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Mr. C. K. Bliss

by

Mrs. B. A. C. Gibb.

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P R E F A C E

This essay was written so that when the time occurs when Mr. Bliss' work is taken over and adopted by the world, there will be a biography of him in order to answer all the questions which will arise.

The essay is written in two parts. The first being a brief outline to the best of my knowledge, of his previous life; that is his life before I met him personally. I have devised this part from facts that he has told me in conversations and from literature which I have read concerning him. In regard to dates and the specific details required I then gained his assistance so that I could be sure that my account was accurate.

The second part is written as a short description of the Mr. Bliss as I know him. I feel that facts and greatly detailed biographies are only one portion of a life. The actual personality of a person is well worth recording. For this reason I have tried to capture on paper his likes, dislikes and idiosyncrasies, so that the future generations will be able to know Mr. Bliss a little bit better.

I am writing this essay only two weeks before my wedding. You will note that I mention my husband in a few passages. This is because by the time anyone reads this essay I will have long been married.

I am saying this now because when reading on, some people may become a little dubious as to my feelings towards Mr. Bliss. Many people in the past have misconstrued many a relationship of friendship to be something more. In two weeks I will be on my honeymoon, deliriously happy. Mr. Bliss has become very dear to me in a way as I would love my grandfather. He is a wonderful man to respect and admire.

I have nothing more to say except that I hope my little effort will one day be of some assistance to a future generation, when they will ask:

"WHO IS MR. C. K. BLISS?"

"Look," I said some time ago to my young typist Miss Maureen Bates, "look how the 'responsible' men are maltreating and even abusing me. Look how they distort my work, and even my person. Alas, my good Claire who knew me so well, she is not more with me. You can write so well. May be, long after my death, you may tell the world who I really was."

She wouldn't wait that long. At a time when everyone prepared to give her a wedding present, she gave me hers, the finest I can think of. It gives me the wonderful hope that she may carry on my work when I am no more.

C.K. Bliss

Mr. Charles Kasriel Bliss. Is he genius or crackpot? Humble or proud? Benevolent or mean? Modest or egotistical? It is almost impossible to define Mr. C.K. Bliss in one word. Great scholars and great men have praised him, small men have ignored him and the little men trying to be great men have humiliated him.

What kind of a man is he? What makes him 'tick'? I think I know. Several of his strange and wonderful ways have been misunderstood by many people. This 'composition', so to speak is written in an attempt to bring to the world (which one day will come to admire and respect him and ask the very questions I will try to answer) the real side of Mr. Bliss. It is not written to flatter him or to paint a false glorified picture of him, for as every man he has his faults, although they are not many, but many years from now people will ask: Who was this Mr. Bliss? This is an answer to that question which will be written to the best of my ability for the benefit of the world.

I will try to begin at the beginning. All I know of his early boy-hood is that at the age of 13 he made his housemaid pregnant and at 18 was again the prospective father of an illegitimate baby to a nurse. Mr. Bliss was no saint, no God. Mr. Bliss was a boy as all boys are, and yet his ambitions differed from those of normal boys. Even from this young age came the cry within him to do something good for the world, to do something which would one day benefit all mankind. But what? It was many years before he found the answer.

I will now briefly give you the facts of his life up until the time when I had the pleasure of meeting him and knowing him. Before I do, I must explain one thing. Many people may ask what I had to do with Mr. Bliss. What was my relationship with him and why am I writing this in the first place.

I came to work for Mr. Bliss as his typist on the 7th January, 1966. I liked work but offices bored me. Mr. Bliss offered a few hours of typing a day and when I discovered he was an author I was even more interested. He had about 12 other applicants and I was the lucky winner. I say winner because to become Mr. Bliss' secretary and now in some ways his co-worker, was a win.

Gradually as I worked for him (now sometimes I work up to eight hours a day) I came to learn of his work Semantography, One Writing for One World. I was deeply interested in this work, and realised the benefits it holds for world peace and understanding. At later dates I made experiments with his work with my younger brother Gary and also my husband's younger brother, Andy, and then I realised just how valuable his work is.

During the first 2 or 3 months of my employ I misunderstood Mr. Bliss. As I said before, many others have in the past. But I was lucky, I was able to take the time and trouble to try and understand him, to know him better. As time went on the real Mr. Bliss emerged and to know him was an honour. His ways and his personality came out and after many months, both my husband and I came to love him. And now on with the story of Mr. Bliss.

When he was seventeen he was still living in the place of his birth Czernowitz, which is the capital of the eastern-most province of old Austria. He was born there in 1897 on the 5th September. He had 2 brothers and one sister. They were a poor family and found it difficult to make ends meet.

In 1914 World War I broke out. Being as boys are, Charles wanted to enlist and play at being the soldier. He and his friend went from one recruiting office to another trying to get into the army. BUT, when the fatal question was asked, "How old are you?" and it was revealed to be only 17, it was back home to Mother. But as the town was only twenty miles from the Russian frontier, war was soon at their own doorstep. So Charles and his friend joined the Field Ambulance squad and found out what war is really like. To carry wounded soldiers across a battlefield, to step over the dead, to see the results of war. This was a dreadful thing for such young boys. Charles, being always a humanitarian, was doubly shocked and repulsed by the blood of young men, not much older than himself, which often covered his uniform.

Eventually the Russians occupied Czernowitz, but were soon driven out, and it was then decided by his family, who feared for his life, that Charles would go to the place he had always longed to go, Vienna. And there in 1915 he finished his high school diploma, that is his leaving certificate. But no career yet. Now he was at the drafting age and so from 1915-18, his world was the "war of the world".

When the war ended he went back to Vienna where he struggled to get his university diploma. As said before his family was poor and could not support him through university without a great deal of difficulty and rented out one room and even their kitchen so that Charles could complete his university studies. Charles recollects student hostels where there was no light and soup kitchens where he ate to save money.

During these struggling times occurred a most important event during his lifetime which would come to mean one day, more than life to him. The meeting of his true love, of his dear sweet Claire.

Despite his early introduction to sex and the unfortunate accidents which occurred with it, Charles' ideals on sex were most commendable. In his own words "Love was something more than intercourse" to him. Because of the fact that he was a struggling student he did not want to get married. In those days the young girls of Vienna would do anything to ensnare a husband, and many tried their little tricks on Charles. Oh it was not that he was not tempted many times. Would any man not be tempted by a lovely young girl lying beside him in the beautiful woods of Vienna. That was the trouble, many men were tempted and thus many young girls had husbands.

But Charles was different again. He wanted to love. He could not be satisfied with a physical action which would be over in a few minutes and would mean that 2 months later the same young girl (whom he did not love) would stand before him with the news that he must marry her. He wanted a young girl to love, so that when he should say "Darling I love you.", it would come from his heart. It would be the truth, not just a lie to obtain what he wanted. This was Mr. Bliss even as a young student. But some girls would not accept this and chased after him and hung on to him and he, not wanting to hurt them, would not tell them he did not want to go with them.

Such a situation was going on with a girl called Fanny when Charles and his friend Richard Treuer went on a hiking tour through the Alps. It was on this trip that Charles met the woman of his life. Claire Adler, as she was then, for she was married and 15 years his senior.

To Charles then she was a confident, an older aunt with whom he could talk and take his troubles to, a mother substitute. It was Claire who eventually persuaded Charles to tell this girl he did not love her and to break off with her. Thus the beginning of a wonderful friendship, Claire Adler and Charles Bliss.

And despite his hardships and those of his family he received his diploma. But even more incredible was that out of 5,000 students only 3 students finished their prescribed time of study in 3 years instead of the usual 4, 5 or even 6 years. One of these brilliant students was Charles Bliss. Now he was what he had wanted to be for many years, a Diploma Engineer, well versed in Chemistry and Physics and he was the owner of a diploma which was equal to a Bachelor's Degree. So in 1922 he was Dipl. Ing. Charles Bliss.

After leaving the university he was employed with a large firm in Vienna as a chemist. He was very lucky to have got the job at this time and loved every minute of it...and so he stayed with this firm for many years, until 1938 as a matter of fact.

When he was 28 years of age, he returned home to see his family, and on most of these homecoming occasions he had noticed a young girl called Rosa Kotliar. This was a girl who interested him, mainly because her family and she would go into the mountains every weekend. To Mr. Bliss this was pure heaven. He loved the hills and hiking through the glorious countryside and because Rosa went with her family to the mountains he thought she must love it too. Also he felt that he was earning a good living now, he was 28, it was time he settled down and took a wife. He liked this Rosa very much and she seemed to like all the things he did and so in 1926 Charles Bliss married Rosa Kotliar. In 1927 Charles Bliss divorced Rosa Kotliar. Reason? Rosa left Charles because Rosa couldn't get what Rosa wanted. Their relationship had been rocky from their wedding night. Rosa was what most women are termed as frigid. It took Charles 3 months of gentle patience to arouse Rosa in any way. Charles was a man who wanted to please his wife as well as be pleased, not only in the marital bed but in every way of life, but Rosa wanted not to please, just to be pleased. So, one day Charles came home from a hard day's work to find his little 'lovenest' empty, not only of his wife, but of all that they owned. She had flown the coop and taken the coop with her. Poor Charles!

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And then on top of that she asked him for alimony which amazed him, especially as she had left him. So one phase of his life was over and done with. He had taken a wife and he had lost a wife. But all was not taken from him. He still had the friendship of dear Mrs. Adler, but he had had bad news from Yugoslavia where Claire was with her husband.

There had been a bad storm and Alfred had been struck by a roof which had been blown down by the wind and he had been killed. The message begged for Charles to come to Yugoslavia and help her and her late husband's father. Charles found them both in a dreadful state, for though Alfred had not been a good husband to Claire, leaving her alone every night and making her deeply unhappy, he had still been her husband and his death had affected her and his father very badly. So Charles escorted them back to Vienna where Claire bought a little business in order to support her and her father-in-law. And so it was for 3 years. Lonely Claire and lonely Charles became more than friends and a wanting of love and affection from both of them brought Charles to a decision.

At that time in Vienna there were tens of thousands of unmarried couples living together. To live with a 'companion' so to speak was far from considered to be sinful, in fact it was considered to be a lawful state. And so Charles asked Claire to live with him. And she did, and they lived very happily for eleven years.

It was during this time that Charles developed a great interest for movies. He had always been a great fan of photography even from being a young boy and never developed the interest because he was too enthusiastic about his chemistry. However in these later years he found that he had the talent for directing, organising and making films. Films and movies were just a part of Charles' artistic talents. He was indeed a virtuoso. His instrument, the mandolin. An instrument of improvisation and Charles proved to be a great improviser. He was or could have been what the Beatles are today. He had quite a few young girls admiring and flocking around him in those days. The only difference was, the young girls of yesteryear did not have the money that the girls of today have. To be a musician, no matter how popular, was to be a pauper. When he was a boy Beethoven,

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was Charles' hero. Today he is still his hero but for different reasons. He realised how Beethoven suffered because he was a creator, a FIRST, and had experienced the dreadful shortcomings of his fate of being a genius, just as Mr. C.K. Bliss has experienced over the years, past and present, and probably future.

So we now have Charles not only as a film director but also as a musician, both talents which proved to be a great benefit to him in the dark days that followed.

For in 1938 on the 18th March, Charles Bliss was taken to a Gestapo prison and held there. Claire? She, an "Aryan" (pure German) was not married to him, and being 15 years his senior, was able to pass herself off as his landlady. He was only her boarder not her lover. So, as Charles thanked God, Claire was safe from the Nuremberg racial laws. But Claire was far from happy. Charles had been taken away and she, not being his wife (and even if she had been it might not have made any difference) was not informed. She searched in vain for her Karl. Finally she found out he was in the Gestapo prison. The phone fell from her hands and she fell to the floor.

In June 1938 Karl was taken to Dachau Concentration Camp where he stayed until September, when he was once again transferred, this time to Buchenwald Concentration Camps, where he stayed until April 1939. Like most people, he was consciously or subconsciously blocked out the dreadful horrors which he saw and experienced in those darkest months while imprisoned in the holes of filth that the Germans called concentration camps. What was worst, he was separated from Claire and his only consolation was that she was safe. Not being married to him, she was able to plea for his life without being endangered by imprisonment. And so she did, every opportunity she had. She fought and fought courageously for the life of her Karl. At one time she smuggled Charles' guitar and mandoline into the camp to him. He befriended the very men he hated, his guards, because even Nazis want some pleasure, and when Mr. Bliss plays his mandoline, even today, it gives pleasure. Then taking his life in his hands, he attempted to bribe and befriend a solicitor who visited the camps and some of its prisoners, and begged him to help him to get a release. And so on the 14th April 1939 he was released. On the 30th April he was leaving for England.

During the last days in Vienna he lived with bated breath, afraid of being stopped at every move. It was bad enough having to report to the police station every day. He was scared to death that he would be sent back to the hell of Buchenwald. Everything was fine. Finally he was going, the plane stood before him.

As he went through to the gate which led to his freedom, he showed his passport which said that he had been in a concentration camp. The Nazi Gatekeeper looked at it, threw it down in the corner and said "You are not leaving the country". Charles was as good as dead. This could mean the end. Going back to the camps, his death. He looked above the terminal and saw his own Claire, his mother, both waiting for him to go through the gates and board the plane which was already full with its passengers and preparing to leave, he looked at his passport in the corner and then at the guard. He no longer had colour in his face, and his eyes were full of fear and tears. Then the guard snatched it up from the floor, passed it and said "GO!" Life! Life for Charles. He saw the sky again and the people around him. He ran like a wildman to the plane, ran to his freedom. The only black mark was that he was forced to leave his Claire once again, but he was determined to get her over to England soon. At least she was safe for now, or so he thought.

That same year the war broke out and she was in the deepest danger. Charles was safe now in England, under the protection of the Union Jack, but his Claire, she would be killed with the millions of others. His mind worked frantically to find a way out. In the end he wrote to all of his friends in every part of the world, trying to find a place for his 'wife'. Finally word came from Greece from his good friends Simon and Berta Klein. "Send her to us. We will look after her." Relief swept over Charles and Claire went to Greece and safety. But even in Greece she was not safe for long. Mussolini was attacking Greece and Charles knew she must once again get out. So Charles went to Shanghai and Claire joined him there and they became Charles and Claire BLISS. For here in Shanghai it was the exact reverse situation as to that in Vienna. Not being man and wife, they could be separated again. If they were seized by the Japanese, they would both be sent to separate prison camps. This way they would go together. So at last after three long years of lonely and desperate separation Claire and Karl were together again and they remained together in Shanghai from 1940 to 1946.

It was here in Shanghai that his talents of film making became useful, for this was the way he made his living. He had a film business. He was in fact the first to think of a commercial being presented on moving film instead of the standard slides that they had in those days. But the war did not permit the finalisation of the deal.

It was also there in Shanghai in 1942 that Mr. Bliss began his invention Semantography. He received his idea from the way all of China was united in one writing. No matter which part of China people came from, no matter what language they spoke, they all read and understood the same writing. To Mr. Bliss this was miraculous. The whole world was fighting a war because there was no bridge of understanding between peoples. Perhaps with a writing which the whole world could understand such as China had, there might be once again peace and understanding. At last his chance to help mankind had arrived. So in September 1942, he started his Semantography. Today it is a unique and complete symbolic writing.

Being a chemist and used to taking each part of a substance and defining each part as a separate component, he decided to do the same with his Semantography. This way it is completely logical and it contains within itself a simple semantics which can be understood by all, even children, which as said before I myself have proof of.

And so life went on. He had Claire, he had his new work, a work which he would work on and because the chances of furthering his work or promoting it was impossible in Shanghai he decided to go overseas to Australia. And so in 1946 they came to Australia, with high hopes of his work being recognised as a great and wonderful invention, that it is.

But his **hopes** were soon squashed, and squashed hard.

When he arrived in Australia, he and his wife had a small nest-egg which they have saved in Shanghai. He had enough as a matter of fact to start up a profitable business and make a good living. But despite the advice and warnings of his friends and family he did not use the money for business or luxuries, far from it. He would write about his new work, Semantography.

He would go into every problem concerning his work, iron out all the sore points and put them into books so that people could never accuse him of just "scratching the surface" of this idea. And so he did. He went into every subject thoroughly. For banking he went to banks and wrote down all which was connected with banking and then built his symbols around this subject until every part had been covered. And so it was with every other phase of life until his books were to his satisfaction. Thinking it would only take one year, and with thoughts of how Volapuk (world speak) and the Esperanto languages found followers, he hoped for recognition. Never passing over a single subject and completing his symbols even with such subjects as chemistry, science and biology. At last his work was completed in three books, but it had not taken one year as Charles and Claire believed it would, it had taken him three long years. It was now 1949. While he had worked so faithfully on his work, his wife had worked beside him, and after the actual completion of the books, they sent out thousands of letters in order to let the universities, professors and scholars know that Mr. C.K. Bliss had the answer to a universal writing. As they both worked in their home in Pagewood which they had bought when they arrived in Australia, their hopes were high.

Now his work was done, but Charles was still not satisfied. He knew there was still more and more research and work needed and that many improvements could still be made. For this reason although he was a qualified chemist, and had still some savings, Charles worked as a labourer. Doing manual work meant that he could do his work and then come home and concentrate on Semantography without any other meddling thoughts of his daywork to disturb him.

Eventually he gained employment with General Motors, which were situated just across the road from where he lived. This was even better, for he finished at 4 o'clock and had only to cross the street to go back to his home, his wife and his work. And so it went for 2½ years. Until in 1951 General Motors recessed and took 30% of their employees off the payroll. One of these men was Charles Bliss. So, he decided to take his earnings and his savings and buy a shop. Here he could usually work on his Semantography for he bought a drycleaning shop, where his entire day was not crowded with the worries of it. He worked from 10 o'clock in the morning to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This was

because after the rush of workers in the morning and then the writing out of their docketts and sending off their drycleaning to the factory, there was nothing else to do, except occasional customers, which his wife looked after, until 4 o'clock when the drycleaning was returned to the customers.

His new little business was not a profitable one, in fact most of the time the whole amount for the week only came to £3.00. But Charles was not interested in money, he only wanted to go on with his work. By this time his hopes of Semantography being grabbed up and widely publicised had long been stamped on. From the thousands of letters and pamphlets he and his wife had sent out, there was NO RESPONSE. But Karl was not discouraged. He would go on working and would never give up.

Then in 1953, Claire had her first heart attack. Charles was distraught. She was near death and he could see his life slipping away with her. Day and night all his thoughts were with his wife. Often, he would wake in the middle of the night and feel that she was going. He would race up, get dressed, and when the gatekeeper of the hospital turned away, would sneak into the hospital and go to his wife's bedside and would stay until he was assured by the night nurse that she was alright.

Finally she came out of hospital but Charles realised that she needed special attention and care, and so Claire was put into a convalescent home. But not without Charles. He rented a room with two beds so that he was with her during the dark and lonely hours of the night. He went to work in the shop during the day, but his mind was very rarely on his work. Eventually she came out of hospital but now she was an invalid and could no longer work in the shop beside her husband.

In 1954 Charles decided that the reason for his failure was that his books were too big and too long. He decided to write a short primer where it could possibly be printed in a small book, even a paperback for the average man. It was to be easily understood and quite comprehensible to the average man with average intelligence. This primer was written when Charles realised that his efforts had failed and that he could not just let everything slip by. As said before, he would never give up. (And he never has). Even today when I work for him, he daily thinks of new ideas and ways to bring his work to the recognition which it deserves. He will always TRY.

Now that his wife was no longer able to work in the shop with him, Charles brought his brother Henry into the shop with him. They expanded and introduced a line of hosiery and made not only a drycleaning business but also a line of stockings for their customers. But though things looked quite bright for a while, the shop was not bringing in enough capital for two owners, and so Charles decided to sell his shop and buy a large house which he could convert into a sort of boarding house. This way his time would be his own and he would always be with Claire. His greatest fear was that one day she might suffer another heart attack and he would not be there. So he did this and in 1957 he and Claire moved into the house in which I am writing this essay, No. 2 Vicar Street, Coogee.

It was in this house that he wrote "In Search of a Logical God". This is a controversial book, delving into various interesting and topical subjects. In this book, he lashes out at the very men who had held his work back for so many years, the moral teachers and professors who would not accept a new way of teaching.

Claire and Charles were happy in this house, but however Claire's health deteriorated. Until finally in 1961 she died.

This was the final blow to Charles. His work was a failure because the moral teachers and stubborn "one track mind" professors had disregarded his invention, but at least he had always had his Claire. Now she was gone, all was gone. He was bitter, very bitter. He did not even want to continue living. After all what was there to live for? Then he came to a decision.

He had had a wonderful life with Claire, many treasured moments and many sweet and wonderful precious memories sprang to his mind everytime he saw something which she had used or something which had belonged to her, and he decided they should not be distorted in his tears of grief. So, he sat down and wrote about his life with Claire. He recaptured all the wonderful times and experiences they had shared. This was the only way he could bring himself and his Claire back to life. And it did. Each year he remembers the anniversary of her death and the day does not go by forgotten, about anyone who knows him can say, that it never will until the day he dies.

After her loss, and after many lonely months and years, he decided to devote his life completely to his work, Semantography. From now on this would be his life. He would go on making approaches and sending out letters and go on fighting for the things he believed in.

Charles was a very strong believer in Justice and of putting away the crooks of business and exposing them in their real light. He is still fighting a confidence man who took from him £50 for a business proposition they made.

This man (I won't mention his name) was supposed to go down to Melbourne to represent Mr. Bliss in regards to a settlement with the large Hosiery Firms, such as were commonly known. The settlement was being made because Mr. Bliss had a patent for the wrapping of stockings. This style which he had patented had been infringed by every firm.

Because he needed the money, for his wife was still alive but very ill, and because he could not go to Melbourne himself (for the same reason as above), Mr. Bliss employed this man to go down and see all directors concerned and make a settlement as quickly as possible.

But, this man didn't go and see anyone at all, therefore he had cheated Mr. Bliss out of £50, which at that time was a great deal of money to him and his wife.

He is still fighting this man to get his money back, but mainly because he wants to expose him for *what* he is, "a confidence trickster". He does not want other unsuspecting inventors to be fleeced as he was and he will go on fighting him until he is exposed.

As for Mr. Bliss' Semantography, in 1965 he sent his three books away to be properly printed and presentably bound in one handy volume. He had heard that if publishers send their books to Japan to be printed, it was cheaper, and so he did this and in December 1965 his books were sent to him, beautifully bound and good enough to be distributed anywhere in the world.

And then in January 1966, I walked into Mr. Bliss' life and from here on in I will try to tell you of the Mr. Bliss I know and love.

Well now you have a brief outline of the life of Mr. Bliss. Of course there are probably many more interesting details which could have been added, but I was not there and I explained his life to you as he interpreted it to me. No doubt in his own writings you will find a much better outline, especially in his "My life with Claire". But at least I have been able to bring you up to date, that is up to the date when I met him.

I came to him for a typist job as advertised in the local paper. I did not realise who he was, or what he was. I mainly wanted the job because of the convenience, for his home in Coogee was just around the corner from the suburb I lived in, Randwick. Also as said before, office jobs bored me, so the few hours of typing offered to me by Mr. Bliss was just perfect.

When I arrived he gave me a typist test which proved to be the best of all the applicants who tried out for the position and so that night he rang me to tell me I had the job if I wanted it.

Through the times that followed there were many trying experiences. He was always very understanding and most polite to me; he was far from a tyrant. If he wanted anything done it was always asked of me, he never ordered me. This is his nature, as I found out in later months. He finds it almost impossible to exert authority with any of his employees, he would rather be nice and have a friend. This is Mr. Bliss' motto for life.

"Be nice to someone else and someday something good will come to you!" This is his religion. Being a chemist he cannot sincerely believe that there is a God. The materialistic facts of how all began contradict so much those facts of the Bible and religious teachings. However, he does not believe we all just happened. He completely comprehends the wonderful workings of the cells of human life, from the very miraculous feat of childbirth to even a cut in the finger, when every cell goes to the rescue of another. But like everyone else, whether they believe in God or not, at one time or another in their lifetime, they cry out to God for help, and Mr. Bliss has done this many times. Especially during his struggling years with Semantography and during the painful times he experienced with the death of his wife, Claire.

So, if anyone should say to me "Is Mr. Bliss a religious man?" I would say yes. Because to think of others before oneself throughout your whole life time, is a religion in itself to me and I wish I had such an unselfish power within me. But that is life, the way each different personality is moulded, this is part of being.

Funny, but when Mr. Bliss reads this he will no doubt contradict me for saying he is unselfish, but this is the way I see him. He considers himself to be very vain and that all these years he has struggled for mankind, it has also been because he wants to be 'somebody'.

This is why you carried on with your struggles all these years is it Mr. Bliss? Well, I'm sorry but I don't agree.

At this time, 1966, Mr. Bliss is 69. He has completely consoled himself to the fact that his work will not be recognised until long after his death, maybe 50 years, maybe a hundred, and yet, he struggles on, fights everyone there is to fight. Why? Because he wants to be somebody? If he will not be known for many years after his death he cannot gain anything from this, so no matter what YOU say Mr. Bliss, you are unselfish. To want to be somebody is no crime, every creator creates for this very reason. Why am I writing this essay? Firstly I want to do it so that one day the world will be able to read about the real Mr. Bliss. Yes this is true. But why else? Perhaps behind my little ticking brain, there is that knowledge that one day my name may be known a little too, and be associated with the wonderful work of Mr. Bliss. To be a somebody is human nature Mr. Bliss, but it is not a whole nature, just a very small part of it.

No doubt Mr. Bliss could have been a somebody in many ways. I recently saw Mr. Bliss' film masterpiece called the "Unfinished Symphony". It is done with only an 8 millimetre film camera, and in only black and white. He made this film earnestly in order to compete in an amateur camera and film competition in Vienna. But before he completed his work on the film, he was taken to the Gestapo prisons.

The film itself is built around the arrangement of the music of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony". It is wonderfully produced and directed and is a moving film of a young Viennese girl and her boy friend.

The storyline is good, the shots excellent and being somewhat of a budding actress myself I wish I could make a film under Mr. Bliss' direction, as I feel it would be something one would always keep and be able to show with pride. It is most unusual that Schubert never finished his "Unfinished Symphony", and Mr. Bliss never was able to finish his film "The Unfinished Symphony" I guess "Birds of a feather flock together" (geniuses that is).

Another great composer, Beethoven, as said in part one, was always Mr. Bliss' hero. He loved his music and admired and respected him for the struggling experiences he went through because he loved and believed in his music. His story is not unlike other creators who have been ridiculed and humiliated because they have invented something new and different. Men like Louis Braille, for instance. His system was turned down by the school where he worked and he was made laughing stock. You can ask Mr. Bliss about any of these creative men to whom some of us owe our lives, and he will probably be able to tell you their life stories. Whenever there is an article regarding these inventors and creators, Mr. Bliss always reads it thoroughly and then I believe he compares his life with theirs and then cuts out many of these interesting articles and puts them in his files under PIONEERS.

Mr. Bliss never throws anything away which could help someone else. He has about eight drawers in which he keeps all cuttings of the interesting topics which occur in our modern world of today. Their subjects range from Biology to Morals, and include subjects such as Officialdom, Language, Educators and even Atom Bombs. He has cuttings from many years past which may be of great value to the world one day.

As a matter of fact Mr. Bliss never throws anything away. He will not throw away a piece of paper until every bit of spare space has been used. Even in his boarding house when his tenants throw away books and paper which they no longer need, Mr. Bliss will always find use for them. Scrap paper is used for copies of his letters (except the important ones when he uses proper typing paper.) "After all" he says "they are only for us and our files".

I must admit that when I first began to work for him, this used to aggravate me a little, but now I find myself doing the same thing. Why spend money on scribble paper when there is no need to.

Does this mean that Mr. Bliss is a mean man? A typical Jew as most people would disrespectfully name him? No it does not. Mr. Bliss is one of the most generous men I have ever met or probably will ever meet.

For instance, when a tradesman delivers a package, or the laundry picks up his washing or the milkman comes for payment of his bill, NOT ONE of these men go away empty handed. There is always a tip from Mr. Bliss for them. Why? I don't know, I think probably because he would know what it is like to be on the redeeming end. How many men do YOU know who would do this. I know NONE, except Mr. C.K. Bliss.

But Mr. Bliss is not like this just with tradesmen. If anyone does anything NICE for Mr. Bliss, he goes all out for them. He will go to any limits to please them and to do something good for them.

This is the great pity of Mr. Bliss' life. Sometimes I could cry with just plain fury at the way this man is treated. Because of the fact that he has done something that no other man could ever do, and that is his Semantography, he is envied and pushed down as far as he can be pushed.

All over the world, men in responsible positions with regard to symbol writing and international writings and languages, have completely ignored his work. "Oh yes," they write "we are doing as much for your work as we can. More research is being done and more finance is needed, but we are telling people about you and your efforts." EFFORTS. They are not interested in efforts, they are only interested in FINANCE. They have pushed Mr. Bliss' completed work back and why? Because they are getting paid to do research to find such a work. Their sponsors are putting out thousands of dollars each year for the 'responsible' men to do their jobs. Yet these men have disregarded Mr. Bliss and his work.

One man in America has known of Mr. Bliss' work for fifteen years, and for fifteen years he has been paid for doing research. It makes you wonder where these false bureaucrats come from. How do they get into their jobs and more incredible, how do they keep them?

But despite all this Mr. Bliss never gives up. He fights each

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and everyone of them. For years he wrote humble and pleading letters, literally getting down on his knees to them. When I worked for him and got to know him a little better I used to say "Don't crawl to these men, stand up to them, tell them where to go." In the end he did, and received some letters of apology, but still no definite answers as to what was being done with his work.

This man has been humiliated and taken many a beating from these 'responsible' men and for what? One day, after he is gone, they will cash in on his work. Promote it and take the credit of promoting it. But the only thing is that all during the years of struggle, Mr. Bliss has always speculated that he doesn't want a penny for his work. He would gladly give it free to all humanity. He has copyrighted it only to stop the confusion of a new Babel of symbols being introduced. But still they don't want his work, because it would spoil the lovely pattern of their lives. Still he goes on with his work on Semantography and also the work in his little private hotel.

His hotel also symbolizes Mr. Bliss' selfish nature. The rooms are all carpeted and have modern expensive furniture. The bathrooms are exquisite and scrupulously clean, mainly because Mr. Bliss, even at the age of 69, cleans them himself. He has every amenity possible for his guests. Not long ago, he came into a small amount of money which was sent to him from Vienna. It was actually the repayment of a debt of an old friend. What did he do with the money? Did he go out and spend it on a big feast for himself or perhaps buy himself a new suit or a new pair of shoes? OH NO! He bought a completely new sink unit for his laundry. It joined the washing machine and even a spin dryer which was already installed for the convenience of his guests. He gives all his guests breakfast, cooked by himself and served at all hours. You see Mr. Bliss goes to bed at 8 o'clock, but he gets up at 4 o'clock and begins his work on Semantography and then makes breakfast for the guests. Perhaps to some it would seem a little odd but he gets his work done and done well.

Quite recently as a matter of fact, his odd hours of sleeping proved inconvenient for me, for Mr. Bliss gave me a little kitten which his own cat had bred and she was already used to Mr. Bliss' schedule of getting up at 4 o'clock. As a result, every morning at four I am awoken by the gentle tapping of a little black paw

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upon my face, and when I look up I am greeted with a quizzical expression on the cat's face as if asking, "Why aren't you getting up?" I don't mind telling you its quite awful, especially since I never go to bed before 12 o'clock. Still, she is such a beautiful cat that I could not be angry with her.

This is actually quite unusual for me, because before I came to work for Mr. Bliss I really disliked cats in general. I even thought myself to be allergic to them. But Mr. Bliss' love and respect for cats has rubbed off on me, and now I adore them.

It is a well known fact that Mr. Bliss loves cats. Many cats are dumped on his doorstep by people who no longer want them, and the reason is simple. They know Mr. Bliss will not let it starve and will find it a good home. And he always does.

He has never desexed any of his cats because he believes that they should be allowed to experience wonderful joys of lovemaking the same as humans do. After all he's right you know. Would you like to be desexed at thirteen years of age?

He treats his cats with a wonderful respect fit for a queen. What he says about them is quite true. They are very clean animals for they clean themselves and therefore, unlike the dog, a cat never needs to be bathed. Also they are very affectionate. If you treat a cat with respect, she will always love you. Once again unlike the dog, you cannot beat or mistreat a cat and still have its affection. Once you hit a cat or treat it badly, it will never be affectionate with you again. And so I have come to love cats too.

Cats are not the only animals Mr. Bliss loves. He is dead set against the imprisoning of animals in zoos. "They are free animals and no-one has the right to deprive them of their freedom" says Mr. Bliss. And in the light of his opinion, I must be inclined to agree with him. Another one of his human hates is the fact that men go out and shoot these poor animals as a game. It is one thing to kill an animal in self defense, but to kill it just for the "fun of it" it is a cruel thing. Mr. Bliss believes strongly in this respect and you will find it most difficult to get him to talk about the subject for it makes him deeply depressed when he is reminded of it.

Another animal that Mr. Bliss is quite fond of is the bird. Every week, he collects all the breed which can no longer be eaten, breaks it all up and puts it in a big cardboard box and goes down to the beach to feed the birds. Some people would no doubt say that this is "strictly for the birds" if you'll pardon the quip, but I think it's great. I have seen him go down to feed them in freezing cold weather. I have often said to him, "You're not going out to go and feed the birds in this weather are you?" He merely replies "Oh it's not so cold." Maybe his body is used to cold weather, but I think it's because he has a warm heart.

I suppose up to now this has rather sounded like a tribute, but as I said I am writing about him as I see him and know him. However some people, as he has told me himself, think of him as a dithering old man, a crazy crackpot. Why? Because when he offers his advice in the hope of helping someone, it has been misunderstood. I can believe this because when I first came to work for him I too misunderstood him. When he told me the things to do regarding my job, he was only trying to make it easier for me. But I misunderstood him. I thought he was trying to tell me how to do my job. I feel that this is a problem with Mr. Bliss and people. In much of his correspondence the very phrase "You are not going to tell us how to do our job" is often used.

Because of the fact that he is an older man, people think he is just "raving on" and don't listen to him. If however they bothered to lend him an ear, they would realise, just as I did, that his advice can be a free and great reward to them. Mr. Bliss has put me on a road in life which can barely ever become bent or have any winds in it. If I come to a river I will always find a bridge to cross it, because (besides the wonderful guidance and teachings of my parents) Mr. Bliss has cleared the way for me. One of his sayings which when followed works, is that "when everything seems to go wrong, sit down and count your blessings." I have done this and it works. I, being a very moody person, can go from a good mood to a bad one within the matter of seconds, and when I am in a bad mood everything is bad to me. He just tells me to sit down, calm down and to "count my blessings". Oh it took a bit of training and self-discipline to do it and get into the habit, but it does work.

I still go into my bad moods but the point is I don't stay there as long as I used to. Not only that but his whole outlook towards life, marriage, sex and love are so fine and commendable that his advice has made me a better wife to my husband, whom I love so much. Mr. Bliss has advised me on the attributes a man likes to find in his wife and I have tried to live up to these expectations, and believe me with my husband it is "Great Expectations" indeed.

However, Mr. Bliss is not a religious man who says "Go and follow God and you will always have peace and understanding." Far from it, for as said before he has been no God or Saint himself. In fact he has had quite a life in his time.

Mr. Bliss believes that "the greatest misinterpretation of words which has caused the greatest misery to untold millions of married men and women and unmarried young people was the idea that to be united in physical love is a sin." In Mr. Bliss' opinion this is "the act of creation, the true act of God who gives overpowering happiness to all creatures who unite in sexual love."

Perhaps he is right. The suppression of feelings which are human nature is frustrating and can often make a person more unhappy than if they gave way to them. If you are hungry you eat; if you are thirsty, you drink. These are all the normal workings of a body and the wanting of sexual relationship is no different.

Perhaps I am being a little too outspoken about this matter but I am writing this essay to describe Mr. Bliss as he is, and this is Mr. Bliss.

For instance his love for his wife was so strong. I feel that Mr. Bliss has a great ability to love people. He has proved his love for mankind by his sacrificing days with struggles of promoting his work, Semantography. I believe that Mr. Bliss has taken life and lived it to the full. No hypocritical nonsense is involved; the telling of his story is strictly on the level for he himself is no hypocrite. He says what he means. He has been fortunate enough to enjoy the wonders of life and its makings.

Another example of this is his love of hiking and of the wonderful countryside. For a man of his age, 69 as I know him now, it is amazing to know that on a Sunday, the one day he has for relaxation,

he goes into the mountains and hikes for miles and miles. One day he told me he had hiked for seven hours. He often gets lost on the mountain tracks on which he goes but he always comes out safely. He says "to walk through the countryside with the sun shining, and the birds singing is just glorious." And he means it. Simple and natural things in life are the dearest to Mr. Bliss, not the materialistic things.

Since his wife died he has rented out all the rooms on the lower floor of his home as well as the top floor. His whole existence is in one room, where he works, eats and sleeps. He lives out of cans except when he goes out to eat, and to save washing up he eats straight from the pan he has cooked in. He has deprived himself of every luxury for the sake of his work, his guests and love of life itself.

Well I have told you of the loves of his life, what of his dislikes. I have already mentioned those concerning animals and a few other pet hates throughout the essay, but two of his dislikes are smoking and drinking. Drinking especially. This is because he has seen what drink can do to a man, to a family. I have seen this too.

His reason for disliking smoking is simple. He believes it to be unhealthy.

So you have a pretty good picture of the Mr. Bliss that I know. He came to my wedding, played his mandoline, and gave a speech I shall never forget.

Mr. Bliss' whole life has always, and always will be for one thing. To help other humans. He is the type of man who goes to a certain shop to buy something because the owner is a widower who needs the money. He is the type of man who gives away clothes people don't need to those who do. He's the kind of man who employs his own brother to enable him to earn a few extra dollars.

There you have it. My life has been deeply enriched by the presence of Mr. Bliss and he has given me many wonderful hours of enjoyment through his companionship. He will always play a large part in the lives of both my husband and I and our hearts will always be with him.

Mrs. B. A. C. Gibb