

EPILOGUE

written in 1965 for the second enlarged edition of
SEMANTOGRAPHY (BLISSYMBOLICS) by C. K. Bliss

TO "WHOM" DO WE OWE THIS WORK?

Since primeval man began to realize his suffering and his dying, since he began to form thoughts and the words for them, a cry has risen in untold woes and wails: "W H Y ?"

And now in our time, when our suffering and dying is being multiplied millions of times by man-made bullets, and man-made bombs, we demand an answer to our cry:

**"Why do we live? Why do we die?
Why do we suffer painfully? Why?"**

**Why are the innocents punished with misery?
Why do the wicked wax wealthy in luxury?"**

**Why each for himself, and not for another?
Why do we fight wars, and massacre each other?"**

**And why is a God of Justice and Mercy
Without any justice, without any mercy?"**

**Why let He His children so suffer and cry:
Why?"**

"WHY?" we ask the priests and the rabbis. But they tell us that we are not clever enough to understand God's inscrutable will and way. "God doesn't exist!" we say. But they tell us to pray—and to pay.

"WHY?" we ask the professors and scientists. But their answer is even more senseless. They tell us that we are only the product of chaotic collisions and combinations, mutations and mutilations of atoms and cells, without any aim, sense, design, nor purpose. Our universe is chaos, and in chaos only the fittest survive, they say. And they tell us to pay, for teaching this nonsense to our children.

What else can they say? How else can the priests and the professors "explain" the cruelties inflicted upon mankind by the rulers of human communities, who make us suffer and die by the millions?

How else can they "explain away" the fact that trillions of plant eating animals don't kill, that even meat eating animals like lions and tigers don't kill their own kind, that man is the only animal that kills its own kind, because words of our rulers make us kill our fellowmen.

How else can they hide from us the fact that in the cell communities of all creatures the supreme law is: "All for One, and One for All," that cells co-operate and help each other when they build their organism, and restore to health injured organs.

How can our wise men ever explain the fact that cells can manufacture strange chemicals which induce love and care, conscience and courage in parent birds and animals, making them feed and teach, protect and defend their helpless children, so that they shall survive.

Is this the chaos our professors talk about? Or does it not prove that ethics is a natural force like electricity? Is this the ethical power our priests call God, Jehovah, Allah or other deities in whose names men have massacred each other? It can't be!

What is the ultimate design and purpose of this ethical agents that pervades all living atoms, and the whole universe? **It is the creation of order out of disorder, harmony out of disharmony.**

Every intelligent boy and girl can see (once it has been pointed out to them) that within the molecules which build a budding flower, a busy bee, a baby bird, a baby animal, a human baby, **A POWER OF MIRACULOUS CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE ATOMS AND THEIR CELLS IS AT WORK**, in which every cell "unselfishly acts for the interests of the entire community," as Alexis Carrel observed.

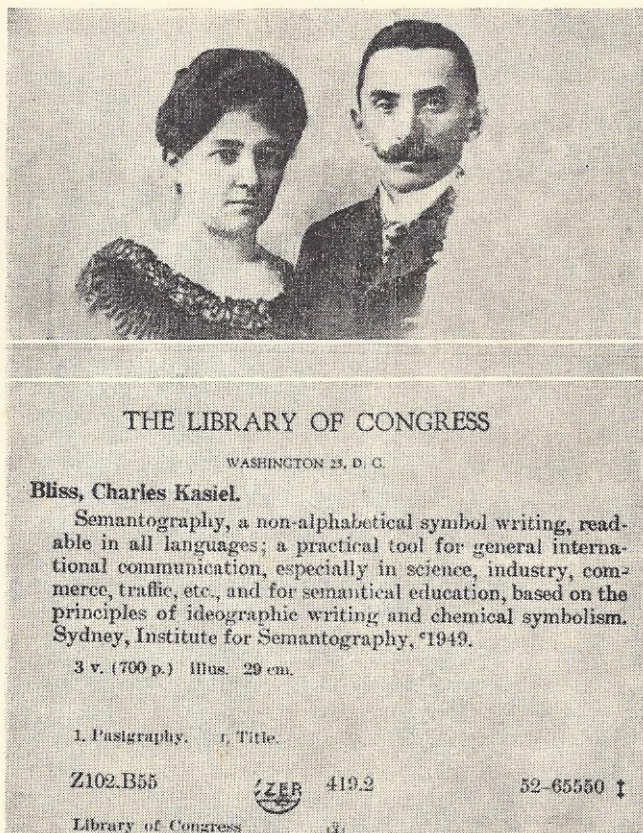
How did all the creatures come about? On inhospitable planets living atoms faced many dangers. They co-operated and helped each other, and over the millions of years, they invented the most amazing electronic and chemical organs and organisms for one purpose only: **THAT THEIR CHILDREN SHALL SURVIVE AND GO ON INVENTING HIGHER ORGANISMS OF HIGHER HARMONY.**

Their striving culminated in the emergence of man with the conscious power of reason and language. But here a new deadly danger arose: extermination through words. In all civilisations crafty confidencemen arose, who used words of "divine rights and revelations" to rule us, and to exhort us to kill our fellowmen, who speak and pray in another language, or to another God.

Again our atomic cell engineers, inspired by the ethical power, set to work to overcome this danger. In the brain cells of millions of men they induced the idea of one language for all, one language with logic and without lies, one language which could stop the slaughter, one language which could help us to become one world community of higher harmony.

These millions of men and women cried out to our professors of languages to teach mankind this one international language. But the professors believe in the theory of chaos, even in language. They refuse to remove idiotic irregularities in all languages. They refuse to teach Esperanto. They refused to take an interest in my work.

The ethical atomic power that works in the cells of all creatures brought my parents together, brought me into the world, and induced in my parents love and care, so that I shall survive, so that my cells shall continue to strive for higher harmony.



This is the framed composite picture, of an old photograph and a library index card, which is before me, when I bring my thoughts to paper.

My parents, as they looked, when I looked up to them as a little child. **Jeanette my mother**, who taught me to love poetry and literature, and **my father Michel Anchel** (from Michel the Angel) who taught me to love the laws of nature. They instilled in me the idea, that ideals are the best idea. They set all their hopes on me.

Proof that I have not deserted their hopes is the index card of the Library of Congress. This library was the first to buy my miserably mimeographed books, and to give a standing order for all my future writings. These librarians, and later others, recognized the value of my work for future generations. They gave me the courage to carry on.

My parents and my Claire have taught me the most important lesson in semantics every human being needs to know. Most people believe that married life must be like the weather: days of sunshine, alternating with thunderstorms and miseries.

What a misleading metaphor! Most miseries of married life are brought about by hurting words, of which our teachers have only taught us the pronunciation, spelling and grammar.

My parents and my Claire knew that such words can cause wounds never to heal, but ever to fester. They avoided such words. But many other marriages are marred, and made miserable by hurting words.

No teacher anywhere in the world teaches children how to recognize, and how to make harmless such words. There is no such subject in any school. My work is the first "textbook" that can teach this most important lesson of semantics to all mankind, and in all languages. This I owe to my parents, and my Claire, and ultimately to the ethical power of the Universe that makes all living atoms strive for higher harmony.

When my parents were dead, I needed courage and help. Claire gave it to me in full measure. Had I been saddled with a demanding wife, had I been saddened by making money only, this work would never have come to light.

In 1938 I was caught up in the most murderous maelstrom of death by words. I went through the hells of extermination camps, but was freed by the ethical power working in the cells of my Claire. She defied death and rescued me, and made me survive.

At last, in the freedom of a free country, my cells of brain and body could set to work to produce a new idea for overcoming the danger of death by demagogic words.

It is not me, who did it. The cells that built my parents, my Claire, and myself, are only infinitesimal links of living atoms induced and inspired by that ethical force that, like the force of electricity, pervades the whole universe.

To this ethical power we owe this work.

Claire and I believed in the true meaning of the Alma Mater, the Fostering Mother of all ideas: the University. We were sure that the professors of all universities would recognize the pioneering work of a new idea. After publication in 1949 Claire wrote thousands of letters to thousands of educators and educational institutions. There was no response.

When our hopes were shattered, when Claire saw me sinking into despair, her heart broke. In 1953 she suffered her first heart attack. She fought on bravely for eight more years, helping me more than she could.

When she died on that tragic day of 14th August, 1961, life died within me. For two terrible years I went through the darkness of desolation. When the second anniversary of her death came, I made in her memory the following 12 page booklet. I sent it to all who have known her. They were all her friends. She had no enemies.

The Claire booklet will be sent to you on your request.