

THE SOCIAL CREDITER

FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

Vol. 32. No. 17.

Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage: home 1½d. abroad 1d.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1954.

6d. Fortnightly.

From Week to Week

The so-called 'foreign news' one may read in the daily newspapers and weeklies with space-value for advertisers is propaganda—mostly for one branch-office of the dominant 'interest.' It is all done by experts. People who turn from it to what they think is 'something different'—the newsletters without space-value for advertisers, etc., are turning to propaganda of a mixed origin, which it might be useful to specify:—Part is propaganda for a rival branch-office of the dominant 'interest.' This is inspired by experts and (sometimes) carried out by amateurs. What's left may be anything, but whatever it is, is inspired by amateurs and carried out by amateurs. So you see the real battle (if any) is between a large army of experts and a small band of amateurs. The readers are mostly amateurs in any case, who don't even know who's won. For 'that sort of politics' we have no use.

There is another sort; though you wouldn't believe it. It is concerned with principles, and for that reason it is quite outside the range of grasp of a 'democracy' as such. Here discussion calls for a rigid intellectual discipline as a *sine qua non*, and such a discipline is a prerogative of experts.

"Economic and investment advice must be slanted to political and world trends [*sic*]. These stocks were among those recommended by a special service which has inside knowledge of the trends [*sic*] which affect the markets." The citation is from one of the 'How-much-better-off-you'd-be-if-you-listened-to-us' Services (with a political slant). Readers of this review will be familiar with the notion that the economic barometer favoured for practical use is what one might call 'hand-operated.' 'Economic laws' have this much to do with it, that the bankers make the 'economic laws' and alter them at will. Notice, then, that if the claim of the 'How-much-better-*etc.*' Service rests on any sounder foundation than guesswork, its 'inside knowledge' identifies its affiliations.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN: Mr. E. A. Marsh of 23, Holtye Crescent, Maidstone, Kent, writes to *The Church Times* of August 6 as follows:—

"Sir,

"Public indignation has been aroused that under Section 85 of the Agriculture Act of 1947, it is possible (to use Mr. Justice Stable's words, in the case of *Mrs. Woollett v. The Minister of Agriculture*) for the nominated members of an Agricultural Land Tribunal to be chosen by the Ministry errand boy.

"If we may extend his analogy to apply to Section 84 where the sole judge is the Minister himself delegating his powers to some unknown minion in his department, it is possible for judgment to be given by the Ministry charlady.

Under this section, there is no judge, and under this section 109,500 acres of agricultural land have been investigated with a view to acquisition. On this vast tract of territory men can be put off their land, turned out from their homes, deprived of their means of livelihood, and forced out of their profession at the arbitrary whim of a Minister.

"This is made the more despicable by the fact that we, as a nation, signed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, Article XVI of which states, 'No man shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property.'

"I have pointed this out to the Minister of Agriculture and the leaders of the Socialist and Conservative Parties, but no action will be taken until there is a public outburst like that engendered by the Crichel Down case and Mrs. Woollett case."

"Of this I am certain, that in a democracy, the majority of the citizens is capable of exercising the most cruel oppressions upon the minority, whenever strong divisions prevail in that kind of polity, as they often must; and that oppression of the minority will extend to far greater numbers, and will be carried on with far greater fury, than can almost ever be apprehended from dominion of a single sceptre. In such a popular persecution, individual sufferers are in a much more deplorable condition than in any other. Under a cruel prince they have the balmy compassion of mankind to assuage the smart of their wounds; they have the plaudits of the people to animate their generous constancy under their sufferings: but those who are subjected to wrong under multitudes are deprived of all external consolation. They seem deserted by mankind; overpowered by a conspiracy of their whole species."

It does look like that, doesn't it? The words are Burke's.

"What is required from the laity is not 'blind' obedience, but an enlightened obedience, and it is in proportion to this enlightenment, to this vigour, that the submission will be of value. Perhaps this is what that collect means: '*cui servire regnare est*, whose service is kingly dignity.' The man of God enjoys perfect freedom, but this freedom is not given in its entirety once and for all: it has to be won by constant fidelity. The kindly Light does not make clear the distant shore, but leads us step by step." (*The Tablet*.)

An article in the old 'Confidential Supplement' to the newspaper *Social Credit* years ago elaborated the application of this theme to our state in reviewing *The Art of War* by that great soldier-statesman Marshal Foch. To adapt the famous opening sentence of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, "all successful wars are alike: every unsuccessful war is unsuccessful in its own way." ("All happy families are alike: every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.")

THE SOCIAL CREDITER FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

This journal expresses and supports the policy of the Social Credit Secretariat, which is a non-party, non-class organisation neither connected with nor supporting any political party, Social Credit or otherwise.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: *Home and abroad, post free:**
One year 30/-; Six months 15/-; Three months 7s. 6d.
Offices—Business: 11, GARFIELD STREET, BELFAST. Telephone:
Belfast 27810. Editorial: 49, PRINCE ALFRED ROAD, LIVERPOOL,
15. Telephone: SEFion Park 435.

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

Ye Who Pass By

Said Proudhon (*Du principe de Fédération*): "Left to themselves or led by their tribunes the masses never established anything. They have their face turned backwards; no tradition is formed among them; no orderly spirit, no idea which acquires the force of law. Of politics they understand nothing except the element of intrigue; of the art of governing, nothing except prodigality and force; of justice, nothing but mere indictment; of liberty, nothing but the ability to set up idols which are smashed the next morning. The advent of democracy starts an era of retrogression which will ensure the death of the nation and the state."

This is not essentially dissimilar from many a paragraph in *The Social Crediter* over the years, by Douglas or by others, concerning the realities of our condition. It is not to be expected that even the minority among whom we are so proud to number ourselves can detach itself and suddenly gain immunity from an historical process of such impetuosity except in the way of conscious principle and to a degree. We all grow from a soil, even if that soil is rubble and chaos, without cohesion or vital constituents: *tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*. Unless we are uprooted and parentless, the age is our parent. The age is perhaps (less completely than we think) the mote in our mind's eye, which we see all too well. The beam is completely ours and invisible.

There are many who sense that the present is a testing-time, a crucial moment of our history—*i.e.*, of Social Credit history—without always understanding why it is so: without understanding that what we have been, up to now, is something on the surface: flotsam on a sea of ideas originating in the mind of Douglas. To assume this position, we broke loose from some mooring, and still retain identifiable signs which, with certainty, fix the ruin from which we were torn. This is very far from being a barque in full sail for which Douglas hoped and intended his ideas to provide a navigating medium.

We are children of a democracy: we are children of democracy in the sense Proudhon (and Douglas) flagellated democracy. That Douglas's first book was *Economic Democracy*, doesn't vitalise democracy or render it a beneficent principle or indeed fix it as anything at all. He was writing about Social Credit. Ultimately, *at infinity*, just as, *at infinity*, Power and Authority are one, distinguishable only as manifestations of the One, so democracy is one with all other modes of human society and is, and must be, the only social *right*. But we are infinitely far from infinity; that's why we call it infinity. Here and now we have to deal with

'the hereditary taint': our democratic (or pseudo-democratic) paternity.

Tomes, if not whole libraries, would not suffice for an extended treatment of this pathology. We choose an instance, almost an instant. We may do this the more surely, since it is at once a familiar and an anonymous instance: no one is held up to public scorn, no corn is trodden upon. But it is not simple. It is complex, far-reaching, deep-seated, entangled. In November of the year before last there reached us some lines, unsigned, anonymous. They were anonymous even to the sender. The route of communication was not a direct route, but a route which 'gathered honey by the way.' This may appear to have some singularity, since some part at least of the subject matter was the eternal theme of Truth and Falsehood. That the author declared himself 'stumbling and blind' did not seem to us sufficient reason to mistake the name and address of *The Social Crediter*. We are ourselves so constituted that we have to read anything that looks like verse with special care, because—well, you know what verse is, either all wrapped up, or all boiled down, and the plain man, 'unversed' as the phrase goes, doesn't know what to make of it. And so it came to pass that we recognised that we were reading an agenda. We wonder how many others recognised the lines entitled "On Michaelmas Morning" which appeared in *The Social Crediter* for November 15, 1952, as an agenda?

Item "His sword is for him who can use it; to wield it and win . . ."

On the contrary, like Excalibur, Douglas's sword has been withdrawn beneath the waters. Clear-minded students of his writings will at once appreciate that no one has a *right* to monopoly of the dividend—to exploitation of the increment of association, except by ascription, by gift, and if the 'right' is established by the sword, so much is it the more certain that it is not a 'right.' These things are fundamental.

The Fig Tree

It is hoped to include among the articles in the forthcoming September number of *The Fig Tree* contributions from Mr. L. D. Byrne, Mr. Hewlett Edwards, Mr. C. G. Fynn, Dr. Tudor Jones and Mr. T. N. Morris.

The Douglas Social Credit Quarterly which resumed publication in June is well on the way to establishing itself, and it is anticipated that, with due care, it will rise in importance as an instrument of Social Credit policy and strategy. This is greatly to be desired.

Among other matters, the phrase 'with due care' implies that proper economy is practised in printing, to avoid over-printing on the one hand and under-printing on the other. Readers may have observed that the review, though not of great size, is stitched, whereas popular digests and magazines of comparable size are frequently held together by staples thrust through their pages. The better method is also the more costly method, and its adoption adds an important element to cost of production which is not, like run-on printing, variable with quantity. The publishers, therefore, would greatly appreciate early use of the order form enclosed with this issue of *The Social Crediter* by those who have not yet ordered

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF *THE FIG TREE*.

Sophocles

The relevance of Sophocles, the Athenian tragedian who lived from 495-405 B.C., to modern questions may seem rather slight. But some extracts demonstrate that a playwright, as a semi-religious instructor, could give useful lessons on principles that no civilisation can dispense with, and explain why some questionable people frown on the classics. The *Antigone* appeared in 441, and the following rendering is fairly exact:—

Line 441.

Creon: You, you with your head bowed,
Do you admit or deny burying your brother?

Antigone: I admit it. How could I do otherwise?

Creon: Guard, you can remove yourself, free as you had hoped from a grave accusation; and as for you, tell me briefly, no length, Had you heard the proclamation forbidding it?

Antigone: I heard, unavoidably; it was clear enough.

Creon: And yet you dared to break these laws.

Antigone: Oh yes. Zeus had not proclaimed them, nor had Justice, living with the gods below, set this kind of law for men. I did not consider that your proclamations had such authority that a man like you could outrun the unwritten stable ordinances of gods; for they did not arise today or yesterday, but live for ever, and no one knows their source. Nor was I so scared of man's will, that I should run into trouble with gods. I realised that I should die, inevitably, even without your proclamation. If I go before my time, then I should say I'd gained something. For anyone with as many troubles as I, could hardly help making a profit out of death. And so there's little pain in my lot. But if I had allowed the body of my own brother to lie unburied, that would have hurt. This does not bother me. If I seem to you to be acting foolishly, I almost owe my folly to a fool.

Chorus: The father was rough and
the breed shows in
his rough daughter. She
does not know how to
yield to adversity.

Creon rages.

Line 506.

Antigone: The power to do and say as it pleases
enhances the perquisites of tyranny.

Hades, you see, requires these laws.

Final chorus. Lines 1347-53.

Judgement contributes
most to wellbeing: avoid
offending gods: big words
involve the boaster in
big trouble, teaching
his old age judgement.

[Sir Richard Jebb notes that Aristotle distinguished in his *Rhetoric* between *private law*, which each community defines for itself, and *common law* the universal unwritten law of nature, according to nature.

Sophocles wrote another interesting play in his eighty-seventh year, in 409, called *Philoctetes*. Odysseus, the Homeric hero, had now degenerated into a sort of patron of deceit, but in spite of the Greek tendency to fraud, Odysseus is no longer a hero in Sophocles. I do not know whether any biblical character suffered in this way in the mystery plays.

In the play, Odysseus instructs Neoptolemus the son of Achilles how to obtain the bow of Hercules, which the sick Philoctetes keeps at Lemnos.]

Line 77.

Odysseus: We must contrive how you are
to steal the invincible weapons. I know son
you were not reared to speak or devise
this kind of evil: but brace yourself, for
victory is pleasant, and afterwards
we'll shine as righteous. But now I want you
for a day without conscience; in the future
you'll enjoy the most blameless reputation.

Neoptolem: Odysseus, your suggestions sicken me and I
should hate to carry them out. I was not bred
to dirty cunning, nor they tell me was my father.
I am ready enough to bring the man by force,
but not by fraud. A man on one leg could
hardly resist us two. I know they sent me to
work with you, but still I hesitate to be called
traitor. I should prefer to try decently and
fail than to succeed dishonourably.

Odysseus: Your father was a fine man, son, and now at
your age my tongue was idle, my hand brisk.
Facing life I see that men count speech as
pre-eminent, not deeds.

Neoptolem: What do you want me to do except tell lies?

Odysseus: To capture Philoctetes by craft.

Neoptolem: Why use craft rather than persuasion?

Odysseus: You will not persuade him or bring him by
force.

Neoptolem: He must have unusual strength and spirit.

Odysseus: He has arrows that bring death unerringly.

Neoptolem: Then it is folly to approach him.

Odysseus: Unless, as I say, you take him by craft.

Neoptolem: But do you not think lying dishonourable?

Odysseus: Not if lying brings one safety.

Neoptolem: But how should I have the face to say it?

Odysseus: Never hesitate when acting for gain.

Neoptolem: What do I gain if he goes to Troy?

Odysseus: His bow alone can capture Troy.

[Neoptolemos understood the lesson, but observation appears among his falsehoods. The following, which describes what the bad example of rulers effects, might appeal to Americans who have wakened to the meaning of the Roosevelt regime. (Line 383).]

Neoptolem: I sailed home, robbed of my father's
weapons by Odysseus, a rotten man of
rotten stock. Yet I do not blame him
as much as his generals. A whole
city or army takes its tone from

its rulers. The disorderly take their cue from their masters.

[The Chorus is shocked at the trick played on Philoctetes. (Line 676).]

Chorus: I have heard, not seen, how Zeus, Almighty son of Chronos, bound the intruder who wanted Hera to a whirling wheel. But never had sight or report of any mortal who suffered from a more hostile fate. Yet he never forced or deceived, but a fair man among his comrades is destroyed so undeservedly. I am amazed how he could listen solitary to surge breaking round him, how he could endure a life of unrelieved misery.

[Neoptolemos, despite a fickle Chorus, feels remorse, and converses with Philoctetes. (Line 899).]

Neoptolem: I am in real trouble now.

Phil.: Is my disease so loathsome that you will not take me on board?

Neoptolem: Everything is loathsome when a man deserts his nature, acts unnaturally. I will hide nothing: you must sail to Troy, to the Greeks, to the Atreidae's army.

Phil.: I am lost, betrayed. Stranger, what treatment! Give me back my bow immediately.

Neoptolem: Impossible. I am bound in justice to obey my superiors.

[Neoptolemos weakens. Odysseus intervenes]

Odysseus: Zeus, you must know, Zeus, lord of this earth, Zeus approves this: I am his servant.

Phil.: Hatefulness, you have produced a fine invention: taking gods as your authority, you make gods fraudulent.

Odysseus: No, truthful: we must take this journey.

Phil.: No.

Odysseus: But yes, and you must be persuaded.

Phil.: Our father obviously begat slaves, not freemen.

[Neoptolemos rejects the system of Odysseus. (Line 1227).]

Odysseus: What have I done to arouse your disapproval?

Neoptolem: Entrapped a man by dishonourable deceit.

Odysseus: Who? Dear me! You have a novel suggestion

Neoptolem: Nothing novel, but Poiantes son—

Odysseus: What do you intend? I suspect something.

Neoptolem: —The man from whom I took these weapons, again—

Odysseus: My god, what is this? You don't mean restore anything?

Neoptolem: —Yes, I took them without honour or justice,

Odysseus: In heaven's name, is this a joke in bad taste?

Neoptolem: If bad taste is speaking truth.

[Philoctetes does not relish the companionship of Odysseus and the Atreidae—Agamemnon and Menelaus—at Troy, and says: (Line 1360).]

A man's mind that has become mother of corruption teaches him corruption in everything else.

[Hercules eventually intervenes, and gives parting advice on the conduct of war: (Line 1440)].

Remember when you ravage the land to reverence the gods, for Zeus the Father considers all else secondary. Reverence does not perish with mortals, but survives their living and dying.

[Neoptolemos, legend says, disregarded this advice and killed Priam as he clung to an altar. He was assassinated at Delphi.]

• • •

Oedipus the King (Tyranos) is often called the masterpiece of Sophocles. It has been performed at Stratford, Ontario, as well as at Oxford. It criticises tyranny rather than commends balanced government, and the violated laws are those condemning parricide and incest. In the opening lines, Oedipus says, "I am here in person, the world famed Oedipus." Later, he sneers at Creon, whom he suspects of aiming at the monarchy, telling him that he will need "the mob and money" for success. This at least is more penetrating than the idea that a demagogue succeeds without backing. The Chorus adds little to what Antigone said when it commends law, apprehended by looking at the sky. (Line 363):—

May I be found observing reverence whose laws set in the sky endure, Olympus their father, no mortal part within them, nature begat them or makes them sleep. God is glorified through them and does not age. Pride fathers tyrants. Pride vainly overfull. . . .

But when the fortunes of Oedipus appear to mend, the Chorus prays for blessing on those places which have benefited "my tyrants." The parable in fact deals with private virtue, although Sophocles throws a morsel to those who dislike absolute government.

H. SWABEY.