

I S T H E R E A S U B S T I T U T E F O R G O D ?

The following article appeared under this title in the Readers Digest of April 1970. As the author refers to the role of chemistry in living creatures I was naturally interested and tried to get in touch with the author. But first the article

A provocative inquiry into our present confused state of belief

I s T h e r e a S u b s t i t u t e f o r G o d ?

By David Klein

It is hard to say where it started. With Gutenberg? Galileo? The industrial revolution? Darwinism? Somewhere along the way, Western man began to lose his belief in God as a personal force, as decider of his fate, as ultimate judge of his actions. The idea that God created man became old-fashioned; we evolved. The notion of Hell was picturesque, but no longer compelling. Life began to be seen as more or less accidental; sin became a relative sociological matter, and to many a pure fiction. After millenniums of living under gods, man came to regard such belief as archaic and superstitious. Like a son who decides, ^{he} need not depend upon his father any longer, he set forth to make his own way in the world.

He still believed in right and wrong, and he still knew when he was doing wrong, as he saw it, but he no longer believed he had offended God by it or incurred His punishment. In fact, there was no punishment; he only felt guilty.

The difference between living this way, and ^{do} trying to live righteously because God commands it, is profound. A man could now ^{do} anything he wished, subject only to the laws of the land and his own judgement. Yet this judgement he had formed in part from parents and institutions whose outlook was still religious. So, although he has denied the basis of the morality of his forebears, such a man still acts in its terms. He obeys the Commandments without believing they were ~~comm~~manded; he speaks of right and wrong in the framework of conviction and he no longer possesses.

How did he manage to get into such a contradictory position?

Just as some primitive peoples accepted Christianity by transposing their old godson to the new religion, so have many moderns transposed their inherited ethic on to another structure: the needs of society. What used to be an offence against God became "anti-social"; a sin became a crime; religious precepts governing conduct became matters of hygiene, efficiency or social value. Stealing was bad because honesty is the best policy. You tried to avoid being unfaithful to your mate because it might harm your relationship. If you attended religious services, it was to respect a tradition. Virtue became its own inexplicable reward, for there was no other.

A societally-based ethic such as this is variable according to time, place and circumstance. there are no absolutes in it, and it has no clear, codified system. Opinion becomes the basis of the code, and the pollster the prophet. It is an ethic without appreciable roots in the past to reassure us, and subject to change at any time with some new event or scientific discovery - as Freudianism, for example, changed the moral outlook of so many.

Examine one possible consequence. Suppose a Government decided, on the basis of available data, that a new law was required which would impose the death penalty for an offence not previously considered capital - as, for instance, the U.S.S.R. ~~decreed the death~~ penalty for stealing from the government. Once the decree has been granted as justified by the needs of society, can anyone within that society believe it ethically wrong the executions immoral?

Go a step farther. Suppose a government decided on the death penalty for people whose continued existence it found contrary to the welfare of its society - as, say, the Nazi government found six million Jews undesirable. We recoil from that act - but on what basis, short of invoking that obsolete concept, God's law? If we believe society's needs to be man's highest law, what can we say was morally wrong? Every Nazi could maintain, and many did, that since the sovereign government of Germany made the law, his function was to obey it; in fact, that he was

was morally bound to do so. If we no longer believe that God created man, why is human life sacred?

If the taking of human life cannot be logically condemned, except as law condemns it, what of lesser crimes: fraud, embezzlement, rape, adultery, sexual perversion, abortion? Under our new code, can any act whatever - no matter how gravely offensive - be logically protested against or condemned, except by law? And man-made laws vary.

The Lame-Duck Parent. And so man left his father's house to live on his own. But was he mature enough for the adventure? He finds his life-held standards dissolving beneath him. Cynicism plagues him, but he cannot refute him; he rejects pure hedonism as a way of life, but he has no philosophy with which to dispute its claims. And, beyond all this, another trouble bewilders, wounds, frightens and embitters him, in the face of which he is also impotent: the rebellion of his children against him.

Consider the dilemma of the modern parent in the Western world. If, atypically he is still in possession of his faith that God knows, watches and punishes, then his child growing up in today's world is being alienated from him. The child cannot help seeing what others are doing, in the secular society, and he cannot help but absorb its outlook and values. Parochial school, the threat of Hell, personal example - these may delay the secularization, but cannot prevent it.

Meanwhile the non-religious parent, or one content merely to observe the forms of a faith, has literally no way to influence his child. He recognizes the utter vacuity of no belief at all; yet he can hardly hold up as a model the peculiar lame-duck proposition his own life has become: one foot in materialism and one in old-fashioned morality. How can he teach the child to do right if he cannot justify the right?

This parent is in an even worse situation trying to answer the first question that religion used to answer: What is the meaning of man's existence? If a parent must tell a youngster that his life has no meaning, how can he tell him that he should not take drugs? In fact, how can he convince him that he should not commit suicide outright? If the youth does stay alive, it is because he wants to for reasons solely within himself.

Pursue a discussion with any rebellious youth as to why he commits acts that the older generation regards as depraved, self destructive or irresponsible, and again and again you will hear the reply, "Why not?" Try to answer "Why not?" If you are a transitional creature living in a half way house, one who has given up faith while continuing (in order to hold your life together) to act as if you still had it, you have no answer.

Disgust. True, you still - by and large - live by certain moral principles, but you cannot say why. Therein lies the basis of the curious guilt so often felt by parents in the face of insufferable behaviour by their consequent indulgence of children who reject them.

The young rebel's "Why not?" has at least two meanings: not only "What to stop me?" but simultaneously, "Give me a reason I can accept." For the young person wants, needs, is in fact desperate to believe in something. He is in constant search of it - in "mind-bending" drugs, in Zen Buddhism, in love, astrology, a new society, radicalism, hedonism, nihilism - anything but his parents'ism, which he regards as dishonest and cowardly.

The young rebel has not found his belief yet. The experience of learning that an entire civilization is founded on nothing solid morally; that it is shot through with what he regards as hypocrisy; that he finds nothing in it to give his life meaning - that has been so overwhelming a shock that it has left him largely mute, inarticulate, confused, unable to cope. He can literally be sure of nothing. And if there is one word that most aptly describes the emotional reaction of the young to finding society without a usable moral basis, it is disgust.

There are still other consequences of man's portentous leap into materialism. In freeing himself of the terror of Hell, he gave up his hope of Heaven: you live, you die, that's the end of it. Your grandfather had the tremendous expectation of a life everlasting. You, typically ambivalent, still hope that it may turn out to be true after all; but your children are, in the most direct sense, hopeless, except for what you can get out of this life materialistically.

Further: if man is his own moral judge, and governments derive their powers "from the consent of the governed," then there exists no affective authority. Behind you and me there is only the government we have created; behind the government the gun. Children are born to parents not as part of a divine plan, but by biological accident. Does that accident confer any authority on the parents? The teacher knows more facts than the pupil - does that make him an authority? The police, far from personifying authority, are called pigs. The young sneer at their political leaders, burn their nation's flag and display that of its enemy. Why not, if there is no authority?

It is significant that the idea that man is morally responsible only to himself has been behind the creation of whole new societies: communist, fascist, socialist and shades between - while the older societies are being shaken, changing in nature even as they retain the old names and forms. In the new societies, a kind of morality has been built around protection of the state in what seem like perpetual emergency conditions. But that cannot last; already hippies are plaguing the authorities in Leningrad, Moscow and Prague, and from behind the various curtains we hear protests against the meaninglessness of life.

Profound Questions. Perhaps inevitably, when man no longer needs to beg God for enough food and protection from the elements, he stops begging God. As their material needs become satisfied, all people seem headed for the stage in which Western society now finds itself.

And yet the questions remain. Anyone who can contemplate the eye of a housefly, the mechanics of human finger movement, the camouflage of a moth, or the building of every kind of matter from variations in arrangement of proton and electron, and then maintain that all this design happened without a designer, happened by sheer, blind accident - such a person believes in a miracle far more astounding than any in the Bible. To regard man, with his arts and aspirations, his awareness of himself and of his universe, his emotions and his morals, his very ability to conceive an idea so grand as that of God, to regard this creature as merely a form of life somewhat higher on the evolutionary ladder than the others, is to create questions more profound than those answered.

Is there no more use for the astonishingly complex human brain than to assure continued existence of the species? Can we not see in the capabilities of the brain some function greater than mere self-preservation? If all species seek to preserve themselves, what mindless chemistry created that prodigious urge? If the universe is finite, what exists beyond it? What existed before it began? If it is eternal and limitless, it is not beyond our power ever to know?

Schoolboy questions granted; but out materialism is itself so shallow, based on blatant assumptions that are hardly more than guess-work; unpalatable and unsatisfying; demeaning; flagrantly incomplete and yet arrogant in its premises. The idea of God deserves a better substitute.

I was enraptured by this article, and dashed off a letter to the author c/o the Reader's Digest.

Dear Mr. Klein,

Sydney 9 April 1970

I have just read your lucid article "Is there a substitute for God?" and congratulate you for having brought out the issue so clearly, but alas without an answer, the answer which almost all human beings want to hear. In the same issue there is an article "Enough of Government by Street Carnival" by Vice President Spiro Agnew. Both articles belong together and should be read together first your article and then Agnew's because he shows clearly what is happening in American society as the result of what you are describing.

I wouldn't write to you, were it not for the last paragraphs in which you refer to the eye of a housefly, the mechanics of a human finger, etc. and then you speak of apparently "mindless chemistry" which brought all this about. Or is it really "mindless" chemistry you ask.

Well I can give you an answer because I myself have a university degree in chemistry, and I myself have since my early boyhood been plagued by the very questions you raise. Worse, in my adult years I went into the horrors of prisons and concentration camps, and this traumatic experience have brought into more focus the questions you have asked in your article. And then I found the answer you and all human beings are asking. I found it by applying chemistry and nothing more. In my answer there is no word about a God, no word about some moral values, etc.etc. And yet it is a chemistry so simple which not only the Professor of chemistry would have to acknowledge, it is also a chemistry so simple that children in the primary school, who have not even a smattering of chemistry, would understand, and (what is more important) apply to their own lives. When you have fully grasped the simplicity of my answer you will also realize that this is the answer, the answer which indeed can change our world.

I have searched books on biology, biochemistry, anthropology, theology etc. hoping that some of these experts have found the same answer. I could detect here and there some realization of it, but not in the conclusive form which I have found. Of course, these traces here and there in the works of those experts have greatly strengthened my own conviction. You will ask me why I haven't put it into bookform. The answer is I have, unfortunately in a scholarly bookform which book is to be found today (and lost already) in many university libraries. Now I am working on a popular pocket book for the intelligent boy and girl, man and woman. But I am now in my 73rd year. I have little time left. May be you are much younger, and you could go on where I have to leave off.

So please write to me. If you live in Sydney we must meet, as I won't write then. But if you live in America then I have to write to you. Tell me who you are and what you can do to further your own writing in the Reader's Digest. I sincerely hope that a most fruitful correspondence and co-operation could result, and in this hope I greet you from afar

Yours sincerely

C.K.Bliss, B.Sc.

Four months ^{ago} passed and no answer. Then I got my letter back from the Sydney office of the Reader's Digest. I was told that they don't know the address of the author. As the Sydney office is getting almost all articles from the head office in America, soke idiots here in Sydney didn't have the sense to send my letter to the U.S.A. I had to write the following letter to the Reader's Digest headquarters.

The Editors
Reader's Digest
Pleasantville N.Y. U.S.A.

15-8-70

Dear Sirs,

The April issue of the Reader's Digest Australian edition contained the article

"Is there a substitute for God?"

By David Klein

As I felt it most important to write to Mr. Klein I sent off the attached letter to the editors of the Australian edition complete with postage for a return answer, but received their attached letter saying that they don't know Mr. Klein's address.

Apparently, that article was sent by you to Australia and they printed it. Then you must know the address of Mr. Klein and I attach postage to send it to him. Thank you for this service.

But you too must be very interested in what I have to say. Hardly an issue of the Reader's Digest appear without one or two or even three articles about our relationship with some Being that nobody has ever seen, but apparently must exist - OR NOT - because our scientists say that they have searched outermost space and innermost matter and having found no trace of him. Indeed, nature, they say, show us a cruel and vicious killing of species, wholesale murder which cannot be the conception of a loving God.

If you are therefore interested in this matter, would you kindly read my letter to Mr. Klein before forwarding it to him. I have tried to interest some of the editorial staff here in Sydney and have asked for a personal interview. They however insisted that I should write to them. But how can I write in a letter what I have carefully built up in a whole book which however is not yet published? In a personal talk one can tell it easy and can see whether or not the listener is impressed and wants to go on - or not.

Thanking you for your interest and for forwarding my letter to Mr. Klein, I am

Yours sincerely

C.K.Bliss, B.Sc.

Herebelow is the answer from Readers' Digest

Dear Mr. Bliss:

November 30, 1970

We've received your letter of April 9 to David Klein and have forwarded it to him for any comments he may have.

As you might expect "Is there a Substitute for God?" brought many interesting replies but yours is unique in proposing chemistry as the answer to the question. We can appreciate your wish to find a market for the book you've written on the subject and suggest you don't confine your search for a market to the Digest. It might be worthwhile to query newspapers and other local publications.

Many thanks for your interest and good will. We trust you will find a market for your work and that you'll continue to find selections that appeal to you in the Digest.

Sincerely,

The Editors

At last a letter from the author himself

David R. Klein
36 Plaza Street
Brooklyn, New York 11238

My dear Mr. Bliss,

December 20, 1970

Thank you for writing about my article, "Is There a Substitute for God?" Your chemical answer to the question all human beings are asking, to which you

you allude, is fascinating and tantalizing. I should love to know what it is.

Meanwhile, I can answer some of your own questions about me. I am trying to write about the disaster toward which our materialist-atheist society seems so ~~determined~~ to travel, but I am experiencing difficulty; anger arises in me against people and flaws my exposition. Perhaps our time needs a prophet who can rise above his angers. At the same time, I grow every day more certain that the evolutionary-accidental origin theory of the generation of life is wrong, inadequate, and destined for rejection. Meanwhile, I must earn a living by incidental writing (book jackets, etc.) and so do not develop my ideas as I might. It is a flawed situation but one must accept reality.

I would be delighted to hear from you again about the answer you have found in chemistry.

Sincerely,

David R. Klein.

I was delighted, and dashed off the following letter

Dear Mr. Klein,

Sydney 27 Jan 71

Your kind letter has thrown me into paroxysms of delight. Last year I broke my ankle in January 1970, and therefor 1970 means to me continuous pain in plastercast. But the year 1971 means to me that I have found you at last, and that a fine friendship will spring up between us, and will continue beyond my own grave.

Everything you write about the questions which plague you, and about your material existence which plagues you too, everything seems to me "perfect" - perfect as far as I am concerned. Because I need a man like you, but you need me too. For instance, you say "I must earn a living by incidental writing (book jackets, etc.) and so do not develop my ideas as I might. It is a flawed situation but one must accept reality."

Well, how about the reality of receiving from me now and then a bank draft for say 10 or 20 dollars or more, for work you will do for me, and be it only in writing a letter containing the well-reasoned advice of a man who works in the book trade in the U.S.A. a field where I can only stumble and learn by bitter experience. In short, dear Mr. Klein, I can assure you of an augmentation of your own income by work which directly relates to the agonizing questions you have asked in your wonderful article "Is there a Substitute for God?" in the Readers' Digest.

All I need to know to make this situation perfect for me is your information that you are NOT bound by the working day hours in an office as an employee, and that you can spend an hour or two for me going out and visiting some people in Manhattan, for which visits I want to pay you and your expenses. I shall in later paragraphs tell you what visits I have in mind.

So, lets begin with the beginning. Let me tell you that your wonderful article was a revelation to me. I have read the Readers Digest for years, and for years I have waited and hoped for an article like yours. There were dozens of articles which carried the title "Can a Scientist Believe in God?" and these articles written by professorial idiots blabber about some passages of the gospel and the like, but cannot give the answers to the questions, you have asked so wisely.

Indeed, your wisdom which you express in such fine words make me fear that it is a wisdom born out of a long life, and that you may be an old man like me. I sincerely hope that you are let us say below 50. I am well into my 74th year, but I am very active, and compared with other people in my age, I am more than active. I am a dynamo, and I trace the reason for this to the work I am doing - biochemistry as an explanation (as I shall relate later).

If there is a proof for me that you are a very good writer and an even better thinker, it is the proof that the Reader's Digest has chosen your article for publication. As you know, they usually scan all the great magazines and select special articles for reprinting or condensation. Rarely do I find an article which has been written by a comparatively unknown writer to be published as a "first" in the R.D. Usually there are reprints only or articles from very famous men. I hope therefore that you will go on and somehow condense my own findings first in an article which perhaps the R.D. will accept as a follow-up to your first article, or it may be the basis of a small book which I would help you publish, which book should contain what I, the non-writer, the chemical engineer can only say in very crude sentences.

As said in my last letter to you I can give you a fully satisfying answer to the questions you have asked so anxiously in your article. I can give an answer which should satisfy the parents and their rebellious teenagers. I can give you an answer which every boy or girl of average intelligence can understand and can verify by his or her own observation. And once you have grasped and sim-

simplicity and verity of the answer you can go out into the world and tell despairing mankind about it. In my wild dreams I see you mounting the pulpit in churches and synagogues and tell the congregation that an ethical power exists, and that it can be observed in the biochemical actions in our own bodies. End of letter.

I attached to my letter all the relevant pages from my new book "The Invention and Discovery" especially the pages on "Is Ethics perhaps a natural force like Electricity." And then I proposed to him a business deal. As he worked in the publisher's field, and as he is apparently in financial difficulties, I suggested to him that he should find for me a paperback publisher for my new book. Once he has found that publisher by a personal visit and persuasion, he would then become automatically the recipient of 10% of my royalties - without needing to work for it. He would become my literary agent. In short, it would be a permanent income without exertion, except an occasional visit to the publisher. Then I waited and waited for his answer, and when no answer came I wrote to him again:

Dear Mr Klein,

Sydney 19 March 71

It is with sadness that I am writing to you after looking out every day for a letter from you. I sincerely hope that you are not ill. I sincerely hope that you are on an extended vacation, perhaps a world tour. I do not hope that you are burdened with too much work, as this would mean that you would be unable to work for me (against payment of course). Or it may well be that you have read my thoughts about ethics in cells and creatures and that this new idea has not met with your approval.

In any case, a few words from you would be greatly appreciated. Tell me what you think of my work and in what way you could work for me. Otherwise I would have to go on with my circular letter to the literary agents of New York. How much more would I appreciate if you would help me to a paperback and thus you would receive your share from every sale. It could be in an income for life.

Hoping to hear from you soon I am with kind regards

Yours sincerely

C.K.Bliss,B.Sc.

At last his letter arrived, alas negative.

Dear Mr. Bliss,

March 20, 1971

First, I must apologize for the long time it will have taken this letter to reach you. I know that you wrote to me in all haste, which must have increased your impatience. The fact is that I received your 2nd class material before your first letter, and between the two times left the city on an extended trip. This is the first chance I have had to read all your material and your letters.

You have satisfied my curiosity; I now understand, I think, the biochemical argument you advance for the existence of a Divinity. It is this I was interested in; and to a very large extent I can agree with the idea as a strong possibility. The gulf between the amoeba and the smear of inorganic dust spans a profound miracle.

I can see your enormous energy in what you have written (if it were not evident in your letters to me). The sample chapters you sent me teem with excitement.

But alas I must tell you that I cannot undertake the promotion of your work as you suggest. There are many reasons; some personal. Perhaps the most compelling is that I am deeply involved with the attempt to produce something worthwhile myself. I resent every moment I spend which is not productive toward that end. All other work I do grudgingly and with as little expenditure of thought as possible. As I said originally, this is a flawed situation but there it is; and it prevents me from undertaking to act as your representative with a tenth of the enthusiasm the project should be given.

Needless to say, I hope that you will be able to accomplish your purposes nevertheless. You have given me a rather vivid picture of yourself there in Sydney, and I am with you in sympathy and in spirit even if I cannot be in commerce. Please accept my very best wishes for your further success and long life.

Sincerely,

David Raphael Klein

P.S. I will be 58 in May

As you guessed, my article was the result of years of thought.

I was so disappointed about his answer, that I wondered when writing these lines (May 1971) whether I should answer him at all. If I shall do so I shall print my letter to him later in these pages. I wish to follow up this issue by reprinting a short article which appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald on August 23, 1969. It follows on the next page.

Man's discoveries in science 'belong to God'

By Ursula O'Connor

Reprinted from the Sydney Morning Herald August 23, 1969.

A dedicated churchman who is also a pacifist might seem to have difficulties in reconciling this with scientific work which takes no account of religion or morality.

Professor Charles Coulson, professor of mathematics at Oxford University, sees no problem.

For him, the scientist, no matter how able, who has ^{no} religious or humanist beliefs, is unable to make decisions about his work, and about the work he chooses to do.

Professor Coulson is in Sydney for the 22nd Congress of the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry. He is ^a distinguished scientist and a prominent Methodist layman.

From 1959 to 1960 he was vice-president of the British Methodist Conference and a member of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches from 1962 to 1968.

He is at present chairman of Oxfam, an international relief organisation.

Professor Coulson still finds tensions between his work in science and his life in the church.

"There are matters I can't quite settle to my own satisfaction," he said yesterday. "But I hope I shall never be so cocksure that there is no chance of development in my thinking."

He believes the old conflicts between religion and science were based on a misunderstanding of one or both.

There is still a fear of facing up to the implications of new knowledge and this induced some people to want to stop experiments.

"If this is God's world, then everything we find in it belongs to Him, and this included man's discoveries in science," Professor Coulson said.

"But if it seems to me that my researches might be used for bad purposes, then I must stop for the moment," he added.

Professor Coulson is to give the last address in the chemistry conference on Wednesday.

Tomorrow he will be guest preacher at the morning service at St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Macquarie Street, and at the evening service at the Central Methodist Mission's Lyceum Theatre.

He will also address a public meeting organised by the Australian Council of Churches, at the Stephen Robert's theatre at Sydney University at 8 p.m. on Monday.

I immediately dashed ^{off} the following letter to the author of this short article

Dear Miss O'Connor,

25-8-69

I have read your report about Professor Charles Coulson in the Herald and am wondering what person you are, and in what way your report reflects your own thinking.

If you are just a reporter who has been assigned to talk to the professor and write a report about it, in much the same way as reporters are assigned to the police court, forget about this letter.

But if you have been especially selected by your editor, because you are a person who earnestly is interested (and worried) about these matters, then my letter will not be written in vain, because I have to tell you much which could answer the questions, and in a much better way as that professor. However, I promise you not to talk about god and religion, not to give you any of those pious blaba we hear from the pulpit and the lecture lectern.

What I have to show you is something which every child can see and understand, only our teachers and preachers have not seen the obvious and not informed Man-kind about it. Once you have grasped my demonstration, a new world will open up to you, and if you are really the person I hope you are, I promise you the possibility that you will write books, and books, which will make you known all over the world, and will give you a most satisfying life.

You may dismiss these words of mine as immodest exaggerations, and you may ask who am I. I am a retired scholar who has since his early boyhood and studenthood questioned the accepted theories of our teachers and preachers. Instead, I have searched for myself and found things, which are the opposite of what we are taught in school. But, as it usually is, my discoveries are contrary to the accepted theories, and hence I have to wait until after my death, when my books, now in many libraries will be re-discovered and accepted.

It is for you now, that I offer the unique possibility to make my discoveries for yourself, and then go on and tell the world about it, write children books, books for teenagers and intelligent adults, and go on lecture tours throughout

throughout the whole world. I am 72, but as enthusiastic and youthful in my thoughts as I was when I was a boy.

I cannot meet you in a cafe, because I have much to show you. Hence, I invite you to my home near Coogee Beach, where I shall tell you about my discoveries and if you are interested to hear more, I shall give you my writings to read at home. However, it can only be about the middle of September. I am very busy right now, as I have to prepare an article for an American magazine. As usual I am better known abroad than in my country where the prophet has no honour. Hoping to hear from you, I am

Yours sincerely

C.K.Bliss,B.Sc.

Miss O'Connor proved a real lady journalist. She ignored my letter, though she could have smelt a story.

Two months after I received ^{the} letter from Mr. Klein I answered him as follows. The reader may be unfavourably impressed by my violent answer. I beg him to realise my deep disappointment which I had to "abreact" somehow.

Dear Mr. Klein,

May 20 71

I have received your letter of March 20, and I had to live off my dreadful disappointment about its content. Now after two months I am able to write to you.

I write overlong letters, mainly because I have seen in my long business life that short letters in a complex situation create misunderstanding. I cannot see how I could have impressed upon you that you should work for me continuously. On the contrary. What I had in mind was to give you a continuous income without work. How is this possible? Very simply explained.

You are in New York. You work in the book trade. You know all the paperback publishers who would give serious consideration to a serious work. I don't think there are many more than say 5 such publishers. A short visit to all 5 or (if you are lucky) to the first one who shows interest, would establish a basis which I would then continue in correspondence with him without you doing any work at all.

But you would be my agent. And therefore, 10% of all my income from royalties would go to you, and I hoped it would be a continuous stream of checks with money in the bank and again without you doing any work, except perhaps visiting the publisher once every half year to look into the sales accounts.

In short, this my proposal would mean for you continuous income without work. And this you have declined. I try to understand it, and perhaps I have a clue. I have indicated that once you grasp the tremendous implications of my "Discovery" you may make it your own, and you may write about it - perhaps in conjunction with your present work. In quite a short time you would become a celebrity on the lecture circuit, and this is a very lucrative business, involving not more work than repeating the same story over and over again.

And mind you, the American public is desperately eager to hear just this, namely that our professors of chaotic chance creation have been all wrong, that indeed every child can see - once it has been pointed out to it - that a power of miraculous mutual help and ethical co-operation works in all cells of all creatures for one purpose only - to help and heal the single specimen and the whole species.

I am not sure that you have grasped all this. You admit only that "the gulf between the amoeba and the smear of inorganic dust spans a profound miracle". Agreed, but what is so miraculous about this miracle? That living creatures come into being who destroy each other in order to live?. Not so my friend. The miracle is, as I said before, ethical co-operation, mutual help and logical thought. And furthermore, that among the same species of animals the highest ethics is supreme law, and that man (before the invention of dangerous words) lived like the animals. Paleolithic man did not attack and kill his fellowman. What's more, even the killer animals become peaceful once they have been taken away as babies from their killer parents before they can give their baby an education in murder. But again, no wolf kills his brother wolf. Only man kills his brother.

All this is so breath-taking that I dare to say that you dear Mr. Klein have given away the chance of your life. But you have done something far worse to yourself. I have shown that birds and many species of animals as for instance elephants, baboons and others, come to the help of their injured brothers and sisters. Have you acted in the same spirit towards me? In my long letter of January 27 I have told you of my troubles in having nobody in America to guide me. I did send you a draft for a mail order campaign. I asked you for the names of serious paperback publishers. How easy it would have been for you to give me some advice how to go about it all, a kind correction of my letter to libraries, and a few minutes for taking the telephone directory to tell me the addresses of the serious paperback publishers who would be interested in my book.

my book. How simple to give me this piece of practical help which may have taken you not more than say 15 minutes. But you have not done it, and this puts into the proper perspective all your writing and groping about the ultimate question "Is there a substitute for God?"

What are you going to tell the world in your new book? The same story of doubt "Is there a substitute for God?" Well, is there? You don't know. You are only crying out for such a "substitute". But I have found it and proved it in so simple terms that every child can see how its wound is healed by a mysterious power which wants the child to be healthy and happy again. Why have you not seen this? Why?

May I offer a ludicrous clue?

Your name is German-Jewish, and it speaks well of you that you have not changed it to Clyne or Kline or Hamilton or Churchill. I am a Jew too, and my German-Jewish name was Blitz. People in England (where I came as a refugee after the concentration camps in Germany) told me that the word "Blitz" has now a dreadful meaning, a thunderbolt of dreadful disaster out of a blue sky. And hardly a month passes without a paper reporting about a "Blitz on motorists" a "Blitz on housewives" etc. I had to change my name to Bliss.

Perhaps you have, perhaps you have not, guessed that I am a Jew too. Maybe my messianic fervour may have told you something. Jews who have experienced the injustices of our world have the fervour to proclaim a way to a new world. But alas, among the Jews who are active in the literary field there is a dreadful fight to the finish to finish off the competitor and opponent.

But not only among Jewish writers. Every Jew who aspires to be called an intellectual is deadly envious of every other Jew who has achieved something. Indeed, my worst enemies are my fellow Jews who would not agree nor admit that I have really done something. And this envious and disastrous opposition holds true even with non-intellectual Jews. I have told you in my long letter that I have suffered through the bankruptcy of my American wholesaler and I was desperate to save my remaining books on his shelves. I appealed to my Jewish school friend in New York, his name is Klein. All he had to do is to take the train to Hackensack New Jersey across the river and take away my books and give them to a storage firm. He did nothing. I appealed to another Jewish school friend who lives even nearer, in Jersey City, and his brother even much nearer in Hoboken, a bus ride of not more than 20 minutes to my wholesaler. But both brothers did nothing, just nothing to help me rescuing my books though I did send them a lot of money for their endeavours and expenses. From the money I did send them, they could have hired a helicopter. But they took my money and did nothing, but writing talmudic tales about this and that.

And now another Klein has crossed my path, and has disappointed me too. You will not be able to go on writing without conscience trouble about an ethical being called God, because you yourself have acted contrary to that ethical being. You have declined to help a fellow human being though he offered you financial reward without work.

In my writing I deny of course the existence of hell. Instead, I show that the real hell exists on earth within the minds of those who have transgressed against the visible power acting in living cells creating mutual co-operation and ethical help. You won't be able to escape from this your transgression. Even if you suppress it in your subconscious it will bother you more and more. It will give you hell.

That you have not even asked for a copy of my new book for reading more about my "Discovery" proves only my point.

In order to show you what you have missed, I include again the cover of my new book which shows a human family, and an elephant family, and a great question mark in the sky. And underneath I put the supreme question which all men and women have asked since the beginning of language, and which all philosophers, scientists and saints have never been able to answer. The question is:

WHY ARE WE HERE?

And underneath I show some of our recent tyrants, and I ask the second question which all men and women have asked since the beginning of language. The question is:

WHY MUST WE SUFFER?

What have all the philosophers, and all the saints and all the priests of all religions answered? That we must suffer because of our sins? Sins be damned, because they all sell indulgence papers and passports to heaven for everyone who can pay.

But I have answered the first and the second question in such a simple way that every child can understand the answers and realize that the answers are true. Not by telling them religious or scientific or philosophical blabla, but by showing them what the cells in their bodies are doing, and that we must be imbued by the same spirit as the cells, the spirit that pervades the universe and acts

and acts in every flower, every plant, and in every fish, bird and animal. In short I explained it by simple biochemistry.

Why haven't you asked for the book to get the answer for those supreme questions? I am sure this answer is important for your further quest for that "Substitute for God" or for your "Idea about God." Why haven't you asked for my book which I offered you free of charge? You could have read it and returned it, if you wished to do so.

Alas, Mr. Klein, you have failed me and you have failed yourself. You have failed to spend say 15 minutes of giving me some advice how to find a paperback publisher, and who in your opinion would be a proper publisher to approach. No help for me, and hence there will be no help for you too. You have failed in that supreme ethical endeavour which I have pointed out in the lives of living cells and creatures: to help each other.

Good bye Mr. Klein. I wish you all the luck in the world which you surely need. Be kind to the next creature who comes to you for help. You have bitterly disappointed me. I am,

Yours sincerely,
C.K. Bliss.

I wrote the above letter on May 20. Today, when writing these last lines the time is September 24. Four months have gone by, and I don't think I shall receive an answer. If he writes later I shall mention it herebelow, or in the Issue No. 399 where I shall reflect on the results of all the issues from 302 to 389.

The End.