

THE SOCIAL CREDITER

FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

Vol. 32. No. 26.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1955.

6d. Fortnightly.

From Week to Week

1954

An Epitaph:

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

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Nil it is!

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Of 1955, extreme pessimism contends for mastery with just as extreme sense that it *is* extreme (and faithful to our nature we avoid extremes), and we have only to record a dead heat—although, while we are about it, we may as well also record:—

(1) The impression in some quarters that the world wirepullers are getting just a little bit worried themselves. Realising the nature of their difficulties, we are of the opinion that that would not, even if it were true, affect the situation materially. On the other hand, if the news (if it is news) leaked copiously, there might, temporarily at least, be a dangerous reaction: dangerous because too many hostages have been given for too long to what is called (mistakenly) the 'democratic principle'—the principle, in other words, that, however nasty the mess, it makes a good pudding if everybody stirs it. The *machinery* of good government has been destroyed, and it is unlikely that anyone can improvise it.

(2) That the Campaign inaugurated by Mr. John Mitchell, and Dr. Basil Steele, and maintained by them and a few helpers, is beginning to receive attention beyond their belief, though not beyond their just hope and expectation. It could be. An observation has just reached us from Australia that such campaigns take at least two years to mature. What is two years in Australia may, of course, be much longer in hide-bound England. Nevertheless, we note the observation, which has practical experience to back it. Not enough consideration is given to the time element in social action. The Campaign's danger is adoption by less capable and self-disciplined men than those who first thought of it. There should be some screening apparatus for stunt-merchants who think they are 'on to a good thing.' As we remarked before, 'The machinery of good government has been destroyed, and it is unlikely that anyone can improvise it.'

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"Those riddles one finds in Machiavelli, those ambiguities and ironies—they mark the points where, the soul having been cut away, we are still troubled with the illusion that 'something' is still there." This remark at the close of an article in the December number of *Encounter*

by Irving Kristol is, according to taste, an indication of its excellence. A thoroughly bad article in the same magazine is one by Peter Wiles entitled "In defence of 'Big Business.'" Mr. Wiles [hoping our printer will spell the name correctly] says he has collected "simply from censuses of wholesale trades (U.S. Tariff Commission reports, sundry British white papers, etc.) three hundred and thirty-three" comparisons of large, medium and small firms. Efficiency is the test, and "efficiency is best defined, not as the quantity of production per man, but as the average cost, including all overheads, of an article produced. . . Clearly, the best measure is one that takes account of all possible 'inputs,' and this is the cost in money." Apparently an economist's article: facts without thought—or rather the names of facts without the facts and without thought either: *factum*, something 'done,' not just said. The article ends: "By reasonable social experiments, industrial man can make tolerable to his feelings the efficiency to which his appetites have condemned him." (Reading back to the definition, the reader can work this out for himself.) It is, however, something to have to notice that Big Business has now entered a buyer's market, and has got to sell itself.

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In *The Albertan* for October 8, Mr. Solon Low goes into rhapsodies over his reception at Urim, in Israel, 'one Sabbath Day.' "Given half a chance," says Mr. Low, "I am convinced that Israel will literally 'make the desert bloom like a rose.'" No mention this time of Social Credit making Alberta bloom like a rose.

• • •

Where we used to be told that "the practical man is a man who practises the errors of his grandfather," we should today be told that the practical man is the man who practises the errors of his work-mates. And work-mates make more errors than do grandfathers for the same reason that white sheep eat more than black sheep.

• • •

Cardinal Griffin with other Catholic officers and members of the Council of Christians and Jews have resigned, giving occasion to (particularly) the *Daily Express* to dilate 'unrestrainedly,' while *The Tablet* is characteristically relieved because Mr. Edmund de Rothschild, the Jewish co-Treasurer of the Council, has said there 'has been no serious clash.' *The Tablet*, in an article of some length, makes no secret of its desire to see the *magisterium* of the Catholic Church less deeply embedded than it is in "a legal and institutional order, the heir of Imperial Rome, in which rulers did not expect to give reasons, because reasons suggest an accountability to those to whom the explanations are

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This journal expresses and supports the policy of the Social Credit Secretariat, which is a non-party, non-class organisation neither connected with nor supporting any political party, Social Credit or otherwise.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: *Home and abroad, post free:**

One year 30/-; Six months 15/-; Three months 7s. 6d.
Offices—Business: 11, GARFIELD STREET, BELFAST. Telephone:
Belfast 27810. Editorial: 49, PRINCE ALFRED ROAD, LIVERPOOL,
15. Telephone: SEFton Park 435.

*Note: The above rates cover subscription to *Voice*, appearing fortnightly in alternate weeks with *The Social Crediter*.

Kuhn Loeb & Co.

There is some evidence which tends to confirm the suggestion that, through their personal agents in Europe (and particularly England) the international finance business known as Kuhn Loeb & Co. have said 'go' to wider publicity for the fact that 'banks create the means of payment out of nothing' and that it is a good thing they do! Social Crediters will not desire to impede the belated spread of this information, but they will doubtless not forget that, as in so many cases, what matters is not what is done but on what terms it is done. The terms on which banks create the means of payment out of nothing are that, for 'the good thing they do,' determination of the course, the policy, of political and economic society remains securely in the hands of a hidden junta, the 'Sanhedrin' of International Finance. It is useless to argue with it, or about it with its victims. Intellectual demonstration rests for its success upon factors not present (e.g., uncorruptible intellectual honesty on the one hand and the existence of an uncorruptible, competent court of appeal on the other. The 'electorate' is not such a court, nor is the 'constitution' which finance has subordinated to its own ends, nor is the 'solidarity' of movements, including the so-called Social Credit movement, which, in face of overwhelming power of perversion in other hands, is non-existent.). These are negative considerations, and, as always, for every negative there is a positive. Briefly, the continuous function of the Social Credit Secretariat as Douglas intended is, in this case, the desired positive.

The organ of the Secretariat, *The Social Crediter*, is constantly being reproved for its reputed failure to provide enough ready-made arguments for the rag-tag-and-bobtail which is the 'labour-squad' for Finance's manufacture of the finished product of 'satisfied public opinion.' This 'failure' is 'failure' to play ball with the financial hierarchy, a game in which the player would, in any case, need the proverbial long spoon. *The Social Crediter* makes no apology for its 'failure' in complicity. To comply would be to throw the last shreds of its tattered garment to the winds, to forego, as humanly impossible of accomplishment, any possibility of ever discharging its responsibility to its founder.

These things are not understood? They are not understood widely enough where innocence provides opportunity for exploitation. Actually, the continued existence of a large silent area, still expanding rather than contracting,

argues a resistance, mute but otherwise healthy, where understanding and patient tolerance of our defects go hand in hand. The circulation of *The Social Crediter* does not shrink as the noise from the marchers' drums increases. If it did, that noise would diminish too. Even a few thousand pounds a year is too much to pay as subsidy for nuisance value against the Secretariat in the absence of a Secretariat. If that should go, the well from which nuisance movements are supplied would almost instantly dry up: the strident 'brass' would be hushed, and the drum-sticks tossed aside. The camp followers, disconcerted, would be on the look out for another opportunity for their talents in arranging bigger and better battle fields for demos to fall on.

The New Zealand Election, etc.

(See *The Social Crediter* for November 27.)

The Secretary of the Leeds Social Credit Society, Mr. J. W. Cecil Keene, has written to the Secretariat dissociating the Society from an attack on the Secretariat circulated in New Zealand by certain followers of Mr. Hargrave. Quite clearly, the attachment of the Leeds Society's signature to a declaration by a Mr. Hadkins was unauthorised, and it would appear that an explicit reservation communicated to the same gentleman was ignored.

The following letter has been addressed to Mr. Cecil Keene by the Chairman of the Social Credit Secretariat:—

December 27, 1954.

"My dear Mr. Cecil Keene,

"Thank you for your explanatory letter.

"While I fully sympathise with you in your disappointment that the clear intention of your committee was set aside and am quite willing to give marks for the measure of friendliness implied by a desire to dissociate themselves from the extravagances of Mr. Hargrave's followers, the willingness to support a course which Douglas stigmatised, continuously and emphatically, as inherently unsound is, unfortunately, just as apparent. This rather than any concern for its prestige as such is the chief ground for the apprehensions of the Secretariat.

"Unless something can be done to disengage the movement for Social Credit from compromising attentions of this sort, its early eclipse is certain. The left-overs of political agitation during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries cannot envisage the political situation in any sense realistically, and their gratuitous interference in it is useless to anyone but the enemy. This may be pitiable, unfortunate, regrettable or anything else in which a charitable mind may like to describe it; but above all things it makes hay-wire of genuine efforts to establish a workable order of human society. In some cases this effect is unintentional, in others doubtless deeply intended. That makes no difference whatsoever to the result.

"Please accept my best wishes for 1955.

"Yours sincerely,

(Signed "Tudor Jones,

"Chairman, Social Credit Secretariat."

The Eighteenth Century Apes of God*

by DRYDEN GILLING SMITH.

(Concluded.)

Behind the façade lay the world of Walpole and the South Sea Bubble, of the financial oligarchy which had obtained the legal sanction implicit in the Bank of England Charter (the immediate result of the 1688 revolution) for its extended powers at the expense of the Sovereign and the Patricians, at the expense of the Constitution. The usurer was firmly and securely in the saddle and it is a commonplace of history that the periods of 'usurocratic' supremacy are marked by a decay, often an emasculation, of letters. The financial trickster does not want a language that allows his victims to know what his 'contracts' really mean—nor until after they are signed. Nor does he want a literature sufficiently alive to penetrate the façade of society behind which he operates. Outright suppression has the disadvantage of attracting unnecessary attention to the suppressed. A 'conspiracy of noise' has normally been found more effective than a 'conspiracy of silence.' One can pay innumerable dunces to make a noise, and sometimes one can pay the genuine writer to divert his energies to work of minor importance. With publicity one can manufacture a mythological ape of dullness, a Tibbald, a Cibber, or a Sponderite.

This was what Pope saw in the great expansion of the booktrade which took place in the eighteenth century. There were the 'tycoons' (small fry by our standards) who groomed writers for the new public which was being built up for letters. Compared with his successors who appeared in the "Dunciad," the original Namby Pamby had some pretensions to being a poet. Button's Coffee House was a distinguished gathering beside the later assemblies of scribbling apes where

... new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

And behind this there were always the political implications of the opening lines:

Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first?

Criticism of contemporary politics was dangerous. Pope's sympathies lay with the Tories (before the name was misappropriated by one of the sub-factions of whiggery). He had published in 1723 a posthumous edition of the works of his early patron, the Duke of Buckingham. Three days after publication the stock was siezed on account of the Jacobite principles professed by the author. As James Sutherland remarks "Pope thus found himself, as the editor of a seditious work, in an awkward situation, and hostile journalists made the most of it." Among the Whig playboys 'Tory' and 'Jacobite' were shouted with the same orgiastic pleasure as 'Fascist' or 'Reactionary' by their leftist descendants of the nineteen-thirties, forties and fifties.

For a poet to attack the Ministry on its own ground

*Alexander Pope—The Twickenham Edition:

- (1) Vol. VI.—*The Minor Poems*—Editors: Norman Ault and John Butt (Methuen 45/-).
- (2) Vol. V.—*The Dunciad*—Editor: James Sutherland (Methuen, 35/-).

—politics—was to take heavy personal risks without the prospect of achieving any result. However no amelioration of current affairs was likely while letters remained the past-time of pigmies. Besides, it was not "the great ones of the world" that made Pope angry. The editor quotes a letter to Swift in 1725. "My spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piss-pot than by a thunderbolt. . . . But to be squirted to death, as poor Wycherley said to me on his death bed, by apothecaries' apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Philips himself."

The puppet writers, the dunces, the apes and their attempt to produce a counterfeit literature were the aspect of the rot with which Pope was most competent to deal. By setting them in a mock epic, the "Dunciad," he threw into relief the contrast between their scribbling and real literature. One should remember of course that Pope was still paying the scribblers the indirect compliment of treating their work as bad literature where we should ignore its equivalent as beyond the pale of literary criticism altogether. It was this extensive misuse of the medium of communication which he wished to stop. "Do not gentle reader rest too secure in thy contempt of the Instruments for such a revolution in learning, or despise such weak agents as have been described in our poem, but remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflow'd by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *Water-Rat*."

The "Dunciad" is not only the greatest of Pope's works but the one which aroused the most attention during his life time. Even his enemies recognised its importance. A contemporary account of the day of publication describes how "A crowd of Authors besieg'd the Shop; Entreaties, Advices, Threats of Law and Battery, nay Cries of Treason were all employ'd to hinder the coming out of the 'Dunciad': On the other side the Booksellers and Hawkers made as great Efforts to procure it. . . ."

It is interesting to note that it is not only the Dunces of Grub Street that come in for attack but also the prototypes of the 'machine-age pedagogue.' Pope had intended to write a "Moral Essay" on Education, but looking into the matter more closely he decided that the only fit place to describe contemporary education was in a *sottisier*, so he incorporated this material in the additional book which he added to the "Dunciad" in 1742. In apostrophising the Goddess Dulness he writes:

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, write about it. . . .
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce. . . .
With the same Cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind

to which he adds in a note "A recapitulation of the Whole Course of Modern Education describ'd in this book, which confines Youth to the Study of *Words* only in Schools, subjects them to the Authority of *Systems* in the Universities, and deludes them with the names of *Party Distinctions* in the World. All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics."

Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night is the best known line of the great satire, but how many of the later generations of *faux littérateurs* have conveniently soft pedalled the connection between this and the whigocracy (or democracy)? Had they read and understood the poem a few lines further back they would have found a most definite connection, and a reference to Walpole that could hardly have been clearer:

... Princes are but things,
Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND.

(Mr. Gilling Smith's article will be reprinted in *The Fig Tree* (New Series) Vol. 1. No. 3: December, 1954.)

Troilus and Cressida

Simultaneous reading of *The Social Crediter* ("the tightest, closest . . . order") and attention to a broadcast performance of Walton's opera, and subsequent flight to Shakespeare's version of the Troilus story, have led a reader to forward the following quotations (Shakespeare: *Troilus and Cressida*. Act 1, Sc. iii.—Ulysses is speaking):—

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
. . . Degree being vizarded,
.

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
.

. . . O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
.

But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy:

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
. . . And last eat up himself.
.

. . . To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK— (continued from page 1.)
made." We say nothing about that except to reaffirm our belief that that Gordian knot—the giving of account where account is *not* due, as substitute for *not* giving account—

can be cut *only* by the full application of Social Credit principles throughout the whole fabric of human society. In time the Church itself may hear and may heed our words: we shall not need to be informed by courier, nor will it be necessary for what has been done to be explained to us.

However—, *The Tablet* introduces us to the ungainly expression ('in the phrase the theologians use') 'indifferentism' to describe that entropy of ideas which tends to occur whenever a certain degree of segregation is abolished. This is as much our concern as it is any theologian's. We may be wrong, but it seems that some quite hectic world travel has been undertaken lately to persuade antipodean communities that 'indifferentism' among Social Crediters is what most recommendably out-Douglassed Douglas. The Secretariat does not desire Douglas to be out-Douglassed. But, at the same time, surely a more virile substantive can be found than 'indifferentism' for so highly differentiated a modern technique of subversion? In our impetuosity we have turned to *Roget*, but, as usual, to discover that it is not perhaps the mere word we seek, but its ripe, rich, full and fruity progeny. 'Indifferentism' indeed!

'Isms had not risen to the ascendancy in the firmament of confusion which they now occupy when the famous *Thesaurus* was composed, and the index drives us to "Indifference," which may be variously 'unconcern' (truly, indifferentism does not concern itself with ethical or unethical niceties), 'coldness' (as truly it blows both hot and cold with the same mouth), 'unwillingness' (very!), 'unimportance' (Mm . . . perhaps), 'imperfect' (yes, a very *fons et origo* of imperfection, Indifferentism). As last but not least, we turn to paragraph 651, " 'Imperfection': 'Imperfection, unsoundness, faultiness, deficiency, drawback, inadequacy . . . handicap. Fault, defect, flaw, lacuna, crack, twist, taint, peccancy, vice. Mediocrity, mean, *indifference*, inferiority. . . Middling . . . (Phrases): To play second fiddle; barely to pass muster; to muddle along; to have a screw loose; be out of order. (*Adjectives*): . . . dud, inferior, inartistic, inadequate . . . cracked, warped, flimsy, sketchy, botched, gimcrack . . . rickety, rattletrap . . . middling, so-so, *couci-couci* . . . second-rate . . . decent [sic!] . . . not bad, not so dusty . . . respectable . . . better than nothing . . . no class.'"

We recall, inconsequently, a magic word used by Welsh children fifty years ago. Possibly universal education has placed it among the "(*arch.*: . . .)" even in a barbarous language. We don't know how to spell it; but, if it were German, it would be *Kutsch*—just like that: *Kutsch!* short and sharp. *Kutsch* was both a noun and a verb; and it might even be a human character. Rats, stoats, weasles, vipers, as well as squirrels, robin-red-breasts, and whin-berries, had *kutches* to hide in. Hens roosted in them, and they were also coal-cellars (but never, we believe, pigsties). In the games that infants play, there was much *kutsching*, and the game of hide-and-seek might well, we think, have been called *Kutsch* with (as there should be) a capital 'K.'

Where, among all these suggestions, can we find the slaughter-word for "that entropy of ideas which tends to occur whenever a certain degree of segregation is abolished"?