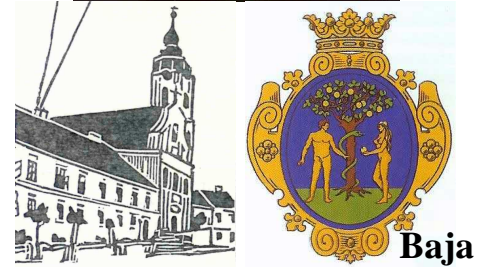
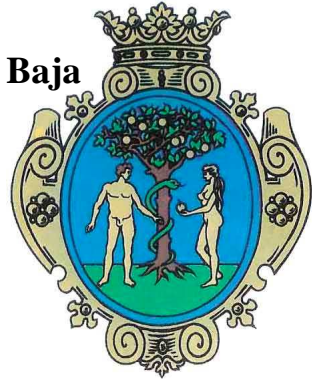


Autobiography (brief)

by Josef Sz Kemény, 03-06-2007



I was born in Hungary in 1949, more exactly in the city of Baja in the beginning of September, the third, when the autumn leaves covered the ground. I am the only son of Tibor Kemény, Raised during communism. My paternal grandfather, grandmother and my maternal grandmother were still alive, but my maternal grandfather had already passed away when I was born. During the uprising in 1956 my father left Hungary, thereby splitting the family. Finally, via the reception camp in Linz, he ended up in Linköping in Sweden with white Red Cross buses directly from Linz. The uprising was followed by a very hard period of poverty. My mother did not have a job and both my paternal grandfather and maternal grandmother had very low pensions. Life was very difficult and limited since no one at home was a communist. When I, being a seven-year-old young boy, understood that I had lost my beloved father, my constant crying caused a nervous breakdown. He meant everything to me.

During the communist era church and religion were oppressed and there was no religion on my school timetable. It was allowed, however, to study extra-curriculum religion at school in the evenings. My mother and paternal grandmother wanted my sister and me to take part in this extra tutorial once a week and so we did. The teaching was carried out by a priest (originally a monk) from the congregation. He discovered something in me and recommended my mother that I and my sister visit the church more often. That is what happened. In church, the priests took care of me. As early as in 1957 I became an altar boy which I remained until 1964. In seven years I learnt a lot: how the church is constructed, how it works internally. The priesthood of the congregation consisted of "élite priests", each priest had a subject he specialised in. The then parish priest was for example an advisor to the bishop of Kalocsa. So I was surrounded by intelligent and learned priests. I felt safe and secure in their presence and they treated me well. There were five priests, including the St Anton parish priest. Here I must add that the priests were masculine and were also interested in women outside their office. You could say that I officiated in church.

I can briefly add that my mother then, in 1957, got a job with a government company called 'The Water Regulation Board'. The director-general met with my mother before her employment and he promised her a top job carrying a large salary, but the demanded to have sex with her. She rejected his demand and instead got a bad job out of town. For her employment she received an old bike to get her to and from work and a low salary, too low for her to earn her living. She was home from work once a week, on Sundays.

The director-general also knew my father and was out for his 'Robogó', a mixture between a motorbike and a moped which my father had constructed. My father wrote to my mother to say that she could sell the robogó for a fixed price. The director refused to pay, took the robogó from her and gave her around 50 litres of wine instead of money. We needed money to support ourselves, not wine. When my mother objected to this form of payment and explained to him that she had two small children at home, the director threatened to sack her.

After that he was supposed to go to a meeting somewhere, hit a tree with the robogó and crashed it. The robogó was for ever useless. He got away with minor injuries.

Life was very difficult after 1956 for people who were not directly involved in the communist system, since the abuse of the system was at its worst by then. But we were also a little lucky. Close to my father's house where we lived, around 150 metres along the road, there was a small food store. The manager of the store was a relative of ours on my paternal grandfather's brother's side. He was employed there together with an elderly woman and they knew us. Twice a week we (my sister and I) went there to shop, without having any money. My sister was too shy and waited outside the store but I entered since I had no other choice. I was a little eight-year-old young boy who could hardly see above the counter. Our relative and his colleague knew about our poverty and each time we turned up they filled our bag with basic foods. Another important store was the greengrocery which was located around 250 metres from our house. The manager was a woman. She and her family helped my maternal grandmother during the Second World War. As an expression of gratitude for my maternal grandmother's help she helped us out in a period when we most needed it. We were also helped by my paternal grandmother, her brother and my maternal grandmother's brother.

In 1962 my beloved paternal grandfather died and for the first time of my life I felt rather lonely, since he had been the centre of my life after my father died. Soon 1964 arrived, an extraordinary and decisive year in my life. My mother had started another and better job with a higher salary. She did not work out of town any more, her new job was closer, but not at the main office. Anyway, she worked at the same government company but with salary administration. The company was still managed by the director-general who broke my father's robogó.

This government company which was then called The Water Regulation Board (Vízügyi Igazgatóság) had started a Technology College in 1963. Most students accepted by the college were children to employees. My mother and my uncle wanted me to hand in an application to the new Technology College. I finished secondary school in the month of June, 1964, but before that I registered to do the college test some time in March the same year. In the end of May, admissions to the Technology College were finalised. I myself believed I had done well on the test and was well prepared. Since mathematics was not my strong point, my teacher of mathematics in the eighth grade, he was also my guardian angel in school, contacted his old retired colleague to help me prepare for the test. I received extra tutorials in mathematics to pass the test. My mother had a working contact in the company; one of the top managers had studied in the same school as my uncle, so I was well prepared to be admitted to the new Technology College, because of knowledge as well as of contacts. I was, of course, sure I would be admitted.

It was an ordinary day in the beginning of May. My female form teacher came up to me and said that the headmaster wished to speak to me and I had no objections to that. Together we went to the headmaster's office. When he caught sight of me, he stood up, ran up to me and hit me. I received two gigantic smacks on each cheek, I saw stars flashing before my eyes. Behind me was the female form teacher, starting to laugh. I was scared and burst into tears. He shouted at me: "Have you realised what you have done? Have you no sense of shame? None of your cheek! You were the only student not accepted to the Technical College and thereby you have disgraced this school!"

I could not say anything, I turned around and left the headmaster's study for ever, crying. On my way to the classroom I met my maths teacher and he asked why I was crying. I briefly told him what had happened. His face turned red with anger, he shook his head, said nothing, patted my shoulder with his hand, turned round and walked away swearing till he disappeared in the corridor.

After school I went directly to my paternal grandmother and also told her the result of admissions to the new school. "Look, grandma, your prayers to God while I did the test didn't help." Grandmother was very sad and asked me: "What will you do now? There is no future for you here." "No, there isn't," I said to my grandmother. "You are right there, grandma."

The distance between my paternal grandmother's house and the school could have been about 400 or 450 metres. It was a long walk and I had plenty of time, as a fourteen-year-old, to think about my future. I was fed up with corrupt communism and wanted to leave Hungary, just as my father did in 1956. Thus I decided to do the same thing, I wanted to follow in my father's footsteps. I asked my grandmother: "Please write to my father ask him to send me a letter of invitation as soon as possible." She looked at me and said: "An excellent idea, I'll do it immediately." And she did.

At the end of May, my father's letter of invitation arrived. I was happy holding it in my hand. I promptly cycled to a travel agency where a middle-aged woman welcomed me. Her first question was, "Where do you want to go, my little son?" "I'm going to Sweden", I answered with a certain pride. "Is that so", she said. "And who do you know in Sweden?" "Who? My father," I said and burst into tears. "He left Hungary during the uprising." "Is that so?" she said again, "but you can't write that in your application. "What do I write, then?" I asked her. "I will help you with the application form," she said. The application began like this: "My father lives in Sweden, in Stockholm, and my wish is to visit and meet him." Thanks to her help the complete filling-out procedure was quickly accomplished. She finished it all by pointing out where my mother was to sign the form with two witnesses. She also mentioned what it would cost. "I'll be back soon," I said to her. I cycled directly to my mother's office, where she signed the application with two witnesses, her best friends, and then I went on to my paternal grandmother, since she was to pay the fee for the application. She too read the application and found it to be well written. The same day I handed it in to the travel agency and was told that the application process could take between three and six months.

In early June I learned that my school for boys had sent me to an upper secondary school with a language profile, Russian being the main language, and French. In Hungary back then you started your studies of the Russian language in grade five. When the teacher of Russian started to praise the Soviet Union, I could not remain silent any more. I stood and made a statement on the Russian language: "Since my father left Hungary because of communism and the Russians I will never learn their language." Then I burst into tears. This statement from an eleven-year-old came like a bolt from the blue. The female teacher was petrified and could neither speak nor move, because she was a true communist. The class went silent. Still today, I cannot speak Russian

Summer holidays finally arrived. I had just finished my eight-year primary and secondary education, 1956-1964. All the time I was wondering why I had not been accepted by the Technology College. During the summer holidays I played football and swam in the Danube. A Sunday in late July I got the biggest surprise of my life. After I had come home from the beach, I found a message from the post office. The message said that the passport was waiting for me there. In my joy I forgot my bike which my grandmother had bought, I ran all the way, half naked (trunks), barefoot. When the woman at the post office handed over the passport to my hands, I thought of my father again. The same evening people close to me knew about the permission to leave Hungary, but I could still not understand why I was not accepted by the Technology College. It was all a mystery for me.

Autumn came. The autumn term started on September 1. I received a summons to my home from the upper secondary school and was told to appear at the start of the autumn term for further studies at a school I never wanted to join. I had to appear at the start of the autumn term to avoid unnecessary clashes with communism. I enjoyed my time at the upper secondary because I knew I was soon going to leave. I was waiting for the entry permit from Stockholm, due to arrive any day.

September started with a remarkable week for me. A teacher I knew, in his fifties, stopped me personally on my way home from school. He worked at the Technology College. He greeted me and said that it was not a good idea to skip classes during the first weeks, no good results would come out of that. I told him that I did not skip classes, I was on my way home from school. He assured me that I had not been to school, he had not seen me even once since the start of the term and he suggested I evidently lied to him. I explained to him that I was a student at the upper secondary because I was not admitted into the Technology College. "You were not admitted!" He raised his voice. "I saw the list and your name was on it. A limited number of students were allowed to begin their studies. Hell! I will carefully check this once more," he promised.

The next day I met the teacher from the Technology College again, at almost the same spot and at the same time. We greeted each other and I noticed immediately that he was a bit low. "You are right, terribly right, your name is not on the list, not on the latest version. Another name is on the list, instead of yours. Strange", he said. That was the last time I met the teacher from the Technology College. Now something strange about the admittance process started to surface, something that was almost immediately covered up.

I had my next remarkable meeting in church, in the small room where the priest and the altar boys changed clothes before mass. It was a Sunday evening, mass started at six thirty during summers. Strangely enough I had come to church, to the small room, an hour earlier. I was sitting there alone, thinking of various things since so much happened around me. However, a priest eventually turned up, one of the five priests who loved women more than God. He went straight up to the cupboard, took hold of the wine decanter and drank from it. Then he sat down beside me and asked me if I was alone. I answered, "Yes, I'm alone for the moment." Then he started to talk.

"Now, my son, listen carefully. There is a faint rumour in the congregation that some people see you as a future priest here, a parish priest. But you should not become a priest, this job is not for you. You will soon travel to see your father, many things are waiting for you there, for you and your future. You will study and be together with your father. Then you shall find about your assignment in life. This conversation stays between you and me." He put his right hand on my left shoulder, pressed down a bit, took a deep breath, stood and went away. Since my paternal grandfather had already passed away, I took the priest's words seriously because he pointed out to me that I should look upon his message as one coming from my father. I did then not quite understand his statement because neither time nor I were ready for it.

As I have already mentioned, I learned a lot from the priests. They were intelligent and well-read. The priest, who married my father and mother in October 1948 left church, started a secular life and married my mother's eldest sister. He was a mathematician, physicist and graphologist, in other words a virtual scientist.

Finally I got the entry permit to Sweden. The date decided upon was October 6, 1964 from Budapest via Prague and Berlin to Stockholm, a two-day train journey. From Berlin to Stockholm I was in a sleeping-car. There was plenty of time for me to leave the upper secondary and say goodbye to those nearest to me, to my friends and mates. Sure, I felt good and was happy. Suddenly the heavens opened for a teenager who faced three years of hard military service in an almost inhumanly governed communist state. But there was also a voice inside of me which said: "OK boy, the road is cleared to your beloved father, good luck." My father had moved from Linköping to Farsta in Stockholm where he lived and was ready to welcome me.

On October 8 at eight o'clock in the morning, the train arrived at Centralstationen in Stockholm. I disembarked as soon as it was possible and started to walk ahead. I had a feeling my father would walk right up to me. He was almost running, his eyes glued to the windows of the train. He even passed me, so I had to drag him back and said: "Dad, don't you recognise me?" "Yes, I do, I thought you were still on the train." This was the happiest moment in my life, I could give my father a hug again.

The first items on my father's agenda were school and education. Since we lived at Filipstadsbacken, close to Larsbodaskolan, I was allowed to start my education there and was placed in grade eight as early as mid October. I got on with my studies rather quickly, during the autumn term as well as the spring term.

In the autumn of 1965 I began studying at Farsta upper secondary, grade nine, technology profile. My father worked at Televerket (telecommunication) in Farsta, his working mate's name was Stig Gröndal. This man Gröndal had a cousin called Lars Gröndal, director of studies at Farsta upper secondary school. The headmaster was Elis Broberg. This was a small network which was necessary for me. I received an excellent foundation for future studies. The Swedish language was the most important subject and I immediately got extra tutorials. My teacher of Swedish (Kerstin Danielsson, if I remember correctly) was a very nice sympathetic pedagogue, a short woman with short, red hair. On one occasion she talked about the future. She emphasised once again that I needed to learn Swedish, since I would write about "important issues" in Swedish in the future.

I was very happy in school, safety and security were guaranteed which is why I had everything I needed to get a good start in life. If I had a problem I could see the headmaster at any time, as well as the director of studies. I must add here that there were no problems with any teacher or any subject, I liked them all. After grade nine in Farsta I was admitted to Norra Real Polytechnic in Stockholm to study telecommunication. In 1970 I graduated as an engineer

I only had one problem, my passport expired on December 31, 1966. Returning to Hungary was impossible, neither we nor our school could even imagine a return trip. But in those days it was not easy to extend a decision taken by a state in Eastern Europe. Someone recommended my father to get in touch with the then chief of police in the County of Stockholm and discuss the issue with him. His recommendation to my father was short and correct: "Apply for Swedish citizenship and include your son". This is what my father did and on October 22, 1965, I became a citizen of Sweden together with my father, according to the Swedish Royal Department of Justice.

Now, at last, I was a free man and the only thing I needed to do was to think about my future. At home my father and I increasingly often talked about getting my mother and sister to Sweden as well. We thought time was right for that. My paternal grandmother was very active, since she did not want my sister to stay in Hungary. My father wrote another letter of invitation regarding both my mother and sister and late November in 1965 my mother delivered it to the same travel agency in Baja, together with the application.

In the spring of 1966 my mother found a handwritten letter in her letterbox. It read: "Please contact me as soon as possible, I am staying at the Béke Hotel."

My mother and sister went to the hotel the same day to meet this person. She introduced herself, she was a woman on official business working for the Home Office in Budapest. She was the administrator of our case. She asked my mother and my sister some personal questions. She immediately turned down the visit to Sweden. "It is not compatible with the system," she explained. "The son did not come back, he is still with his father. In this case emigration is the only possible alternative. Hungary agrees to a reunion of the family and we can arrange everything with Sweden," she said. My mother and sister agreed and that is what happened.

When my father got the news about the emigration he was very happy. Then for the first time he told me about what happened when he and his friend reached the Austrian border a very cold, grey November month in 1956. My paternal grandmother bought a 'dongó' for my father. A dongó was an ordinary bicycle with a small combustion motor attached to it, an auxiliary engine. His friend had a similar dongó achieving a speed of about 15-20 km/h. They were no more than 40-50 kilometres from home when a crowd of Russian tanks appeared from nowhere behind my father and his friend, around 20-25, one after the other. The tanks caught up with them. They started to worry and wondered what the Russians might come up with. The tanks then drove on with the same speed as my father and his friend. They wondered why the Russians had slowed down and why they chose the same speed. My father and his friend got the excellent idea of holding on to the first tank in the line and the tank pulled them both all the way to the frontier. And the Russians did not seem to resent their Hungarian company. The Russians were friendly and helpful all the way.

At the Austrian border all Russian tanks stopped. The Russians bid farewell to my father and his friend, they waved their hands and wished their extra passengers good luck. When my father and his friend had biked across the border, all Russian tanks lined up at a certain distance from each other forming a line and thereby they closed the way out. Even among Russians there were nice and helpful lads.

If the Russians had not turned up my father and his friend would never have reached the border, since the auxiliary motors were quite new and did not work well, they were problematic. My father and his friend were clearly out of the country at the very last moment.

Here I should add that despite the fact that there were no communists in my family, the communists never used terror or violence against my family or relatives. But they were inhuman and cruel against others instead and that was not acceptable. We are against any kind of inhumanity.

One evening in the new year of 1967 my mother asked me if I wanted to know the truth about the admissions to the Technology College. "Of course I do", I answered. "I met your former female form teacher, she asked about you and was sorry about not having met you during a long period of time. I told her that my son is with his father in Sweden and that he will never return home again. He decided to travel to his father since he was not admitted to the Technology College." "I was behind everything," the female form teacher confessed. "The headmaster of the Technology College was my best friend and I made up my mind that he should not study at the College, since he did not fit into the system. He rejected the Comsomol movement and chose the church instead. I talked to my friend and removed his name from the list, it was as simple as that," she went on. "You did that very well," my mother answered. Later on the form teacher had regrets, but it was way too late.

What would life be without problems? There were problems, there are problems, and new problems will come along. The next problem for my family was that my maternal grandmother suddenly became very ill and my mother returned to Hungary to take care of her but visited us annually many years after that. My sister received her Swedish citizenship in December, 1975.

My father was a jack of all trades and mastered technology well. He made several inventions, of which I will bring two to light here. One was an 'Expansion Turbine Engine', the other one a 'Super Electric Engine'. In 1985 he became holder of a patent for his Expansion Turbine Engine.

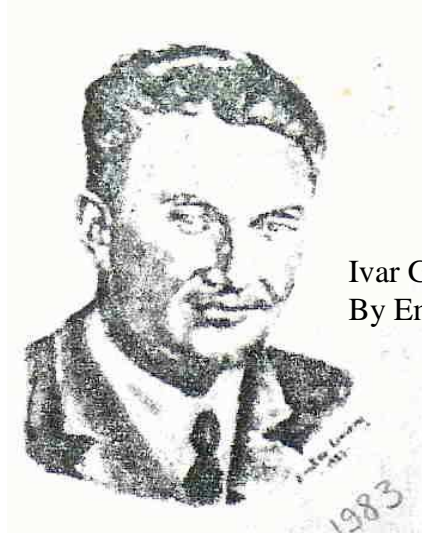
A brief manual: High, constant number of revolutions, low fuel consumption, a so-called cyclic system. Noiseless, powerful, around 3,000 horsepower, made from ceramics, small units or engines can be connected in series. The great advantage with the product is that it can be run on any fuel, such as petrol, diesel, ethanol, methanol, or liquid gas, but the final goal is to run it on distilled water. Production costs are lower than for today's conventional engines. It is the cleanest option for the environment and the safest option regarding service reliability. Target groups are, among others, auto-, air-, train- and ship industries and power plants.

The goal was to produce a prototype. My father contacted STU (the Technology Development Agency), today NUTEK (the Swedish Agency for Economic and Regional Growth), a Swedish government investment agency. The official in charge immediately turned down the application and asked my father to stop thinking of the prototype. His opinion was that the engine had no future and it was no use investing in it. The fact that my father was an immigrant did not exactly improve his situation. This was in 1983. Then my father decided to produce the prototype himself. He still worked for Televerket and I had a job with Ahlsell VVS AB (heating and plumbing) in Hammarbyhamnen, Stockholm.

We divided the tasks between us, he took care of technology while I handled finances and business contacts. We started a company dealing with engine development and the whole family joined the business. We bought our first machines from the province of Småland, from Örnmaskinerna AB in Storebro, to be exact. We met Mr. Ivar Gustafsson, the owner of the company, at his home in Storebro. Since he and my father knew a lot about technology, the topics were of course the engine, the greenhouse effect and the future. As early as that, the climate change was a main issue. Gustafsson was of the same opinion about the greenhouse effect and climate changes as my father. Other topics were arts and community building. He told us he had previously been the CEO of Storebro Bruks AB and also described how Storebro had grown to become a modern community.

We met Ivar Gustafsson twice in his home in Storebro. My father and he talked about everything: science, technology, art and also politics. But the remarkable thing was that the conversations were carried out at an advanced level of knowledge. Now and then my sister and I had to listen carefully to be able to follow the discussions.

At the first meeting Gustafsson gave us several brochures. In one of them my sister found a photo of him taken when he was much younger. She made a drawing of the portrait and gave it to him at our second meeting. He was very happy about the portrait, since no one had done one before. We certainly had unforgettable dealings with him in Storebro. The only extensive business my father ever did, he did with Gustafsson and he was also very pleased with his machinery. They had contacts with each other and I do not know when they were discontinued. As late as in 1985 Gustafsson knew that my father was the holder of a patent for his invention.

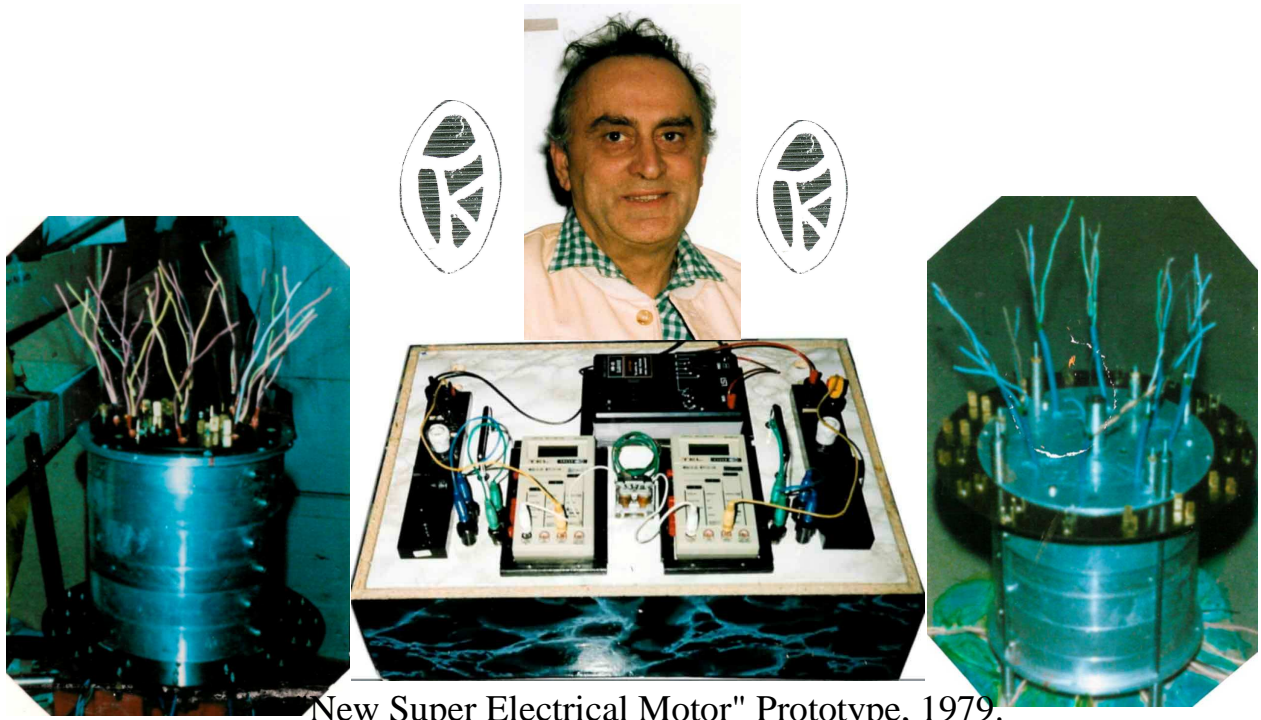


Ivar Gustafsson, Storebro
By Emöke Kemény, 1983



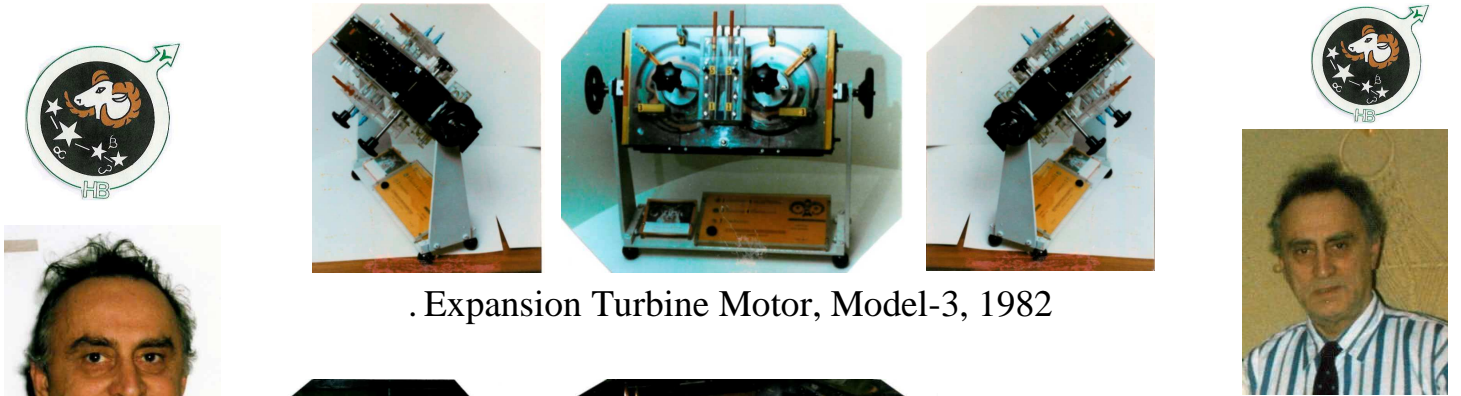
Tibor Kemény

I built a workshop for my father without borrowing any money. At Hammarbyhamnen in Stockholm, close to Ahlsell, was Björklunds Co. There I had bought lots of various tools and material from 1983 to 1990. I also had excellent contacts with another machine company, Maskin AB Karlebo in Kista in the Stockholm area. These three companies made it possible for me to build a fairly cheap but fully equipped workshop in order to produce the prototype. In 1990, 70 per cent of the prototype was manufactured in our own workshop.

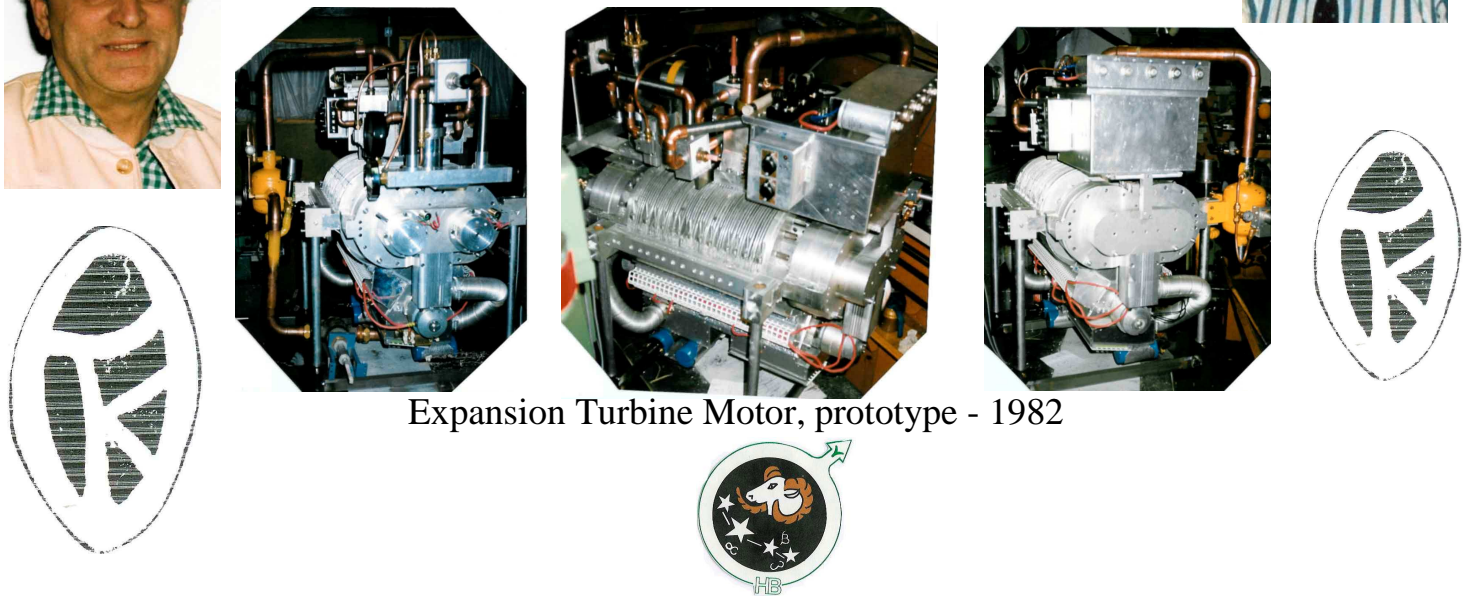


"New Super Electrical Motor" Prototype, 1979.

We had also applied for a patent for a Super Electric Engine, one of my father's minor inventions, 1990. Brief operational manual: The new electrical motor works with a new current circuit system which lacks voltage. This means that the motor has no loss of heat and therefore utilises its power (150-200 horsepower) in the best possible way. The running time of the motor is much longer than that of today's electrical cars. A test running of the motor worked out well. The car industry was one of the target groups.



. Expansion Turbine Motor, Model-3, 1982



Expansion Turbine Motor, prototype - 1982

Brief operational manual: High, constant number of revolutions, low fuel consumption, a system of circulation is applied. Soundless, extensive power – around 3,000 horsepower, made of ceramics, small units or motors can be series connected. The main advantage is that it can be operated with any fuel; petrol, diesel oil, ethanol, methanol or liquid gas, but the final goal is that it will be possible to operate the motor with distilled water. Cost of production is lower than for today's conventional motors. Environmentally it is the cleanest option and operationally the safest one. Around 70% of the prototype is already in production. Car, air, train, ship and power plant industries are among the target groups.

We have also started a business development company. With its help I started to market the new engines around the world. I contacted several engine manufacturers, the US is one example. There General Motors and Chrysler were very interested in both engines. In Sweden SAAB showed no interest and Volvo confused the Expansion Turbine Engine with the Wankel engine. In other words: Volvo did not understand how the new engine worked and ignored it.

But Fate had other plans. In spring 1991 our good father died. Everything we had built since 1979 disappeared. I was not able to continue my father's technological activities in the company. There are no words to describe how we felt when my father was suddenly gone.

In 1992 I met a Hungarian man who had come to Sweden to meet relatives. He also came to see us and became very interested in the Expansion Turbine Engine. He had a company of his own in Hungary, he was a technician and aircraft designer. He co-operated with the Air Force College in Hungary and was a friend of its boss. After his visit to Sweden he went back home, met his friend and told him everything he had learnt about the engine. The head of the Air Force College also became very interested in the new product. Finally, he and I agreed that as a first step, the Air Force College would try to finish the construction of the prototype in their engine laboratory. Everything went according to plans, but the problem was that the engine hid so many secrets that it was simply impossible to finalise the construction of the prototype the fact that the foremost scientists and civil engineers in Hungary were involved, including scientists from the University of Technology in Budapest. The final intention behind the two engines was to try to reduce global warming in the global climate change context. Timing was perfect to start activities, but the death of my father put an end to everything.

After his death it was time again: start from the beginning, start anew. This was the inheritance our father handed over to us. He taught us much about science and handicraft. Yes, he left us, but his knowledge and love are still with us. He meant everything to us.

It was not easy to restart everything in the same spirit as before. Primarily, the purpose behind these two specially designed engines was to limit the greenhouse effect, the global warming. Now, however, it is time to work for the survival of Mankind. To take active part in the issue of climate change is a difficult task, it is extensive science. It is not enough to possess knowledge about the future, proofs are necessary. What do you do if it is not possible for you to afford and/or take part in global climate research? What you can do is to follow the development in this field carefully and on your own look for material which the public has access to and which fits the model you have. Then you will get a ready-made model of the universe and the climate change as well as corresponding evidence produced by researchers.

In 1994 I started studying appropriate material regarding astronomy and climate research, putting together and comparing research reports to my model. I still do, since the discoveries of new things can reinforce my model.

In 1999 I watched a TV programme featuring the Brazilian architect Oscar Niemeyer. His ways of combining nature and architecture was fascinating and suddenly architecture was born inside me, since then I am filled with fervour for it. In other words: the Brazilian Oscar Niemeyer inspired me, woke me up and lit the fire of architecture in me.

I was all the time aware that the global climate change is also the end of time and that the end is near, it is only a matter of time. To survive the terrible catastrophes we all face will be a very difficult task. The only possible method of survival is a house or an ark which can cope with future floods, earthquakes, hurricanes and fires. Finally, thinking about the future, I created a house/an ark which I placed on a number of pylons. I copied the shape of the house directly from cosmos and named it 'cosmic architecture.' Materials to be used are glass fibre, carbon fibre, steel or advanced composites. I named the new house 'Sea House'.

On December 11, 2000, I handed in my patent application to the Swedish Patent and Registration Office here in Stockholm and on March 19 2004 I received a patent for my Sea House. Since 2001 we build illustrations of Sea House models and so far we have built more than 60 varieties. In 2002 we started an architect's company which from 2004 has its own website. The site introduces the company's science-based platform. The only thing that remains to be done is to build a prototype. I am in contact with the governmental investment company Almi Företagspartners AB in Stockholm. But I have come as far with Almi as my father came with STU, the Technology Development Agency back in the eighties.

When my paternal grandfather heard that my father wanted to leave the country he uttered the following words to him: "My son, remember, wherever you will end up, you will never take root there, we will remain foreigners." Now, after forty-three years of experience, I must unfortunately completely agree with his philosophy.

Our father taught us to work on our own, trying to be independent. If you have a goal you should reach it, never look back if you feel you are right and try to be as honest as possible.

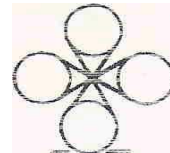
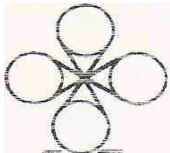
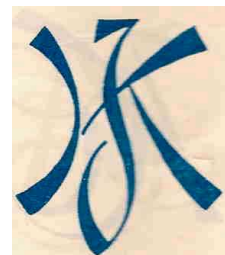
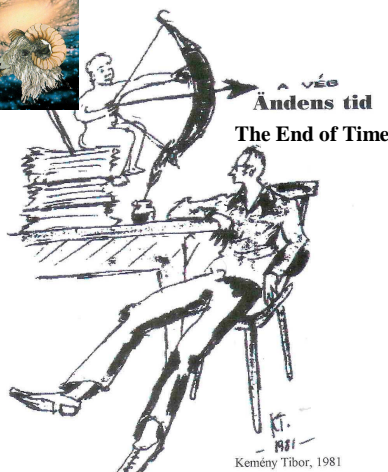
Business and trading activities in my family: My paternal great grandfather. Together with his father he manufactured bricks for the construction industry at the beginning of the 19th century. My paternal grandmother's brother was a true shopkeeper, he owned a successful ironmonger's business in the 30s and 40s in Baja. To round off my short biography, let me mention that I wrote about 500 poems, 20% of them in Swedish between the years 1973-1983. That year would have had a better start if our mother had not died on January 13.

After having read my book (Global Climate Change and the End of Time) you might want to know whether I am a religious person, a believer. The answer is short and correct: I am neither religious nor a believer. If you possess such extensive knowledge about worlds and life as I do, you will never become religious. Besides, being a believer is a relative thing.

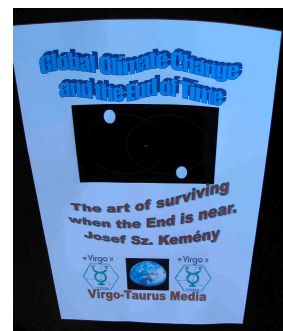
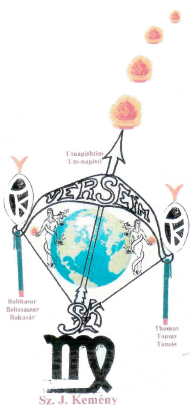
The purposes behind this book are these:

- to reach as many people as possible around the world with the message about global climate change and the End of Time
- to make it possible for as many people as possible around the world to understand the message
- to sell as many books as possible in as many languages as possible around the world
- to invest proceeds from the book in global construction projects
- to co-operate with honest and sensible people around the world for the sake of our survival; the more we are, the stronger we are.

Josef Sz Kemény, 2007
Stockholm



Kemény Tibor, 1981



Binary star system

Family Tree



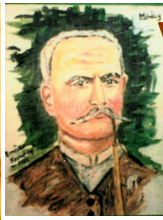
Kemény



Hermann



Kemény
1800-1848



Bleszics Anna Kemény Mihály
Year of marriage: 1868



Kiss Mária Kemény Lajos
Year of marriage: 1909



Pálfalvi Mária Kemény Tibor
Year of marriage: 1948



Kemény,
Emöke Magdolna



Kemény,
Szabolcs József



Páli Katalin Hermann József
Year of marriage: 1842



Hermann Júlia Hermann János
Year of marriage: 1886



Bátaszéki Borbála Hermann/Pálfalvi János
Year of marriage: 1923



Hermann/Pálfalvi Mária Magdolna

The long journey of my family tree from Sumer, Canaan, Palestine, Asia to Europe and Scandinavia. My ancestors were poor but honest people. They were, however, affluent in knowledge.



Spring 1956, my father and I, Baja



Summer 1964, with my mother and sister, Baja



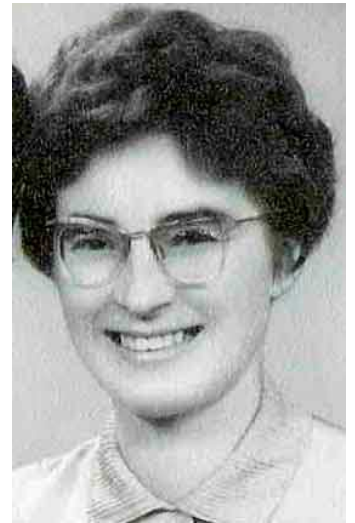
Spring 1956, my sister, my father and I, Baja



My father Tibor Kemény



my sister and I, Baja



My mother Maria Kemény

My Family



My Family



1980



1986



My Family



1986

The Cosmic Architecture

