

# THE SOCIAL CREDITER

## FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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### Mr. Huxley's "Ape and Essence"

(This review originally appeared in these pages in 1949)

The reception given to Mr. Huxley's latest book in the 'general press' and in the casual comments of readers is a further indication of the decreasing ability to draw conclusions from events. It has often been a temptation, in dealing with the exponents of a creed such as Marxism, who treat facts as things to be selected or rejected according to whether they fit a subjective notion, to exalt isolated facts in their own right to the status of absolute truth. It somehow seems easier to say "Look at the facts", because their meaning is so obvious to us that we sometimes mistakenly regard it as self-evident, than to try and explain the difference between distorting facts to suit an idea and subjugating them so that they can be seen in a correct relationship to man's cumulative knowledge of other events, or experience, and his latent natural power to perceive the things that matter in his surroundings. Outside these surroundings we see what we have been taught to look for, and our elevation of facts without premises is, in a sense, part of our groping attempt to deal with the situation where there are so many wrong teachers with wrong premises who lay emphasis on facts which, regarded from the perspective in which they are set forth, will inevitably lead to the wrong conclusions. We say that with facts alone, and without the teachers, although there will be many who understand nothing, there is always a better chance that some will succeed in establishing a just relationship between the mind and things; that they will reach what Sir Richard O'Sullivan described so excellently in a recent lecture to the Oxford Newman Society, as "the turning point where we see the same things as before but as part of a pattern instead of in isolation just as we might once have seen from the top of a hill many ships out in the bay, ships that might be coming or going for we can know no more about them than that they are ships, and yet when we look again as evening is approaching and they are all moving in the direction of the harbour we see the same ships but we also see a pattern imposed upon them which tells us something about each of them we have not previously seen. It is such a vision that we receive at the turning points of our own lives or in history".

But a very high proportion of men have no chance of reaching that turning point without the guidance of a spiritual authority. Without this the object lessons and important facts that we give to the world can for the most part do little more than pin-prick the convictions of the less-devoted adherents of false doctrines, only to leave them along with many others in a morass of seemingly unrelated and pointless bits of information, where life is but a tale told by an idiot and where such a

story as Aldous Huxley's, in which he tries to depict more clearly, in the form of an object lesson, what he has set forth in the form of argument in *Science, Liberty and Peace*, is merely another tale told by another idiot. It seems as if his parable will only be effective as a further reminder to those who have ears to hear and already know the lie of the land, but it is interesting to us in the light it throws on Mr. Huxley's own application of some of these earlier conclusions, which were left far too open to misinterpretation by the unwary. The fact that Mr. Huxley's 'larger public' is getting, in the most 'popular' form possible with such material, certain things which Social Crediters have known for some time is not unqualified advantage. His use of certain terms is exasperating for one feels sure they will be taken up the wrong way by some of those on the fringe of his present following. Nationalism comes in for its usual good hiding but why is there no mention of internationalism whose embodied international state would contain all the evils, which he attributes to the present omniscient state, in a greater degree? His descriptions of these evils leave no doubt that it is the commonly held theories of the all-powerful state that he condemns, the worship of an idol, and not the patriotism of men of homogeneous race and culture associating together for their common defence; and yet one feels sure that it is these who are providing the backbone of the resistance to internationalist propaganda, who will be the victims of the stick that the enemy may care to make out of any parts of Huxley in quotation. His misuse of the word truth, though he is here following in the footsteps of Pascal, is also unfortunate. By his context he means 'objective facts', in the sense in which I have just referred to them, or in other words a part of the truth, and it is this very confusing of a part of the truth with the whole truth which has caused men to be led astray by many of the doctrines which he has shown to be so devastating in their consequences. If Aldous Huxley cannot make a distinction in words how can he expect lesser mortals to distinguish the realities. He quotes Pascal as saying "We make an idol of truth; for truth without charity is not God, but his image and idol which we must neither love nor worship", and then he comments "But in the last analysis, the name of every idol is Moloch".

*Ape and Essence* is the title of an unsuccessful script by an imaginary Mr. Tallis the finding of which on the Hollywood scrap heap is described in the introduction where Mr. Huxley soon begins his inimitable soliloquising. The script which follows describes California in two hundred years' time, its

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### “Equality”

Nothing is more remarkable than the arrogation by Labour Socialists—not by the average craftsman, who is normally tolerant—of a monopoly of civic virtue, associated with the proposition that anyone who is, or was, fairly successful in the orthodox activities of the past hundred years, unless that success was achieved as a Trades Union official or a Socialist politician, is reprehensible. We think that we have made our condemnation of certain aspects of “capitalism” fairly clear, but it has never seemed reasonable to suggest that given certain canons of society, those who fail to live under them were, for that reason, more admirable than those who succeeded. Almost the only remark ever made by Dr. Buchman which attracted us was his retort to a gibe that he and his followers confined their activities to the well-to-do: “Well, God is a millionaire, isn’t he?”

There is no dubiety as to the origin of this arrogance—it is in the doctrines behind the French Revolution, and in particular the conception of “equality”, which has the curious effect of nourishing the most profound hatred of quality as well as a claim to be a judge of it. The French Revolution was a bourgeois upheaval, and its psychology was that of the Fabian Society. In consequence, while it would be infantile to lay the blame for the present chaos to the debit of any one specific class, a disproportionate number of its fallacies have been propagated by such persons as Mr. H. G. Wells.

There is, of course, a very real sense in which “of him to whom much is given, much will be required,” and it is a matter which may well give food for thought to a number of successful industrialists, *not because they have become rich, but because they know, or ought to know, why nearly everyone*

*could become rich in the economic sense.* The distinction is vital. Nearly every step in the progress of the world has come from the “privileged” classes, and the equalitarian doctrine is expressly and consciously designed to frustrate disinterested effort—the only effort which can save mankind.

—C. H. Douglas in “Week to Week Notes”  
(June 1, 1946).

### Current History

Perhaps the most alarming thing about current history in the making is the way Washington and the whole international conspiracy of which it is now another Mecca second only to Moscow, are abandoning or ignoring that patient gradualism which has been the key to Communist methods and progress for forty years. The firm precept of dialectic materialism, whether expressed as one step backward for two steps forward, or two short steps backward for one long step forward, has always made these concessions to the necessity of deception an absolute requirement and precaution in all Communist progress. When the precept is abandoned it can only mean—unless somebody is making a terrible mistake from the Communist point of view, which we can still hope—it can only mean that the Communists believe themselves so strong and the end is so near as to make the cleverness to conceal their cleverness no longer necessary.

(*American Opinion*, January, 1962).

### Ideas for the Destitute (7)

“The tree is a natural product. It remains natural even if ‘artificially’ watered, and tended, and protected by the hand of man. But if the hand of man begins to twist the growing plant into fanciful shapes for topiary ornament, the tree suffers from artifice. It will not do to argue that storms and north winds will twist trees in nature itself. We recognise these as freaks, and so does the tree, which no matter how acted on always seeks to grow straight upward. In other words, what Rousseau means by nature is the given norm that we can discover under any deformation, like the eighteenth-century gentleman’s hair under his wig.

“This discovery of the ‘nature’ of anything is always tentative, never absolute; but the desire to discover it is a guide which old civilisations generally neglect. Layer upon layer of convention acts as a cushion which society is reluctant to give up. He who proposes to strip off the upholstery and see whether the framework is still solid earns the name of anarchist, for it is always easier to combat the idea of man’s natural wants than to remake society and fulfil them.”

—Jacques Barzun: “Classic Romantic and Modern”,  
(Doubleday, 1961).

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## Mr. HUXLEY'S "APE AND ESSENCE"

*(continued from page 1)*

civilisation destroyed by atomic missiles in the third world war, and its rediscovery as a country of devil-worshipping ape like creatures by a party of New Zealand scientists. A narrator plays the part of Greek chorus constantly reminding us of the connection between what we see here and the things we have allowed to get out of hand in our own age.

In the introduction he points out the often fatal consequences which ensue when the artistic or academic turn of mind gains temporal power, for these by their very nature must be constantly simplifying and reducing matter to a form in which it can be apprehended. "But from the Parthenon and the Timaeus a specious logic leads to the tyranny which, in the Republic, is held up as the ideal form of government. In the field of politics the equivalent of a theorem is a perfectly disciplined army; of a sonnet or picture, a police state under a dictatorship. The Marxist . . . and the Fascist . . . simplify, they abstract, they eliminate all that, for their purposes, is irrelevant and ignore whatever they choose to regard as inessential; they impose a style, they compel the facts to verify a favourite hypothesis, they consign to the waste paper basket all that, to their mind, falls short of perfection".

Mr. Huxley's predilection for oriental mysticism makes him worship Gandhi as a hero, with little reference to the events in which Gandhi played a largely instrumental part. He does however make Gandhi a little object lesson of the mesalliance that sometimes takes places between oriental mysticism and science and other ideas imported from the west. "This man who believed only in people had got himself involved in the sub-human mass madness of nationalism, in the would-be-superhuman, but actually diabolic institutions of the nation state. He got himself involved in these things imagining that he could mitigate the madness and convert what was satanic in the state to something like humanity. But nationalism and the politics of power had proved too much for him. It is not at the centre, not from within the organisation, that the saint can cure our regimented schizophrenia, it is only from without, at the periphery. If he makes himself part of the machine . . . either he remains himself, in which case the machine will use him as long as it can and, when he becomes unusable, reject or destroy him, or he will be transformed into the likeness of the mechanism with and against which he works". However the inability to learn from object lessons is evidently so widespread that even Mr. Huxley has failed to learn from his own, for he later on hankers after the alliance of Eastern mysticism with the west when he makes his Arch-Vicar of Belial say "Just think if they (ourselves) had made the best! Eastern mysticism making sure that Western science should be properly used; the Eastern art of living refining Western energy; Western individualism tempering Eastern totalitarianism. Why, it would have been the kingdom of heaven. Happily the grace of Belial was stronger than the Other One's grace".

This worship of the devil, as it is here portrayed, has a rather interesting sidelight. The description of the ritual and the symbolism brings out clearly what a small twist is necessary to these things to alter their meaning completely from that given them by the Christian Church. In fact it makes one see

how, but for the fact that Huxley's devil-worshippers call the devil by his proper name, certain religions, that use the same terms as the Christian religion, have already given the best part of that twist in the opposite direction and made their religious concepts identical with those of twenty-second century apes. Because of our oblivion to the devil-worship that we see, Huxley has to make sure that we realise his devil-worshippers are devil-worshippers, so he introduces such passages as: "Raising his hands to his forehead, he makes the sign of the horns with extended forefingers. Devoutly, his subjects follow suit". He also makes reference to such songs as "When I survey the Wondrous Horns" and of the man who has refused to recognise the Evil Power the Narrator says of the exploring New Zealand botanist; "Our friend is a good congregationalist, but, alas, on the liberal side. Which means that he has never given the Prince of this world His ontological due. To put it brutally, he doesn't believe in Him."

The most hopeful progress Mr. Huxley had made in his thinking, is his recognition of an Evil directing power behind the events which are to-day troubling the world. His localisation of this power is not as precise as we might like it, but he is moving in the right direction. The following words which he puts into the mouth of the Arch-Vicar of Belial are an ironical comparison with the Protocols of Zion, another commentary on events given ex-cathedra by the Evil Power. Before the utterances of this almost Shavian devil-priest, theories of chance, inevitable Progress, inexorable economic laws, and irresponsibility melt away.

"And remember this, even without synthetic glanders, even without the atomic bomb, Belial could have achieved all His purposes: A little more slowly perhaps, but just as surely, men would have destroyed themselves by destroying the world they lived in . . . From the very beginning of the industrial revolution He foresaw that men would be made so everwhelmingly bumptious by the miracles of their own technology that they would soon lose all sense of reality. And that is precisely what happened . . . An orgy of criminal imbecility. And they called it Progress, Progress! I tell you that was too rare an invention to have been the product of any merely mechanical mind—too fiendishly ironical! There had to be Outside Help for that. There had to be the Grace of Belial . . . Progress—the theory that you can get something for nothing; the theory that you can gain in one field without paying for your gain in another; the theory that you alone understand the meaning of history; the theory that you alone know what is going to happen fifty years from now; the theory that, in the teeth of all experience, you can foresee the consequences of your present actions; the theory that Utopia lies just ahead and that, since ideal ends justify the most abominable means, it is your privilege to rob, swindle, torture, enslave and murder all those who, in your opinion (which is, by definition, infallible), obstruct the onward march to the earthly paradise. Remember that phrase of Karl Marx's: 'Force is the midwife of Progress'? He might have added—but, of course, Belial didn't want to let the cat out of the bag at that early stage of the proceedings—that Progress is the midwife of Force. Doubly the midwife, for the fact of technological progress provides people with the instruments of ever more indiscriminate destruction, while the myth of political and moral progress serves as an excuse for using those means to the very limit. I tell you, my dear sir, an

undevout modern historian is mad. The longer you study modern history, the more the evidence you find of Belial's Guiding Hand . . . The fact that such theories came, at a given moment of history, to be universally accepted is the best proof of Belial's existence, the best proof that at last He'd won the battle . . . But surely it's obvious. Here you have two notions. Each is intrinsically absurd and each leads to courses of action that are demonstrably fatal. And yet the whole of civilised humanity decides, almost suddenly, to accept these notions or guides to conflict. Why? And at Whose suggestion, Whose prompting, Whose inspiration? There can only be one answer . . . Well, what are the facts? The first is a fact of experience and observation—namely, that nobody wants to suffer, wants to be degraded, wants to be maimed or killed. The second is a fact of history—the fact that, at a certain epoch, the overwhelming majority of human beings accepted beliefs and adopted courses of action that could not possibly result in anything but universal suffering, general degradation and wholesale destruction. The only plausible explanation is that they were inspired or possessed by an alien consciousness, a consciousness that willed their undoing and willed it more strongly than they were able to will their own happiness and survival . . . They had to do what the Belial in them dictated—and the Belial in them wanted the Communist Revolution, wanted the Fascist reaction to the Revolution, wanted Mussolini and Hitler and the Politburo, wanted famine, inflation and depression; wanted armaments as a cure for unemployment . . . wanted the wholesale revival of slavery in its most brutal form. He wanted forced migration and mass pauperisation. He wanted concentration camps and gas chambers and cremation ovens. He wanted saturation bombing; He wanted the destruction overnight of a century's accumulation of wealth and all the potentialities of future prosperity, decency, freedom and culture . . . Roosevelt. Well, do you recall that phrase he kept repeating through the whole of the Second World War? 'Unconditional Surrender, Unconditional Surrender'. Plenary inspiration—that's what that was. Direct and plenary inspiration . . . And you still maintain that these people weren't possessed by Belial! It's incredible how prejudice can blind even the most intelligent, the most highly educated . . ."

Mr. Huxley seems to have replaced the solution, of a super-scientific union, which he offered us at the end of *Science, Liberty and Peace* by a sober expression of confidence, based on reality, and toward the close of his "script" Poole, the liberal, congregational, New Zealand botanist-explorer, chastened by his new experience, is talking to the girl he has found to love him. She is hypnotised by Belial but not so strongly that she can't see the light when it is shone sufficiently brightly in her face. Referring to the devil, she begins: "It's too good to be right, I should be too happy if it were. He doesn't want us to be happy." There is a pause. "Why do you say he can't hurt us?"

'Because there's something stronger than he is.'

'Something stronger?' She shakes her head. 'That was what He was always fighting against—and He won.'

'Only because people helped Him to win. But they don't have to help Him. And, remember, He can never win for good.'

'Why not?'

'Because He can never resist the temptation of carrying evil to the limit. And when evil is carried to the limit, it

always destroys itself. After which the Order of Things comes to the surface again.'

'But that's far away in the future.'

'For the whole world, yes. But not for single individuals, nor for you and me, for example. Whatever Belial may have done with the rest of the world, you and I can always work with the Order of Things, not against it.'

There is another silence."

G. D. GILLING-SMITH.

### Social Credit Secretariat

The issue of *The Social Crediter* dated 29/9/56 gives full information about the Social Credit Secretariat. Supporters wishing for a copy should apply to KRP Publications.

### Erratum

In our issue of January 6, lines 5 and 6 of the second paragraph of *Mozart and Freemasonry* should read: "In those days a good Catholic could perfectly well become a Mason. Of course, only an 'enlightened' Catholic would have done so . . ."

## BOOKS TO READ

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