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FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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The Situation and the Outlook

By C. H. DOUGLAS

(IV.)

The situation, then, is that the philosophy of Hegel and Marx, to use the names to which it is generally attached; a philosophy which appears to be fundamentally Jewish with a modifying strain of Prussianism, is now temporarily triumphant in a policy of State Socialism directed under cover of a bureaucracy by a small group of international money kings, perhaps not entirely Jewish at the moment, but intending to become so. Control of propaganda in all its forms has imposed a false mental picture on the group mind which facilitates the acceptance of such patent absurdities as "full employment" in a power-production economy, centralised direction in a universal literacy, and, in fact, general stultification in the name of "the common good."

No refinements on this policy hold any prospect of salvation. It is fundamentally false and vicious, and events are the outcome of it. The greater dominance it acquires, the more events must follow the pattern of its philosophy. We are therefore driven to consider how it can be arrested, what can be substituted for it, and how that substitution can be accomplished.

To say that Social Credit is the only policy which offers any hope to a distracted world would savour of quackery unless accompanied by a definition which is not delimited by a plan, financial or otherwise. The very essence of a plan is that it is static, not organic; and the very essence of the necessity under which we labour is that we have to recognise that life is organic, not static. The conception of Social Credit which first has to be established, so that the error of a static conception shall not stultify tactical plans, is that we must aim at liberating reality; and to liberate anything you must first be able to recognise it. A good deal of the so-called philanthropic sentiment in the world is not reality, and has no relation to reality. Who are the prime beneficiaries of U.N.R.R.A. and the "Save Europe Now" rackets?

Before touching upon immediate necessities two simple propositions require enunciation. The first is that no-one has ever been able to conceive of a stick with one end, still less to make one. When someone says (and there is a steady propaganda to induce people to say) that a policy is negative, they are talking the same kind of nonsense as those who say that what is wanted is a positive policy. No-one has yet found a way to travel nearer to Carlisle without getting further from Crewe, if you start from Crewe.

And the second proposition is that a Government is inherently and inevitably restrictive and therefore that the amount of Government which a community can stand without collapsing is definitely limited, and if Governments are

competitive, the most governed community will collapse first. And therefore, the first policy to be applied to over-Government, *i.e.*, Socialism, is and must be, a negative policy—a retreat from Government; less Government.

This characteristic of Government is inherent, but is little understood. Government is of necessity hierarchical and cannot stimulate or even tolerate independent, responsible action. Anyone who has contact with Government officials knows the impossibility of getting a genuine decision out of any of them. At the best, what you get is the assurance of a precedent.

In its place (quite a minor place) and with strict limitations, this state of affairs is necessary and useful. But not when elevated to a scheme of life. Governments are not proper mechanisms to which to entrust policy. The result never varies; the world becomes progressively less pleasant to live in. As at present organised, there is no essential difference involved in "Big Business."

I am coming to believe that an extra-mundane code of principles is in the nature of reality. Given that, individual responsibility for the interpretation of the code follows logically. And the first consequence of this which leaps to the eye is that the miscalled democratic system, as generally understood, even if it had any genuine existence, is a dangerous mistake. It postulates Group Responsibility. In the mundane sense, there is no such thing. Groups are psychic constructions, probably sub-human; and the current endeavour to, *e.g.*, identify every individual who happens to have a German passport with "Germany" is voodooism, and proceeds from a source in which the identity of the individual with the group is an atavistic survival.

Individual responsibility inescapably implies inequality, and inequality inescapably implies that an individual *can* (not, with the aid of Miss Ellen Wilkinson, necessarily does, at the present time) know his own business best.

These observations are not intended to be an introduction to the subject with which they deal, and I have therefore no doubt that anyone sufficiently interested to read them will be able to follow the connection with the general principles involved, of the following tactical implications:

(1) Rationing is economic ("household management") centralisation. It is diametrically opposed to Social Credit, and should be fought consistently and bitterly.

(2) Money (which comprises prices) should derive from the individual and be contributed, without coercion, to such state functions as are necessary (N.B. This is *not* a scheme). "Coupons" are simply a "Russian" trick.

(3) An individual has no more right, moral or pragmatic, to indiscriminate and unlimited voting power than he has to unlimited and indiscriminate purchasing power. Anyone

who is in favour of a secret-ballot franchise on an unrestricted agenda prefers to make his purchases at a thieves' receiver. What is not for sale, ought not to be buyable.

No-one has ever produced the slightest evidence to support the "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" conception of Christianity (except by quoting a mistranslation). It appears probable that Christianity has many aspects; the one immediately important is depicted in the adjuration "Ye generation of vipers" and in the scourging of the money changers from the Temple. A firing squad may be necessary.

(Concluded).

The Alberta Bill of Rights

Social Credit Board Chairman Replies to Dr. Dobbs

WE PRINT THE IMPORTANT LETTER WHICH FOLLOWS BELOW AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT AFTER ITS RECEPTION. IN OUR OPINION, THE ARTICLE TO WHICH IT REFERS AFFORDS MR. BOURCIER, FOR WHOSE VIEWS WE HAVE THE HIGHEST RESPECT, AN OPPORTUNITY TO EMPHASISE CERTAIN FACTORS IN THE SITUATION WHICH PERHAPS COULD HAVE BEEN PROFITABLY BROUGHT OUT IN NO OTHER WAY, AND WE THINK HE DESERVES THE THANKS OF A VERY LARGE PUBLIC OUTSIDE ALBERTA FOR THE ABLE MANNER IN WHICH HE HAS SEIZED THAT OPPORTUNITY.

WE ARE CONFIDENT, ALSO, THAT, AS THE SITUATION DEVELOPS, HE, WITH HIS DEVOTED COLLEAGUES, WILL SEE THE DIFFICULTY IN WHICH THIS AMICABLE DISCUSSION HAS PLACED THE FEDERAL AUTHORITIES IN ANY ATTEMPT TO REPEAT THE TACTIC OF DISALLOWANCE:—

Office of the Social Credit Board,
Legislative Building,
Edmonton, Alberta.

September 25, 1946.

The Editor,
The Social Crediter.

Dear Sir,

In the issue of *The Social Crediter* of September 7, there appeared an article on the Alberta Bill of Rights, written by Dr. C. G. Dobbs. Your publication has established a high reputation by conscientious adherence to factual accuracy. The article in question was evidently written by an individual far removed from the Canadian scene and consequently its contents are so inaccurate that it can only serve to confuse sincere Social Crediters all over the world.

I, therefore, request that you publish this letter in *The Social Crediter* in order to correct the erroneous impression created abroad by Dr. Dobbs's article.

There are, of course, solid grounds on which the Alberta Bill of Rights can be criticised from a Social Credit viewpoint. No one will admit that more readily than informed Social Crediters here in Alberta. There are obvious omissions from Part 1 of the Bill and technical defects in Part 2 of the Bill. However, it is **not** upon these grounds that Dr. Dobbs bases his analysis.

For example, he states categorically that "the Bill is a variation of the Beveridge Plan deliberately concocted by experts in this country (*i.e.*, England) to deceive 'the masses' in the only part of the world where Social Crediters are in the majority." This is, of course, sheer nonsense. The measure was drafted in its entirety in Edmonton under the direction of Premier E. C. Manning, who employed a number of legal and technical experts in the preparation of this important piece of legislation.

Dr. Dobbs suspects a sinister motive in the declaration of citizenship rights being operative "within the limitations of the laws in force in the Province." He suggests that the measure should "declare that *no* law imposed by *any* government shall be valid within the province if it annuls or interferes with the agreed and specified rights of the people." He apparently is not aware that under the *generally accepted* Canadian Federal Constitution (the validity of which is highly questionable) any such enactment would be thrown out by any court.

If it had been the intention of the Government to deceive the general public by putting forward a measure which they knew would be declared *ultra vires* of the Provincial Legislature, then they could have gone even further than Dr. Dobbs suggests. It would have been more reasonable for Dr. Dobbs to suggest that after the Bill of Rights comes into force the existing laws of the province of Alberta be brought into conformity with the Bill and thus avoid the creation of a state of confusion which would result from a wholesale annulment of existing law.

Turning to his criticism of the so-called "social security" measures of the Bill, Dr. Dobbs may not be aware that while Social Crediters in England formed the spearhead of the attack against the Beveridge Plan, Social Crediters in Canada, including those who drafted the Bill of Rights, were the sole and effective opponents of the Marsh Plan (Canadian offspring of the Beveridge Plan) and other "social security" schemes in Canada. (Dr. Dobbs should read the Social Credit Board reports for 1943 and 1944 as well as the late Premier Wm. Aberhart's broadcasts on the subject. Premier E. C. Manning has also on numerous occasions denounced all compulsory social security schemes).

Comparing the Bill of Rights with the Beveridge Plan, Dr. Dobbs states: "Now if we examine the Alberta Bill of Rights we see . . . that it substitutes a variety of conditional 'social security' payments to *some* people for the one unconditional basic dividend for all . . . The conditions upon which the Alberta Government propose should qualify for the 'Social Security' payments are broadly the same as those proposed by Beveridge . . . the recipient, through whatever cause, youth, old age, sickness or unemployment, must not be gainfully employed. Notice also that this automatically selects the neediest upon whom the pressure will be strongest to comply with the condition."

Although we are not dealing with a strictly Social Credit measure, let us examine Dr. Dobbs's statements from a Social Credit viewpoint. The first consideration in regard to any undertaking is the *objective* and the Social Credit objective is to confer on the individual the maximum of freedom and independence. Assuming that the economic resources at the time the Bill of Rights is first implemented, permitted a

dividend of \$15 per month and a price discount of 10 per cent., to what extent would that be effective in achieving the desired objective? While the principle of the dividend would be established, the practical effect would be negligible. However, by making direct dividend payments to those in greatest need of these, and distributing the balance of dividend payments by means of unconditional tax reductions and price discounts, the attainment of the objective can be hastened in the initial stages.

This principle is not foreign to the Social Credit Movement. In the "Draft Scheme for Scotland" Major Douglas limits the payment of dividends to those in receipt of less than four times the amount of the dividend, and it is conditional upon the recipient being prepared to accept employment for which he is qualified under suitable conditions. Though Dr. Dobbs may question this principle, to a social engineer it is sound on the grounds of its practical effects.

The Alberta Bill of Rights limits the direct dividend payment to persons in receipt of less than \$600 a year, or \$1,200 a year in the case of married couples, based on the 1945 price level. The immediate objective is to ensure that every adult citizen shall receive at least \$600 a year, whether working or unemployed or receiving a pension, and this right is unconditional and non-contributory. No objection has ever been raised by Social Crediters to the Beveridge Plan on the grounds that it would distribute benefits, but it has been denounced because such benefits would be distributed to those complying with certain conditions and contributing by means of wage taxes to a fund from which the so-called benefits would be drawn. Thus the Beveridge Plan leads to regimentation and slavery while failing to provide anything more than a redistribution of existing poverty. On the other hand the Bill of Rights is designed to progressively increase the freedom of the individual and to provide for the equitable distribution of abundance.

No doubt if a critic had taken exception to the limitations placed on the individual by the provisions of the Draft Scheme for Scotland, Dr. Dobbs would have replied, "But that is nothing more than an interim arrangement designed to deal with a particular situation and conditions in that area—an area which is vulnerable to those in control of an economically dominant and hostile, adjacent area."

The same argument may be applied with much greater force to the conditions under which the Alberta Bill of Rights has been introduced in the Canadian political arena—for the Canadian electorate has been conditioned to a peculiar viewpoint in regard to the legal aspects of a constitution which apparently places the enemy in an almost invulnerable position.

The remainder of Dr. Dobbs's article should be read in the light of the foregoing facts. No informed Social Crediter will maintain that the Bill of Rights will establish a new and perfect order. We do contend, however, that in view of the conditions and obstacles which exist here, it is the most important legislative enactment ever passed by any Canadian Legislature.

Doubtless as obstacles are removed and in the light of experience the Bill will be modified from time to time in accordance with Social Credit principles. The Alberta

Government has invited and welcomes criticisms of the Bill as well as all constructive suggestions. The weakness in Dr. Dobbs's article is that it deals for the most part with matters which are not related to the actual provisions of the Bill. Such an article could only be written by one who has made but a cursory examination of the Bill itself and who is very remote from the scene of action.

With sincere good wishes.

Faithfully yours,

(signed) A. V. BOURCIER, M.L.A.,

Chairman, Social Credit Board.

The Seven Against Thebes

It will not have escaped the notice of any critical reader that there has been, progressively, with the exploitation of mob judgment masquerading as the voice of supreme wisdom in the community, a corresponding encouragement to all classes to recommend the pursuit of any chosen policy, however disastrous and detestable, with the assertion that it is 'scientific'. The term has a purely functional connotation; and to say that any course of action is 'right' because it is pursued scientifically is like saying that war is an inestimable blessing because it is pursued 'explosively'. It is probably the confusion of thought illustrated in this instance as much as any other that accounts for the ascendancy of the doctrine that ballot-box democracy is 'right' in any sense of the word. The ballot-box is merely a method of counting, and has little reference to what it is that is counted, let alone what it might be desirable to count, in the interest of the counted, or of anything else. There is nothing ultramontane in the emphasis placed in the Social Credit movement recently upon the insufficiency of individual judgment for the purposes for which the right of individual judgment is claimed. It is essential that, before all things, the existence of principles not amenable to decision by a general election should be recognised, and that the importance of such principles should be recognised at the same time. The stand for such principles, wherever it is made, is the test of political soundness, and its success or otherwise will determine the future of human society.

John Stuart Blackie began his introduction to his translation of *The Seven Against Thebes* of Æschylus with the words: "One of the most indisputable laws of the moral world, and, when seriously considered, perhaps the most awful one, is that principle of hereditary dependence, which connects the sins of one generation, and often of one individual, by an indissoluble bond, with the fortunes of another. In the closely compacted machinery of the moral world no man can be ignorant, or foolish, or vicious to himself. The most isolated individual by the very act of his existence, as he necessarily inhales, so he likewise exhales, a social atmosphere, either healthy so far, or so far unhealthy, for the race. Nothing in the world is independent either of what co-exists with it, or of what precedes it. The present, in particular, is everywhere at once the child of the past, and the parent of the future the *Delicta majorum immeritus lues* of the same poet [Horace] remains a fearful reality in the daily administration of the world, which no serious-thinking man

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From Week to Week

Having exhausted by export to the United States and Canada, at 4/5d. per bottle, our normal supplies of Scotch whisky, and prohibited further manufacture so as to keep up the high prices being obtained in the black market by—well, you know who runs the black market—, we are now importing from Canada and the United States inferior Rye and “Grain” whiskies to be sold at black market prices of 35/- per bottle and upwards—no guarantee against wood alcohol poisoning.

This is called fostering world trade, enables Mr. Strachey to say that shipping (or dollars) is the real difficulty, and just shows you, Clarence, how necessary it is to have an institution like the London School of Economics which not only thinks up these schemes but trains thousands of men and women to make a living by explaining what a complex subject raising the price of whisky from 2/6 a bottle in the bad old days to 35/- in the Golden Age really is.

Yes, we shall soon have dear Dr. Schacht with us again. He has been discharged without a stain on his character, and can join Montagu Norman at a Swiss health resort any time now. When he's rested, we shall soon be hearing the dear old street cries of “Atom bombs before butter,” “Bigger, better and brighter wars for all,” “No vested interests shall be allowed to stop our War Factories,” and Mr. Anthony Eden will murmur “It seems that our New Order will come through war, but it will come, just the same.”

Twenty thousand new and additional bureaucrats are to be appointed to send out and file, annotate, amend, revise, and shuffle round, forms for “National Health.” No, Clarence, these are not parasites—they are merely wretched people wasting their own and your time at your expense by spending a good deal of it in intrigue. Their real function is to “Vote for Labour.” A parasite, on the other hand, is a free man with a free income, who develops independent views. These must be eradicated at all costs.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the Minister of Health, is anxious that something should be done to alleviate the physical and spiritual exhaustion of the building trades worker.

Why not try doing a little building?

Mr. Anthony Eden, who is, of course, a Socialist in wolf's clothing, is a full, sufficient and satisfactory guarantee,

not merely of the final eclipse of the Conservative Party if he should remain a power in it, but of the fusion of this country with the Masonic Socialism which has ruined Europe and is its own prescription for annihilation. He is apparently without a single idea beyond “full employment”; he looks forward with satisfaction to conditions in which no Englishman shall have cake until every Hottentot has sausage and mash to the strains of the “B.”B.C., and his conception of the rôle of “Government in Industry” is a cross between that of the London-School-of-Economics-pepped-up-with-Kipling, and a Fourth Form schoolboy's Civics paper. 'Twould look as though we can but pray for the long life of Churchill, and burrow underground.

The charms of the New Order burst on us at every turn, and many of them in unexpected places, and one of the latest is in the University of Michigan. Its Professor of Law, John Barker Waite, feels that any slight symptom of “crime” (definition to be left in the hands of appropriate bureaucrats) should be dealt with before the crime has been committed. The principle is, of course, that embodied in Regulation 18b.

In future, if the Town Council of Slushby-on-the-Wallow suspects that its neighbour Dampton is trying to put a swift one over it, the information will be passed to the appropriate authority, preferably anonymously, and the borough worthies of Dampton will be incarcerated for an indefinite period. The principle seems to be capable of indefinite extension, and ought to facilitate the coming of the Workers' Paradise, complete with N.V.D.K., almost as much as anything of which we have recently heard.

Mr. Randolph Churchill (“we who have always supported Zionism”) has been reviewing a book by a well-known Jewish publisher, who, as Mr. Churchill says, “made his publications the chief channel for left-wing propaganda. These books were the spearhead of the propaganda which overthrew the Churchill Government in 1945.”

Evidently the bonds of Zionism are stronger than regret for the late lamented Government as Mr. Churchill seems to have a curious resignation to its demise.

The book he reviews, which we fear we shall never read, is apparently an impassioned appeal for the rights of the individual and the restoration of Christian values. (Yes, it is. We have read Mr. Churchill's review). So far as we can judge, the author remains, in Mr. Churchill's words, “a little father of Socialism, if not of Communism”, and his book “has caused a considerable stir in Britain [*sic*], particularly in intellectual and left wing circles.”

Two inferences from this epoch-making event appear to be legitimate, the first perhaps not important, the second extremely so. It appears to be of little consequence what particular brand of idea you put forward, if it will sell millions of books. And the second is that the ability to swallow the most glaring inconsistencies is growing greater. The general public, and, we think, particularly what is called the left-wing public is losing all “just and legitimate familiarity between the mind and things.” As a result, you have only to advertise widely enough “Buy our drain-pipes, the

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Hand and Soul

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Rivolsimi in quel lato
Là onde venia la voce,
E parvemi una luce
Che lucea quanto stella:
La mia menta era quella.

Bonaggiunta Urbiciani (1250).

Before any knowledge of painting was brought to Florence, there were already painters in Lucca, and Pisa, and Arezzo, who feared God and loved the art. The workmen from Greece, whose trade it was to sell their own works in Italy and teach Italians to imitate them, had already found rivals of the soil with skill that could forestall their lessons and cheapen their labours, more years than is supposed before the art came at all into Florence. The pre-eminence to which Cimabue was raised at once by his contemporaries, and which he still retains to a wide extent even in the modern mind, is to be accounted for, partly by the circumstances under which he arose, and partly by that extraordinary *purpose of fortune* born with the lives of some few, and through which it is not a little thing for any who went before, if they are even remembered as the shadows of the coming of such an one, and the voices which prepared his way in the wilderness. It is thus, almost exclusively, that the painters of whom I speak are now known. They have left little, and but little heed is taken of that which men hold to have been surpassed; it is gone like time gone—a track of dust and dead leaves that merely led to the fountain.

Nevertheless, of very late years, and in very rare instances, some signs of a better understanding have become manifest. A case in point is that of the triptych and two cruciform pictures at Dresden, by Chiaro di Messer Bello dell' Erma, to which the eloquent pamphlet of Dr. Aemmster has at length succeeded in attracting the students. There is another still more solemn and beautiful work, now proved to be by the same hand, in the Pitti gallery at Florence. It is the one to which my narrative will relate.

This Chiaro dell' Erma was a young man of very honorable family in Arezzo; where, conceiving art almost for himself, and loving it deeply, he endeavoured from early boyhood towards the imitation of any objects offered in nature. The extreme longing after a visible embodiment of his thoughts strengthened as his years increased, more even than his sinews or the blood of his life; until he would feel faint in sunsets and at the sight of stately persons. When he had lived nineteen years, he heard of the famous Giunta Pisano, and, feeling much of admiration, with, perhaps, a little of that envy which youth always feels until it has learned to measure success by time and opportunity, he determined that he would seek out Giunta, and, if possible, become his pupil.

Having arrived in Pisa, he clothed himself in humble apparel, being unwilling that any other thing than the desire he had for knowledge should be his plea with the great painter; and then, leaving his baggage at a house of entertainment, he took his way along the street, asking whom he met for the lodging of Giunta. It soon chanced that one of that city, conceiving him to be a stranger and poor, took him into his house and refreshed him; afterwards directing him on his way.

When he was brought to speech of Giunta, he said merely that he was a student, and that nothing in the world was so much at his heart as to become that which he had heard told of him with whom he was speaking. He was received with courtesy and consideration, and soon stood among the works of the famous artist. But the forms he saw there were lifeless, and incomplete; and a sudden exultation possessed him as he said within himself, "I am the master of this man." The blood came at first into his face, but the next moment he was quite pale, and fell to trembling. He was able, however, to conceal his emotion; speaking very little to Giunta, but, when he took his leave, thanking him respectfully.

After this, Chiaro's first resolve was, that he would work out thoroughly some one of his thoughts, and let the world know him. But the lesson which he had now learned, of how small a greatness might win fame, and how little there was to strive against, served to make him torpid, and rendered his exertions less continual. Also Pisa was a larger and more luxurious city than Arezzo; and when, in his walks, he saw the great gardens laid out for pleasure, and the beautiful women who passed to and fro, and heard the music that was in the groves of the city at evening, he was taken with wonder that he had never claimed his share of the inheritance of those years in which his youth was cast. And women loved Chiaro; for, in despite of the burthen of study, he was well-favoured and very manly in his walking; and, seeing his face in front, there was a glory upon it, as upon the face of one who feels a light round his hair.

So he put thought from him, and partook of his life. But, one night, being in a certain company of ladies, a gentleman that was there with him began to speak of the paintings of a youth named Bonaventura, which he had seen in Lucca; adding that Giunta Pisano might now look for a rival. When Chiaro heard this, the lamps shook before him, and the music beat in his ears. He rose up, alleging a sudden sickness, and went out of that house with his teeth set. And, being again within his room he wrote up over the door the name of Bonaventura, that it might stop him when he would go out.

He now took to work diligently; not returning to Arezzo, but remaining in Pisa, that no day more might be lost; only living entirely to himself. Sometimes, after nightfall, he would walk abroad in the most solitary places he could find; hardly feeling the ground under him, because of the thoughts of the day which held him in fever.

The lodging Chiaro had chosen was in a house that looked upon gardens fast by the Church of San Petronio. It was here, and at this time, that he painted the Dresden pictures; as also, in all likelihood, the one, inferior in merit, but certainly his, which is now at Munich. For the most part, he was calm and regular in his manner of study; though often he would remain at work through the whole of a day, not resting once so long as the light lasted; flushed, and with the hair from his face. Or, at times, when he could not paint, he would sit for hours in thought of all the greatness the world had known from of old; until he was weak with yearning, like one who gazes upon a path of stars.

He continued in this patient endeavour for about three years, at the end of which his name was spoken throughout all Tuscany. As his fame waxed, he began to be employed, besides easel-pictures, upon wall paintings; but I believe that no traces remain to us of any of these latter. He is said to

have painted in the Duomo; and D'Agincourt mentions having seen some portions of a picture by him which originally had its place above the high altar in the Church of the Certosa; but which, at the time he saw it, being very dilapidated, had been hewn out of the wall, and was preserved in the stores of the convent. Before the period of Dr. Aemmster's researches, however, it had been entirely destroyed.

Chiaro was now famous. It was for the race of fame that he had girded up his loins; and he had not paused until fame was reached; yet now, in taking breath, he found that the weight was still at his heart. The years of his labour had fallen from him, and his life was still in its first painful desire.

With all that Chiaro had done during these three years, and even before, with the studies of his early youth, there had always been a feeling of worship, and service. It was the peace-offering that he made to God and to his own soul for the eager selfishness of his aim. There was earth, indeed, upon the hem of his raiment; but this was of the heaven, heavenly. He had seasons when he could endure to think of no other feature of his hope than this. Sometimes it had even seemed to him to behold that day when his mistress—his mystical lady (now hardly in her ninth year, but whose smile at meeting had already lighted on his soul)—even she, his own gracious Italian Art—should pass, through the sun that never sets, into the shadow of the tree of life, and be seen of God, and found good: and then it had seemed to him, that he, with many who, since his coming, had joined the band of whom he was one (for, in his dream, the body he had worn on earth had been dead an hundred years), were permitted to gather round the blessed maiden, and to worship with her through all ages and ages of ages, saying, Holy, holy, holy. This thing he had seen with the eyes of his spirit; and in this thing had trusted, believing that it would surely come to pass.

But now, (being at length led to inquire closely into himself), even as, in the pursuit of fame, the unrest abiding after attainment had proved to him that he had misinterpreted the craving of his own spirit—so also, now that he would willingly have fallen back on devotion, he became aware that much of that reverence which he had mistaken for faith had been no more than the worship of beauty. Therefore, after certain days passed in perplexity, Chiaro said within himself, "My life and my will are yet before me: I will take another aim to my life."

From that moment Chiaro set a watch on his soul, and put his hand to no other works but only to such as had for their end the presentment of some moral greatness that should influence the beholder: and, to this end, he multiplied abstractions, and forgot the beauty and passion of the world. So the people ceased to throng about his pictures as heretofore, and when they were carried through town and town to their destination, they were no longer delayed by the crowds eager to gaze and admire: and no prayers or offerings were brought to them on their path, as to his Madonnas, and his Saints, and his Holy Children, wrought for the sake of the life he saw in the faces that he loved. Only the critical audience remained to him; and these, in default of more worthy matter, would have turned their scrutiny on a puppet or a mantle. Meanwhile, he had no more of fever upon him; but was calm and pale each day in all that he did and in his

goings in and out. The works he produced at this time have perished—in all likelihood, not unjustly. It is said (and we may easily believe it) that, though more laboured than his former pictures, they were cold and unemphatic; bearing marked out upon them, the measure of that boundary to which they were made to conform.

And the weight was still close to Chiaro's heart: but he held in his breath, never resting (for he was afraid), and would not know it.

Now it happened, within these days, that there fell a great feast in Pisa, for holy matters: and each man left his occupation; and all the guilds and companies of the city were got together for games and rejoicings. And there were scarcely any that stayed in the houses, except ladies who lay or sat along their balconies between open windows which let the breeze beat through the rooms and over the spread tables from end to end. And the golden cloths that their arms lay upon drew all eyes upward to see their beauty; and the day was long; and every hour of the day was bright with the sun.

So Chiaro's model, when he awoke that morning on the hot pavement of the Piazza Nunziata, and saw the hurry of the people that passed him, got up and went along with them; and Chiaro waited for him in vain.

For the whole of that morning, the music was in Chiaro's room from the church close at hand; and he could hear the sounds that the crowd made in the streets; hushed only at long intervals while the processions for the feast-day chanted in going under his windows. Also, more than once, there was a high clamour from the meeting of factious persons: for the ladies of both leagues were looking down; and he who encountered his enemy could not choose but draw upon him. Chiaro waited a long time idle; and then knew that his model was gone elsewhere. When at his work, he was blind and deaf to all else; but he feared sloth: for then his stealthy thoughts would begin to beat round and round him, seeking a point for attack. He now rose, therefore, and went to the window. It was within a short space of noon; and underneath him a throng of people was coming out through the porch of San Petronio.

The two greatest houses of the feud in Pisa had filled the church for that mass. The first to leave had been the Gherghiotti; who, stopping on the threshold, had fallen back in ranks along each side of the archway: so that now, in passing outward, the Marotoli had to walk between two files of men whom they hated, and whose fathers had hated theirs. All the chiefs were there and their whole adherence; and each knew the name of each. Every man of the Marotoli, as he came forth and saw his foes, laid back his hood and gazed about him, to show the badge upon the close cap that held his hair. And of the Gherghiotti there were some who tightened their girdles; and some shrilled and threw up their wrists scornfully, as who flies a falcon; for that was the crest of their house.

On the walls within the entry were a number of tall narrow pictures, presenting a moral allegory of Peace, which Chiaro had painted that year for the Church. The Gherghiotti stood with their backs to these frescoes; and among them Golzo Ninuccio, the youngest noble of the faction, called by the people Golaghiotta, for his debased life. This youth had remained for some while talking listlessly to his fellows, though with his sleepy sunken eyes fixed on them who passed:

but now, seeing that no man jostled another, he drew the long silver shoe off his foot and struck the dust out of it on the cloak of him who was going by, asking him how far the tides rose at Viderza. And he said so because it was three months since, at that place, the Gherhiotti had beaten the Marotoli to the sands, and held them there while the sea came in; whereby many had been drowned. And, when he had spoken, at once the whole archway was dazzling with the light of confused swords; and they who had left turned back; and they who were still behind made haste to come forth; and there was so much blood cast up the walls on a sudden, that it ran in long streams down Chiaro's paintings.

Chiaro turned himself from the window; for the light felt dry between his lids, and he could not look. He sat down, and heard the noise of contention driven out of the church-porch and a great way through the streets; and soon there was a deep murmur that heaved and waxed from the other side of the city, where those of both parties were gathering to join in the tumult.

Chiaro sat with his face in his open hands. Once again he had wished to set his foot on a place that looked green and fertile; and once again it seemed to him that the thin rank mask was about to spread away, and that this time the chill of the water must leave leprosy in his flesh. The light still swam in his head, and bewildered him at first; but when he knew his thoughts, they were these:

"Fame failed me: faith failed me: and now this also,—the hope that I nourished in this my generation of men,—shall pass from me, and leave my feet and my hands groping. Yet because of this are my feet become slow and my hands thin. I am as one who, through the whole night, holding his way diligently, hath smitten the steel unto the flint, to lead some whom he knew darkling; who hath kept his eyes always on the sparks that himself made, lest they should fail; and who, towards dawn, turning to bid them that he had guided God speed, sees the wet grass untrodden except of his own feet. I am as the last hour of the day, whose chimes are a perfect number; whom the next followeth not nor light ensueth from him; but in the same darkness is the old order begun afresh. Men say, 'This is not God nor man; he is not as we are, neither above us: let him sit beneath us, for we are many.' Where I write Peace, in that spot is the drawing of swords, and there men's footprints are red. When I would sow, another harvest is ripe. Nay, it is much worse with me than thus much. Am I not as a cloth drawn before the light, that the looker may not be blinded; but which sheweth thereby the grain of its own coarseness, so that the light seems defiled, and men say, 'We will not walk by it'? Wherefore through me they shall be doubly accursed, seeing that through me they reject the light. May one be a devil and not know it?"

(To be concluded).

THE NEW DESPOTISM

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The Canadian "Spy Case"

Through the courtesy of a Canadian private citizen, copies of the Report of the Royal Commission appointed in Canada under Order in Council P.C. 411, February 5, 1946, have now reached *The Social Crediter*. Earlier copies believed to have been sent have not arrived.

References to the Report and to antecedent matters have been made under the well-known heading *From Week to Week*, and, following the publication of a review of the Report by Mr. Douglas Reed in his paper *Tidings, Truth* remarked that "British newspapers—under the stimulus of Mr. Douglas Reed—are at last publishing extracts from the Report . . ." The British mass-production newspapers indicated now include the *Sunday Dispatch* (Sunday, October 13—the Report was published on June 27), "How a Spy Got Faked Passport."

Our readers are already aware that the Report of the Royal Commission deals essentially with "the existence of a conspiratorial organization operating in Canada and other countries [our italics] . . . the result of a long preparation by trained and experienced men . . . well-schooled in espionage and Fifth Column organizational methods, and in political and psychological 'development' techniques." (The Report, page 11).

However vital the security of its military secrets may be to the interests of any country, the activities of such men as Schmil Kogan (*alias* Sam Carr) and Fred Rosenberg (*alias* Fred Rose) are at least as much concerned with the introduction of poisons into the body politic of their hosts as with the abstraction from them of military secrets upon which continued national existence depends; while, in a state even tolerably healthy, the problem they compose would be altogether subordinate to and less menacing and sinister than that implicit in the activities and milieu of such phenomena of social disorder as "The Professor," Raymond Boyer, "Frenchman. Noted chemist, about 40 years of age. Works in McGill University, Montreal. Is the best of the specialists on VV on the American Continent. Gives full information on explosives and chemical plants. Very rich . . ."

From this standpoint, we note, without comment, the emphasis of the *Sunday Dispatch*, which, relatively lavish in quantity, winds up its article:—

"The Soviet Government, while admitting that certain members of the Soviet Military in Canada received information of a secret nature, stated that as soon as it became aware of the fact the Military Attache was recalled.

"The Commissioners draw specific attention to the circumstances of the recall of Colonel Zabolin, for whom Igor Gouzenko worked as chief cipher clerk.

"Zabolin departed suddenly in December, 1945, without notifying the Canadian authorities, to whom he was accredited, and he did not leave openly. He went from New York in a Soviet ship which sailed clandestinely at night without complying with port regulations.

NOTE.—After the publication of the Royal Commission's findings a newspaper report said that Colonel Zabolin 'died from heart failure four days after his return to Russia from Canada.'

The suggestion may be and probably is justified; but we are less concerned with the fate of agents who fail in discharge of the Devil's handiwork than with our fate.

"The Seven Against Thebes"—(continued from page 3).

can afford to disregard . . . awful in its operation . . . often sweeping whole generations into ruin, and smiting whole nations with a chronic leprosy . . ." The individual tyrant is now replaced, as instrument if not as author, by the multiple tyrant, the "Majority" expressing itself, so it is alleged, in the ballot-box. But the change does not suspend the law.

One has not to go far before one realises that there are current in all communities more or less well-defined concepts of law and of sanctions. Our community is particularly distinguished at the present time—or, perhaps, we might say particularly during the period between 1880 and 1938—by the currency of conceptions of a mechanical order, of the operation of the so-called laws of motion, and so on (which it is disastrously misusing), and all communities, however primitive in their customs, recognise limitations set upon human activities by weather, season, seed-time, harvest, and so on, as well as limitations which may or may not exist otherwise than in the minds of those who invoke them to explain the conduct of themselves or of other people. "Man does not live by bread alone", although he cannot do without bread, using 'bread' as a term indicating his basic sustenance; and it would be rare to find a human individual who would assert that the material interests of life exhaust its possibilities. As the interests of Life have expanded, so there has spread the recognition that Law operates on other planes than those which are the special interest of physicists and chemists, as such; and that such Laws are as inviolable as any others. But it is as generally recognised, perhaps, that assessment of the mode of operation of these Laws is difficult and uncertain in proportion as the individual lacks experience of their consequences, while their range and time of action outspans the lives of individuals, who are nevertheless subject to them. It may be that the charting of this cumulative experience of mankind is subject to distorting agencies—that the social credit is, in this respect, falsified, as in so many other cases. But the very existence of a Social Credit movement is evidence that the effect of this distorting agency is not absolute.

It is not a matter of speculation but of fact that there have been relatively settled times in history, when men seemed to advance towards their dimly perceived but real goal, when Life was more abundant, when manners were inspired by a general if not an universal apprehension, or intuition, of the sources of satisfaction, when Faith ("the substance of things hoped for") was wider spread, and "the evidence of things unseen" more credible.

We are not theologians; but it is not outside the province of Social Crediters to enquire into the features which distinguish such times, to discover, if possible, the nature of the inspiration which guided them or made them possible, or what forces overturned their benign projects. T. J.

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"From Week to Week"—(continued from page 4).

perfect substitute for Bath buns" and elections can be fought on the issue, and queues will form at the clay-pits.

The same situation appears to enable Mr. Emanuel (God with us) Shinwell to get away with what must be an exhibition of contradictions unique in the history of British Governments. First (and for about a century) "nationalisation" (a) of the coal, (b) of the Colliery Companies, was to be the key to the millenium. We have achieved "nationalisation" of the coal, coal is four times the price and of worse quality, a small number of the hated leisure classes have been deprived of their incomes, to be replaced by a large number of alien crooks, there is more open-cast working than in all the history of coal-mining, with its consequent damage to amenity and loss of agricultural land. The nationalisation of the collieries is imminent, and shows no prospect whatever of anything but a colossal muddle.

So our Visible Presence announces that the Electricity Companies don't know what they are talking about, that there will be no rationing of electricity. And in a few days' time, the current is cut off. Then Emanuel says we are all to save fuel but that critics had better wait until they see how well he gets through the winter. Then the current is cut off again, and this in early October. Mr. Shinwell now abandons the rôle of Minister for Producing Fuel and Power and assumes with evident relief the office of Minister for Restricting Everything. Nobody appears to care.

There is one factor in the situation which appears to require a great deal more explanation than it has received. Mr. Shinwell bases his most plausible excuse on the "fact" of the considerable increase in the amount of electrical power generated.

Now, during the last two years of the war, when three shifts were being worked in factories which had been at least tripled in number and size, the amount of energy used (integrated) was at least thirty *per cent.* more than in 1938, when the country was already heavily engaged on war production. Not overlooking the high load factor, it is obvious that there must have been a considerable increase in plant capacity. If we are using more electricity than at the peak of the war effort, probably with a poorer load factor, *what are we getting for it?* Is it suggested that more goods are being exported than the war-time "exports" of munitions, stores, vehicles, provisions, *etc.*, when there are now no losses, sinkings and bombings? There is not a day to spare. Either this country is being swindled on a scale never approached previously, or sabotage has reached a figure which has reduced our industrial efficiency to less than twenty *per cent.*

Paul Felix Warburg

"Remaining behind at the U.S. Embassy is Mr. Harriman's special assistant, Paul Felix Warburg . . . one of four sons of the late Felix Warburg, senior partner in New York's premier stockbroking firm of Kuhn Loeb." —*The Evening Standard.*

On behalf of the "Conservative" Party, Lord Woolton is offering the people "a sense of" freedom.