

THE SEMANTOGRAPHY TRUST,
ITS LEGAL SET-UP, ITS EARNINGS
AND PRESENT POSITION

Sydney April 1973

Whatever I say in the following paragraphs can be verified by documents, back to the very first cheque butt and bank balance sheet which I still keep after 26 years.

When my good wife Claire and I arrived in Australia on the 14th July 1946 we brought with us our hard-earned savings of £A 4400. As Claire has worked with me in my business ventures, half of this sum was her property and we invested our shares wisely. But my share dwindled down rather rapidly. I realised that I won't be able to work on Semantography - and write my book - after a heavy day in a factory or business. I decided to use part of my share for our living expenses for more than 2 years during which I worked all day on my book. Alas, my share of money run out before the conclusion of my book and I had to take on employment - wisely on work by which my mind will still be reserved for thinking of symbols and continuing to work on them in my free time. I was a spotwelder at General Motors because the factory was opposite our home. But I came home tired for work in the evening. Then I was a process worker in a tile factory from 3 - 11 p.m. and had the morning hours for my work. At last I opened a drycleaning agency in Kings Cross. From 8 - 10 a.m. I worked on the incoming garments. Then from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. I sat on my typewriter and worked on my symbols. After 3 p.m. Claire took over and handed out the garments to our customers.

We both hoped that once my 3 volumes on Semantography will be published - it had to be done with my money, because I could not find a publisher, not even for a small brochure - the University of Sydney, and the Education Department will be impressed, and will be given a small salary for working out the primers and textbooks for the primary schools, the high schools and the university.

All these hopes were shattered and we both sank into hopelessness. I am a fighter with a good sense of humour, but Claire was not. On the 2nd October 1953 she had her first heart attack, and her health went down and down. In 1957 I realised that I had to tend to her day and night. I cannot leave her alone during the working hours. I myself had no money left, but Claire's share, invested in our cottage and in the business in Kings Cross was still intact. We sold both and bought an old duplex house at Coogee Beach in 2 Vicar Street. We converted the first floor flat into 7 letting rooms and lived in the ground floor flat.

Our earnings from this small "boardinghouse" for 7 tenants were miserable, and I myself had to do most of the work, giving breakfast (which I still do from 5.30 a.m.), cleaning, painting, repairing, etc. But I could tend to Claire who was already an invalid. And I could go on working on my semantography, and trying to find friends and disciples abroad.

We thought of our death and made our testaments. We had no children, but we had a very important brain-child of ours named Semantography. The property at 2 Vicar Street Coogee, which was legally Claire's possession, was converted into an educational Trust, the Semantography Trust, the earnings of which should be used solely for the furtherance of Semantography. This Deed in Claire's will is dated the 13th January 1958.

On the 14th August 1961 Claire died to my desolate sorrow. Probate of her will was granted by the Supreme Court of New South Wales on the 18th January 1962. I became the sole Trustee of the Semantography Trust.

In accordance with the Trustee Act of New South Wales I was not allowed to take out any money for my living expenses from the Trust's earnings. Fortunately, I concluded in this year my 65th year and became eligible for my pension for which I had paid in my premiums since 1922 in the Vienna Institute for Pensions to private Employees. This pension of \$ 20 per week, rising slowly to \$ 29 per week at present was more than ample for covering my living expenses. I had learned to live on \$ 5 a week and use the rest for my world-wide correspondence and for my writings as the earnings of the Trust became inadequate.

After Claire's death I converted the ground floor flat into 6 letting rooms and I had then 13 letting rooms altogether. But in order to go on cheerfully - in spite of all - with my work on Senantography, I had to live in a happy house with happy people - an impossible task in a boardinghouse where constant bickering with the landlord and the tenants is the rule all over the world.

How then do I manage? Allow me to tell a joke of my own making which I have at hand whenever someone asked me about the miracle I performed. The estate agents of Coogee Beach (a place honeycombed with boardinghouses) would ask me "Mr. Bliss, how come that you have always full house when almost all boardinghouses in this area are half empty, and some even going out of business?" "It's easy," I say, "I do it by simple mathematics." "How so?" they ask. "Look," I say, "there are nearly 3 billion people on this planet. Of those 25 are my relatives. They want my money. 25 people are my friends. They cost me money. The very good friends in the world are those 13 people who bring me their money, my tenants. And I respond by giving them for the least rent the best they can have in any boardinghouse in Sydney. Here they have cosy homes with wall-to-wall carpets, with Dunlopillo mattresses, with all their cooking utensils, and even with real oilpaintings on the wall. True enough, they bring me their troubles and I respond like a fatherly friend and go to any length to help them, and equally true is that my income is small, but I am a happy man."

Forgive me for these explanations, but it is necessary to know how I found the money to print and publish my books and my papers, to keep up an extensive correspondence - and still be always in debt to my bank. I was and I am still broke all the time - but I manage to stay alive and make Senantography stay alive too.

In 1967 I concluded my 70th year, and I had to think of my death. I had to appoint a Co-Trustee during my life-time, who in accordance with Claire's will would sell the property after my death, and would use the money to have copies of all my writings printed and distributed to the libraries of the world. I appointed my friend, a public accountant, Mr. Alexander Francis Ure of Sydney to be my Co-Trustee. However, I thought of appointing another Co-Trustee who would have the furtherance of Senantography at heart when I am no more. There was no man in the whole world better suited for this task than my old friend of 22 years standing: Dr. Douglas Nixon Everingham.

He came to me in 1950, because he himself was the inventor of a new symbolism for complicated organic chemical formulae, something so simple that it is a shame that all his endeavours to have it adopted have failed. We became comrades in arms. He became convinced of the goodness of my senantography, and especially of its logic and semantics. He was at that time a resident medic at the mental hospital of Gladesville and later at Kenmore, both in New South Wales. During this time a tremendous correspondence between us was generated. Dr. Everingham used some of my symbols to convince some of his mental patients which words they use have a real meaning, and which other words were nothing but figments of their imagination, what I call "mind meanings." Dr. Everingham went further and achieved, what I could not, though I pestered all authorities responsible for the safety of the roads to adopt my symbols for road warning signs. Everingham erected the first senantography warning symbols on the roads in the grounds of Kenmore hospital.

In addition, he wrote articles on Senantography for newspapers and journals, some of them appeared even on the leader page of the Sydney Morning Herald. He lectured on the use of my symbols for psychiatry and psychology at a Medical Congress in Sydney University in 1955. He improved my symbols in his "Critique of Blissymbols".etc.etc. All his writings are collected in the Senantography Series and are already in ^{some of} the most important libraries of the world.

Dr. Everingham agreed to become my Co-Trustee, though he knew that it will be work without pay, and I was happy. Later Mr. Ure resigned his trusteeship, owing to pressure of work as a public accountant. However, he continues to examine my yearly tax return for the Trust and he draws up the yearly Balance Sheet, and he does all this without pay. It is good to have good friends.

When Dr. Everingham became a member of Parliament for his constituency of Capricornia in Reckhampton, Queensland - where he went to live with his wife and his four children - he continued his campaign for my work. A number of times he stood up in Parliament and asked at question time the relevant ministers when my symbols will be adopted for road warning signs, for postal communication (instead of French) for the 700 languages spoken in the Pacific External Territories of Australia, etc.

I attach a copy of an article in the Bendigo Advertiser showing a picture of Dr. Everingham, then a member of Parliament only, teaching my symbols to a cerebral palsied child in the Bendigo Spastic Centre, Victoria.

Two months ago Dr. Everingham became Federal Minister for Health. His responsibilities became nation-wide, and I realised that I cannot burden him with the responsibility of looking after the management of the Trust. Someone else had to do it. To my intense joy, I found that the very first person who supported my work already in 1942 (when she was editor of a weekly in Shanghai China) and of whom I have lost all traces, believing that she may live in Hong Kong with her husband (whose name I didn't know) was living as a widow with her 2 children in Sydney. She is Mrs. Anna Frenkel. Her son works as a physicist with the C.S.I.R.O. at Sydney University, her daughter is a teacher at a girls highschool in Pymble. With her tremendous energy, Mrs. Frenkel had incribed at the Law School of Sydney University, and is now a Barrister-at-Law in Sydney, specialising in Family Law, author of a book on Family Law, and acknowledged as a respected expert, being consulted by the parliaments of Sydney and Canberra.

I was happy when Mrs. Frenkel agreed to be appointed Co-trustee, though knowing that it will be work without pay. And so it came about. Dr. Everingham will keep only the educational and medical aspects of my work in mind. Mrs. Frenkel will control the management of the Trust.

In 1971 I had concluded my 74th year, fretting in frustration about the non-acceptance of my work, and knowing that it will kill me sooner or later - when the miracle happened in Toronto. At that time my own personal savings were \$ 1200 which I kept as my fund for my funeral and testamentary expenses. I felt that I had to go to Toronto to help them with my symbols, and I contracted a mortgage of \$ 3000 with the Bank of New South Wales for covering my travel expenses. This was in accordance with the Will and the Deed of the Trust, being money for the furtherance of Semantography.

I brought back about \$ 800 thus reducing the mortgage, but further instalment payments began to cause me real worries. I had to raid my funeral savings in order to keep up with the re-payment of the mortgage, because my correspondence with many interested medical people, and with the "Bliss Project" Team of the Ontario Crippled Children's Centre in Toronto rose to mountainous proportions and left me gasping for money. Moreover, the income from the boardinghouse fell, as a result of the over-supply of accommodations in newly-built apartment houses. It also happened sometimes that 2 or 3 of my tenants moved out and rented a brand-new two bedroom apartment - in spite of the fact that they had to spend much more than in my house. I began to have difficulties in finding good tenants.

In quiet desperation, I looked out for further earnings, because my airmail expenses (and I answer every letter I receive) rose to \$ 20 in some weeks. There was one possibility which I could have used for the last 10 years, but which I refused to use. Having lived for over 20 years as a naturalised Australian, I was, on conclusion of my 65th year, eligible for a pension. But I was grateful to the Australian people for having given me a new homeland, and besides, I had my pension from Austria and the earnings from the boardinghouse.

Before the miracle of Toronto in 1972 I had about \$ 40 per week for Semantography (after paying all bills of the boardinghouse for rates, water, gas, electricity, telephone, food, employees, repairs and replacements, etc.). This sum was enough to employ a part-time typist, to pay for duplicating and printing, for my postage expenses, and to settle down to die. I was 74 then.

After the miracle of Toronto there was no time to die. The income from the boardinghouse fell, my expenses rose, and my work load overwhelmed me. But I am not complaining. On the contrary. On my sunset evening walks along the oceancliffs of Coogee I jubilate like a lark. I wouldn't change places with anyone in the whole world. My life has a purpose and I feel blessed beyond belief, beyond my wildest dreams - thanks to those wonderful people in the Ontario Crippled Children's Centre.

In the papers here and abroad I am called an "Australian Pioneer" and feeling that I have honoured the pledge I gave at my naturalisation ceremony, that I have brought honour to my new home country, I decided to apply for my Australian pension for which I was eligible for more than 10 years. The liberalised conditions allow a pension to old people even when they receive a pension from abroad, or an annuity, or a superannuation, provided the sum received still falls within the limit for an Australian pension.

To my great joy I received a few weeks ago my first Australian pension of \$ 21.50 per week - a fortune for me. I could use this money for my living expenses and could use my Austrian pension for my Semantography work. But any further printed publications are out of the question.

Since Toronto, and since I received many letters from desperate mothers, and teachers and nurses, I realised that my bulky book of 882 pages was of no use to them and to the communication team of the "Bliss Project" who had begun to teach therapists and teachers from other parts of Canada. I had to publish a

short book for the children, for their mothers and for the teachers and nurses - but I had no money. Suddenly I saw an advertisement in the papers about "Educational Research Grants." I decided to apply.

But there was one condition which caused me serious worry. A "Referee" will be appointed who has to submit "directly" to the Grants Committee a "confidential report" whether or not my application shall be followed up and approved. If that Referee is an educator of the old school - I am sunk.

To my astonishment I read in the information sheet that I, the applicant, have to nominate that referee. I could not believe my eyes and my mind, and I went to the Commonwealth Office of Education in Sydney where I was told that it is true. What wonderful enlightened decision of the Grants Committee!

And so I decided to do - what everybody in my position would do. I decided to appoint as Referee the man who knows more than any other man in the whole world about my work. Incredible as it may seem, Dr. Everingham knows more than I myself. Sometimes he comes up with a symbol from my book, which I have totally forgotten. Why? Because in the last years I had begun to hate my book, to hate my work, to hate the day when I began this work, because I had wasted 30 years of my life and have seen how the health and the life of Claire has been wrecked by it.

But Dr. Everingham has not wavered in his belief in the goodness of my work, and therefore I appoint him as my Referee. I am sure that the members of the Grants Committee will not think that I do this ^{out} of opportunism, but only because a 22 years common friendship in a common work makes him the best man to judge my work.

And I declare that what I have said in these pages is the truth, and I am ready to submit more documents to prove that it is the truth - so help me God.

C.K.Bliss