



SEMANTOGRAPHY (BLISSYMBOLICS)

Sydney,
February
1964

AND AUSTRALIAN HUMANISTS

See also S.No. 81 The American Humanist Association and Semantography.

In the year of grace 1942, when I was seized with the idea of a new medium for mankind, when I started to find symbols for the common meanings in our life, I soon came upon the most common meaning in the lives of almost all people: the meaning of God, the meaning of a Creator, who has created the Universe, and who tries hard to reward those who are faithful and Godfearing and unselfish.

To find a symbol for God was the easiest thing in the world. I simply adopted an age-old symbol, the equal-sided triangle with the eye in it, a symbol which has come down to us from the past, and which we can see in many churches, and even in the Great Seal of the United States, and therefore also on every bank-note of the United States - of all places.

I was Godfearing of course, when I was a child. My parents saw to it. But I hated Hebrew, and I hated to pray in Hebrew, which I simply did not understand. I studied therefore the translations of the prayers and the Bible in German (which was my mother tongue) and I did not like it even more. I found most of the prayers simply disgusting, a sycophanting praise of a vain God, who punishes everyone who does not praise him in such praising words. I did not like many stories in the Bible, because they told of untold cruel massacres and murders.

I liked however physics and chemistry and the natural sciences in general, and when I was 18 years of age I changed into a believing unbeliever, an atheist. I discarded all my praying paraphernalia, but I still believed in the goodness of man, in the goodness of creation and in the goodness of all moral principles. I became a socialist at a time, when socialism was only a dream, and not yet another despoty with dungeons and firing squads. I also joined the Monist Society, which tried to explain the universe in rational terms of one great law. I read Ernst Heackel, the foremost preacher of Monism, and I also joined the Ethical Society of Vienna. Above all I was a "Freidenker" without giving much thought what "Freethinker" really means.

But in Shanghai I had to start grappling with all those high sounding meanings of God and Creation, and Nature, and Thought, and Freedom and many more. I tried to find symbols for them. But the real test came then in Sydney where I sat down to grapple with all the meanings of mankind. The results are the many large chapters in Volume III of my Semantography Edition 1949 of which I shall cite here only a few chapter titles:

	Page No.	2nd edition
Religion	Volume III p.527	ff 659ff
The Moral of Semantography	" p.533	ff 665ff
Good and Evil	" p.539	ff 671ff
The Units of Ethics	" p.545	ff 677ff
The structural Formula for Religion	" p.565	ff 697ff
Matter, Spirit, Creation and Creator	" p.576	ff 708ff
The Bible in Semantography	" p.597	ff 729ff

and other chapters. Relevant passages are also to be found in the foregoing Volumes I and II, and in later issues of my Semantography Series.

I finished my 3 books in 1949 in mimeographed form, had them bound and began to approach eminent scholars. A friend of mine Mrs. Betty Stoltenhoff of Sydney showed me the book The World Sensorium by Professor Oliver L. Reiser of the University of Pittsburgh in which the following passage fascinated me most:

"The central difficulty with Scientific Humanism has been that it has tried to put an immensely simple message into words, whereas such message can only be written into a form of a universal picture language"

"The job is to find a layout, a picture basis, so simple and so huge that it is usable by anyone who has mastered the movies and can punch a radio panel."

I wrote to Professor Reiser, and in the course of years he became the best friend I found among all the scholars. Indeed, his encouragement helped me greatly to continue, in spite of the great difficulties and the universal indifference, which I met in scholarly and intellectual circles. This caused me great heartache and heartbreak, but I comforted myself in later years with the realization that this is the sorry state of affairs which every originator of a new idea encounters.

When I read first Reiser's book I did not know what Humanism really means. I soon found out. The word Atheist was, and still is a shocker for everyone who encounters it first. It means something despicable, it means a man who has lost his belief in the goodness of man, and in the goodness of a Creator. Only communists are atheists, we are told, and to make sure that everyone understands what it means we read in the paper about the "Godless Society" in Russia. For the very same reason, the disbelievers in a personal God abandoned the word Atheist in order to gain adherents, and they called themselves Monists, Ethicists, and Freidenker, Free-thinkers. In the English speaking countries the camouflage went further, and the name of Humanist was adopted. At first, I looked up the dictionary and found that a Humane Society is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Only later did it dawn upon me that Humanist means the old Atheist conception.

When I then read Reiser's book and tried to understand his Scientific Humanism I found that I had been a Scientific Humanist when I grappled with all those meanings in my books. It was therefore easy for me to show Prof. Reiser how I express his idea of a Scientific Humanism in my symbols. This letter to him and my exposition of the relevant symbols constitutes the issue no. 27 titled "Scientific Humanism and Semantography". Another exposition is found in the issue no. 150 titled Unified Symbolism for World Understanding in Science" on p. 33 and 34 under the same title "Scientific Humanism and Semantography". This issue is an enlarged version of the lecture which Prof. Reiser gave to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Now it happened that one of my friends of Vienna Mr. Fritz Treuer had emigrated to the United States and lived with his wife in Yellow Springs Ohio. There the headquarters of the American Humanist Society is situated, and Mr. Treuer was employed there. I thought that this is a good opportunity, and I approached through him the leading men of the American Humanist Society notably the president Mr. Morain, and the secretary Mr. Edwin Wilson who was also the editor of The Humanist, and also Prof. Dreikurs of Chicago, formerly of Vienna. Previously I had contacted an active American Humanist, who happened to be also a member of the Ethical Society of Vienna, Mr. Felix H. Frank. He informed me about a resolution of the Annual Meeting of the American Association of the Humanists (the American Humanist Association) in Chicago, in which Dreikurs and Morley stated:

"Our next contest be directed to discover symbols suitable for the Extension of Humanism."

When I sent Frank my issue no. 27 "Scientific Humanism and Semantography" he was so much impressed by it that he wrote to Wilson

"The American Humanist Association has already the symbols we need"

I was sure then, that Moraine and Wilson and Dreikurs and the others would now be very much interested to see them, and to read about them. In spite of the efforts of Treuer (who was after all only their employee and who had to careful) not one of those great Humanists wanted to know how these symbols look. I just could not understand it. It happened that in that very same year 1952 the first International Congress on Humanism and Ethical Culture was scheduled to take place in Amsterdam and I was informed that Mr. Wilson and Prof. Dreikurs will take part as delegates. I thought that this was a wonderful opportunity to have my work presented there, and I wrote passionate letters to the A.H.A. and then to Wilson and begged them to take an interest in my work and in my symbols and to tell the delegates about them. They refused to look at them and they refused to speak about them. In fact, to this very day, they don't know really about my contribution to the cause of Humanism. Moraine was, in a letter to Reiser, outspoken nasty, and he too was ignorant of my work. I almost went out of my mind. I suffered agonies through many months. But it was only the beginning of my agonies of all the later years. I found that everyone has only one overwhelming interest, that his, and his only voice be heard in the land, and his and his only ideas and theories be proclaimed, and this goes for all the professors too. I would say that it goes for me too, because apparently, I am trying very hard to raise my voice and make it heard. But there is a difference. Most of the intellectuals who try to overshout the others have nothing original to show. But I have an original work to my credit, and all I want is that the scholars of the world should study it. They may condemn it, but not without studying it.

All the time I believed that the American Humanist Association is a powerful organisation comprising hundreds of thousands, or perhaps millions of thinking Americans, who had become disgusted with the hundreds of sects of Christian denominations who are all out for the money from Americans. The Baptist church, for instance, a so-called fundamental denomination, which preaches mostly fire and brimstone, and a burning in hell forever and ever - if you don't pay up, is able to get a mere 500 million dollars each year by such simple and damnable threats. Most of the other denominations do little better in words and in funds. America is also the scene of the most shameless exhibitions of single priests and priestesses who can fill Madison Square Garden and who can fill millions of dollars into their tills. A country like this should have a similar powerful sect in protest against all these religious aberrations. I believed therefore that the American Humanist Association must have millions of members. And I was utterly downcast when my appeal to them to take an interest in my work fell on deaf ears. In a sort of desperation I spent my own money and advertised a course on Semantography in *The Humanist*. Not more than 10 people wrote to me. All this I could not understand. It was a mystery to me, and it made me most miserable.

Now, twelve years later, the mystery has been solved. In 1963, the third congress of the International Humanist and Ethical Union took place in Oslo, and an acquaintance of mine took part. He came back with a thick file of papers and brochures which afforded me a good insight into the activities and especially into the membership figures of all ethical and humanist societies. And there I learned that the membership, even in the great cities of America is only a few hundred each. All in all, the Humanist Association of America has less than 5000 members in the United States. And all the other humanist societies in the world have a similar miserable membership, less than one hundred in the great cities. What a fool I had been in believing that the American Humanist Association is a powerful organisation who could help me in making my work known.

And why is the response to the idea of humanism so miserable? By now, almost every thinking person in the world must have discovered that the records of all organised religions is a record of rapacity, robbery, murders and massacres in the course of history. And yet, the counter-movement is so pitiful weak as to be no counter movement at all. I think the reason is that the atheists all over the world have simply no powerful idea, no theory which could give mankind a hope, an assurance that it is worthwhile to work for a better future, because this is what man is here on earth. Instead, the atheists can cling only to the scientists, and they give them a miserable creed indeed: the Theory of Chaos, the theory that this universe of ours is the result of collisions and combinations of atoms and molecules, which happened and still happen without any reason, aim or purpose. A few years ago, I received a book from the author Mr. Arthur E. Morgan of Yellow Springs, he himself an influential member of the American Humanist Association. He must have known of all my attempts to interest the A.H.A. in previous years, and therefore he sent me his book with the title "Search for Purpose". The title itself contains in my opinion the condemnation of all theories of the atheists. They can't find any purpose in the universe, and they still are in search for it. I wrote a long review of his book, which now forms the issue no. 156 of my Semantography Series, but of course I could not convince him that there is a purpose. The ideas which I expressed in my review have been taken from my three books on Semantography, and in recent years I have used them to write a manuscript for a popular paperback edition under the title "In Search of a logical God". In this book, as in all my previous writings, I show that there is an overwhelming purpose in all the atoms which form all the living cells, and of course, all the cells of our own bodies. And this overwhelming purpose is an unselfish ethics: all for one and one for all. If only one brother cell in our body is hurt, the cells of the whole body are alarmed by the brain, and all come to the aid of the injured brother cell, until the broken skin, the broken bone the broken muscle is repaired again and health and happiness pervade our whole organism - or for that the organism of every other creature. This is something which every child could see, once it is pointed out to him or her.

And what have the humanists in the whole world to offer? The recent international conference in Oslo gives us a clear picture. The title of the conference shows us directly the utter helplessness of the professed humanists. It is "In Search of Long Range Goals for ethical Humanism". As you can see, they are still searching. And what have they found out? This is clearly shown in the titles of the two main papers which formed the basis of all the discussions. These titles are "Towards the mature personality" and "Towards freedom in an organized world". What a blabla? What a useless and hopeless blabla!!!

In 1954 something happened in Australia, something which should have rallied every humanist and every "freethinker" of this country. The greatest humanist of them all, indeed the "pope" of all humanist societies all over the world came to Australia. His name is known the world over, Professor Julian Huxley, the grandson of Thomas Huxley, the promoter and defender of Darwin and of the theory of evolution. And as everyone knows, his grandson Julian Huxley rejects a supernatural God, and also rejects any purpose in our universe. The world was not created he says. It "evolved". I have taken this word, and its noun Evolution and have examined it with the symbols of my symbolic logic in my books and other writings. The universe evolved, said, and still says, Huxley. What does this mean? Why, it's the old Theory of Chaos, so beloved by almost all scientists of today, the theory that our universe and all its creatures evolved simply by chaotic chance combinations and collisions of atoms and molecules to form living cells, and genes and chromosomes and the most elaborate creatures, having the most phantastic mechanical, electrical and chemical plants in their bodies.

Well, Huxley came to Australia, and I challenged him to meet me. The outcome are a number of issues of my Series, which I bound into a brochure under the title "Julian Huxley and Semantography" Later on, when I received his written answer to my provocative questions, I changed the title into "Semantography and the ultimate Meanings of Mankind!" It is composed of the issues no. 1, 52, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 138, 143 and 85. In this form it went into a number of libraries. But before that, I advertised the brochure a number of times on the book review page of the Sydney Morning Herald, and I spent a considerable amount of money on these ads. The question of Humanism and the question of a world without a supernatural God was in all the papers of all the Australian cities which Huxley visited on his lecture tour. Surely, if there were active humanists in Australia, now was the time to come forth, and now was the time also to take cognisance of an active Australian humanist, me. I expected therefore a good response to my ads, even from non-humanists who were interested in the "ultimate meanings of mankind" which I questioned in my advertisements, matter and spirit, creation and Creator, etc. etc. To make sure that the readers will take my work seriously, I quoted Bertrand Russell and other eminent scholars about my work in the ads. One of these can be found in the issue no 120.

All in all about 40 people responded. As my brochure was "in the writing" following the correspondence with Huxley, I advertised the first half, and told the responding readers that the second half will follow. Only about 20 asked for the second half. But among all of them there was not one person, seriously interested and active in the humanist movement. I had to conclude that there are no active humanists in Australia. However, later on, I found out that there are a few, and they were communists. Naturally, they could not call themselves Humanists, because that word was too bourgeois already. They could not call themselves Godless and Atheists, as this would chase away prospective adherents. And so they called themselves Rationalists^{and} their organisation the Rationalist Society, publishing their paper The Rationalist. I did not know about them until I found that they had published an article about my semantography. Not about my work on the ultimate meanings of God and Creation, etc. but semantography in its most primitive aspect, a picture writing. The author was my good friend Dr. Douglas N. Everingham, who has contributed a number of issues to my series. He was not impressed about my brochure on Huxley and Semantography, but he liked my idea as a picture writing so much that he had written other articles for other papers about this aspect. For these articles see the catalog.

Anyway, I was pleased that an article had appeared about my "picture writing" (an expression which I hate thoroughly), and I lost no time to get in touch with the editor, suggesting that I now write an article about those questions which should interest an atheist most. However, although he too had no idea what I am going to write, and what I have to say, he did nothing to encourage me to submit a manuscript. Even my suggestion that I am ready to pay for advertisements (something no editor neglects to notice), even this offer did not lure him to look into my work. This too was another cause of heartache and heart-break for me, until I realized in later years, that no one likes an author with original ideas of his own, especially no one who has no original ideas of his own. And this goes for editors too. I forgot about him and The Rationalist.

Everingham's article forms now no. 142.

And then the unbelievable happened: a Humanist Society was formed in Sydney. I did not know about it, until I received monthly bulletins, reports and invitations to join the society. It was the year when my good wife Claire died, and I was in the throes of death myself, having lost all will to live and having

only the wish to die and to follow my Claire into oblivion. Moreover, the lecturers given in the N.S.W. Humanist Society were such that I realized, they are just as the other humanists in other parts of the world, hopelessly ignorant of the real issues of humanism, namely to give mankind a new belief, and a new hope, and hopelessly unable to give this new meaning to the idea of Humanism. Consequently, I throw all the papers I received into the wastepaper basket. However, as the letters continued, I felt some sort of gratitude for people who are apparently most interested in my person, and therefore I wrote the following letter. At that time I had become aware of the forthcoming international conference in Oslo, and also of the hopeless themes for discussion as mentioned on p. 3 of this issue, themes which I rejected as hopeless blabla. This I included in my letter which now follows:

Mrs. W. G. Weeks, B.A. Dip.Ed
Secretary of the New South Wales
Humanist Society
72 Tooronga Terrace, Beverly Hills, .N.S.W.

Sydney 14th Sept. 1962

Dear Mrs. Weeks,

I have received a number of times your Bulletins and the invitation to join the society. I believe it is my good friend and co-worker Dr. D.N. Everingham of Rockhampton, who has given you my address, or perhaps another friend.

It is true, I am a humanist. I am in close touch and work with one of the most important humanists in the United States, Professor O.L. Reiser, the originator of Scientific Humanism (now termed Cosmic Humanism), the author of a number of books on his humanism, a contributor to the Humanist in America, a contributor to the recent book on The Humanist Frame, edited by Julian Huxley, etc.

It is also true that I have written on this subject, and that I have made a number of observations and discoveries which are more important for the cause of humanism than all the articles in the Humanist Frame, and (excuse me) all the lectures which have been given in your society, or for that in any other society, including the recent international conference in Oslo. It is amazing what blabla, scientific blabla could be let loose, which cannot help and does not help the cause of humanism. I am too impatient and too enraged whenever I come across some high-sounding words about humanism which cannot convince the common man, and even less the learned man.

These are very arrogant and immodest words, and the only way to prove to you that I have done more to advance the cause of humanism than many a humanist is to tell you about it privately in a small circle, or if you wish in a lecture to your fellow-members. I am a dynamic speaker, praised by anyone who has heard me, and the frustration which I feel when seeing how little is said and done about humanism, will give me the impetus to convince you and your friends of my work.

For the very same reason, I am unable to attend your functions, or participate in the work of the society. I am an outsider and lone worker. Moreover, I am now 65. My wife died one year ago, leaving me more lonesome than I can endure. I am now preparing my latest manuscript for the print, and feeling that my life is going to an end, I have no time for anything else. I am

Yours sincerely
C.K. Bliss

The last words are no exaggeration. I felt, I could not endure life without my wife, who was constantly in my mind. I was therefore pleasantly surprised when I received an answer from Mrs. Weeks 2 weeks later, expressing sympathy in my loss, and the hope that I will meet the group some times. She said also that if there is anything "we could do for you, please do not hesitate to contact us." I rang her up immediately and told her that I want to meet the group. Whereupon she told me that Mr. Hirshman, the chairman of the society is still in Europe where he attended the conference in Oslo, and on his return in a few weeks time they will contact me. But nothing happened for nearly one and a half years. And finally I wrote yesterday the following letter:

Dear Mrs. Weeks,

Sydney 19th February
1964

For a considerable time, until September 1962, you did send me the monthly reports and other reading matter on the activities of the N.S.W. Humanist Society. I assumed that one of my friends has told you that I am an active humanist.

I read gratefully the papers sent to me, but I did nothing. It was the year after the death of my good wife. Then I wrote to you on the 14th September 1962.

In this letter I had some harsh words to say about activities of humanists even in the highest places. I also had the temerity to say that I have done more for the cause of humanism than many of them. And I suggested my readiness to tell you all about my findings.

You replied kindly on the 4th October 1962, expressing your sympathy, also on behalf of the committee, and concluding with these words

"If there is anything which we or any individual member could do for you, please do not hesitate to contact us."

I contacted you immediately by telephone, and said "Yes, I want to meet some of you." After all, the best way to overcome my sorrow and my terrible loneliness is to meet people. Moreover, every scholar wants to impart his findings to other minds in the hope that they will go on from there in the search for truth.

You said that Mr. Hirshman will be back from Oslo in a few weeks and then I will be contacted again. This was one and a half years ago. Nothing happened, and even more significantly, you stopped sending me your monthly bulletins and reports. It was as if you had written me off completely from your mailing list, and from any thought that I might be a participant in the humanist activities of Sydney. Or in harsher words: I have been judged, sentenced and condemned without hearing my evidence - behind closed doors and in my absence. Even heretics have been given a chance to explain their ideas before condemnation was pronounced.

Now, I could have left it at that. But my and your letter are among my papers marked as "unfinished". I had to finish the matter one way or another. I did not tell you that some of the greatest university and public libraries in the world are collecting all my writings, even those which are typewritten (mimeographed) only, my lectures at universities, my articles, even my correspondence in which I show that nothing has changed since the dark ages. The true heretic, the man who dares to oppose the prevailing beliefs and theories is still not understood and still condemned. And now, in order to finish my approach to the N.S.W. Humanist Society and to complete my paper for the libraries, please submit this to your committee and tell me what you all as honest humanists have to say to my approach. You will soon find it in the libraries, and in your own words, if you allow me to do so. Otherwise I could give only a summary of your response. What will it be?

Yours sincerely
C.K.Bliss

When writing this letter, I had before me some of the latest bulletins of the society which a friend has lent me. Here are the titles of some lectures given to the members: Education for International Understanding. What is Humanism? What's wrong in the Australian Broadcasting Commission? The Chinese Attitude to Religion. Police Methods and Civil Liberties. Humanism and the Social Sciences. Crime and Mental Illness. Problems of Sexual Morality. U.S.A. in the Nuclear Age. Attractive Godless Pagans. Sartre or Russell - why not both? Report on Contraception., and other lectures faintly in line with the idea of Humanism. Membership in the whole of the State of N.S.W. is abt. 300.

I did not receive an answer to this letter, and indeed I did not receive any newsletters, invitations to lectures, anything at all. I was dead for the Humanist Society.

Continued writing September 1971

And now exactly 9 years later, I am going to give a lecture to the Humanist Society, but the leading members are not yet aware of who I am and that I have approached them 9 years ago. Here is the story.

Last year about the same time I finished and published my new and last book "The Invention and Discovery that will change our Lives." Because of its controversial content I decided not to make the book public in Australia. I wanted to have my peace. But a Mr. James Bennett got wind of my new book because he is the largest supplier of books to Australian libraries and books about Australia to libraries abroad. The National University of Australia publishes lists of new books published in Australia and naturally Mr. Bennet found out about my book and was so enthusiastic about it that he ordered 100 copies and paid for them. Then he suggested that I contact Mr. Jim Thorburn owner of the Pocket Book Shop and may he display the book in his shop. Mr. Thorburn was apparently much taken with my forceful exposition of my book and he asked me to address a group of people on October 6, 1971. I agreed, and asked "Who are those people?" Mr. Thorburn answered: "The Humanist Society." And so my lecture will soon take place and will be recorded in the Series No. 351

The End.