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FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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The Situation and the Outlook

By C. H. DOUGLAS

The termination of large-scale military activities on the Continent of Europe—the pivotal theatre, to which the others were subsidiary and on which their destiny depended—is now sufficiently a matter of history for it to be possible to estimate their relationship to an ultimate objective, and to see, also, the pursuit of that objective “by other means.” Any attempt to do this intelligibly must proceed from one of two hypotheses; either the world was, and is, in the grip of blind fate, “written in the pyramids,” *etc.*, or it is exhibiting the results of a policy derived from thinking man, in which case mundane fate, while conditioned to some extent by previous action and persistent deduction, is susceptible of “repentance” (thinking again or against) and compensatory action. It is on the latter hypothesis that the comments which follow are based, and if it is fallacious, it is obvious that neither they, nor perhaps any others, have any consequence. No policy, no cure.

It is necessary, in my opinion, to bear in mind that a policy *must* derive from a philosophy; and for this reason, and with some reluctance because I am well aware of the antagonisms which are aroused, I feel it would not be honest to omit the expression of an opinion which has been crystallising, so far as I am concerned, for some years. The more conventional form in which the idea to which I refer is phrased is that we are engaged in a battle for Christianity, and that is true. But it is surprising in how many ways, practically, realistically, factually, it is true. And one of these ways is almost un-noticed, except in its derivations—the emphasis placed by the Roman Catholic Church on the family, and the steady unrelenting effort to destroy the very idea of family and to substitute the State, by the Communists and Socialists, who with the World Financial Group, are the real body of Anti-Christ. Please observe that what most people mean by family nowadays is a unit *contemporaneously* composed of parents and children. It has no extension in time; the flash of consciousness we call the present is all that is allowed to this idea of “family”; and therefore it has no stability, because it lacks a dimension.

Now it is this very idea of impermanence and scorn of tradition which can be seen to be the key-note of the New Order which Mr. Anthony Eden, for instance, was so well informed as to prophesy almost before the first shot was fired in 1939. Life now is to have no stable principles; property is yours just so long as an institution does not want it; you are no judge of what is best for you, and what you want does not matter. Everything is to be conditioned by “the common good.” The group is supreme over the individual, the flower exists for the benefit of the field.

This lack of stability is closely connected with a curious inversion. *Demon est deus inversus.* We mouth Social Security, and live in a prison on the edge of a volcano. We decry privilege in favour of “the common good”, double our Cabinet Ministers’ salaries, and institute and maintain priorities in every one of the decreasing facilities of a dying civilisation. We cannot build houses, so we steal them. We cannot play the game, so we change the rules. In the face of the greatest crops in history we ration bread. We export immense quantities of goods we need ourselves to *e.g.*, France, and refuse to take payment in wines, having raised the price of Algerian claret from about twopence a litre, its cost of production, to about fourteen shillings, its “Government” price. We talk about the necessity to avoid inflation, and we negotiate immense and irrational wage increases unrelated to any intelligible wage policy and prevent the goods to which they relate from reaching the wage market; and, having with the support of fifty years propaganda against profits obtained control of the national resources, we install a Chancellor of the Exchequer who disposes of the National Credit to our disadvantage, and cuts off the national dividend at its source—a rate of interest on the national capital account—while arranging that the real wealth produced goes abroad to be credited to the national capital account of our active enemies.

These matters are not episodic, they are all connected with an intelligible philosophy. And the raw material of that philosophy is “the common man”—the amorphous group, the tool of that terrible Power which fights relentlessly for our destruction. It is very necessary not to confuse “the common man” with any economic class, perhaps more necessary in these days than ever before, although its characteristic does not change. “Crucify Him. Release unto us Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber.”

Majority “rule” with a secret ballot is the organising mechanism of “the common man”, the vehicle of the *sub-conscious*, the animal man. “Father, forgive them, they are *unconscious* of what they do.” Intellect is not concerned.

(To be continued).

“Big Victory for Social Credit”

“CANADIAN SURPRISE”

Under the above headlines, the following appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* on September 18:

“(From our own correspondent).”

“Ottawa; Tuesday.

“Although results have yet to be received from a few out-lying polls, it is plain to-day that both the old line parties, Liberals and Conservatives, have been decisively rejected by the Quebec voters in the Pontiac by-election. The Liberals

(continued on page 4)

Treachery Through Taxation

By W. B. LAURENCE

Treachery can be born of deliberation or of negligence. Treachery through negligence is the more dangerous, as it may be cloaked or masquerade in various plausible guises, which, in the course of years, may render its aiders and abettors almost unconscious of the crime against their country in which they have been taking part. The most amazing feature in the modern politics of England has been the growth, during the last half-century, of taxation, gradually at first but later very rapidly, until it has now attained the unblushing character of confiscation and spoliation. The taxpayers have been split into strata, rendering them impotent and then *divide et impera* is actively applied to them by the framers of the various special taxes, such as the Sur-Tax and Death Duties, which have now long been the vogue. Who the actual authors are is obscure. While the House of Commons stands out, in the main, as responsible and may even proudly claim the glory of the taxation-handiwork, any questioning of its sole authorship being deemed by it a Breach of Privilege, yet a suspicion frequently arises, during perusal of Finance Acts whether Members of the House can have clearly understood what has been put before them by "the Minister" and whether his permanent officials may not be even more responsible in fact than "the House", whose sanction the Bureaucrats go through the pretence of obtaining. But whatever be the upshot of any analysis of factual responsibility, the astounding lack of any resistance on the part of nearly all the taxpayers and especially the greatly victimised higher stratum of them, will strike the future historian, whether native or foreign, of the Decline and Fall of the United Kingdom, as the most outstanding feature of the period, in which the first sign of Decline and Fall became apparent. During this period Social Arrogance in certain sections has continued to burgeon as of yore, until wonder arises about what it can be like to feel so socially superior, yet at the same time to be so politically impotent. To the world, if not to themselves, the Socially Superior Persons present the spectacle of being a mere economic football, kicked impartially about the soccer field by both their "friends" and their opponents, with impartial indifference and disdain.

The highly-placed Personages of Society and of "Form" would no doubt plead that they can do nothing to defend themselves, seeing that Parliament is Omnipotent, and the House of Commons the omnipotent part of Parliament. But that negative attitude of mind shows a striking lack of perspicuity concerning the historical function and hence authority of Parliament and an equally striking lack of energy in not following up the suggestions that have been made by the few from time to time, who have been gifted with eyes to see clearly and with minds capable of giving expression to their thoughts. Instead of being rocked in the cradle of the deep, the majority of "swells" have been rocked in the cradle of the weak-end.

If any of the persons, who are now being taxed on their incomes to the tune of 19s. 6d. in the £ and whose estates at death are threatened with a corresponding Capital Levy, had given even a moment's thought to the meaning and origin of the Preamble to each year's Finance Act, under which they suffer, they would surely, if possessed of only a

modicum of English political intelligence, have first wondered and then enquired what historical and legal title the Elected Persons in the House of Commons have to exercise a species of dictatorship over their property, without their sole consent and mandate. The Preamble proclaims, in effect, that the Faithful Commons "give and grant" to the King's Most Excellent Majesty—that is to say the spending Departments to all intent and purpose—the Taxes detailed in the Act which follows the Preamble. To use a colloquialism, it surely sticks out a mile that such so-called "Grants" are not Grants at all, seeing that a true Grant can be made only by a Grantor himself or by a representative possessing the authority of the individual or individuals whom he represents.

But each Member of Parliament represents at the present day a hotch-potch of electors, describable briefly as a mob, many of whom will contribute nothing or next door to nothing to the "Grants" in question, any more than the majority of members of the House—now tax-paid Temporary Servants of the Community at large—have either hope or intention of themselves contributing a penny in support of their altruistic deprivation of others. This is surely an absurd and monstrous situation. The wording of the Preamble is now centuries old and recites, in effect, the fundamental office of the House of Commons for the protection of the subject against exaction—in former days by the Crown. The "Grant" has, however, degenerated, without any historical explanation and sanction, into barefaced Imposition by the Commons, based on a changing inner consciousness. But the Commons have no more constitutional right to impose taxation—without consent, on the inhabitants of this country than England had to impose taxation on the colonists in North America without their consent. The platitudinarian "argument" which is advanced—on the spur of the moment by people who have never before considered the point—is contained in the Resolution of 1678:—That all aids and supplies and aids to His Majesty in Parliament are the sole *gift* of the Commons, (as well as in the later Resolution of 1860).

That resolution was directed against the House of Lords and all discussion in the text-books on Constitutional Law have circled round the rights of the House of Commons over Money Bills *vis a vis* the House of Lords. But those books contain not a whisper about what are the rights of the tax-paying Commonalty of the Realm, whom the Commons now only partially represent, *vis a vis* the House of Commons. That has become the urgent question now and has been, in principle, for a number of past years, during which the House of Commons has been acting under an intoxication of want of thought. Lack of thought is, however, a flimsy foundation for Constitutional practice.

The arrogance of the House of Commons about the confiscatory taxation afflicting minority groups of taxpayers throughout the country is now shown over a wider and more popular matter, namely the New National Insurance Act, which is to cost hundreds of millions a year at a time when it is generally acknowledged that the inhabitants of the United Kingdom are already suffering from "intolerable" taxation. This measure is the abortion produced from the copulations of both the "Great Parties" and is only fit, in the circumstances, to be put down a sewer. It is an outstanding instance of impudence and insolence on the part of our elected persons, in that they have never informed nor

attempted to inform the electors, in any intelligible detail, what the scheme is to cost each of them:—as ratepayer and taxpayer, even in the form of a poundage estimate on any back year's rating and tax-assessments. Therefore in the absence of such information and knowledge, the elected persons have no shadow of right to impose the consequential burden on a Community which has been virtually ignored and confronted only with a conspiracy of silence about the effect of this "Money Bill" on their already "intolerably" overburdened pockets.

The taxation evidence—not confined by any means to the present Labour Government which is only enlarging practices prevalent for many years—points to what a growing menace to the country the House of Commons has become. It has grown into a Corporate Yes-man towards Public Expenditure. It has ceased to represent effectively the real tax-payers and is consequently regardless of them. It has, therefore, lost all real control of that expenditure of which it professes to be the sole guardian and has abrogated its position of being the main authority and prop of the English Constitution. To this absurd situation and the possible remedy for it, the V.I.P.'s in both society and commerce are apparently quite obtuse. "The English Gentleman", formerly a model to the world of dignity and independence, has degenerated politically into an English sheep, who indulges from time to time in a certain amount of ineffectual baa-ing, as he is driven by the piebald Parliamentary and Bureaucratic dog into the fold allotted to him by the New Despotism, pending the turning of him into mutton. King George V., once said "The Old Country must wake up." Cannot that saying be now appropriately altered and rendered "The English Gentleman must wake up" and re-establish his country on the firm basis of the Common Law and the ancient, though still living custom, by means of a full-dress investigation by the High Court of Parliament into what are the Rights of the taxpaying Commonalty of the Realm in relation to the doings of a heterogeneously elected House of Commons? What this country obviously requires, and most urgently, is a new edition of Magna Carta, not in relation to the Crown as in King John's day, but in relation to the Elected Persons in Parliament who appear to imagine that they can exercise over-lordship powers of a seemingly dubious and unfounded kind. It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at Magna Carta of 1205 A.D., as an instrument concocted by the Barons in their own interests, but no "Socialist" would be able to repeat that sneer at the new Magna Carta contemplated which established the Rights of the Commonalty Taxpayers to protection from a system under which they are being inflicted with afflictions of far greater importance to the country and its future than those dealt with over 700 years ago. The "Old Country", now ravaged by incompetence and war, is still regarded—perhaps with certain misgivings—as the heart of the Commonwealth of Nations. Is it not therefore highly urgent for the sake of both the "Old Country" and the Dominions that an end be made quickly to the gnawing away of the "Old Country" by the political rats which are rapidly reducing it to the condition of an empty rind of cheese, a spectacle which must be making all the world wonder at the apathy and stupidity of the once glorious English? Or are we ambitious in our mental

decadence that the English should, in history, be written down an ass? During the early part of the war there was freely placarded all over the country "Fight for Freedom. Defend it with all your might." It is significant that that poster disappeared all at once from the hoardings and that the country has since been passing into the grip of an English imitation of Nazidom, which this country has spent over twenty thousand millions to destroy in Germany. "Freedom" has a generous meaning. It is what our forefathers strove for in this their homeland. It means the Liberty of the Subject and the Right of Private Property, the obverse and reverse facets of ONE FACT. Let that poster reappear, so that "The English Gentleman" can give a lead in restoring our Freedom and all that it means by dealing with the Taxation Cancer and its factory the modern House of Commons.

It is of course a truism to point out that Finance is to the Body Politic what the blood-stream is to the Body Physical. There can be no health for a nation without a "pure" finance stream, untainted by practices which smack of breaches of the Eighth Commandment. Our forefathers controlled the policy of Kings by the granting or withholding of Supply. None of the "Socialist" or Semi-"Socialist"- "Conservative" programmes can live without financial supply, which is their very life-blood. "It's yer money we want." Once the taxpayers regain control of National Finance and place themselves once more in the position to say *Yea* or *Nay* to what is proposed to be spent "in the public interest", a great many of the London School of Economics experiments, together with their exponents, would wither at the roots. The country's traditional Patron Saint is St. George. St. George slew the Dragon. "The English Gentleman" has now another dragon to slay and in doing so can tear down that usurping patron saint Robin Hood who must be grinning in derision at the House of Commons wide-spread adaptation of his practice in Sherwood Forest of robbing the rich so that he could give to the poor, with no doubt a large rake-off, typified now by the cost of the huge Civil Service Bureaucracy. There is a great moral difference between giving and allowing oneself to be robbed. The current political robbery is a process of ruining ultimately the Poor for whose welfare all men of real good will must ever think and work for. It is perhaps a happy national augury for the re-establishment of private-property customs, that the Trades Unionists shown no signs of being "Socialist" with their wages and that their leaders confine their generosity to the redistribution of other persons' property. That goes to show that the Conception of Private Property is not dead in this Country and that that Old Custom still lives, outside the House of Commons. The Country is awaiting the action of "The English Gentleman."

THE NEW DESPOTISM

By THE RT. HON. LORD HEWART.

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From Week to Week

"... From Macaulay onwards a superstitious faith, almost Calvinistic, in necessary improvement is universally discernible.

"This outlook was assumed by no one more heartily than myself. Brought up without any specific theological outlook, save perhaps an aversion from Judaism (from the exclusive tenets of which particularist racial religion my forbears had long been emancipated), there was everywhere about me that atmosphere of predestined betterment which harmonised well with gratifying statistics of increasing national revenue, trade returns, railway mileage, mineral exploitation and general statistical prosperity.

"The teaching of Marx and his school was founded upon Hegel, and Hegel it was who had taught the doctrine of Progress by Antagonism, a metaphysical support to the deterministic outlook of material evolution."—SIR HENRY SLESSER, *ex-Lord Justice of Appeal.*

The essay on Historic Reality by Mr. Norman F. Webb furnishes a sound and, we believe, irrefutable background for most of the events which are presently engaging public attention. It ought to be elementary that if a body of men, masquerading as a Government Department or a Local Authority can forcibly possess themselves of private property another body, masquerading as the Communist Party or what have you, would better their instruction. The "Squatters" are merely a stage in the assertion that force is the only Law; that Al Capone was only culpable because his gang wasn't big enough; that the centuries of refinement of the Common (or English) Law, so ably discussed by Sir Henry Slessor were just so much sentimentalism to be ridiculed by the Kommissars of the New Age; and that the supreme end of politics is to establish a World Power with only one Law—the perpetuation of its own existence as a vehicle for the enthronement of the World Gangster. After all the clarity of Machiavelli, Frederick the "Great" and the Protocols of Zion leave nothing to the imagination. You have been warned.

One of the more attractive devices of the Communist-Socialists is that known in the United States as the "smear bund" one main branch of which calls itself the Anti-Defamation League.

First, let us hear the "National Director": "The programme of education we have developed covers every media [*sic*] for improving the human mind. In several fields which have engaged the League's attention we have developed the outstanding agencies of America. We have the greatest speakers' bureau ever organised in this country. We have the outstanding radio programmes in all the history of American radio. We have the most effective book placement bureau in the entire nation."

One of its "effective book placements" is *Under Cover*, by "John Roy Carlson", published by "Books, Inc." Mr. "Carlson" (note the good Nordic sound) is, more accurately, Avedis Boghos Derounian, an "Armenian." He has also been known as Paige, Decker, Pagnanelli, etc. In 1935, according to the *New York Times-Herald*, he edited a Bolshevik news-sheet whose main object appeared to be to extol the Bolshevik conquest of his native Armenia. He issued an "anti-semitic" news sheet containing the vilest attacks on Jews, for the purpose of attracting sympathisers who could be reported to the alien racketeers who paid him. The technique of *Under Cover* is to compromise honourable people by associating them with dubious characters. Opponents of communism, internationalism and of certain New Dealers, received special attention.

No expense spared.

"This ostentatious love of the under-dog seems to me particularly bogus. Give these people a chance to deal with an under-dog in real life, and see what happens. Maybe they just like under-dogs in the mass, or as a general principle." — Stanley Walker.

"Big Victory for Social Credit"—(continued from page 1)

held the seat by an overwhelming majority in the General Election last year.

"Victory went to Mr. Real Caouette, Social Credit Party[*], with the Liberals a close second place and the Conservatives trailing third.

"The main significance of the vote is the defeat of Government forces in its first test of strength since the war-time election of June, 1945, and the fact that the defeat came in the Province which is the chief Liberal stronghold. Hardly less significant, however, is the evidence of the revival of nationalist feeling in the French-Canadian province.

"Social Credit in Quebec is a different variety to that in Alberta, where there is strong British imperialist tie-up, the Quebec group going under the name of *L'Union des Electeurs*.

"During the war Quebec Social Crediters preached against conscription and in some cases against Canada's participation in the war.[†] It is this same extremist vote, stimulated by the fear that sectional and provincial rights were being surrendered to Federal interests, which has accounted mainly for victory."

Major Douglas has received the following cable:

"Pontiac Quebec Federal by-election final results
 Union Electeurs ten thousand nine hundred seventeen

[*] *The Times* also (September 19) refers to M. Caouette as the Candidate of the (non-existent) "Social Credit Party", thus disclosing that, next to complete suppression of news about Social Credit, the retention of a party system which lends itself to, even if it is not constructed to ensure, the success of a policy overriding that of the electors, is a major concern of the opponents of Social Credit. *The Times* DOES say that the candidates of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (*The Times's* favourite) and the Communist Party were "a poor fourth and fifth."

[†] *The Social Crediter*, as its readers are aware, has made known its opinion and advice on both these questions, not only generally, but in regard to their relation to the *Union des Electeurs*; under whose auspices, as *The Daily Telegraph* (but not *The Times*) admits, M. Caouette fought this important election.

Liberal ten thousand seventy one Conservatives seven thousand thirteen C.C.F. seventeen hundred and seventy nine Communist four hundred eighty five. Traditional Liberal stronghold. Result will have far-reaching repercussion in our favour.

A. V. BOURCIER, *Chairman, Social Credit Board.*"

While nothing can take away from Alberta its pioneer honours, we venture to prophesy that from now forward, Quebec will assume increasing importance not merely in Canada but in the world drama.

The new M.P. is Monsieur Real Caouette, and we offer him our warm congratulations and good wishes in the momentous struggle before him. It will not be long before he is joined by colleagues from every part of Canada, to assist the little band whose influence has so greatly exceeded their numbers.

Belgium and the National Dividend

The following extracts from a letter from Belgium concern the false "national dividend" propagandised as having been distributed there:—

"Mr. Van Acker and his gang, in their determination to win a sweeping victory for the Socialist party at the general election, resorted to the dirtiest and meanest tricks. They felt so confident of securing a full working majority and with it the ability to place Belgium for years to come under a socialist dictatorship . . .

"Just like Hitler before one of his famous referendums—e.g., after invading Czecho-Slovakia or Austria—the first act of the Van Acker government was to place all their opponents in a virtual "concentration camp". Some 300,000 Belgians, nearly 20 per cent. of the electorate, were deprived of their vote as *inciviques* (unpatriotic). They refused the vote to women—Belgium must be almost the only country where women are not considered *majeures*. They imported plenty of food. They gave us 450 gms. a day white bread—after the election it was reduced to 300 gms. dark bread. They distributed winter coal. The working people were getting very high wages.

"But that was not enough. The government wanted to present the working classes with a really good *cadeau* (present). Hence these famous *Bons de Rééquipement*, by which every workman got *Bons* (Coupons) for Frs. 2,000, his wife for Frs. 1,000 and for each child Frs. 500. And who pays? The tax-payer first of all, and the working people themselves. The government deduct from wages 1½ per cent. and another 1½ per cent. has to be paid by employers. That makes 3 per cent.

"With the workman getting 1½ per cent. less wages, the employer 1½ per cent. less profit, and the Banque Nationale advancing all these milliards of Francs but placing them to the charge of the national debt—do you call that a national dividend? It is only a 'Gift' which the workman has to pay back during 15 years by redeeming those milliards at the Banque Nationale.

"Take Staf, our workman. His wage is about Frs. 45,000 a year. The government retains 1½ per cent. of his salary, which means Frs. 675 less to spend each year. Repeat that over 15 years and you get Frs. 10,125. Who is doing the good business—Staf or the Banque Nationale? Now, add

to that the fact that we too must pay Frs. 10,125 during those 15 years and you will understand that it is more lucrative to play the Banque Nationale 'game' than to be the happy recipient of that 'National Dividend.' . . .

"Within six months of the liberation Belgium made an astonishing economic recovery . . . ' Well, I can assure the writer that during the occupation we were a great deal more 'prosperous' than since. . . . the Government has declared a National Dividend to all people, who, by their work, directly or indirectly, are contributing to the national wealth'. And what about the people, employers, commercial men and men of industry? They get no National Dividend and even have to pay taxes in order to reimburse the Banque Nationale.

"Belgium is in the unique position of being a creditor nation to the U.S.A.; due, no doubt, to the valuable supplies purchased from the Belgium Congo . . ." No; it is due solely to the enormous purchases made in Belgium after the liberation by the Anglo-American armies. That proves that during the occupation Belgium was so prosperous, that after five years of being 'sucked dry' by the Germans, we were still able to sell tons of things to the Anglo-American armies who were surprised at our high standard of living when they arrived here. Reverse Lend-Lease left Belgium the only country in occupied Europe a creditor of the Anglo-American nations. Is it not amusing to reflect that after five years' of being 'sucked dry' we were able to supply the Anglo-American nations with more than we received? . . .

"Anyone who comes to Belgium to-day will find that instead of 'recovery' we now have a slump. And if people do manage to live better here than in England, the reason is that they are still living on their 'fat'—they are still living on the money they earned during the occupation, and not on the money they are at present earning under the disastrous Anglo-American economic conditions now prevailing."

America and the Soviet in Europe

"The ideological conflict between east and west turns principally on the opposition between those who make and those who repudiate the claim that Governments need observe no codes except those which they choose to draw up and enunciate for themselves."—*The Tablet*, September 14.

Farmer Hudson

Under this heading, the *Evening Standard* for September 11, said: "Mr. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture in the Coalition Government, owns three large farms in Wiltshire. One of them, Patney Farm House, with 600 acres, ten cottages and many farm buildings, is to be sold by auction on September 26.

"He bought Patney Manor Farm in 1943. It was already modernised, but Mr. Hudson made further costly improvements, and it is now a model farm.

"This is not the biggest of Mr. Hudson's holdings, and he remains a large landowner.

"He is a knowledgeable and expert farmer."

"1920"

Dips Into The Near Future

By "LUCIAN"

[These imaginary scenes of 1920 are reproduced, with a few small alterations, from issues of *The Nation*, published in the last quarter of the year 1917, and the author desires to express his thanks to the Proprietors and to the Editor of that paper for permission to collect and present them in this new form].

CHAPTER VIII.

"The New Jerusalem"

Jeru-Salem, 1920.

It was a stroke of luck for me that Roxburgh should have been appointed one of the Commissioners of the Palestine Protectorate just before I received my summons to return to my post in the Chinese Inland Mission. For it helped me to realise a plan for some time vaguely floating in my mind, to break my journey at Port Said, put in a fortnight's travel through the Holy Land, perhaps reaching Jerusalem in time for the tail-end of the great pan-Christian Synod. Roxburgh, of course, had at his disposal every facility of travel, and seemed glad of my company. We had an uneventful voyage, and, arriving at Jerusalem, found it in the possession of a cosmopolitan crowd collected from every corner of the earth. We put up at the new caravanserai, the "Cœur de Lion," fitted out with every convenience: swimming-baths, theatre, a Boots' Library and a snappy little newspaper *The Prophet*. After dinner we spied in the great Fumoir the robust figure of the Bishop of Silchester, the most pushing of those younger prelates, who, favoured by the Old Age Service Act, were taking the Church firmly in hand. Silchester, I knew was filled with the spirit of scientific management, which he deemed as applicable to religion as to any other line of business.

Roxburgh, who knows everybody, introduced me, and we sat smoking together. We found him in a great state of indignation. It wasn't so much the Synod itself that was the trouble. He had recognised all along that the Unity of Christendom was an exceedingly delicate plant, needing the utmost care from Paul, Apollos, and the other gardeners. The warring sects and missions could hardly be expected to yield at once to the healing influence of Pax Britannica which had fought its way so recently into the Holy Citadel.

"Well, Bishop," said Roxburgh, "What is the real trouble? Possibly I may be able to be of some service."

"It's that Saloman-Schiff crowd," replied the Bishop. "And after all that British Christianity has done and suffered for the restoration of their country! Besides, you know that I, at any rate, have always been insistent on giving the financiers a fair show."

"Well, what have they been up to?"

"Why, when actually pretending to bargain with the pan-Christian Board of Works on a share-and-share-alike policy, they formed a private syndicate, sent out secret agents to deal with the Sheikhs and got options upon everyone of the Holy Places not previously pre-empted—all with a view to a vast Development Scheme of their own."

"Yes," said Roxburgh, "that is playing it rather low down. But, after all, does it matter so very much? When you want money, you must go where money is."

"Does it matter, my dear Sir! It matters everything. Why what is to become of the great new hope of a Christianity consecrated by the blood of myriads of crusaders and radiating a holy spirit of atonement from the very field of Armageddon? Think of all the sacred memories handed over to the desecrating grip of Judaism. Of course I didn't say all I felt before the Synod. Everybody knows that I have always stood for compromise and accommodation."

"But, surely, Bishop, you were able to do a deal with the Jew Syndicate? For, after all, politics count, and Palestine remains a British Protectorate."

"Well, I tried bargaining. I offered them not only practically all the Old Testament values but threw in one or two concessions to their scheme of a pleasure city; for instance, the joy railway up the Mount of Olives, with the Casino at the top. But I struck a particularly tough streak of Hebrew obstinacy. And they kept bringing up one argument which, I confess, was rather awkward for our Board to meet."

"What was that?"

"Well it was the dispensation voted by Convocation for what is popularly called 'the return to Moses.' I never liked this step. It ought to have been managed in another way. They kept throwing this in our teeth, insisting that we had given away what they rudely termed the 'whole Christian show'. Of course, there's nothing in the argument, for when the war is over we shall soon become as Christian as ever. But is war a good debating point. I tried to turn it by carrying the conflict into the camp of finance, reminding them that the success of their developmental plans, would after all, depend upon the popularity of Jerusalem among the Christian peoples. I put it to them as business men. Were they not out for capitalising the goodwill of the Holy Places on a sound popular basis? How then could they dispense with Sir Henry Lunn and the Y.M.C.A. tourists?"

"That seems a sound enough argument."

"So I thought. But Meyer (the Hirsch-Goldstein man, you know) made a rejoinder which was a little disconcerting and needs thinking over when he insisted that after the war the Jews alone would have the money for expensive travel."

"It's a most serious situation. For the position of the Christian Churches in the West, as you know, is exceedingly precarious. Our necessary war concessions have been an easy target for superficial scepticism. Everything now depends on having in our hands the wonder-working glamour of Jerusalem. But everywhere they are trying to thwart us. For instance there is that great historic cinema of the Holy City. Do you know that, in the alleged interests of historic continuity, Glucksteins, who were to produce the films, are now insisting that the whole of 'the Jesus Story' shall be presented from what they call the objective standpoint as an incident in Jewish history. An absolutely wrecking policy. I put the matter plainly to Saul Gluckstein himself 'speaking for the Christian Churches where do we come in?' Unfortunately, they had got hold of some of the Palestine Exploration cranks, who put in a lot of nasty probing as to the historicity of the Holy Places."

"I suppose," I interjected, "there must be a certain amount of discordance between the religious and business Interests?"

"Well," he replied, "it's not exactly that, though on the surface it may seem so. Take, for instance, the famous case

of Bethesda which is before the mixed Tribunal. Here is a squabble between a group of Italian monks, strongly backed by the Vatican, seeking to exploit the waters for miraculous healing, and a syndicate of hard-headed Scotch doctors, who, finding by analysis rich carbonic acid deposits, see in it an admirable substitute for Nanheim. Why, the faction fight between the partisans of these two schemes became so serious that the Arab Guards had at one time to be called in. Quite like old times."

"But the crucial example is the grand scheme for the restoration of the Temple. The financial operation is, of course, in the hands of the great international syndicate, who, while preserving the ancient plan and proportions of the building, propose immensely to increase its size and to plant round it a vast garden suburb of eligible villa residences, to be occupied by the officials of the international finance bureau. The scheme was hatched since I left England and I do not profess to have a clear grasp of its meaning. Perhaps you, Roxburgh, can throw some light upon it?"

"Well, yes. I think I can," said Roxburgh, "For I have had several long talks about it with Abram Hart, who, you know, is the moving mind in it. His central thought is that of making the Temple symbolise the harmony between what he terms the two converging spiritual influences—finance and religion. They are the two modes in which Faith or Credit finds full expression. "So long," he says, "as they are kept apart, or even treated as rivals for the heart of man conflicts will arise. Not until business is stripped of its materialistic husk and refined into a purely spiritual process can religion ever win its full dominion, playing freely through all those processes of life deemed "secular" according to the old false dualism. Hart first approached the subject as a practical financier."

"Wasn't he the man, who, early in the war, engineered the great copper corner?" I asked.

"Yes," said Roxburgh, "that's the man. But he had not then found illumination. It came, he says, as a flash to him that it was precisely this reconciliation that the Hebrew genius was in search of throughout history. Everywhere the Hebrew had shunned, by a sort of providential warning, the baser sorts of manual labour. His instinct was always for "value" and for those modes of commerce, by which value was created without degrading toil. Such materials as he consented to handle as craftsmen were those where crude matter played the smallest part, skill and cunning the largest. So everywhere he kept emerging as the dealer in the most abstract and general of all values, money; and money he persisted in refining into the spiritual and intellectual qualities of faith or confidence."

"Everywhere, so Hart contends, he has been misunderstood. For in all these processes of financial evolution, which have now culminated in the International Reserve Bank of Jerusalem, it was the religious prompting that was at work and refused to rest until the reconciliation was effected and the economic striving reached its spiritual goal."

"This great ultimate truth was to be symbolised by the ceremonial deposit of the Gold Reserve, upon which the whole fabric of world finance now rests, in the vaults of the Temple, the economic Holy of Holies. Such was the gist of his conversation with me."

"And I dare say," replied the Bishop, "that there's something in it. But surely it is carrying it a little too far to propose that the ground floor, carrying the pillars of the Temple, shall form the premises of the Gold Standard Bank and the International Bourse with all its tapes and tickers. To set up once more the 'Money-changers' tables is surely too much of a slap in the face for Christian tradition. Why they would be wanting licenses to sell doves next, and what would then become of the duration of the war?"

Roxburgh here broke in, "But Hart insists that the whole money-changers' story rests on a vulgar misunderstanding of the rabbinical teaching that "there is money in religion and religion in money," with its repudiation of the false dualism in the divine purpose. It sets in a new light, he contends, the doctrine of Atonement."

"But surely," I murmured, "no man can serve two masters."

"Tut! Tut!" said the Bishop, "I don't deny that there is much to be said for Hart's policy of reconciliation. If I may express myself with due reverence, I have always regarded that strong antithesis of God and Mammon as somewhat needlessly overstressed or at least unfortunately worded. The Church of England, at any rate, has never stood in the way of an accommodation, nor, it is fair to add, has any of the major Churches of Christendom. My criticism of Hart's policy is that it tends to give too conscious a prominence to a controversial issue. Let it remain an open philosophic question, whether the relation between the two shall be of the nature of a complete "merger" a balance-of-power or a working arrangement modifiable to meet the needs of each country and each age. My mind inclines strongly to the last treatment, as more plastic and more conformable to the spirit of compromise. Our British genius is for letting incompatibles jog along together as best they can, keeping them from inconvenient encounters as far as possible, but not insisting that they shall embrace each other."

"Then you do not, Bishop," I slyly suggested, "yearn after the unity of a 'higher synthesis'?"

"Well, no," he replied, frowning slightly, "a *modus vivendi* meets my inclination better."

"Isn't that usually called making the best of both worlds?" Roxburgh playfully interjected.

"Maybe, maybe," the Bishop replied, a little testily. "We are in this world after all; it is our duty to make the best of it."

"And take the best of it?" I ventured to put in.

"Ah, well," the Bishop smiled, "Providence has sometimes laid our lives in pleasant places. But we must always remember that the march of civilisation is justified by its mission."

"But talking about marches reminds me that you are just in time to witness the greatest of all the spectacular scenes in connection with the Restoration which takes place tomorrow."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"Oh, the ceremonial return of the Chosen People to the City of Their Choice, followed by the solemn service of renunciation."

"And what," I asked, "do they renounce?"

"Two things, I understand; first their sojourn in the House of Bondage so long and so unwillingly endured."

"And do they," I inquired, "propose to leave their bonds behind?"

"Well, no," he said, I gather they intend to lay them formally upon a temporary altar erected in the vestibule of the Temple, afterwards to be transferred to the vaults. One of the most interesting groups in the procession consists of representatives of the Transvaal Companies, who will with due solemn rites, transfer the soul of the Rand, its share certificates, from Johannesburg to the New Jerusalem, thus completing the spiritual symbolism of the Golden City."

"But you said there were two acts of renunciation. What is the other?"

"The renunciation of the Gentile names which they were forced to bear in their unhappy exile."

"Forced to bear!" I said, "Why I thought that——"

"Never mind that," broke in Roxburgh, rather rudely, "It will be a great day that sees every Montagu reverting to his proper Samuel, every Lowe and Lee and Law, confessing Levi and all the Monds, Eltzbackers and Blumenfelts relinquishing their patriotic grip upon Britain in order to take up their citizenship here."

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "they will be sadly missed at first. But time will assuage our grief for this as for other losses. And besides they shall not be wholly lost to us. For we must not forget that Jerusalem is now a city of the British Empire and possessing a "peculiar people" it has a peculiar part to play under Providence in our Imperial purpose."

"I fear," said I, "that I don't quite understand what that sacred purpose is."

"My friend," he replied, "have you forgotten the words of the sweet Psalmist: Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity with itself? It is assuredly designed that this spirit of unity, radiating from the holy capital, shall gradually fill the whole of our great Empire with its healing virtue." "No," he continued, evidently recalling a fragment of his famous sermon on Alliance Sunday, "the age of miracles has not passed, nor may this spirit of unity be confined within the broad limits of the British Empire. I see a vision of our puissant Confederation drawing its freely invigorating draughts of spiritual and financial power from the same unfailling fount—the New Jerusalem."

After the Bishop had retired I took a stroll down the Valley of Jehoshaphat before turning in, and found myself humming in an undertone the tune of the famous hymn "Jerusalem, the Golden."

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National and other Socialisms

Towards the end of 1937 a young friend of mine, fresh from the university and full of the socialist and communist tendencies and preconception that seems to be taught there, presented me with a book on National Socialism. It is written by Prof. R. A. Brady of California University, is entitled *The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism* and published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. The edition I have is a Left Book Club edition, and has a foreword by Prof. H. J. Laski.

The ingenuous, on reading this book, would regard it as an indictment, and, in fact, Prof. Laski writes: "Prof. Brady's book is a warning which comes while there is still time to learn its lesson." On the face of it the book must have entailed considerable research in circumstances that made it partly difficult, partly impossible to get at the true facts owing to natural opposition by the Nazis to disclose the facts. The book was given to me, as my young friend knew I had unsuccessfully been trying to ascertain particulars as to the structure of National Socialist Germany. What friends I had there simply dared not enlighten me and begged me not even to ask.

There is, therefore, an alternative possibility that the book was based on a blue print of what any Socialist State must look like, padded out with local colour from the German version of such a State. This suspicion is given added strength by the remarkable resemblance between Prof. Brady's analysis of the Nazi structure and the policy pursued by our own Governments for some years past.

The medical service for instance, and for that matter all other professions, was organised to be responsible to a "leader" who dictated policy to the whole of the profession and who, in turn, was answerable direct to the National Bureau of the National Socialist Party. As for the profession so with industries. The author rightly points out that the basis of the then industrial structure of Germany was Monopoly in all spheres, "The centralisation of policy-forming power is the first and most significant step in the expansion of monopoly influence throughout all types and segments of industry."

We have been hearing much of the "closed shop" lately. Hitler and his big business backers instituted a closed shop policy as one of their first acts. All Trade Unions were forcibly affiliated to the Labour Front, comparable to our T.U.C., or dissolved. At the head of the Labour Front was a Party official whose duty it was to exploit the political and economic power of the workers for the benefit of the Party.

Compulsory saving, crushing taxes, even recreation being organised for the masses whether they liked it or not, the ruthless suppression of "rebels" (*i.e.*, minorities) and the open trampling on their rights, was all part of National Socialist policy. We are experiencing it here now. The analogies are numerous. One of the curious features of the book is that the criticism of Nazi Germany reads like a criticism of people applying the principles of subversion set out in the Protocols.

Hitler on one occasion prophesied his system would endure 1,000 years. One wonders to what extent Prof. Brady's "criticism" has been used as a text book by our own brand of Socialist bosses. If the British don't soon wake up from their trance Hitler's prophesy may yet come true. There is not much time left to prevent it doing so.

—H. R. P.

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