

For the INDIVIDUAL.  
For the MINORITY.  
For COUNTRY.  
UNDER GOD.

# VOICE

INTEGRITY  
FREEDOM  
RESPONSIBILITY

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## Owner-Occupiers for Elimination

Very occasionally we hear of a gallant soul who doffs his coat and rolls up his sleeves and builds himself a house with his own hands. It may take a year or two or more. Such initiative is unusual, and the newspapers are quick to print photographs of the unquenchable one, trowel in hand. Their business is the unusual.

Some are in the happy position of being able to choose a pleasant site and command a house to be built to their own specification. They enlist an architect and tell him their general idea, the features which are to be embodied, and the pleasing details upon which they have set their hearts. This is the proper way in which a house should be built and such a house will be unique. It is pleasant to stroll in parts of the city where such houses stand. No two are the same, and the variety is a delight.

Time was when the banks would finance such a project for an approved customer. Repayment upon agreed terms over a number of years might provide the bank with profit about equal to the value of the house, but the contract was freely entered upon. The number of houses built to individual taste and requirement is small and becoming smaller. Taxation and, at the moment, the unwillingness of the banks to finance such building (the credit squeeze) see to that.

There is some "private building" going on. A builder erects a number of houses knowing full well that the pressure to buy is so great that an immediate sale is certain. This is not the atmosphere favourable to the construction of fine houses. Almost anything will do.

But the really big builders of today are the city councils. They build houses by the hundred thousand in vast corporation estates. The City Architect has no time to draw up a different plan for each house, and the stamp of corporation housing schemes is uniformity. Absolute uniformity would invite adverse criticism. So variations are introduced. But there are so many houses to be varied that the very variations tend to become standardised:—so many to be built of brick, so many of concrete, so many to be colour-washed, so many to be pebble-dashed, so many to have rustic-board pediments, so many to have tile roofs, so many to have slate roofs. But whatever the gilding, the pill is always unmistakably a pill, or pill-box, a corporation house. Still, there are hundreds of thousands of applicants and some have had their names down for ten or fifteen years. Mere application is not enough. Particulars of income, profession or trade, past record, medical history, war service, sex of children, previous accommodation, size of family, are required. Some day the officials will say a house is available somewhere. Take it or leave it.

The remarkable characteristic of all this is that although

millions of new houses have been built, NOT ONE OCCUPIER HAD A CHANCE TO SAY WHAT HE WOULD LIKE HIS HOUSE TO BE LIKE. The mass-produced article is a standardised article. Ten thousand thousand people have been denied the enjoyment and satisfaction of doing a little planning for themselves. Yet the Ministry which handles all this is called the Ministry of Planning! As C. H. Douglas never tired of pointing out, the devil is God upside down.

Who, then, profits from this dubious set-up? It should be noticed that those who are lucky enough to become corporation tenants do indeed count themselves lucky. They have their eye on the Joneses and Thompsons who are still living in rooms. Their house is the high-water mark of ambition and life has nothing more in store. But no one would claim that the element of choice had figured largely in the process which thus brought them to the end of the road.

The City Council is ostensibly the starting-point of the housing scheme, but all city councils are in debt, so that before a scheme can go ahead further financial accommodation from the bank has to be obtained. So that ultimately it is the bank which gives the green light for building operations to begin. For forty years and more, then, the banks have been giving permission for collective housing schemes to go ahead, and it is not difficult to see why. This modern trend towards monopoly in purveying shelter is entirely convenient to the banks. Instead of having a hundred thousand separate contracts with a hundred thousand borrowers, the bank has one contract with the City Council. Instead of having to organise armies of rent collectors, they will have all that seen to by the Municipal Offices. In cases of default on rents it will never be suggested that the City Council's payments to the bank should be in default; deficiencies must be made good out of the rates. If unpleasant evictions have to be made, will people direct their invective against the chairman of the bank? The bank will never be mentioned. But City Councillors of blameless lives and sweet dispositions will come in for no end of criticism and abuse, and the political parties will blame each other in endless slanging matches.

If the rent seems high to the tenant and low to the Corporation, there will be bitter controversy as to whether the tenant should pay more or whether there should be a subsidy from the rates. THERE WILL BE NO MENTION OF THE DESTINATION OF ALL THE MONEY. It is on its way to the bank which, when the houses were being built, created the means of payment out of nothing. (See *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.) Attention will not be focussed upon the fact that the bank will then destroy the money, after appropriating the agreed percentage. There

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## VOICE

A JOURNAL OF STRATEGY FOR PERSONAL,  
POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FREEDOM.

"Liberty consists in the freedom to choose or refuse  
one thing at a time."

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### Levels

"The dupes of liberalism do not see that *de facto* horizontal censorship is worse than perpendicular censorship: the cutting off the level at a given level is more vicious than the exclusion of some particular kind of expression."

This profound saying, hard in the sense that a gem is hard, reached us recently, and could be applied to the Brains Trust, to Entertainment, or to Education, and certainly to Politics. Beyond a certain level, we do not receive information. Whereas in Victorian times good manners avoided the question of a person's income, today we have inspectors to pry to the bottom: but above that level questions are never asked as to how money is issued or what it should reflect.

Yet the absurdity of our predicament—for the boggy of inflation, the diminishing purchasing power of money, is a boggy—emerges here and there. We are told that unless exports increase, we shall starve. Yet Finance has emptied our pigsties! At a country gymkana the other day, the winner of the usual bowling-for-the-pig contest was at his wits end to dispose of the piglet he had won. The cottage pigsties today are empty, owing to the high price of meal. We may contrast this state of affairs with Cobbett's insistence on the value of a pig for cottage economy.

The countryman might reasonably expect to enjoy milk if he cannot cure his bacon, but the selling of milk from the farm is hedged by restrictions, and the delivery of milk to cottagers costs too much. As a great concession, the cottager receives milk once a week in a long-necked bottle, capped like beer, which if unopened will keep until the next delivery. The fluid does not fizz, but has a flavour of its own for which, I am told, the taste can be acquired. As an alternative, milk, not quite so severely treated, can be fetched from a dairy several miles away. One firm handles all the milk.

This country fantasia reveals, perhaps, the shadow or even the substance of a policy: the policy of monopoly, which means control and is the antithesis of freedom. I heard a lady ask for English bacon at a chain store the other day, only to be told, "We only handle Danish, Madam." Economy means household management, but when a financial monopoly dictates the terms of business, when production and not consumption is the end of existence, when the money system is our master instead of our servant, we need not be surprised at the empty sties and the monopoly of milk.

We hear much of people having their water treated without choice in the matter, but I heard from America that "So far, 64 cities have kicked fluoridation out, making over 640 cities and towns rejecting the scheme. . . . The Communist official organ *The Daily Worker* on March 13, 1956, had a feature article lauding the so-called benefits of fluoridation." I am glad that the Americans are showing some kick. We ourselves need ceaselessly to assert that Water exists for Man, not Man for Water (as a guinea pig or anything else), that Society exists for Man, as do Goods and Services, organisations and money: our faith teaches that we should have Life abundantly, that all things will be added, provided we seek first the Kingdom of God.

But we seek first the means to means, we seek Employment and not even the means to live life, let alone to live it abundantly, but are content to be thrust down below the level of common sense. The latest line of exhortation we are being served reads like this: Coal is dearer in Patagonia, so we are exceedingly lucky that our coal is only going up another 6/- a ton. Petrol is dearer in France and much dearer in Fiji. Tobacco in Terra del Fuego costs the earth. (And let no dissident in America or Canada be *un-chivalrous* enough to mention the lower prices of these commodities.) While our rulers try to keep us below the level of an intelligent infant, we may perhaps prefer to look at this level from above, as a level below which no one who values his inheritance of faith and of culture would have the self-respect to slip.

H.S.

### Sturzo, Senator for Life in Demochristiania His Level

Londoners who remember the "great soul," as Madame Rose called him, may be glad to get news of their old, and now senatorial, playfellow and such stirring news as the castigation of Nenni, whom he brands as preferring "to minimise the Stalinian crisis as something that does not concern Italy. . . . BUT the Stalin trade mark (which is on Nenni and Nenni cannot wipe it off) remains, and the blood-stain remains, not because of the sovietic revelations of March, 1956, but by reason of the knowledge which he (Nenni) had of them during the era of apotheosis, before and during the war of 1939-1945 and the conferences of Teheran and of Yalta.

"I who am writing this remember a London note on the victims of the celebrated Stalin canal. But Stalin was not the only man stained with blood inside and outside Russia. The gratuitous crimes during the French Resistance and in Italy were willed and performed by communists. One draws a veil over both because one had not the power or the courage to prevent them or to punish them, or to pretend that they were not. . . ."

Upon which Sturzian utterance, Ezio Gray, the mildest of men, almost as gentle and Salonfahig as the late Daniele Varé, comments as follows: "Wise words, ferocious words, courageous words. . . . But how many years late?"

"How comes it that the senator Sturzo, a man alien to violence and in these recent years bold to a point of provocation in telling 'all the truth' kept quiet in those years?"

“‘One had not,’ he affirms, ‘the possibility or the courage.’ Question: Who hadn’t? Are we to believe that he himself would have been assassinated if he had denounced ‘the gratuitous crimes’?”

Our present footnote to these amiabilities between Gray (or his *Nazione*) and the Reverend Father must confine itself to having noted a singular lack of curiosity on Sturzo’s part to questions of monetary issue, of debts at interest, and the loaning of money created out of nothing. If any Social Crediter ever met him in quest of knowledge we have failed to unearth the fact. Did his thirst for justice in this life ever carry him into more active mental waters than such as flowed through the Sunday afternoon quietudes of the late Wickham Steed?

H. BRISCOE.

### Review

*Christian Belief and This World* by Alec, R. Vidler, S.C.M. Press, 12/6.

When Lord Hailsham reviewed this book (in *The Spectator*, April 13, 1956) he suggested that Canon Vidler should have asked himself “whether the fundamental assumptions on which his work and that of his fellow frontiersmen are based, are really correct.” One assumption that I should question in Canon Vidler’s use of the dialectical method, is that we are always faced with contrasts neither of which is fully correct, or both of which apply in part. Plato and Erigena both used the dialogue, we might notice, but when they had something to teach they preferred exposition, advancing in a straight line, after a little limbering up.

In fact, Truth and Falsehood stand opposed, even when we are considering a financial system which obviously fails to work, or professedly opposed politicians from the same stable, who offer us the choice of means to servitude. I respect Canon Vidler’s quotation about a prophet who “is the man who takes his stand against all who would make the means into the end . . .”, but mistrust the passage from Trevelyan saying the law “must be apt to change with changing needs and circumstances.” This is very unsure ground; a belief in a Law of God or a Natural Law that may be discovered, not altered, and which was enunciated by Christ, offers firmer foothold. The author dislikes the word “principle” as vague, but lets compromises pass, including under the condemnation of those who break the commandment against murder “a nation that lets some of its members have insufficient food . . . while others live in comfort and luxury,” but omitting from censure those who operate a money system that has enforced scarcity.

Politics, he says, “is the art of the possible,” but I fear that he restricts the possible not to what could be done physically but to what will most probably be allowed. The questions of *levels* oppressed the reviewer when he noted the kind of quotation that frequently appeared; not that Canon Vidler went slumming or anything of that sort, or that any of the Canon’s odd adjectives, such as “noachic” or “amosaic,” applied to those cited, but that they were somewhat sombre, without much culture or vision, whereas the author insists that we should be prophets.

We should, he evidently feels, be extraordinarily stupid if we did not “accept” the Welfare State. I find

a little ingenuous his note on the World Council of Churches and their study of government. We are to accept the party system and planning, or at least he quotes with approval, “the question before us today is not whether we shall have a planned society but what kind of a planned society we shall have.”

Dr. Vidler is on dangerous ground in suggesting a double standard. He repeats that we should have the ‘divine imperatives ringing in our ears,’ but would he restrict these to the Ten Commandments regardless of the Gospel? The Christian law, he says, leaves us in no doubt, “this age cannot live up to it or be carried on by its standards.” So the Christian is torn between “Law” and the Sermon on the Mount. If Christianity is so impracticable, then its would-be practitioners *must* be failures, and the words “but I say . . .” are not for us, nor were they meant for application in this world! At least, Canon Vidler finds that the mediaeval attempt to “establish an explicitly Christian civilisation was misconceived.” It would seem to me rather that the Canon is himself under some misconception. The latter part of Dante’s *On Monarchy*, for instance, makes it clear that the Church exercised authority and guidance while the Emperor followed these principles in exercising power.

The book is well written and is stimulating; the author is an eminent scholar and a bit of a humourist. But Canon Vidler’s method of dealing with this world by means of Frontier Councils, or bodies of experts who are also Christians almost seems to suggest that they are *secondarily* Christians. Lord Hailsham expresses in vigorous words, which may act as an inspiration, his wish that the author had explored “the possibility of regarding the Church as an organisation of perfectionists, permeating and galvanising every divergent line of political and economic thought. . .”

H.S.

### Uprooted

To be quite fair to the stream of our young people (and the not so young) who leave their native countryside to emigrate to industrial centres, let us recall that this is, so far as we know, an almost universal feature in a world dominated by high finance policy and this includes Russia, where “drafted” and “dragooned” was Pius XI’s description of the process which we are accustomed to almost condone, without the knowledge that we are uprooted by trickery. The results are the same though the methods appear as kid-gloved compared with the drastic quick-result efforts of the full-blown Commie.

The policy dominating the world aims at confiscating all private property, makes its acquisition difficult and its continuous profitable working most tenuous and uncertain. Tenancy-in-common is promoted in which the labourer, even if given a share-holding, has no comparable interest to that which his very own property gives. Such projects as I.C.I. differ from a Soviet republic only in degree and concentration.

The individual, with perhaps a few outstanding exceptional men, has no alternative but to hire himself in those projects promoted by High Finance or in the auxiliary “Services” indirectly promoted through “government” agencies.

England, at present, is the unfortunate centre of an armaments drive and inducements are offered speeding up the transplantation. The inducements are illusory for with all the so-called high wages, the thrifty man cannot acquire *stable* property. He parts readily with his money for all sorts of evanescent pleasures and gadgets provided by his slave-masters.

Recently the Bishop of Salford pleaded for more detachment from wordly goods. It might be very well argued that we are already too much detached from Mother Earth and that this very fact is the reason, or at least partly, for the giddy obsession of all classes with the toys our enemies flaunt before us.

W. P. LANGMAID.

[In the next village, 9 out of 70 houses are uninhabited, excluding some uninhabitable cottages.—Ed.]

#### OWNER-OCCUPIERS FOR ELIMINATION—

(continued from page 1.)

cannot be many corporation tenants who know that their rents are collected every week for destruction just like the garbage. And yet a Chancellor of the Exchequer should know what he is talking about:—"Every repayment of a loan to a bank DESTROYS a deposit."

The shortage of houses is real, and the hardships of great numbers of people are sickening, but it is not long since it was stated that HOUSES WERE GOING OUT OF COMMISSION FASTER THAN THEY WERE BEING BUILT. The reason for this was that the Rent Restriction Acts forbade landlords to put up rents in spite of the fact that every other article had doubled, trebled or quadrupled in price. Some things, like linseed oil for paint, rose to more than ten times the previous price. Landlords were, however, compelled to keep houses in repair, and the swollen costs of repair came to exceed the static rents, so that ownership became a liability. Landlords were subsidising tenants. Everywhere they were walking out on their ownership, fleeing the town to escape their legal liabilities. They could not sell because, without vacant possession, there were no buyers. Tenants could not be evicted, so as to give vacant possession, unless alternative and comparable accommodation were offered. There never was alternative accommodation.

So the landed aristocracy having been expropriated, it is now the turn of the property-owner. If the stage is set so that ownership of house-property has become a liability, then owners will disembarrass themselves of their property, and if that is the result which is being achieved it is quite fair to assume that that is the result which was intended. No one owns anything in Russia. What one gets in Russia is an allocation of so many square feet of living space at an excessive price, take it or leave it.

The owner-occupier should read the writing on the wall. His assessment for rating has just been advanced by about a half and he is told he needn't grumble, he doesn't pay any more than before. He doesn't, yet. But the stage is being set for his elimination.

There was a psychological resistance to paying rates at 27/6 in the pound. People sensed that they were being robbed. But if the assessment can be increased at the same time as the rate in the pound is reduced, the same sum may be collected but the psychological resistance vapourises.

The thousand and one different rating authorities have now been tidied, under a CONSERVATIVE government, into one single authority, on the ground that it was much fairer for every one to pay rates according to one single formula. So now no one lives under a rating authority where the rates are low. Life may cost more, but it is fairer! This is the philosophy that "there should be no grass in the field rather than that one blade should come up before the others." It is the philosophy of the SOCIALISTS. Under a Conservative regime it is not fashionable to say that the rating SYSTEM has been "nationalised" but it has been centralised. Heretofore, you could protest to your local authority, go and see the individual who handled your business. Now, you correspond with a nation-wide authority with Headquarters in London. The technique is to remove the point of control so far away that resistance becomes impossible, and to make the relationship impersonal, indifferent and intolerable.

To get anything done previously a man with a mission had to carry the townsfolk with him. Now he has to carry the nation. To cure sheep of jumping walls, farmers tie two sheep together. Either can jump the wall alone, but neither can get over tied to the other. We are welded into a mass of such size that its only characteristic is inertia. Initiative is paralysed.

The propaganda of one political party is wilfully misleading. It refers to the establishment of "a nation of property-owners." Unthinking people assume that that is a delightful objective, every one owning his own house, no one having to pay rent, and they make a mental note who to vote for next time. The real intention is that the nation collectively shall own all the houses, a sort of corporation estate on a national scale, every one paying rent to the appropriate body. The truth is that what belongs to everybody belongs to nobody, as in Russia. Always remember the candour of Mr. Gaitskell, heavy taxation to raise the money to buy out property owners. And it very much looks as if the strategy now is to assist Mr. Eden and Mr. Macmillan to make themselves so unpopular with their economic policies that the advent of Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Wilson is a distinct likelihood. From which we conclude that the real struggle is not between Tory and Socialist, but between the nation and its government. We all want less government. We are getting more government.

It used to be said that the Englishman's home was his castle. He was safe and secure in his own house, a very desirable state of affairs. His security is reduced with every increase in the rates. Rates have quadrupled in a quarter of a century.

John Brummitt.

#### 5s. for a house? No thanks

Mr. Bertie Gillman, sixty-eight-year-old pensioner, of Roderick Road, Hampstead, London, said last night that he would not accept his landlord's offer made earlier in the day—to sell him the eight-roomed house for 5s.

"Like the landlord, I haven't the money to do the repairs," he said.

News item as we go to press. *Liverpool Daily Post*, June 14, 1956.