

THE SOCIAL CREDITER

FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

Vol. 21. No. 2.

Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage (home and abroad) 1d.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1948.

6d. Weekly.

Social Credit in Alberta (1948)

By C. H. DOUGLAS.

[Owing to postal delays, the following concluding paragraphs of Part II of Major Douglas's article were omitted from our issue of September 4:—]

There are various opinions in regard to the *personnel* of Mr. Manning's Cabinet, and I do not wish to contribute to them, because I do not know that *personnel* at first hand. But I did know the U.F.A. Cabinet under Mr. Reid which preceded Mr. Aberhart's victory, and with one or two possible exceptions, I should regard them as well above the type from which, in the main, Mr. Aberhart's Cabinet was drawn. They were tired men; they knew with what they had to contend far more fully than did Mr. Aberhart; yet they gave great assistance to the original, and sound, Social Credit propaganda which was carried on by such people as Mr. C. Spencer, M.P., and others. I have always regarded as a calamity, the failure of the U.F.A. to push the matter further. They put their hands to the plough, and then turned back; and they suffered total extinction. So far as I am aware, they gave, in the ordinary sense of the words, good Government to Alberta—certainly quite as good Government as any other Province enjoyed.

But neither Mr. Aberhart nor his successor was elected to give Alberta the kind of good Government which would receive the unanimous approval of the Alberta Press. They were elected on a political, not a managerial, issue. Towards the end of his life, it is fairly certain that Mr. Aberhart not merely recognised this, which I think had always been the case. He also became a dangerous protagonist of his vocation. He died.

Whether Mr. Manning is merely exercising reasonable discretion is not an issue on which I should care to give an opinion. But he has proclaimed, in unmistakable terms, that he has no intention of trying to change the rules of the game, and has no objection to assisting the Powers which opposed Mr. Aberhart.

(III)

"Under the two-party system, if one major party turns Socialist . . . then political contests tend to become a race between the two parties in the direction of State dictatorship."

"Yet the system of providing welfare through Government aid to certain classes is not a success; it is a total failure. It has been tried in many places, and it has always lowered the well-being of the nation which tried it . . . this system would substitute the Continental form of 'democracy' in which embattled classes struggle to the death for control of an all-powered government."—Edna Lonigan, *Human Events*, August 4, 1948.

In a remarkable book first published in 1896, *The Law of Civilisation and Decay*, by Brooks Adams, which is not so well known as it ought to be, the antiquity and the invariable result of political centralisation are demonstrated in a manner which must convince any reasonable reader as to the facts. The thesis is presented in rather a mechanistic dressing, quite possibly because of the intellectual atmosphere prevailing at the time of its publication. We are not so hypnotised by mechanistic conceptions of the Universe as were the Victorians, and we can perceive that mechanisms are merely extensions of purpose, human, divine, or diabolical, and that by themselves, they explain nothing.

It is not sensible to say that it was "mechanistic" that Sir Ernest Cassel left half-a-million pounds sterling to assist the London School of Economics "to train the bureaucracy of the future Socialist State." It is not sensible to say that it was "mechanistic" that the C.C.F. (Socialist) Government of Saskatchewan should have been unopposed by the Federal Canadian "Liberal" Government in any of its Provincial legislation, while every significant Bill enacted by the Alberta Legislature up to the so-called Bill of Rights has been disallowed by Ottawa. It is not "mechanistic" that the Saskatchewan Government only narrowly escaped defeat at its first general election after having been in Office, and that only by the aid of the Communists; while the Social Credit Government in Alberta, next door, has won four general elections through the agency of an electorate inspired by a vision.

To say that the issue of battle in Alberta can be narrowed down to one factor in it would be to risk the kind of misrepresentation typified by the funny-money-which-failed-in-Alberta stories. Nevertheless, there is a major issue; it is sovereignty.

This is not the occasion to attempt a comprehensive treatment of a subject on which the whole future of the world may depend. Perhaps it may be permitted to say that a human collectivity, still less an electoral majority is not a proper focus of unitary sovereignty. That is not simply a statement of opinion; it is a statement of the same nature as to say that a cricket bat doesn't make a good agricultural machine—it does not produce the results which are expected of an agricultural machine.

In case anyone should be under a misapprehension in the matter (if it is a matter of any interest), I may perhaps say that, if anything, I am more convinced than ever I was that every benefit, and more, of those promised by Mr. Aberhart in 1935 could have been realised. But not by a political machine organised as Alberta is organised. *The very fact that Social Credit proposals were opposed at all, as well as the fact that they were successfully opposed against a Social Credit majority in the legislature which was returned again and again* ought to be sufficient evidence that almost the first objective should have been to demarcate the opposition, to give it a chance to contract out, and at the

same time to contest its right to interfere *when* it had been given the opportunity to contract out.

To the extent that "Social Credit has failed in Alberta," *i.e.* has not been tried, the root cause has always been evident—a persistent determination not to recognise that when Mr. Aberhart won his first electoral victory, all he did was to recruit an army for a war. That war has not been fought; and Mr. Manning declares in the plainest terms that he will not lead that army into a fight. Perhaps reasonably, he prefers to ride at its head in ceremonial parades.

(Conclusion).

Logic and the Social Order

(A Commentary on A. N. Whitehead's
Essays in Science and Philosophy*)

Alfred North Whitehead was born in 1861 at Ramsgate. "The family, grandfather, father, uncles, brothers engaged in activities concerned with education, religion and Local Administration: my grandfather, born of yeoman stock in Isle of Sheppey, was probably a descendant of the Quaker George Whitehead, whom George Fox in his *Journal* mentions as living there in the year 1670. In the year 1815, my grandfather, Thomas Whitehead, at the age of twenty-one became head of a private school in Ramsgate, Isle of Thanet, to which my father, Alfred Whitehead, succeeded at the correspondingly early age of twenty-five, in the year 1852." In 1871 Alfred Whitehead was appointed Vicar of St. Peters, two or three miles from Ramsgate. "He was a man of local interests and influence apart from an understanding of such provincial figures, the social and political history of England in the nineteenth century cannot be comprehended. England was governed by the influence of personality: this does not mean 'intellect.'"

So the Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, and Dean of the Faculty of Science of London University of later years, and member of the Department of Philosophy of Harvard of still later years "watched the history of England by the vision of grandfather, father, Archbishop Tait, Sir Moses Montefiore, the Pugin family and others."

"The education of a human being is a most complex topic, which we have hardly begun to understand . . . of course, for the moment and for a particular social system [our emphasis], some forms of this problem are more widespread than others . . ."

Whitehead's *Treatise in Universal Algebra* was begun in 1891 and published in 1898. It led to his election to the Royal Society in 1903. The fourteen years from 1910 to 1924 were spent in London. "It was then the fashion—not yet extinct—to take a narrow view of the function of Universities. There were the Oxford and Cambridge type, and the German type. Any other type was viewed with cynical contempt. The seething mass of artisans seeking intellectual enlightenment, of young people from every Social grade craving for adequate knowledge, the variety of problems thus introduced—all this was a new factor in civilisation [our emphasis]. But the learned world is immersed in the past. The University of London is a confederation of various institutions of different types, for the purpose of

meeting this novel *problem of modern life* [our emphasis]. It had recently been remodelled under the influence of Lord Haldane, and was a marvellous success."

If the reader will steadily bear in mind the phrases we have italicised, Whitehead's assessment of the accomplishment of Lord Haldane may be allowed to pass, together with any fleeting suggestion of Sir Ernest Cassel and the "bureaucracy of the Socialist State," for it is our present purpose to try to locate, through the candour of the late Professor Whitehead, the flaw in the Whig character. Whitehead was a Whig; but in these pages he shows himself to be rather regretfully and uncomfortably, almost unhappily, a Whig, which seems to be a strange predicament for a master of symbolic logic who stakes his all on logic. ("Habits of thought and sociallogical habits survive because in some broad sense they promote æsthetic enjoyment. There is an ultimate satisfaction to be derived from them. Thus when the pragmatist asks whether 'it works,' he is asking whether it issues an æsthetic satisfaction. The judge of the Supreme Court is giving his decision on the basis of the æsthetic satisfaction of the harmonisation of the American Constitution with the activities of modern America . . . When in the distant future the subject has expanded [symbolic Logic], so as to examine patterns depending on connections other than those of space, number, and quantity—when this expansion has occurred, I suggest that Symbolic Logic, that is to say, the symbolic examination of pattern with the use of real variables, will become the foundation of æsthetics. From that stage it will proceed to conquer ethics and theology. The circle will then have made its full turn, and we shall be back to the logical attitude of the epoch of St. Thomas Aquinas. It was from St. Thomas that the seventeenth century revolted by the production of its mathematical method, which is the re-birth of logic.")

First to authenticate the Whiggism: "My political opinions were, and are, on the Liberal side, as against the Conservatives. I am now writing in terms of English party divisions. The Liberal Party has now (1941) practically vanished; and in England my vote would be given for the moderate side of the Labour Party. However at present there are no 'parties' in England . . . [But] throughout the nineteenth century the East Kent population was devoted to Church and State and moderate Whig principles. My grandfather was a Whig in 1815 when Whiggism was dangerous; he voted Whig in 1832 when Whiggism was all-powerful; and he voted Whig in his old age when Mr. Gladstone triumphed in the early 1870's. Throughout the nineteenth century in East Kent the clergy were the real leaders of the people; bootlegging at the beginning, social reform in the middle—it was all one to them. They were all sturdy Englishmen, clergy and laity together . . . Mr. Harvey . . . was even High-Church, and introduced an altar cloth with the sacred monogram which can be read as the Latin capital letters IHS. This aroused some Protestant feeling, which was alleged only by the happy conjecture that the letters stood for Jenkins, Harvey and Snowden—the surnames of the vicar and his two curates. This is an interesting example of how religious strife can be allayed by the ingenuity of scholarship."

"The ingenuity of scholarship" is still the hall-mark of Whiggism.

Now 'ingenuity' properly implies freedom, and indeed, social or moral freedom. *Homo ingenuus* is Cicero's phrase

* *Essays in Science and Philosophy*: by A. N. Whitehead, Ryder, 15/-

for a Freeman (the opposite of a slave in social status); and the implication attached to 'ingenuity' is derivative: the implication, namely, that a limitation to the freedom of action has been overcome (by ingenuity). Somewhere at the very centre of the Whig outlook (and of Whig ingenuity) is the notion that what is to be overcome can be ignored: can be reduced to zero, to nothingness; but the ingenuity (the acquisition of the freedom to effect this reduction) goes further by suggesting that it had never to be exerted, for there was nothing to be reduced, nothing there to overcome. There is no God—there is only the "God of the Archbishop of Canterbury," and the God of the Archbishop of Canterbury is the Archbishop of Canterbury's, "the God of the learned tradition of Christian Theology."

Thus it comes about that for the past three centuries God has been in possession of the Whigs; and there is no freedom of the social order because the Whigs have it. The social order cannot be what anyone desires it to be: it can only *be*. (i.e. the ingenuity of the Whigs has annulled authorship—and, of course, guilt).

It is very instructive, therefore, to contrast the punctilious analyst of abstractions in Professor Whitehead with the aspiring social philosopher. It is greatly to be regretted that he did not live to see, and for us to see, at least one stage more of the struggle between them (but perhaps the ingenuity of Harvard, "the greatest of existing cultural institutions," might have set a boundary to that).

"We have no ground," says Whitehead, "to limit our capacity for experience by our existing technology of *expression*" (our emphasis). "Thus to say that human experience is limited is not to assert a standard limitation for all occasions of all humans. There are usual limitations depending on that *dominant social order of our epoch* (our emphasis), which we term the Laws of Nature and the habits of humanity. This vagueness is not due to a morbid craving for metaphysics. It haunts our most familiar experiences. Consider the following set of notions:—The weight of that man: The height of that man: The intelligence of that man: The kindness of that man: The happiness of that man: The identity of that man with his previous self yesterday. In the first place, the exact measuring of 'that man'—body and soul—would puzzle the wisest to express. Yet each phrase is sufficiently clear for inexact common sense. Secondly, the small inconspicuous words in various phrases seem to alter their meaning from phrase to phrase. In the above examples, consider the little word 'of.' There is nothing about it alarmingly metaphysical. My small dictionary gives as its first meaning 'Associated or connected with.' I suggest to you that 'weight,' and 'height,' and 'intelligence,' and 'kindness,' and 'happiness,' and 'self-identity with a previous existence,' are each of them 'associated or connected with' a man in its own peculiar way. . . . The method of algebra embodies the greatest discovery for the partial remedy of defective language."

So, foremost among recent mathematicians, Whitehead has advanced "our existing technology of *expression*." He even sees in what social connection it might be used; but he knows that there remains one vital direction in which it cannot be used, and *we* (but also he) know there is one vital direction in which it *must* not be used. To take the last first: "One aspect of evil is when a higher grade of adequate intensity is thwarted by the intrusion of a lower grade."

Social Credit is a "higher grade of adequate intensity thwarted by the intrusion of the lower grade of Whitehead's "particular social system," "problems of modern life," "dominant social order of our epoch," "modern conditions"—technologies of *expression*! "A sane culture is not chiefly concerned with true or false, right or wrong, acceptance or rejection. These are crude extremes betokening a poor appreciation of the complexity of the world. *A new idea has its origin in explicit consciousness by reason of some relevance to the immediate situation. The first task is to appreciate the reason for its origin. What are the factors, logical, emotional, purposeful, or of direct novel perception, which have led to its appearance and its prevalence? The next task is to define the proper importance of the novelty, to fix its status in the system of thought, and to determine its applications and its limitations in the sphere of action.*"

But not if the sphere of action is a non-entity; and for the Whig consciousness the sphere of true social action has, or is pretended to have, neither being nor existence; for true social action is *human* action, and the social order is "an independent variable."

And the vital direction in which logic cannot be used?—"The self-confidence of learned people is the comic tragedy of civilisation. There is not a sentence which adequately states its own meaning. There is always a background of presupposition which defies analysis by reason of its infinitude . . . unfortunately there is no adequate analysis of common sense, because it involves our relation to the infinity of the universe . . . My point is that we cannot rely upon any adequate explicit analysis. The conclusion is that Logic, conceived as an adequate analysis of the advance of thought is a fake. It is a superb instrument, but it requires a background of common sense . . . My point is that the final outlook of Philosophic thought cannot be based upon the exact statements which form the basis of special sciences. The exactness is a fake."

And here, for the moment, we must leave Professor Whitehead, to consider some of his further apprehensions in a later article.—T.J.

More "Freedom"

"The movement of Scotch whisky, like free winds and fresh air, is something above and beyond racial and nationalistic frontiers."—*Wine and Spirit Gazette*.

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THE SOCIAL CREDITER

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

One year 30/-; Six months 15/-; Three months 7s. 6d.

Offices: (Business) 7, VICTORIA STREET, LIVERPOOL, 2, Telephone: CENTRAL 8509; (Editorial) 49, PRINCE ALFRED ROAD, LIVERPOOL, 15, Telephone SEFTon Park 435.

Vol. 21. No. 2.

Saturday, September 11, 1948.

From Week to Week

In the Saskatchewan Elections, the total poll was 495,766. The Election was held under the auspices of the existing Socialist (C.C.F.) Government which polled 47% of the votes and won 62% of the seats.

The Saskatchewan Social Credit Party polled 40,268 votes or 8.2% votes polled and won no seats. The Liberals polled 151,734 votes or 31% and won 19 seats. That's d'makrazi, that is.

From *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal*, April 11 1846.

Occasional Notes—*The Rage for Cromwell.*

We shall now probably have a rage for Cromwell, to last some time, as a make-up for the injustice with which his memory has been treated during the past two centuries.

Mr. Carlyle has set the fashion, and already Cromwell ribbons are sported at many inferior lapells. No one can now say a word against this celebrated personage, under pain of an imputation of Dryasdustism, flunkeyism, and many other *isms* terrible to weak brains. What perfect folly, nevertheless, is all this! The man who slaughtered thousands of defenceless people, in order to terrify a nation into submission—a very pretty example, truly, of the principle of 'doing evil that good might follow' who, finding parliaments troublesome, made his council ordinances pass as laws—who, having overthrown a monarchy, professedly for the benefit of the people, was not unwilling to take the crown to himself and his own family—this man to be an object of undivided worship! Surely nothing but the hatred of something else could make men love Cromwell so much—like Hazlitt lauding Napoleon because he was so detested by the legitimists.

It should be observed that this artificially stimulated admiration for the pattern of subsequent Dictators became current two or three years before the outbreak of revolutions in 1848. It was focussed by Carlyle, the author, or signatory of two of the most infamous perversions of history, "Frederick the Great" and "The French Revolution" which have disgraced the English language.

It will be remembered that at the outbreak of war in 1939, we had a spate of 'Cromwellism' the Home Guard with difficulty eluding the title of "Ironsides."

"All through his life, the philosophy of Wagner held and guided him . . . just as he loved Cromwell's courage and

sometimes planned his life upon it, so he applied Wagner's philosophy to the problems of politics and economics."—Alfred Mond: *Biography*, p. 60. Hector Bolitho.

There is higher authority than ours for the observation that though one rose from the dead, yet would they not believe. Yet, to take only the period of history covered by the three hundred years since Cromwell, the evidence for the existence of a conscious organised, Evil Purpose in the world appears so overwhelming that it would seem axiomatic that mankind could have no prior interest than to root out its Incarnations wherever found. Yet, so far as we can judge there is general though not universal apathy on the subject, and where there is not, the concern lacks focus.

It is probable that one factor in this situation is the identification of nations with the policies they appear to pursue. For nearly two hundred years, Germany has been the embodiment of this Evil Power, yet it is not intrinsically German. Russia appears to compete with the United States for possession of the Banners of Hell yet Russians, as individuals, like Americans, are no doubt good, bad, and indifferent.

The situation is in fact not greatly dissimilar to the group psychology explored by Gustave le Bon in such books as *Psychologie de Peuples*, and, recognising this, we can see that a nation, considered as a group, is not rational; it is a force, not an intelligence; and therefore one nation or group after another can be used and manipulated by a concentrated Supernatural, Conscious Intelligence. The geographical shift of the Storm Centre in Europe from Spain to France, via Holland and England to Germany, and now to Russia is paralleled by the shift of certain activities, largely but not wholly Financial. This Storm Centre has, of course, its secondaries, its "Fifth Column" everywhere.

"Britain" is now apparently the target of the most venomous hatred by its manipulators, a position we have usurped from Imperial Russia; and the practical lesson to be learnt from this analysis is to direct our attention to the current Storm Centre. It is not in Russia, except as a fulcrum for Wall Street; Russia is finished; it is in New York.

In the course of a review in the *Tablet*, it is remarked that the theory of Evolution, as generally understood, with its associated idea of Progress is in direct opposition to the facts of entropy.

This is important, and the antithesis, so far as we are aware, has not previously received attention. It has always appeared to us to be axiomatic that all genuine progress is conscious, the result of directed effort. Darwinism, as generally understood, is an automatic, deterministic, process, similar or identical with, entropy, and in opposition to conscious effort towards an objective which is not evident in environment.

Upon the whole, it appears to us that the British empire has made an advance in all the prime elements of greatness during the last hundred years, such as cannot be found paralleled on the same scale in any history. If we look into the past, we nowhere see such a bound forward made by any country; so we may fairly say that here is a new exemplification of the power of a naturally well-endowed race to advance in national greatness when circumstances of a greatly unfavourable kind, such as war, are not allowed a strong

operation. It is very clear that no persons living in 1645, and looking abroad on *his* past and present, could have seen grounds for supposing that a century later was to commence such a period as we now see closing. Does not that period argue a degree of *national improbability* to which it might be difficult to set limits? Does it not show that, if no worse catastrophe than has marked the past century shall mark the future career of this empire, the condition at which it shall have arrived in 1945, in physical and moral greatness, must be something of which we would vainly at present endeavour to imagine the particulars? What, this great and still increasing London may in 1945 be a town of eight million of inhabitants—a phenomenon which the world has not heretofore witnessed. A vast amount of the waste barbarous parts of the earth—perhaps all Asia, excepting that belonging to Russia—shall have yielded to the British sway, and begun to adopt the manners, language, and moral ideas of this people. To how many of distresses of the sons of earth will remedies have then been applied! How many great questions in physical science and ethics will then have been solved! How sweetly will the wheels of the social machine, as well as the current of individual life then move!

Alas, why have we been condemned to live in the early part of this darkling century, streaked but with the dawns of so much glory! How enviable these who shall be born unto our children's children!—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal*, March 1, 1845.

That peculiar tenderness to Collectivism, Socialism, and their inseparable brother Statism which seems to characterise the evangelical "Christian" churches is well illustrated by the Amsterdam Conference "Draft Report on the Church and the Disorder of Society." After observing, very properly, that "We must, however, say to the advocates of socialisation that the institution of property is not the root of corruption of human nature" it adds that property ownership is not an unconditional right, and must be preserved, curtailed, or distributed in accordance with the requirements of justice. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the report offers no definition of justice.

We are confronted once again with this curious passion for policing as a cure for social ills. If there was any body of evidence to show that the individual man had administered property worse under the conditions of possession existing, for instance, at the time of Magna Carta, there would still be fundamental objection to institutional interference in what ought to be individual responsibility and initiative.

But in fact, all the evidence, properly understood, is in the opposite direction, and lacking some further pronouncement, we can only conclude that broad platitudes well separated from criticism of Finance and Administrative Centralisation, are all we shall get from Amsterdam.

"So the student of sciences finishes his education with little left of his earlier (Christian) belief about man. He may have made the change gradually and without any open argument or even conscious decision. In fact, this transition from one belief to another, is, in most cases a subtle drift of attitude in response to the viewpoint of teachers and books; it can be as much the result of pure suggestion as was the childhood acceptance of the older concept of man."—*The Reach of the Mind*, Dr. J. B. Rhine; p. 13.

"Do not suppose for a moment that these statements are empty words; think carefully of the successes we have arranged for Darwinism, Marxism, Nietzsche-ism . . .

Who is going to verify what is taught in the village schools? . . .

We have fooled, bemused and corrupted the youth of the *goyim* by rearing them in principles and theories *we know to be false, although it is by us that they have been inculcated.*"—*Protocols of Zion*, Marsden Translation.

It is fairly evident from the methods employed by certain agencies claiming to derive prestige from membership of the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec that there is a Fifth Column there, which as everywhere, is both alarmed by, and viciously antagonistic to, the whole philosophy of Social Credit. Our contemporary *Vers Demain* in its issue of August 15, refers to "a series of articles signed 'Un prêtre'" which appeared in two Northern Quebec newspapers. We have not seen the articles; but their character can be estimated by the construction apparently put upon the French edition of Job 5, 7, "L'homme est né pour le travail" "Man is born for work."

We hasten to add that a most excellent letter from l'abbé E-A Noel of Sherbrooke is printed at length in refutation of this propaganda and its "priest" in the same number of *Vers Demain*. But as another objector to "the deployment of the resources of casuistry under the cover of religion, to blacken the cause of the Union of Electors" remarks "Your persistence in attacking the creditists . . . does more harm to religion than to the Union of Electors."

"The case of Kathleen Mary Willsher . . . now serving a three year sentence, was an employee of the Office of the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom at Ottawa. She came to Canada in 1930 for service as a stenographer. She was then twenty-five years old.

"She had an impressive background as a graduate of the London School of Economics . . .

"It is significant to note that Miss Willsher, after the gradual evolution devised by the Communist Fifth Column training tactics, had no struggle with her conscience when it came to betraying secrets she had sworn to guard."—*This Was my Choice*, Igor Gouzenko, p. 261.

United Democrats in S. Australia

Following on the Annual Convention of the United Democrats (Non Party) at Adelaide, South Australia, on Saturday, July 31, 1948, it was resolved by the members assembled to send fraternal felicitations to the Social Credit Secretariat, "and to inform you that in keeping with our steady policy of accepting Major C. H. Douglas's advice through the Social Credit Secretariat, it was resolved that an immediate Campaign to establish autonomous groups of the Union of Electors in each State Electorate be launched."

Pressure

The successful Railway Travellers' Association at South-end has received press publicity. The *Evening Standard* for August 16 said it seemed to have solved the problem of getting better service for travellers.

The Chairman of the association, Mr. A. W. Walker, claims that in less than three years the association have obtained, by pressure on the railways, vastly improved time-keeping and an improved summer time-table. They are still campaigning for more trains, and trains that are faster, more comfortable, cleaner and more reliable.

The Soil of the Secret Ballot

I sing the Georges Four,
 For Providence could stand no more.
 Some say that far the worst
 Of all the Four was George the First.
 But yet by some 'tis reckoned
 That worser still was George the Second,
 And what mortal ever heard
 Any good of George the Third?
 When George the Fourth from earth descended,
 Thank God the line of Georges ended!

The above lines compose an "Epigram after hearing Thackeray's lectures on 'The Four Georges'" by Walter Savage Landor.

DATES:

The Puritan Revolution, 1603-1660.
 Cromwell died, 1658.
 Ascendancy of Parliament in the Constitution, 1688.
 John Locke's *Two Treatises of Government*, 1690.
 Frederick 'the Great' born 1713.
 Declaration of American Independence, 1776.
 French Revolution, 1789-1794.
 Accession of George IV, 1820.
 Reform Bills, 1832, 1867, 1884, 1918.
 The word 'Socialism' first used, 1835.
 Queen Victoria married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, 1840.
 Baron Lionel Rothschild elected to House of Commons, 1847.
 Baron Bunsen, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to William IV.
 Stockmar.
 Ballot Act, 1872.

It was to Lord Melbourne, nicknamed *Pococurante* by Stockmar, that the Speaker of the House of Commons, Abercromby, reported that "he felt it would be his duty to call attention in Parliament to the unconstitutional position of the foreigner Stockmar." "Tell Abercromby," said Stockmar to Lord Melbourne, "to bring forward his motion against me in Parliament; I shall know how to defend myself." The Speaker "remained quiescent."

Readers who have followed the extracts lately published from the writings of Sydney Smith on the Ballot may have been struck by the odd admixture of puerility and a few sound sentiments garnished with wit. There is no attempt to expose the overriding policy behind the measure. If the writer understood politics, even in the sense that an ancient philosopher understood politics, which had its own limits of historical reference at least, he never allows it to be suspected. Yet, throughout the period, which we might justly describe as "The Age of Corruption," which we measure from Cromwell to the present, and the present is reaping the full harvest of all that has been sown in that time, there have been men (and men in positions of power: the only men truly in any position of power) who perfectly understood what was going on.

'Dialectical' historians (the new name for subversive professors) work hard to prove that human beings have nothing really to do with history; but some at least of the

documents (and those which don't are, obviously not evidence) show the contrary. The seventeenth century merely incubated the seeds of corruption of the sixteenth. In the eighteenth the fruits hung ripe from the branches, a natural place for fruits, while the trunk was sound. There was a better (as Whitehead expresses it parenthetically, a recessive) side to the eighteenth century. Even the Social Credit movement, which has been distinguished by a keener realism than most, presumed the continued existence and influence of that side at least up to the outbreak of the Second World War, and is not finally acquiescent in the doctrine of its disappearance even now. The nineteenth century blossomed asymmetrically under the influence of a systematic root-pruning, tending to radical destruction, and the observer has to stand aside, if he can, to see the scene objectively. The characteristics of political discussion are all of a piece, and the same corruption which . . .

"Turns the red rose-petals white."
 makes the white rose-petals fall: if the ballot-box corrupted the elector, instead of delivering him from corruption, it produced a Greater Corruption in the corrupter, which was the personnel of that power creeping to undivided authority in the state.

We have a growing impression that one may seek, but none can find, political insight of any order worth notice, let alone commendation, in the public discussions of the chief instruments of the downfall of England. This impression is strengthened by the superficialities of Sydney Smith and is reinforced by a book, in some senses remarkable—interesting at least—which has lately come into our hands, with an introduction by a Radical journalist and politician who is still remembered, Mr. Justin M'Carthy. *St. Stephen's in the Fifties* is a "Parliamentary retrospect of the Session, 1852-3," and was written by an Irishman born in London who "could [not] have found anything but material for good hope in the fact that a Labour party, made up of working men, had obtained election in the House of Commons." He wrote *The Times* "Parliamentary Summary" from 1846 to 1849. His comments on public affairs were "most satirical" and "most disparaging." He "describes the ways and the doings of each House of Parliament in a spirit of utter irreverence . . . He has little respect for the House of Commons . . . and no respect whatever for the House of Lords."

There is now no particular distinction in the sharing of such sentiments—or the lack of them, though it may well be that our "author indeed was doing his honest best in all his letters to make the people of these islands less and less content with the working of the parliamentary system and more and more eager to secure its thorough reform," though we cannot but notice our friend, young then, unless he was born old, as Satan must have been, but an old friend now, if there ever was one, our friend 'the common good.' However, it is not our intention to strip the late Edward Michael Whitty of any laurels he was entitled to. M'Carthy says he had 'insight'; but this judgment too is merely diagnostic. Whitty could spot an orator, and did not miss John Bright, or Gladstone or D'Israeli. But surely any Celt can spot a winner? What Whitty does reveal, unconsciously, because he could not foresee our present state, is the reason for the presence of candour (M'Carthy seems to think a later generation might be squeamish about it) then, and the absence of candour from our modern descriptions now. The reason must be that candour is only candour when it is candid—that

is to say free even from the prejudice that nothing really means anything. When ridicule ceases to be practised, nothing can be ridiculous, and to call it ridiculous is merely to make a meaningless noise in the air. When everybody one meets is a fool, folly has been banished from mankind, and there are no fools. We have almost reached that zero of folly—or should it be zenith? I make my point when I say that it does not matter, for zenith and nadir are now the same, *Daemon est Deus inversus*: we are all not only equal, but equal to everything (ridicule perhaps excepted; but that no longer is, and thus cannot be truly even an exception). In such a condition, one must not demonstrate too much, lest one be accused of frivolity, which has now been abolished through the world's making a business of it.

"*Ad interim*," Mr. Whitty says, "while the enlightened British nation is recovering that old English state of mind in which Jew adventurers and combative earls would not have been selected as the leaders of a Christian and a Commercial race, we may take Parliament simply in its at present popular aspect—as a public amusement—and so proceed to criticise the performances."

'The British' have not, however, recovered 'that old English state of mind' and do not seem in the way to do so; and as for enlightenment, knowledge seems to be progressively in inverse ratio to their benefit, so that the greater the light and the more uniformly it is distributed over the whole range of their problems, the more it seems to blind the English rather than to reveal anything to them, and the more extensive becomes the bitter experience of results, the less likely appears to be any just or appropriate reaction. The performances are pieces of acting and not in any sense the giving of form or embodiment to ideas through action. And it is from confusion of these two meanings of performance that corruption of the Constitution has increased.

But to deplore the absence from *St. Stephen's in the Fifties* of an analytical politics which was not, even if it might have been, developed until nearly a century later is not to say that the wit and dash of its pages would not make the dreary passage of these present years a little brighter and, possibly, surer.

With these observations, however, we may let some extracts from the volume speak for themselves:—

THE JEWISH QUESTION

[February, 1853] ". . . . But the question of the week has been that question which Mr. Napier put so persistently in the feeble debate on the Jewish Disabilities. 'Is Christianity to be an open question?' That is putting the matter in a strong way. Mr Napier thought that the interrogatory was an overwhelming sarcasm which the latitudinarians who dine with Lionel Rothschild would find it impossible to stand up against. Yet it is exactly the right question to face in a week devoted, with slight variation, to the consideration whether Roman Catholics and Hebrews are to be incapacitated by their creeds from becoming good citizens. Not that there is any doubt in the enlightened House of Commons, which is by no means a rigidly religious assembly, that confession and circumcision are consistent with the avoidance of transportation on the tread-mill; but that it is not yet the fashion to fling away the affectations of prejudices still cultivated by the powerful tea-table interest in this country. The English House of

Commons does admit the Jews (this is the third year in which the affirmative has been voted) to Parliament, and that is very illogical in gentlemen who are *ex officio* (as English M.P.'s) Christians; and that intelligent Senate, having already endowed Maynouth, would endow the whole Irish Roman Catholic Church if political expediency could be pleaded in favour of such pecuniary extravagance. The House of Commons, made up of men of business and men of the world, would endow a Mormon College, if there were one, on good political reasons being shown, and would make a Ghebir Prime Minister, if he had got in, and were the fittest man, just as they made Benjamin Disraeli, passionate champion of the pure Sephardim, the practical governor of the British Empire. The House of Commons was elected, and got elected, to look after the nation's and its own interests in this world, and it only begins to think about the next, as of a notice of motion, after the orders of the day are disposed of! When we see the man who is the favourite of the House—leader of the *par excellence* Protestant Church party—a man who owes his literary fame to a dashing Judaic theory, which among other things includes a compliment to Caiaphas for the crucifixion—for, asks Mr. Disraeli, we should never have been redeemed had not the Redeemer been put in a position to die for us!—it is difficult to realise the notion that the British representation is Christian in the theological sense. But what is quite certain . . . is this, that the House of Commons is perfectly representative in respect to reflecting impartially all the phases of faith of the British Empire, and that it is intensely anti-sectarian. To such threats as those of Mr. Napier on Thursday night—that the vengeance of God would afflict Mr. Speaker and Lord John Russell if they allowed the money-changing Rothschild to enter the temple of pure Christianity, namely, the House of Commons, which is elected by the most conspicuous national demoralisation and scoundrelism, illustrated (*see* committee-rooms) in the very lobbies through which Mr. Napier walked to deliver his Jeremiad—hon. gentlemen are profoundly indifferent, and if the lollers on the back benches did arouse themselves, the clareted Jehoiakims, to think at all about the warning, delivered with that denunciatory snuffle in which Irish Orangemen excel, it was to consider whether, when the head of the Rothschilds does take his seat, Mr. Napier, will flee to the salubrious and irresponsible atmosphere of the Chiltern Hundreds. Is not that the test? Elijah, when nobody attended to him, went into the wilderness: but, though the House of Commons *did* twice vote for the admission of the Jews, and therefore invited that providential vindictiveness which the member for Dublin Trinity specifies, for of course a just God is not technical, and does not wait until the two Houses have agreed—we found Mr. Napier snugly in office last year, and enjoying himself as heartily as a deaf statesman possibly could . . .

"So analysing the votes of this week, it is clear, Mr. Napier, that Christianity *is* made an open question. A few years more and we shall have some great Hindu merchant settling in London, affecting the citizens, giving good dinners, and at last getting in; and then the question of the day will be, why should not the Juggernaut interest be represented? Why not?

"Mr. Disraeli, sitting through it all on Thursday, sublimely cynical, could have suggested to Rothschild that seats are attainable to Hebrews with less pother, by doing what 'Tancred' describes gentlemen doing at Jerusalem

—accepting conversion to Christianity from the English bishop, and when the missionary supplies from the tea-table interest fall short, striking for wages. Mr. Disraeli takes the oath on the faith of a Christian, like a sensible man, and yet writes *Coningsby* and draws Sidonia, whose ancestors defied by eluding the Spanish Inquisition. Not heroic, no doubt; and yet the practical classes think Disraeli wiser than Rothschild; or, at anyrate, the creator of Sidonia, and the writer of the celebrated Jew-Pontius-Pilate paragraph in the *Political Biography*, heads the party whose *mot d'ordre* is Church and State and the Protestant Constitution. Only one condition is apparently made by the party with their leader—that though he will not be with them against the Jews, he shall not be against them; that if he votes with Lord John (should not the Tory leader talk always gently at the Whig statesman who makes Jews freemen?) he shall not speak with Lord John. And this year, as in the year before last, Disraeli fulfils the pact—by giving his vote for his race (as to their creed, he is as devoted to it as—no matter what other statesman—to the details of the Christian dispensation) but giving it a silent vote; sitting among his party and enduring in sullen tameness all the insults which red-faced and respectable saints like Inglis, and moustached *muscadins* like Sir Robert Peel, poured down on Thursday, on the Caucasian aristocracy of humanity. From Disraeli's side rose Napier—who had served under Disraeli—to give notice about God's vengeance. At Disraeli's side stood Inglis, who had followed Disraeli into every lobby for six years, when that high-minded man was proving from Holy Writ that a Jew in Parliament would carry destruction to the British Constitution—although he did not make it apparent that Holy Writ was dedicated to the proposers of Magna Charta. Over Disraeli's head thundered the impetuous Sir Robert Peel—than whom no man has a better right to think ill of the Jews since who has suffered more from them?—when that ingenious youth (having ascertained that his brother was booked to vote for Rothschild) demonstrated, without mentioning that Lola Montes was his authority, that the Jews were the enemies of freedom (is not Mr. Sloman, of Chancery Lane, a Jew?) and that the house of the Rothschilds constituted the principal support of the despotic Emperors of Austria, France and Russia. It might have been remembered by the fiery Sir Robert that the Cabinet of Disraeli, per Malmesbury, was the firm, not to say the affectionate, ally of those potentates; and that the unfilial owner of Tamworth, who never saw so much in his father as other people did, and who, for his part, thinks Disraeli a “doosed good” fellow, &c., &c., was an inveterate supporter of that Cabinet. Mr. Disraeli may have detected the perverse logic Mr. Disraeli saw and felt all the absurdities of his own situation, and of his friends' argumentation—for it was not difficult to perceive by the changeful shrinking and smiling of his demeanour that he was not a very proud or a peculiarly happy man on this occasion, when he was sitting as the frightful example of an Inglis's preaching. But Mr. Disraeli threw the heroism and the work and the honour on Lord John Russell; and perhaps he assisted Lord John thus far, that he manoeuvred his friend Mr. Walpole—leader *pro hac vice*—into keeping quiet, into suppressing all the respectable elocutionists of the party—therefore in leaving the opposition to a Sibthorp (who—the dirtiest old man in Christendom—objected that Hebrews don't wash) and to an Inglis, in short, to the

traditional obstructives of the Conservative classes, and accordingly in making the whole fuss ludicrous. After all there was as much avoidance of oratory on the other side. Lord John was eminently and curiously dull; and it is a consequence of a Government of ‘all the talents’ that debating, which cannot be all on one side, must be tepid.”

(To be continued).

The “Dead” Level

“Democracy is not all clear gain. For one thing, its methods of reaching decisions by voting creates the general impression that the majority is right. From a ladies sewing circle to the assembly of the League of Nations we count heads when we wish a matter settled. The result is that we modern democrats, who would scorn to truckle to an autocrat, truckle to the majority with all the obsequiousness of a courtier before his sovereign. Once the fashions were set by a monarch—the king could do no wrong. If he wore a beard, beards were fashionable; if he wore a ruff to cover a scar, ruffs were the order of the day. Democracy, however, which has largely abolished this mimicry of kings, has for many folk only substituted mimicry of the mob. We do not go through the outward ritual of kneeling to *their Majesties*, but in fact we continually bow before two great sovereigns of the democratic state—The General Average and the Majority Vote.

“In political procedure it doubtless is true that the best way yet discovered to run a government is to elect public servants by popular suffrage. But to grant the wisdom of political democracy is a very different thing from saying that in any decision which calls for spiritual fineness the majority is likely to be right. Upon the contrary, the majority is almost certain to be wrong. Put to popular vote the query, which they enjoy the better, ragtime and jazz on the one side, or Chopin's Nocturnes on the other, and where would the majority be? Put to popular vote the query, which interests them more, the movies or *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, and where would the majority be? Which are more popular, novels written by animated fountain pens that turn out love stories by the gross, or the great classics of our English speech? The idea that the voice of the people is the voice of God is mostly nonsense . . .

“The fact is that in any realm where judgment calls for spiritual fineness, only the minority who are above the average are ever right. And because a man is always tempted to live down to the average of his social group, a searching test of character is involved in one's relationship with this dead level of public opinion and practice . . .”
—*Twelve tests of Character* (1923) by Harry Emerson Fosdick.

“The New Morality”

The New Morality is the title of a sequel to *Living Casualties* and *Anarchy in Farming*, short publications in which The Farmers' Rights Association pursues its objective of securing the abolition of arbitrary power to dispossess now held by the Minister of Agriculture. The leaflet deals with “three instances where, with the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture, farmers have been dispossessed of their houses and lands to make way for an Agricultural Executive Committee man or for a relative of a Committee man.” The address of the Association is 17, High Street, Church Stretton.

Published by the proprietors K.R.P. Publications Ltd., 7, Victoria Street, Liverpool, 2. Printed by J. Hayes & Co., Woolton, Liverpool.