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Social Credit in Quebec

The highlight of the Union of Electors' Annual Congress, held this year in Quebec City on September 2-3-4, was the demand before the Parliament Buildings that Social Credit principles be adopted in the Province of Quebec.

The great crowd [estimated at 35,000] made up primarily of Social Crediters, came from every section of Quebec Province, from New Brunswick and Ontario. It was addressed by several members of the Quebec Legislature (both government and opposition); by ministers representing the governments of Quebec and New Brunswick; and by Louis Even, editor of *Vers Demain*; Mme. Gilberte Coté-Mercier, a director of the Institute of Political Action; and by J.-E. Grégoire, former mayor of Quebec City and long prominent in the Social Credit Movement.

Louis Even, speaking without text, delivered a dynamic message from the flag-bedecked platform erected in the main entrance to the Parliament Buildings, stressing these points:

The first parliament in the world, for us, is not the United Nations' Assembly at New York; nor is it the Federal Government at Ottawa. It is this Parliament of Quebec. Here are made the laws which should facilitate the well-being of our people.

Social Crediters unflinchingly denounce the dictatorship of Finance. The existence of this dictatorship cannot be denied. The very fact that things which are physically possible, and requested by the people and wanted also by the public bodies (municipal and others), are not done for lack of finance, shows that Finance stands as an obstacle between human wants and the existing possibility to satisfy them. Decisions are determined by those who control money and credit. This domination by finance may be 'legalised,' but can never be justified or morally legitimated.

The Province of Quebec is one of the richest provinces of the second richest country in the world. It is unjustifiable, and contrary to natural order, that in a province of God-given abundance there should be families or individuals left in deprivation of the necessities of life.

The time has come for the Legislature to take whatever action is necessary to make financially possible what is physically possible and desirable.

This can be done by the implementation of the Social Credit principles of finance.

The time has come, also, for the Legislature to take whatever action is necessary to guarantee to every citizen an income sufficient to at least procure the necessities of life.

The logic and humanitarianism of Social Credit are manifest to all. What remains to be done by the Ministers

and the Members of Parliament is to take the decision to act. Here, in Quebec. No constitution, no institution, can reasonably or legitimately be invoked to maintain the dictatorship of finance over the lives of our people.

This Parliament should immediately, at the next session, take steps to make the necessary change, and apply the Social Credit principles. Social Crediters will then be happy to remain in the background and let the Government take all the credit and glory for being the first government in the world to liberate its people from the shackles of Finance.

The Hon. Jacques Miquelon, of the Union Nationale Government, addressed the gathering. Mr. Miquelon in no way attacked Social Credit; but he did raise certain questions, which we deal with in our editorial. [See below.]

J.-E. Grégoire, well-known Quebec lawyer and former mayor of Quebec City and member of the Legislature, brought greetings to Social Crediters and thanked the Members of the Legislature for their participation.

Mr. Grégoire drew attention to *la logique et l'humanisme* of Social Credit; he recounted that he had endorsed its principles in 1938 and supported the Movement for 17 years; he pointed to the opportunity open to the Quebec Government to be the first to institute this Christian policy; and he inspired Social Crediters to press right on in their battle for freedom and abundance.

Quebec and Ottawa

The Hon. Jacques Miquelon no doubt speaking with the approval of the Duplessis Government—participated in the Union of Electors demonstration before the Quebec Parliament Buildings on September 4. In reply to the demand that Social Credit principles of finance be adopted by the Province, the Minister made no attack upon Social Credit, but he did raise, *inter alia*, these objections:

- (1) that Social Credit had not been recommended by economists before this century, and is advocated today by only a few of them; and
- (2) that, under the terms of the BNA Act, finance is primarily a matter for Ottawa, and it is there that approval must be won.

Let us examine these objections.

FIRSTLY, the Minister is quite correct in stating that Social Credit financial policy (though based upon principles as old as Christendom itself) was not recommended before

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The Great God

... To defer to ignorance is only to suffer the attrition of ignorance. One may pity ignorance, one may justly endeavour to instruct ignorance; but one must not temporise with ignorance. To enthrone it is to become oneself a subject. For more than a generation the competent have conspired to enthrone incompetency. If they had ideas to express, they must adjust themselves to a low, if not the lowest level of intelligence. The Confessions of St. Augustine are too long, the Sermon on the Mount too short, Sir Isaac Newton too difficult and mathematical, Homer foreign, Chaucer archaic and misspelled, Christianity unsimplified and ill-adapted to the expansion of the personality of neurotic Americans, Botticelli would be O.K. if only you knew what he was driving at, God's Universe would have little amiss with it (or certainly less than there is amiss with it) if only it were compressed within the shell of a small nut which John Citizen (crackers provided *gratis*) might conveniently empty to fill a moment of boredom. And so, by attrition, the integrity of the best minds has been worn away. None dares to speak, fully, copiously, emptying his mind for the enlightenment of those capable of enlightenment, lest Demos should have a headache. Is Gresham's law to govern the whole of life, and all that is good, useful, vital and indeed necessary to be driven out of circulation, or not allowed to enter it, by a debased cultural currency? If Greek or Mathematics is too "stiff" for the "new educated," and we substitute Personal Hygiene and (Modern!) Psychology, what are we doing? If writers establish a level above which no one must think, on any subject, what are we doing?

—Dr. Tudor Jones, "The Organisers," in *The National Review*, March, 1946.

Oblivion

"Modern education, press, and propaganda have almost eradicated memory. If the public memory could last ten years, few ministers would hold office twice. If the public memory could last ten weeks, how many newspapers would be read for the accuracy of their news, or the consistency of their opinions?—The Earl of Portsmouth.

SOCIAL CREDIT IN QUEBEC—(continued from page 1).
 this century—and for two very good reasons: (a) the author of Social Credit, the late C. H. Douglas, belongs to this century; and (b) the power-driven machine did not pour forth its super-abundance until the twentieth century. Scarcity was the old order. Social Credit is a policy for distributing abundance—and that abundance was not here before this century.

The automobile and electric washer were not "recommended" before this century, either. Does the Minister therefore reject them?

SECONDLY, while Ottawa may have a responsibility with respect to financial policy, it cannot be denied that:

the real credit—wealth and production—lies in the separate provinces;

if the citizens of each province and their provincial governments are to carry out the responsibilities rightfully theirs, then they must be financially equipped to do so;

it is the responsibility of the provincial governments to bring stern pressure upon Ottawa to make any necessary revisions in the financial system.

Ottawa is the creation of the provinces, not the provinces of Ottawa; and it is the duty of Ottawa to facilitate the removal of any obstacles standing between the provinces and their financial credit.

This whole "constitutional issue" comes into focus when we realise that all institutions and constitutions are man-made, to SERVE, not frustrate, our legitimate needs. Surely we are not to suffer any "constitution" which stands between our people and their God-given resources and abundance! Constitutions must safeguard rights and security—not deny them.

Constitutions are, after all, man-made, and can be revised as the need arises.

Without control of financial policy, all talk of provincial rights and sovereignty is just so much nonsense. The Quebec Government poses as the champion of provincial rights and sovereignty, but seems too inclined, when pressed to translate words into reality, to shoo us off to Ottawa. The least a Provincial Government could do would be to lead the march to Ottawa—not to beg a crust, but to DEMAND full access to our own financial credit.

It is the responsibility of Social Credit to see that this is done.

—From *Social Credit* (September, 1955), a journal of the Institute of Political Action, Montreal, Quebec.

Swords and the Law

"Hobbes has said, that laws without the sword are but bits of parchment. How far this is true, every honest man's heart will tell him, if he will content himself with asking his own heart, and not falsify the answer by his notions concerning the hearts of other men. *But were it true, still the fair answer would be—Well! but without the laws the sword is but a bit of iron.*"—S. T. Coleridge.

The Grand Inquisitor

The following passage (the first part of which was published in *The Social Crediter* for October 22) is taken from "The Brothers Karamazov," the last of Dostoesky's novels, written in 1878, which is broadly concerned with the effects of an ill-digested 'liberalism' and 'science' on traditional Russian life and culture.

Ivan, the second Karamazov brother, is an 'intellectual,' and he finds it increasingly difficult to reconcile his knowledge of the affairs of men, or philosophy and of science with a belief in God. He is expressing his doubts in a long conversation with his younger brother, Alyosha, a youth of unassuming kindness and simplicity. He tells him of a poem he nearly wrote a year ago, about how Christ, coming again on earth during the fifteenth century was taken by the Inquisition. The Grand Inquisitor tells Him what is being done in His name:

"Oh, ages are yet to come of the confusion of free thought, of their science and cannibalism. For having begun to build their tower of babel without us, they will end of course with cannibalism. But then the beast will crawl to us and lick our feet and spatter them with the tears of blood. And we shall sit upon the beast and raise the cup, and on it will be written, "Mystery." But then, and only then, the reign of peace and happiness will come for men. . . . But with us all will be happy and will no more rebel nor destroy one another as under Thy freedom. Oh, we shall persuade them that they will only become free when they renounce their freedom to us and submit to us. And shall we be right or shall we be lying? They will be convinced that we are right, for they will remember the horrors of slavery and confusion to which Thy freedom brought them. Freedom, free thought and science will lead them into such straits and will bring them face to face with such marvels and insoluble mysteries, that some of them, the fierce and rebellious, will destroy themselves, others rebellious but weak, will destroy one another, while the rest, weak and unhappy, will crawl fawning at our feet and whine to us: "Yes, you were right, you alone possess His mystery, and we come back to you, save us from ourselves!"

"Receiving bread from us, they will see clearly that we take the bread made by their hands from them, to give it to them, without any miracle. They will see that we do not change the stones to bread, but in truth they will be more thankful for taking it from our hands than for the bread itself! For they will remember only too well than in old days, without our help, even the bread they made turned into stones in their hands, while since they have come back to us, the very stones have turned to bread in their hands. Too, too well will they know the value of complete submission! And until men know that, they will be unhappy. Who is most to blame for their not knowing it?—speak! Who scattered the flock and sent it astray on unknown paths? But the flock will come together again and will submit once more, and then it will be once for all. Then we shall give them the quite humble happiness of weak creatures such as they are by nature. Oh, we shall persuade them at last not to be proud, for Thou didst lift them up and thereby taught them to be proud. We shall show them that they are weak, that they are only pitiful children, but that childlike happiness is the sweetest of all. They will become timid and will look to us and huddle close to us in fear, as chicks to the hen. They will marvel at us and will be awe-stricken before us, and will be proud at our being so powerful and clever, that we have been able to subdue such a turbulent flock of thousands of millions. They will tremble impotently before our wrath, their minds will grow fearful, they will be quick to shed tears like women and children, but they will be just as ready at a sign from us to pass to laughter

and rejoicing, to happy mirth and childish song. Yes, we shall set them to work, but in their leisure hours we shall make their life like a child's game, with children's songs and innocent dance. Oh, we shall allow them even sin, they are weak and helpless, and they will love us like children because we allow them to sin. We shall tell them that every sin will be expiated, if it is done with our permission, that we allow them to sin because we love them, and the punishment for these sins we take upon ourselves. And we shall take it upon ourselves, and they will adore us as their saviours who have taken on themselves their sins before God. And they will have no secrets from us. We shall allow or forbid them to live with their wives and mistresses, to have or not to have children—according to whether they have been obedient or disobedient—and they will submit to us gladly and cheerfully. The most painful secrets of their conscience, all, all they will bring to us, and we shall have an answer for all. And they will be glad to believe our answer, for it will save them from the great anxiety and terrible agony they endure at present in making a free decision for themselves. And all will be happy, all the millions of creatures except the hundred thousand who rule over them. For only we, who guard the mystery, shall be unhappy. There will be thousands of millions of happy babes, and a hundred thousand sufferers who have taken upon themselves the curse of the knowledge of good and evil. Peacefully they will die, peacefully they will expire in Thy name, and beyond the grave they will find nothing but death. But we shall keep the secret, and for their happiness we shall allure them with the reward of heaven and eternity. Though if there were anything in the other world, it certainly would not be for such as they. It is prophesied that Thou wilt come again in victory, Thou wilt come with Thy chosen the proud and strong, but we will say that they have only saved themselves, but we have saved all. We are told that the harlot who sits upon the beast, and holds in her hands the *mystery*, shall be put to shame, that the weak will rise up again, and will rend her royal purple and will strip naked her loathsome body. But then I will stand up and point out to Thee the thousand millions of happy children who have known no sin. And we who have taken their sins upon us for their happiness will stand up before Thee and say: "Judge us if Thou canst and darest." Know that I fear Thee not. Know that I too have been in the wilderness, I too have lived on roots and locusts, I too prized the freedom with which Thou hast blessed men, and I too was striving to stand among Thy elect, among the strong and powerful, thirsting "to make up the number." But I was awakened and would not serve madness. I turned back and joined the ranks of those *who have corrected Thy work*. I left the proud and went back to the humble, for the happiness of the humble. What

I say to Thee will come to pass, and our dominion will be built up. I repeat, to-morrow Thou shalt see that obedient flock who at a sign from me will hasten to heap up the hot cinders about the pile on which I shall burn Thee for coming to hinder us. For if anyone has even deserved our fires, it is Thou. Tomorrow I shall burn Thee. *Dixit.*"

... "But ... that's absurd!" he [Aloysha] cried, flushing. "Your poem is in praise of Jesus, not in blame of Him—as you meant it to be. And who will believe you about freedom? ... your suffering Inquisitor is a mere fantasy."

"... A fantasy you say, let it be so! Of course it's a fantasy. ... You see, only suppose that there was one such man among all those who desire nothing but filthy material gain—if there's only one like my old Inquisitor, who had himself eaten roots in the desert and made frenzied efforts to subdue his flesh to make himself free and perfect. But yet all his life he loved humanity, and suddenly his eyes were opened, and he saw that it is no great moral blessedness to attain perfection and freedom, if at the same time one gains the conviction that millions of God's creatures have been created as a mockery, that they will never be capable of using their freedom, that these poor rebels can never turn into giants to complete the tower, that it was not for such geese that the great idealist dreamt his dream of harmony. Seeing all that he turned back and joined—the clever people. Surely that could have happened?"

"Joined whom, what clever people?" cried Aloysha, completely carried away. "They have no such great cleverness and no mysteries and secrets. ... Perhaps nothing but Atheism, that's all their secret. Your Inquisitor does not believe in God, that's his secret!"

"What if it is so! At last you have guessed it. It's perfectly true, it's true that that's the whole secret, but isn't that suffering, at least for a man like that, who has wasted his whole life in the desert and yet could not shake off his incurable love of humanity? In his old age he reached the clear conviction that nothing but the advice of the great dread spirit could build up any tolerable sort of life for the feeble, unruly, 'incomplete, empirical creatures created in jest.' And so, convinced of this, he sees that he must follow the counsel of the wise spirit, the dread spirit of death and destruction, and therefore accept lying and deception, and lead men consciously to death and destruction, and yet deceive them all the way so that they may not notice where they are being led, that the poor blind creatures may at least on the way think themselves happy. And note, the deception is in the name of Him in Whose ideal the old man had so fervently believed all his life long. Is not that tragic? And if only one such stood at the head of the whole army 'filled with the lust of power only for the sake of filthy gain'—would not one such be enough to make a tragedy? More than that, one such standing at the head is enough to create the actual leading idea of the Roman Church with all its armies and Jesuits, its highest idea. I tell you frankly that I firmly believe that there has always been such a man among those who stood at the head of the movement. Who knows, there may have been some such even among the Roman

Popes. Who knows, perhaps the spirit of that accursed old man who loves mankind so obstinately in his own way, is to be found even now in a whole multitude of such old men, existing not by chance but by agreement, as a secret league formed long ago for the guarding of the mystery, to guard it from the weak and unhappy, so as to make them happy. No doubt it is so, and so it must be indeed. I fancy that even among the Masons there's something of the same mystery at the bottom, and that that's why the Catholics so detest the Masons as their rivals breaking up the unity of the idea, while it is so essential that there should be one flock and one shepherd. ... But from the way I defend my idea I might be an author impatient of your criticism. Enough of it."

"You are perhaps a Mason yourself!" broke suddenly from Aloysha. "You don't believe in God," he added, speaking this time very sorrowfully. He fancied besides that his brother was looking at him ironically. "How does your poem end?" he asked, suddenly looking down. "Or was it the end?"

"I meant to end it like this. When the Inquisitor ceased speaking he waited for some time for his Prisoner to answer him. His silence weighed down upon him. He saw that the Prisoner had listened intently all the time, looking gently in his face, and evidently not wishing to reply. The old man longed for him to say something, however bitter and terrible. But he suddenly approached the old man in silence and softly kissed him on his bloodless aged lips. That was all his answer. The old man shuddered. His lips moved. He went to the door, opened it, and said to Him: 'Go, and come no more ... come not at all, never, never!' And he let Him out into the dark alleys of the town. The Prisoner went away."

"And the old man?"

"The kiss glows in his heart, but the old man adheres to his idea."

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