

# THE SOCIAL CREDITER

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## City of Demons

The following is from the *Novascotian Colonial Herald* of January 3, 1828, where it appeared with the brief introduction: "The following Eastern story by William Maginn, Esq., is from the *Literary Souvenir*, one of the splendid annuals which do so much honour to British literature.":—

In days of yore there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo a Hebrew Rabbi, by name Jochonin, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate and strict but he had one vice—a love of gold had seized upon his heart and he opened not his hand to the poor yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches.

The Hebrews of the City were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people but though the elders of the tribe continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name but Jochonin the miser. None knew so well as he the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses and consequently the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the Law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments and glorified the Lord but his heart was touched and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor and he said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord. The first good thing that I am asked to do in that Holy Land may I perform," but he sighed for he feared that someone might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While he thought upon these things there came a loud cry at his gate. "Awake thou sleeper," said the voice, "Awake. A child is in danger of death and the mother hath sent for thee that thou may'st do thine office." "The night is dark and gloomy," said the Rabbi coming to his casement, "and mine age is great. Are there no younger men than I in Cairo?" "For thee only, Rabbi Jochonin, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonin, the miser, was I sent. Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins. "I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come in the name of the living God." So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made and he groaned in spirit for the purse sounded heavy. "As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go with thee," said he to the man, "but I hope the distance is not far.

Put up thy gold." "The place is at hand," said the stranger who was a gallant youth in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonin arose, dressed himself and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house and deposited his keys in a secret place, at which the stranger smiled. "I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night, be thou to me as a guide for I can hardly see the way." "I know it well," replied the stranger with a sigh.

"It is a way much frequented and travelled hourly by many, lean upon my arm and fear not."

They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see when it occasionally brightened that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way," and his heart misgave him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger, "your journey is even now done," and as he spoke the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also and stood by his side.

"Nay young man," said the Rabbi, "if thus thou sportest with these gray hairs of age, thy days are numbered, woe unto him that insults the hoary head."

The stranger made an excuse and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less and the astonished Rabbi lifting up his eyes found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen, yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt and he had walked but as an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man trembling. They soon entered the gates of the City which was lighted up as if there were a festival in each house. The streets were full of revellers and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard, but when Jochonin looked upon their faces they were the faces of men pained within and he saw by the marks they bore that they were mazikin. He was terrified in his soul and by the light of the torches he looked also upon the face of his companion, and behold, he saw upon him too the mark that showed him to be a demon. The Rabbi feared excessively almost to fainting, but he thought it better to be silent and sadly he followed his guide who brought him to a splendid house in the most magnificent quarter of the City. "Enter here," said the demon to Jochonin, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber." And accordingly the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stairs to find them. The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed. The child in rich raiment slumbered on the lap

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## The Canon

In an article, "Regarding the Canon," originally published in 1936, Douglas wrote that while Realism, "dissociated as far as is possible from either qualification or pose," and Idealism, "as inseparable from Realism as one end of a stick is from the other," were claims upon consideration, "there is a third factor, to which I have on occasion referred as the Canon. Probably none of us knows what it is, but nearly all of us recognise it when we meet it. Adam the architect had it, as anyone who knew the disappearing Adelphi Terrace would admit... An apt phrase, a racing yacht, the Quebec Bridge, all in their special way may have it. They are right in the sense that the engineer speaks of having got it right, because they are as nearly as possible the embodiment of the ideal in the mind of their creators, and they do their job."

More and more evidently and disastrously and violently (because the inherent evil of violence is needed to effect the separation) our civilisation departs from this Canon, and we begin to wonder whether nearly all of us do recognise it when we meet it, at all events on any but a low plane. But the whole point that concerns us is that *some* do, and they are at once recognisable by this sign. They admit an impulsion to be "right"; they admit (or discern) that all relationships are under a like impulsion to be "right", and that this impulsion cannot ultimately be thwarted or resisted at the cost of extinction of the terms forced into false association. One protests against the (false) assumption that the purpose of education is the production of "candidates successful at the Civil Service Commissioners' house party" and waits to see whether selection succeeds in anything besides the satisfaction of Commissioners; and another sees that it does not matter whether man loses his soul by curtailment of individual liberty

by democratically elected majorities 'in the public interest,' or by Communist minorities also 'in the public interest.' What does matter is that he shall keep his soul, not lose it.

These are glimpses of the Canon, and all who glimpse the Canon have already, so far, Truth in their grasp. "Therefore whosoever hearest these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him to a wise man..."

"And doeth them..." Pursuit of the Canon, or non-pursuit of the Canon; obedience to the Canon, or disobedience to the Canon, is what distinguishes the living from the dead.

"The debasing illusion that man works, produces, creates only in order to preserve his body, in order to secure food, clothing, and shelter, may have to be endured, but should not be diffused and propagated. Primarily and in truth man works only that this spiritual, divine essence may assume outward form, and that thus he may be enabled to recognise his own spiritual, divine nature and the innermost being of God. Whatever food, clothing, and shelter he obtains thereby comes to him as an insignificant surplus. Therefore Jesus says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven,' i.e., the realization of the divine spirit in your life and through your life, and whatever else your finite life may require will be added unto you."

These are the words of Friedrich Wilhelm Froebel! The slave state and the Kingdom in conjunction! The detection of such absurdities grows commoner, and here lies the door to the reunion of those who pursue the Canon, the door to Social Credit.

### : Deadlier than the Black Plague

"... It was on a summer morning in a remote corner of Wales; the sun rose over a coast as lovely as any in the fabled South, the fields gleaming with dew. And down the lane beneath which this glory unfolded itself came the young farmer's son. You heard him miles off, for he was driving his shining car (your latest model, Sir George) with the wireless going full strength. It blared the record of a London dance-band. He did not listen to it; he did not look at his land; he was dozing over the wheel. When his father walked along this lane, and his grandfather before him, they were differently absorbed. Or let me take you to the land that taught us to speak, to Greece, stricken with poverty, torn by strife (and teeming with your cars, Sir George). On the coast of Attica the coast along which the Persian fleet sailed on the day when our world was born; on that coast I saw the mocking replica of Miami and Palm Beach, in plaster and cardboard, with coloured bulbs and neon lights eclipsing the full moon; there the starving descendants of heroes and gods wagged their bottoms to the blare of American gramophones. And shall I tell you of Istanbul, city of palaces and mosques, of marble and squalor, dominated by the giant replica of a Hollywood hotel? And the bankrupt successors of Mahmud and Suleiman clustering and thronging to gape at the cheapest throw-out of the same Hollywood? Our disease is spreading to the far corners of the world, a new plague deadlier than the Black Death. For it is the soul which it blackens and destroys..."

—G. Zuntz in 'The Dialogue of John Adrian and Sir George Brown' in *The Hibbert Journal*, January 1961.

### The "Pay-Pause"

A correspondent has written to the Daily Telegraph—  
 "Working to Rule" in the Post Office, 'Working to Rule'  
 in the 'Civil' Service, insistence upon wage agreements wher-  
 ever possible, and other uneasy manifestations of discontent,  
 are reactions to

- Fraudulent economics
- Fraudulent politics
- Fraudulent publicity
- Fraudulent government
- Fraudulent administration

in brief, a state of society rooted in fraud and deception.  
 "To get away with his own complicity in the gigantic fraud,  
 the Postmaster-General wants us to forego the services for  
 which he has contracted and to carry as well as the burden of  
 cost in loss of trade, delayed communications, overtime, etc.,  
 etc., which his fraudulent policy entails, all of which is cum-  
 ulative and much of which is indirect.  
 "I, for one, am on the side of revolt."  
 The letter was not published.

### "Futile Busy-ness"

"We are fumbling around in education because we know  
 so little about the future and do not bother to know enough  
 about the past. Education is not only one of the greatest  
 human enterprises in immediate planning, with parents,  
 teachers, 'educators,' school administrators, and college  
 presidents as its leaders. It is also a long-enduring process of  
 cultural self-evolution. This process expresses itself through  
 the minds of men who are interested in, and are capable of,  
 looking deeper into the nature, the needs, and the aspirations  
 of human beings than are most people.

"As long as the daily planning, doing, and structuring in  
 education are constantly nourished by the wellsprings of the  
 total cultural evolution, education and civilisation are in a  
 state of health; when the contact is cut they are sick and a  
 crisis occurs.

"We live now in such a crisis. The degree of futile  
 busy-ness constantly increases in proportion to the loss of a  
 feeling for cultural depth and continuity."

—Robert Ulich, *Three Thousand Years of Educational  
 Wisdom—An Anthology—*(Preface).

### Irony in 'The Times'?

#### PERSONAL

'... be sure your sin will find you out.'—Numbers (1)  
 xxxiii, 23.

Radcliffe Report, page 126, confuses CASH with (2)  
 CREDIT. Advertiser seeks help to expose this under-  
 lying cause of our Financial and Wages difficulties.  
 —Write Box Y.132, The Times, E.C.4.

—*The Times*, Nov. 20, 1961.

Nine items intervene between (1) and (2).

### CITY OF DEMONS (continued from page 1)

of the nurse by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of mine eyes," said the  
 demon; "Rebecca light of my soul, I have brought thee Rabbi  
 Jochonin the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him then  
 speedily begin his office, I shall fetch all things necessary for  
 he is in haste to depart." He smiled bitterly as he said these  
 words, looking at the Rabbi, and left the room followed by  
 the nurse.

When Jochonin and the lady were alone she turned in the  
 bed towards him and said, "Unhappy man thou art, knowest  
 thou where thou hast been brought to?" "I do," said he with  
 a heavy groan, "I know that I am in the city of the mazikin."  
 "Know then further," said she, and the tears gushed from  
 eyes brighter than the diamond, "know then further that no  
 one is ever brought here unless he has sinned before the Lord.  
 What my sin has been imports not to thee and I seek not to  
 know thine, but here thou remainest forever—lost, even as I  
 am lost." And she wept again. The Rabbi dashing his turban  
 on the ground and tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Woe is me,  
 who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus?"

"I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of a  
 doctor of the laws in the City of Bagdad, and, being brought  
 hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among  
 the mazikin. Even him who was sent for thee and that child  
 whom thou sawest is our first born and I could not bear the  
 thought that the soul of the innocent babe should perish. I  
 therefore, besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest,  
 that the law of Moses (blessed is his memory) should be done,  
 and thy fame which has spread to Bagdad and lands further  
 towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now  
 my husband, though great among the mazikin, is more just  
 than the other demons, and he loves me whom he hath ruined  
 with a love of despair, so he said that the name of Jochonin  
 the wise was familiar unto him and that he knew thou  
 would'st not be able to refuse. What thou hast done to give  
 him power over thee is known to thyself." "I swear before  
 heaven," said the Rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the  
 law and walked steadfastly after the traditions of our fathers  
 from the day of my youth upwards. I have wronged no man  
 in word or deed and I have daily worshipped by mutely  
 performing all the services thereto needful."

"Nay," said the lady, "all this thou mightest have done  
 and more, yet be in the power of the demons; but time passes,  
 for I hear the feet of my husband mounting the stair. There  
 is one chance of thine escape." "What is that, O lady of  
 beauty?" said the agonised Rabbi. "Eat not, drink not, nor  
 take fee or reward while here, and if thou can'st do thus the  
 mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage  
 and persevere." As she ceased from speaking her husband  
 entered the room followed by the nurse, who bore all things  
 requisite for the administration of the Rabbi. With his heavy  
 heart he performed his duty and the child was numbered  
 among the faithful; but when, as usual at the conclusion of  
 the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the  
 child, his mother, and the rabbi, he refused it when it came  
 to him, saying, "Spare me, my Lord, for I have made a vow  
 that I fast this day and will not eat neither will I drink." "Be  
 it as thou pleasest," said the demon, "I will not that thou  
 should'st break thy vow," and he laughed aloud. So the poor  
 Rabbi was taken into a chamber leading to a garden where he

passed the remainder of the night and day weeping and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of demons, but when the twelfth hour came and the sun was set, the prince of the mazikin came again unto him and said, "Eat now I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is passed," and he set meat before him. "Pardon again thy servant, my Lord, in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant." "I am not angry," said the demon, "be it as thou pleasest. I respect thy vow," and he laughed louder than before. So the Rabbi spent another day in his chamber in the garden weeping and praying, and when the sun had gone by the hills the prince of the mazikin again stood before him and said, "Eat now, for thou must be an-hungered, it was a sore vow of thine," and he offered him daintier meats, and Jochonin felt a strong desire to eat but he prayed unsteadily to the Lord and the temptation passed and he answered, "Excuse thy servant, yet a third time, my Lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow." "Be it so then," said the other, "arise and follow me."

The demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace to the door of a lofty chamber which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room Jochonin saw that it was of solid silver—floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door posts, and the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torchlight as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver, many piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

"Thou hast done me a serviceable act Rabbi," said the demon, "take of these what thou pleasest; aye were it the whole." "Again, my Lord," said Jochonin, "I was adjured by thee to come hither in the name of God and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward." "Follow me," said the prince of the mazikin and Jochonin did so, entering an inner chamber.

It was of gold as the other was of silver. Its gold roof supported by pillars and pilasters of gold reached up on a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four and twenty vessels of gold coins which were deposited in six rows along the room. No wonder, for they were filled by the constant labours of the demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonin was moved by avarice when he saw them shining in yellow light like the autumnal sun as they reflected the beams of the torch, but God enabled him to persevere. "These are thine," said the demon, "One of the vessels which thou beholdest would make thee richest of the sons of men and I give thee them all."

But Jochonin refused again and the prince of the mazikin opened the door of a third chamber which was called the hall of diamonds. When the Rabbi entered he screamed aloud and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him as if he had looked upon the noon day sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle which, from the end of the hall, bored its ever living light brighter than the rays of the noon tide but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi, but he was strengthened from above and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me then, I perceive, O Jochonin, son of Ben-David," said the prince of the mazikin, "I am a demon who did tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca, why should I do that which would make my ceaseless grief more grievous? You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonin, who had closed his eyes and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced was a mean and paltry apartment without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable rusty keys of all sizes disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonin, hung the keys of his own house, those which he put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed on them intently.

"What dost thou see?" said the demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly. Can he who has refused gold and diamonds be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron." "They are mine own," said the Rabbi, "them will I take if they be offered to me." "Take them, then," said the demon putting them into his hand. "Thou mayest depart, but Rabbi, open not thy house only when thou returnest to Cairo but thy heart also. That thou did'st not open it before was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou did'st one act of charity in coming with me without reward for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonin, the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he, "am I to return, for I know not the way." "Close thine eyes," said the demon. He did so and in the space of a moment he heard the voice of the prince of the mazikin ordering him to open them again and behold when he opened them he stood in the centre of his own chamber in his house in Cairo with the keys in his hand. When he recovered from his surprise and had offered thanksgiving to God he opened his house and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor. He cheered the heart of the widow and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger and his purse was at the service of all who would need to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence and the blessings showered by him upon all were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God. But people wondered and said, "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonin the miser? What hath made the change?" And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to ears of the Rabbi, he called his friends together and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told. In the hall of the new palace he built by the side of the river, on the left hand as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth for the memory of mankind that they may profit thereby. And a venerable man with a beard of snow who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month of Nisan, in the year according to the lesser computation, five hundred, ninety and seven, that thou may learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.