

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On Monday of this week the dry sponge of the new Pensions Act drops into the shallow dish of the community's money resources. Employers and employed between them will now have to contribute 9d. in the case of each man employed, and 4½d. in respect of each woman. The number coming under the scheme is 15,000,000. Against this is the estimate that 196,000 widows and 386,000 children will commence to draw pensions at once. At 10s. for each widow, and an average of 4s. for each child, the aggregate weekly distributions of money will come to about £175,000, which will absorb an average weekly contribution of less than 3d. per head of the total number of insured persons. So that there is, initially at any rate, an imposing weekly surplus of levies which will be devoted to the building up of what is called a "fund," but which is not a fund at all, but a mere record of an unnecessary and unwarrantable raid on the purchasing power of the public. What the widow has to buy with her money will be made dearer by what the producer has to pay to provide her with the money; and her demand for goods will be more than offset by the restriction of the demand of insured persons generally. From a financial point of view it would be incomparably better for the community to pass the hat round for its pensioners week by week, on the principle that "sufficient unto the week are the pensions thereof." In this way the total money demand on industry for the means of life would only be redistributed; it would not be lessened as it is now. The underlying idea that it is necessary to suspend the functioning of purchasing power to-day in order to build up the power to distribute purchasing power years hence is utterly false. For the suspension of the power of buying is followed inevitably by the suspension of the function of producing. Thus the "security" of a growing insurance "fund" turns out upon analysis to be a diminishing scale of production! Suppose we could all live on air until we were seventy, and contributed our total incomes to this fund in the hope of getting some luxury like bread for the rest

of our life. What would happen? We should then have a terrific pension in terms of money; but agriculture would have been dead for a half-century, and we should have to begin to earn our pension by clearing land for wheat. The more we refrain from eating to-day the less there is to eat to-morrow.

* * *

While Finance is thus whittling down the buying power of the community without anybody appearing to notice it, much less growl about it, the Food Council is boiling over with fury because a certain "3 lb. 1½ oz." of meat turned out to weigh 2 lb. 7 oz., involving some consumer somewhere in the over-payment of the sum of 8½d. Another ½d. and he could have paid a widow's pension premium to the Stewards of Deflation. "It ought to be made a penal offence," says one newspaper—referring to the act of the butcher, of course, not the insurance monger. Peas, we are told with a deathly moan, first appeared in 16 oz. packets; later they drifted away to 15½ oz., 15 oz., 14 oz., and eventually 13 oz., yet "no intimation has been given to the public that the weight has been reduced." Very wrong, but when a group of banks issues a large credit, nobody tells the public that a piece has been clipped off every single Treasury Note in their hands. The two wrongs must be put right together, or not at all. The practice of cheating by the trader is an act of self-defence made necessary by the principles of the existing financial regime, under which it is impossible for sellers as a whole to recover their costs in any given period of time. Some do, but at the expense of others who do not. Again, what is the use of legislation? As soon as traders are compelled to describe weights correctly they will adjust prices accordingly. Granted the consumer of peas will then know that he is getting 13 oz. of them instead of 16 oz. for the money he pays, what practical benefit is that to him? The grocer has been coerced into honesty, it is true, and it is commonly taught that that virtue is the best policy (after an insurance policy perhaps), but it does not give the consumer a penny-

worth more for his money. The whole agitation is a device to lead the public off the trail of their real purchasing power, and into the thicket of "morals"; whereas, if our experience of the public goes for anything, they would sooner have immoral grocers and cheap peas than moral ones and dear peas. "Cheating"! Why the whole "law" of supply and demand is nothing else.

The *Daily News* reviews the effects of the lace duty during the six months since its imposition. It appears that the loss in the re-export trade in lace is equivalent to £2,000,000 per annum. Imports of lace retained for consumption have increased by more than 50 per cent. Exports of Nottingham lace have declined at the rate of over £500,000 per annum. The article is headed "Killing the Lace Industry." Unfortunately for the argument the lace manufacturers seem to desire this killing to continue; at any rate they are contesting the *Daily News's* conclusions. Perhaps, when every allowance has been made for the above tendencies in respect of overseas trade, there may be something yet to be said about home trade which will justify the retention of the duty so far as the manufacturers are concerned. They act as though there were.

A Press announcement deals with the contemplated expenditure of the British railway companies for this year amounting to £60,000,000. Most of it will be devoted to the maintenance of lines and railway workshops (£24,000,000) and renewal of locomotives and other rolling stock (£28,000,000). The Southern Railway Company are going to reconstruct Southampton Docks at a cost of £13,000,000, and build a new Kentish Coast railway between Ramsgate and Margate. The London Midland and Scottish are going to build 15,000 goods wagons and 400 new locomotives, besides reconstructing more than 3,000 locomotives in their own shops. Among the new locomotives will be three "articulated" engines of the Garratt type, having a hauling power of 1,500 tons and capable of express passenger speeds. They are intended primarily for fast coal traffic. The contracts for them have already been placed with Messrs. Beyer, Peacock and Co., of Gorton, Manchester. From Crewe comes the news that 9,000 railway workers who have been on short time since last Whitsuntide will now be fully employed for a considerable time to come. We hope that the ordinary shareholders of Messrs. Vickers after their obedience in accepting the stereotyping of the face value of their shares at the bottom slump price will see a little of this new business come their way. Use being second nature, we expect that even now they have lost all idea of the fact that what was written off was arrears of dividend due to them, and are in so healthy a psychological condition that they are ready to consider the equities of the situation fully met if they get the old familiar 15 per cent. dividend on one-third their original capital. There's such a look about "15 per cent." as will shame the hardest-faced of them out of peeping behind the bankers' 6s. 8d. now printed over the 20s. they put into the company. Fifteen per cent.—why, that will be more than double the rate paid to the poor debenture and preference shareholders (the ratio of the total amounts won't occur to them), which fact will, of course, reconcile them to bearing all the risks, as before, of carrying on operations. Yes, they have indeed deserved some orders for their company's products; and no doubt the banks' assistance to the railways will make this possible. If there be any other engineering companies with "inflated capital" (which really means legitimate claims to income which the bankers consider should be repudiated), they will know what to do if they want a seat at the

table when the railway-reconstruction melon is being cut up and served round. For the power that can say yes or no to a client's request for financial accommodation can also say yes or no as to the firms among whom he may lay it out. It is a mighty power—an autocratic rock of so towering a mass that at the highest and the lowest tides of the democratic sea it is the same size.

It is reported that a conference has been held at Manchester to consider the subject of the recapitalisation of cotton mills. In the "frenzied finance of the boom period a number of concerns were heavily over-capitalised," and these are now in a situation which they can only maintain if they are able to sell yarn at 2d. to 3d. a pound above the price at which other, more prudent, firms are able to price it. Similarly in regard to shipping. "The rates of freight out of Cardiff or anywhere else," writes Mr. H. H. Tomlinson in the *Daily News*, "can barely pay, when interest on the inflated capital of modern shipping is part of the overhead charges." We do not know if Mr. Tomlinson intended to connect "interest" with "inflated capital" in this way. If so we should like to hear some more. In the ordinary way inflation of capital takes place by the process of increasing the issue of ordinary shares, or by selling or refloating a company on a higher capitalisation. But the shares are always ordinary shares, and the holders have no claim on any money at all unless it is there to be distributed; no "interest" charge arises. That fact was illustrated in the case of Messrs. Vickers. So, if it is true that there is an interest charge on the inflated capital in question, that capital must have been derived from borrowings and not from the sale of ordinary shares. (The issue of free bonus shares is really a sale, because they are distributed in lieu of cash dividends due to the shareholders.) Now, it is notorious that in the South Wales area on which Mr. Tomlinson is reporting, enormous sums were advanced by the banks to shipping enterprises. The several banks, with their usual prudence, not only made the ships themselves a security, but required each borrower to sign a personal guarantee, and in many instances also required a further guarantee from some third party. The third party was usually a brother shipowner, who himself was a borrower from another bank. So one sees a picture of a group of shipowning business men each borrowing on the security of self and ships, and that of his friends and their ships.* This would have turned out satisfactorily if misfortune had selected only one or two of them for her attentions. But the jade embraced them all. Every one of them went bankrupt (that is, potentially) so that their cross-guarantee naturally became worthless, and the only security left to the banks was the ships. The latter could not sell the ships and get their loans back, for shipping values had gone down everywhere, and there were no buyers of ships except at breaking-up prices. Now it will be extremely interesting to watch and see what happens in regard to these South Wales shipping concerns during the coming era of capital rectifications of the Vickers type. If, as Mr. McKenna pointed out, the existence of an inflated subscribed capital is an incubus on the activities and prosperity of a concern, although the shareholders have no rights to more than the concern happens to earn, how much heavier is the incubus of a capital in respect of which its providers have such rights irrespective of whether the concern earns anything or not. The ordinary shareholder is no handicap to a business; it is the debenture and the preference shareholders, chiefly in the person of the banker, who sink it. Logically, the writing down process should

* Between 1913 and 1920 the price per ton of a 7,500-ton steamer went up from £7 2s. od. to £34 10s. od.

take exactly the opposite course to that which it will. The ordinary share capital should be left alone (did not Mr. McKenna emphasize that it made no practical difference what the face value of the ordinary shares was?) and the rights of the other shareholders reduced. But no. There are two categories of over-capitalised concerns in this country; those with which the investing public are saddled and those with which the banks are saddled. In the coming great "Vickers' Visitation" one will be taken and the other left. We shall see the community's properties valued downwards so that they can cut prices. On the other hand the bankers' properties will be let alone; they will be nursed until the benefits of the cotton, iron, and other rectifications begin to express themselves in the form of increased exports. Whereupon freights will pick up, and the "bankers' fleet" will metaphorically set sail in a fair wind towards those ports where little investors can be prevailed on to buy it, and so restore it to its fond mother—Private Enterprise. Vickers' shareholders bought a pup in Sheffield so that the banks can sell a fleet in Cardiff.

The Italian Minister of State, Luigi Luzzatti, has been unburdening himself to a Reuter representative about Italy's debt to this country.

"England, impregnable in her territory, was not called upon to suffer the terrible enemy invasions; and, even after the war, continued to be the richest nation in Europe. In spite of this, England receives 22 per cent. of the German reparations, while Italy is allotted scarcely 10 per cent."

Perhaps this accounts for our unemployment troubles in this country. At this time, when every industrial nation is looking for work, Italy is luckier than Britain in only having to import 10 per cent. of the total German exports.

"If we should be asked for more than we can pay, I should prefer the suspension of the negotiations rather than that Italy should pledge herself to do what is impossible."

No one can cavil at such a sound Parisian sentiment. "Italy in this difficult moment asks from Britain actions of friendliness."

The actions are indicated as follows:—

"Italy expects from London conditions better than those received at Washington, as certain reciprocal concessions are indispensable to the consolidation of the friendship between the two countries."

Unfortunately a note to this report states that our Treasury's point of view is believed to be exactly the opposite. However, it will be a cold, cold, Treasury that can remain unmoved by Signor Luzzatti's peroration:—

"Hoping that England may take this first step towards a solution, I, a believer in the mystic intercourse between heaven and earth, invoke the celestial patronage of my sublime master, William Gladstone, in order that he may watch from above and inspire the near financial peace of the two countries he loved so well."

On the day following this appeal, Sir Austen Chamberlain met Signor Mussolini at Rapallo. The *Tribuna* sees added significance in the meeting when connected with a Russian report that the Russo-Turkish Treaty would explode the rumour that Moscow intends to conclude a Treaty with Italy. The *Corriere Della Sera* states that the object of the negotiations with the Italian delegation in London this week is not merely financial but also a strengthening of the basis of a general policy. Since the Under-Secretary for War, General Cavallero, was in Rapallo awaiting the outcome of the Chamberlain-Mussolini conversation before returning to Rome one may surmise that the subject of discussion had more to do with Italy's attitude in the case of a row over the Mosul judgment between Britain and Turkey than with anything else. Another intriguing item

is an article published in the *Roma Facista* last Sunday, the editor of which is said to be Signor Guglielmotti, head of Signor Mussolini's Press Bureau. The author of the article says:

"Two great peoples aspire to the honour of resuscitating France, the Germans, and ourselves. The former will not succeed, but the Italian people, prolific, laborious, and honest, are the logical upholders of the Latin tradition. Let France come to us. We will be reconciled in a name equally dear to us both. . . . A block of 80 million Romans from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, in the strong fist of Mussolini, would solve the problem of Europe."

It might—under certain conditions which unfortunately do not seem likely to be observed so far as any published evidence goes. It has been said that the perfect form of Government is a benevolent tyranny; which to most people seems like a contradiction in terms. Yet a tyrant who should impose Social Credit financing and costing on his subjects would be established as a Saviour. For the first time an autocrat would force the people to do something which afterwards they would discover they had always been wanting to do. Signor Mussolini has at present some measure of power for exercising the prerogative of *bienveillance*. It is reported, for instance, that there is no journal of importance in Italy which can be considered in opposition to his régime. But he must receive the inspiration or he must fall. And, with every deference to Conan Doyle, we hope no reliance will be placed on anything that Signor Luzzatti's "sublime master," William Gladstone, may have to communicate. There is no need to seek the living idea among dead men. The secret is to be found somewhere in London.

Mr. Hoover's agitation against the high price of rubber still continues, and is the subject of a good deal of Press comment. It is announced that the Foreign Commerce Committee of Congress will probably form a sub-committee to inquire into a question. Britain is charged with carrying on a "trade war," and reprisals are being advocated. For instance, over a thousand members of the American Cotton Association in South Carolina favour a cut of at least one-third of the acreage for the next crop for the sake of putting prices at a higher level. Senator Hennessey of Boston has introduced a Bill to effect reprisals, pointing out that Britain is "taking excess prices for rubber, and supporting the Brazilian coffee monopoly." One of Mr. Hoover's own proposals is that American bankers should be discouraged from giving credit for the support of British combinations. On the other hand the *New York World* opposes the idea of an official inquiry, remarking "what a hullabaloo there would be in Congress if Britain should undertake to investigate a year from now the high cost of cotton shirts." Chicago wheat dealers, denying the idea of retaliation, declare that America exports comparatively little wheat to Britain, most of it going from Canada. Mr. Hoover's above reference to credit is answered by a statement that the German and Brazilian syndicates, about whom complaints were now being raised, had been refused credits by Wall Street at the instigation of the Administration, and had gone to London and got them there instead. It is difficult to disentangle an American policy from this controversy, but it is pretty clear that the rubber question is a source of irritation. Talk about "reprisals" is mostly futile, for under present conditions of world-trade organisation business concerns and associations have no margin for carrying them out. Cotton, for instance: if on balance the growers can benefit by reducing acreage for higher prices, they will adopt the policy for its own sake, quite irrespective of any "rubber" provocation. Producers normally charge

as much as they can. Only those who are not doing so can practise reprisals: and who are they?

Following the decision of Parliament last spring to remit the balance of the Boxer Indemnity, amounting to £11,000,000, a British Commission will shortly go to China "in connection with the allocation" of this money. In other words, having let China off the amount, China must still provide it. The only difference is that instead of sending it here she will plough it in at home; and seeing that if she did send it here it would almost certainly have gone out there again for development purposes, the aforesaid difference amounts to nothing. It is a window-dressing job and has been done to counteract as far as possible the commercial advantages which America has gained over Britain as a result of her having done the same thing years ago. The object of the Commission, says the *Daily News*, will be "to confer with the Chinese authorities on the spot as to the best uses to which the money can be applied." Quite so. And as China has not got the money, no doubt the Commission is prepared to advise her where she may borrow it, and where she shall place her orders. As this "gift" is said to represent a loss of £400,000 a year to the British taxpayer, one must presume that our authorities are satisfied of his ability to foot the bill. There is nothing more to say, we believe—except that the Ministry of Agriculture has reimposed the fee of one penny for admission to Kew Gardens to remind thoughtless Bank Holiday visitors that the banks never take a holiday.

The annual statement of the Bankers' Clearing House shows that for 1925 the total of bills, cheques, &c. cleared was £40,437 millions. Town clearings, which reflect Stock Exchange transactions, account for £35,801 millions of the above sum. Both figures are a record. One newspaper report says that rubber has caused much of last year's growth—"there has been a vast number of purchases, re-purchases, new issues (with cheques pouring in for ten and twenty times the necessary application amounts) during the boom." "Country and Metropolitan cheque clearings," says the same paper "which reflect trade more closely, both show a large increase on the year." So Stock Exchange "reflections" may be roughly indexed as thirty-five as against five for Trade "reflections." There is no figure showing the work done by the £280 million odd Treasury Notes in circulation. This is a pity for such a figure would provide us with a rough "reflection" of consumption-finance.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

(Selected by the Economic Research Council.)

"Seventy-five years ago the average agricultural worker could care for twelve acres of crops; now, considering the United States as a whole, he can attend to at least thirty-four acres, and in some States, where large power units are common, the average is more than 100 acres, while on many individual farms it will run as high as 300 acres or more. At the same time the workers' hours have been considerably shortened, and much of the drudgery and monotony of farm work has been eliminated."—*The Index*, published by the New York Trust Company, October, 1925.

"In 1913, excluding the Bank of England, Merchant Bankers, Foreign Banks, and Discount Houses, there were in Great Britain and Ireland seventy banks, which mainly by the process of amalgamation had been reduced in 1924 to thirty-seven."—*Monthly Review of Midland Bank, Ltd.*

"In view of the resumed gold exports by Britain to the U.S.A. the feeling in best banking circles in New York is that the London Bank Rate should be raised, and would be but for the cheap money illusion of British industrialists. It is believed that British bankers would welcome an increase in the U.S. rate, as it would justify an increase in the London rate, which is now held down by political considerations."—*The Financial Times*, November 29.

The American Mind.

By John Gould Fletcher.

IV.—HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

I have heard an American woman, resident in England, declare her astonishment at the not uncommon attitude of the Englishwoman to her husband. "I have heard of jealous husbands," she said, "but in America the jealous wife is unknown."

This remark summed up in concise fashion the differences between the American and not only the English, but the common European view of marriage. The American boy grows up in love and worship of his mother. His father is merely the breadwinner of the household, merely an accessory outsider who comes in daily from his office to smoke cigars and bury his nose in his newspaper. All the culture that the household possesses is derived by the mother from her women's clubs. In consequence, the young man, when he grows up, puts his intended on a pedestal, access to which is only to be obtained through money. Throughout marriage he holds the position of an inferior; his position of authority, gained in his worldly pursuits, does not apply in his home. If there he shows himself a partisan of economy, he is mean and stingy; if he interferes in any detail of the children's upbringing, he is ignorant; if he objects to his wife's flaunting of her sex-appeal before other men, he is a jealous brute. In most American States, a wife can not only divorce her husband for some excuse that in any European country would be considered absurd, but can continue to claim support from him under all circumstances. Since the advent of woman's suffrage in the States, some slight change has taken place, because the more advanced suffragists have held that a woman should make her living no less than a man. But in all essential respects, the United States are still the woman's Paradise.

The final flower of this Paradise is the type of woman who can only be called "the married virgin." Nowhere on earth are women so readily shocked at natural and unavoidable facts as in America; nowhere have so many efforts been made to preserve what is called "the purity of our American womanhood." What this purity consists in, I do not know. If it consisted in the view that straightforward physical love between a man and a woman was of all gifts on earth that most worth having and preserving, it might be comprehensible; if it consisted in the belief that a state of ascetic celibacy is the highest form of mystic approach to God it might also be comprehensible; but apparently it consists in the belief that a man's wife is unapproachable—with the result that every American city not only has its underworld of furtive vice, ready to sow disease and death among the people, but that these underworlds are far more vicious, just because of their being persecuted, than if they were accepted, as they are elsewhere, as a matter of course.

I have referred to these underworlds as being "persecuted" in America. The phrase is perfectly just. The American woman so perfectly realises her power that every now and then she eggs on her husband, or sallies forth herself, bent on some "vice-crusade." There is not an American city that has not at some time suffered from one of these periodical inflictions. The latest was New Orleans, where the famous "red-light district" was closed after the war, thereby robbing the city of nine-tenths of its picturesqueness and a great deal of its human feeling. The only result up to date of these periodic crusades is to make the "underworld" more determined, more cunning, and more lawless. Since the war, some of this fury for maintaining "purity" and reforming one's neighbour at all costs has taken other forms. It is manifested in such organisations as the Ku Klux Klan, which aims at the upholding of Protestant "Nordic," white America against the hosts of more tolerant and

loose immigrants of the Catholic, Jewish, or Negro type; it is equally manifested in the censorships of literature and plays that have been established in many States.

Prohibition, above all, remains as the supreme monument of woman's endeavour in the United States. From the days when Susan B. Anthony came a pioneer of both Temperance and Suffrage, to the days (not so remote in point of fact) when Carrie Nation went out to smash the saloon in Kansas, the cause of Women's Suffrage and the cause of Prohibition have been one. Both were victorious in the war. It is true that Prohibition was supported in its attack by many of the wealthy class, who thought that thereby the workman would be made more efficient, more a part of the machine. But it was the vote, and still more, the influence of the women that finally decided the issue. And the tragic side of the present situation is just this: while a minority of fanatic women and men are busily upholding Prohibition, and another minority are cynically bent on outwitting the law as frequently as possible, the majority who actually love their country are trying to live up to Prohibition, now that it has become the law. Prohibition has come to stay, not because of the prosperity it has brought—this is offset by the fact that it has destroyed the amenities of American social life—but because the great mass of the people feel loyalty to the Constitution of which Prohibition is now a part.

The dominance of the American woman in all walks of life has led to a development of childhood that is unparalleled elsewhere. The American child is never young. By the time he is six, he is already a juvenile prodigy; at ten he is a genius—to whom older and wiser heads must defer—at fifteen he has a dozen love affairs, and at twenty he is a blasé invalid. The only exceptions to this monstrous spoilt and overpetted type of American childhood are the elemental savages who revolt against all teaching, all instruction, who display courage, skill and imagination in outwitting their mother's attempts to pour culture down their throats—the type of boy immortalised by Mark Twain in his Tom Sawyer, and the type of girl known as the "tom-boy." For these there is hope up to the time they are twenty. After that, they are usually captivated by the prospect of making a fortune, and capitulate in their individualistic but futile revolt against the mechanism of American society.

Above all, the American mother loves to try experiments on her children. Though she is not jealous of her husband, she is usually most outrageously jealous of her neighbour's children. They may possibly be more successful in the race for dollars and fame than hers. Therefore she watches over her children, has them periodically doctored, psycho-analysed, intelligence-tested, ignores the natural awakening in them of the sex-instinct, and does all she can to make them something else than the very ordinary products they frequently are. And the husband—poor meek man—follows her progress with respectful devotion, puzzled but easy-going, until at the end he is presented with the result in the shape of a young man or woman suffering from nervous breakdown—or until the inevitable reaction takes place against the mother, and the child takes the father's side.

All this has its effect on American womanhood. For, about forty, the American wife frequently feels awakening in her the twin feelings normal to her sex, of love and jealousy. She now for the first time wishes to give herself to a man. She now for the first time feels bitter hatred to the husband who has been her abject slave and whom she had hitherto regarded with cool contempt. The Puritanism of her upbringing and of the community in which she lives forbids her to throw herself away—chattering

scandal about one's neighbours is the normal atmosphere in which she has been brought up—so she deliberately sets herself to create scandal about her husband. If he has sinned, she magnifies his sins out of all proportion. She poisons her children's minds against him. She fills the house with neighbours, till he is forced to take refuge in the coal-cellar or the corner store. And when he finally summons up enough manhood to desert her, she refuses to grant him a divorce, and holds him to the last penny. Female jealousy so long suppressed breaks out at last in an orgy of sheer vindictiveness.

The American woman is the heart of the American problem. She is, to a European observer, oftentimes the most attractive aspect of the American scene. The most attractive, but the most dangerous. For she is given by the Puritan ideals of American conduct all the weapons, physical and spiritual, in the battle of life. And she uses them to create not only unlimited suffering for an inoffending husband, but often in the last resort, bitter misery for herself. Yet, it is through her that America has made its most important steps in the direction of civilisation. Under the pioneers the woman was nothing but a vehicle for bearing children. And she was more conservative, more backward mentally than her husband. The modern American woman has changed all that. She is the emotional radical, challenging male conservatism.

(To be continued.)

Prospectus for a New Australia.

I.—A DULL CAREER.

The typical talented Australian is a most amusing person. He is first heard of, as a rule, at the early age of fourteen. Born at Creswick, or Bendigo, or Castlemaine, or some other worn-out and more-or-less deserted mining town; it is gravely announced in the *Smythesdale Bugle*, of which paper he has become the printer's devil, that certain rough drawings of his have received very favourable mention from the *Sydney Bulletin*. At nineteen, the talented Master Percy Gumboil has become principal cartoonist to the latter organ. At twenty-five he is in London, illustrating the *Most Important Paper* on earth; and then—horrible contrast!—at thirty-six he is back on the staff of the *Smythesdale Bugle*, washing down the weekly type-chase, and turning the handle of the machine.

Whether Mr. Will Dyson's career conforms to this rule or not, I leave to the judgment of discerning Englishmen. I became acquainted with Mr. Dyson first, some fifteen or seventeen years ago, when he was the pictorial printer's devil of the Melbourne *Punch*. This paper, I might explain, was then, and still is, a most influential organ; its powerful editorials on the correct etiquette at weddings having a very substantial influence among washerwomen of a socially aspiring kind. Later, I saw some of Mr. Dyson's promising work in the *Bulletin*. If I am not mistaken, he even executed a caricature-portrait of myself for that paper. For a typical talented Australian, it was quite good. Still later, I heard that Mr. Dyson was in London; that the earth had hailed him as the greatest living cartoonist, and that fabulous sums were being deposited—of course by American millionaires—at his feet.

To-day, quaintly enough, Mr. Will Dyson is back once more in our midst, acting as the very obscure pictorial printer's devil of Melbourne *Punch*. The washerwomen of South Yarra and Richmond give his picture to the flames, weekly, in all the smuggest and most respectable mansions of Toorak. To think that the once tremendous artist of the London

Daily Herald—a Labour organ, I believe—should have fallen so low! It is enough to make every unsuspected genius in Australia sit down upon his Bristol board, and weep.

My own interest in Mr. Dyson is very scant. I only know that when, in January, I think, of 1922, I ventured, ever so mildly, to criticise Australian affairs in *THE NEW AGE*, Mr. Will Dyson flew into a terrible panic about it. He wrote at once to the then editor, Mr. A. R. Orage, pointing out that I was an Improper Person. The subconscious washerwoman in Mr. Dyson, in fact, rose violently to the surface. That a person who had been in prison in Australia, no less, and who therefore knew a little about the real Australia, should dare to say anything at all about that country in England was too dreadful. Mr. Dyson, I am informed, called a meeting in Soho of all the expatriated washerwomen-complexes of Australian birth in London. The thing was done handsomely. Mr. Dyson, electing himself as President, by consent, of the Indignant Washerwomen's Association, swore a solemn oath to defend Australia—and the highly profitable post-war Australian Hero pose in London—with his last tube of Chinese white.

It was very quaint. Being busy, at the time, I put the project of a really searching criticism of things Australian upon one side. Certainly, my four years in prison in Australia—1914-18—had taught me much. I had been cured of all that vapid, frothy nonsense common to writers for the *Sydney Bulletin*; had cultivated some reserve; had greatly extended my knowledge of men; and, above all, had learned to look facts in the face. I determined, ultimately, in October, 1923, on receipt of a letter from the *American Forum*, intimating that an article of mine on prisons as official schools of crime would appear in that magazine, that I would return to gaol, and make an entirely fresh examination of the social, economic, and political foundations of Australia. I was then, and am still, a good Nietzschean. I believed that he who wills the end must will the means. I forged, accordingly, a cheque; walked into the Detective Office at Sydney; stated what I had done; asked that I be arrested; was arrested; received in due course a sentence of two and a half years; served my sentence; profited, vastly, in the matter of scientific observation, by every day of it; and now here I am, smiling quietly in the face of our collective Australian inartistic washerwomandom.

Compared with the brilliant Mr. Will Dyson's, of course, I am aware that my career is, and has been, extremely dull. I have never ventured down Fleet-street, teaching my British journalistic betters how to suck eggs. I have simply stayed in my own country, and have attended, as best as I knew how, to its affairs. That sort of thing wins a man no sort of celebrity in Soho. Not to have patronised John Galsworthy; not to have told Mr. H. G. Wells quite everything about his secret failings—this, I am aware, has been a very serious omission, or series of omissions, upon my part. Nevertheless, I bear up. When I received, in one Australian penitentiary, the *Forum's* cheque for my prison article; and when I received, in yet another Australian gaol, a copy of the *Forum*—that of November, 1923—containing my modest contribution, I felt that I was filling my niche.

I propose to go on filling it. Quietly, from time to time, I hope to be able to say something about Australia of genuine interest to the readers of *THE NEW AGE*. I only know that I have been receiving the paper, quite regularly, in prison; and that I salute Mr. Haydn Mackey. He is a star that shines with a sure and steady light. His splendid cartoon of August 13—"No Hands Wanted"—compared with the debased and horrible "Fond Father, Or

Such Fun For The Little One" work of Mr. Will Dyson's, that I find in the Melbourne *Punch* of October 15; work, be it said, of the very poorest imitation-American type; makes one realise that in the sure and steady craftsmanship of British workmen there moves a force sublime. We flashy Australians have a lot to learn. Not to go up like rockets, unless we wish to come down like poor Dysonian sticks in Melbourne, would seem to be the first and most essential lesson for our learning.

That by the way. It has been a great humiliation for Mr. Dyson, no doubt, to come down to something lower than the Ally Sloper level. But I know one very good feature about him; one factor in his present situation, deserving of all praise. It is this: Thomas Burke, author of *Limehouse Nights*, when writing, recently, about his personal impressions of Australians, said: "There is still one matter, though, that puzzles me. All the Australians I have met are intensely patriotic. Directly they get together they begin to talk of Australia, Australian things, and Australian people, as though they were paid publicity men. But—this is the puzzle—not one of them has the least desire to go back. Not one of them is sickening for a sight of Sydney or Melbourne."

So that is where I would expressly commend Mr. Will Dyson. He has left the excellent people of England to suck eggs—and heads?—after their own fashion; and he has come back. So, even at the bottom, there, back in the solemn stodge of the Melbourne *Punch*, he has his moral value; his capacity to adorn a tale. Soho and Bloomsbury, I am credibly informed, are quite full to-day of as typically talented Australians. Well, then, let them all come back and do something for their own country; leaving Englishmen and Scotchmen—who, after all, are really very able if somewhat dull and unpyrotechnic fellows—to keep their eyes upon Sir Alfred Mond. Australia needs them. Three million square miles of Empire are waiting here. Failures in London! Come back and get cured. Come back, good chaps; and—in D. H. Lawrence's splendid English phrase about Australia—let us be on terms of mutual rudeness to each other. This is the great Land—for us. You would-be geniuses abroad: you so-typically talented Australians: listen! You used to have a certain flame of life—I am paraphrasing Lawrence—that made you handsome. You had a certain conceit of yourselves and a daring, inside all your pose and bullying. But now the flame has gone. The conceit and daring have sunk. You are only ugly and de-feated; common; getting fat, a little humiliated. So then, dare to be a Dyson, each and every one of you. Your new careers here, like mine, may be very dull and ordinary; but the men who have mastered themselves are, after all, the salt of the earth; and it is better, in the long run, to be a vendor of common salt than a faker of synthetic diamonds.

Is it not better, I ask you, to be a creative convict in the far Australian wilderness, than to be an ineffective infra-genius in London? How gladly, a thousand times, in the past three years, I have tramped to work in the Bush, with my axe upon my shoulder and a folded copy of *THE NEW AGE* in my coat-pocket. To lie down at mid-day, with a scrap of bread and meat for my physical meal, and the current "Notes of the Week" for my soul's and mind's sustenance—how good, how supremely good and great and enduring an experience it was! Back to Reality, Australians! Back to the soil that bore us!

Gumboils of the earth, attention! For this is where you belong. And so I mail to each and every one of you this Prospectus for a New Australia. I trust that you may see your way to take up shares. G. M. H.

(To be continued.)

The Death and Resurrection of Philosophy.

By Giovanni Papini.

II.

(Translated from the Italian by Delphine Seaman.)

DEATH OF PHILOSOPHY.

Since philosophy cannot in any way achieve its desire, it is constrained to retire, to renounce, to die. And there are indeed causes and signs of its approaching death:—

(1) sterility (the fruitfulness of philosophy is a myth, philosophical motives are reduced to three or four, but now all formulæ, combinations, and reconstructions are exhausted. It lives on the past, making history and variations of nomenclature);

(2) the adoption of artistic forms (passionality, metaphor, etc., which show the tendency to become confused with, and absorbed by, other forms of activity);

(3) preoccupation with practical things, which is on the increase, and which engenders an ever-growing contempt for reflections and meditations which have no immediate practical advantage to offer;

(4) a growing interiority (mysticism, inner life, diffidence in expression, anti-rationalist impulse);

(5) the return of primitive standpoints which indicates the end of the philosophical parabola (the most recent conclusions go back to pre-philosophical stages or those of the earliest philosophy; animism in metaphysics; the indemonstrability of moral laws in ethics; the ingenuous realism of gnoseology, etc.).

TENTATIVE EFFORTS AT RECONSTRUCTION.

Would this be the way to instil fresh life into philosophy, to seek to modify and adapt those instruments which we have seen to be inappropriate, and opposed? Let us see:—

(1) SENTIMENTAL DATA.—It would be necessary to *de-humanise* the philosopher, that is to say, to take from him his tendencies, his personal feelings, that is, fundamentally, to kill him, since the measure of a man's personality is the measure of his difference from other men. And on the other hand, philosophy ought nevertheless to have reference to general feelings which would be, as someone has thought or suggested, those which are most prevalent among mankind; but in this case there would be no universal rationality, since feelings would lead to a profound application of logical activities, without taking into consideration that feelings common to the majority at a given epoch may be swallowed up or changed in another.

(2) RATIONAL DATA.—It would be necessary to transform the mind, but for this transformation we must have already within us the point to which it would be desired to attain the new form of activity which would have to be created, and then that would be equivalent to saying that the mind is already transformed.

As for universal concepts, one could attempt to reduce them to the minimum of comprehension along with the maximum of generality, namely, to dualism. But even dualistic systems become monistic, directly the significance of the world ceases to be given by them separately, but consists in their *relationship*, in the *response* of one to the other. Besides, either it is a question of two principles or methods absolutely different and heterogeneous, in which case one does not understand how they can react upon each other (cf. the famous Cartesian peer enigma), or it is a question of things which are intimately related, which are distinctly homogeneous (matter, and energy), and in this case we are forced to reduce

them to a single concept, to turn to monism, to the universal, to the incomprehensible.

(3) EXPRESSIVE DATA.—It would be necessary to modify language, but:—

(a) either it is a question of the perfidies which are proper language in so far as it is language, i.e., sign expression;

(b) or it is a question of perfidies which are apparently transitory. But to obviate these it is, however, always necessary to use language, and if this is still unstable how can the results be stable?

It would appear that there is no way of escape, but on the contrary there are two. There is no need for philosophy to die, it will continue to live in two ways:

(1) as it has done up to the present in the form of three survivals (document, amusement, and protection);

(2) in another form, radically changing minds and aims (rising above philosophy).

PHILOSOPHY AS A DOCUMENT.

Philosophers attempt to explain everything, but as a rule they do not trouble to explain themselves and their philosophy. It is forgotten that the systems are also part of the universe, things on which it is possible to speculate, the revelations and expressions of men. Philosophy will therefore remain as a *fact* in two ways:

(1) as *cosmic document* (being all that is best and most exalted in this world, almost the synthesis of the universe, the flower of things, in which it may perhaps be possible to discover the secret of all, it may be looked upon as representative quintessence, as a supreme form in which aspirations and inferior forms may be more clearly seen);

(2) as *psychological document* (since each philosophy is the expression of a life, of a temperament, of a collection of instincts, of sentiments and wishes, we can re-translate logical symbols into vital symbols, reconstruct personality, complete unknown lives by means of other lives, or attempt re-evocations of individuals, and interpretations of times. I have done something of the kind for the last Kantian philosophers, in my "Twilight of Philosophers").

PHILOSOPHY AS AN AMUSEMENT.

In view of the vanity which has always been associated with philosophic work we can no longer take philosophy seriously, think with faith, or build with seriousness. The realisation of the purely verbal and personal value of philosophy takes from it every claim to respect and duty, etc. But there will still be some aristocratic minds, which, while being aware that their meditations and constructions have neither rational nor universal value, yet will take pleasure in the composition of new metaphysics, new theories of knowledge, new moral formulæ, or, in adopting and variously transforming those which already exist, i.e., they will re-create *philosophic amusements*. For these a manual will be necessary. We will make it and perhaps expound some of the rules in the speculative amusement: variety, complication, contradiction. Like-wise we shall have the battle game (sophistical), the raid game (metaphysical fantasies), etc., etc.

PHILOSOPHY AS A PROTECTION.

For some time to come there will always be those who still believe in the solidity, in the efficacy, and in the value of rational theories. So we will avail ourselves of this out-of-date belief to justify our actions. Philosophy will remain as a breast plate, shield for our actions. It will be as a vanity of the frailty, the inconsistency, and the vanity of which we shall be well aware. We shall know that one single blow would shatter it, but the others, the

faithful, beholding its glitter will believe it to be of solid steel, and in many cases it will save them. Socially we shall be clothed, intellectually we shall be naked.

THE RESURRECTION OF PHILOSOPHY.

It has been a question, up to the present, of survivals. As thinkers, it is necessary for our amour-propre that there should be, beneath the banner of philosophy, something newer and more alive. If philosophy cannot progress towards the old objectives, let us find new ones. We will retain one single ambition: *the complete possession of reality.*

We must begin by providing philosophy with its particular character, with a *quid* of its own. It must be something not common to other activities, something which no one is doing or attempting. This is not the case with the quest of the general and of unity, because all human activities, none excepted, aspire to that end.

Man's chief preoccupation is that of linking things together with cords, cables, and hooks, on the one hand, uniting, binding, tightening, drawing closer, and on the other taking away, impoverishing, decapitating. We do not wish our eyes to wander too much, we do not want to jump from one thing to another. We beg logic, which spreads its net in all directions, to take these rebellious diversities, and crush them in its grip, making of them a digestible pulp. We need the only thing which takes away fatigue and gives less trouble. To reconnect the new with the old, what joy!

The mind does not wish to enrich itself too much, to increase its possessions; it only opens its doors to the people of the house. It does not wish to be disturbed by new knowledge. It is enfeebled by its bonds, its recollections, its communications, and its chains. So humanity, content in its sloth, in its unitarian mania, has made of the comparison and the images one of the signs of genius (Aristotle, Schopenhauer, Bain, James, Höfding).

This persistent habit of wishing to unite and simplify we find in the various forms of activity:—

(1) in technology, in the practical arts which must be reduced, systematised, simplified for the needs of the practical (cf. the one-sided man of action);

(2) in art, which tends to the exclusion of one part of the elements of reality by means of selection (Taine), and aspires either to the unity of groups (Herckenrath's and Helwig's theory of types), or to universal unity by means of the image (Biese, Arreat);

(3) in the sciences, which aim, as everyone knows, at formulæ, which simplify, at definitions, which, while taking general characteristics into account, aspire to complete and definitive unity (great scientific generalisation, the latent monism of physical and natural sciences), etc.

All these fear the particular, the complete, the isolated, the singular (hatred of heroes). No one wishes it, and no one seeks it. Philosophy will do what no one is doing or wishes to do, it has found its own original mission; *the research and discovery of the particular.*

The universalist tradition which goes back in Western philosophy to Xenophanes, but comes to light again in Vedic thought, with a unification of Indian Polytheism in Aditi and in Agni before reaching the Aturan of the Upanishads, is shattered to fragments. Will it seem a return, a step backwards? People may say so, but it is not. It is an erroneous belief that unitarism represents a superior and recent intellectual stage; the contrary, rather, is true. Think of the words in the wider sense of the primitives (Leibnitz, Max Müller, Höfding), of the lack of power of distinction of savages, children, and uneducated men, who see everything much more alike than do more subtle

observers, and you conclude that the intellectual development proceeds from the indefinite to the definite, from the general to the particular, from the confused to the distinct, from the fused to the dissociated. A great part of intellectual progress is made by dissociation of ideas (Remy de Gourmont), and the refinement of the senses consists in the perception of those differences which escape crude and unpractised senses. I wish to give also, en passant, a metaphysical theory to support the necessity for the research for the particular.

All metaphysics are animisms, they consist, that is, in an animation of things (sensations) made from affective, volitional elements (will, etc.). Now the most profound fact of the Psyche becomes the most profound fact of the universe. This most profound fact is, to me, the tendency to inertia, to ease, to repose, to Nirvana. Here are some proofs:—

(1) all things and activities tend, as we have seen, towards unity, towards universal and supreme identity. But we know that the universal, the unique, is inconceivable, and the inconceivable, translated from the logical into the concrete, is equivalent to the non-existent;

(2) all things tend to the cessation of themselves (laws of suicidal finalism). Activity has for its aim non-activity—every action tends to bring to an end the existing state, that is, the striving towards itself (Regalia). Every desire desires its own negation (Cresson). The striving towards God (immobility of the Eternal, Infinite) the wish for Nirvana (Buddhism), etc., etc. The world, the sum of all things, thus tends to bring itself to an end.

(3) the world is strength, movement, will. But can it be will to live (Schopenhauer)? No; for it lives already. It would be ridiculous to wish and desire that which is already possessed. Then, since it lives, and wishes, it can only wish the contrary of existence—nothingness. The world tends to suppress itself, to commit suicide.

Now are we to be mere spectators of the world? Because, as soon as we have discovered the tendency of the world, do we not seek to stand against it, to check it, do we not make ourselves *actors* or *authors*? The remedy consists in opposing the means which cause the final destruction to be foreseen, the universal and stagnation. Thus, moving towards the *particular* and *action*, philosophy tries to *save the world*; from being a theory it becomes an action.

Here is the other great change of direction in philosophy. While hitherto the thinker assumed, with regard to things, an attitude almost passive, recognisable, theoretical, he must now assume an active, practical attitude. He must not only know and accept the world, but he must save, transform, and expand it. It must be saved by the research into the particular, and into activity, transformed by research into new modes of knowledge, expanded by the creation of *other worlds*. (Is there a world? No. There are *worlds*, more worlds, so many worlds for each man. One must create them, one must multiply them. The supreme effort; a transcendental world, quite different from that of the sense using empiric.) Many metaphysical problems are not soluble except by action. For example, the greatest metaphysical problem, the principle of the world, consists either in an attempt to reduce the internal or mind (inward active element, idea, will) to the external, to the material (sensible intuition), which translated into psychological terms, shows itself to be absurd; or else to reduce the external to the internal, equally absurd when done rationally (verbal homogeneity), and useless when done emotionally (mystic ecstasies, trance). The bridge between matter and mind, that is, between sensation and sentiment, can only be built by action. Then metaphysical tradition is reversed, and one rises from animation

to creation. Whilst the effort of the greater metaphysicians is devoted to projecting the will into the concrete (voluntarism: Schelling, Schopenhauer, Wundt, Paulsen, etc.), we must propose to ourselves *to render concrete the will*, that is *to render our desires outwardly real*, a magic dream which passes into philosophy. Man therefore defies himself, not only by the creation of Truth, Infinity, and Law (Goethe, Fichte, Feuerbach, Stirner, Comte, Hazard, Maeterlinck), but also by making his desires objective and concrete, by creating reality. Thus with the transformation of philosophic activity from the theoretical to the practical we escape from all the snares and all the perfdies of rationalism, from the expression, from formulæ, from words, from forms, from rules, which although necessary as instruments of life are so many intermediaries between us and complete reality, are so many lenses which distort, are so many scissors which cut.

And so we come again into the possession of all the riches of the world (the particular), we mentally create (new worlds), and by the action which vivifies things by means of the mind we aspire to a more intense "psychisation" of the world.

But there still remains a characteristic which future philosophy, in contrast to that of the past, must possess: *personality*. Seeing that a universal philosophy is in every way a vain illusion, we must resign ourselves to making a *philosophy for the individual*.

Anyone worthy of it will have his own philosophy, adapted to his own needs, to his own interests, to his own sentiments. One will no longer try to impose upon everyone one same uniform and one same measure. The philosopher will be able to do two things:—

(1) a *baasar* of philosophies, a deposit of systems, a storehouse and exposition of theories, subdivided according to temperaments, sentiments, and principal aims; where each one who has not time to build up a philosophy for himself can succeed in providing himself with one at little cost;

(2) but since, when making a philosophy for oneself it is well to make it adapted to our own ego, we must begin by knowing it, above all in so far as it is distinguished and separated from others. This is the theory of the Ego, "*Egology*," which will contain what is necessary to make a beginning, because each one will be able to build up, within himself, an autoscope which will serve him almost as a standard for procuring for himself the activity and philosophy most suited to himself.

Thus we will speak no longer of philosophy, but of philosophers, no longer of the history of doctrines, but of doctrinaires.

CONCLUSIONS.

Here therefore is the old philosophy reversed. To-day philosophy inclines to the unique, to theory, to the knowledge of reality, to the animation of the concrete—to-morrow it will have to be directed to the particular, to practice, the creation of reality, to the realisation of the mind. It was possible to define it as *the unifying and universal knowledge of reality*, it will be possible to define it as a research into, and practical creation of, the particular and the personal.

In this way we shall have some important consequences, metaphysical, gnosiological, moral, and methodological:—

(1) METAPHYSICAL CONSEQUENCES.—The solution passes from the theoretical to the active plane. It is a question of doing and not of saying, of creating rather than explaining, of making the world instead of accepting it as made;

(2) GNOSIOLOGICAL CONSEQUENCES.—Distinctions between two kinds of knowledge:—

(a) *practical scientific knowledge*—this is theo-

retical, but is formed with a view to practical application, and tends to unity, simplification, etc.; (b) *actual philosophic knowledge*—this is active, and is formed with a view to the integral possession of reality, and tends to the particular, to action, to personality, etc.;

(3) MORAL CONSEQUENCES.—This new conception of philosophy in general and of metaphysics in particular leads to the necessity of distinctions, separations, non-fusions, struggle, etc.—that is, to an individualistic morality. The morality of altruism (love, fusion, effacement) is contrary to the whole spirit of this philosophy.

(4) METHODOLOGICAL CONSEQUENCES.—There will be changes not only in the content, but in the spirit. One will cease to expound results, but will consider means. One will not tell what is seen in the streets, but what are the short cuts in order to get there and see for oneself.

In this way we shall have a guide to the particular (*Thaumasiology*), to the reconstruction of the world (*Magic*), and to the rediscovery and reformation of oneself (*Egology*).

Thus is completed the perfect cycle of philosophy which, starting from a state of non-expression and pure action, passing through the reflection upon social problems (morals), upon the world (cosmology), and upon knowledge (gnosiology), returns, by means of gnosiological consequences, to non-expression, to the practice and to life. My proposal for the philosophy of the future is, at the same time, the accomplishment, the ultimate link in the return of philosophy, and an outline, a beginning of something else. Whereas for the most part philosophies will aspire to make something stable, lasting, and definitive (Hegel, Comte, etc.), I am anxious above all to make something *initial*, to open a new way upon which others perhaps will walk and run.

Celt and Sassenach.

Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it:
If a man would give all the substance of
his house for love,
He would utterly be contemned.
—The Song of Songs.

"Politics is a dirty business."

Strange things happen sometimes when we honestly try to understand those whom we have hitherto regarded as repellent, unsympathetic characters. The picture we have created for ourselves turns out to be, after all, not a speaking likeness, but a grotesque caricature. Something of this nature befell Mr. St. John Ervine* of Parnell—a piece of brilliant material for his biography* of Parnell—"I began to write his prefatory author's note, "I began to write he says in his prefatory author's note, "I began to write this book with a feeling of deep affection for him." It ended it with a feeling of deep revulsion of feeling. would be as well to admit straight away that the present writer has experienced a similar indifference, under the Beginning to read in a spirit of indifference of all Irish politicians, he realised on reaching the last page of an absorbing narrative that he had been spending several pleasant hours in the society of a very gallant gentleman, and was deeply indebted to Mr. Ervine for the introduction.

To describe Charles Stewart Parnell as one of the "curiosities of politics" is inadequate; a "portent" would be more accurate; an "anomaly," if you like. Consider his ancestry, his education—or, rather, his lack of it, for he was surprisingly ignorant and ill-read—his temperament, and the unfavourable environment of his early years. Bear in mind that he was of Anglo-Saxon blood, a Protestant, and an aristocrat; his manner cold and haughty, his health delicate; a poor man of business who could not keep accounts, and one who detested letter-writing; then ask yourself how it is that in spite of all these drawbacks he won the devotion of a race of Celtic peasants and became in a few short years the leader of a great party, going down to posterity as "the uncrowned King of Ireland."

* "Parnell." By St. John Ervine. (Published by Ernest Benn, Ltd., London. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Ervine suggests that Parnell might easily have been deflected from the uncongenial paths of political life into the humdrum beaten tracks of a country gentleman's existence had his first serious love affair ended in a happy marriage, as it might have done, had a certain Miss Woods been a sensible woman; and,

"had some lout, inflamed as much by patriotism as by porter, flung a damaged apple or a rotten egg at Parnell, gesticulating on his barrel in the market-place of Rathdrum, he might have altered the history of England and Ireland."

But—he adds—"these are idle speculations which may not profitably be pursued"; wherein we agree, but the thought will intrude that the Power which shapes our ends in spite of our rough-hewing had something to do with Parnell's phenomenal career. With the details of this dramatic story the author has dealt in a spirit of understanding and with a sobriety of judgment worthy of all praise—and, what is more, for those who are capable of appreciating a great passion, there is, for the first time, a rational unprejudiced account of Parnell's relations with the woman who brought into his life the love and sympathy for which his soul craved. The story of Parnell and Katherine O'Shea, far from being one of those sordid intrigues that are the glory of the Sunday papers, is one of those immortal tales of illicit love which have been the theme of poets and artists all through the ages. As Mr. Ervine says:—

"The love of Paolo for Francesca, if submitted to the judgment of the President of the Divorce Court, might seem a mean and squalid intrigue. . . . The young lovers, Romeo and Juliet, must have been very tiresome to their friends. . . . their death, had it been made the subject of a coroner's inquiry, would have been ascribed to suicide while of unsound mind, with a rider to the jury's verdict censuring the parents."

This passion, whose beginning and end are symbolised in the story of the rose, lives in those high regions of romance whose refined atmosphere is fatal to the transient lust of a mere liaison.

"Mrs. O'Shea tells us that," at their first meeting, "as she lent forward in the cab to say good-bye to him, a rose fell out of her bodice on to her lap. Parnell picked it up, pressed it to his lips, and placed it in his button-hole. This rose I found long years afterwards done up in an envelope, with my name and the date, among his most private papers, and when he died I laid it upon his heart."

Sentiment, if you like, but it is something more. We agree with our author:—

"It may yet be that a poet will find in the love of Charles Parnell and Katherine O'Shea material for one of the world's great tragedies of love."

One flushes with shame when one recalls the filthy rhymes and obscene allusions to "fire-escapes" that were current in clubs and music halls and defiled the columns of the Press in the days of the O'Shea divorce case. Some of us are old enough to have taken part in those shameful episodes and have lived to regret it. The arch-offender is still alive and holds a high position in the land whose interests he has served so ill. Three weeks after Parnell was buried Timothy Healy, in a public speech, referred to the unhappy widow in Brighton as "a convicted British prostitute." It makes us think better of our fellow men to learn that this foul insult was swiftly and appropriately punished. Parnell's nephew, Alfred Tudor MacDermott, read in the newspapers on Monday evening what had been said at Longford on Sunday.

"On Tuesday afternoon, November 4, 1891, he went to the Four Courts and horsewhipped Healy in the passage leading from the library to the coffee-room."

Patrick O'Brien and William Redmond telegraphed to young MacDermott,

"Bravo! We congratulate you on having whipped that cowardly cur who attacked a defenceless, sorrowing woman."

So does every decent Englishman—and who will not re-echo the pathetic lines of Katharine Tynan:—

O, but our Chief, our Love, there's no returning,
No words can make you come.
Not all our wringing hands, our useless mourning,
Our anger fierce and dumb.

They drove you to your death through a long passion
Of agony and pain.
The cup you drank was brimmed by your own nation,
And who shall cleanse the stain?

Those who would realise all that Ireland—and, yea, England—lost by the untimely hounding to death of Charles Stewart Parnell, let them read Mr. St. John Ervine's brave book.

J. S. K.

Vladimir Solovyov, and The Religious Philosophy of Russia.

By Janko Lavrin.

VII.—SOLOVYOY AND TOLSTOY.

I.

After having given (in the first sketch of this series) a brief definition of the relationship between Solovyov and Dostoevsky it is just and necessary to confront Solovyov's conception of Christianity with that of Tolstoy. Such a comparison is all the more important because Solovyov and Tolstoy exhaust the possibilities of modern Christian consciousness; they are the two poles between which this consciousness is oscillating.

When talking of Christianity and of the Kingdom of God, Solovyov sometimes uses expressions and even entire sentences which could remind one of Tolstoy. Yet it would be utterly misleading to confuse these two men. For, although both of them claim to be true Christians, they represent the greatest possible contrast, in so far as the aims and the planes of their doctrines are concerned.

Tolstoy's Christianity is that of flight from one's self into absolute self-denial. It is a kind of disguised Buddhism—with this difference, that the Nirvana is called by Tolstoy "Love" or "God." Tolstoy needs God chiefly as a supreme sanction for the absolute denial and effacement of the human self as such. But whereas Tolstoy preaches complete annihilation of the individual self for the sake of collective humanity, Solovyov stands for the utmost realisation of that self—in and through humanity. Tolstoy demands that the individual should dissolve in mankind, and Solovyov that he should expand to the size of mankind, embrace it religiously, and find his highest self-realisation through this very expansion.

Tolstoy sees in Christianity not Christ Himself, but only His moral rules and recipes; Solovyov, however, finds in and above all Christ—Christ as the embodiment of God-man and as a mystical fact of cosmic significance. Solovyov's Christianity is mystical, moral, and dynamic; that of Tolstoy is nationalistic, moralising, and static. Tolstoy has no proper understanding of the historical evolution or of the social organisation of mankind; therefore he denies the whole of our culture and civilisation, trying to make of them a *tabula rasa*. So much so that, in spite of his Gospel of non-resistance, intellectually he is a more destructive "bolshhevik" than the bolshheviks themselves. His doctrine is, in essence, a clever combination of utter nihilism with the "corrected" Sermon on the Mount.

II.

Contrary to Tolstoy, Solovyov accepts the whole of our historical process, the whole human culture and civilisation. Instead of suppressing them *à la* Tolstoy, he wishes to "sublimate" them: to imbue them with such spiritual values which would raise the process of human evolution upon the highest plane imaginable—the plane of God-man-kin. While Tolstoy's "perfect humanity" requires complete abolition of the individual self, of "flesh," of the State, of all social institutions whatsoever, the humanity of Solovyov is conceived as the ultimate synthesis of the highest social and individual principles, of "flesh" and spirit, of God and man. At the same time it is not the reasoned out homunculus, i.e., the abstract man of the philosophers, but the real concrete man that has an absolute worth for Solovyov. This makes him all the more anxious to find out the possibilities of such a collective body in which every separate individual could achieve his ultimate self-realisation.

"Each man, as such, is a being who, apart from his social utility, has absolute right to live and freely develop his positive powers. No man under any conditions and not for any reason may be regarded as only a means for purposes extraneous to himself. . . . The only moral norm is the principle of human dignity or of the absolute worth of each individual, in virtue of which society is determined as the inward and free harmony of all."

III.

The divergence between Solovyov and Tolstoy is pointed out particularly in Solovyov's last book, *Three Conversations*, which is, on the whole, his most accessible work about the "ultimate things."† Solovyov never mentions

† There are two English translations of this book; one of them published by Constable (under the title *War and Christianity*) and the other by the London University Press.

† Further elaboration of this thesis is to be found in my book *Tolstoy*, a psycho-critical study (Collins).

in it the name of Tolstoy; yet with the sharp blade of his own dialectics he undermines the basic principles of Tolstoy's teaching so radically that they can never recover. He blames the great Russian writer also on account of his dry and calculating morality in which he cannot find any real or spontaneous "inspiration of good."

Polemising with an imaginary disciple of Tolstoy, Solovyov concludes: "I have no doubt that you, through an honest mistake, accept a clever impostor as the true God. The cleverness of the impostor is a great extenuating circumstance."

In the same book he points out that on the verge between this dispensation of human consciousness and the new one to come, humanity will have to pass through such terrible trials and catastrophes as have perhaps never been seen on earth. This will be the apocalyptic period of our history which may begin precisely in Russia. But out of that turmoil, in which the reign of Antichrist will have its complete sway for a time, a new humanity will crystallise—ripe and pure enough for the Kingdom of God on earth.

It was with this vision that Solovyov—the apostle of God-man—died, at the age of forty-seven, in the same year (1900) as his antipodes, Friedrich Nietzsche, the apostle of man-God.

CONCLUSION.

Like all philosophies, that of Solovyov, too, has its pluses and minuses which cannot be specially discussed in a casual and purely informative outline. Some of his drawbacks were perhaps due to the very richness of his personality; for being a thinker, a theologian, a poet, a practical mind, and a visionary dreamer at one and the same time, he often mixed these elements without blending them entirely. His work is not free from logical inconsistencies either; however, one must not forget that he died while still developing that great synthesis of "integral knowledge," which was the chief aim of his life.

It is quite possible that in every vital philosophy one's intellect (however logical and convincing it may be on the surface) is to a great extent only the tool of certain subconscious needs and impulses of which the philosopher himself may be entirely unaware. In other words, philosophies are often determined by the subjective urges and requirements, by the temperament—by the *psychological type* of the philosophers. And in Solovyov we certainly find the "Russian" type of a thinker who is struggling through the mazes of European philosophic and religious systems, towards a new and vital philosophy, not of knowledge alone, but of *knowledge and being*. He is particularly "Russian" in his organic urge never to stop half-way but to treat the main problems of life with uncompromising ruthlessness. Since we have to choose between the absolute significance and the absolute senselessness of life, then the most foolish position, according to him, is the position of those who stop half-way, freezing in their own scepticism and lack of spiritual daring.

It was Solovyov's spiritual daring which inspired, and is still inspiring, some of the best representatives of the philosophic-religious thought of Russia. I have already mentioned the names of Berdyayev, Bulgakov, Lossky, Trubetskoy and Byely. One could quote many others, including two distinguished poets: Vyacheslav Ivanov and Alexander Blok. The latter, who died but a few years ago, is one of the best lyrical poets, not of modern Russia only, but also of modern Europe.

Whatever the fate of Solovyov in the history of European philosophy may be, his followers will probably play an important part in the formation of a new religious life of that country. They may differ in their ways and methods, yet they all seem to have two features in common. One is a desperate endeavour to raise *actively* the consciousness of the present man on to a higher plane; and the second is a firm conviction that man is something more than he himself realises, and that he can expand and grow only in so far as he is inwardly rooted in the whole of the cosmic life.

From the standpoint of mere logic, all principles and philosophies are equally true and untrue; for, after all, each of them can be both proved and refuted with the same ease. But from the standpoint of living life that only may be considered true which gives our personality its greatest expansion, its fullest growth and self-realisation. Such truth, and such truth alone, was the aim of Vladimir Solovyov.

Life saving:—

"Practically every risk which exists in mines could be eliminated if Cost were no object; but there comes a point at which a stop must be made if the colliery is to be run at a profit."—*An Inspector of Mines, after the Whitehaven Explosion.*

SOCIAL CREDIT.

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£100 PRIZE FOR AN ESSAY ON UNEMPLOYMENT.

An American reader of the *Spectator*, Mr. Gabriel Wells, has generously offered a prize of £100 for an essay on "Unemployment: Its Cause and Remedy." The maximum length of an essay is 1,200 words, but competitors should aim at confining themselves to 1,000 words. The Editor of the *Spectator* will judge the contributions and his decision will be final. The last date for receiving contributions at will be January 25, 1926. The Editor reserves his office to publish any of the MSS. Competitors should mark their envelopes, "Unemployment Competition."

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.

Sunday, January 10.—Abington Church Institute, Northampton. Mr. E. Van Loo on "Social Credit." Time, 3 p.m. A Social Credit group is being formed under the auspices of the Ethical Church. Its inaugural meeting will take place as follows:—Tuesday, January 19, 1926, at the Ethical Church, Queen's-road, Bayswater. Mr. Arthur Brenton, on "Ethical Values in the Light of the New Economics." Time, 8 p.m. Open to visitors.

Friday, February 5.—Major Douglas on "Finance and British Politics. I.—Internal," at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Time, 6 o'clock. Tickets, 2s. 6d., from W. A. Willox, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1. Tickets for this and the succeeding address, 4s., if taken before February 5.

Saturday, February 6.—THE NEW AGE Annual Dinner. Particulars later.

Sunday, February 7.—Lecture by Mr. D. Mitrovic. Particulars later.

Friday, February 12.—Major Douglas on "Finance and British Politics. II.—External," at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Time, 6 o'clock. Tickets as above.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed and made payable to "THE NEW AGE PRESS."

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Theosophy and Economics.

"Moreover, he (the worker) finds himself in the absurd position that the more wealth he and the machines produce, the more is the danger of his non-employment. The cry of the capitalist is for 'new markets,' while at his very doors are crowds of would-be consumers who have not the power to buy. Surely our industrial supply of the necessities of absurdity, when the abundant supply of the necessities life leaves their creators unable to live on the necessities they have produced."—Dr. Annie Besant on "What is Capitalism?" at Queen's Hall.

Credit Research Library.

The following books, issued by the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research in America, are being added to the stock of this Library.

They have not been written with the intention of supporting the Douglas Credit Theorem, but they bring into most lucid review facts and figures which will be invaluable to those who desire to see that Theorem related in detail to existing business motivation and practice.

The books are complementary to the literature sponsored by the Social Credit Movement, because of the fact that, whereas Douglas has isolated and synthesized the fundamental principles of Accrediting and Accounting production and distribution, these writers have assembled and presented just the kind of statistical information and practical every-day argument that will impel business men to seek for a constructive economic policy such as Major Douglas has propounded.

COSTS AND PROFITS. By H. B. Hastings, of Yale University. Price, 10s. 6d. Postage, 6d. This book offers a new analysis of the causes of business depressions. It attempts, by a process of accounting, to show precisely how deficiencies in consumer purchasing power arise in the course of business.

MONEY. By W. T. Foster and W. Catchings. Price, 15s. Postage, 8d. Mr. Foster, formerly President of the Reed College, is now Director of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research. Mr. Catchings, formerly President of the Central Foundry Company and of the Sloss Sheffield Steel and Iron Company, is now a member of Goldman, Sachs and Company, and a director of numerous industrial corporations. This book attempts to show the fundamental difference between a barter economy and a money economy; to show how business depressions and unemployment arise out of that difference. It traces the circuit flow of money from consumer back to consumer, and the obstruction in the flow. It is a foundation for the work entitled "Profits," next quoted.

PROFITS. By W. T. Foster and W. Catchings. Price 17s. Postage, 9d. This book, in the authors' words, "is the only considerable attempt to present the statistical proof that industry does not disburse to consumers enough money to buy the goods that are produced." The following is a summary of their conclusions:—
"Progress toward greater production is retarded because consumer buying does not keep pace with production. Consumer buying lags for two reasons: first, because industry does not disburse to consumers enough money to buy the goods produced; second, because consumers, under the necessity of saving, cannot spend even as much money as they receive. There is not an even flow of money from producer to consumer, and from consumer back to producer. The expansion of the volume of money does not fully make up the deficit, for money is expanded mainly to facilitate the production of goods, and the goods must be sold to consumers for more money than the expansion has provided. Furthermore, the savings of corporations and individuals are not used to purchase the goods already in the markets, but to bring about the production of more goods. Under the established system, therefore, we make progress only while we are filling the shelves with goods which must either remain on the shelves as stock in trade or be sold at a loss, and while we are building more industrial equipment than we can use. Inadequacy of consumer income is therefore, the main reason why we do not long continue to produce the wealth which natural resources, capital facilities, and improvements in the arts, and the self-interest of employers and employees would otherwise enable us to produce. Chiefly because of shortage of consumer demand, both capital and labour restrict output, and nations engage in those struggles for outside markets and spheres of commercial influence which are the chief causes of war."

The Pollak Foundation offers a prize of five thousand dollars for the best adverse criticism of this book.

THE CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY, 70, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1. Telephone: Chancery 8470.

"Letters to the Editor" should arrive not later than the first post on Saturday morning if intended for publication in the following week's issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Subscription Rates for "The New Age," to any address in Great Britain or Abroad, are 30s. for 12 months; 15s. for 6 months; 7s. 6d. for 3 months.

The Social Credit Movement.

Supporters of the Social Credit Movement contend that under present conditions the purchasing power in the hands of the community is chronically insufficient to buy the whole product of industry. This is because the money required to finance capital production, and created by the banks for that purpose, is regarded as borrowed from them, and, therefore, in order that it may be repaid, is charged into the price of consumers' goods. It is a vital fallacy to treat new money thus created by the banks as a repayable loan, without crediting the community, on the strength of whose resources the money was created, with the value of the resulting new capital resources. This has given rise to a defective system of national loan accountancy, resulting in the reduction of the community to a condition of perpetual scarcity, and bringing them face to face with the alternatives of widespread unemployment of men and machines, as at present, or of international complications arising from the struggle for foreign markets.

The Douglas Social Credit Proposals would remedy this defect by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the community to an amount sufficient to provide effective demand for the whole product of industry. This, of course, cannot be done by the orthodox method of creating new money, prevalent during the war, which necessarily gives rise to the "vicious spiral" of increased currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still higher prices, and so on. The essentials of the scheme are the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulation of the price of consumers' goods at their real cost of production (as distinct from their apparent financial cost under the present system). The technique for effecting this is fully described in Major Douglas's books mentioned below.

The adoption of this scheme would result in an unprecedented improvement in the standard of living of the population by the absorption at home of the present unsaleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.

Attention is directed particularly to the following amongst the considerable literature on the subject:—

- "Through Consumption to Prosperity," by Arthur Brenton, 2d.
- "The Community's Credit," by C. Marshall Hattersley, 5s.
- "Social Credit," by C. H. Douglas, 7s. 6d.
- "Real Wealth and Financial Poverty," by Capt. W. Adams, 7s. 6d.
- "Cartesian Economics," by Professor F. Soddy, 6d.
- "The Flaw in the Price System," by P. W. Martin, 4s. 6d.
- "The Deadlock in Finance," by A. E. Powell, 5s.
- "Economic Democracy," by C. H. Douglas, 6s.
- "Credit Power and Democracy," by C. H. Douglas, 7s. 6d.
- "These Present Discontents: The Labour Party and Social Credit," by C. H. Douglas, 1s.
- "The Solution of Unemployment," by W. H. Wakinshaw, 10s.

A preliminary set of five pamphlets, together with a complete catalogue of the literature, will be sent post free for 6d. on application to the Credit Research Library, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1, from whom the above-mentioned books may be obtained.

The undermentioned are willing to correspond with persons interested:—

- Bournemouth: W. V. Cornish, 77, Maxwell Road.
- Dublin: T. Kennedy, 43, Dawson Street.
- London: H. Cousens, 1 Holly Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3; Major C. H. Douglas, 8, Fig Tree Court, Temple, E.C.4; E. A. Dowson, 14, Dulwich Road, S.E.24; D. Wemyss Lewis, 176, Camden Road, N.W.1; E. Wright, 38, Bromar Road, S.E.5.
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