

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

VOICE

INTEGRITY
FREEDOM
RESPONSIBILITY

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1956.

6d. Fortnightly.

Balance Sheet

Shifting events may have moved a long way before this *Voice* appears, but we set out results so far in tabular form:

<i>Inflation.</i>	<i>Deflation.</i>
Nasser.	Hungarians.
UNO Police Force idea.	Motorists (communication)
Socialists.	Palestinian Refugees.
American "dollar" oil.	British in Middle East.

At the same time we could note the exposure of the bloodiness of the Bolshies and of the dislike felt by the ruling clique in U.S.A. for British influence; we might recall the sentiments of Roosevelt (described as "the cad" by an old-time American recently) and of Truman on the relative merits of Russian and British power—they preferred the Russian, although Truman was ostensibly disillusioned.

A useful clip from an American journal dated November 2 described reactions as follows: "Paris, November 2—The Paris gold market fell considerably today as hope rose that the Egyptian military operations would end soon. The gold market traditionally rises when the danger of war grows—the value of gold increases during a conflict—and sinks when danger of war recedes."

Turning nearer home to the panic at the petrol pumps, we have noticed that our small garage has managed admirably, without fuss, and has enough petrol to offer despite the ten per cent. cut. But it would seem that rationing, like war, is too good to miss, and we are grateful to the reader who sent us the startling headlines of the *Daily Mail* (November 21, 1956) which announce that "RATION CAN MAINTAIN JOBS FOR ALL," and in enormous italics, "*Austerity to keep factories going.*" Doubtless we shall not be allowed time to draw breath while we consider what jobs are necessary and what would be better left undone.

That the *Daily Mail* does not alone represent "Jobs" as the be all and end all of life is shown by what another good reader describes as "an interesting piece of circumstantial evidence," which to his knowledge has been circulated for at least thirty years, expensively framed. Here it is:

Who am I?

- "I am the foundation of all business.
- "I am the source of all prosperity.
- "I am the parent of genius.
- "I am the salt that gives life its savour.
- "I have laid the foundations of every fortune.
- "I can do more to advance youth than his own parents, be they ever so wealthy.
- "I must be loved before I can bestow my greatest blessings and achieve my greatest ends. Loved, I make life sweet, purposeful and fruitful.
- "I am represented in the humblest savings, in the largest block of investments.

"All progress springs from me.

"... I am Work."

(With the compliments of the — Insurance Co. Ltd.)

This personified abstraction does not claim to be genius itself, although it would readily oust other parents, even the rich ones and would use scripture as glibly as the devil. But if, like a man at prayer, we shut out the distractions of entertainment and publicity, we shall see that the works of genius and of humbler progress spring from the opportunities of leisure. This is the end for which "work" is the means. The apostles were drawn away from their fishing and tax collecting ("work" if you like) in order that, first, they might listen. Was this wicked?

An insurance magnate would probably think that Dante was a conjuror or a disc-jockey or other entertainer, but I will risk a short quotation: "The work proper to the human race, taken as a whole, is to keep the whole capacity of the potential intellect constantly actualised, primarily for speculation, and secondarily (by extension, and for the sake of the other) action. And... since it is the fact that in sedentary quietness the individual man is perfected in knowledge and wisdom, it is evident that in the quiet or tranquillity of peace the human race is most freely and favourably disposed towards the work proper to it." The translator quotes scripture too: "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise."

The reader doubtless sees the point. Action in Dante's view is *for the sake of the other*, the refining of the intellect of spirit, and in leisure man can pursue *the work proper to humanity*. The Bishop of Oxford has of course expressed the matter clearly enough, but it is worth recalling that the Christian view, a very ancient one, of the work proper to humanity differs radically from that of the insurance company in whose view the accumulation of a block of shares represents the height of achievement.

We could of course recall that hundreds of years before Dante the contemplation of Mary was preferred to the activity of Martha, and that we were warned against becoming absorbed by accumulation, in the case of the "rich fool," or even by relatives, and that the phrase "redeeming the time" had no reference to finance corporations. Or we could quote from a letter that appeared recently in the *Essex Weekly*, headed "Bishops v. Ministers," over the signature of Frank Harvey. Mr. Harvey says,

"The criticism of the Bishop of Chelmsford on 'working mothers' and their parental duty of staying in their homes looking after the welfare of their children has long since become by clerical reiteration platitudinous, boring and impertinent, while the deliberate economic and financial policy of government imposes the necessity of mothers going out to work to maintain the material standard of living of their family.

VOICE

A JOURNAL OF STRATEGY FOR PERSONAL,
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one thing at a time."

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"The Bishop's exhortation was followed during the same week by the Minister of Labour's exhortation for married women who had interrupted their careers to have a family, to return and renew their careers in industry.

"These exhortations call for stringent comment, since the Bishop's and the Minister's opinions are in direct opposition. The Bishop's criticism should have been directed to government—not to the mothers.

"The Bishop of Oxford declared some time ago: 'Work for work's sake is not a Christian maxim. We work in order to live. To reverse this principle would be to suggest that man is a mere producing or organising machine which must indeed have a rest sometimes, but merely as a biological necessity, in order once again to go to work efficiently. Man's life on any Christian view is something far greater and more profound than his capacity to produce goods and organise their production.'"

Waning and Wavering

The Waning of the Middle Ages by J. Huizinga,
Penguin Books.

Dr. Huizinga, whose *Homo Ludens* (Man at Play) we reviewed recently, shows in this book on the Middle Ages how the other half of the world lived, and some enlightenment may be derived from the antics of rulers and other laymen on the origins of decline or waning.

The people in that time, he says, best understood "the primitive motives of hatred and vengeance." If such understanding and such motives produce a decline, we are not free of them today. We may contrast the Gospel insistence on forgiveness, which the Chinese teaching of Mencius on the treatment of a defeated enemy anticipated.

The Middle Ages had their ideals, and apparently dissipated them, or failed to mature them, as in the case of chivalry, and their loss seems to be permanent. For, says Huizinga, "Modern man is a worker. To work is his ideal. The modern male costume since the end of the eighteenth century is essentially a workman's dress." Work may sound better, we might add, or more businesslike, than chivalry, but can be just as vague as an ideal. The short grim word is in fact a portmanteau term for all kinds of activity which may be good and useful, but may as well be vicious; it may be freely undertaken, or only endured for money or through fear—the word work often covers up a mental laziness that

refuses to define its terms. As for chivalry, Huizinga calls "primitive and spontaneous asceticism" the basis of the chivalrous ideal—the Church was hostile to tournaments.

Nevertheless the ceremonial helped to civilise the court (he instances Burgundy) since its forms made life an art. The orders of the Temple, of St. John and of the Teutonic Knights, soon perverted their function, and assumed the character of "great political and economic institutions" from which chivalry was effaced by "their political and financial importance." Perversion of this type abounds today, for the means (in those days an Order and in ours Production or the Financial Order) become ends in themselves, principalities and powers instead of servants. We noticed a fortnight ago that the philosophy of freedom was fuzzy; the ideal of chivalry suffered the same complaint, so that it produced a mixed crop of benefits and mistakes. Among the errors Huizinga notes the creation of Burgundy and the neglect of the Turks in favour of the Jerusalem crusades, while on the credit side the law of nations arose in part from chivalry, and the pedigree of a gentleman may be traced back through the cavalier to the chivalrous knight.

He hints at another aspect of the life of the times which the Romaunt of the Rose typified—de Lorris started it before 1240 and Chopinel finished it before 1280—but the Church opposed not so much the natural as the unnatural, as typified in usury. The author mentions "the great financier, Jacques Coeur, whom one instinctively thinks of as a modern," and we may be sure that others of this kidney abounded and desired power. Huizinga confines his studies to France and the Netherlands so that he has nothing to say of the Lombards, whose business was mentioned by Langland before 1400.

We find that towards the end of the period the writers were praising work, rather as a refuge from court life or perhaps from its responsibilities. But Villon exposed the pastoral ideal as a sham, and our author castigates the "artificial flowers" that appeared to bloom. In fact a bad sign was the failure in accurate thought and honest expression, and in its place the advent of the horror comic, for such was the new macabre view of death: the word macabre first appeared in 1376.

Thought moreover was manufactured or predigested, for Huizinga complains that the mechanical symbolism of the later Middle Ages indicated decadence, while casuistry separated the mind and things. But superficiality and feebleness of mind often substitute brutality for sweet reasonableness: Persecution, he notes, was officially confirmed in 1484. Magnificence had ousted beauty—another anticipation of Hollywood entertainment—which again indicated that contact was lost with the real and the living.

Michaelangelo condemned the sentimentality and the multiplicity of details in contemporary work, Huizinga discloses, for evidently the artists had lost the appreciation of a clean line or the ability to make a clear distinction. The author compares verbal and plastic expression, in chapters of much interest, but perhaps if he had included England and Chaucer in his survey he would have come to a less despairing conclusion at least of the times before 1400. For the Canterbury Pilgrims, all said and done, demonstrate that the middle orders had their life too and that the court and courtiers did not tyrannise over the rest of the kingdom. It

has been said that Magna Carta, nearly two centuries before Chaucer, ensured to each his place, and we may still feel that this was a happier dispensation than a life of regimentation through orders in council.

But we may be grateful to Huizinga for having left not just a charming book about chivalry but a number of warning notes, which I have tried to pick out, on the dangers of losing responsibility. Such freedom as has been enjoyed always demands responsibility of mind and word, and is never so easily lost as when people use the current cant (so overwhelmingly supplied on so many media today) in place of looking at what is happening. Words and ideas are then counters in the political game and (like Peace, Justice, Freedom) lose their meaning or are deliberately used to evoke the required emotion—and free man turns puppet. The final stage is a complete collapse of discrimination, which often requires no drug or brainwashing to produce, and people will actually announce that communist Russia is gentle and disinterested or that socialism sets us free. The memory goes too, and while the barbarities in Hungary may jolt us a little and we may pity the refugees, we forget what happened to the hundreds of thousands of Palestinians who lost their homes. The loss of responsibility, such that a man will not have confidence in his own judgment if it conflicts with the leader in the *Daily* —, inevitably entails a waning and decline, for it amounts to abdicating our human status, let alone our British or European status. The idea of a waning process is not fantastic for there is a momentum (*facilis descensus*, gravity pulls) and recovery demands faithful resolution. H.S.

A New Punishment

Have all our triumphs of research and organisation bequeathed us only a new punishment—the Curse of Plenty? Are we really to believe that no better adjustment can be made between supply and demand? . . . Surely it is this mysterious crack and fissure at the basis of all our arrangements and apparatus upon which the keenest minds throughout the world should be concentrated.

Why have we adopted the tax programme of Marx and Engels, who proposed to liquidate the middle classes through heavy progressive income and inheritance taxes? Confiscatory taxes are slowly but surely destroying all the enterprise and initiative that caused our business and industry to lead the world.

Never has mankind progressed materially so far nor so fast as under the political system of checks and balances arranged by our Founding Fathers, who well understood that the state is the greatest enemy of man. Alas we seem bent on committing national suicide, as gradually we abandon all the fundamental principles that have led to our success.

—A. Brundage, quoted in *Intelligence Survey* (Melbourne), May, 1956.

Economic and Moral Uses

“Fine arts grow pale and empty as well as ugly when they are altogether separated from economic and moral uses, and express only caprice, luxury and affectation. . . . The arts may die of frivolity as they were born of enthusiasm.”

—George Santayana.

The Work of Ezra Pound

by EUSTACE MULLINS

To those persons who still believe that the poetry of Ezra Pound is too complicated for them, I recommend the first three lines of Canto 89, from his new book, *Section Rock-Drill*, containing Cantos 85-95, published by New Directions, 333, Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y., for \$3.00 per copy. These lines are as follows:

To know the histories
to know good from evil

And know whom to trust.

Interspersed between these deep and unfathomable sentiments, which are almost as complicated as Yogi Berra's batting average, are two Chinese characters, which are guaranteed to drive most Americans back to their comic books. They simply mean that these ideas were not originated this morning.

Why does Ezra Pound make every other poet writing today sound like a society woman playing at verse-making? He has no malicious intent to do so. It is simply that he is writing about something.

Ezra Pound is forging an instrument of wisdom which can help man come out of his self-induced stupidity. Without Pound's work, modern civilisation is more than a bad joke, it is a tragedy.

Ezra doesn't comment on “the enormous organised cowardice” merely because that cowardice has allowed him to languish in a modern dungeon, stark and soul-killing, for the past eleven years. He only points it out as an underlying motive for almost all political activity in these United States. Fear has replaced greed as the most pressing motivation of the American people. Their bellies are full, and now they worry about who will take their gruel away from them. Ezra knows that there have been civilisations before whose peoples got their bellies full. Some of them left monuments, some did not.

In examining history, Ezra found certain factors present in most wars, famines, revolutions, and other crises. The Cantos not only present these factors, they explain them, where they come from, why they appear, and what effect they have on the people.

In all this work, Ezra is moved only by his passion for beauty and his passion for truth. There are dangerous forces, which have gotten many men hung, burned, or disembowelled throughout the ages. Ezra has been subjected to the modern treatment, incarceration at the mercy of psychiatrists, who complain that he is “discursive.” This was actually named in the indictment which committed him to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., only a stone's throw from the club where Eisenhower entertains his Communist friends. For the benefit of those who do not understand the crime for which Ezra has spent eleven dreary years in the hellhole, “discursive” means that he talks.

Despite all this, Ezra can still write in these latest Cantos of “Moon's barge over milk-blue water,” a line which any of his milksop contemporaries would give their right

arms to be able to put on paper (Mr. Cummings of course is excepted from these remarks). Pound can say, "Not love but that love flows from it," which is a pretty good summation of the works of John Donne, who didn't know how to put it. Pound can say, "(Yes, my Ondine, it is so god-damned dry on these rocks)", showing that he is not entirely unaware of the problems of earthly existence.

And, even after eleven years in the hellhole, during which there has not been one minuscule effort of any consequence in these United States to free him from a confinement which, if the country survives, will always be a black mark against this people, Ezra Pound can write,

"And there is something decent in the universe
If I can feel all this, dicto millesimo
At the age of whatever."

Reform Needed

Sir,—Grateful for support from Mr. Holliday and those, including non-Catholics, who wrote direct to me, I am disturbed by the silence of all Societies claiming to work for a truly Christian Social Order. To acquiesce to an immoral system is itself immoral, and financial reform is "the one thing necessary" to achieve stability without which other actions can never be fully effective.

Dr. Thomas Robertson in his brilliant work "Human Ecology" analyses social disorders throughout history to show the central theme of all is unsound finance.

MORRIS J. J. CATHERWOOD.

56, Norwich Street,
Cambridge.

—From *The Universe*.

Unnecessary

. . . Mr. Gilbert Beyfus, Q.C., told the judge: "Mr. Peers being the owner of a great voice and having earned very large sums, formed a company for the legitimate purpose of avoiding unnecessary income tax."

The Judge: "All tax is unnecessary." . . .

—*Daily Mail*, November 9, 1956.

Correspondence

Let us have Personal Security

Sir,—It can be safely predicted that U.N.O. is again about to demonstrate its utter futility as far as the alleged reasons for its existence are concerned. It has even been officially suggested that, as in Korea, the "United" Nations had been about to fight each other. U.N.O. is intended to supply what is called Collective Security and in this connection is evidently as big a failure as its predecessor, the League of Nations.

The phrase "Collective Security" sounds fine and the majority of people, being simple and trusting, fall for it. It does not occur to them that the word "Security" is the bait and "Collective" the hook on which they get caught.

Collectivism is the expression of the pagan philosophy of Communists and of One Worlders. It is a denial of the Christian principle that the individual is paramount and that the State exists to serve him. Security is meaningless unless applied to the individual. What we therefore want is Personal Security, political and economic.

Instead of indulging in recrimination against the men who have been responsible for the position in which we find ourselves in the Middle East, let us, individually, who pay the piper, insist on a change of tune, of policy. The political power residing in us voters has been partly filched from us, partly nullified and turned against us. The larger the organisation of which we are members, the less control have we over its policy and the less are our interests considered. This is not merely logic, it is borne out by experience.

To put Collective Security first is to put not only the cart before the horse; but also to empty the cart of all it is supposed to carry. There can be no Collective Security without National Security and no National Security without Personal Security. The latter has therefore to be first and the others will follow automatically.

The first two steps in the right direction are obvious. The second is to sever the connection of Great Britain with all supranational organisations and so to regain our sovereignty and freedom of action, particularly to save the remnants of the British Empire. The first step, in as much as it evidently must precede the other, is to reform our own politics. These have become collectivised in as much as political power is concentrated into two major parties, whose policies are indistinguishable, except for the speed at which to attain general collectivism. M.P.'s have lost practically all initiative and are dragged at the tail of whoever may control cabinet and shadow cabinet. Adjustments must be made to ensure that the M.P. represents his constituents. M.P.'s must be what are generally called "independent." The constituents must of course in the first instance vote for such an independent and not for the party politician who is bound to obey his Whips; and they must also set up an organisation to control their M.P. during his tenure of his seat in the Commons.

That the matter is very urgent is underlined by one very sinister aspect of the Suez crisis, the formation of an International World Police Force. Whether this crisis was engineered for this purpose or whether the crisis is being used as an excuse for its formation is relatively unimportant. The ultimate aim of such a force is the same on a world scale as that of the open and secret police forces all over the Soviet bloc. Its formation now may be the beginning of a tyranny that will bring Mongols to Sussex, as it did to Budapest.

Yours faithfully,

H. R. PURCHASE.

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Ref. LAL/JC

12th December, 1956.

Dear Sir/Madam,

Re VOICE, Vol. 3, No. 17.

Owing to a Printer's error on pages 2, 3 and 4 of the above issue dated the 15th December, 1956, i.e., the words "The Social Crediter" appearing instead of "Voice," dispatched to you earlier this week, we take this opportunity of dispatching replacement copy.

We trust you will accept our apologies and those of our Printers for any inconvenience caused you. You have our best wishes for the coming Season.

Yours faithfully,

K.R.P. PUBLICATIONS LIMITED.

Louis A. Lyons, Manager.