

# **TWILIGHT OVER ENGLAND**

**BY**

**WILLIAM JOYCE**

alias LORD HAW-HAW

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INTRODUCTION:

## William Joyce, alias Lord Haw-Haw

By

Alex Softly

Julius Streicher, who was executed at Nuremburg in 1946, had given himself the title “Jew-Baiter Number 1.” If there was ever a figure in British politics who deserved the title it was William Joyce, alias Lord Haw-Haw. Dismissed by many historians as a comical, almost pathetic, figure in reality his life was far more complex.

Joyce was born in New York of an Irish father and an English mother on 24 April 1906, but when he was only three the family moved to Ireland, settling in County Mayo. Joyce was educated at a convent school in Galway – the College of St. Ignatius Loyola. It was here that during a fist fight with another boy that Joyce had his nose broken. He kept quiet about the injury and his nose never properly set – giving him the nasal broken drawl so familiar in his later broadcasts from Germany.

The Joyce family were in Ireland at the time of the Sinn Fein insurrections and because they were Conservative and pro-Union they were very unpopular with the rebels. Joyce’s early life was marked by violence, including an attack on his father’s business and attacks on the family home by Sinn Feiners. When the British Prime Minister Lloyd George announced the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921 and the creation of the Irish State the Joyce family left for England. Joyce was then 15 years old.

Far from being the puny figure described by the press during World War II, William Joyce was of average height and strongly built. During his youth he excelled at boxing, swimming and fencing. This was to hold him in good stead later when he was involved in many street battles.

In 1923 at the age of 17, the same year as Hitler’s attempted putsch in Munich and 9 years before Mosley formed the BUF, Joyce joined the ‘British Fascisti Ltd’ – a movement based on its Italian big brother. At a Conservative meeting at Lambeth’s Bath Hall the following year a squad of fascists under the control of William Joyce became involved in a fracas with left-wing agitators. It was here that Joyce received the famous scar that ran down the right side of his face from the lobe of his ear to the corner of his mouth. The scar was received during fighting in the meeting and Joyce had no doubt that the perpetrators were “Jewish Communists.” This incident had a marked bearing on his outlook. He was reminded of his hatred of “the enemy” every time he looked in the mirror until the day he died.

Joyce left British Fascisti Ltd in 1925 seeing no way forward through their policies. He joined the Conservative Party, but left after a short period in 1931. He called the old men of the Conservative Party weak, grasping and dishonest men, who were betraying the nation to the agents of International Finance.

When Sir Oswald Mosley launched the British Union of Fascists on 1 October 1932, Joyce was quick to join. He made a name for himself as a dedicated activist and a good speaker very quickly. A. K. Chesterton described Joyce as a “brilliant writer, speaker who addressed hundreds of meetings... always revealing the iron spirit of Fascism.” In 1934 Joyce was promoted to the BUF’s Director of Propaganda. With his savage anti-semitism and shrill voice at meetings Joyce began to alarm some members of the BUF. When asked about Jewish involvement in class war in 1934 Joyce snapped “I don’t regard the Jews as a class I regard them as a privileged misfortune.” It was during this time that the numbers protesting at major BUF meetings increased from a few dozen to a few thousand. Some of the enemies of the BUF came equipped with knuckle-dusters, metal bars and potatoes encrusted with razor blades.

William Joyce gained the reputation of a savage fighter and was always the first to dive into a fracas with knuckle-duster at the ready. The image of “Jewish Communists” who scarred his face was always in the back of his mind and he wanted revenge. Standing on his soapbox in Blackshirt battledress – a buttoned black suit with a high-necked pullover – his left hand in his pocket and his right clutching the microphone – he fed on the tension and heckling like a drug. The June 1934 Olympia conference which turned into a bloody fight and the violent rhetoric of Joyce destroyed the image of respectability that Mosley and the BUF were striving for. But this did not prevent Joyce from being appointed Deputy Leader of the BUF.

Mosley and Joyce were completely different in character. Mosley was relaxed, humorous and charming whereas Joyce was impatient, intense and bad-tempered. Joyce’s departure from the BUF in April 1937 came as a result of Joyce being dismissed from the salaried staff of the BUF. Bad election results, falling support and lack of money led to a BUF staff reduction of 143 to approximately 30. This and Joyce’s personal differences with Mosley led Joyce to form the British National Socialist League. Despite Joyce having been Deputy Leader of the BUF between 1933 and 1937 and a brave fighter and powerful orator, Mosley snubbed him in his autobiography and denounced him as a traitor because of his wartime activities.

When Joyce left the BUF in April 1937 he took approximately 60 members with him; the numbers dwindled quickly to about 20. Although the membership was very small they were loyal and worked extremely hard, and the League survived. It held many street-corner meetings, which resulted in many fights – fights which Joyce never shrunk from. Joyce made no effort to hide his admiration for Adolf Hitler and praised him whenever possible. Joyce had made up his mind long before World War II that it was the result of provocation by Jewry and International Finance.

On 26 August 1939, approximately a week before the outbreak of war, Joyce and his family fled to Berlin after a tip-off that, under the soon to be introduced emergency powers, he would be interned for the duration of the war. It was an act that would lead eventually to his death and denouncement by many, including Mosley, as a traitor. Rightly or wrongly Joyce was adamant that Britain was being led

into another pointless war and Neville Chamberlain's, and subsequently Winston Churchill's, governments were betraying their people.

Friends in Germany put Joyce in contact with Dr. Erich Hetzler – Private Secretary to Germany's Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop. Two weeks after the outbreak of war he was appointed Editor and speaker for the German transmitters for Europe at Berlin's Charlottenburg. Joyce was still only 33 years old. His wartime broadcasts to England became infamous – he was nicknamed 'Lord Haw-Haw' by a *Daily Express* journalist because of his aristocratic nasal drawl. Unknown to the public at this time, his image was very different from the scar-faced fascist thug he was usually portrayed as.

Although it was illegal to listen to his broadcasts in Britain they became very popular with British listeners. They always began with the words "Germany calling Germany calling," which because of Joyce's broken nose sounded like: "Jarmany calling, Jarmany calling." During his heyday Joyce had almost as many listeners as the BBC – and he caused alarm with his tales of a Fifth Column in Britain and his talks on how to treat bombing wounds. He caused panic with his apparently accurate descriptions of Town Hall clocks that had stopped and how many steps there were in a particular church steeple.

After the Battle of Britain and the invasion of Russia, Joyce's broadcasts lost more and more listeners in Britain – but he still remained the number one broadcaster in Berlin and his anti-semitism never faded in its virulence – continuing to blame the war on "Jewish International Finance." For his efforts Joyce continued to live a comfortable life in Berlin and in September 1944 was awarded the Cross of War Merit 1st Class with a certificate signed by Adolf Hitler. As the war worsened he began to drink heavily and his marriage became a joke with both his wife and he having numerous affairs.

During the final stages of the war, with the Red Army approaching Berlin, Joyce moved to Hamburg. He made a final broadcast on 30 April 1945 – warning that the war would leave Britain poor and barren now that she had lost all her wealth and power in 6 years of war, leaving the Russians in control of most of Europe. He signed off with a final defiant "Heil Hitler."

Joyce was captured while going through a wood near Flensburg after the war; he received a bullet wound to the leg in the process. Joyce's fate at the gallows was then merely a formality and the British press whipped up all the hysteria they could – reminding people that he was a snarling traitor. The British Government passed the Treason Act 1945 the day before Joyce was flown back to Britain.

Although Joyce was born in the USA, brought up in Ireland and took German nationality on 26 September 1939, he was charged with treason from 3 September 1939 to 2 July 1940, the date his British passport ran out, and sentenced to death. Joyce was confined in a death cell at London's Wandsworth Prison. In the cell next door was John Amery, the son of a British lord and the man who had tried to form British expatriates and sympathetic British POW's into a Freicorp to fight on the German side. Joyce was executed five days after Amery on 3 January 1946. He was adamant and defiant to the end. He showed no emotion when confronted by news and scenes from the concentration camps, blaming the deaths on starvation and

disease caused by Allied bombing of communication lines. He also scratched a swastika on the wall of his cell whilst awaiting sentence. His last public message reported by the BBC was “In death as in life, I defy the Jews who caused this last war, and I defy the powers of darkness they represent. I warn the British people against the crushing imperialism of the Soviet Union. May Britain be great once again and in the hour of the greatest danger in the West may the standard be raised from the dust, crowned with the words — you have conquered nevertheless. I am proud to die for my ideals and I am sorry for the sons of Britain who have died without knowing why.” He was not yet 40 years old when executed. He was buried in an unmarked grave in the grounds of the prison.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The preface is usually that part of a book which can most safely be omitted. It usually represents that efflorescent manifestation of egotism which an author, after working hard, cannot spare either himself or his readers. More often than not the readers spare themselves. When, however, the writer is a daily perpetrator of High Treason, his introductory remarks may command from the English public that kind of awful veneration with which £ 5000 confessions are perused in the Sunday newspapers, quite frequently after the narrator has taken his last leap in the dark. At any rate, I have reason to believe that many fictitious stories are being circulated about me in England already: and it seems less than fair to neglect to provide them with that basis of fact which every skilful liar welcomes. I have no wish to write a brief autobiography: it merely seems necessary to give a few details which, in conjunction with the argument of the book, will explain why I came to Germany at the end of August 1939 to play what humble part I could in working for her victory in the war which I knew to be inevitable.

I was born in New York in 1906. My father's people had lived in Ireland since the Norman Conquest. From my mother I inherited English, Irish, and Scottish blood. Thus, I suppose, the nondescript adjective British could well be applied to my race, though, in fact, I think it is more purely Norman than that of most people who trace their descent with finer feelings. I went to school in Ireland, where the Jesuits, with whom I had differences, gave me the benefit of their splendid-educational system. However recalcitrant I may have proved in some matters, I have good reason to be grateful to them for what they did for me. Nor do I know any better motto in the world than *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*. Later, at the University of London I studied English Language and Literature, History, and Psychology. Much of my study had to be part-time, because my parents had lost what money they had in Ireland, by [8] reason of a devotion to the British Crown—a devotion which seems to have been misplaced and was certainly ill-requited. From time to time, well-meaning people have sympathized with me concerning my educational deficiencies: but having compared their standards with my own, I feel that their sympathy might have been reserved for more needy cases.

I was brought up by my parents in a creed of fanatical patriotism which the English people found very hard to understand. From my earliest days, I was taught to love England and her Empire. Patriotism was the highest virtue that I knew. In 1923, I joined the British Fascists, the first Fascist body to be formed in England. In those days, Communism was a lively force in England: and I saw a certain amount of street and hall fighting, of which I shall carry the marks so long as I live. For reasons which need not be given here, the British Fascists, as an organization, came to grief. Some

attempts which I most foolishly made to introduce the doctrine of true Nationalism into the Conservative party met with the ignominious failure that they deserved.

I earned my living as a tutor and was fortunate enough to have a good employer.

In 1933, however, I joined Sir Oswald Mosley's new movement, the British Union of Fascists. In that movement I became one of the chief speakers and writers: and for three years, I was Sir Oswald's Director of Propaganda. We had some fine times in that movement—days which I shall never forget. What influence I had I used to promote a thoroughly anti-Jewish policy: and, in this respect I succeeded. Moreover, I did everything possible to stress the philosophical community of German and British National-Socialism. To anybody who could see, in the years 1934 and 1935, it was only a specially successful effort to spread National-Socialism widely in England that could avert the tragedy which has come to pass.

Here I should explain that in the course of years and experience the basis of my patriotism had changed. It was no longer the collection of sentimental abstractions that had satisfied me in my youth. Having seen how the poor lived and how they suffered, I had realized the impossibility of a patriotism which excluded them. On the one hand, the Tory politicians [9] were ruining the Empire for the sake of international finance: on the other hand, the mere fact that the Conservatives claimed a monopoly of patriotism made millions of the working people detest it. It became clear to me that it was vain presumption to talk about patriotism until the masses of the people were given some real reason to love their country: and the only real reason conceivable was that a new and scientific economic system should abolish unemployment, poverty, and social injustice. The more I investigated the facts, the more convinced I became that the old stereotyped patriotism was a hollow sham, designed to conceal the operations of financiers and preserve the privileges of an effete plutocratic caste. From the outset of my political career, I was always told how unwise it was to mention the Jews. One could condemn the King in public without any fear as to the consequences: but to mention the Jews was sacrilege. For some years I worked to break this evil superstition, and I believe that I succeeded.

In 1937, it unfortunately happened that I had differences with Sir Oswald Mosley on matters pertaining to organization: and I left his movement to found my own, the National Socialist League. In this task I was helped by John Beckett, the former Socialist M. P. for Gateshead and Peckham. Our little League had a hard and stormy time. In September 1938, I was left in sole charge of it, as John Beckett, though agreeing with me in principle, thought my methods too extreme. I always held a certain view about the League. There were various movements and societies larger than ours which were, in general, favourable to National-Socialism: but, in my opinion, it was desirable that there should be one which would maintain the purity of the doctrine in the extremest and most uncompromising form. Moreover, I have always believed, in the face of experienced advice to the contrary, that he who speaks the truth with passion and conviction is a better propagandist than he who burns the midnight oil considering in what way a programme can best be put before the people. There may, of course, be very different opinions on this subject, but as I once said to a colleague who told me that I was damaging my chances in politics: "I am not in politics because I want to get on, but because I feel and believe things that I [10] consider it a duty to utter. Success be damned" I still think that this attitude is appreciated better than any other by ordinary people.



In the National-Socialist League I came into contact with even more appalling poverty than I had seen in my work for the British Union of Fascists and National-Socialists. I could give only part of my time to the work. The rest of my time I was earning my living as a tutor with an old friend. As, however, we told all the agencies that we would not take Jewish pupils in any circumstances, largely successful attempts were made to ruin our business.

What seemed most touching to me was the large number of men and women in England who loved or admired National-Socialism but were rendered inarticulate by the lack of cash. Needless to say, cheap stories were circulated to the effect that we were receiving money from Germany. By this time, Scotland Yard's investigations into the finances of the League should have convinced the Government that nothing could be further from the truth.

Despite my severance from Mosley's movement, I still had many friends in it. I had friends in every movement working for the right cause. Just when it seemed that there were greater prospects of cooperation between those of like mind, the war clouds loomed on the horizon.

Twice in the year preceding the 3rd of September, I was arrested. In all there were two charges of assault and one of an offence under the Public Order Act. I was acquitted on all three and shall always remember the loyalty of my friends who worked for my acquittal. This was not my first brush with the law. In 1934, I had been tried, together with Mosley and two others, on a charge of Riotous Assembly. We were all acquitted. So far as I am concerned, I can only express the opinion that the King's Judges and the Stipendiary Magistrates are as honourable as the Justices of the Peace are hopelessly incompetent and corrupt. This, however, is just a personal impression: and much depends on how the case is handled by the defendant. I had studied certain aspects of the law to some purpose. The Police Force of London was very anti-Jewish but special measures were taken by Sir Samuel [11] Hoare to enforce upon them the dire necessity of pampering the Israelites. Of the hundreds of meetings that I addressed, the Commissioner of Police had notes on every one. I was warned again and again by friendly police officers of some rank to slacken the pace: and I refused. All the circumstances of the last charges brought against me point to the probability that I was arrested at the urgent instance of the Home Office.

We in the League lived National-Socialism. As a small band, we were united in the struggle: and we were all poor enough to know the horrors of freedom in democracy. One of our members was driven mad by eighteen months of unemployment and starvation. We did what we could to help him: but I am afraid it was little enough. I lived for months with real friends who loved England and could not get enough to eat from her. Unemployed members who had only two shillings a day came twelve miles by train to attend street corner meetings, or to undertake office duties, spent the surviving pennies on food, and walked home into the small hours of the morning in winter weather. These unknown men were great patriots. They all had the hope that out of their sacrifices a greater England would be born. So it was with Mosley's men and women too. The misery of these people was indescribable when it seemed to them that all their efforts would be cancelled by war between their country and Germany. They had family ties. Having been brought up as patriots they were benumbed at the thought that there was to be a conflict between their country and all the beliefs that they held dear.

For my part, the decision was easy to make. To me it was clear on the morning of August 25th that the greatest struggle in history was now doomed to take place. It might have been a very worthy course to stay in England and incessantly work for peace: but I had one traditionally acquired or inherited prejudice, which many will think foolish and which may be logically difficult to defend. England was going to war. I felt that if, for perfect reasons of conscience, I could not fight for her, I must give her up for ever. Such an argument I do not commend to anybody else: but man is guided by more than reason alone: and in this great conflict, I wanted to play a clear and definite part. In small matters, it is easy [12] enough to be guided by conventional loyalty. In great matters, a man has the right to hold himself responsible to Higher Justice alone.

Apart from my absolute belief in National-Socialism and my conviction of Hitler's superhuman heroism, I had always been attracted to Germany. Perhaps the attraction was due to the German blood which flowed in the veins of some of my ancestors: it was no doubt helped by my veneration for the genius of men like Wagner and Goethe. Perchance my studies in Germanic Philology did much to make me aware of racial bonds that time and money have obscured. Whatever the reason may be, I grew up with that mystical attraction which has ended by my making Germany my permanent home.

My hopes of being able to play some part of a definite kind, however small, in this struggle have been realized, thanks to the wonderful kindness and trust with which I, as a stranger, was greeted.

It would be impossible for me to close this preface without adding that my wife has been of inestimable help to me. It was through National-Socialism that we met: and it was therefore only fitting that our decision to leave London for Germany on August 25th, 1939, was a joint decision. It was no small sacrifice for her to pack a few things into some suitcases and leave without even being able to say farewell to her parents: but the sacred purpose of this struggle to free the world offers more than ample compensation for any human sacrifice.

Finally, I should like to add that this book is in no sense an official publication. In no way are the authorities of the Reich to be held responsible for any opinion which I may express. That I have been permitted to write freely what I would is due to that respect for freedom of honest expression which I have found everywhere in Germany since my arrival. Certainly propaganda against the state and people is not permitted: but, with this natural reservation, I can say that the authorities here display a breadth of mind which, to anybody who has read the English press, must seem astonishing.

The ideological reasons which have caused me to place my entire services at the disposal of the Third Reich are stated in the following chapters.

## Chapter I: HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

HOW much can be learnt from history has long been a matter of speculation. Much depends on the capacity of the pupil. There is probably no branch of learning, except economics, in which conjecture plays so large a part. Almost any set of facts can be selected, in a partial fashion, to prove any theory, however, absurd. In this chapter, no attempt will be made at philosophical generalization. Our only purpose is to show how England's historical development contributed to the fateful and fatal action which her Government took on September 3rd, 1939.

There is a certain dramatic irony in Mr. Chamberlain's choice of the date. For September 3rd was the date of Oliver Cromwell's birth and also of his death. And how much the England of today owes to Cromwell is appreciated by very few. That crude, tough, ugly, self-righteous figure still has its admirers. Even scholars so discerning and so essentially honest as Thomas Carlyle have paid tribute to it. And most of the English Liberals, who eschew dictatorship, have worshipped at the shrine of this military autocrat because he was the first Englishman to achieve a complete metaphysical unity between Bible, cash, and sword. The reader must not think that we are intent on arguing the virtues of Charles I, the good father and the faithful husband. On the contrary, if this prosaically pious person had known how to keep his word, if he had not regarded himself as the Almighty's Ambassador to England, it is quite possible that the name of Oliver Cromwell would have remained shrouded in the mediocrity from which it emerged. Fate decreed otherwise.

In 1642 there broke out the English Civil War, destined to involve the whole of the British Isles in strife. On the one side was Charles representing unlimited monarchy, the Church of England, and, in some small measure, a feudal [14] concept of society; on the other side was a very odd combination indeed. It was essentially a party welded together out of the merchant and Puritan factions which already in the days of Queen Elizabeth had shown signs of truculence.

The Tudor despotism had been established in 1485 because trade would have been impossible without firm government and also because the whole country was sick of perennial brawling amongst the remnants of the old aristocracy. No sooner, however, had this autocracy, this dictatorship, brought prosperity to the English people than a movement started to depose it. Nothing in the world could be more natural than that the merchant princes, fattened with the spoils of the New World, should object to paying taxes—and heavy taxes at that—to the throne from which their success had been derived. So early in English history did there appear the sinister tendency to regard money and power as synonymous. Now this new plutocracy was enthusiastically supported by the Puritans. These earnest, if fanatical, extremists had undoubted grievances. They were certainly forbidden to practise their religion. They were, in many cases, persecuted with the intolerance of the age, just as

were the Roman Catholics. These Puritans, however, had drunk all too deeply of Jewish philosophy. They were not content to read the Old Testament. They must needs identify themselves with the figures in it. They called themselves by such names as “Hew-Agag-In-Pieces-Before-The-Lord”. Ben Jonson was hardly exaggerating when he called his Puritans *Tribulation Wholesome* and *Zeal-in-the-Land*. Certainly the materialism of the Jews, as exposed in the Old Testament, had bitten deeply into their souls: for with all their psalms and all their hymns, they soon began to make money hand over fist. By some rather obscure process, they gradually insinuated themselves into the merchant classes, perhaps because their religion allowed them no vice except that of loving money. If their entry into the plutocracy is not easy to explain, there is no difficulty in explaining why so many merchants became Puritans. The reason was that it sounded much more dignified to protest against the Crown in defence of religious liberty than in attempted evasion of taxes. Thus, under the pretext [15] of fighting for pure Protestantism, many wealthy personages waged a great battle for political supremacy.

The Cavaliers had some idea of the truth: but they were very far from trusting their Royal Leader. The fate of Strafford had shown just how much personal loyalty was to be expected from Charles. The King’s cause was supported by at least half the population of England: but a trustworthy leadership was lacking, and Parliament had the money of the City of London. The Royalists had no more than what they could raise on their estates and their family plate. It was truly a war between Mammon and the Legions of the Lost. Mammon won. Cromwell emerged as the military dictator of the revolution. Not only did he execute the King, but he gave the Parliamentary babblers short shrift as well. If the war had been fought in defence of Parliamentary liberty, the leader of the Parliamentary forces showed no hesitation in having literally kicked out of Parliament any members who disagreed with him. One freak assembly after another was set up by this remarkable man in a pathetically ineffectual attempt to prove that he believed in popular representation: but his real intentions were never revealed until he placed the whole country under the administration of ten Major-Generals, who were mainly concerned with preventing people from eating mince pies at Christmas or playing games on Sunday.

One memorable positive act must be written down to Oliver’s account. He readmitted the Jews to England, whence they had been banished many centuries before by that eminently wise monarch, Edward I. It is more than probable that the Jewish moneylenders had helped the City of London to gain its victory over the Crown: and it is interesting to note that after the migration of the Jewish gentry into England, Amsterdam began to lose its importance as a centre of finance. And within 20 years, England went to war with Holland three times. These are facts: and the reader must be left to draw from them whatever conclusion he pleases. Holland was, of course, dependent on foreign trade and not on internal sources of wealth: and her decline as a first rate money market dates from the accession to power of Oliver Cromwell. It is not suggested that these Jewish pedlars of usury brought [16] prosperity to England: but their arrival was the signal for the adoption of that philosophy of commerce which has endured in England even to the present time. The financial organization of the City began to develop upon certain lines which led to the establishment, in 1694, of the Bank of England as a private money-lending agency to the Government.

Cromwell died in 1658. He had singularly failed to create any constructive system of government. He bequeathed his powers to his humbly incompetent son, Richard, who took the advice of the Army Leaders and retired rapidly into private life. Within a year, England was in the grip of anarchy. Generals were marching and countermarching, there was no security of property, and once again the wail of the merchants arose: "Give us a Government that will restore law and order and enable us to make money." In fact, the very class, even many of the same people, who had born arms against their Sovereign Liege, King Charles I, people who had declared monarchy to be an evil thing and an invention of the devil, now began to clamour for a new King.

Sure enough, a King came. The debonair Charles Stuart, who had learnt every secret of sponging and trickery at the French Court, gladly accepted the Throne, firmly resolved never again to set out on his travels. This curious character, by that consummate diplomacy of which he was a master, secured for himself a stronger personal position than any monarch had held in England since the Tudors: indeed, for the last four years of his life, he ruled without a Parliament. Nevertheless, the principle of absolute monarchy had been dealt a fatal blow: and Charles's power did not survive him. Everything in the character of his successor, James II, was admirably calculated to destroy it.

Meanwhile, however, a revolutionary change had occurred in English politics. The Party System had come into being. In 1679, the words "Whig" and "Tory" became known in every English household. A great struggle was taking place: and the issue was, nominally at least, whether the Catholic Duke of York should succeed to the Throne. The Tories, or Court party, represented the remnants of the Cavaliers. They stood by monarchy, the Divine Right of Kings, the [17] Church of England, and, to a large extent, the agricultural interest. They were, in the main, either aristocrats or men who believed in a landed aristocracy as the basis of social organization. The Whigs maintained the supremacy of Parliament, the necessity of Protestantism—the more extreme the better and the interests of City finance as opposed to those of agricultural industry. They were the successors of the Roundheads, but they had drawn into their ranks a number of people who had no positive convictions but were disgusted with the conduct and character of the Stuarts. From these indeterminate elements there later sprang such men as Chatham and Burke, to whom no unworthy motives can rightly be attributed. On the other hand, the general tenor of Whig policy was gross materialism, just as that of Toryism was mystical incompetence and a purely negative attitude to the progress which the dynamics of civilization demanded. Thus for centuries, England was doomed to be divided, the financial descendants of the Roundheads always making use of the heroic but impractical descendants of the Cavaliers.

It is a very great mistake to believe that the Conservative Party of today represents the old Tory philosophy. The fact is that after 1745, Whiggery swallowed all that was left of real Toryism: and henceforth, apart from a few forlorn exceptions—always fighting a hopeless rearguard action, the people of England settled down to enjoy or suffer different forms of Whig politics. Thus did the materialism of finance lay hold on England. It would be tedious to enumerate the various attempts which were made at a resurrection of the Tory Party. Let us agree that it died on the day when the bleak moor of Culloden was strewn with the bodies of

those who had thought it possible to restore the Stuart dynasty.

In the meanwhile, the constitution of England had undergone a far-reaching revolution. When, in 1689, William by the Grace of God Prince of Orange landed in England and his father-in-law took to craven flight, a new volume of English history was opened. William was the man whom the Whigs needed: and many of the Tories accepted him because anything was better than James II. William was a heroic, if sombre, figure. A great fighter, he had the habit of losing [18] battles and winning wars. But his interests were far removed from England. The single object of his life was to save Holland from the scorching splendour of *Le Roi Soleil*. Solely in order to acquire greater resources for his struggle against the French aggressors did he undertake the responsibility of pretending to govern England. And a man who would pretend to govern was exactly what the City of London wanted. The facade of ancient tradition had to be erected before the crooked structure of international finance that the architects of usury were building for themselves. William never to his dying day saw into the reality of English politics. The Whigs who had brought him to England treated him as a sort of guest on sufferance; and he was at a loss to understand the interminable intrigues of John Churchill, better known as the Duke of Marlborough, one of Winston Churchill's more presentable ancestors. In his reign, two important developments occurred. First, Parliament, consisting of the remnants of the old aristocracy and, in much greater numbers, the pioneers of the new plutocracy, became supreme. There was nothing democratic in its nature. The vast majority of the people had no votes: but the stage was set for the final struggle between town and country, cash and breeding, corruption and authority.

The second event of importance in William's reign was the founding of the Bank of England. This institution had as its function the provision of money for the Government at a substantial rate of interest. It was prepared to lend from generation unto generation and collect its interest accordingly. The cumulative process has produced mathematically amazing results: for the Bank of England was the main factor in the establishment of the National Debt. In 1705, Dean Swift threw up his hands in horror and exclaimed: "What! A National Debt of five million pounds. Why, the High Allies will be the ruin of us!" The Dean's propensities for bad language would have had full scope, if he could have visualized the National Debt of thousands of millions of pounds which stares England in the face today. If only statesmen had been compelled to study the laws of Compound Interest, the fate of the whole human race might have been very different. Even [19] a knowledge of simple interest would have helped in this case. But the gentlemen of the eighteenth century eschewed mathematics which had no application to the card tables. Certain persons who were not gentlemen profited by their simplicity. Of course, Robert Walpole, the founder of Cabinet Government and first Prime Minister of England knew very well what he was doing. His motto "Let sleeping dogs lie" testifies to the fact that he was concerned with more immediate things and was making no attempt to legislate for those who came after him.

George I, Elector of Hanover, King of England, spoke no English. After trying to conduct business with his Ministers in Latin, he gave up in despair and settled down to what amenities he could find in a land where he never felt at home. He harmed nobody and served the purpose of tradition and the Protestant Succession. Henceforth the King was destined to be a figure-head. Now he could do no wrong, because he could do nothing. George III did try to become the autocrat of the

American Colonies. England lost all North America but Canada: and thereafter the monarchs refrained from any considerable intervention in politics. Perhaps, by way of exception, we ought to note the headstrong opposition of George III to Pitt's design of giving the Irish Roman Catholics that religious liberty which, if it had been granted in time, might have changed the course of Ireland's history.

Now with the recession of the monarchy into the realms of the obscure, where it pathetically lingers today, party politics began to play a predominant role in English life. Whilst the Whigs ruled England throughout almost the whole of the eighteenth century, they had to contend with opposition: and this opposition was often based on the grounds of ambition rather than policy. I doubt if anybody can really say what Bolingbroke wanted: but he certainly hated the Whigs. Long after the old Tories had been buried, a new Tory party sprang up in 1770 under Lord North, this time in support of the House of Hanover. It did not get very far: but it served to provide the prerequisite of Party Politics, namely that there should be more than one party. The more parties, the more opportunities for individuals. Politics came to be regarded as [20] a lucrative profession, thanks to the system of patronage, whereby gentlemen who knew somebody in authority could secure command of a Regiment in the West Indies for colleagues upon whose wives they had definite if not honourable designs.

As the eighteenth century gradually unfolded itself, two serious conditions began to develop. The first was the decline not merely of the aristocracy but, little by little, of all values that could not be correlated with pounds, shillings, and pence. Strange it is that a century so prolific in poetry, conversation, belles-lettres, and every form of culture should serve but to herald the drab, remorseless, materialistic industrialism that was already looming impatiently in the offing. Yet, in the long tale of history, it has ever been so. The brilliant Augustan period of Roman literature, in which men of creative intellect scaled heights of achievement hitherto unprecedented in the history of Western Europe, was but the blazing afternoon before the twilight of Constantine and the utter darkness of the centuries that followed him.

The second sinister development was the beginning of that agricultural decline which was destined to continue for nearly two centuries and ultimately leave England in the position of declaring a food blockade on Germany without having any resources of her own.

Charles II, between his bouts of extracting money from Louis XIV and lavishing his undoubted charm on ladies who were only too willing to be overwhelmed by it, devoted a certain amount of earnest attention to physics. None of his entourage could discover why. Neither can the present writer.

Nevertheless, the impetus which he gave to the study of mathematics and natural philosophy had its results. Men like Newton began to formulate laws of science which were to transform the face of the earth. The full fruits of the Renaissance were now ripe for gathering: and the mechanical age was ready to begin. Sadly enough, however, the new interest in machinery, the new desire to produce goods mechanically, the general gravitation to the towns and away from the country began to produce disastrous effects upon agriculture. Nobody has expressed this change more poignantly than Goldsmith in the *Deserted Village*. He writes: [21]

*"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.  
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more,  
His best companions, innocence and health,  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.  
But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain."*

Perhaps Goldsmith is a little inclined to over-emphasize the virtues of poverty: but he wrote with feeling about facts which he knew. In a short work of this kind, it would be impossible to trace all the ramifications and results of the Industrial Revolution: and, in any case this is a subject which will receive some attention in the next chapter. As a work of reference, I can only recommend G. M. Trevelyan's able treatise on British History in the Nineteenth Century.

This work, though partial and written from a hopelessly Liberal point of view, gives a very fair picture of the social changes at which I am trying to hint.

In brief, the great migration from the countryside to the towns began. The age of mechanized man was approaching. The new plutocracy and those of the old Whigs who were naturally perverse began their final and terrible offensive against the old country gentlemen. It was all the more terrible because the old "county families" were not just uprooted and annihilated. They were subjected to numerous mercantile blood transfusions until they had to undergo the final humiliation of accepting Jewish sons-in-law to save the ground to which they pathetically clung.

This chapter is not especially concerned with economics: and we shall therefore defer for a very short time our review of the results which the Industrial Revolution brought to the [22] lives of the ordinary people in England. The political fact of greatest importance is that the two parties locked in life and death struggle were compelled to call in new allies. The party system had rapidly degenerated into that shameless bargaining for votes which, in one form or another, is the inalienable characteristic of democracy. In the later eighteenth century, elections were greeted with great joy by the country. For they meant the lavish distribution by the candidates of beer, bacon, and money. \* Election Agents calmly wrote down in their books: "To the vote of Mr. Ebenezer Smith £ 30, (thirty pounds)." Constituencies were most artfully constructed in such a manner as to allow vested interests full play. At the time of the Great Reform Act of 1832, one M. P. confessed that his borough was an uninhabited house, another said that his was an old mound, and a third smilingly declared that his had been under a pond for the last twenty years. All the same, this system was preferable to that about to be inaugurated. For the Reform Act of 1832 was simply and solely designed to give the lesser merchants the vote, with the result that the nexus between politics and cash became closer than ever before. Some 35 years later, the Jew Disraeli decided to bring in the hitherto voteless artisans to



counterbalance the petty merchants. His reward was to be hurled out of office by the people whom he had enfranchised. Even in those days, Jews were not liked by the working people of England.

To summarize, however, it may be said that from 1832 onwards, the whole art of English politics consisted of making promises without any intention of keeping them. And after the enfranchisement of the working classes, this evil principle gained added force.

The Liberal Party, formed out of the scum and dregs of all that was left in the worst elements of the Whig menagerie, posed as the friend of the people, with what justification we shall see in the next chapter. A new thing, called the Conservative Party, rose in the nineteenth century, representing the pitifully faint effort of the landlords and the more patriotic people to suggest that the state had claims no less than those of the individual. This forlorn band of idealists wandered along through the drab decades of the nineteenth century, till [23] Benjamin Disraeli found it and quite cleverly led it into the outer courts of the Palace of High Finance. There it waited until, at the turn of the century, the recreant Liberal, Joe Chamberlain, bought it lock, stock and barrel, leaders, members, and hangers-on. From that time onwards, the Conservative Party was only a more respectable, a more delicate, in fact, a *nicer* medium for the expression of acquisitive commercialism. Thus, Mr. Churchill in the early days of his ill-starred career, was able, with a clear conscience, to ask his experienced friends whether he should give, or sell, his services to the Liberal or the Conservative Party. It mattered little which. If a man were a Methodist and a foreign importer, he would naturally be a Liberal. If a fellow were a soldier, and a member of the Church of England, he would probably be a Conservative. Both would pay their respects to dividends from foreign investments, and both would probably shudder at the thought of being stopped by a self-contained Empire. On the whole, the Conservatives were a little cleaner, a little less greedy, than the Liberals. But they existed only as a sort of foil to the Liberal Policy. Whether in office or not, the poor Conservatives were the perpetual opposition. The ruthless financiers of the City of London did not wish it to appear that there was only one party in the state. Their aims and activities had to be masked: but, in the end, the Conservatives gained such a following amongst the people that their annexation became necessary. Joe Chamberlain having performed this feat, the Liberal Party atrophied and died out, until its only living representatives are a few old gentlemen for whom there was no room in the Conservative fold. Its disappearance was made all the easier because, at the turn of the century, there had emerged a new and quite impertinent party called the Labour Party. These upstarts actually demanded that the workers should have direct representation in Parliament instead of being represented by their employers. Nobody could say what these unreasonable people would ask next: and therefore it was just as well that the Liberal Party should be under sentence of death. Of course, the leaders of this new movement were mostly common fellows, and a little flattery mixed with bribery in the best [24] of taste would doubtless go a long way. But they actually used such outlandish words as “Socialism”, they spoke about the rights of the proletariat, and some of them even used the awful term “revolution”. Clearly it would not do to have two parties as well as this new menace: and accordingly, for some years, although the Liberal Party lingered on, it gradually decayed: and those who would formerly have entered it in search of a fortune, joined the wretched Socialists instead. Not a few succeeded in realizing their personal ambitions.

The essential fact to notice, however, is that from 1832 until the present day, the major technique of British democracy has consistently embodied one principle: “The more you promise the people, the more you may expect to get their votes”. A premium was placed on the making of attractive promises: and the skilful politician was he who could break them and still retain his reputation for honesty. Perhaps there has never been such a master of this ignoble art as Stanley Baldwin.

All the time, the vast masses of the people were living in needless poverty: and the main strategic purpose of the ruling classes was to keep them in contented subjection, the Conservatives by preaching sacrifice and the Liberals, in their day, by distributing pourboires instead of wages. When the Socialists made their appearance, the paramount necessity was to convert their leaders into honorary members of the ruling classes as quickly as possible; the presence in their ranks of a certain number of young men of “good family” provided both the opportunity and the illusion.

With this general background in view, we can now pass on to a more immediate examination of the economic system which had been gradually developing in England since the beginning of the industrial revolution. We can begin to interpret modern history in the light of the more remote. If England had lost so much in the period which we have reviewed, she had gained an Empire. But how she proposed to use it, will not be clear until her economic philosophy has been examined.

## Chapter II: ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

THE reader may have innocently hoped at the close of the last chapter, that the historical discussion had come to an end. In this life, the innocent are often maltreated and the hopeful disappointed. Our brief general survey was intended to prepare the ground for consideration of those issues which are of major importance today: but no such consideration can properly exclude the subject of England's economic development during the last century: for modern capitalism must be traced to its roots before its nature can be understood.

At the end of the eighteenth century the population of the island was about one fifth of what it is today: and the land was capable of maintaining it. Poverty certainly existed: but it was due to maladministration and to a defective scale of social values, not to any inadequacy of natural wealth. If England had fewer than ten million people to support today, her economic position would very certainly be different from what it is. One must try to understand that the Industrial Revolution meant a transvaluation of all values. People had hitherto been content to live on the land and draw from nature their simple but, in general, adequate needs: with the rise, however, of the great towns, they began to long for the relatively high money payments which, in the first instance, were used to lure the healthy peasant population into the factories. We should doubtless call these wages ludicrously low: but to the countrypeople they at first seemed high, because they were used to handling very little money and did not appreciate how expensive town life would be. Having been accustomed to living on food from their own land, they were unable to visualize the snares of urban shopping.

It was not, however, the desire to handle more money that was solely responsible for the fateful transmigration that [26] occurred. Another powerful factor was the destruction of the cottage textile industry by the overwhelming competition of the factories. The genius of men like Crompton and Arkwright had rendered possible a greater, a more rapid, and a more uniform supply of spun and woven goods: but it had, for obvious reasons, put the cottage weaver and spinner out of business. Thus Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* was not so much a description as a prophecy. Agriculture grew weaker every day: and as the old landlords found themselves in ever increasing difficulties, the Liberal or Whig industrialists determined to make an end not only of their political power but also of their economic existence. Many years of propaganda were required to prepare the way for the Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846: but once the Liberals were firmly in the saddle after their victory of 1832, it was only to be expected that the policy of importing

cheap foreign food would be adopted, whatever the consequences to the British farmer, who was no longer regarded as the backbone of the country but rather as a sort of pendulous abdomen that kept one warm in the winter but hindered locomotion all the year round.

To understand the passion for Free Trade, characteristic of industrial Liberalism, it must first be appreciated that the employers wanted cheap food for their employees, not in order that the latter might have it in large quantities but for the sole purpose of keeping wages as low as possible. Indeed, in most factories in the earlier part of the last century, it was a practice to pay either the whole or a part of the wages in kind, chiefly in the form of food. Otherwise, shops were set up in the factories, and the employees received coupons with which they could and must buy the goods obtained by the employer at the lowest prices he could discover. Anything which tended to raise the price of food meant that he had to pay more in real wages: for it was necessary to keep his workers alive. Any worker who expected more than a bare subsistence was deemed a most dangerous revolutionary and was accused of godlessness or drink, or both. Anyhow, the greatest emphasis was laid on the desirability of cheap labour. In the end, Parliament was compelled to pass various acts forbidding the payment of workers in kind. Evidence given [27] before a Royal Commission showed that workers used to have to wander into a barber's shop with cans of beer and ask him how much he would drink in return for cutting their hair.

On the other hand, if the rustics were bitterly disappointed with the conditions of industrial life, they were no less appalled by the payment they received than by the length of their working day. A farmer, of course, is used to long hours, but not in a coal-mine or in a filthy factory of the kind established in the early days. Men were expected to work 16 hours a day: and in the first decade of the nineteenth century, Parliament passed a benevolent act whereby women could not be compelled to work for more than 12 hours a day in a factory. In some coal-mines, women were used instead of pit ponies. Children from the age of six upwards were forced to work for long hours in these factories and were flogged almost to death if their work appeared to be slack or negligent. Almost without exception, the employers were good Chapel or Church goers who preached the glories of freedom and democracy, and denounced the country gentlemen as reactionary Tories. Those exploiters of Slave Labour were never tired of mouthing the slogans of the French Revolution about Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. As yet, there still lingered the idea that birth and breeding rather than money should prevail in the government of the country. There lingered, also, the idea that agriculture might be saved. These ideas were repugnant to the lords of the new democracy. The aristocrat, the country landlord, the idealist was represented as the enemy of the workers, who would ever threaten their freedom. In this atmosphere of God-damned cant there gradually grew up that school of political philosophy which licensed Mr. Chamberlain to say, on the 3rd of September, 1939, that England was declaring war on Germany in defence of liberty.

As there approached, during the last century, the final struggle to eliminate everything that did not reek of materialism, it was only natural that the Liberal Industrialists should found a college of Propaganda. This was the Manchester School of Economics. Tenth rate philosophical hacks were bought and assembled with instructions to invent the [28] science of economics and justify the abominations which the crawl-thumping Radical plutocrats were each day practising on the masses of the people. The doctrines of this so-called school were very simple. The great and

eternal verity of economics was announced in the golden words: “Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest”. This commandment being devoutly accepted, every other grace necessary to salvation would follow of its own accord. H a l l e l u j a h ! How Jewish it all sounds. It followed, of course, that human flesh and blood must also be purchased in the cheapest market and its products sold in the dearest—for the benefit of the dear kindly old employer who erected outside his sweat-shops a tin tabernacle to which his workers must, under pain of dismissal, go every Sunday to thank God they were poor and hear sermons on the blessedness of their simple condition and “station in life”. Then, of course, another grand precept was that of Free Trade. England had a start of almost 50 years ahead of the Continental countries in the matter of this Industrial Revolution.

And one of her cardinal misfortunes is that she should have based so many of her calculations on this preliminary and transient advantage. For half a century she was practically without a rival in the manufacturing industries. Napoleon, despite his attempt to blockade England—an attempt as foolish as the English attempt to blockade Germany today—shaved with Sheffield razors at a couple of guineas a pair, his armies were clad in Yorkshire wool, and many thousands of his troops marched on English leather. It is indeed a matter for wonder that he was permitted to obtain these supplies: but the wonder vanishes when one asks whether the new plutocrats put their profits or their country first. As it is today, so it was then, and so it ever will be, whilst Liberal Capitalism lasts.

Of course, the Napoleonic Wars were a blessing to the English merchants, nicely rounded off as they were by the Rothschild speculation over the battle of Waterloo. “Speculation,” I have written, although “swindle” would be a much more appropriate word. Europe was torn and devastated by strife, no European land was safe from invasion, and England, [29] secure in her insular position, defended by her Navy, could proceed apace with the development of her new manufacturing industries, congratulating herself on the fact that almost every nation in the world was glad to receive her exports. Rosy as this outlook seemed, it had two very grave defects. First, it was regarded as certain that England would for ever remain the work-shop of the world: and no illusion could have been more dangerous. Secondly the vastly increasing prosperity of the few was not reflected in the conditions of the masses. Workers who sought better conditions were regarded as traitors, and even, at times, butchered as at the famous massacre of Peterloo.

Still, it suited the Manchester School to chant the everlasting virtues of Free Trade. At first the theory was that the merchant must ransack the whole world for the cheapest materials he could find, in order that he might make a high profit or at least, through remorseless competition, drive out of the market any rivals, British or otherwise, who might challenge him. Gradually there crystallized the conception that the prerequisite of good business was cheap labour: and thus the merchant princes of Britain sought the products of slave labour, or at least underpaid labour, wherever it could be discovered; and in the end the glorious democratic principle of Free Trade became synonymous with the oppression of the masses in many countries of the world, in order that the Liberal plutocrats of England might get their materials as cheaply as possible. In these circumstances, there emerged also the doctrine that Free Trade was essential to the policy of international investment. From what we have already seen of the new plutocracy, we should scarcely suppose that its members would be especially anxious, out of pure patriotism, to invest their money in Britain.

Such a concept would savour much too strongly of nationalism. Investment for them was a glorious means of making money, knowing nothing of national boundaries, national obligations, or national rights. The only rule was: "Invest your money or that of other people wherever, in safety, you can get the highest dividend. Even sacrifice safety if necessary." Thus arose the school of international finance, in which the Rothschilds and [30] other Jewish money-lenders were very able teachers. In fact the mentality of England was developing in such a direction as to enable the Jews to prepare for the blessed day when Britain would be one of their colonies. These three principles—ruthless competition, free trade at any cost, and the investment of money without any regard to blood, nation, or race are fundamental to the international capitalism in the interests of which Britain has mobilized her forces to destroy National-Socialist Germany. They are the basic axioms of the old order, and they must be kept clearly in mind during the rest of our argument. Later, it will be possible to elaborate this thesis, when we come to that time at which several generations of money and comfort had converted the descendants of the old plutocrats into imitations of gentlemen: or possibly it was that by force of their wealth they were able to alter the meaning of the word "gentleman", which is regarded with the deepest suspicion in English society today.

Now as the dreary priests of despair intoned the damning law that wages must never rise above the level of mere subsistence, some reaction was bound to occur. So strong indeed was this propaganda and such was the ignorance of the people that a certain monstrous theory gained general acceptance after a while. This theory was that millions of men and women come into the world to drudge, drudge, and drudge without any moral right to better their positions otherwise than by cleverly parting others from their money. This horrible notion, still today strongly entrenched in the minds of British capitalists, postulates the idea that the masses of the people must be poor and that they are lucky beyond all their deserts if they succeed in getting enough to keep body and soul together and pass out of the world as poor as they came into it. Exceptions, of course, would be allowed. If some member of this slave class showed exceptional acumen in slave-driving, if he amassed just enough money to enable him to extract more from somebody else, if he showed a thorough sympathy with the sacred rules, he might find a patron and eventually be adopted into the Order of Mammon. He was said to be a prudent fellow, with a good business brain. Neither physical strength, creative intellect, nor [31] nobility of character was needed: all that was required was a sound appreciation of the laws of profit and loss and the psychology of fools. Such was the path of transition from the hovel to the palace: and such it is in England today. Only those who have lived in England without money or influence know the utter hopelessness of the system for those who have nothing but physical strength, mental ability, or character to offer. The man who offers his services to the community is spurned outside the Labour Exchange every day: and he is spurned in a thousand other places as well.

Now even in the middle of the last century, there was a reaction to this code of perpetual servitude. Great philosophers like Thomas Carlyle and evil Jews like Karl Marx had much to say on the subject. The Marxian manifesto of 1848 was written in essentially the same language and with fundamentally the same outlook as the treatises written on behalf of Liberal Capitalism. Marxism was just the obverse of the capitalist coin. The capitalists wanted all private property for themselves. Marx said that there should be none at all. They used religion to cloak the vices of their conduct, and Marx replied by denouncing religion altogether, as the "opium of the people."

They demanded unreasonable profits, and Marx invented the cumbrous theory of surplus values as the answer. In his gross materialism, he was completely at one with those whom he attacked. The result of his and other such efforts was the so-called class struggle, a bestial phenomenon exalted to the level of a supreme virtue. Then, as the merchant princes began to use patriotism as a weapon of propaganda, when it happened to suit their own purposes, the result was to create a reaction amongst the poor in favour of internationalism. This result could not be very displeasing to the disciples of international finance. Thus international Socialism came into being—a thing as barren, as unimaginative, as grossly materialistic as the evil system which had called for an answer from the workers. The negative, destructive, soul-destroying doctrines of the French Revolution added fuel to the flames: and soon there was to be seen the pitiful spectacle of a huge working-class being taught by the political Liberals to demand freedom from the remnants of the aristocracy, whilst the [32] industrial Liberals were grinding them down with the Iron Law of Wages. No wonder the stupid Conservatives did not know the answer to this riddle! And so the current of English political thought was turned awry for decades and awry it remains today.

Men like Carlyle could speak with the tongues of angels: but once the bitterness of class-war had infected the soul of the nation, hatred began to well up, very slowly at first, more vigorously in this century, and now, at any moment, the gentle welling may turn into a cascade or a torrent that will sweep all before it. Nobody knows, least of all those who made war on Germany. In the next chapter, an attempt will be made to trace some of the major political consequences of this fratricidal tendency which the Industrial Revolution introduced into English life.

Economically, however, the main tragedy was that nobody saw a way of reconciling private property with a just distribution thereof, nobody saw a way of identifying the individual with the state, nobody was able to perceive the necessity for national as opposed to international investment, nobody could distinguish between profit as the reward of organizing ability and profit as the pirate's booty: last but not least, nobody saw the vital necessity of striking a just balance between agriculture and manufacturing industry. There was nobody powerful enough to save agriculture from its fate, and what that fate meant to England will yet be written large in the letters of history. The power of money had conquered and had dimmed the vision of nearly all but those philosophers who warned, like Cassandra, not to be heeded.

Slowly and very painfully there emerged a Trade Union Movement, which fought inch by inch to gain a little more money and slightly better conditions for the workers. It was not, however, until the end of the last century that these Trades Unionists saw that the Liberals who had drugged them with Chartism, democracy, and every kind of ideological soporific were in fact the storm-troops of Capitalism itself. Then they could only form a Socialist Party infected with the same materialistic fallacies as the Liberal Party which they had resolved to discard. All this time, the Conservative Party [33] was bumbling about aimlessly, without any real policy, banging the drum of patriotism, occasionally protesting against the fate of somebody like Gordon, whom the Liberals had betrayed: but of this, more in the next chapter.

Whilst England was thus immersed in internal strife, whilst workers struggled for bread and financiers for supremacy, almost all Englishmen had been hypnotized into the belief that England was the strongest, grandest, freest, and most prosperous country in the world. The stiff-necked generations of the City were so full of self-

righteousness and self-admiration that they failed to see a most fateful revolution that was taking place before their very eyes. Whilst they were still piously filling their coffers, the rest of the world decided that England should no longer have a monopoly in the manufacturing industries. Other nations, who were now living in peace, reasoned that they might just as well produce for themselves, with their own labour and to their own advantage, the goods that they had formerly imported from England. Little by little, England's former customers became her competitors, first in their own territory, then in the international markets, and finally, thanks to Free Trade, on English soil itself. Thus the very basis of England's manufacturing supremacy began to crumble. Needless to say, it did not break up in a day or in a decade: but the process of disintegration, once begun, continued in increasing measure until, during the last few years, Britain could export only half as much as she imported. Then, as the crazy edifice of her finance was tottering over its broken foundations, Mr. Chamberlain chose war as the sole method of hiding the facts: for war is a destroyer of values and a great confuser of issues.

Amongst the nations that demanded the right to manufacture their own goods, the German States were prominent. As the three different Zollvereine became more closely coordinated, German economic strength grew: and when Bismarck lit his famous cigar on the field of Sadowa, he was also kindling the envy of the Jewish-minded English plutocracy. When, in 1871, the German Empire was proclaimed in Versailles, the godfearing profiteers of the City of London began to suspect that a serious commercial rival had appeared. The [34] influence of Queen Victoria was entirely in favour of friendship between the two countries: and the masses of the two peoples felt a natural and instinctive friendship for each other—a psychological kinship which not even two wars have been able to destroy. But Queen Victoria's son and heir, Edward, Prince of Wales, began, as soon as he was physically capable, the dissolute life which was destined to make him the royal client of Jewish moneylenders and place the whole of his influence at the disposal of men like Speyer and Cassel.

By reason of the policy of international investment which had now become firmly established, Free Trade maintained its dominion over British commercial policy: but every single day that passed, the major premiss on which its theory rested became weakened. Well before the end of the last century, it should have been easy to foresee that geography and science alike forbade the possibility of England's remaining the workshop of the world. But greed and clearness of sight do not go together. Instead of wisely concentrating on her own Empire, England formed the fatal resolve to regard as enemies those who preferred to keep their markets for themselves.

Accordingly, realism was held at bay: and already the Jews had proceeded very far with their conspiracy to enslave the world in the chains of international finance: and no instrument was more suited to their purpose than England. When Britain acquired shares in the Suez canal, Disraeli naturally went to the Rothschilds for the money. Their rate was higher than that of the Bank of England: but they were already too powerful to have any reason to fear the wrath of the taxpayer. They were so powerful, in fact, as to be the real government of the country.

So Free Trade remained as a holy principle: with the same stubborn rigidity as they had resisted the claims of humanity, the merchant princes refused to adapt



themselves to changing circumstances. Confident in the power of money to buy everything, spiritual and material alike, they believed that they could resist all change: and to this end British foreign policy was directed.

One last feature of English nineteenth century pseudo-philosophy [35] requires a few words. That is the conception of the state. In the earlier part of the century, the Manchester School had taught that the less the Government did, the better. This is the classical concept of Liberalism. John Stuart Mill, Jeremy Bentham, and numerous other quacks asserted that the function of the state was to be a mere watch-dog. Ostensibly the motive of this doctrine was to allow as much freedom as possible to the individual. Actually the intention was that the Government should not interfere with the methods of the capitalists but should provide a sufficient force to deal with the workers, if they became troublesome. In other words, the plutocrats regarded the state as a police-force designed to protect their private property at home and abroad. Patriotism consisted in using armed force to defend or extend foreign investments. Meanwhile, the masses of the people were looking in vain to their Governments to rule more vigorously and to regulate social relations in the interests of justice. Carlyle has expressed the situation in these words:

“In these complicated times, with cash payment as the sole nexus between man and man, the Toiling Classes of mankind declare, in their confused but most emphatic way, to the Untoiling, that they will be governed: that they must, under penalty of Chartisms, Thuggeries, Rickburnings, and even blacker things than those ... Cash payment the sole nexus: and there are so many things which cash will not buy! Cash is a great miracle, yet it has not all power in Heaven, or even on earth.”

Thus, with Free Trade, unrestricted competition, international investment, the subservience of the State to business, the materialistic conception of history, hideous poverty, incipient Marxism, decaying aristocracy and declining agriculture as their retinue, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse prepared to ride once more.

### Chapter III: POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT

AT the end of the last chapter, we had occasion to quote Thomas Carlyle, that great pioneer of National-Socialist philosophy. As this chapter is concerned with the development of the democratic system, upon which he wrote with uncanny prescience, we will quote him again. A hundred years ago, he wrote: "Parliament will, with whatever effort, have to lift itself out of those deep ruts of do—nothing routine: and learn to say, on all sides, something more edifying than *Laissez-faire*. If Parliament cannot learn it, what is to become of Parliament? The toiling millions of England ask of their English Parliament first of all, Canst thou govern us or not? Parliament with its privileges is strong: but necessity and the laws of nature are stronger than it. If Parliament cannot do this thing, Parliament we prophesy will do some other thing and things which, in the strangest and not the happiest way, will forward its being done—not much to the advantage of Parliament probably! Done one way or other the thing must be."

How far Parliament has advanced since that time may be illustrated by a little anecdote from Winston Churchill's book *Thoughts and Adventures*. It runs as follows: "On whether the vote could be recorded before the clock struck four depended the fate of the obnoxious measure. A majority in its favour was assured. In those days it used to take the members of the House of Commons more than a quarter of an hour to walk through the lobbies to record their votes. When the debate came to an end, there were only eighteen minutes left. Lord Hugh loitered in the Lobby. Accompanied by about a score of Tories ... he literally crawled inch by inch across the matting which led to the portals where the votes were counted. By fifteen seconds the stroke of the clock preceded the end of the division on the measure, upon which months of labour had been consumed by partisans of either view. [37] The Bill was in consequence dead, and the further fortunes of the cause were relegated to the chances and mischances of another year."

Thus does Parliament function. And what was the "cause", to which Mr. Churchill so solemnly refers? It was simply that of the question whether a man might or might not marry his deceased wife's sister! Upon this topic, then, months of labour had been expended, and the democratic majority was defeated by a trick on the part of a crawling Cecil. This is the system that the British people are now required to defend.

The spirit of Parliamentary Democracy is perhaps nowhere better revealed than in the following report from the *Morning Post* of June 4th, 1937: "On a point of honour, Old Harrovians will rally round the Government in the House of Commons today ... It is the Fourth of June at Eton, and the Government, anticipating a general exodus of Old Etonian members, numbering over 100, have included in their Whip a

reminder to this effect, and earnestly requesting non-Etonians to fill the breach. The Whips, I understand, are confident that the Harrow School motto, "*Stet Fortuna Domus*", will stand between them and defeat on a division. In party circles last night this had been freely translated "The Government must not be let down'."

"*Stet Fortuna Domus*" might also be translated: "Long live the Stock Exchange!". Really, however, it does seem tragic that the world should be plunged into the horrors of war in order to defend this parboiled nonsense, especially as Germany had no reason to care how stupidly the British people were governed. When one studies the speeches of British politicians without knowing anything of England and the conditions which prevail there, one gets the impression that Parliament is in some sense representative of the people. But when it is realized that Eton and Harrow between them have at least 200 members in the House of Commons, some idea can be formed as to how far popular representation goes. To think that the whole business of the House and even the fate of the Government must be rendered subordinate to the buffoonery of Old Etonians who want to assert their social superiority seems fantastic. Yet, such are the facts. [38]

One of the most respected Members of the House of Commons was a gentleman who sat there for twenty-five years without ever making a speech or even asking a question. He did no harm. He made no enemies. He just quietly drew his pay, which, incidentally, he did not need, and died with as little fuss as he had lived. But everybody respected him: because he understood so perfectly how democracy works.

Instances of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely. I remember one day in 1934 talking to Stuart Todd, Member for Kingswinford, whom I had known for some time. He permitted himself the following brilliant observation: "Our people in the House are getting very rattled by this unemployment business. Some of them are saying that a war is the only way out of it: and, by Jove, I really think they may be right!" This young man was related, and probably still is, to the Chamberlains on both sides of his family. He was thoroughly competent to express the spirit of the Best Club in the World.

Many volumes could be written on the inanity and absurdity of Parliament within our own memory. Fortunately or otherwise, there is no space here available for this study in moral pathology. Let us, as quickly as possible see how the position in post-war years was reached and then blast sky-high the myth of democracy.

The key to this mournful history lies in the subservience to money power of nineteenth century England. Everything that subserved the making of profits was valuable: all that did not was dross.

The poor Conservative Party wandered about from pillar to post, never knowing quite what it was trying to conserve. Men like Hugh Cecil and Arthur Bryant have described Conservatism not as a doctrine, but as a mode of feeling. They might have added that it is a mode of feeling better than one's imagined social inferiors. This is the secret of the Cockney who votes Conservative: for there is no Cockney whose condition is so abject that he does not feel better than somebody else. Of course, where the interests of trade demanded the acquisition of new territory or the retention of old, it was very useful to have a professionally patriotic party [39] which would and gladly would take all the blame for the measures of force involved, whilst

the pious Liberal plutocrats sat back and turned up the whites of their eyes in holy horror at the deeds which were being done. In the English people, there lingered, however concealed, some traces of the Viking strain. There was an inherent sympathy with the acquisition of new tracts of land: and often, deep down, there lay the feeling that wandering, fighting, encountering danger, killing and being killed were all nearer to the spirit of eternity than the drudgery of a Victorian counting-house desk. Only when one has experienced the drab and sordid conditions of life in commercial London, only when one has felt the last strain of poetry evading the human grasp, like Creusa, in the relentless monotony of pounds, shillings, and pence, can one understand the latent longing for adventure which, in the popular mind, blessed the transactions of British Imperialism.

The Liberals, of course, could not afford to satisfy this longing. The noblest of their leaders never rose in imagination or outlook above the level of a sedate bank-clerk with singular professional acumen. Their language may have been more exalted.

*“.....Mammon led them on,  
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell  
From Heav'n, for ev'n in Heaven his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'ns pavement trod'n gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed  
In vision beatific”*

The function, then, of Conservatism was to provide just that element of aggressive nationalism which could win empires, whilst the Liberal hypocrites for whom the Empires were being won could intone the glories of universal brotherhood and occasionally sacrifice a General, like Gordon of Khartoum, just to show that they were internationally minded. These Uriah Heaps, these Victorian Pharisees, whited [40] sepulchres, dead men's bones, talked glibly about the Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World, because their interest lay not in the building of an Empire but in the acquisition of a larger area for their financial depredations. As good internationalists, they must, of necessity, disavow such an aim: and therefore, they found a most useful weapon in the remnants of the poor old landed gentry who, in their mind's eye, were still winning the campaigns of the Civil War. Thus, when England's heroes won her battles “in stronds remote”, the Liberal Capitalist could wring his hands and say “How horrible!”, after providing the money for the campaign. Truly Loki had the Giants at his mercy.

It must be remembered that the pseudo-nationalism of Parliamentary Conservatism aroused more genuine feelings in the hearts of the people: the instinctive movement towards nationalism was very strong: but neither Liberals, Conservatives, nor people understood the first principle of true nationalism, namely national unity, which, by definition, must be free from class conflict and class prejudices.

For many years, Liberals and Conservatives vied with each other in making promises to the people. Politics was the profession of votecatching. Consistency had nothing to do with this ignoble calling. On the subject of consistency, indeed, Mr. Churchill, inventor of the euphemism “Terminological Inexactitude” writes as follows of the ideal statesman (*Thoughts and Adventures*, 1932): “His arguments in each case when contrasted can be shown to be not only very different in character, but

contradictory in spirit and opposite in direction: yet his object will throughout have remained the same. His resolves, his wishes, his outlook may have been unchanged: his methods may be verbally irreconcilable. We cannot call this inconsistency. In fact it may be claimed to be the truest consistency." Probably the object which remains the same is the advancement of his own fortunes. At the end of his essay, the writer grows tired of trying to prove that the truest form of consistency is the abandonment of principles, and he exclaims: "Yet parties are subject to changes and inconsistencies not less glaring than those of individuals. How should it be otherwise in the fierce swirl of Parliamentary [41] conflict and electoral fortune ....But, anyhow, where is Consistency today? The greatest Conservative majority any modern Parliament has seen is led by the creator of the Socialist party and dutifully cheers the very Statesman who a few years ago was one of the leaders of a General Strike which he only last year tried to make again legal. A life-long Free Trader at the Board of Trade has framed and passed amid the loudest plaudits a whole-hearted Protectionist Tariff. The Government which only yesterday took office to keep the pound from falling, is now supported for its exertions to keep it from rising. These astonishing tergiversations could be multiplied: but they suffice."

They do indeed suffice, coming, as they do, from Mr. Churchill's pen. Such a clear picture of the dishonesty of democracy has rarely been painted by one of its most ardent supporters. The tragedy is, of course, that plain, simple, ordinary people took these politicians at their word again and again, in fact whenever an election was fought.

Ordinary Tories believed for years that they were keeping the Empire in being by voting for Baldwin. They looked lovingly on tariffs, were proud of Britain's armaments, hoped that one day something might be done for agriculture, and were glad to be Conservative, because to be so was one step nearer to social distinction. After all, it was easier to shake hands with a baronet in the Conservative Party than anywhere else. It must here be repeated with emphasis that in post-war years the Liberal parties counted for nothing. In spirit and purpose, the Conservative Party was as Liberal as it could be. The Chamberlains had bought it at the turn of the century: and after the fierce Budget struggle of 1909 and the abolition of the powers of the Lords in 1911, it was a weak and broken thing. In the Great War it got the protection of Mr. Lloyd George, who found its character more suited to a great appeal for national effort than the Liberal Party, with its tight-lipped parsimony and its pious devotion to profit ever could be. In the end, there emerged a Liberal animal in a Tory skin: and that was all that remained of the old Party System, except for a few bits and pieces like the Samuels and the Simons, and Winston Churchill, willing to [42] serve under any flag in order to improve their fortunes and minister to their self-admiration. Lloyd George himself was rejected, in 1922, by the curious thing that he had succeeded in creating. Since then he has been constantly in the wilderness, despising the odds and sods who shared his exile.

By the time, however, that the shades of Disraeli and Gladstone had become completely entwined and their ectoplasms had mixed into one homogeneous capitalist dough, a new creation had arrived on the scene—namely the Labour Party. In the days of its childhood, it represented a simple desire on the part of the working people to get social and economic justice. If its vitality had sprung only from idealists like William Morris or Keir Hardie, it would have grown into a fair or even noble maturity. In early life, however, its endocrine glands were poisoned by Liberal

politics, Marxist materialism, and the crazy doctrines of Rousseau and the French Revolution. Thus it grew up into a monstrosity, well matched, indeed, with the Liberal body in the Tory skin. Between these two Blatant Beasts, the English people had to choose. One stood for reform and internationalist nonsense: the other stood for capitalism and what it called patriotism. The greatest tragedy of all was that the more the capitalists wagged the Union Jack, the more the Labour men got to hate it, until they finally fell into the grave error of regarding nationalism and capitalism as synonymous. Exactly the reverse was true. Thus England suffered the greatest ideological disaster that could overcome her. Those who had a splendid case for reform spoilt it by denying their paramount duty to place their own country first. They failed to see that in opposing tariffs, for example, they were not helping Indian coolies who were being sweated for the purpose of producing cheap goods for the English home market. They wrote and talked all sorts of nonsense about ending the system of private property and failed to attack the international system of money and usury which was really responsible for their grievances. In final consummation of all their errors, they joined with the Government in September 1939 in the attack on Germany in the name of democracy, thus showing that in the last resort, they were prepared to fight for the Capitalism which they had [43] been elected to oppose. By this time, indeed, they had touched the very nadir of their pathetic career.

In other circumstances, it might have been possible to bring about a fusion of the genuine Socialism and the sincere Nationalism which many millions of the English people felt: such a fusion would have saved the world from war: but it could not be, because neither the nationalists nor the socialists had the requisite leadership. The Conservatives whom the people thought to be nationalist were chiefly interested in their international investments and the ramifications of Jewish finance. The men whom the public believed to be the enemies of private property were amassing as much of it as they could for themselves and were in any case either corrupted by the ruling class or else treated with the deference paid in certain parts of the Orient to madmen and rendered politically harmless. To the latter class belongs Maxton, who was expelled from the Labour Party because he proposed that Socialism should be established within 25 years' time. Such a revolutionary proposal seemed indecent to those members of the Party who had learnt a few fine phrases about "Playing the Game" and the "inevitability of gradualness."

Some of my readers may not understand how this strange development was possible. A complete answer is found in John Scanlon's masterly *Decline and Fall of the Labour Party*. In brief, there exists in Britain a kind of corruption infinitely more subtle and far more insidious than that for which the United States are famed. Social patronage is the secret. Take the raw and class-conscious Labour M. P., give him sherry and champagne, surround him with forthcoming Duchesses who laugh at him behind his back, call him by his Christian name, invite him to the country mansion for a few week-ends, give him a few tips for the Stock Exchange and tactfully lend him the money. If he is able to resist treatment of this kind, and few are, listen to him politely, compliment him on his political genius, his oratory, his encyclopaedic knowledge, and constantly pretend to seek his advice on the basis of give and take. If that fails, have a quiet talk with some Old School pal in his party and point out that nothing but promotion will have a sobering effect upon him. Promotion [44] usually means having to obey orders. If the work is not yet fully accomplished, try an O. B. E. Above all, try to make him a Mason. If all these efforts fail, tell him that he is a damned honest fellow and pack him off to Maxton's Mental Clinic, where his bones

can rot in peace. Lug him out to a reception once in a while, and point him out to novices as an awful example of what fanaticism and eccentricity can do to a man of brilliant promise who “lacks the touch.” Besides, a tame revolutionary in the drawing room is something to amuse the County, when it comes up to Town and has been there long enough to get bored with the Night Clubs. Also the entertainment of such freaks by the great shows how far tolerance can go in the beautiful system of democracy. Indeed some of those bored ladies who can create no sensation by talking about sexual perversion can often raise an eyebrow by producing some “wild man” who, poor devil, thinks that by taking thought, he can add a cubit to the stature of the working classes.

Behind the corruption of the Labour Party, there was quite naturally a strong Jewish influence. Bernhard Baron, the Hebrew proprietor of Carreras Tobacco Company, financed the Labour Party very heavily indeed, only of course for the sake of gaining influence in its councils. In the summer of 1934, when I was Director of Propaganda to the British Union of Fascists, his son, Edward Baron, offered me £ 300,000 for the movement, on condition that it should not be anti-Semitic. Without even consulting the Leader of the organization, I rejected the offer with an impolite message. This incident is mentioned solely because it comes within my own personal experience. Now, if Mosley’s Union, which had not a single representative in Parliament, was worth corrupting, how much more worthy of attention must the Labour Party have been in its heyday!

The Labour Party, moreover, had its uses. It provided some scope for the endeavours of certain Old Public-School Men, like Cripps, Attlee, Marley, and Ponsonby, who found the competition a little too close in the Conservative Party. In the last Labour administration, the Cabinet contained nine delegates from Eton, Harrow, and Winchester: and there was [45] also room for a few people of “humble birth,” who had learnt how to “play the game.”

Just as a generation before Winston Churchill metaphorically tossed up the coin to decide which of the parties should be favoured with his presence, so in recent years the young plutocrat on the threshold of politics gave at least his consideration to the idea of joining the Socialist party. Quite a few of the tag-ends of decadent aristocracy showed the same condescension.

Thus, whilst the ruling classes laughed up their sleeves at the Socialists, deluded workmen sang the *Red Flag*, Communism gained some adherents, and the Jewish organizers of the extreme Left armed their sub-human hirelings with razors to attack young Fascists who dared to cry “A plague o’ both your houses!” As early as 1923, a young friend of mine was killed by this scum, dying of blood-poisoning as a result of wounds in the testicles inflicted by a rusty hat-pin. In 1924, an attempt was made to cut my throat: but the razor slashed a quarter of an inch too high. There is something to be said for having a well-fed appearance. In 1924, Ramsay Mac Donald formed his first Government: and the Court Tailors were visited by the most unusual patrons that they had ever seen. Before the Election, it had been said that if the Socialists came to power, the Stock Exchange would collapse. This threat having failed to deter the electorate, the Stock Exchange went on as merrily as before. Mac Donald owed his victory mainly to the inability of the Socialist voters to see that they were injuring themselves by importing cheap foreign goods, the product of slave labour. For nine months, the Socialists were educated, and then their opponents grew tired of being in

opposition, with the result that the Zinoviev letter was produced. It seems to have been found by the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Donald im Thurn, and J. D. Gregory, a high official of the Foreign Office, later dismissed the Service for using his official knowledge to further his financial speculations. Whether it was genuine or not, we cannot discuss here. Mac Donald believed it to be so. Society said: "Tut, tut! Fancy having things like that in one's possession. Anybody can see that he's not one of us." So this conceited child of [46] Scotland was hurled into the darkness till he came back to lead a Conservative Government. His education had improved in the meantime.

The Socialists had learnt the difference between office and power. They nearly all felt that they had been ousted from Downing Street by a foul trick: and they were all the more aggrieved because many of them had seen a new life, which they had never before even suspected to exist. It was a pleasant life. Ramsay Mac Donald almost lived and slept in his Court Dress: and now, to have to put it away was too bad. This brief spell of glory only whetted the appetite for more. Perhaps there is nothing more pathetic in English history than the corruption of these poor fellows. They advanced upon Whitehall as a horde of wolfish revolutionaries and departed as chastened candidates for the honorary aristocracy.

Meanwhile, some very sinister manoeuvres were taking place in the background. Lord Reading, a Jew more happily described as Rufus Isaacs, brilliant lawyer and rascal of the Marconi scandal, was plotting a return to the Gold Standard. Churchill, after losing several elections, got into the Government as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his good understanding with the New York Jews contributed greatly to the restoration of gold as a measure of all values. There can be no doubt that the Jews of Wall Street pressed heavily for this reactionary measure. Thus, Churchill, Isaacs, and Baldwin engineered a nefarious deflation with its concomitant restriction of credit. The results, however favourable to certain classes of *rentier*, were catastrophic for the working people.

The first evil consequences of this monetary policy were seen in the coal fields and the General Strike of 1926 was the answer of the Trades Unions. From the General Strike neither the Socialist Party nor England ever recovered. England lost coal markets which she has not regained. The Labour Party lost its balance. Its parliamentary leaders had never believed in the General Strike. They knew that the great mass of the people, whatever their sympathy with the miners, regarded it as a false move. The wiser members of the Labour Party recommended that the Trades Union Congress should merely use its vast funds to enable the miners to hold out for a period [47] longer than the owners could afford: but even now, the Parliamentary Socialists were being accused of treachery by those who still remained workers. So Ramsay said: "I don't like it, I really don't like it: but I can't see what can be done about it!" and, waving his umbrella, he conducted the singing of the *Red Flag* at the meeting where the decision was taken and led his men to the slaughter. In ten days, it was all over: the funds of the Unions had almost vanished, and the leaders of the strike had to admit utter defeat. A last-moment attempt at mediation had failed because Mr. Baldwin was in bed and would not get up to see the Labour delegates. Now he had them in his power. Sir John Simon arose in the House and announced measures to render General Strikes illegal. These measures were passed triumphantly, and revolutionary international Socialism was laid to rest with full legal honours.



In 1929, Mr. Macdonald and his followers came back to office. People were tired of seeing Baldwin's swinish physiognomy on every hoarding with some such legend as "Safety First" or "Trust Me" inscribed beneath it. The repercussions of the American crash were being felt in England: and the Socialists produced a new Confession of Faith entitled "Labour and the Nation". Indeed it was even advanced as the policy of the party. It was not revolutionary: but it succeeded in outbidding the Conservative promises of reform. It won an election. Not very long afterwards, Philip Snowden, who had become Chancellor of the Exchequer on the strength of these promises admitted in Parliament that he had never read "Labour and the Nation". This is democracy in action.

In 1931, all the traditional doctrines of Socialism were wrung out of the party like water out of a wet rag. As soon as the Cabinet tried to redeem some of its pledges, the City set to work. Then came the famous flight from the pound. Mac Donald, Snowden, and nearly all the former bright hopes of Socialism In Our Time, walked over with bands playing and colours flying into the Capitalist camp. And the Loon from Lossiemouth was installed as head of a Tory Government amidst the apelike grins of the City Financiers, who regarded this as the best joke of their lives.

As to Ramsay's former army, all that was left of it could be [48] taken to Westminster in a couple of motor-coaches, so crashing had been its defeat in the General Election. With a great majority, the Conservatives came into power, entrusted by a relieved people to keep the value of the pound as high as possible. In a month, they were deliberately forcing its exchange value to the lowest level attainable with decency, thus, amidst the applause of the multitude doing the very opposite to that which they had promised—doing in fact that thing which, according to their election addresses, must ruin England beyond repair if the Socialists allowed it to happen. Never in history has there been a more heartless hoax. This book is certainly not written from the viewpoint of the Labour Party. It deserved all it got. But anybody who believes that there is either truth, decency, or honour in British democracy would do well to study that little period of English History between June and December in 1931. There were, at any rate, a few honest Socialists, who could only murmur of their leader:

*"T'was just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat."*

But their protests were vain: and from October 1931 onwards, nobody ever knew and nobody could ever find out what the Socialist policy was or wherein it differed from that of the Conservatives, in itself very nebulous. The Labour Party provided the useful fiction of a critical opposition: and so fully was this function appreciated that the Government decided to pay the leader of this opposition two thousand pounds a year for pretending to obstruct the conduct of its business. This delightful arrangement conjures up no picture of the horny-handed, rugged-faced son of the working class struggling with the agents of capitalism and writing in his attic, by candle light, the speeches which are to sound the clarion call of revolution.

Some of my readers will remember how the luckless Jimmy Thomas, who had gone over with the band, was thrown out of the Colonial Office because he was alleged to have spoken too freely about Budget secrets. A very clever gentleman

rejoicing in the name of Cosher Bates made use of the in [49] formation for certain purposes not entirely unconnected with the Stock Exchange. So runs the tale. Actually, however, several weeks before this happened, I chanced to see some correspondence, strictly private, of course, between Jew Lord Melchett and Jew Chaim Weizmann, in which it was agreed that Thomas must be removed from office because he was not promoting with sufficient vigour the Zionist cause in Palestine. Thomas was a kind-hearted old thing, and the persecution of Arabs would not appeal to him in the least. It is only, however, if he chances to read this book that he will ever learn the cause of his undoing. Here is another interesting aspect of democracy.

From the murky history of the past few years, innumerable examples might be selected to show how the people have been fooled by democracy. There is room for two only.

The Labour Party, when in office, introduced that appalling form of inquisition known as the Means Test. Thereby any unemployed person in receipt of public assistance has to undergo a searching examination as to his means. Officials enter his house, take an inventory of his few sticks of furniture, and direct him or his wife to sell any little thing which the Civil Service regards as non-essential to the household. Relieving Officers who have had to perform this awful task have told me of their disgust at being compelled to inflict such shame and misery on the poor. If this act of oppression were introduced by the self-professed champions of labour, we might well ask what worse fate they could expect at the hands of an openly capitalist government. The answer is, of course, that the move was initiated by the City, whose pressure the Socialists were too craven to resist. That this heartless method of treating the unemployed should exist in any country is a scandal: but that it should exist in the home of Parliamentary democracy by the consent of both parties is particularly significant.

The second example of democracy as the will of the people is to be found in the circumstances of the abdication of Edward VIII.

What sort of person Edward Windsor may be is not material to the argument. The only question at issue is purely constitutional [50] in its nature. It is interesting to see how the sacred constitution and all the principles of popular representation can be scuppered in a few hours at the instigation of a couple of hardened schemers like Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury. By these two disciples of "unco'guidness" Edward was hustled off the Throne in a week-end. Whether or not abdication should have been forced upon him is a question upon which no unanimity prevails. Some stoutly affirmed that as Head of the Church of England he could not marry a divorced woman. Unless our recollection is at fault, the founder of this Church was Henry VIII, who had six wives. Of these, he executed two and divorced two in order to remarry. Edward VII probably had as many mistresses as he could afford to keep, even with the resources of the Jewish moneylenders behind him. Yet History smiles upon these two competitors of Solomon as good-hearted, bluff, cheery fellows. So much for the hypocrisy of the solemn-faced men who whipped their king out of the land like a cur. However, we must not be sentimental. The man whose wife was denounced up and down the land by every evil-minded society harridan as an American whore has calmly gone back to England and become a Major-General. This romantic couple whom the ruling classes of England would not touch with a barge-pole in peace-time have been welcomed back in time of war because of their





































































































































































