

THE SOCIAL CREDITER FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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**A Happy Christmas
to all our readers.**

NOTICE

Change of Address

Until the arrangements now proceeding are completed for the collection of all the business activities of the Secretariat and its agents under one roof, ALL COMMUNICATIONS INTENDED FOR Messrs. K.R.P. Publications, Ltd., and the Social Credit Secretariat should be addressed to the present Editorial Office at

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AUSTRALIAN, NEW ZEALAND AND CANADIAN SOCIAL
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From Week to Week

“As Sir Winston Churchill’s *War Memoirs* unfold, the changed atmosphere in America enables him to write much more freely about President Roosevelt and his advisors than he could have done. . . .” (A commentator.)

Sir Winston is however supposed to be writing what the late Henry Ford called “bunk”—i.e., history. A ‘close-up’ in *TIME* for November of “Harry Truman & Advisor*” whispering at a battery of microphones while Truman holds his (or the advisor’s) script to his bosom speaks more ‘freely’ still. The asterisk leads to a footnote stating that “Judge Samuel I. Rosenman was White House speechwriter for both Presidents Truman and Franklin D. Roosevelt.” Whether History is ‘bunk’ (as Ford thought) or words blown hither and thither in changing atmospheres (as, it may seem, Churchill thinks), there is something, whether it gains expression or not outside a few relatively unknown ‘asides’ of literature, which is worth telling—assuming that anyone has the ear to hear. It is the painstaking account of the consequences which ensue from the pursuit of *policies*. If History is not a record, and a correct record, preferably shorn of all extraneous matter (the name of Sir Winston Churchill, for example), of political causes and effects, it is of little use. As a tale

it is less entrancing than any one of Chaucer or Boccaccio, from which something suitable for practical application in life can usually be learned (though immeasurably less than from the narrative of St. Matthew), and as a guide to statesmen it is barren and empty.

Anyone who listened to the hullabaloo about Bermuda, not omitting the high aetherial gasps and breathtaking of President Eisenhower’s broadcast which followed his return to the United States, must have been impressed by the air of play-acting about it—and not ordinary ‘serious’ play-acting, but just something got up by the children on a wet afternoon, a so-called ‘American President’ let us say in his first childhood, and a so-called British Statesman in his second. No expense spared, and everyone had a good time, except the reporters who ‘couldn’t see’ and had to be told what was going on over the fence.

—However, it was only a rehearsal; and so, on another wet-afternoon, it will be done all over again, but this time with ‘real’ fires in the grates and real brandy in the tumblers.

. . .

The predicament of modern communities can be put in a nut-shell: Their leaders are not, and no leaders of human origin possibly could be capable of directing their complex activities. The whole scale is too large. *Why* our affairs (for they are ours) have thus grown out of hand is a question to which a clear and convincing answer might be forthcoming only if it were sought with some intention of finding it and, of course, with at least average intelligence. For brevity’s sake, it is related to the consequences arising from the fact that human organised industry is engaged in a lunatic race to catch up with spent money—just in the sense that a miller might be accused of lunacy if he spent his energies carrying his mill down-stream to prevent waste of water. Modern industrialists don’t carry their factories about to try to catch up with fleeting credit (which has already discharged its function and is on the way back to the banks for cancellation). Instead they try to expand them until they cover the earth. “We must increase our exports.”

The question is related to all that; but also it is related to those factors, whatever they are, which would arrest so absurd a ‘progress.’ In the miller’s case it would be the commonsense of the miller; in the industrialist’s case it ought to be the good-sense and selfinterest of the factory-owner; but, unfortunately, it isn’t. In the people’s case, it should be just the sufficiency of good honest social qualities which have marked most centuries before our own; but that is not so. They are caught up in the edges of the whirlpool and insensibly drawn towards the centre of the vortex.

Why don’t the world’s statesmen resign *en masse*? It would be the greatest benefit they could possibly confer upon their seeming victims. Probably the answer is nothing more terrible than just ‘force of habit.’

. . .

When President Eisenhower describes in terms which make your hair rise on end the immensity of the power placed in the hands of our ‘managers’ by ‘fissionable material’ does he know that he is talking of something which can make human industry, including employment, as currently understood, obsolete? And what for?

Since Cromwell, the tercentenary of whose elevation to the Lord Protectorship of the Commonwealth fell last week, we have heard lots and lots about £s, and less and less about lbs. The difference between these self-sounding entities is that while lbs. weigh something invariably in definably constant conditions £s don't, but play havoc with all human and terrestrial constancy.

Mr. Eisenhower says the . . . States can load into a single air unit fissionable material to deliver more energy in a single burst than all the explosives fired from all the arms in all the theatres of the whole of the last war.

"To-day the United States stockpile of atomic weapons exceeds by many times the explosive equivalent of the total of all bombs and all shells that came from every plane and every gun in every theatre of war throughout all the years of the second world war."

Now will anyone tell us just how much is that?—not in £s (which don't mean anything) but in the units of work (technically known as 'foot-pounds')?

The Whiggish Lord Salisbury, softpeddling on the theme of what is (if Eisenhower isn't a liar) already potentially available, looks forward in the House of Lords forty years, and says the cost of electricity to the consumer will fall only from 1.3d. to 0.9d. a unit; and, the Bank of England being what it is, that may be. (Doubtless Sir Winston Churchill murmurs something about 'damned dots'.)

But will someone put up a demand for the figures, the true figures concerning *present* atomic potential in terms of let us say slave-power?

Now here, surely, is something on which to blue unexpended Social Credit bank balances raised on Douglas's credit—if they must be blued?

• • •

The writer of that well of sanity, *A Scotsman's Log*, has, he says, to meet an enquirer's need, invented a philosophy. While regretting that, fearful of better things, he lapses into philosophical ribaldry, it is amusing ribaldry with a not uncreative twist of satire, so we report that Occasionalism, the newest of New Philosophies, "is more than a cult. . . . An occasionalist, roughly speaking, is a man who buys his thinking off the peg. Instead of desperately groping for first principles, he simply improvises according to the circumstances. He takes a handful of speeches, or B.B.C. programmes, shakes them up, pulverises them, boils them, and uses the residue as a basis for his thinking at any given time. That is to say, if there is any residual content. Occasionalism it will be seen, is a functional philosophy. . . . an occasionalist makes up his principles as he goes along, and has no qualms about throwing them into the discard should the occasion arise." Occasionalism, it is claimed, has something in common with utilitarianism, opportunism and expediency. It seems to be the prevailing political philosophy.

Adaptability.

I could wish that man was not so adaptable. In this there is something of a terror. Who benefits? We know something of the ages spent to change the ichthyosaurus fins to feet. A plant has a quicker power of adaptation and in the course of a decade will grow from a lowly shrub on the sea-shore into a tree capable of withstanding the climate at

three hundred feet above sea level. Though the plant will perish from neglect, from a deprivation of the morning sun, the animal will survive even this. The higher the attainment the more generous is the accommodation, the sacrifice, and in the same proportion is the pity and the danger. The mammoth, megatherium, ichthyosaurus, pterodactyl perished in the creation of superior species. Man is faced with an enemy in his own camp. He must quickly now adapt himself to the ravages of chemical warfare, jet-speed and the atom bomb. Our business is to consider whether this is possible. We may think here for a moment of man's condition through the years of his accommodation, his conditioning. For after two thousand years of the incarnate WORD, and without any pointing of accusing finger, we may wonder at the state to which man's accommodation has brought him. His blood and sweat and tears is all his governors have even acknowledged to be his reward. When did they through the civilised ages with few exceptions—even so much as whisper that he might find his yoke easy or his burden lighter, though this became increasingly possible? Not till Douglas re-lit the way. I have tried to draw a picture in the table attached to this note, of man's plight. We may imagine a bar of gold to separate the left from the right, the gulf between the two which needs bridging. G.S.

THE LAW.

The Canon,
The Word, The Gospel,
The Church.
Schools. Colleges.
The Arts.

Ministerial decrees. Nihilism.
Abstractionism.

Research Institutes.

Taxation. Infection. Mal-
nutrition. Food and water
adulteration. Pollution of Air
and Sea and Rivers. Deeper
Pits. Further Production.
"Efficiency." Too lengthy
attendance of youth in Schools.
Boarding Schools. Women at
Work. Prostitution. Mis-
egenation.

Welfare Societies.

Medicine and
Surgery.

The Work State. Dedicated
Dams.

Engineering and
Invention. Machinery.

The Vote. Conferences.

Diminishing Sovereignty. Dis-
ruption. Iron Curtain.
Exploitation of Sex and Crime.
Propaganda. Advertisement.
Sensationalism. World Bank.

Committees. Prizes.

Science. Philosophy.

Exploitation. Over-Industrial-
isation. Rationalisation. Artificial
Insemination. The Negation of
Oecology. Bombs. Entropy.

Mr. Hewlett Edwards.

Readers will share our pleasure on our ability to announce that Mr. Hewlett Edwards has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to be able again to undertake the duties of the Overseas and Organisation Department of the Secretariat.