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The Realm of Ideas

By JAS. GUTHRIE.

There has been a continuous trail of destruction as Christian civilisation has been broken in one country after another. When those in control of the economic power in America and the military might of Russia unite to organise Asian hordes and stone-age savages to destroy a mature civilisation the results are so gruesome that the details cannot be discussed even amongst strong men. Those who have escaped from the tragedies being enacted in Europe and Africa tell us something quite different from that which our official news commentators tell us.

The question is immediately asked why there is so little protest by educated men against the venomous attack on every thing British, everything European and everything Christian; why do we hear no authoritative voice of protest from the Church and the Universities? The Devil seems to be in control of every key position, national and international. How does he maintain his power unchallenged over such a long period?

One reason for this appears to be that arrogant and ignorant men can flout the laws of nature for long periods with apparent impunity, and appear to superficial observers very successful. Such men can do this because the reserves of nature are sufficiently great to cover up the most ruthless plunder and the most appalling crimes, and when we come to discuss long-term processes, such as those behind good health and good husbandry, the "experience of the ages" is readily brushed aside in the name of Progress by officially-sponsored, comic-strip scientists masquerading as experts.

Also, the species of living things in their physical form are almost indestructible, and any deterioration over the span of one generation is not readily noticed. But there comes a time when nature cries *finis* to those who continually treat her with contempt, and countries which were once great gardens maintaining great civilisations are now deserts. American farmers destroyed 61 per cent of the arable land of the U.S.A. in a split second in history, and not only became wealthy in the process but toured the world as progressive men, and told the "ignorant" how to farm. This tragedy would have ruined any country not so richly endowed.

One lifetime is too short to carry out conclusive experiments in most important spheres of human activity, and we have to rely on experiments lasting several generations for reliable results. These experiments are the substance of that body of experience we call our cultural heritage.

Our European and Christian heritage is the greatest endowment ever left in man's charge. Its continued existence depended on its being guarded with care, and handed on to

trustworthy people from generation to generation. This was the work of the Church, the Universities and the Schools. When modern man was cut off from his cultural heritage he became more helpless than an animal cut off from its natural environment. In primitive tribes the youth are initiated into the secrets which are designed to maintain the survival of the tribe, but our modern youth are not being so initiated; they are completely ignorant of those "facts of life" on which survival depends.

In our schools and universities, youth is being taught that civilisation started with the nineteenth century, and what happened before that was of no value, or was so unfortunate as to be at best forgotten. This means that the vital parts of the experience of the nation, accumulated over a thousand years, have been flung upon the scrap heap, and modern youth has to walk into a complex, industrialised, centralised civilisation, of which he has not the remotest understanding, and has no means of coping with; he is left to "practise the mistakes of his grandfather" with what he is pleased to call an "open mind."

On the first page of a little book entitled *How to Observe Birds* were these words—"It is impossible to observe anything without a theory, it is impossible to observe anything with an open mind; the only creature with an open mind is the cow."

This startling if amusing assertion gave me a mental jolt, and I began to investigate its implications. It is obvious that one could stare for a life-time at many things without seeing very much, unless one was initiated into the mysteries by suitable tuition. But in apparently simple things as birds, trees or ships, it was not so obvious that to observe them any theory was required. Yet on seeing a ship at the wharf, one person would see just a ship, another would notice a variety of detail which would tell him that the ship was a cargo carrier, diesel driven, of about 10,000 tons, built in 1956, and owned by the Blue Steamship Company. It will be noticed that this ship assumed an identity by being separated from other ships by five different classifications.

To make useful observations requires among other things, some frame of reference, or some map, to show us the relationship of any object to the rest of the world. Without some such starting point, events and people remain unattached and isolated, and no start can be made to become better acquainted. It is possible to look at something for fifty years without noticing anything more than one did at the start. Then some day, someone drops into our mind an idea and the whole scene changes; something that was dead springs

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Through a Glass Darkly

The despatches reaching the *Daily Telegraph* from Nairobi are disturbing enough but at least show that the correspondent, Eric Downton, has some red blood in his veins. As they are so unlike most reports from Africa appearing in this country we may accept them as truthful, in the best traditions of foreign correspondents.

On February 22nd, we read that Mr. Mennen Williams, President Kennedy's African plenipotentiary, "made it clear on his first day in a British colony that President Kennedy's policy is to support the headlong nationalist rush for African independence . . . he is to spend just under three days in Kenya." We shall see that this term "nationalist" is qualified by Mr. Downton's next despatch. Mennen Williams is then quoted:

"President Kennedy's policy of Africa for the Africans means Africans should have the form of rule they want and not be a part of the cold war . . . What we seek is self-determination."

Mr. Williams then met "Kenya African nationalist leaders," but "they did not discuss some of the more unpleasant aspects of the political scene." Witnesses at a court case being heard in Nairobi "have been told of being compelled to lick blood from oath-givers' fingers"—more self-determination, evidently—and of having to say: "I lie if I ever say that this land did not always belong to the Kikuyu."

On February 23rd, we read of how Mr. Williams further ingratiated himself with his hosts. At a reception in Nairobi he snubbed White guests . . . Mr. Williams' enthusiasm for fraternising with local African politicians appeared to out-distance his diplomacy." We read that "European ministers and their wives were roughly pushed aside by members of Mr. Williams' staff," while Mr. Williams posed for American television with his arm around African leaders' shoulders. I do not know if the mobsters on his staff carried guns, otherwise the treatment of the European ministers' wives could hardly have passed without some full-blooded protest!

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Meanwhile the Somalis are alarmed and have written to Mr. Macleod expressing "apprehensions widely held among Kenya's non-Bantu tribes." They fear they are being handed over by Britain "to irresponsible politicians." Mr. Ali Abdi, president of the United Ogaden Somali Association, wrote: "If the British Government refuses to take further responsibility for the Somalis, they should not be handed over to the type of irresponsible politician who is arising all over Kenya today."

I am sure that Mr. Ali Abdi would have the sympathy of any decent Briton. But I am equally sure that the Russian and the American attitude to him would be identical: they would call him a stooge. That is the name they give anyone who speaks an inconvenient truth, and perhaps Mr. Macleod would agree, and Mr. Macmillan too.

It would seem that, with the Americans and the Russians determined to push us and our kin around in Africa, 'roughly' if they feel like it, and with some of our own politicians joining in the fun, our position in the world is precarious.

But a review* in the *Times Literary Supplement* of January 20, reminds us of another factor: the balance of power (or deadlock of terror) that is now achieved. The reviewer suggests that Britain is still a "world Power." ("It has less absolute strength than the greatest," he writes, "but less absolute strength in a world in which the only defeat that can be inflicted by one Great Power upon another is diplomatic defeat in a war of nerves.")

Mr. Downton further mentioned that Mennen Williams had been taken to see some of the constructive work which Europeans had done and which the tribes could never have achieved alone. But, I fear, Mr. Williams carries, along with his bodyguard, a set of prejudices which are more deadly still against the white men of Africa, and that he is in the position of the Pharisees, who had eyes and could not see, and ears but could not hear.

Mr. Kennedy's statement amounts to a declaration of war against the Europeans of Africa. Taken in conjunction with the strong-arm tactics of Mennen Williams' entourage, this should serve to open our eyes to the international strategy of the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. bloc, which is simply to attack Europe through Africa, as was promised by Stalin. Our present politicians would doubtless ditch anyone who opposes their appeasement policy, but somewhat stronger and worthier men would, I am sure, re-discover the way that leads to life.

-H.S.S.

*Reviewing C. M. Woodhouse: *British Foreign Policy since the Second World War*, 255pp. Hutchinson.

Comparison

On the whole, the seventeenth century and a large part of the eighteenth are still times of strong feeling. Frequently, some general moral reservation is directly emphasised, albeit more often in the case of scabrous material.

Antiquity—essentially Roman antiquity—constitutes the general criterion of the excellent. Whoever does any writing knows and esteems it, even though he may betray it only indirectly, notably through lucidity.

The general advantage of that period over ours lies in the fact that it has claimed the attention of perceptive and appreciative people for one or two centuries, while our time faces a future in which perhaps precious little notice will be taken of anything past.

—Jacob Burckhardt in *Judgments on History and Historians* (Circa 1882).

In Africa

A correspondent in Southern Rhodesia writes:

"Since I last wrote, many things have happened in Central Africa, and are still happening. So much, in fact that I fear that any comments I make may be out of date by the time this reaches you.

"There is a very strong feeling out here that we have been betrayed in high places—'sold down the river'—that everything has been all pre-arranged and will be suddenly burst upon us like the Congo business.

"For instance, there seems a conspiracy to hide certain basic facts, which are obvious to anyone who has lived out here a year or two. Why will they not admit that the average native has a fantastic reproduction rate? Frequently we read of natives, in the news for some reason or other, with families of anything up to twenty children. In fact some time ago there was a report of some old reprobate, who already had about 50 or 60 offspring by about half a dozen wives, and who announced his ambition to make it the level hundred. Almost invariably when one sees a native woman, she is either pregnant, carrying a child on her back, followed by one or more toddlers, or suffering all three states.

"The other great amusement of the Bantu is talking. Any old hand here will warn one never to become involved in an argument with a native. They will split hairs till the cows come home, argue flatly that black is white, until the exasperated white man gives way to physical violence, and is hauled up in court for assault. This, of course, is just what the native likes, particularly if he has a chance to speak. In fact, he doesn't really worry what side he is on, or if he is only a witness, as long as he can get up and address the court. Now the average European will do anything to avoid appearing in court, whether as plaintiff or defendant; he considers it a waste of time and money. Consequently the native, if wily enough, can get away with a lot. And those who are supposed to be representing the Black population at the London talks are wily enough. Take Kenneth Kaunda for instance. A year or two ago the Northern Rhodesian police (on whom there are few flies) uncovered a treasonable organisation, the Zambian National Congress, masquerading as harmless political party, slightly in opposition to the African National Congress.

"The ringleaders, including Mr. Kaunda, were rapidly rounded up and deposited in inaccessible parts of the territory to cool off, and until such time as they promised to be good boys in future. Having made such promises, Mr. Kaunda was released and promptly founded the United National Independence Party (No connection with Zambian National Congress—of course!) as well as taking trips overseas (expenses?) to England and America; there to enlist sympathy and funds with heart-rending tales of the oppression of the poor black man by the wicked white settlers. Back in the Territory, he warns the whites that if his demands are not granted in full, the resulting troubles will make Mau Mau fade into insignificance.

"One would have thought after that, that he would have been promptly clapped inside again, but apparently if your skin is black you can say anything.

"Another interesting character is Harry Nkumbula, leading the African National Congress. He is also, for some obscure reason, an M.L.C., but one would have thought he would have resigned that appointment after a very unsavoury

case in which he was the leading figure some time ago. This concerned the death, caused by Nkumbula's car, of an African constable. Apparently Harry tried to bribe a pal of his to stand trial, and say he, the pal, was driving.

"Anyway by some legal wangle, Harry Nkumbula was allowed bail to go to London for talks as representative of his people! A few years ago he was jailed for possessing subversive literature.

"Then there is Joshur Nkomo, the Southern Rhodesian nuisance. I don't know what tribe he belongs to, but I fancy it is the Mashona. A little while ago he is reported to have said in a public speech that 'the white man has oppressed and enslaved us for seventy years' (if not his exact words, that was the meaning). Seventy years ago the Mashona were subjects of the Matabele, not knowing when the next raid might fall. Today they have prospered and their members have grown far beyond what they were then.

"Then, when the inevitable riots take place after speeches like that, people like Nkomo apologetically say they never meant it, and didn't expect their audience to take them literally. Fortunately the police are usually on their guard, and if they can catch one of them out they nail him good and hard. The treasurer of Nkomo's gang, the National Democratic Party, has recently been sent down for a goodly term for seditious utterances. Of course, he will appeal, they always do, and sometimes get away with it. But even so, and allowing for the deficiencies of the British Judicial System, we feel that both the B.S.A. police and Northern Rhodesian Police, with the existing judicial systems, could deal effectively with prospective trouble makers, and ensure peace and justice. The dead hand seems to be operated from outside. Why are people like Kaunda and Nkomo allowed to form new political parties after their old ones have been proscribed? Why is all attention concentrated on who shall have the vote, yet the Government is falling over backwards in its endeavours to get those natives legally qualified for the vote, to register?

"At the same time the utterances of some of these native talkers show evidence of Communist inspiration, if nothing else, with their talk of 'Colonialists,' 'Imperialists,' 'Western Capitalists' etc. Why on earth don't the Governments act—and tell the truth?"

THE REALM OF IDEAS

(continued from page 1)

to life; something that was a vague shape in the background takes on sharp outlines. A situation which appears chaotic and hopeless becomes orderly and pregnant with possibilities. Suddenly the mind is given a direction; action becomes possible if not inevitable, and a start is made on a long journey of exploration.

A great idea, like all great art, is more real than life itself.

False ideas which find general acceptance usually have some element of truth embedded in them. This element makes such an appeal to certain types of mind that for these it over-rides in importance everything else; this one element seems to supply an all-sufficient answer to so many problems that it satisfies the mind and so brings it to rest with apparent finality which would seem to preclude the need for any further investigation.

Between the two extremes—the mind which has no idea where it is going and the mind with the fixed idea—men have to steer their precarious way. The question *which* is right or wrong has no general answer; the question *when* one is right or wrong is sometimes a matter of life or death.

Nevertheless, before we can start out on any venture, we have to have some idea at the back of our mind, some sense of direction however vague. Scientists realise that their ideas, or working hypotheses, are approximations, merely temporary scaffolding, built for practical purposes to be abandoned as progress is made, when a new structure is erected. The large army of scientific workers would be as helpless as babes were they not given a sense of direction by a few "men of ideas."

An idea does two very important things—once a person has accepted an idea his thoughts are organised in a definite direction. This mental process cuts a track through a vast territory of conflicting facts and strange events; and along this track the mind can move at high speed without being waylaid and interrupted by the miscellany of doubts and questions which confront the ordinary man.

This organising process of the mind is an essential preliminary for quick and effective action. Also, by the very act of selection, i.e., by discarding a vast array of facts, an idea is an isolating process which places the mind in mental blinkers and can thus produce a one-track mind, a mind impervious to the evidence of facts, experience and criticism.

Whether we discuss the opening up of a new country, the creation of a new industry, or the development of a new age in civilisation, the first steps necessary are usually supplied by a few great minds who are so in tune with the Grand Scheme of Things that they can clearly recognise the direction in which events move, and so can see the pattern of the future writ large in the present. There are times when the world seems to stand still waiting the birth of a new idea.

When we move out of the hurly-burly of the city and consider quietly where we are going, and why, we move into a rarified atmosphere, into the realm of the Gods, into the realm of ideas. Here we enter a world of high potentials, a vast dangerous sphere, where the emotional stresses drive men mad; here we come into contact with the organising forces of creation; here we see the bricks out of which all things are made; here we are amazed and exhilarated when we see the creative power of a great idea. We are also terrified when we see how these same ideas can be perverted for our destruction.

Brain-washing seems to be a rather weak description of something which goes far beyond the brain into the deep unconscious. The few who have imposed their will on Russia realise the power and danger of an idea, and so they created a vast organisation to listen-in, to detect quickly and destroy any dangerous thoughts, any deviation from the 'party line'. So convinced were they that a few dangerous thoughts would destroy their vast military machine that to eliminate them they "liquidated" over twenty million people. Whether they succeeded in completely destroying all men of ideas in Russia is another story; whether they can prevent an explosive idea from spreading across that tragic country is something yet to be found out. There is a vast reservoir of human

energy and emotion patiently waiting and asking to be used—waiting for the birth of a new idea.

It has been said that an idea has no emotional power unless it comes as a revelation—revealing in an unequivocal manner an aspect of reality hitherto unknown, or only vaguely apprehended; also it must reveal something which satisfies the deep instinctive craving of the human soul. The power of an idea to obtain an adequate response depends often in the word form in which it is conveyed; this is the work of a great artist who has been given a glimpse of The Great Idea, and has the power to make it real to other people.

The late C. H. Douglas was such a man. He brought together in a scientific and masterful manner the essential facts of our political economy and placed them into a Christian setting. Here was the perfect synthesis—the individual the group and his religion, brought together into an indivisible whole; but as he himself was the first to realise, it came too late.

International Finance and International Communism, the two organisations which covered every country, were linked together for the removal of the last obstacle to the Grand Take-Over—Christian civilisation. This objective was almost accomplished in the First World War, and was continued through the Great Depression into the Second World War. To organise wars and depression on a world basis is a full-time job requiring a General Staff, the possession of key positions and a long-term policy, or purpose.

The temporary headquarters of the General Staff is at present in New York with the chief branch office in Moscow; the key positions are the International Banking Houses and the United Nations Organisation. When we look at this unholy alliance of the wealthiest men in the world using the scum of the earth to destroy a civilisation which took thousands of years to build, we might begin to wonder, as may have the disciples at the Crucifixion, if the Great God Himself is not heavily involved in an experiment that has gone wrong.

When men were given the power of choice they were launched on a long and dangerous experiment whereby they could take part in the creation of a new world, or destroy themselves and the world they lived in.

Is the Great Experiment now to end in dismal failure; will the adventurous spirit of men be held in permanent captivity by the massed forces of organised evil, or will the explosive power of a Great Idea release the primordial Spirit in men and give them the energy and direction necessary to burst through the greatest, the best organised and the most permanent structure of evil the world has yet known? Is there any idea great enough to do this?

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