

# THE SOCIAL CREDITER

## FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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### From Week to Week

JUDGES' CHRISTMAS-BOX TO DEMOS:

*December 16:* Mr. Justice Sachs in the Divorce Court rules against 'unprecedented' certificate by the Secretary for War.

*December 17:* Mr. Justice Roxburgh in the Chancery Division grants injunction against the Home Secretary on the plea of two electors of Gorton.

*December 18:* Sir Carleton Allen, Q.C., "most vigilant of watchdogs for individual rights" (*vide Times* leading article) writes to *The Times* about Lord Justice Denning's advocacy of an appellate court from administrative tribunals. Says: "unfortunately few cases are reported." *The Times* says: "The remedy is always with the legislature."

[*Stop Press.*]

*December 20:* Injunction granted by Mr. Justice Roxburgh on December 17 set aside by Court of Appeal. Cabinet meets.

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister for Transport and Civil Aviation "regarded the £124m. which accrued to the Government during the war-time operation of the railways as little more than a bookkeeping transaction." In that case by a similar "bookkeeping transaction" a *pro rata* return should be paid to all who subscribed through higher fares, increased discomfort and taxation to cover (nominal) cost of transportation of troops and munitions of war. These "bookkeeping transactions" are the modern equivalent of coin-clipping, with no share-out of the proceeds to any individuals whatsoever. The whole Budget, which should record the realities of 'national' finance is a bookkeeping transaction, with the community as the loser.

There was a time when we read lots of newspapers and did the only thing the Listener can do with the "B." B.C. —listen. Now we confess we don't. Standing on the bank watching the muddy torrent go by we say to ourselves: "It may not be, and probably is not the same water; but it's the same river." Now and then our attention is directed by some other watcher to some object which is not the familiar tree uprooted, floating piece of domestic furniture, roof-tree from a deserted village or whatnot. How much of this novelty is the transmuted spirit of a faithful, hopeful and charitable soul (yes, all three), and how much is *noumena*, things-in-themselves behind mere appearances? The proverb says: 'Where there's smoke, there's fire.' Certainly, there's quite a lot of smoke about. Whether, for example, the 'smoke' from the fires of the sort of British Empire which Sir Oliver Franks would consider 'great' is likely to blend harmoniously with the 'smoke' of the Great Fire of United States industrial expansion and become evidence of

a common divine origin, or whether these two smokes both come from Hades, and, if so, whether the 'something burning' behind the ludicrous 'talk' (? "Idle talk") on "the Question of Money" on the "B." B.C. Home Service on December 8 is the same nasty smell or something different—who can say? Something does seem to be burning, but what is it? Though still optimists, we are not incurable.

The notes sent us concerning the talk are at least interesting.

Under the Chairmanship of Ritchie Calder, Sir Arthur Rucker (lately Deputy Agent to the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency) and Mr. Arthur Gaitskell (late Managing Director of the Sudan Gezira Board of the Colonial Development Corporation) talked about "The Question" of Money. We agree that Money is very questionable. Our notes tell us that:—

"Governments don't have money themselves; they've got to get it from you and me and then under government control they [governments?] work out schemes with your money." : :

"What we've got to accept is the fact of another sort of money: Gift capital. What does that mean? Money for relief and it won't pay dividends."

The style is like an advertisement copywriter's.

"Gift Capital, is to put undeveloped territories on their feet. No dividends remember."

[Here the chairman asked: "Where is this money to come from?" But he was not answered.]

"U.N.K.R.A. is contributed to by 30 nations."

This money from "them" was to be used "to reconstitute the backward and warstricken countries. U.S.A. gave most of that money." [Again the speaker repeated: "No dividends!" And the chairman again asked: "Where does the gift money come from? You say it all comes from you and me." But Mr. Calder was again ignored, and he Chairman an' all!]

"You must have labour and you must have money."

[Here Gaitskell interposed with: "Wages can be paid from local money?" The speaker, Sir Arthur Rucker replied: "Yeap, you can get it printed locally." And either one or the other said: "And in quantity?" And the other said: "Yeap, then inflation."]

The speaker continued: "What you've got to do is to bring in goods from other countries." And the chairman said: "So you don't want money really if you take these goods?" But he was ignored.

"You never know how much gift money will be given by U.N.O. and U.S.A. This is very tiresome . . ."

(continued on page 4.)

## THE SOCIAL CREDITER FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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

### The Dying Age

An age is dying as well as a year. No one can foretell what features the time to come may wear. The sense of imminent catastrophe is momentarily anaesthetised, but may return or fade farther from consciousness. Those who are resistant to anaesthetisation have a responsibility upon their shoulders to call their wits together, because the shape of things to come must, if it is a living thing, be of their construction in part even if the universal mould impresses itself upon their construct.

It is with this in mind that *The Social Crediter* wishes its readers a 'Good' New Year on Christmas Day, 1954.

Whether it is in the Unseen hinterland of human effort or in the life-blood of human purpose, something has been stirring for many months. Possibly Social Credit itself is a reflection of this agitation, first in the conscious mind of Douglas, fainter but not obliterated in the minds of his followers; but in any case an active participant in the flow of events: the universal flux.

The year which is passing has robbed us of at least one stalwart. It has intensified our anxieties concerning the sufficiency of ourselves for our task. It has greatly intensified our conviction (which was also Douglas's) that, somehow, we must disengage and disentangle ourselves from the compromising elements which, ubiquitously in modern society, impose the entropy of laicism, the paralysis of intention, upon everything they touch, with ever greater and greater insolence, impudence, and freedom from all restraint. The antidote to institutionalised Faith is individualised Faith: the antidote to Temples made with hands is the mountain top, not smaller temples made with bricks and called 'Bethel.'

An active mind, ever on the look-out for such stimulation as the real world of experience affords, sees many things which it is possible to interpret. Some are trivial, some significant, some deceptive, some inscrutable. Some are apprehended too soon, some realised too late. The promise of religious tradition in our land is that each has, if he does not neglect it, or misuse it, or disregard it, *enough* to meet the demands which Life makes upon him. This is Faith. It is something more comprehensive than Fitzgerald's witty gesture with its haunting question mark:

*Thou wilt not with Predestination round  
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?*

This is what Faith is not. The Kingdom of Heaven

is not a debating society. Life founds itself on Life, not on Reason. Reason is merely one of the many instruments in Life's hands. It is not always a certain instrument, being limited by conditions special to its existence and structure: its Form.

With this hint of warning, we may suggest one feature of the passing spectacle which calls for notice and let who will deploy his reasonable mind upon its characteristics. For a long time we have been searching for a familiar and a concrete simile, which, as satire inevitably does, may establish truth by mere force of contrast: a simile, an image, for the peculiar nature of the delirious muttering of modern man as he lies in public on his rack and tosses on his uncomfortable bed of stagecraft roses. Do they have debating societies in Borstal Institutions? Perhaps we mistake the position and there is, actually, more individual initiative, greater *consciousness*, more freedom for what there is of the mind, at Borstal Institutions than can exist in *The Times* office, or in the catacombs of the B.B.C.—those singular places, as they must appear to anyone who merely sees what comes out, where ideas lie buried and rot until there is left only the stink arising from their mortal counterparts. Yet, even if there is more creative power at Borstal than there is in *The Times*, more true originality, would it perhaps really show very much if (say) Sir Harold Nicholson, like the Professor with Eliza Doolittle, gave the Borstal debaters a good accent? Translated into very 'far-back' Posh, would the arguers be so noticeably superior in point of consistency and force to our well-known performers as to really give 'the show' away?

We wonder. But also a more serious thought comes to our mind: What would happen if, quite suddenly, this curious collectivity whose delirium now guides us in public panicked? This is not what it pretends to be, let it be understood. This is not 'the great minds of our time' condescending to be overheard by 'our listeners' or 'our readers.' Oh, no. This is a *mob*. It betrays all the characteristics of a mob. Its very spontaneity is a mob spontaneity. Listen to a broadcast 'discussion,' and note how often the shining lights all talk at once, all 'react' with the self-same reaction, and, if one is a split second late notice how irresistibly he adds his belated quota to the mass chorus! This is the mob's mind. This is not human. Mobs can panic. What do you think will happen if *this* mob panics?

Perhaps, after all, we had better listen-in more than we do.

### Subscriptions to *The Social Crediter*

The publishers desire to intimate that a large, but not necessarily increasing proportion of readers of *The Social Crediter* and *Voice* are neglecting to renew their subscriptions within reasonable time of their receipt of a 'renewal notice.' In nearly all cases, this concerns readers of long standing, who have no intention of terminating their support, and whose subscriptions, when they are sent, are accompanied by clear intimations to this effect. Work for *The Social Crediter*, printing and postal distribution alone excepted, is entirely voluntary, and could be reduced considerably through the closer co-operation of supporters in regard to the above matter.

## The Eighteenth Century Apes of God\*

by DRYDEN GILLING SMITH.

The arrival of the whigs was heralded in the early eighteenth century by a clique of writers who bore considerable resemblance to the New Statesman lefty boys of the nineteen thirties, many of whom are still writing. Addison and Steele were the most eminent and the papers which they founded—*The Spectator* and *The Guardian*—have retained a place of honour on the shelves of nearly all those who enjoy eighteenth century English.

In Button's Coffee House where the whig writers had their regular meeting place, their 'little senate,' there were many nonentities.

If meagre Gildon draws his venal quill  
I wish the Man a Dinner, and sit still. . . .  
Hunger, not Malice, makes such Authors print,  
And who'l wage war with Bedlam or the Mint?

What was disquieting to Pope was that a man of Addison's gifts should have the intellectual dishonesty to prefer bad writing to good. Was it because he was jealous of anyone who had abilities akin to his own? Was it because he had reduced his canon of literary criticism to the political question "Are you going my way?", a habit which Mr. Wyndham Lewis in *The Writer and the Absolute* has so aptly studied in its contemporary application? Was it the canker of whiggery whose basic assumption of inverted values would eventually distort the judgment of its adherents on all other things?

Pope's poem continues to question the motives of this "One whom better stars conspire to bless" but who can nevertheless

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil Leer  
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer; . . .  
Who, when two Wits on rival themes contest,  
Approves them both, but likes the worst the best:  
Like Cato gives his little Senate Laws,  
And sits attentive to his own Applause;  
While Fops and Templars ev'ry Sentence raise,  
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise:  
What pity, Heav'n if such a man there be?  
Who would not weep, if Addison were He?

It is notable that the two really great writers of the age stood outside this group, were hostile to it, and did not "march" with the popular movements of their time, neither in politics, economics nor literature. The twentieth century reader who has refrained from boarding the joy carts of 'brave new world' philosophies will find much that is apt to his own predicament in the works of Swift and Pope. He will find that quality of writing which makes great literature an enjoyable conversation between civilised men of all epochs and against which the yells of the contemporary yahoos are an unimportant and minor irritation.

The use of the first episode from Gulliver's Travels as a "kids' book" has meant that few people can bring themselves to read such "school stuff" again at an age when they would be capable of enjoying or understanding it. Pope, too, has long suffered the fate of being called "a malicious

little hunchback with an inferiority complex who took it out of his friends." A worse fate resulted from the dogma propagated by Wordsworth, that poetry ought to be in simple words about simple things for simple people. In itself the dogma is of minor importance and Wordsworth as a poet had the good sense to ignore his own theories about poetry when he did his best work. The unfortunate part about these theories was that they fitted in so perfectly with the philosophy of democracy that they quickly became part and parcel of democracy's folk-lore. After all it is rather unfair that poetry should demand a knowledge and cultural background not available to *everyone* who has enjoyed mass education or taken a short course in 'culture' (the 'democratic pass-word' according to Mr. John Dewey, the great 'liberal' educationist). All very well to learn up a lot of high falutin' stuff if you need it for a *job* or an *exam*—that at least is pardonable—but to learn it in order to enjoy yourself in ways that the common man cannot enjoy himself is beyond the pale of highbrow lunacy, and is 'undemocratic.'

Pope cannot be lapped up casually from the page at a first reading. He assumed that his reader would have an extensive knowledge as well as a ready wit to perceive references to contemporary politicians and scribblers however unimportant. For a full enjoyment of Pope's major works the modern reader requires a text with extensive commentary and an eighteenth century "Who's Who." There is also much sifting to be done between the various possible readings of the text. The editor is often faced with a manuscript and many different editions of a poem appearing in Pope's lifetime, sometimes seen through the press under his supervision, and has to decide which reading must be preserved.

The editors of the Twickenham Edition, which has been appearing and disappearing over the last decade or so, have in the main been worthy trustees of Pope's gift to posterity. In particular the two volumes under discussion have had editors of marked distinction in Pope scholarship. The *Minor Poems* have appeared for the first time recently under the joint editorship of Norman Ault and John Butt. Norman Ault had already given us "New Light on Pope, Pope's Own Miscellany" and the first volume of the "Prose Works" (Shakespeare Head Press) before he died leaving the present volume in preparation. It has been completed by John Butt and his work in this field makes one hope that he will one day complete the second volume of the "Prose Works." The "Minor Poems" are arranged in date order with the titles of the major works inserted in their due place, the reader being referred to the relevant volumes, all but one of which are now available. We are thus provided with a biographical background to the series as well as an interesting study of Pope's poetic career in progress.

Pope was perhaps the greatest of English satirists and his most important satire was his mock epic "The Dunciad." Though the Twickenham edition of this work first appeared in 1943, it was virtually unobtainable for many years until the second edition was released just over a year ago. The editor, Professor James Sutherland, has an unequalled knowledge of eighteenth century London and it is in this volume that we find the biographical index of persons mentioned in the works as a whole.

The satire involved considerable knowledge of London gossip of the day and it was not long before Swift, writing

\*Alexander Pope—The Twickenham Edition:

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

to Pope, voiced a general opinion that "twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts. . . ." Pope used the footnotes, which he pretended someone else had written, as a means of rubbing in the satire by adding further details about the characters lampooned. He even had his special technique of inserting his more dangerously provocative material in a second or third edition "when nobody took any notice of it."

The footnotes which were already important in Pope's time are doubly so today. Professor Sutherland is a modest editor who hides his own notes in brackets between those of the learned *scriblerus*. What is even more pleasing is that he does not take upon himself the role of apologist. Pope needs no apologist. Apologies presuppose an acceptance of the old legend about the hunchback's inferiority complex. By citing contemporary attacks on Pope the editor shows how remarkably restrained the great satirist really was.

Why did Pope write the "Dunciad?" What was his object in immortalising these strutting apes-of-God who would otherwise have remained in obscurity? Why did he want to bring the "Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings"?

They were specimens, literary specimens of a rot that extended far beyond the world of literature, just as the apes in the work of our own great satirist, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, are specimens of a mental decay which made possible the present state of world politics.

When the Hanoverian dynasty was imported, the 'bright young' whigs stopped their writing and stepped into jobs for the boys. Addison became Secretary of State and was able to find 'official' posts for his protegés, among them the original Namby Pamby. Namby Pamby was Pope's or Swift's nickname for the Poet, Ambrose Philips, who was given the job of tutor to George I's grandchildren. The nickname was based on the supposed efforts of the children to pronounce their tutor's name. This poet, whom Addison seemed to prefer to Pope, produced in 1717 an epistle to a man by the name of Craggs (then Secretary at War):—

O Craggs, for Candour known! indulge awhile  
My fond Desire, and on my Labour smile; . . . .  
My heart which at the name of BRUNSWICK fires,  
And no assistance from the Muse requires.

That was the sort of poet required by the new regime, or one who would stick to birdlife and plant pots. They were pseudo poets designed to keep up a façade of literature while ensuring that the genuine article was kept at a distance, just as the Hanoverians were dupes of the whigocracy to keep the real king out of the way.

(To be concluded.)

### The Fig Tree

Publication of the December number of *The Fig Tree* (Quarterly) will take place as soon after the Christmas holiday as possible.

Copies of the first two issues of the resumed periodical are available at the published price of 5/- post free. Enquirers are invited to write to the publishers, K.R.P. Publications, Ltd., Lincoln Chambers, 11, Garfield Street, Belfast.

## Liverpool Cathedral

### "The Last Stronghold of the Almighty"

God said: "Let there be Light"; but here is none of Heaven's making.

And, when He made us, He covered up our making, hid the mortar of our construction, and hid our gristle, our bones and joints, our veins and sinews. But here, not so; here we may learn it all from the surface, how begot, how nourished. Here we are drawn and quartered in visible plans and measurements: drawn down to Form whence we look up into the face of brooding, blood-dry sand-stone, itself dead, petrified cataclysm and catastrophe of ages long ago. Here is nothing to lighten, nothing to console, nothing to solace: a Temple to a Minotaur, a red stone Bull on a wind-torn, merciless hill. A Banshee warns from a tower, and we flee to find the great door too heavy, though a gale beat upon it. Even for such babes as we was no protection at the Font, where a heavy cover stood upon the little Jordan and let no holy river in. A soldier came like a Knight Errant, to whom we prayed to let us out, out of this 'Altar to an Unknown God,' this 'christian' Baalbec to a United Nations God, this Last Stronghold of a pagan Almighty. Was the designer born too early or too late? And did he mean—this? G.S.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK— (continued from page 1.)

Question. "How much money was given?" Answer. "O many billions. . . . But don't be frightened of high figures, they only represent any ordinary financial budget, they are not larger than an ordinary country's budget."

Our *Trade* is going to benefit by gift money. If you give money *they* want your goods. Yeah. Development? Yeah. You have to bring in the power [pronounced pah]. Pah to create goods, roads. Pah is machinery, textiles, etc.

Again the question: "Where do you get the funds?" this time glibly answered "O, some gift money most from U.S.A. and U.N.O."

At present "gift money" is not accepted as part of normal finance, there's the World Bank and a U.N. Financial Corporation to provide risk capital. There are difficulties. There are international investments now.

"Political Money?" Answer: "O yeah."

Chairman: "But sometimes an International Group wants to help the governments we hate." Answer: "Yeah, it is a dilemma, we can only work with the government of the day. The way we give help and the men and women we send out to spend it, the money, in undeveloped countries will show the people of these places with our money how great a thing is Democracy."

A question again: "Who is going to pay?" Answer (if it is an answer): "It will have to be done through government, and its going to be difficult to get it from people. But for our safety and for the prevention of WAR caused by hunger and underdevelopment . . . we MUST give our money."

"NO DIVIDEND"? Isn't war the Dividend?