and I began to search for other books like this. In this search I came upon a man, who told me an even more fantastic story, a story which almost all zoologists, biologists, botanists, and other assorted life specialists never tell their students, because it goes against the grain of the experts, against their convictions, their theories and their teachings, and above all, it goes against the rule of their rulers who provide their salaries in all countries.

Since men began to rule other men, the rulers have displayed, and many still display, utter ruthlessness, utter selfishness, utter unethics. Now that man - Alexis Carrel is his name - proved that among the atoms and molecules which build living cells, there is a natural ethics at work, displaying care and conscience, helpfulness and unselfishness towards all brother cells. Unbelievable as this may seem, you dear reader can prove this ethics in atoms to yourself by examining the cells which comprise your own organism. You need no microscope to do this.

ETHICS IN ATOMS

Alexis Carrel was a medical biologist who won the Nobel prize. He put the ignorance of scholars right into the title of his famous book "Man the Unknown". It was translated into other languages, was brought out in a cheap paperback edition, and yet, it failed to make any impact as to its true meaning. It made no impact on his colleagues, because they know it all better. And it made no impact on the lay people, because Carrel too was inflicted with that catastrophic curse which I call "scholarly language lunacy", the mad craving of the professional highbrows to talk in highfaluting highbrow scienceslang, which even their students find difficult to understand.

In my books I quoted Carrel a number of times, but I felt I had to "translate" what he said into simple language. Here is one extract from my book "In Search of a logical God" where I said:

"In order to make the lay reader understand the miracles upon miracles which happen in a living organism, say a female to become a mother, Carrel asks us to imagine a single brick on a building site. Suddenly, by some magical power within this brick, it divides into more and more bricks. Then these bricks form themselves into the walls of the living room, the bedrooms, dining room, kitchen, bathroom, etc. etc. of a complete house. Then more bricks change into water pipes and gas pipes, and tubs and taps, stoves and fireplaces, electrical wires and appliances. Then doors and windows and their windowpanes, ceilings, roofs and tiles are magically manufactured, and all other parts necessary to build a complete and complex house."

Carrel says that cells build organs and organisms as if they were fairies. Yet, these "fairy tales" happen quite "naturally" in all the human mothers, and all the animal mothers who give birth to babies. It happens in every fertilized egg laid by every mother bird. In the narrow confines of the shell a perfect aeroplane is built, better than the best aeronautical designer can ever make it. This aeroplane has even built-in repair stations for its most complex machinery. The wings consist of thousands of fine feathers which are all operated electronically and mechanically. It's all sheer magic. But nobody wonders, because it's "natural".

But this is not the whole story. Carrel said that all cells act as if they understood mathematics, chemistry and biology. But I say that all the mathematics, chemistry and biology of our scholars and engineers is hopelessly inferior to the magical mathematics, chemistry and biology of our mighty cell engineers. But they are more than that. They are acting under the influence of a natural ethics. They are truly ethical engineers who work for the common good of the whole cell community.

If you cut your finger, the injured cells send out messages for help to the central switchboard in the brain. From there all cells of your body are alarmed and alerted. Medicines are manufactured and sent through the bloodstream and the lymphstream to the scene of the accident. Ambulances, nurses and doctors arrive to ward off further infection, and to nurse to health the injured brother cells. Then repair cells arrive and begin to repair the broken bone, the broken muscle, the broken skin, until all is well again and health and happiness pervade your whole body.

And this miraculous ethical cooperation of cells happens in every living creature, even in those which have no central nervous system, as in grasses, flowers, shrubs and trees.

Carrel said: "Cells act as if each of them understood mathematics, chemistry, and biology, and unselfishly acts for the interest of the entire community."

And I said: "This is the most miraculous force in the universe: ethical cooperation of living cells in living organisms, displaying unselfishness, helpfulness, care and conscience."

ETHICS IN THE UNIVERSE

The idea is ridiculous, of course. Everyone knows that this is a "dog eats dog" world, where even distant stars and galaxies are bound on a collision course, sooner or later to annihilate each other. There is no ethics anywhere.

And yet, there are many people who live by ethics. They are the professional charity workers. They work their heads off to help humanity. Diligently they collect coins and cash, cheques and money orders for all sorts of ethical purposes, including their own sweet ethical self. From time to time there are outcries in the papers when a snooping reporter finds that some of these pious professionals take from 30 to 60% of the takings for themselves, sometimes in addition to their salaries and expenses. When too little is left for the poor, they talk volunteers into working for them gratis.

Our collecting brethren in ethics sail usually under the collective name of religion. In fact, however, they are divided and subdivided. Every church, synagogue, mosque, temple and shrine has its ethical charity bureaucracy, presided over by the professionals who teach and preach ethics. They all make a most comfortable living by HIM and by US.

Unfortunately, many of them have proved throughout the centuries to be unethical to the core. They have used the pulpit to decry the disbelievers, and to denounce them as disciples of the Devil, because they pray to other gods, or in other words to the same god, and - sin upon sin - they deviate their donations into the holy coffers of other men of ethics.

When words of fire and brimstone, damnation and hell were of no avail, a holy war was declared against the evildoers. The most merciless massacres in the history of the human race were massacres in the name of God and Christ, God and Mohamed, God and Moses, God and any other Messiah. The hands of many priests, imams, mullahs, rabbis, and other assorted medicinemen of the past are stained with the blood of men, women, and children.

Yes, it's a "dog eats dog" world with no ethics anywhere.

ETHICS IN THE UNIVERSITIES

But if we can't find ethics within the walls of churches, mosques and synagogues, perhaps within the walls of universities. And indeed, we find there well-endowed, and well-salaried chairs of ethics, moral philosophy, theology, divinity, and all that. The occupiers of these chairs dispense ethics in high-sounding highbrow words. They often wear a beard for emphasis.

They and their fellow scholars have faithfully copied the methods of religious business organisations, which are the richest landowners in many countries. Today, many universities and scientific foundations have become immensely rich on donations which are tax deductions for the donors, who feel very ethical about it. Universities operate, like many religious orders, profitable businesses, and their profits are tax-free, because they are so ethical. So great were the abuses of tax deductions for universities and foundations that the law had to be used to prevent more abuses.

The billions of dollars and pounds gained by these methods are of course used for education and research, that is mostly for salary boosts for educators and researchers, that is for those only who make a living by it. For a man who is not on the payroll of a university institution it is impossible to get the smallest grant from their foundations, even if he proves to be a great scholar, discoverer and inventor. Recently Professor Jaques Barzun cried out in anguish and shame in his book "The House of Intellect" about the shameless way how billions of the taxpayers money are squandered for useless "papers" which sail under the lie of scientific research and scholarly wisdom, but which are in fact only hand-outs of money to the mediocrities.

And they too have proved throughout the centuries to be, like their religious brethren, unethical to the core. Anyone who dared to prove that their theories are inadequate or false, encountered their wrath and vengeance, because he threatened their seats and their salaries. Anyone who pioneered a new idea which overthrew their old ideas, was overthrown in turn, even when he was a professor himself.

The great physicist Max Planck said that a new idea does not gain ground by convincing its opponents. It gains ground only as the opponents die out one by one. Planck was lucky. He lived well over 90. He had a good opportunity to see his opponents sinking into the grave, and his idea rising in acceptance. But other pioneers are not so lucky. Usually, they go down the grave first, driven into despair and death by the very men who profess piously that they are working their heads off for the progress of humanity. But it's only their own advancement they have in mind, and to hell with the pioneers of progress!

It is a well-known fact in academic circles that most of the research and "discoveries" made today are based on ideas born in lone minds 50 or 100 years ago. But the professionals of their day refused them recognition. Into the grave pioneer! Into the grave first! Posterity will pay you homage, not the men of posterity who think foremost and hindmost of the safety of their seats. Only when the pioneer is dead for good, only then is he exhumed, extolled, and exploited. But how much more could he have given of his mental excellence, if only a small measure of recognition and help had been accorded to him in his life-time.

Yes, it's a "dog eats dog" world with no ethics in the universe and in the universities.

I AND THE UNIVERSITIES

As a boy I was an idiotic idealist who took the ideal meanings of mankind seriously. For me, the university was really the "Alma Mater" the fostering mother of mankind, the fostering mother of all ideas which could help all humanity. Consequently I believed that anyone who comes forth with such an idea will be greeted with open arms by the university men.

But when I had realized the dream of my boyhood, and had worked out such an idea, I found the men of the Alma Mater openly hostile. Not that they opposed my idea. They didn't want to hear what I want to tell them. They refused to see me, they ignored my polite and pleading letters for an interview, they were not interested at all in any new idea, even if it happens to be in their own field. Some of them subjected me to most unacademic indignities, though they were aware that I am a university graduate who has lectured throughout the years. And all the time I made it plain that I do not seek any post, any grant, any material benefit. All I want is to present my work to them.

I was dumbfounded and despaired, and so was Claire. Then I received a letter from an old scholar who did not want to be named. He wrote:

"Dear Mr. Bliss,

As for organising university committees to study your work, I can only wish you luck. There are no bodies, I think, harder to penetrate with a new idea than the universities."

I then began a systematic study of the history of new ideas, and found that their originators had to go through the same ordeal, in former time and in our time. This is a well known fact with writers, painters, musicians and artists. But it is not well known that the very same tragedies happen in education, science, research and engineering. I have collected many such case histories. Here are only a few of them:

Komenski (Comenius) the author of "Orbis Pictorum" had to lay in his grave for

over 200 years, until they adopted his seemingly crazy idea of pictures in school books. When Froebel invented and opened his private "Kindergarten", the educational authorities sent the Prussian police to close it by force.

Who is the father of atomic energy? Who got the crazy idea that atoms (meaning indivisible in Greek) are in fact divisible into smaller parts. It was an amateur chemist who was so afraid of professorial ridicule that he published his theory under a false name. His real name is William Prout. The pioneer is not forgotten, but not forgiven either. A recent proposal to change the term proton into prouton was turned down. Outsiders must stay outside!

In recent time, a radio engineer Karl Janski discovered that stars send out radio waves. He invented the radio telescope, wrote a scientific paper, went to scientific congresses and peddled his discovery from one professor to another. Nobody was interested. He died heartbroken. Today, there are thousands of academic loafers who make a comfortable living by listening to the stars. Just listening - and living on our tax money. Did they have the decency to name one radio telescope after Janski or to name a scientific unit after him? They have not.

The acting Vice Chancellor of Sydney University admitted to me that universities take up new ideas only when they are old enough to have found universal recognition, when, as he said, "a set of literature has been built up around them." "But then their originators may be long dead!" I cried. "Yes!" he said with a shrug of his shoulders.

There was no telling him and the other professors that my idea is in fact 300 years old, that it concerns a problem, posed by the great mathematician Leibnitz, a problem which professional mathematicians, philosophers, logicians, and linguists of the last 300 years had considered impossible to realize. There was no use telling the professors that Bertrand Russell and other eminent scholars had acknowledged my achievement, that Professor Oliver L. Reiser, a rebel among his colleagues, had declared in a lecture to the American Association for the Advancement of Science

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

But the mathematicians, philosophers, logicians and linguists of both Sydney Universities remained severely aloof and silent. They stayed away from my lectures, didn't want to hear about it, and were "united" only in a conspiracy of silence. "Totschweigen" as the Germans say. "Death by Silence!" In the end it means death to the innovator.

Claire and I were heartbroken.

C L A I R E A N D T H E U N I V E R S I T I E S

Claire too believed all her life that universities are peopled by men of ethics who live and work by ethics. She threw herself with enthusiasm into the job of helping me. She would read every page of my many drafts, would correct any error, and would help me in duplicating my manuscripts. She would address thousands of letters to educators, scholars and professors in schools and universities the world over. She would be extremely happy with the few answers we got, though they contained only a few well-meaning, but meaningless phrases.

But gradually the total lack of interest displayed by the professionals, and their total lack of ethical behaviour towards a fellow scholar gripped her heart in ever growing despair. It began to fail.

When I started to lecture to students of both Sydney Universities, she would send out hundreds of invitations to professors and prominent people. Most of them did not bother to reply. But the dozens of short letters which came back with a "sorry, cannot attend" were more than enough for her. She fell seriously ill. I had to go alone to a lecture, on which we had put all our hopes. She remained in bed, groaning under a heavy sedative given by our doctor.

And so gradually her hopes, her heart, and her health failed. I was more robust and a fighter. She was a woman who believed in the goodness of the exalted experts of the universities. She believed in ethics. But ethics does not exist in this world of ours.

BUT IS IT REALLY A "DOG EATS DOG" WORLD,
WITH NO ETHICS ANYWHERE?

It was in one of the darkest places on earth where I came to realize that there are ethical creatures who suffer by the unethics of man. It was in the concentration camp of Buchenwald. Camp commander was Obersturmbannfuehrer Koch, a madman and a drunkard. His wife Ilse loved lampshades from human skin. Koch loved creatures in cages. He had a whole zoo of caged animals erected next to the gigantic cage which held over 20,000 human animals. Many a time I stared in sorrow from my cage into the cages of my innocent fellow creatures, they too victims of man's inhumanity and unethics.

I never forgot this experience, and when Carrel told me of the natural ethics which works in the atoms of living cells, I remembered the animals of Buchenwald. Is this really a dog eats dog world? I asked myself. Do dogs kill dogs and eat them? No, I answered. Do lions kill lions? Do tigers kill tigers? Do elephants kill at all? Do deer, antelopes, gazelles, giraffes, monkeys, apes, gorillas, and thousands of other species ever kill other creatures? They don't! Even lions and other killer animals remain peaceful, if they are taken away as babies, and thus could not receive an education in murder from their teacher parents.

I looked through all the books on zoology I could find, and found that zoologists have overlooked this fundamental and fantastic fact. Trillions of the tiniest and the largest animals adhere strictly to the ethical law "Thou shalt not kill!" - even when they are starving. But for the zoologists they are nothing more than herbivora - planteaters. All animal species, even the meat eating animals, adhere strictly to the ethical law "Thou shalt not kill your brother!" Wolves will roam the wintry forest, howling mad of unbearable hunger, but no wolf will kill a fellow-brother-wolf. Together they live, together they starve, and together they die, as members of a brotherhood which has this ethical principle built into their living cells.

Only man kills his brother and eats him in cold reasoning in an open boat, or in religious reasoning in a cannibal ceremony.

In bewilderment I wrote to my old friend Professor Emil Abel of Vienna, then a refugee in London. Abel advised me to read of the findings of Prof. Ashley Montagu, he like Carrel a crier in the wilderness. He proved that the very rare instances of animal cannibalism happen only when the animal is "out of its mind" in panic, caused by the sudden loss of freedom, or confinement in maddeningly small cages. He summed up his findings with these fantastic words:

"Among the same species of animals the highest ethics is supreme law"

Only man kills his fellowman consistently and in masses in horrible massacres and wars, and his leaders tell him to be even proud of it. Human cannibalism has been practised throughout the centuries when the highpriest tore out the hearts of the sacrificial virgins still alive, and presided over the frying and feasting on the evil enemies, where he usually gets the best morsels. Eating of evil enemies has not been practised by Christian and Jewish leaders, but they have stoned, burned, hanged, quartered and put to death by other diabolic means men and women by the hundreds of thousands. And why? Because they prayed to other gods, or even to the same god, but in other places of worship. No animal can ever be accused of such senseless cruelty. No animal kills a member of its own species. Thousands of species of animals do not kill at all any living creature even when they feel hunger ravaging their intestines. They rather die than kill!

The inescapable horrible conclusion from these facts is:

"Man is ethically the lowliest creature on earth."

Whenever I tell all this to people they either rise in ridicule, or they look at me blankly. It seems true what I say, but why has no teacher ever told us this fantastic fact in school? And why does only man kill his fellowman?

The answers will shock you. You will hear of it later. But you must be prepared to abandon whatever you have learned in school about all this. You must be prepared to realize that your teacher told you lies. And you will learn why!

THE MOST IMPORTANT ARCHEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY EVER MADE

One of my boyhood heroes was Heinrich Schliemann, the amateur archeologist who confounded the professorial experts by discovering Troy and Mycenae. They never forgave him this. Why? Because almost all important archeological discoveries were made by amateurs who loved (Latin amator, lover) to search for knowledge, not for making a living by it. Consuls and officers, merchants and travellers, they made the important discoveries. Only when the field had been discovered, only then do the professors move in, and begin digging around the old sites. And they go on digging for decades, because they are able to find enough of the taxpayers' money to go on digging for more.

Already as a boy I dreamed of making one day an important archeological discovery. And when this wish is deep down in your subconscious mind all your life, you will prick your ears when you hear from shepherds of old ruins, or when you read of ruined cities in old sagas. When I read of the evolution of man from the animal, I set out to find traces of primeval man, traces of his life when he acted and thought as ethical as all the animals - when he did not yet kill his fellowman.

Let me overcome my lifelong timidity! Let me have the temerity to say that I have made this most important archeological discovery. It gives mankind a new and breath-taking hope. It opens up a new vista of life, a new world and a new future. You will hear of it later in this book.

As usual, the professionals in this field don't want to hear of new discoveries, especially if the discoverers are not professionals. In previous years they denounced Schlieeman, and Rawlinson, and Sautuola, and the other archeological amateurs as liars and impostors. They ridiculed even the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In recent years, the Syrian Metropolitan peddled the scrolls from the Dead Sea from one archeological institute to the other, finding closed doors, and closed ears - until the truth could not be withheld any more.

In my case, there was one scholar who listened to me. Why? Because he was one of the few who began to wonder whether primeval man in prehistoric times ever went to the kill of his fellowman. For my friend, my discovery in the caves of old stoneage man seemed to be the clue to this theory. He was the late Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, Professor of Anthropology of Harvard University. I met him in Sydney, and he was so much impressed with my findings, that he commissioned me to write a scientific paper. He promised to place it in a scientific journal. He promised to get me a publication grant from one of the rich American foundations. He even promised to try and find for me a place of work at Harvard, where I could develop and teach my new ideas.

Claire and I were overjoyed and our hopes rose high.

But Kluckhohn reported failure after failure. The reason: the academic officers of scientific journals, foundations and institutions consider their business to be in giving grants only to members of the staff of universities. One officer, who came to Sydney, told me frankly that he would jeopardize his secure position if he would give me a grant, and refuse one to the many hundreds of academicians who can't get one. Moreover, my theory and discovery is contrary to the accepted theories. He would encounter severe criticism if he would propose a grant for me. "Your case is hopeless, my friend!" he said.

Hopelessness indeed began to fill Claire's heart and mine.

CLAIRE COULDN'T WAIT FOR MY RECOGNITION

The old story repeated itself, the story of the innovator, who is driven into despair and death by the professionals. But this time it was Claire who gave up the struggle. All the disappointments, all the forlorn hopes, all the indignities suffered at the hands of the men of ethics were too much for her poor heart. It gave way.

The trouble is that we were both too old. I had searched and worked and written only 21 years. It's too short a time for the old professionals to die, according to Planck. Instead Claire died.

I am now 66. Perhaps if only I could live as long as Planck, I could see acceptance of my work by the young scholars who have come up in the meantime, and have replaced the old orthodox opponents.

But recognition does come already. At least once a month a letter comes flying from a distant continent. Young scholars have heard of my work, and have gone to the trouble of locating my mimeographed books in a distant library. Their letters are full of appreciation and admiration. Their librarians send an order for my books, and some of the greatest public and university libraries have given a standing order for all my future publications, even if they are typewritten only, which so far most of them are.

All these sure signs of recognition give happiness to my heart and balm to my body. But at the same time they give sorrow to my soul, because Claire is not more with me to enjoy them. But perhaps Claire is with me, and around me all the time. Perhaps Claire's soul is immortal and eternal!

THE ETHICAL ETERNAL POWER WHICH WAS CLAIRE

In this year 1963, the President of the Republic of India, the eminent philosopher Dr. S. Radhakrishnan celebrates his 75th year. In his honour a book will be published by the editors of the scientific journal Darshana (a Sanscrit word meaning philosophy, but in a much wider sense than our Western term). The editors Professors B. L. Atreya, and J. P. Atreya have announced that this book "will consist of 75 essays from many great and eminent writers and thinkers of the world". And I am one of them, having been invited to contribute an essay on my work. My article is dedicated to the memory of Claire. I try to prove there, that the ethical power which was Claire is eternal.

You dear reader will find this article in a later issue of my Semantography Series (No.221) You will be able to get a glimpse of the scope of my work and my accomplishment. Few people have taken the time and trouble to grasp my ideas. Fortunately, among those few are some of the greatest thinkers of our time. And there is something more. When the time has come for the emergence of a new idea, and for the overthrow of the old prevailing theory, similar doubts, and similar thoughts arise in more than one lone mind. In my search through the books I found here and there a word, a passage, a thought, which indicated to me that the writer was assailed by similar doubts as mine, and that he began to think of a new approach and a new theory. And here is the story about one of these unknown and unrecognized pioneers.

Richard Albert Wilson was a Professor of the English language and literature, at the University of Saskatchewan in Canada. He - like me - was only interested in the study of language, in the study of the meaning of words, and how they were formed by primeval man. He - like me - had no interest, nor any intention to delve into zoology, biology, anthropology and other disciplines. But he - like me - was forced to do so, when he found that the words used for the phenomenon of life are either meaningless, misinterpreted or downright false.

His book "The miraculous Birth of Language" failed to make the proper impact as to its true and really revolutionary meaning. Why? Because Wilson too was a ~~orier~~ ^{orier} in the wilderness of accepted theories. But he wanted to find acceptance among his colleagues of zoology, biology, anthropology, etc. Therefore he wrote in scientific language, which ordinary readers find difficult to understand. The trouble is that to be popular in science is not popular with the scientists. They disapprove and dismiss authors who try to say the same thing in simple language for simple people to understand. I had to "translate" Wilson's ideas.

Wilson asks us to imagine a faithful dog, say a female dog, which loves her babies and loves her master. Look at her, when she looks at you. Look into her eyes, which are full of love and devotion for you. Not only her tail waggles to show you how much she loves you - her whole body, every cell in it is a quiver with that mysterious agents which we call love and friendship and devotion. And all this miraculous power goes out to you. Your faithful creature loves you with all its inner power of ethics. Should you fall into deep water, your dog will jump after you, will try to rescue you without hesitation, even if it means death to her. This is the mystery of love which goes beyond death.

Claire too, her whole body, all her cells were a quiver with love. And all went out to me. She did whatever she could to prove to me that she loves me. And under the power of this natural ethical agents which pervaded her whole body and soul, she was prepared without hesitation to sacrifice herself, when I was in deep danger in Dachau. Many a times the Gestapo men told her that she - a "German Aryan" - brings herself into mortal danger by fighting for a Jew. "He is innocent!" she cried, "He is innocent!" In the end, she won.

Now, Wilson asks you to imagine that suddenly your loving and lovable dog falls dead. The amount of material molecules and atoms which comprised your companion is still the same. But some agency has gone out of it, some mysterious fluid which was there, but which has vanished suddenly. Where did it go? It cannot disappear into nothingness. It must now be somewhere else in some invisible form.

I thought of all this in tearful despair when Claire's heart had stopped throbbing. Slowly, but inexorably, the warmth of her sweet body began to ebb away. The amount of all molecules and atoms which comprised Claire was all still there. But that power of ethical love went out, and with it, the ethical cooperation of all the atoms of her cells stopped working for each other and for Claire. They began to decay. But where did this mysterious elixir of life go? It must be somewhere, invisible but real!

Now, is this natural, or am I beginning to talk of the "supernatural?"

THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL

I am an engineer, a practitioner of the "natural" sciences, dealing with the "natural" phenomena in our world, be they gravitation, electro-magnetism, atomic and molecular phenomena, and a host of other "natural" things. Consequently I had no time nor any inclination to deal with the "supernatural". I became an atheist early in my youth, and I still scorn the idea of a god who can be placated by words of mouth, or donations of cash. I have scorned and still scorn all the mystical and metaphysical blabla by which monks and ministers, priests and professors make a comfortable living.

When I witnessed those strange mind-matter phenomena in the Far East, I realized that there must be some "natural" explanation. Julian Huxley, when he spoke of clairvoyance and precognition, exhorted his fellow scientists to examine these phenomena in order that a "natural" explanation be found. It must be "natural" because "supernatural" is nonsense. How then can we explain "naturally" the seemingly "supernatural?" Believe it or not, it's the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is to listen to words, because with words anything can be "explained". But watch out! I am going to deceive you. However I am only following the methods of my teachers in the universities, who succeeded even in deceiving themselves with their own words.

Three hundred years ago, nobody knew or thought of the electric telegraph, telephone, radio, and television. For a primitive native of today all this seems "supernatural". But for me and you and every scientist these are the most "natural" things in the world, so "natural" indeed, that we have ceased to wonder.

Now we are able to explain "naturally" the strange phenomena of telepathy, hypnosis, water divining, clairvoyance, etc. etc. It's all done by electromagnetic waves, and we all know what they are. Scientists have detected faint electromagnetic waves pulsating through the brain, and now it's simple and natural to speak of brainwaves. Every brain is a transmitter and receiver of brainwaves. This would explain telepathy and hypnosis. Electromagnetic waves bounce off material objects and come back as radar echos. This would explain water divining. And clairvoyance? Why, don't you know? It's brain television of course! Every visible happening anywhere is made visible by electromagnetic light waves coming from the sun. Some supersensitive brains can pick up these pictures transmitted by electromagnetic light waves from thousands of miles away.

And so we have "explained away" the "supernatural" quite "naturally."

It's all done by electricity and every school boy and girl knows what electricity is. "Well, what is it boy?"

"It's the current which makes an electric lamp glow?"

"And what makes an electric lamp glow?" we may ask another boy.

"Why, electricity of course!"

"And what is this electricity?"

"A current of electrons!"

"And what are electrons?"

"Why, the particles of electricity!"

All our questions and answers are going in a circle. Why? Because we use words to explain other words, and these words are names given by the scientists to totally unexplained mysteries. The trick they play on us, is to teach, and

torture in examination their pupils, as if these words are explanations of the mystery. Now they are exploring deeper into the mystery, and presto, they believe to have found smaller and still smaller electric particles, which they dutifully name, though they are not sure whether these particles, - the proton and the positron, the neutron and the neutrino, the meson, pion, muon, the anti-electron, antiproton, antineutron, antineutrino, and a host of others - and antiothers - whether they really exist at all.

But whatever new words the mediocrities invent for new mysteries, they insist emphatically that their "explanations" are "natural" explanation, not "supernatural". But to me, electricity is still supernatural. My father was an electrician who manufactured electric cells. As a little boy I put together some zinc, carbon and sal ammoniac, and then watched in fascination how my little toy train began to run, and how its little lamp began to glow. I still can't understand it. Later, after I had graduated, I manufactured radio valves and parts, and I watched in fascination how the red glow came up in my valves, and carried to me sweet music from hundreds of miles away. I still can't understand it, though I gave hundreds of lectures about it. To me it still seems "supernatural."

"Supernatural is nonsense!" cry the scientists. But they are still fighting the civil war of the 19th century when the grandfather of Julian Huxley was the publicity manager of Darwin. They still mean by "supernatural" the fairy fables of the Bible and the Gospels, the story of Creation in not more than 6 days. But nobody believes this story today, not even priests and popes. They point out that the "days" are to mean eons of evolution. It's semantics, a new twist of meaning to an old word.

And so we see how scholars and scientists, priests and professors try to outdo each other with new words in new cosmologies, new theories how our cosmos is composed, how it came into being, and how it is run. And all of them are most anxious to prove that their explanations are "natural explanation." But alas, "cosmology" means nothing more than "words about the cosmos", and that's all they can give us - words for unexplained mysteries.

THE COSMOLOGIES OF CHAOS

The most celebrated, most bestselling, but also most disastrous cosmology is contained in the Jewish-Christian Bible. Its authors have succeeded in presenting the Creator as a mad Monster, a wrathful and vengeful old Ogre, who takes a devilish delight in wrecking the creatures of HIS creation. For this He employs a method all HIS OWN. First, he puts the blame for whatever imperfection HE had created in HIS "children" on them - and then he punishes the poor miscreants for his own miscreation.

He put Adam and Eve in Paradise and promptly tricked them out of it. He let the serpent talk lies to Eve. How should poor Eve know that God had created a disaster in language - the lie? Later he decided to make miserable even those who don't talk lies. At Babel he confused human language so much, that people don't understand each other, sometimes even when they speak the same language.

Later, dissatisfied with his own creatures, he decided to drown them all in a horrible flood. But being a merciful God, he spared Noah and his family, and one pair of all creatures. And in his infinite wisdom he let them go into the arch, bacteria and bedbugs, viruses and vermins, to make sure that the new mankind and animalkind will be plagued by new diseases and disasters.

Later he told Moses to take the "Promised Land" by force. Joshua marched in, conquered the land, and put to the sword the people of Palestine. Glory be! Hallelujah and Hosannah!

And so on, and so on.....almost every page of the Holy Bible tells of killings - the greatest crime story ever told, and all HIS OWN WORK, all told by HIMSELF and in HIS own words. No wonder that his disciples learned his lessons, and went on to more and more killings, many in the name of God and his only beloved son.

This is the cosmology of chaos, which has brought us into chaos. True enough, there are some ethical commandments in the Bible, but belied by the unethical deeds of the devouts, and by HIS own misdeeds. What a travesty of truth, what a shameless confidence trick played by his professional priests on trustful humanity, when they make hundreds of millions of people worship this "caricature of an ethical power" called Jehowah, God, Almighty, and a host of other names in other languages. It's not ethics which makes people pray to HIM. It's fear only which makes them pray - and pay. And anyone who doubted God's own words had to

pay with his life. And ethical commandments be damned!

Let's forget the thousands of years of miseries and massacres which followed. Let's get straight to our enlightened age of science which began about 300 years ago. And let's have a look at the new natural cosmologies created by the scientists. There is the Einstein of the 17th century, the great Rene Descartes. According to him, the spaces of the universe are ravaged by tremendous hurricanes. They create vortexes, and in these whirlpools all dust and matter is drawn into the centre and form the rotating suns and planets. Everyone was gaping about Descartes' great wisdom, and everyone found it quite in order that there is no place for ethics in this holocaust of hurricanes.

And this indeed is the main feature of most cosmologies. They are cosmologies of chaos with no ethics anywhere. No one thought of the ethics in living cells which makes wounds heal in plants, animals and humans. No one thought of the fact that many thousands of animal species adhere strictly to the ethical law "Thou shalt not kill!"

Animals? Why, they are nothing but soulless machines, and bad machines at that. When I was a boy, I learned of the Einstein of the 19th century, the great Helmholtz. He used to say that if an optician would deliver to him an optical instrument as faulty as the human eye - he would send it back.

My father was also an optician, and with the discarded lenses, I made telescopes and cameras. I heard of Helmholtz' saying in disbelief. My father had shown to me that his eye, and the eye of our little cat, and the eyes of all creatures have an automatic aperture which opens up in dim light and closes down in bright light. He showed me too that the eye has an automatic focussing device. From my badly exposed and unsharp photos I knew what all this means. It was for me miracle upon miracle. Then I injured my eye by a firecracker. It burned like hell, and I feared I am going to lose it. But an even greater miracle happened. The eye repaired itself to health.

Where are the master opticians who have ever made such a fantastic instrument? And where are the master idiots who have ever made such an idiotic pronouncement as the great Helmholtz? Where? Don't you know? The idiots abound in all universities. But this is not my opinion.

It was the philosopher Immanuel Kant who said:

"No institution has produced more idiots than the universities."

I told you of Kant's contemporary, the philosopher Paley, who confounded his colleagues by saying that a machine so full of design and purpose as a ticking watch could not have made "itself", as the men of the "mechanistic theory of creation" maintain. And Kant added:

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

Design be damned! Today 100 years later the idiocy of Helmholtz is still quoted in modern books and modern zoologists and biologists still maintain and proclaim that all the logical engineering wonders of living creatures came about by the most illogical, and most idiotic haphazard happenchance of some molecules colliding and combining with each other without any design, nor aim, nor sense, nor reason, nor purpose - and least of all ethics. It's chaos alright!

This idiotic theory is considered today to be the ultimate truth and nothing but - so much so that modern cosmologists don't even bother to include in their cosmology the miracles of living matter. As an example let's have a look at the master mind on matter and energy, on space and time, on the universe and beyond - Einstein the Great.

THE SAINT OF SCIENCE

When I entered the university in 1919 Einstein was the rage, and I immersed myself in his ideas and theories. For many years I lectured on the theory of relativity. Often people came to me afterwards to thank me for having learned in language they understand, an outline of his theory. I lectured even to my fellow prisoners in the Gestapo gaol in Vienna, and later in Buchenwald on Christmas Day. Usually I staged there variety shows on Sunday evenings to make them a little laugh and forget. But Christmas Day 1938 was too sad a day for everyone. A blizzard was raging outside our huts, and desperation was raging inside our hearts. We had lost belief in a just and merciful God who protects the innocents. We felt like pebbles tossed about in a chaotic mortal storm of cruel forces in a universe we did not understand.

Later I lectured on Einstein in the Japanese Ghetto in Shanghai, and still later in Sydney in the Society of General Semantics. By then I had begun to examine critically and doubtfully the semantics of Einstein's words. Since my student days I had waited for the experimental proof of Einstein's most sensational pronouncement, namely that space shrinks and time slows down on moving bodies. Today more than half a century since Einstein said it, there is not the shadow of a proof available. May be, Einstein's words are false? I began to search for the semantic fault in his words and I found it. But it is impossible to show in detail in these pages why Einstein's theory began to crumble already in his life time. It will sooner or later be discarded like the theory of Descartes. Here are a few facets of the Einstein story.

Einstein is the perfect proof to show that every century has a god of science who is revered and adored, and whose pronouncements are considered the ultimate truth. In the next century his "explanations" have proved false. The name of Einstein, meaning "Onestone" may soon mean "one stone" more on the stony road of discarded theories. But was it Einstein who came up for the first time with these new and amazing ideas about our universe. Hell no! And this is the sorry story which has been repeated again and again. Einstein was adorned with ideas which lone thinkers have thought out before him.

We have been told that his theory is Non-Euclidian, that he has discarded Euclid, the old master of the geometry of three-dimensional space. But a hundred years ago, it was Riemann, and independently Lobachevski, and others who thought of closed universes with more than 3 dimensions. It was Riemann who looked at a star sinking in the West, and a star rising in the East. "May be," he thought, "this is the same star. May be a spaceship setting out due East into space might return from the West." It was Riemann who worked out formulas for many-dimensional spaces, and Einstein used these formulas. But who knows today of Riemann? He is forgotten.

We are told to believe that Einstein's theory is Non-Newtonian, that he overthrew Newton. But few people know that Einstein's calculations give almost exactly the same results as Newton's calculations. In other words, Einstein hasn't overthrown Newton. When Eddington made headlines for Einstein after a sun eclipse, (which seemed to prove Einstein's contention that light has mass and is attracted to a large body like the sun), nobody told the world that Newton had predicted the very same thing three hundred years before.

Einstein's colleague Professor Frank told in one of his books that Einstein met in Vienna a man named Friedrich Kotter who proved to Einstein (as Wallace had proved to Darwin) that he had reasoned out the same theory before. Einstein had to admit it, but what did he do for Kotter? How nice and ethical had Einstein secured for Kotter a place on the payroll of a university. But such decency might be dangerous. Imagine people beginning to talk of Kotter's theory of relativity. Impossible! Hence, Einstein was careful enough to leave Kotter in the obscurity of the payroll of the Kodak company.

So great became Einstein's fame that even churchmen jumped on his bandwagon. They put a marble statue of Einstein among the marble saints of New York's Riverside church. Did Einstein protest that statues should not be made of living men? On the contrary. He liked his likeness very much. And he did what he could to look like a real saint. He let his hair grow wild, and collected dust and dirt in his matted mane. Apparently he had no time for a haircut, not even for his two sons and their mother. He abandoned them all. This catastrophe was too much for the younger son. His mind gave way under the strain. Ethics be damned!

THE TECHNIQUE OF SAINTS

In the next chapter I shall discuss the Einstein technique which brought him so much fame. But my readers may be dismayed already about my criticism. I am sorry, but there is more dismay to come. We have set out to discover the influence of language on human thought, and the results of our search will be more than shocking. Let us then study first the technique of modern saints.

Albert Einstein, the saint of science is surely a great man. But there is another man, who is considered today to be the greatest of all great modern men, and a real saint too: Albert Schweitzer. He is a medical missionary. I met many missionaries in China, and I could take a good look at their work, at the working of their minds, and at their working the minds of others. Whereupon I realized what a fool I have been when I chose the hard profession of an engineer.

An engineer must make machines work - or else. He must manufacture things which serve well and sell well - or else he will be out of business in no time. But a missionary who is an engineer of human minds and souls could be the greatest flop - and yet, his salary will arrive every month, every year, all the years, even when he is too old and feeble to be of any use to anyone. Moreover, a missionary need not sell, need not show a profit and loss account, need not have any success whatever - and yet, the money will come rolling in. All he needs are words.

This seems a harsh condemnation of the holy men who bring the light to the heathens. But you should read what that great observer of human frailties Somerset Maugham had to say about missionaries. He met them in many parts of the world. And he effectively destroyed their legend that they do the work of God. More than often, they do the work of (to use a word they use so often) the Devil. They have brought hell to happy heathens.

In the Pacific Islands, where a paradise on earth existed a hundred years ago, they have used the words of the Bible with deadly effect. They have told those beautiful naked natives that nakedness is a sin, and that sweet sex is the deadliest sin of all. They have converted them into bewildered blablaberers who must not pray in the other mission church across the river. Many a times there are letters in Australian papers protesting about the soul-destroying competition which the various Christian sects exercise in the Pacific.

However, they are tolerated, because they bring what their bureaucratic brethren of the other hierarchy (the government) fail to provide: schools and hospitals. Where does the money come from? It comes from words preached from the pulpits in America and elsewhere. So great is the overflow of dollars and pounds that the hundreds of bishops don't know what to do with it. So they seek out some starry-eyed young men, fill them with enough missionary zeal and enough money to build a school, a hospital and a church. And one such young man was Albert Schweitzer. He went to Lambarene in Africa and built a hospital of huts.

Today half a century later, his fame as the greatest of all great modern men is well established. Thousands of visitors flock to Lambarene, and leave it utterly bewildered. Competent observers have told time and again that his hospital huts are hovels of filth, that Schweitzer is often rude and harsh to his patient helpers. And yet, his fame and his greatness gets greater all the time. What is his technique?

It's very simple. Schweitzer can use words well. He can speak well. He can write well. And publishers have found out that his words sell well. What's more the printed words bring in more money, sent directly c/o Schweitzer, Lambarene, Africa. What does he do with it? Did he build a great modern hospital with the latest equipment? Did he establish other hospitals throughout the country with flying ambulance services, etc. etc? He did not. Well, what did he do with the money?

He used part of it to leave his patients for months on end and to go abroad - not once, but many times. What for? For more words spoken to journalists and magazine writers, and to the devout in lecture halls and the radio. It increased his fame and his funds. And Lambarene is still as filthy as it was 50 years ago. But Schweitzer is the saint of saints. He managed to please not only the devout believers, but even the doubting unbelievers. They loved his criticism of Christian doctrines, and for this they loved to send him money too.

Are there no real saints among missionaries? There are. But those great men are not considered great. They can't use words well, and they can't write well. They can only serve God well. They are the missionaries who go out into the leper colonies to help the helpless, until they too get the deadly disease, until their bodies too begin to desintergrate. Then they too must give up all hope of ever seeing their friends and families and civilisation again. And so they live, and die, unknown, unsung, unheralded, and unrewarded. They are the real pioneers of ethics, not Schweitzer.

Look at a picture of Schweitzer. He almost looks like Einstein. But this is only an optical illusion, a deliberate illusion and delusion. Let your hair grow wild, and people will recognize true sainthood. But you must use words well. This is the technique. Of course, a halo of hair helps.

THE EINSTEIN TECHNIQUE

But why got Einstein so much fame? He is known to almost everybody, whereas his colleague Planck is unknown to almost everybody - though Planck's quantum theory has proved more fruitful than Einstein's relativity theory. The answer to this

puzzling question is found in the method how Einstein did it. It was stupendous! Einstein made himself the super scientist by being his own super science salesman. Salesmen sell with language, and Einstein used language to make everyone feel like a confounded fool. It worked beautifully.

The sales gimmick of Einstein and his disciples was to sell gaping mankind a fantastic science fiction story: spacemen on a long and fast journey through space, will age slower than their children at home. And when they return to earth still young, they will find their children old and feeble people. Everyone was gaping and applauding in order not to show that everyone feels like a fool and an ignorant ass in the bargain. For the newspapers it was pure joy. Einstein was worth his weight in gold.

I am speaking of Einstein's main contention that space shrinks and time slows down on moving bodies. First, let us realize that FitzGerald and Lorentz had similar ideas before Einstein. In fact, Einstein used Lorentz' formulas. But did Lorentz, and later Einstein have any experimental proof of space shrinking and time slowing? None whatever. Do we have today, more than half a century later, any proof? None whatever. How all this came about makes fascinating reading, and I shall tell you about it perhaps in a later chapter.

Einstein declared that the speed of light is the fastest speed possible in the universe. Did he make any experimental measurements? None whatever! He deduced it only from his formulas. They would begin to talk nonsense, if there were a speed faster than light. Hence, there mustn't be one. Now certain electromagnetic phenomena have been found with a speed faster than light.

Einstein threw Euclid out of the window, and his disciple Minkowski declared that space is time, and time is space in some sort of a shady union. He used even the same symbol for space and time. Well, it was a lie. Space is still space, and time is still time. Einstein declared that space and time are intertwined, and warped around celestial bodies. Stones don't fall because of gravitation. They only roll along a geodesic line, which is a curved but straight, or straight but curved path in Einstein's curiously curved "space-time continuum."

Well, this has been straightened out in the meantime, and to all appearances, good old Euclid is still going strong and straight. And space and time, gravitation and electromagnetism, mass and matter are as unexplained as before - or rather more mysterious than ever.

Einstein got himself into the mess by mixing up electromagnetism with gravitation. Lorentz had worked out formulas to account for a phenomenon of electromagnetism. Einstein applied these formulas for gravitation. His greatest calamity right from the start, which has haunted him for the rest of his life, is therefore something which every schoolboy could point out, but Einstein could not refute nor explain. In gravitation there is only attraction. In electromagnetism there is positive and negative attraction and repulsion. Apparently, a gravitational "field" attracts only, whereas an electro-magnetic "field" attracts and repulses. Throughout his life Einstein tried desperately to bridge this basic difference by a "unified field theory". "Success" he cried time and again. But it was failure time and again.

Some years ago, Mr. Lincoln Barnett, a magazine writer, wrote a booklet under the title THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN. Did Einstein protest to this preposterous title? Of course not. He was so pleased with it, that he even wrote a foreword to it. The dustcover says that "Lincoln Barnett's brilliant exposition for the 'man in the street', is endorsed by Einstein himself, and brought up to date to include the (in big letters)

"UNIFIED FIELD THEORY "

Intrigued by this title I bought it eagerly, hoping that Einstein has at last found an answer to that schoolboy question mentioned before. But I was bitterly disappointed. It was the old technique: use language to claim certain success, which when semantically analysed, proves to be only certain bewilderment. Einstein himself said at the end of his foreword:

"The present situation is characterized - notwithstanding all successes - by an uncertainty concerning the choice of the basic theoretical concepts."

which in plain language means:

"my concepts may be false."

It took him a long time to admit this. And it was all bound up with time.

E I N S T E I N O N T I M E

As told before, I have waited for nearly half a century (and I am still waiting in vain) for the experimental proof of Einstein's most sensational pronouncement: that space shrinks and time slows down on moving bodies. Hence, according to Einstein, space travellers will live longer and stay younger longer. It was this assertion which made an ass of everyone. It gave Einstein fame, a sainthood, and a statue in a church.

But the fame of saints is built on legends. And from time to time men come along who smash the statues and destroy the legends. From time to time men have realized that they have worshipped false gods and false saints, and that they have provided a comfortable living for the priests of the cult.

Even the Vatican does from time to time a little "de-saint-izing." A saint who has been revered and venerated for centuries, and who has dozens of miracles to his credit, suddenly finds himself out of heaven and out of a job. So sorry, it was all a legend only (a lie for short).

The people who are sorry, and who rise in defence of their saint, are only those who make a living by his cult. The men who make a living by the Einstein cult are the scientists. I shall soon prove to you that they have adopted the Einstein technique with rewarding results for themselves, but with ruinous results for us. They will rise in ridicule and wrath about my "de-saint-izing" of Einstein. Who in hell am I who dares to doubt the doctrines of their saint? Who indeed? What qualifications have I compared to theirs?

Well, the fatous fact is that I have more qualifications than thousands of academic busybodies. First, I have solved a mathematical problem which, for 300 years they considered impossible to realize. Secondly, I have made the solution so simple that even children can learn to operate my "Algebra of Thought" (as Leibnitz thought of it prophetically). Thirdly, I shall prove that this my scientific achievement is of greater importance and benefit for the future of humanity than all the cosmic theories of Einstein and other scientists. Fourthly, I have made most far-reaching discoveries about the catastrophic influence of words on human thought. These are not "discoveries" in words, but real archeological discoveries, (as indicated before and explained in a later chapter). And there is something more.

The trouble with me is that, for a number of years, it was my business to fight big firms in the patent courts of Europe. They had the big bags of money, and thus they could hire the big brains in the universities. I could only pit my wit against their weighty words. The quarrel was about electrons and electronics in radio valves. It was my first selftraining in semantics, in the analysis of their words, which revealed to me how little they really know, and how much they can make of it.

But then they proved it by scientific experiments that they are right. It was one of the greatest shocks in my scientific career when I found out that scientists can arrange their experiments to prove what they want to prove - or to disprove what they want to disprove. Consequently I had no difficulty to arrange scientific experiments which disproved what they had proved. And I had no difficulty to hire another professor who was ready to maul and maim his worthy colleague in the court - provided I provided him with enough scientific evidence and experiments - and provided the fee was fine. It was then that I lost all respect of all Einsteins and all lesser Steins.

I could discuss another professional but Einstein. He is for me but one example out of many. He is for me the proof for the oft repeated sorry story about true pioneers of science who go down the grave unrecognized and unrewarded, simply because they couldn't and wouldn't use the technique of sensational language. He is also for me the proof how scientists not only befuddle others with their words, but even themselves.

Words are sound symbols. The word "c-l-o-c-k" is a symbol of the English language which stands for a reality of our world, a contraption which clocks time intervals. And the word "t-i-m-e" is also a symbol, but for quite a different reality of our world. Now watch in the coming quotations how Einstein and his Einsteinians muddle up the meanings of "clock" and "time", until they become synonyms (same meaning). When they want to say that time slows down, they say that clocks slow down, and vice versa. But even if time would really slow down, it wouldn't mean that a wound-up clock mechanism would slow down too. Time is time, and a clock is a clock. These words mean two entirely different realities, entirely unconnected with each other.

Suppose you observe clocks in a watchmaker's shop. Some go slow, others go faster. Would you say that around those clocks which go slow, time goes slow too? Of course not. But Einstein and his disciples want us to believe that when you see a clock slowing down somewhere in space, it shouldn't mean that the spring or the weight has run out. It should instead mean that time has slowed down. But do they really "see" clocks slow down on moving bodies? Hell no! They imagine it only that it would, or could, or should. But alas, it's a dud. It's pure science fiction.

Instead of whole words, scientists use single letters as symbols for meanings, real or not. Instead of time, they write t . Instead of velocity they write v . And these single letters t and v befuddled first Lorentz, and then Einstein, and through him, all of us. He made us all believe that t decreases when v increases. That letter t appears in a number of formulas treated in new calculations which baffled even mathematicians. No one dared to contradict him after that sun eclipse in 1919. Did the eclipse prove the rejuvenating Helena Rubinstein effect on space travellers? Of course not. Did it at least prove a teeny weeny slowing of time? Of course not. The eclipse proved only that Newton was right when he said 300 years ago that light has mass and will be attracted by a large body like the sun. But Einstein got the glory. It was the Einstein technique which made the eclipse mean more than it could and should.

It was Einstein himself, who told us that on bodies which move with the speed of light, time would stand still. This was the right stuff for a mankind hungry for sensations, and for a womankind hungry too, really hungry, because they are dieting and dying to stay younger longer. They know the Helena Rubinstein effect of time standing still. They know that she is well over 80. But on her advertisements they see her photos (taken 40 years ago) but to be taken as they show her today - thanks to her cosmic cosmetics,

It was the Australian painter Dobell who has no respect for Rubinstein, Einstein or other Steins. He painted her like a Dorian Grey picture in its last stages. And it is the Australian braggart and blabberer Bliss who has dislikewise no respect for Einstein and Lessersteins, and who is trying to paint a picture of Einstein and his relativity theory in its last stages, before it is finally discarded.

EINSTEIN'S CRAZY CLOCKS

The following quotations are from a popular science book THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN by the science writer Lincoln Barnett. He is a member of the staff of TIME-LIFE and he has written a number of essays on modern scientific theories. In all his forewords he states truthfully the names of the men who gave him all the information, and who read his final manuscripts. They are all respectable professors at respectable universities. Barnett listened to them, because they are the ones who are supposed to know best. Barnett did not go to those lone thinkers whose ideas are in violent opposition to the exalted experts. Consequently, he didn't come to me too. I could have shown him the scientific work of those thinkers who contradict his informants. I refer especially to Barnett's articles on archeology, anthropology, biology, linguistics, in which fields I have made pioneering research, and where I found that other thinkers before me had similar thoughts - only they were unable to defeat the orthodox theories of the old orthodox. I too have no chance - at least during my life time. But perhaps my rebellious writings will inspire other rebels and make them rebellious enough to overthrow present-day theories, which in a hundred years will make no sense to everyone. And one of these theories deals with Einstein's crazy clocks. Let's hear Barnett about them. However for him they are not crazy at all, naturally.

The publishers say on the dustcover of Barnett's book:

"This book is an attempt - perhaps the most brilliantly successful of our time - to describe the universe as it now appears in the light of modern scientific and cosmological theory."

and they conclude the dustcover story with these words:

"Einstein himself thinks so highly of the book that he consented to write a foreword."

I have already quoted the conclusion from Einstein's foreword in which he admits

"an uncertainty concerning the choice of the basic concepts."

In order to grasp the full significance of this crushing admission of failure, the reader must realize that cosmologies deal only with "basic concepts" about our cosmos. In plain language Einstein's words mean

"the basic concepts of my cosmology may all be wrong"

And this he said in old age, after a long and lauded and applauded life.

But if Einstein is not so certain any more, Barnett is very certain, so certain indeed that he speaks of measurements with clocks and yardsticks in the laboratory which however NEVER TOOK PLACE. His certain words should drive high the anger of indignation in all people who realize that wordmakers can use words to state with certainty certain truth, which on closer examination turns out to be certain untruth.

But we must excuse Barnett. He repeats only what he heard high up. He believes with sincerity that what they told him is the truth and nothing but the truth. Consequently he begins his chapter on the fictitious laboratory work with clocks and yardsticks with that much maltreated and misused word: truth.

"THESE TRUTHS CAN BE described in very concrete terms. For once he had evolved the philosophical and mathematical bases of Relativity, Einstein had to bring them into the laboratory, where abstractions like time and space are harnessed by means of clocks and measuring rods. And so translating his basic ideas about time and space into the language of the laboratory, he pointed out some hitherto unsuspected properties of clocks and rods. For example: a clock attached to any moving system runs at a different rhythm from a stationary clock; and a measuring rod attached to any moving system changes its length according to the velocity of the system. Specifically the clock slows down as its velocity increases, and the measuring rod shrinks in the direction of its motion. These peculiar changes have nothing to do with the construction of the clock or the composition of the rod. The clock can be a pendulum clock, a spring clock, or an hour-glass. The measuring rod can be a wooden ruler, a metal yardstick, or a ten-mile cable. The slowing of the clock and the contraction of the rod are not mechanical phenomena; an observer riding along with the clock and the measuring rod would not notice these changes. But a stationary observer, i.e. stationary relative to the moving system, would find that the moving clock has slowed down with respect to his stationary clock, and that the moving rod has contracted with respect to his stationary units of measurement.

This singular behaviour of moving clocks and yardsticks accounts for the constant velocity of light. It explains why all observers in all systems everywhere, regardless of their state of motion, will always find that light strikes their instruments and departs from their instruments at precisely the same velocity. For as their own velocity approaches that of light, their clocks slow down, their yardsticks contract, and all their measurements are reduced to the values obtained by a relatively stationary observer. The laws governing these contractions are defined by the Lorentz transformation and they are very simple: the greater the speed, the greater the contraction. A yardstick moving with 90 per cent. the velocity of light would shrink to about half its length; thereafter the rate of contraction becomes more rapid; and if the stick could attain the velocity of light, it would shrink away to nothing at all. Similarly, a clock travelling with the velocity of light would stop completely. From this it follows that nothing can ever move faster than light, no matter what forces are applied. Thus Relativity reveals another fundamental law of nature: the velocity of light is the top limiting velocity in the universe. "

In the next chapters I may explain to you how that science fiction story with the clocks and yardsticks came about, and then you may realize with horror that Barnett hasn't understood the whole thing, or rather he has been taken in by the words of his informants. These laboratory measurements never took place. But you will find the same story in all books on Einstein's relativity theory. However, no author, least of all Einstein, tells the reader that it's all a muddling with metaphors. Speaking of clocks in a metaphorical way to mean time, is a sincere falsification of facts. For this we have to thank our teachers of language who never warned us of the metaphor, who never taught us how a metaphor can be used to tell a truth, which is nothing but a lie. Anyone who says that a slow going clock indicates that time around this clock goes slow too, tells a lie.

And to give the whole lie to the whole quotation above, let us realize that it begins by telling a "truth," and it ends by telling another "truth", namely:

"The velocity of light is the top limiting velocity in the universe".

Why must it be so? Because, if a greater velocity than light is discovered, Einstein's formulas would talk nonsense. And exactly this happened. A few years ago, according to an article in Scientific American, certain electromagnetic phenomena were discovered with a speed greater than light. The author apologizes for Einstein, and he tries hard to prove that the Einstein theory still remains, (modified of course), but the fact remains also that (to re-word slightly the "truth" above):

"The velocity of light IS NOT the top limiting velocity in the universe."

Consequently that top velocity space ship story is not true. According to Einstein's formulas, a spaceship travelling with the speed of light would become infinitely heavy, the ship and the spacemen in it would shrink to infinite wafer-thin flatness, and time would stand still infinitely. So sorry to disappoint you, dear reader, especially if you have read the popular illustrated book on Einstein's relativity theory by Professor Gamov, which he titled (in line with a famous book by the mathematician Lewis Carroll) MR. TOMKINS IN WONDERLAND. It is full of pictures of people, cars, and contraptions, all flattened and fore-shortened. In short, it is full of lies.

Personally I prefer Carroll's ALICE IN WONDERLAND. It's more to the point with regard to the pronouncements of Einstein and other scientists, when Carroll let one of the characters say

"What I say three times is true."

I have bluntly told Einsteinians that those laboratory measurements of clocks and yardsticks never took place. But they have a tailor-made answer to that clock and yardstick story. They say: "How can you measure the shrinking of space when your own yardstick shrinks too? How can you measure the slowing of time when your own time measurements slow down too? And how can you ever measure space and time in a passing spaceship which travels with a velocity close to light? The answer is: you can't."

But then how can you ever prove that story about the spacemen living longer and staying younger longer? This is the story hardest to swallow. And because of this, the Einsteinians try hardest to prove it - and be it by a trick of language.

Suppose you see a distant light, say a fire. Its colour shifts from bright red to dark red. This "redshift" could mean that the fire is dying down, or that a haze has risen between you and the fire. But could it mean that time around that fire has slowed down? Of course not! Of course yes, say the Einsteinians. Have they any experimental proof that time really slows down around that fire? Hell no! They deduce it only from a formula, and then they use a metaphor.

They measure atomic emission from heavy and fast stars, and from electro-magnetically excited atoms, gamma rays, and the like. And then they say that variation in atomic emission means variation in time. But when excited atoms emit rays of various frequencies, it doesn't mean that time around those atoms varies too. The semantic trick is performed by saying that atoms are "atomic clocks". But time is time, clocks are clocks, and atoms are atoms. They are not clocks. And clocks don't slow down, even if time does (which it doesn't). This is only a mind-befuddling metaphor. An even worse metaphor is to call a living heart a "clock". Who said this?

Einstein himself.

E I N S T E I N A N D T H E L I V I N G H E A R T

Herebelow you can read the scientific nonsense in Barnett's "brilliant exposition for the "man in the street." Only it's a brilliant fallacy told brilliantly by Einstein, and retold by his brilliant experts "as told to" Lincoln Barnett.

We have heard already that a wound-up clock mechanism wouldn't slow down, even if time would (which it doesn't). Neither would a heart slow down. This is what those starry-eyed idiots won't see. There is not a single experiment to prove that time really slows down. All Einstein had to show was a fictitious formula only. But with regard to the assertion that a heart slows down on moving bodies, there is not the tiniest bit of evidence, not even a fictitious formula, to assume that it would slow down, when time should slow down (which it doesn't). Least of all is there any scientific evidence available to say that the biological aging processes in the living cells of spacemen would slow down too, and that they would live longer, and stay younger longer. This is not even science fiction.

This is a horrendous lie, which poses as pure science, and Einstein is the horrendous liar. Why did he do this? Because it made an ass of everyone, and in comparison, it made him the super scientist of our age, whose thoughts are so high up in the clouds and above, that we poor down-to-earth idiots cannot follow his flight of fancy and fiction. But Barnett (guided on by Einstein's followers) followed him in the following quotation:

"Some day science may devise a far more interesting test of the same principle. Since any periodic motion serves to measure time, the human heart, Einstein has pointed out, is also a kind of clock. Hence, according to Relativity, the heart-beat of a person travelling with a velocity close to that of light would be relatively slowed, along with his respiration and all other physiological processes. He would not notice this retardation because his watch would slow down in the same degree. But, judged by a stationary timekeeper, he would "grow old" less rapidly. In a Buck Rogers realm of fantasy, it is possible to imagine some future cosmic explorer boarding an atompropelled space ship, ranging the void at 167,000 miles per second, and returning to earth after ten terrestrial years to find himself physically only five years older."

It may be difficult for you to believe that Einstein the Great was greatly in error about the heart and time. But then you might not know that his relativity theory is already out of fashion, because of its faults and fictions. Instead, there are at present a dozen or more of "improved" relativity theories, which are canvassed about by their "creators." But they too are still influenced and infatuated by Einstein's tinkering with time. They too are under the time-slowness spell. But at least, they are wise enough not to bring the mystery of living matter into their primitive cosmologies which deal only with dead matter.

This is what Einstein, and his Einsteinians have failed to realize. They are raving about the "great design", about the "one great universal law", and all the time they mean only dead matter in the cold of space and the fire of suns. Einstein is utterly silent about the really "Great Design" of living matter, which can be observed right here on our tiny planet. There is the utterly unexplained miracle of living atoms in living cells which think, and build, and act, logically, scientifically, and even ethically. And yet, not a word from Einstein about the "One Great Universal Law" which would embrace the mysteries of dead and living matter. All he could think of was the universal law, which could unify the phenomena of gravitation and electro-magnetism of dead matter. And therefore he proved to be a thoughtless adherent of the idiotic mechanistic theory of creation. When he talked of the heart, he thought of it as if it were a "machine", a "mechanism", a "clock".

You will see clearer about all this, when you hear in a later chapter how it all came about during the years after 1881, when Einstein was still a boy. Perhaps the same poem has influenced us both. When I was a boy, my mother recited to me a beautiful poem. It is based on the poetical metaphorical analogy of speaking of the heart as a clock.

This poem was for me sweet memory, until the 2nd October 1953 when Claire had her first heart attack. Then it became sad and tragic. From that date on, through 8 long and heartbreaking years, I would feel Claire's heart beat every few hours, even during many nights when she woke up complaining about heart trouble. I would then take her wrist, would look at my watch, and would realize in anxiety that the heart is not a clock, and cannot be one. I would realize that the heart is not a machine, but something infinitely mysterious, something composed of living cells, which obey an ethical power pulsating through the cosmos. I would feel in her heartthrobs pulsating through her veins and arteries, how this ethical power urges on her heart cells to drive the life-saving blood through all the channels of her sweet body, so that all her cells should get their nourishment and go on living for and with Claire. I would feel in her uneven heartbeat how her heart cells try their best to keep Claire going, in spite of the ravages of age, illness and anxieties. When her heart missed a beat, when it began to race madly, the cells of my own heart would respond in sympathy. They too would miss a beat, would pound madly against my own chest in my helpless worry and anxiety for Claire.

Sometimes I would think of Paley who confounded the academic mechanistic idiots by saying that a watch could not "make itself" like an organ, and organism of a living creature. Sometimes I would think of Einstein who completely overlooked the great cosmic force of ethical cooperation and creation of living matter. All the time he thought of unifying the forces of gravitation and electromagnetism, which he mixed up so badly, and for which he tried to find the great unifying law, which alas, eluded him so sadly.

Here I stopped writing, because I lost heart. Who is going to believe me and disbelieve Einstein? Nobody! And so let's end this unfinished manuscript. THE END