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FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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The amount of money we need each year is comparatively small and should be well within the resources of those Social Crediters who grasp the significance of current events. They are part and parcel of that ultimate crisis, foreseen by Douglas, in which he looked to us to "know what to do and how to do it."

What, according to their means, will our readers give to preserve and extend their freedom?

The New Year approaches, and as Director of Revenue, I ask all Social Crediters to help me to find the few hundred pounds needed annually to give continuity to the still, small voice which, however, remains the only coherent and un-silenced challenge.

Apart from this appeal, to which I hope there will be a ready response, I intend to write, late in December, to all Social Crediters whose addresses are known to the Secretariat. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to The Social Credit Secretariat, crossed, and sent to the care of K. R. P. Publications, Ltd., 9 Avenue Road, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire. Your letters will be sent on to me.

C. R. PRESTON,

Director of Revenue,

S. C. Secretariat.

November, 1960.

The Attack on Cultural Tradition

by MARY H. GRAY.

Literature

It is a matter of common observation that our standards of value, material and cultural, are being debased, and I do not refer at the moment to the pound sterling.

But it is not often noticed how much of the debasement of quality is of deliberate intent. This is particularly true of cultural tradition in the arts—music, painting, sculpture, architecture and literature.

All of these have been under attack, insidious or forthright, for several decades and it is not hard to guess whence the attack comes. To elevate the false, the trashy, the degenerate, it is necessary to degrade the true, the noble and the fine, especially works of the past that have stood the test of time. Hence the attack on tradition in every form.

The work of demolition in preparation for the new world of the "progressives," has not been assigned to the vandals, the philistines of culture, whose ignorance would render them useless, but to the "intellectuals" who strain every nerve to prove that everything we were brought up to believe in is wrong. (I hasten to add, with one exception, the Money System!).

In their distorted view our great men of the past were, after all, but idols with feet of clay—and they concen-

trate our attention upon the feet, to prove it.

One of these intellectuals, "progressive" in outlook—the opposite of "reactionary" in Communist jargon—is Mr. David Daiches, son of Rabbi Daiches, with whom, we remember, Major C. H. Douglas crossed swords in correspondence to the *Scotsman* of Edinburgh some years before his death.

Mr. Daiches is a lecturer in English at Cambridge University and a darling of the B.B.C. It is curious—(or is it?)—how so many university posts in British countries which are not of the exact sciences but of the less factual where personal bias can be brought to bear, such as Political Science, Economics, History and English Literature, are filled by persons other than British! But David Daiches is, of course, a "Scotsman born" so we can't include him!

Yet how to account for his vicious attack in the Third Programme of the "B" B.C. on May 9th of this year upon one of Scotland's literary giants, Sir James Barrie, on the very centenary of his birth? Instead of a eulogy, as one would expect, he gave us a tirade; in place of a just appraisal of Barrie's work, he slashed it to pieces!

His talk entitled "The Sexless Sentimentalist" so delighted the "B" B.C. that they not only repeated it on radio, but published it in *The Listener*, with an editorial endorsement.

One cannot here produce all the "slings and arrows" with which Daiches attacked the object of his spleen—now safely dead and unable to reply; the title itself gives a clue to the nature of his abuse. Barrie's writings are not "sexy" enough; he is "cruelly sentimental." "He exploited his public's emotional concern with human relationships." (I should have thought that the interplay of emotions in human relationships were the very raw material of the dramatist and novelist). Further, "He takes a positive masochistic pleasure in frustrating all normal expectations about the proper satisfaction of adult human relationships." (Mr. Daiches doubtless prefers the Jewish-controlled Hollywood films which wallow in sex; he cannot understand Barrie's reticence.)

But the two plays that positively rock Daiches' egalitarian soul are "The Admirable Crichton" and "What Every Woman Knows." Of the former he says: 'At the end we sense exactly the same masochistic pleasure. Crichton, the butler, and the best man among them all voluntarily restores his earlier position of servitude and confirms the social prejudices of his stupid employers . . . In its true implication it is politically reactionary.' In the last two words are partly explained Daiches' vindictiveness.

"What Every Woman Knows" comes under his lash as being "anti-feminist." "This play," says Daiches, "is clever enough to conceal from the superficial eye the distortions, absurdities and clichés out of which it is constructed . . . petti-

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From Week to Week

"It is not possible that this year 1960, which opened full of glittering and delusive promise (I am conscious of having been caught up in the delusion myself), may prove to be invested, in the collective memory of Europe, with the same sombre quality [i.e., the folk-memory of the way in which a civilisation perished.] For without a doubt in the course of 1960, Europe, or rather, that part of Europe which hitherto has not been enslaved by the Soviet Union, has been flung sharply on the defensive . . .

" . . . in the minds of the leaders of all newly independent peoples, from the most sophisticated Indian or Arab to the most primitive African, there is one firm corollary to political freedom; they all want as much of our money and as many of our technical skills as they can extract from us in the shortest possible time. In their view we are very rich and they are very poor; and in the past century or so a classic method has been evolved by which this regrettable unbalance can be adjusted; the rich are squeezed by taxation until they are rich no more, and the poor, it is thought, are thereby immensely enriched.

"There are all kinds of soothing synonyms for this process. On the national plane it is described either as 'social justice' or as 'the transfer of purchasing power.' On the international plane the appropriate bromide has a rich Pecksnifian flavour: 'aid to underdeveloped countries.' To hint that this is a foolish catchword or even mildly to question the assumption that it embodies the most elevated ethical precepts and the sharpest practical wisdom, is to be grossly heretical and offensive. Only by a vast effort, pouring out 'aid' in all directions—dams across rivers, laboratories, airports, teachers' training colleges, radio stations, universities, infant welfare clinics, libraries, schools, hospitals, model housing estates, all on the most prodigious scale—shall we 'save Africa (or Asia) from going Communist.'

"It is perhaps time that some hard, straight-forward thinking was done on this issue, and a close season put on sentimental flappedoodle . . .

"It would be wicked to impoverish and ruin Western Europe in order to convert Africa or Asia into industrialised technocracies on the pattern which the power rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union has now made grimly familiar—particularly since the African and Asian politicians reiterate, doubtless sincerely, their dislike of being forced to take sides in that conflict.

"What cannot be doubted is that along with some cruelties and injustices, the European conquerors and colonisers took with them a great number of benefits, to the ancient but decaying civilisations of the Indian sub-continent and the Islamic Near East no less than to the naked, Stone Age pagans of large parts of Africa . . .

" . . . It is worth while remembering that Britain, France, Belgium and Holland have just as much need of, and right to, their freedom and their way of life as Nyasaland, Guinea, the Congolese Republic and Indonesia. And the menace to us is much more real than it is to them."

John Connell, in *The Sphere*, Oct. 8, 1960..

We referred recently to C. T. Shumacher's article in the *London Observer* (Aug. 21, 1960) exposing the fallacy of "aid to underdeveloped countries." But to recognise the fallacy is not enough; the 'aid' programme, in conjunction with the unleashing of ballot-box democracy amongst savages, is a deadly and conscious attack on Christian civilisation.

It is simply fantastic to find our world 'leaders' still promoting this suicidal policy in the face not only of the exposure of its theoretical unsoundness but also of the practical demonstration afforded by the spectacle of increasing world chaos. It seems possible to conclude only that they are being black-mailed, or are hypnotised, or have become insane through being in apparent control of forces which they do not understand.

Let it not be thought that this latter suggestion is fanciful. Douglas on several occasions touched on the matter (see, for example, *Whose Service is Perfect Freedom*, Chapter IV., and *The Big Idea*). Few people now place any credence in materialism as an explanation of Life and once it is recognised that there is something in an electricity system besides "steel towers, wires, cables and machines" (i.e., "what you can see") the effects of ignorant tampering with the system become, if not explicable, at least understandable.

It seems not only possible, but probable, that what the world faces is annihilation, not through a series of H-bomb explosions, but through the disintegration of the unnatural organisation of the Life Force.

"It would be difficult to over-rate the importance of these matters [the sins of the financial system and the nature of the relationship between Judaism and Puritan-Calvinistic-Whiggism] to humanity at large. At the conclusion of the European War in 1918, an unfettered Britain guided by competent statemanship could not merely have secured these islands and their population from further risk of war but could have guided the rest of the world into paths of economic plenty and international peace. Mr. Otto Kuhn or Cohen of Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb and Co., the Jewish Bankers, speaking at Ottawa in 1923 said, 'There was a short period after the war when we were very anxious. But we now have the situation well in hand.' They had."

—C. H. Douglas, *Whose Service is Perfect Freedom*.

It is quite clear, not only in retrospect, but was clear at the time of the abrupt cessation by the U.S.A. of 'Lend-Lease' aid to Britain after the conclusion of hostilities in 1945, together with the imposition of a huge dollar loan, that no risk of Britain being "unfettered" was to be run a second time. The sabotage of Britain and the British Empire has been continuous, and the growth of world dis-order has been parallel with our decline and disarmament.

Suez showed conclusively that any attempt to rebel would be met by the threat of force, and that is a measure of what we are up against. If we are to escape, an effort of military magnitude is essential; but with a properly conceived policy combined with an honest exposure of our enemies, we might get away with it. Anything else is patently leading to final disaster.

Health in the Congo

Emergency action is being taken on the health side of the United Nations operation in the Congo, in order to avert the possible consequences of the breakdown of preventive health services in many parts of the country, according to a statement issued recently by the World Health Organisation. The immediate target is to recruit 100 medical and highly skilled technical staff, principally to reactivate the preventive health services designed to stop the spread of communicable diseases. Subsequently it is hoped to recruit another 300 to 400 medical and technical personnel before the end of the year.

In reporting on the deteriorating situation to the United Nations and to WHO headquarters in Geneva, Dr. J. S. McKenzie Pollock, Senior WHO Representative in the Congo, warned that the momentum of the past was slowing down, and that the effects of the discontinuation of preventive measures could be seen. In the course of one recent week, four separate outbreaks of smallpox were reported and at present the public health services of the country are not in a position to combat any epidemic. Stocks of vaccine are available, thanks to the generosity of the Nigerian Government, but the technical skill necessary to organise a large-scale vaccination programme is lacking, and such a programme can be started only when technical staff from outside is available. The threat is not confined to smallpox. In the Bunia area, for instance, an outbreak of bubonic plague is being investigated. Its extent is not known, but some deaths have occurred. In addition, reports are being received of an increasing number of cases of malaria, and Dr. McKenzie Pollock has issued the warning that, if preventive measures are not restarted, an increase in the incidence of sleeping sickness can also be expected . . .

The Medical Journal of Australia, Nov. 5, 1960.

HEALTH?

In Africa

A Correspondent in Southern Rhodesia writes:

Today I received a copy of *The Social Crediter* for which I have been waiting for some time—the one with the second instalment of the article on South Africa and its problems. If only it could be published largely in the English daily press!

About eighteen months ago, when I was still in Northern Rhodesia, I wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* enclosing a map of the country on which I had coloured the Native Reserves, and also the areas open to white settlement, or settled by

Europeans. As I explained in the letter, I do not know much about Southern Rhodesia or Nyasaland, so I dealt solely with Northern Rhodesia. I pointed out that the area of land on which Whites were allowed to live amounted to about 6 per cent. of the whole; the other 94 per cent. was either Native Reserves, Native Trust Land, or Game Reserves.

Incidentally, in the North, the European is not even allowed to enter, let alone settle in, Native Reserves, unless on official business there. Yet increasingly large amounts of the European areas are set aside for Native locations and suburbs.

For a long time I have been convinced that this agitation for "Freedom" (from what?) and the increasingly more frequent riots are a "put-up job." There is a small, very small indeed, minority of educated, or semi-educated natives who really want the colour bar completely done away with.

The vast majority are really quite content with their own way of life and amusements. The trouble is that they are so easily persuaded by their own educated types to revert to their ancestors' behaviour, although normally they are untouched by events. For instance the Government has been falling over backwards in its endeavours to get those Natives who are qualified to vote, to register for the electoral rolls. Most of them just did not seem interested. Yet the cry is always "One Man, One Vote."

Then, in the North, when they recently dropped the colour bar, by laws, in hotels, etc., Copperbelt pubs were crowded out by Kaffirs. From what I have heard, the novelty only lasted a day or two, then they found that the beer was no better or cheaper than in their own beer halls. Incidentally, how many people in England realise that the colour bar out here operates both ways? In addition to the example of the Native Reserves given above, other places strictly out of bounds are Native Beer Halls, and, unless on business there, Native locations.

The natives have genuine grievances, but very rarely have I seen them even referred to in overseas papers and not often here. For example, one of the great curses of South Africa and this country is the low type of European, both Afrikaan and English speaking.

A lot of guff is talked about the brave and hardy pioneers but I am afraid some were pretty rough characters. From what I can gather from South Africans here, the S.A. Police, almost entirely Afrikaner nowadays, contains a large percentage of this low type. Their methods in dealing with natives are those of the bully, using no imagination. For instance, practically all whites living here are convinced that for Natives living and working in European areas a system of passes is necessary. What is wrong in the Union is the brutal and ruthless way in which the police uphold the pass laws, the senseless manhandling and lack of consideration when natives are arrested for trifling offences.

Wages seem shockingly low to a newly arrived European, yet the majority of natives are quite content with a small amount of money. As your article says, a lot save hard to go back to the Reserve, buy cows and a wife, and become a man of leisure and substance. If given vastly greater pay, approaching that of the European, most would either blue it on terrific beer drinks, or leave for the Reserve all the sooner. Again, employers, even the best, pay according to results. The native, on the whole, is simply not yet adapted to work as we know it. For instance, when working as a surveyor in England I never had more than three chainmen, usually only two. Out

here the number is likely to be five or six, or even more. Then by about 2-30 or 3-0 p.m. they have usually 'had it:' it is impossible to get them to work any more. The reason is their eating habits—no breakfast, but one big meal in the evening of mealie porridge and stew.

Another factor in the troubles out here is the Jews, of whom there are plenty, not only in "Jew"burg, but in Salisbury and Bulawayo. Up to a couple of years ago there was a terrific boom in building in the above two towns, and to a lesser extent in Lusaka, Ndola and Kitwe, largely of gigantic rabbit warrens of offices and flats, ugly as Hell, and, as to the offices, with a good many vacancies, now. Most of them were Jew owned or financed.

Well I'm glad to be out of Northern Rhodesia now, although I like the country, but with the British Government handing everything over to the savages I don't want to go back there.

Our Times

The *leit-motif* of our times seems to be that the "simple faithful times" of idealistic romance are just something ridiculous: "What are you talking about? The world isn't like that!"—Enjoyment consists in your being tipsy enough not to notice anything that isn't comic in the hilarious sense and that, increasingly, means tipsy enough to have a bad headache next morning. The world of the "un-Stuffy" doesn't seem to me to have any stuff in it. I like "stuff"—masses of it, ponderous, dark in colour, hard, resistant to decay: Bach, Velasquez, Shakespeare; oak-trees, rocks, the ocean. The reaction to those things seems to be uniform and unaccountable: "Turn it off!" "Put a cork in it!" "Here have another (drink)." "Forget it!" —*From a letter.*

THE ATTACK ON CULTURAL TRADITION

(Continued from page 1).

coat influence goes so far in it that the mother-wife actually writes the speeches of the hero (a Member of Parliament) without his realizing it until the end!" How unwomanly! How-anti-feminist! Better had she gone out to work, even breaking stones by the road side, like her Soviet sisters, thus upholding sex equality, than use her gifts to help her husband!

"The Thrums stories" says this authority on Scottish literature, "represented Barrie's contribution to the Kailyard Movement, a movement sharply challenged in 1901 by the savage naturalism of George Douglas Brown's novel 'The House with the Green Shutters.'" ("Savage Naturalism!" That's the stuff—and the more savage the better!).

The brute father in this novel—a most un-natural father—is a psychological study of a very unpleasant kind, and leagues removed from the simple, true-to-life character sketches of the Scottish Kailyard Movement.

What of "Peter Pan"? To Daiches it is "a thoroughly embarrassing plan. Right from the opening scene to the final confrontation of Wendy's affection and Peter's egotism there is the same distortion of human relationships, that sexless confounding of different kinds of love and concern, that same delicate cruelty . . ."

Here we observe not Barrie's "delicate cruelty" but Daiches' indelicate preoccupation with sex to the exclusion of all else. But Barrie was writing for a British public, not for the sex-sodden sentimentality of Hollywood.

The above is by no means all the vilification levelled at Barrie by this self-assertive critic; a few of his choice phrases may be added for good measure. Barrie "knew the tricks of the trade," was a "cunning man of the theatre," a "Scotsman on the make," his plays "embarrassingly false," etc., etc.

This glowing tribute did not complete Barrie's centenary celebrations on the "B" B.C. A demolition squad—a panel of four men—in a later programme did their best to finish the job, while the *Listener* editorial condemned Barrie's work as "syrupy and sentimental." Barrie's plays "it said, "suited the static society of Edwardian England where no particular need was felt to convey a social message or indeed any message at all"—which says a lot for Edwardian England! Why a play ought to contain a "social message" he does not tell us.

The Daiches attack need not worry us overmuch for in it he displays not only a want of understanding of his subject but also his malicious intent. He is but one of a number of facile critics who couldn't themselves construct a passable nursery rhyme; part of a demolition gang out to destroy British and European culture.

To succeed they must find what they think is a weak spot either in the character of their victim or in his writings, from which to begin blasting operations. When they have wrecked the reputation of one literary master (as they imagine) they will pass on to others.

For it is all part of a plan set out in substance many years ago. The real mischief of the attack on our famous men of the past is its effect upon the minds of the young and impressionable; confusing them so that they will reject the best things of the past to embrace the new.

And what has the new in literature to offer them in exchange? Precious little. When they are old enough and wise enough to detect the poverty in ideas of "modern" literature and the attempt to hide that poverty under the pretence of being profound and abstruse, they will realize that the new lamps they have exchanged for the old, give no light at all.

What is "modern poetry" but a jumble of words thrown together—nonsensical, meaningless, without rhyme or reason? Likewise "modern" plays—if those recorded on the Third Programme of the B.B.C. are a sample—merely strings of sentences, disjointed, only *appearing* to have meaning, sound without sense. A first class example is "Waiting for Godot"—unless that be taken as a parody of modern play-writing.

When the memory of all our great writers of the past has been blotted out—the aim of the anti-traditionalists—what will remain to nourish the minds of coming generations? In the new World State being built for the self-Chosen People, even their Power of the Purse cannot create great works of imagination. But that will not deter them from their objective.

When they have trampled upon the great works of the Gentiles and by race-mixing have ensured the extinction or any rebirth of the Gentile creative spirit, they, as Masters of the Universe, will then turn upon those who have helped them to power and crush them by their omnipotent control of the world's money.

But to quote the poet Burns, whom also Daiches has doubtless discredited, "The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley."