

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There are some interesting figures in the issue of *The Post*, the organ of the Union of Post Office Workers, relative to the work and earnings of that institution. They occur in a draft of some propaganda which the Union proposes to republish in leaflet form in order to rebut charges of "losses," "under-work," and "over-staffing" which are frequently made in the daily Press. The figures and arguments given are well enough chosen for their narrow purpose of "answering a fool according to his folly," but they give rise to wider considerations than are involved in a mere controversy between civil servants and their uncivil critics. For instance, in rebutting such charges as that "the Post Office costs £47½ millions," and so on, the writer replies that for 1924-25 its expenditure was £51 millions and its income £55½ millions, giving, as he says, "a profit of £4½ millions which went to the relief of taxation." And during the last thirteen years he shows that no less than £44 millions of profit have similarly gone to "relieve taxation." A curious idea, this. A Post Office profit is itself a tax, and no more "relieves" general taxation than does the income tax or any other. One sees a similar fallacy in the statement that such and such a municipality earned so much profit on its tramways, which went to reduce the rates. Of course it did, for it was a rate. Another item in the article under discussion has to do with staff reductions. It will surprise most people to learn that whereas in 1914 there were 208,900 employees, the number on April 1, 1925, was 184,766—a reduction of 24,134. Not only so, but

"while as a whole the 1914 services—mails, telephones, etc.—are as great to-day as in pre-war times, a large mass of new and very responsible work has been added since 1914. This includes the following for 1923-24, the latest statistics available:

	Millions.
War Pensions and Allowances	Number 64. Amount £57.
Postal Drafts	Number 3½. Amount £8.
War Loan Dividends	Amount £8½.
Savings Certificates	Issued £45. Repaid £40.

The most recent addition of new work is the administration of the Widows', Orphans', and Old Age Pensions Act."

There has been all this new work with a smaller staff, and the writer declares that the postal workers are not underworked but overworked, the output per man being considerably higher than before the war, due to "speeding up." This is probably true, although allowance should be made for the adoption by the Post Office of mechanical aids to human effort during the period reviewed. What would be of more interest would be a statement showing in respect of the first and last years of the period (a) total expenditure, (b) how much of this represents wage and salary payments, and (c) total revenue. Then we should like to see what proportion of total expenditure was for "capital development"—extensions, equipment, and replacements. It is only through examination of figures of this kind that the controversy between the public and the Post Office workers can be settled; for it is not "over-staffs" but "overheads" that constitute the imposition which the public mistakenly identify with the Post Office salary list.

The French Ministry, having failed to secure the assent of their Jonah, M. Caillaux, to their idea of throwing him over the side of the ship, all jumped over together, trusting to the perspicacity of the whale to spot and swallow the person who wrought the great storm. Their trust was not misplaced—M. Caillaux has been swallowed. It is a miscarriage of justice, for M. Caillaux's connection with the storm simply lay in his public declaration that it was not a storm—that it was the whale itself that was beating the boat about. The whale evidently knew all about it, and thought that the most effective way of making M. Caillaux eat his words was to eat him. All the same, M. Briand, having got rid of his opponent, is not entirely the victor, for his nominee for the Finance Ministry, M. Loucheur has been passed over for that post, and has therefore not joined the new combination. According to the *Observer's* Paris Correspondent, the real victor is the Hungarian

Jewish financier M. Horace Finaly, "whose name in the last few days is not only on everyone's lips, but frequently in print as the hidden master of the situation." This was the submersed whale whom M. Caillaux was threatening, but omitted, to denounce, before leaping into the waters of dissolution. Now it is too late, for it is hardly possible for him to broadcast an indictment of his host through its tons of blubber. He will have to keep quiet until he is coughed up again—by which time he may have repented, as did his prototype. "If —" comments the correspondent already quoted,

"—the Government had faced the Chamber, M. Caillaux, as Minister, could have addressed that Assembly and have announced and defended his proposals as well as given his version of the true significance of the attacks on them. He is now reduced to finding one newspaper which yesterday published them, and to defending them from the remote position of his place in the Senate."

As we write, we are unable to give any information as to what M. Caillaux has been revealing, for not a hint appears in the report from which we have quoted. It is the same old, old game; Ministers never reveal secrets that matter. But we are told one thing, namely, that the hot controversy about the Capital Levy—in which profound "principles" were ostensibly at stake—was a "sham fight."

"In fact, it would now appear that the plan to be adopted differs from that on which M. Caillaux was defeated and dismissed only to the extent of its *dressing up* in such a way as to make it easier for the Socialists to swallow it; and M. Painlevé is evidently concerned to argue that M. Caillaux's plan was as much the fruit of the combined deliberations of the Cabinet as of the initiative of M. Caillaux himself."

Thus the electorate has been thrown into agitation about a matter which "has been so much advertised as the issue on which everything turns," now to calm down to the spectacle of seeing M. Painlevé contemptuously remit the whole subject to a young "Parliamentarian." The real issues at stake are sufficiently suggested by the fact (a) that M. Painlevé has taken over the Finance Minister's office, and after lopping off the Budget part of it and handing it to the "young Parliamentarian" referred to, is reserving to himself *the department dealing with the Treasury*; and (b) that rumours are circulating in Paris to the effect that M. Painlevé's intimate friend, M. Chaumet, is going to be appointed Governor of the Bank of France, and that is why he has not been included in the new Administration. What a vicious system is this Democracy of ours. In the good old days when one autocrat wanted to replace another he murdered him, and the thing was done. To-day, when two or three of them merely wish to change places, twenty or thirty millions of democrats are suddenly afflicted with brain-storms. Democracy is merely the sea in which the whales of finance abide.

Mr. Hoover, in a speech at the Erie Chamber of Commerce, betrayed a good deal of annoyance at the policy of foreign Governments in aiding combinations which control the production and prices of several essential commodities, instancing the British-controlled rubber industry, and the Brazilian-controlled coffee. The United States would have to retaliate, he said. One method would be "to restrict credits to countries controlling commodities." Another would be "a reduction of consumption, the stimulation of substitutes, and the establishment of rival production centres," and he gave, as an example, the rubber plantations in Liberia. The development of such policies as he complained of would, he proceeded, "create malignant currents of international ill-will." Well, so far as Britain is concerned, it is very ungracious of Mr. Hoover to cavil at our prices for rubber. Let us grant him to be correct in his statement that rubber at 35 cents a pound returns a profit of 25 per cent. on the capital

invested. In that case the cost of the rubber is 28 cents. Now he complains that we are asking Americans to pay 100 cents a pound, a margin of 72 cents. It looks a big profit certainly, but, as it happens, it is not a realisable profit. Mr. Hoover overlooks the fact that we are under a sacred bond to repay the American debt in dollars. Very well, we have got to get our hands on dollars for that purpose; and naturally we demand all the dollars the rubber will fetch, on just the same principle as America demanded the extremest terms of debt repayment that the British nation could stand. The more we profiteer the faster we can hand over dollars, and so reduce the "grievous burden" resting on the "long-suffering" American taxpayer. The remedy, as we have often pointed out, is for America to accept the principle of repayment of her debt in kind. Once that were done, the question of price could be negotiated with a very good chance of mutual agreement. But, as it is, it is of no use for America to bind us to pay her dollars, and at the same time forbid us to secure them by the only method open to us, the earning of them at the quickest rate possible, under the laws of supply and demand. We are glad that Mr. Hoover sees that this method is likely to cause international ill-will. We welcome every such evidence of a realistic outlook in the speeches of the world's high statesmen. We have heard far too much of "good-will" as the one pre-requisite of international concord, and it is time that this lie was exposed in all responsible quarters. The philosophic content of political discord is completely concentrated in the example of the small boy who smashed his slate because he could not do his sums, especially, if you suppose that it was another small boy who set the sums, and that there was no possible way of doing them, for then you can easily imagine their quickly coming to the point of smashing each other's slates. "The Old Adam coming out in them," sigh the maiden aunts of moral authority. Not a bit. It is the Old Accountancy.

We can fittingly interpolate here an answer to a question received from a correspondent this week, relative to international trade. He says that supposing it to be true—as we assert—that under the New Accountancy this country were to be able to dump goods at any price above zero in the markets of foreign nations which were trying (perhaps by exchange manipulations) to put a spoke in our Social Credit policy, and that we could do so without imperilling our financial solvency; what about the huge quantity of production we should be letting out of the country in exchange for what we took in? Imagine (the example is ours) our selling coal to American importers for, let us say, 1s. a ton and taking our wheat supplies in at current world prices. How long could we go on like that? Well, so long as our coal-fields held out, and so long as we reserved from day to day as much coal as we needed for our own uses, and so long as the reserved coal were distributed in such a way as to content the citizens of this country (conditions which are implied in our hypothesis) we could go on with our dumping. But what would become of the American coal-mining game the longer—the permanently solvent British coal-owners or their bankrupt "cousins"? Of course we prejudice our case by talking only of coal. To judge it properly one must envisage a corresponding cheapening of export goods generally, not forgetting freight rates. And again, if inimical foreign financial interests did anything to cut off our supplies of cereals from the markets under their authority, how would they deal with the consequences to their farmers? If Britain were lost as a customer, there would be no way of creating an equivalent market to absorb the now unsaleable stocks in the farmers' hands. Both they and the coal-owners would have

to go on the dole. Of course there is no need to suppose that just because we *could* sell our export at any price we would not charge all we could compatibly with our object of our reprisal—that of penetrating enemy markets. If ever the fight came on it would begin by our cutting prices moderately, and subsequently lowering them as and when the countries in question altered their fiscal tariffs—which would be their initial counter-measure. A further point has to do with the exchanges. Our manufacturers, being able to meet all costs on their home trade alone, would, at a pinch, be able to ignore all risks of not being paid for their exports (the British Government being of course behind them in this policy). So, besides charging cut prices, they could give indefinitely long terms of credit. Or alternatively, they could allow extra discounts for "cash" to foreign importers, asking for payment in the legal tender currency of the importing country. In the case of America they could bargain for dollar-notes, which would come in handy over here for repayment of the American debt instalments—besides causing a run on them on the other side—until the export of dollar currency was prohibited by the United States. These are minor points, and are only mentioned to indicate the incidental disturbances which a foreign financial aggressor would have to deal with when attacking a "Social Credit" nation. There is, however, this much weight in our correspondent's doubt: we could not begin the campaign at six o'clock to-morrow morning. A certain amount of agricultural development in the United Kingdom and Ireland, as well as elsewhere with the Empire, would have to take place beforehand, conjoined, perhaps, with an installation here of large granaries. That is why we noticed so fully in these Notes a short time ago Lt.-Col. Talbot's proposals for a national wheat reserve.

When someone faces you publicly with a proposition which you do not wish to admit, but are unable to refute, the easiest way of escape is to get someone else to bring forward another proposition very nearly the same; then you set the two of them quarrelling about the difference. This exhausts them and confuses everybody who listens to them—which is exactly what you want. Such is the policy of Finance. At the outset of the winter political campaign the public are confronted with at least three versions of credit reform. First there are Mr. Oswald Mosley's "Birmingham Proposals"—the "Socialist brand." Next Mr. Thoresby's "League of the British Commonwealth" has a whole-page advertisement of its proposals in the current *New Leader*. Seeing that Mr. Clynes is its President, we may call these proposals the "Trade Union" brand. Thirdly, there is a full-page scheme, complete with diagram, from the pen of Mr. Graham Hardy in the *Referee* of last Sunday week. Since Mr. Harold Begbie sponsors it we are safe in labelling it the "Plain Man's" brand. Here are three policies, all identical in the underlying principle (which will not work, by the way), but all slightly different in application. Mr. Mosley wants to nationalise the banking system; Mr. Thoresby wants the Treasury to finance industry without recourse to borrowing from banks; while Mr. Hardy apparently (we are depending upon a report from a correspondent) wants the Government to come behind the banks with its guarantee, so that they may be able safely to expand their issues of credit. All three schemes envisage—

- An increase in credit facilities.
- These issues as being wholly in the form of loans to producers.
- Industrial costing proceeding on present lines and expect therefrom—
- A more or less automatic cheapening of price to the consumer.

Well, since the above three principles were operating

during the war it would be difficult to urge them as a remedy for our present difficulties; but the task is far easier when three schemes are put forward, for then one talks about the schemes and not about their common principles. In any event, it is a case of the agitation coming after the decision, for there is little doubt that the pressure of events has forced the bankers to resign themselves to an instalment of credit-expansion, which, of course, they will allow to produce price-inflation. There is no need to speculate whether they are supporting Mr. Mosley, Mr. Thoresby, or Mr. Graham Hardy; the main consideration is that there is nothing in any of their proposals which is in the least likely to withdraw the control of economic policy from the high financial interests. Mr. Graham Hardy is, if anything, the most inept of the three reformers; he appears to believe that if you "impose a small tax on needless withdrawals of legal tender of over £1 in amount," from the banks, and thereby cause people to use the cheque system for the maximum amount of payments, you will have made easy the "creation of plentiful funds," without incurring the consequence of inflation. It is pathetic this hallucination that inflation and deflation are governed exclusively by the relative amount of "King's Money." Then, his definition of inflation might have been formulated by the most orthodox of bankers. "Inflation means the increase of purchasing power without appropriate increase in the *power to produce* more things to be purchased." This is just like saying that an increase in "purchasing power" (meaning here an increase in the amount of money distributed) would not involve inflation so long as it had been issued for capital development purposes. It so happens, on the contrary, that that is the very condition under which it would. Only when the new credit brings into existence and *on to the market* the "things to be purchased" *themselves* (and not merely the *power to purchase*) can one reasonably talk about avoiding inflation. "Sound credit may be consumed, but consumption is not necessarily redemption," is another of Mr. Hardy's statements. The truth is exactly the opposite, and we are obliged to him for the pregnant suggestion. *Consumption is the only sound form of debt redemption.* "Therefore," he concludes, "sound credit cannot be originated for the purpose of consumption"—which, of course, it can, and will sooner or later have to be. These latter statements of Mr. Hardy's electoral battle kicks at Mr. Moseley's (misleading) idea of pen-slogan "Consumer Credit"; while his idea of allying persons for drawing too much legal tender shows him to be an uncompromising opponent of Mr. Thoresby's proposal that the Treasury should print and issue (as he says in the advertisement referred to) £250,000,000 Treasury Notes. They are in for a tussle. They may compose their differences or they may not. If they do, then we may see their heavy guns loaded up with blank charges all ready for a tremendous bombardment of the High Financial fortress. It may "fall" all right, but if so the first to enter it over its scatheless drawbridge will be its old defenders, who will have sneaked out of the back door just in time to take their place at the head of the "victorious" investing forces. A Credit policy without a Price policy is powder without shot.

William Davis, a labourer aged twenty-four, was charged at Marylebone last week with—well the report says that he "pleaded in a husky and toneless voice that he was trying to get an honest living by singing in the street." In reply to the magistrate, Mr. Wilberforce, a policeman said "I think he was trying to sing a hymn, but I could not discern the tune." "What made you believe it was a hymn?" queried the magistrate. "Well, it was in such a solemn tone." The report proceeds that Davis,

"who had been previously convicted of obtaining alms in a similar way, was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment." Mr. Wilberforce, in passing sentence, admonished the culprit as follows: "It is quite plain to me that you are not a singer, and you must not obtain alms by pretending to be." Surely there is something strange here. How many hymns do policemen learn? Davis's choice may have lain outside this policeman's repertoire, and it is disquieting to think that he may now be suffering gifts of food and shelter from the State merely because of his apprehender's musical limitations. There is no evidence that the constable asked any of the passing almsgivers whether *they* recognised the hymn—or the tune—or whatever it was. But again, even supposing that the tune was not "discernible," there arises this point: what was Davis really doing? Might he not have been reciting in a monotone? It is not as though he wore a placard bearing the device "Behold a singer." He did not profess at the time of the "offence," to be singing, whatever he may have admitted at the police-court. But even if he had so professed, how does anyone know that his patrons thought he was a singer? Did he deceive the public? Again; if he did, he must have made them believe he sang merely by emitting this soft, solemn, tuneless noise? In that case the noise *was* singing, to the ears of his benefactors—whatever story the constable's ears told him. It would then begin to look as though Davis had gone to prison because of his patrons' bad taste. For observe, he was convicted of *obtaining* alms; that is to say, if everybody had hissed as he walked by, keeping his alms in his pocket, the vocalist would to-day be a free man in a free country. Solemn thought that upon William should be laid the aesthetic iniquity of them all. We have a feeling as though our music critic, Mr. Sorabji, is twitching behind at our sleeve. Yes—we know what he's got in his hand—a long list of "M.'s," "Mme.'s," "Signors," and what not, who—but imagine a case:

Magistrate: "And what made you think Mme. Triller's performance in the Euphonian Hall was not singing?"

P.C.: "I could not discern the tune."

Magistrate: "But how do you know she was professing to sing?"

P.C.: "The advance notices in the newspapers said so—they spoke of a brilliant singer. And she sold tickets to the public on the strength of them."

Sentence as stated. (Perhaps.) But there is yet another consideration. Davis might have been *improvising* his tune. There is no crime in that: it is not illegal to compose music. We know the "libretto" of the hymn all right—exactly as though we had stood next to him: it was—

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;

and Davis, in our opinion, showed the insight of the true artist in choosing a "solemn tone" and avoiding melody; and the public evidently thought so too, or they would not have parted with the coins. So we suggest that Davis might at least be allowed to carry an appeal up to the Police Minstrels. Even if they had to find that he was "not a singer" nor a composer, nor an elocutionist, they might adjudge him an apprentice reduce his sentence. There is an old lady for whose liberty we shall now begin to fear after this episode. She squats on a doorstep "some-where in London" with a tray of matches on her knees, and is usually half, sometimes wholly, asleep. It is quite plain to us that she is not a match-seller, for her customers come and drop pennies in her tray and sell themselves the matches. But there; she invests financial credit in her match stock, whereas William Davis has spent nothing on his voice. That makes all the difference.

Major Douglas's article will be resumed next week.

Credit.

By W. T. Symons.

Credit is the latent power of humanity in association; and when we speak of credit we are speaking of that human potentiality in the external world which can be relied upon with as much certainty as the rising of the sun. The totality of human inventiveness, the continuity of purpose, the variety of interest, the power of association; and the whole gamut of human desire; these comprise the credit of the race. Its operation is seen in the mysterious unfolding of thought, in the inexhaustible stream of man's curiosity, in the transmutation of elements and species by his marvellous skill, in his unceasing labour upon the raw material of the world; these afford the certainty of continuance.

Money is the instrument by which that energy is liberated; and no principalities or powers should be permitted to dictate the rate at which the potential shall be transformed into the actual, or the direction in which that latent power shall flow. Humanity alone can be trusted to convert its own potentiality into the fruition it needs.

The conversion of human potentiality into terms of money, and the achievement of monopoly in its exploitation, is the supreme attainment of the Will to Power in the modern world. The crushing of individuality, the ruthless enslavement of men, has been brought about by this means. And the crime to be laid upon modern Finance is that it imposes both rate and direction upon the flow of human energy; and it adds to the double injury a profitable interest in restriction of the stream.

The bound Titan is convulsed with war and exhausted by disease through that restriction; he is tortured in mind and body; his power breaks a thread here and frees a limb there, but to little purpose, for he is blindfolded as well as bound. And we have reached the crucial danger that our civilisation will be brought to ruin before he is released; it is even possible that he may lose the sense of direction and of measure that are properly his.

We have set our hands to no less a task than release of the Titan. Our puny strength would be laughable contrasted with the concentrated and subtle power that has accomplished this masterly enslavement, were it not that the march of events and the nature of the world are denied by that power: these we invoke to our aid.

We have a flaming vision; and if we have to speak of Humanity as "the consumer," of Credit as bank loans, of release of the Titan as institution of "the just price"; and must work out the economic proof that here lies the central evil of our day, and here the remedy, we are conscious that nothing less than human destiny is at stake. We work under the impulse and certainty of truth, and under the spur of extreme urgency, with disaster at our heels and pursued by Time with upraised scythe.

Not in strife and hatred is the redemption to be achieved, not by putting upon the usurpers the injury they have put upon the world. Release is sought not in reprisal; the benefit wrongfully obtained by the present masters of money through restriction shall be gladly afforded them in freedom from that restraint. The pent-up human energies have but to be unfettered for the earth to be gladdened by Abundance; the potential compared to the actual is as Niagara to a mountain cascade. The money tokens of latent power need but be called into use as the vast resources are drawn upon; and if this must be expressed in economic reality by regulation of prices to consumers, in suchwise that tokens equal goods, we are well aware that in the simple but immense change needed to bring about this equipoise lies restoration of the

soul and body of humanity to *self possession*, the lack of which is death.

When we come close and search for the means of equating money and goods, and find that all but those tokens representing energy destroyed or used up are withdrawn by the power of Finance whilst the token value of energy created and unspent is included in prices, we know that demand is being made for an impossible payment. The credit of humanity cannot be at the same time spent and unspent; and it is denial of this truth which is thrusting us down the precipitous path towards calamity. Acceptance of the truth will lead to joyous fulness of life.

The Credit Student's Bookshelf.

"Explain to me in a few simple words the New Economic System." How familiar this formula is to students of Social Credit. And what a task they find the "few simple words"; what poor teachers they have felt themselves to be because the words were not forthcoming. But there was no ground for self-condemnation. The difficulty did not lie in providing the seed of the new knowledge, it lay in the nature of the soil in which they were invited to plant it. It was antecedently impossible to induce the green shoot of what *may be* to sprout out of a soil barren of all knowledge of what it *is*. Christ characterised attempts to do so as casting pearls before swine, and pictured them in the parable of the sower. The conclusion of the matter is that the request for the "few simple words" on the New Economic system was really a request for information on the Old. Confirmations of this statement will flock to the recollection of those of our readers who have taken any part in public propaganda. It is safe to say that the answers to nine out of ten questions asked by any audience at a Social Credit lecture are to be found in writings which preceded—many of them by generations—the discovery and pronouncement of the New Economic theories.

Now the evil of all this—namely the time-loss in tuition—would not exist if the proposition of the New Economist involved the destruction of the Old Economy. But since his purpose is not to destroy but to fulfil the law, he cannot ignore the necessity for his hearers to understand the law. This must force him to look round to see if he can find a labour-saving device—some educational "improvement"—which will plough up the mass mind and crumble it into a condition of receptivity.

Now behold, the finger of fortune has flicked into our hands a little book called "Cash and Credit." What impulse led an Indian Civil Servant to write it—back in 1910—or (an alternative possibility) led the Cambridge University Press to invite him to do so, is one of those mysteries which will be resolved (if at all) only by such minds as can weigh Sera-phim: but the result was that the author, Mr. D. A. Barker, produced a work which could not possibly be improved on as an elementary guide to the existing monetary and economic system—a guide that is not only a synthesis of elementals but a chart of their inter-reactions. For the first time in our experience we are presented with a *picture* of the rotating wheels of the current system. We are embarrassed to choose between Mr. Barker's limpid clarity of diction and his uncanny precision of illustration in awarding praise to his work. His elimination of what does not matter and his compression into a mere 150 pages of all that does, reveal the mind of a genius. To any person who should come and say: "Tell me in a few simple words *all that I ought to know in order to understand* the Social Credit Proposals" we ourselves would have been proud to have told him what he wanted to know in the words of this book. Needless to add that it is

going immediately into the Credit Research Library, there to occupy a place from which we do not expect ever to see it deposited. The price of it is a half-a-crown.

Listen to the opening of Chapter I:

We propose, in this chapter, to take our readers to a strategic point of the modern commercial system, to the counter of a country bank, to watch with them the customers who come there to do business, and to follow out the consequences of their demand.

And you do watch. And you see. No pedantic professional whiskers blow in your eyes. Then that wretched fog—The Exchanges.

Suppose that any person living in London wishes to pay a debt in Bristol, he can do so by buying a money order at some London Post Office and sending it by post to his creditor, who will be able to cash it at a Bristol Post Office. . . . But supposing that our Londoner, on going to the Post Office to buy a money order, say, for one pound, were to be told that the commission was sixpence; he would refuse the money order, buy a registered envelope, and send the sovereign to Bristol in that.

Here is the dynamic of the "gold-standard" put in the palm of your hand. Then on, for page upon page, the argument develops on the same lines—always "London," or else "Bristol"—not once is the pupil left staring about for landmarks in Swindon or Reading. Does this happen here in London?—then that is going to happen in Bristol. For example—

But now suppose that the Bristol Corporation, being in want of money, decides to employ the device so well known to the South American Republics, the device of issuing paper money.

Yes, suppose! Then you watch the Post Offices—you watch Bristol's prices—you see sovereigns being "exported" and finally you are led up to a general proposition which, when you see it, you find you know already, although you haven't seen it before. This is *teaching*.

But perhaps the triumph of exposition is Mr. Barker's "hydraulic model" which he uses to explain the forces at work in the international exchange market. We guarantee that an ordinary man who reads the accompanying chapter carefully—with the model in front of him—will acquire in half an hour a *clarity of knowledge* of the exchange question as a whole which literally months of study in "treatises" would not yield him—in fact, these treatises would probably paralyse his reason with non-essentials.

Then, interspersed among these elemental discussions, are to be found many items of practical information. Typical bank balance sheets are shown. The effect of a bank loan on deposits is described, and (this in 1910!) the loan is shown to increase the deposits. Then the practices of "bill-brokers" and "accepting-houses" are shown in their aspect of wholesale and retail merchants of credit under the banks. In a few sentences one is told exactly what they do, and how it works in with the money system: then Mr. Barker goes on to something else equally interesting and important, such as a brief history of the Bank of England, a clear explanation of the items of its weekly balance-sheet, and a chapter on "Gold Reserves." Not the least important is an efficient index to the book itself. In his preface Mr. Barker says:—

"The object of this little book is to provide the reader with a stepping-stone from which, fortified with a firm grasp of elementary principles, he may proceed to the study of more ambitious works." Or, as we would say, to the study of Social Credit literature. We hope that as many of our readers as possible will get this book if for no other reason than to save themselves, their converts and ourselves the trouble and time occupied in the asking and answering questions belonging to the old and passing financial regime.

The Persistence of Rome.

I.

I arrived in Rome early in Holy Week, coming hot from Lourdes for the Papal Mass at Easter.

Rome, from its beginning, has shown a stubborn persistence. It is the embodiment of a genius for survival. Many Sennacheribs have encamped about it; they vanish mysteriously, but Rome remains. It absorbs both its friends and its enemies, building their lives into its vast tradition and mixing their dry bones into the mortar of its walls.

Gradually its immensity unfolded before me. It was becoming an anxious problem. Should I give one year to the ancient city, one to the medieval, another to the renaissance, and even, perhaps, a few months to the modern, say from Garibaldi to Mussolini? No; that would be the old error of splitting up a whole into disjointed fragments, instead of seeing it as an organism, well-knit and embodying one continuous and vigorous life. But where and how are we to see it as a whole, this genius to survive and absorb? Suddenly my problem was simplified. On the way from Lourdes, under a strong inspiration, I conceived the idea of seeing nothing less than Eternal Rome; I mean, the Catholic Church.

The splendour of the Forum dates from the Empire, and the Church is as old as the Empire. Augustus assumed the purple about 30 B.C., and St. Paul wrote his epistle to the Church in Rome about the year 60 A.D.—a mere difference of a hundred years out of nearly two thousand. They were born in the same age, but the death of the one is so far back in the past that its life is difficult to conceive, and the life of the other is so vigorous and promises to extend so far into the future, that its death is even more difficult to conceive.

To look upon the past and the present as continuous, to see the ages in a moment of time, go not to Stonehenge or Pompeii, to The Acropolis or Baalbek; they are empty shells from which the nightingales and cuckoos, the swans and ugly ducklings, have flown and swum and waddled away. But come to Rome, for those various fowl are not dead, but alive and flourishing in the Catholic Church.

It is the primitive and classical; it is medieval and modern; it is grimly rational and naively irrational; it demands a blind faith and the subjection of reason, it allows a liberty of thought with the intention to believe; it is superstitious and sceptical; it is for the simple, who build their hope upon the virtues of a dead saint's elbow, and for the widely read and profoundly disillusioned who, finding that many philosophies lead to confusion, and hoping somehow that God has not left Himself without a witness, cling desperately to the infallibility of the Pope.

It is all ages surviving in a moment of time; it is all minds absorbed into the firmness of the Catholic Faith.

II.

During her vast history, as long as many dynasties in Egypt, the Church of Rome has absorbed men, their knowledge, arts and religions. But old as she is externally, she is older internally. The Nile and Euphrates flowed into the Tiber. The Empire absorbed the ancient world but failed to digest it; the Church absorbed the Empire and succeeded in digesting it. Her philosophy and mystic lore is compact of Plato and Aristotle, the Neo-Platonists, the Thrice-Great Hermes and Dionysius the Areopagite, along with some ideas derived from the Bible; her monasticism may be as old as the Pythagoreans, who preached a monastic ideal; her ritual, I suspect, is Persian, Babylonian, and Egyptian, with some hints derived from the sons of Zedek in Jerusalem. Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Arabia,

Persia, Babylon, Egypt yielded up their gods and mythologies, their ritual and mysteries, their secret gnosis and public philosophies. All swarmed and struggled together in the dying Empire. Then the Church ascended the throne; the old gods were beheaded and cast into Gehenna as filthy demons, a few were converted, baptized and allowed to linger on in subjection, as the humble patrons of a provincial sanctuary. All the vast floating mass of tradition was melted down, much of the dross—not all—purged out of it; what remained was re-minted and stamped with the seal of Rome.

The Roman Pontiff is rightly said to be the heir of the Cæsars, both in their imperial aspect as lords of a world-wide dominion, and in their divine aspect as embodying the genius of the empire. But he is the inheritor of more than the throne of the Cæsars. As the Church gathers up all the religions of the world, so her supreme head, bearing the proud title of Pontifex Maximus, gathers up all authority and power; he is the heir of Aaron, whose rod blossomed; of the Syrian Epiphanes, the king and the god made manifest; he is described from the Theban High Priest of Amon; his line runs back to the old Chaldean priesthood of Shamash at Sippar, founded 3,200 years before the reign of Nabonidus; he is that strange figure who appears on a tower against the dawn of time, Melchizedek, King and Priest of Salem. He is also, if remotely, descended from the High Priest of Chemosh, the abomination of Moab. Forgive me; I speak with respect; he is the ultimate heir of all priesthoods, and Chemosh, after all, was as near as the men of Moab came to solving the great mystery.

I said, a while ago, that the Church is as old as the Empire. I did it an injustice. It is far older; it is as old as the religious instinct in man, and that instinct being rooted in the nature of the universe, is as ancient as the Ancient of Days. The Empire was born in time and belongs to antiquity; the Church appears in time, but belongs to eternity.

III.

A friend in the Consular service, a recent convert, hearing that I was going to Rome, wrote to assure me that I, too, would be converted, if I were not debarred by material things. Another friend, who is a poet, a London journalist, and incidentally an ardent adherent of a religion of his own, when I confessed myself favourably disposed toward the Church of Rome, held up his hands in horror, and exclaimed, "O, how material!"

Twice over I was accounted guilty of materialism, but the significance of the charge lies in those absolutely contrary reasons. Yet another friend, a country squire, at the mention of Rome, grows silent and looks wistfully back to the days of his youth, before he subsided into the Church of England. An American business man declared with admiration that the Church of Rome is the only concern he knows of which is better organised than the Standard Oil Company. Before leaving Oxford I said to an English clergyman that a year ago in Rome, when I drew near to the Vatican and St. Peter's, I felt a great dynamo working, working hard and generating an unknown but tremendous power. He smiled his pensive smile and said:

"Yes, I have been in Rome; I felt the dynamo working; I shall not go again."

After four hundred years, Canterbury is still afraid of the Vatican. An Oxford don, a psychologist and theologian, who thought of accompanying me, said he would like to see Coue and Lourdes, but not Rome. He added:

"The strength of the Roman Church is based upon its appeal to the Father Complex, through the Pope, and the Mother Complex, through the Virgin Mary;

I consider, moreover, that it is the most subtle blend of God and Mammon that the world has ever seen." I thought this over for a moment, and then replied, "My dear Sir, if this ancient and world-wide organisation be so deeply rooted in human nature that it can lay hold of us by means of the Father Complex and the Mother Complex, besides being endowed with our own most subtle blend of God and Mammon; if it is built upon this quadruple foundation, then, indeed, the Gates of Hell will never prevail against it."

But still, the scientists will be satisfied with this explanation, for the hidden and mysterious power of Rome is reduced from the supernatural to the natural, tracked down to earth in the sub-conscious. At the same time, the Vatican need not tremble; human nature changes slowly, if at all; there is here the promise of an indefinite extension of authority. And the faithful may well believe that when the early Christian fathers, far back in an abyss of time, adroitly availed themselves of twentieth-century psychology, they gave us, in this alone, sufficient proof of divine inspiration. It is, indeed, an explanation abounding in comfort; only the despairing Kensitite is left to gnash his teeth and consume away.

IV.

According to a recent medical report, out of two thousand patients suffering from religious mania, only two were Roman Catholics. It occurs to me that this difference may be accounted for, in part at least, by the amiable Roman habit of not taking their religion too strenuously; more likely it is, as the doctors suggest, an indication of the value of the confessional. The Roman priesthood assumes a new aspect when we realise that its members are the old-established practitioners of psycho-analysis; they would have given our great-grandfathers the advantages of our own most recent science, while all their doctors could do was to plaster them over with leeches; more than four centuries ago they gave Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was suffering from a guilty conscience, the best that Harley-street could prescribe to-day, while the leading physicians of his time could only prescribe something like toad's skin and powdered diamonds. We thought that surely confession was one of the most sinister inventions of priestcraft; now we find, alas for the Zwinglian zealots—it is one of those uncanny Roman anticipations of the very latest thing in psychology.

In the nineteenth century many looked confidently to see Rome destroyed by the advance of knowledge; trumpets were blown, but the walls did not fall. Now quite different trumpets are blowing, and it looks as though some other walls are in danger of falling. Rome threatens us with a new disaster. A while ago our friends at home would have worried lest we Roman pilgrims be attacked by cholera or the knife of an assassin; now they are afraid we may be converted.

While other Christian communions have been sedulously bowing to the spirit of the age, with the studied politeness of a courtier, and with something of a courtier's eye to obtaining favours, the Roman Church stands erect and bows to no man. It stands four-square and unbending. Even the mental earthquakes of the nineteenth century could not shake it down. Others appear to be altered, if not cracked. At its beginning, Christianity was to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness. So it has remained. This modern world is full of Jews and Greeks; Jews of the Diaspora and Greeks of a late and confused Hellenistic Age. The advanced and progressive theologian turns to the Jew and says: Look, we have removed the stumbling-block; and to the Greek: Behold, we have removed the foolishness. But somehow the Jews and the Greeks are not very interested.

W. F. S.

Psycho-Analysis or Psycho-Synthesis?

If a writer makes use of a scheme of ideas which is current among his contemporaries, it may be more than useful that he should explain the extent of his agreement with that scheme. This is the more so, of course, if this should be a scheme which has violently divided the opinions of the thoughtful. As I have myself incurred some misunderstanding through the use I have made of psycho-analytic ideas and terminology, and shall possibly use the concepts of the modern psycho-gnostic scheme again, I find it necessary to define the value which I attach to them. Upon this subject I hold certain verified opinions, which I may well add to, but am very unlikely to alter, and I feel there is much to be said both to the advocates and enemies of this modern occultism.

In the new method of psycho-therapeutics, as in all medical science, there are two distinct values involved, and doctors as well as laymen are sometimes laymen enough to confound them. There is the value of science to the patient and the value of the patient to science. A doctor may sometimes learn a most interesting fact from a patient's death, which would have escaped notice in his recovery—value to science. Or an obscure case may unaccountably recover, and pass out of the doctor's knowledge altogether—value to the patient, but not to science. Even if all the benefits to science itself return ultimately to patients (which is not necessarily the case) it is only fair to keep the two distinct; and, no doubt, the best practitioners are well aware of this. But the psycho-analytic theory of the unconscious mind is fast becoming a force in modern thought greater even than the Darwinian theory of evolution, and there is a dangerous confusion of its scientific with its therapeutic value.

There are these two questions. Is psycho-analysis a science? Is it a cure? And the answers are too strange to be compressed into bald negatives or affirmatives.

Psycho-analysis originated as a method of curing neurosis, but rapidly developed into a science of much wider application—into a philosophy, almost a cosmology. Through the exact, experimental study of dreams, by which it sought to approach the unconscious mind, a definite structure of the dreaming life was revealed. With the utmost economy of hypothesis, the first modern scientific penetration was made into the mechanism of the human psyche. The ensuing revelation was rapidly confirmed by its close correspondence with the taboos and rituals of primitive peoples, and verified in the forms of all great human myths, and all dramatic poems which approach to mythical importance. Moreover, it has a most evident bearing upon the forms of all the great religious systems of humanity. Such a discovery as this can hardly be over-estimated, its importance for mankind may easily be much greater, and of a higher order, than any triumphs such as wireless telegraphy. It is scarcely to be wondered at if doctors, so successful in things greater than they undertook, almost forget the baby they are bathing while they go to analyse its wonderful bath-water. Which is, I submit, what is actually happening. As a therapeutic method, psycho-analysis is developing much less rapidly than as an abstract psychology winking its way, somewhat cumbrously, into the empyrean of cosmology.

It is perfectly true that this therapeutic method has saved many a man from going over the edge of insanity. There is no question at all of its power to loose many of its subjects from obsessing habits of thought. But the fact that psycho-analysis has a value is no argument that it could not be improved.

We do not yet know all its after effects. It may be that the knowledge which has been gained by it ought to be applied in quite a different way, and, in fact, there are strong reasons in favour of such a belief. Some years ago a NEW AGE article of mine drew a letter from a follower of Dr. Trigant Burrow, an American psychic specialist, from which I learnt that he (Dr. Burrow) was more than suspicious that *neurosis has a double meaning*: that it is not only a dangerous crisis which may end in disaster, but also a transitional period of mental change which may end in the production of talent or at least an altogether higher level of mentality. To psycho-analyse, according to present methods, is probably to prevent both possibilities, and perhaps to lose more than we gain.

If this is indeed the case, as I hope with confidence, the procedure of psycho-analysis ought to be entirely reversed, and I am going to be well-meaning enough to suggest how it should be done.

Following the present practice, the patient of a psycho-analysis lies upon a couch, with face averted from the analyst, and talks about himself. He is given one rule, and one only—to speak the first thing that occurs to him, as he may safely do for such a purpose, under the seal of professional secrecy. Naturally the patient's mind becomes entirely pre-occupied with the things he would rather not say to any living soul, nor even admit to himself. Nevertheless, persuaded to play the game, and realising its possible value, he gradually shrives himself. The course of every analysis is a series of concealments of the truth and a gradually increasing revelation of everything the patient is ashamed of.

Necessarily, therefore, the resultant psychology, based upon this method of psychic research, is that of the typical kinds of Shame in man. It is essentially the Psychology of Sin. And its value for the patient lies in a thorough, scientific conviction of sin. He exchanges a hideous oppression of indefinable guilt which is becoming a compulsion towards crime, insanity or suicide, for a more or less clear knowledge of the conflict between his higher and lower motives. An emotional force is dissipated into a knowledge of its causes.

This is the best that can be said of the best kind of psycho-analysis and it is, certainly, very much. To understand one's own worst impulses is to rob them of most of the mystery which is their paramount power and fascination. But there is something more to be said. A man who has been analysed successfully, in this respect, has benefited from knowledge of a new world of realities, which realities are sins, though he has learned to give them a scientific and not a spiritual name. He has been saved by the intensive study of depravities. Having studied the human psyche from this side, through its shames, it is almost inevitable that, to him, the supreme realities of consciousness must be powers of darkness alone.

Enthusiastic psycho-analysts may think this is not a fair criticism; that the purpose of psycho-analysis is to free the awakened man from his psychic compulsions. But for this purpose, can it possibly be best to make these forces the central study and reality of life?

We need another, and precisely converse method of mental therapy, a science of Psycho-Synthesis. Its procedure should be, not for the subject to lie horizontally, saying what he most dislikes to admit, but to stand or sit with spine erect, saying what he would exactly most like to say. He should define the ideal form in which he would like to cast his life, allowed full rein to his desire to impress his analyst, or rather his synthesist. And precisely as the analyst studies and knows the shames, the typical morphology of human complexes, so should the synthesist know the typical aspirations, the whole morphology of human idealism. The course of such a gnostic synthesis would be the revelation of the subject's truest ideas,

their history and development and, of course, their admixture with baser elements. Analysis would inevitably come in, but in its proper subordination as a rejection of illusions; as a rejection of illusions only, not as a discovery of values and realities. Attachment to the synthesist, and transference would partly follow the normal lines, as in analysis; followed by the inevitable transference-breaking.

I see no reason why this constructive and sacerdotal integrating of a soul in chaos should not be a complementary religious initiation, and a mental hygiene immeasurably more regenerative than mere reductive analysis of the human spirit into things medical. *Every neurotic has ideas and ideals closely related to his worst complexes. The present treatment makes him bravely contemplate the complex, but disbelieve the ideal*; whereas the reverse process is necessary, if his psychology is to be recreated according to its own inherent spiritual determination. For psycho-synthesis, of course, a new faculty is required. We need men who know the structure and all the possible forms of idealism as well as psycho-analysts now know the morphology of the typical complexes. But, as a science, this is far more knowable. I dare to prophesy that a time is near at hand when psychologists themselves will learn Life and the goal of life, and psycho-synthesis will replace the present pioneering and one-sided method of psycho-analysis. Until the arrival of this faculty of integrating a soul, however, one does not want to interfere too much with the claims of a still vastly underrated and unused science. For, at present, psycho-analysis alone is frequently a comfort, and very much better than nothing.

PHILIPPE MAIRET.

The Mirage of Superfluity.

By Guglielmo Ferrero.

(Translated from the "Europäische Revue," Leipzig.)
Living is dear! What then? That is no new complaint, though to-day it is raised more frequently and more urgently than ever before. Anyone who consults his memory will recollect that already in the first years of our century men had begun to lament the high prices.

The mighty impulse of the war has raised sky-high these prices, which were already constantly driven upward by their own momentum. In the time of peace which preceded the war men suffered from needs which there was little or nothing to satisfy. The happiness of superfluity, the pleasure of a comfortable way of life, now something quite unknown, became more and more rare in that long waiting period bristling with weapons.

And yet those years of growing deprivation were the most fruitful that men can remember. For never since the beginning of history had the earth poured forth in greater prodigality all the treasures which she cherishes into the lap of her child, humanity. And humanity shuddered at such lavishness; for everything was present in superabundance upon this earth.

An example: gold. Since the first years of the twentieth century there was extracted from the depths of the earth a quantity of gold which exceeded by about thirty-fold that which our forefathers obtained at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Every one of these feverish years by itself alone outdid more than thirty of those slow, idle years which succeeded each other at the beginning of the previous century.

The same, or at any rate a similar, result would be obtained for all crops, for all animals, for all minerals, and in general for all commodities which serve to supply the needs or gratify the passions of man. If the population of Europe and of America has increased during the century, the total of commodities which each year can be supplied to these populations has increased far more. We should, then, be enjoying the greatest superfluity that has ever blessed our earth.

But we shall be seized with amazement if we trace back the course of history beyond that gigantic cataract whose roar is still in our ears, although we are more than a century removed from it. I mean the French Revolution. Beyond this cataract we find poverty-stricken periods when men

could only scratch the surface of the earth with the tools of children. And yet, although from time to time, here and there, terrible famines raged, in those times we shall not find the complaints of a general and constant scarcity, with which our time is filled.

How absurd that the means of life seem to fail just when they are present in the greatest abundance. Are the Socialists right in reproaching our time with the unjust distribution of this world's goods? Is it true that the great mass is poor because some men who are less scrupulous or more clever or more fortunate appropriate the lion's share of all that the common labour of all produces.

The case is unfortunately not so simple, for we are witnessing a quite new example of two-fold motive, a mania for two things which are mutually exclusive; here excess, there boundless, measureless increase in requirements.

Until the French Revolution and until the rise of industry on the grand scale, every class lived within the realm of its own needs and desires, as if shut in a prison. For each distinct social stratum the way of life was exactly determined; no one could live either better or worse without quitting his social sphere. It is true that in course of time this standard of life, with its prescribed luxuries and its fixed deprivations, underwent a change; but this change was very slow.

For all nations, for every degree of age and class of society, the mode of life, i.e., the number, kind and order of precedence of all desires whose satisfaction was at all possible, was firmly fixed and therefore also completely binding. Each was bound neither to want more nor to do more, what ever suffering the deprivation might cause; equally bound not to want less nor to do less, though this might lead to ruin. The limitation of desires, the unchangeability or, at any rate, the insignificant alteration in custom and fashions in the course of generations, these were the foundations of the social order.

The 19th century and industry en masse revolutionised the world, by introducing those giants which spring from the mighty mixing of fire and matter: the metal machines moved by steam and electricity. These machines revolve at frantic speed without bursting into flames, and are thus capable of increasing beyond measure the commodities at the disposal of man. But why should these be increased if men cannot consume them; and how should men consume them if they do not desire them?

In the same proportion in which the metals born of fire increased in the world, fire was destined also to transform the ideal of life. In place of the old narrow fixed ideal, fire has created a new one, ever-changing, capable within its elastic frame work of concealing ever new desires and requirements. Fire has brought it about that immeasurable expansion of desires and instability of customs accompany progressive improvements, as well for individuals as for peoples and for whole civilisations.

A production which strives to increase the means of life arouses in men insatiable longings which grow more violent the more they are satisfied. Since the beginning of the Christian era the world has known no greater revolution than this violent change in the ideal of living which has been brought about by the 19th century. Anyone who has not realised this revolution can understand neither the present nor the past. But it is owing to this very revolution that a century, of which history knows not the like, yet with all its wealth, or, rather, on account of all its wealth, represents a life of deprivations and permanent scarcity.

(To be continued.)

TIME OF NAKED THORN.

It is the time of naked thorn,
But my heart shall not grieve thereby,
Remembering bitteresses borne
Under as desolate a sky.

It is the time of no more song,
But how shall I stay silent yet
Moving among the lovely throng
Of voices I could not forget!

One day the leaf shall clothe again
To loveliness the last stark tree,
And birds sing in the boughs, and then
My courage shall have made me free.

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

Vladimir Solovyov, and The Religious Philosophy of Russia.

By Janko Lavrin.

IV.—GOD, UNIVERSE, AND MAN.

A thorough investigation of Solovyov's metaphysics would necessarily involve a comparison of his teaching with that of several Christian mystics on the one side, and with neo-Platonists (especially Plotinus) on the other. There are even certain points which Solovyov has in common with the metaphysics of Edward von Hartmann—in spite of their difference in terminology. Lack of space compels us to limit ourselves only to a brief and therefore rather bald outline of Solovyov's teaching. And the best we can do is to begin it with some of his views on the relationship between God and the Universe.

According to Solovyov, the Universe is "in God" and yet separated and different from God: it is His *other* (*to allon*), and as such it has a certain independence. The self-manifestation of God (or the Absolute) has three simultaneous aspects or phases:

1. God as the Might, or the Will, giving birth to Cosmos. God the Father.
2. God as the Reason contemplating the manifested World as something distinct from Himself. God—the Divine Logos.
3. The return to God of that which is separated from Him; or the deification of Cosmos through a reunion with God.

Thus Solovyov, too, arrives at the conception of Trinity as an eternal cosmic process. In this process the physical world is bound to space and time. But although different from God, the world contains God's Divine essence and together with it the image of His own unity. This essence which has been projected into the world is called by Solovyov the "World-Soul." The World-Soul is both God's potential image and His potential antithesis. For she is free to separate from God, to go against God, for the sake of her own self-definition and self-affirmation. And this is what she has actually done.

The act of her voluntary separation is symbolised in the Biblical fall of the Angels. Owing to this "fall," the bond between the active Divine Reason (*i.e.*, Logos) and the World-Soul has become torn and the inner unity of the latter disrupted. And as the ideal unity between human beings has its roots and focus in the World-Soul, this unity, too, was bound to be destroyed. Being evil in itself, "fall" generated evil in all living beings. The World-Soul, left to herself, was in danger of turning into a blind "will to exist."

But when this separation reached its ultimate limit a turning point in the cosmic evolution took place. The Divine Logos (*i.e.*, the eternal spiritual centre of the Universe), incarnated in Christ, descended into the world of phenomena. Out of the cosmic centre He thus became the living centre of human history.

According to Solovyov, the world is doomed to remain disrupted and "lie in evil" until the final reunion between God and the World-Soul, through the action of the Divine Logos, shall take place. The Logos struggles for the possession of the World-Soul, and in this gradual struggle lies the inner meaning of the entire historical process on our planet. Solovyov even constructed a philosophy of history, in which he tried to demonstrate that, owing only to the help of Logos, the whole of evolution, and particularly the whole of our human history, can gradually lead all the disintegrated and hostile elements to a new and perfect pan-unity, whose absolute form and eternal "Idea" (in the Platonic sense) he calls Sophia.

And man is the chief agent of this process. For it is only perceptive and *consciously* tries to re-establish the broken tie between God and herself. It is in man's soul that the decisive battle is given; hence the great significance and responsibility of every human individual. In other words, it is through man that world and life can be reunited to God (*i.e.*, made Divine). This can, however, happen only in so far as man opens himself to Logos and Christ and becomes Christ-like. He must become not a passive instrument of God's Will, but a voluntary ally and participant in God's work in the Universe. He must justify the whole of existence by making it divine and by becoming himself as perfect as the Father in Heaven is perfect.

The final victory over evil in the collective whole of mankind can be achieved only through mankind's own effort.

will and experience. And since the universal regeneration of all things is possible only through Christ, humanity must accept Him and consciously work towards that type of history in which Christ's Spirit would be incarnated in everything.

To quote Solovyov's own words: "The meaning of history in its concrete development compels us to recognise in Jesus Christ not the last word of the human kingdom, but the first and all-embracing Word of the Kingdom of God—not the man-God, but the God-man, or the absolute individual. From this point of view can be well understood why He first appeared in the middle of history and not at the end of it. The purpose of the world-process is the revelation of the Kingdom of God, or of the perfect moral order realised by a new humanity which, spiritually, grows out of the God-man. It is clear, then, that this universal event must be preceded by the individual appearance of the God-man Himself. As the first half of history up to Christ was preparing the environment or the external conditions for His individual birth, so the second half prepares the external conditions for His universal revelation or for the coming of the Kingdom of God. . . . History merely worked out in the past, and is working out now, the necessary natural and moral conditions for the revelation of the God-man and the divine humanity."

A gradual ascent of man towards God-man and God-kind, through the embodiment of Christ in all aspects of human life—such is Solovyov's conception of the inner meaning of history. He affirms that this is the only way towards the absolute fullness of existence—that fullness through which we can finally consecrate and make divine all things. We must not deny but transmute. We must not reject matter, or "flesh," but consign it to its proper function—on the highest plane of human existence. Such a plane has been symbolically called the Kingdom of God. Solovyov sometimes calls it also the universal resurrection which he defines as "the creation of a perfect form for all that exists. It is the ultimate expression and realisation of the good meaning of the Universe, and is the final end of history."

And so every human personality has infinite significance, because it can embody infinite fullness of being. Such fullness cannot be realised, however, by mere negation of imperfection (as is the case with Buddhism), or by mere contemplative perfection in the manner of Platonism and various philosophic idealists. We can achieve it only by making actively perfect the whole of man, the whole of life. And this is what (in Solovyov's opinion) true Christian spirit stands for.

Buddhism, which renounces all reality as unworthy of existence, without replacing it by that reality which is worthy of existence, expresses but "negative infinity" and negative universalism. The universalism of true Christianity, however, is positive, for its aim is not passive resignation and the ecstasy of individual "extinction" (Nirvana), but the highest self-realisation imaginable; self-realisation through continuous creation of those forms of life which could bring world and humanity nearer to their final perfection and significance.

But as efforts of this kind must be exercised both individually and collectively, an organisation is needed which would be capable not only of harmonising the individual with the whole, but also of directing all their energy, all their aspirations towards one goal—the absolute fullness of existence.

Such an organisation is called by Solovyov "the Universal Church."

(To be continued.)

Economic Diabetes.

Our financial system is just like a patient slowly dying from diabetes, when what should nourish the whole body is diverted to one insignificant fraction, the end being that the offending gland eventually destroys both itself and its host, the entire body. So civilisations have come and gone in the past, so will this present unless remedies be found. To make the producing side the determinant for the issuance of purchasing power, as is now done by those controlling the policy of the banks, is like insisting that the tail wags the dog! The truth, of course, being that consumption or demand is the determining side, and consumption is dependent on purchasing power. By force of circumstances and its own activities the world is rapidly approaching the position when it will have to supplement the purchasing power derived from dividends, salaries, wages, and foreign trade, by the distribution of national dividends, easily within its power to do on sound, scientific lines.—F. J. Seward, in the Weekly Standard (South Africa).

Sophia and Clarissa.

By "Old and Crusted."

What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think the Oedipus Tyrannus, the Alchemist, and Tom Jones the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson, is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves, into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May. (Table Talk of S. T. Coleridge.)

M. Digeon is heartily to be congratulated. Firstly, on having written an exceptionally interesting and scholarly study of Fielding*; and, secondly, on his translators, to whom, in his own words:

"My thanks are due," for they "have done a difficult task with the most faithful and intelligent attention. Nowhere have I found my intention betrayed or my meaning obscured in their version of my book."

Which is saying much; for only those who have struggled with the task of transposing the idiom of one language into another can appreciate the exasperating difficulty of finding an exact equivalent; in fact, it is almost impossible. Try, for example, to turn "l'esprit de l'escalier" into idiomatic English without losing something in the process, or give me an English or French translation of "gemütlich" in one word, if you can! All of which goes to prove that he who is content with his mother-tongue—even if it be the language of Shakespeare—as a vehicle of thought, is ill-equipped. To be able to think in another language—that is the only genuine test of knowledge—is like looking at a familiar landscape from another point of view. They are the same woods, fields, and streams, but how different the "tout-ensemble," how changed the "Stimmung"!

But stay—I set out to discuss M. Digeon's book, not the difficulties of translation; which is only another example of my incorrigible bad habit of chasing side-issues up back-alleys and getting nopelessly lost.

M. Digeon is ambitious. He finds fault with Fielding's biographers, and notably with Thackeray, and whilst laying stress on the many-sided activities of this great genius he is himself content to deal with the "novelist" only, and proposes to study him:

"Tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change." This he does to some purpose through 250 fascinating pages, and in the process lays all friends of Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, and Parson Adams under a lasting obligation; to say nothing of the lovers of Sophia Western—who are legion. But he is not quite fair to Thackeray, who, he says, "painted in his 'Humorists of the Eighteenth Century,' a drunken, dissolute Fielding, a Bohemian scribbling his works hot from an orgy."

This is something less than the truth, as anyone can prove who will turn once more to that warm-hearted essay on Hogarth, Smollet, and Fielding which contains such tribute as this:

"What multitudes of truths that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! . . . It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured! and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered."

and concluding with the words: "Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognise in the manly, the English Harry Fielding."

Let that suffice for Fielding the man. When he deals with the "novelist," this perspicacious Frenchman is on safer ground. He has much to say that will repay careful study; but perhaps the most telling of all are his comments on the relations of Fielding to Richardson, and his appreciation of the influence of these two writers on the evolution of the English novel. As for the antagonism between these two authors, what is it but one form of the eternal conflict of two entirely different conceptions of life? If Richardson

"is the new England, religious, serious, sensitive, and pragmatic, respectful of the established order, at once passionate and prudent, narrow and enthusiastic, secretly a little anxious, and, above all, careful of what 'people will say,'" Fielding is something more. He is not only the last great representative of "Merry England,"

"of England at a moment when, suspended between her great past and her prodigious future, she was most limply herself," but he is the national embodiment of that sound common sense which loathes cant and sickly sentiment; he is the unflinching opponent of that

"bourgeois Protestantism which was to reach its zenith in the Victorian age,"

* "The Novels of Fielding." By Aurelien Digeon. Routledge and Sons, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

when even clothing was a symbol of ugly smugness—as the back files of Punch witness—with its peg-top trousers, Dundreary whiskers, chenille hair-nets, and crinolines.

Moreover, Fielding enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being a gentleman—a strange animal not understood by the Richardson's of this world—and it is worth noting that Professor Saintsbury draws attention to this significant distinction. Now a gentleman may be coarse, but he is not purrulent; and the same may be said of a woman, whether peasant or peeress, who is a lady born. If Sophia Western is a typical lady of her time, what is Clarissa Harlowe? One can picture Clarissa smiling furtively at a suggestive story or slyly arousing a lust she is not prepared to gratify; she is the forerunner of those dangerous "demi-vierges" so mercilessly castigated by Marcel Prévost, and often described by disillusioned youth in unprintable terms.

Sophia, on the other hand, might laugh heartily at one of her father's coarse jokes, but it would end there, and would have no more lasting effect on her than a witty Rabelaisian after-dinner yarn has on a healthy-minded man. Such a clean, wholesome nature as hers is not easily besmirched, and if she sin, why, if sin it be, it is the result of honest passion in which there is neither shame nor regret. As for the sneaking Lovelace, had he attempted to deal with Sophia as he did with Clarissa, it is certain that he would have been effectively checked by Squire Western's hunting-crop, supplemented by a top-dressing from Tom Jones.

It is the crowning glory of the English novel, at its best, to be singularly free from all taint of lubricity. That we can boast a Jane Austen, a Dickens, and a Thackeray in no small measure due to the robust realism of Henry Fielding, but if certain second-rate modern writers of fiction dally with the salacious and suggestive, may not this unpleasant tendency be traced to the morbid, mawkish "psycho-analysis" of Richardson?

In this respect Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's opinion (quoted by M. Digeon) is worth repeating:

" . . . that model of affection, Clarissa, is so faulty in her behaviour as to deserve little compassion. Any girl who runs away with a young fellow, without intending to marry him, should be carried to Bridewell or Bedlam the next day. Yet the circumstances are so laid as to inspire tenderness, notwithstanding the low style and absurd incidents: and I look upon this and Pamela to be two books that will do more general mischief than the works of Lord Rochester."

And your Ladyship is not far wrong.

Reviews.

The Bhagavad Gita. Interpreted by Franklin Egerton. (Open Court Publishing Co.)

The Bhagavad Gita, in English The Lord's Song, is an interpolation in the Indian epic, the Mahabharata which recounts the conflict of two Indian peoples fought out in prehistoric times. The Lord's Song was written some-where about the Christian era by a worshipper of Krishna, and represents the god in the person of the charioteer of the hero Arjuna. Arjuna "sees no blessing from slaying of kinsfolk in strife." Krishna consoles him by expounding the doctrine that death is but an interruption in the continued life of the soul, "This slays not, neither is it slain," and bids Arjuna live the life to which his station calls him. This reconciliation of the life of devotion with life in the world, in the words of Mr. Franklin, is "the favourite sacred book of the Hindus." I do not find that Mr. Franklin's series of essays—unfortunately he does not give the text—dislodges from my private preference the delightful translation and commentary of Mr. Lionel Barnett. Nevertheless, Mr. Franklin supplements in some important respects what Mr. Barnett has to say. And the English reader equipped with the two volumes is in a position to enter a little way into the Indian mind.

We might even break through the prejudices which prevent us from understanding our fellow-subjects, prejudices which unfortunately are consecrated in Bishop Heber's hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," where it is suggested that in Ceylon "only man is vile." Yet the Cinghalese scholars have preserved in Pali the most important sources for our knowledge of Buddha, and the fine statue of Buddha in meditation, now at Colombo, proves if proof were needed that Indian artists were not entirely indebted to Greek inspiration for their masterpieces. During the last few weeks there have passed through my hands examination papers from Ceylon, not all of them by Christian students, and I reject the suggestion of the hymn.

Probably Buddhism is more universal in the appeal it makes to the world than the Hinduism from which it sprang, and against which as a background Buddhism must be set if it is to be understood. Mr. Kipling in his

stories has presented as much of the living faith of India as the somewhat weak digestion of our western mind can tolerate. But the profound devotion to persons, bhakti, which even leads the pious Hindu to self-immolation, is more respectable than our worship of comfort based on dollars and violence. The Hindu, physically weak, takes refuge in irony. His formula for war is stated in the following terms—I take this from the Hitopadesa—"In a quarrel between the geese and the peacocks, in which is displayed equal valour; the geese having trusted them, are betrayed by the crows who were in the camp of the enemy." One can imagine the wise man of an Indian village, when he is asked at this time what has happened recently in the West, reciting this apologue. As a history of the war which led up to the present peace, I find it both short and convincing. (Frank Granger.)

Modern English Houses and Interiors. Edited by C. H. James and F. R. Yerbury. (Ernest Benn, Ltd. 30s. net.)

This is yet another to the long list of books on art-subjects which these far-seeing publishers have seen fit to issue recently. It consists of some ninety quarto pages of excellent photographic illustrations of exteriors and interiors of recently-built homes. The trend of the current architectural fashion is toward the Georgian as regards elevational treatment; and the present volume consequently comprises examples mainly on Georgian lines, though there are also a few of informal arrangement. Those lucky people confew of templating the knotty problem of building a house will find this well-got-up book invaluable; for all the architects whose work is reproduced herein have had considerable experience in designing modern English houses. The photographs are by Mr. Yerbury—probably the finest architectural photographer practising in England to-day; and a short introduction is contributed by Mr. James. But there is one fly in this particular architectural ointment. In the coloured drawing of an interior reproduced on the loose jacket of the book there is a lady whose proportions are utterly out of scale with the other units of the composition. Her height is at least ten times the length of her head—rendering her either a mentally-deficient or a physical phenomenon. Due to the present fashion, is it? Nay, let the Bond-street fashion-plate delineators turn out their "art" designs for clothes on impossibly elongated women; but there is no reason why a Chelsea artist should produce a drawing in which an absurdly attenuated lady destroys the proportion of an otherwise correct interior. Architecture is essentially a problem in proportion; and when the human figure is used as a unit in an architectural interior, it should be at least in scale with the chairs.

The Origin of Man. By Carveth Read. (Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.)
Man and His Superstition. By Carveth Read. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

These two books were originally published as one; Professor Read has re-written and enlarged the parts and published them separately. It is great fun to read them. Professor Read hit on the original and ridiculous idea that all man's activities were explicable on the suspicion that a tribe of fruit-eating apes suddenly took to a carnivorous diet. The theory is worked out with much earnestness and detail. A case can be made, of course, if all differences are ignored. A pleasant example of the method occurs in the second book. "The Semang say that souls grow upon a soul-tree in the world of Kari (their chief god), whence they are brought by birds, which are killed and eaten by the mother's souls of fishes and animals are also obtained by the eating certain fungi and grasses. Here the analogy of the growth of fruit is adopted; being so familiar as to need no further explanation. Leibnitz's suggestion that monads are fulgurations continues de la Divinité, is at about the same level of thought." Perhaps the Professor has not learnt that Leibnitz's monads are non-spatial and non-temporal, to put it shortly? That he should only be able to read philosophy with a Fundamentalist eye is not surprising; his ignorance in these matters is matched only by his impertinence.

The Chief British Dramatists. Brander Matthews and Paul Robert Lieder. (Harrap. 15s. net.)

This is a rather oddly chosen collection of plays. Perhaps the explanation why, of all Ben Jonson's plays, "Every Man in His Humour" is reproduced, of all Marlowe's, "Edward the Second," lies in the fact that they have been more frequently acted—they are certainly not the best. But at least we should be thankful that we have twenty-five plays compendiously printed, including two mystery plays, seven Elizabethan plays, and what is possibly the greatest drama in our language outside Shakespeare, Otway's "Venice Preserved."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—This branch has formed a "Study Circle" for the purpose of studying Major Douglas's credit proposals.

The leading members of this branch are of the opinion that some system other than the present one must be adopted if national chaos is to be avoided.

Mr. Fred Tait, Labour candidate for Penrith, gave a series of lectures at Stanley last winter on "Credit Control." He explicitly showed how the control of credit could establish a proper balance between two kinds of production—that of goods and that of the means of making goods.

The enthusiasm in the lectures was high—enthusiasm for a knowledge of finance. Hence this branch's desire to investigate thoroughly the scheme promulgated by Major Douglas.

Unemployment is on the increase in this area, and we have been wondering if there is a remedy—a remedy which does not require as a pre-requisite the "conversion of the world" in the moral application of that term.

We of this branch hope that other I.L.P. branches will analyse the industrial situation on Douglas lines, and will welcome any truth that will hasten the triumph of social justice.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN MARSHALL,

Secretary of the Stanley Branch of the I.L.P., 13 Tyne Road, Stanley, Co. Durham.

[We strongly commend this example to members of the I.L.P. everywhere. The best method of extending Social Credit ideas is to encourage the propagation of "calls" (to use the Communists' analogy) within all political organisations. It is no good attempting to secure "mass-conviction" by occasionally improvised external raids on their rank and file: the work has to be done progressively by their own accustomed and trusted members. We would like to be publishing letters like the above at the rate of a dozen a week.—Ed.]

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.

November 5, Thursday. Address by Mr. D. Mitrinovic to the Hampstead Social Credit Group, Holly Hill Shop, 1 Holly-hill, Hampstead (close to Hampstead Tube Station), on "Psycho-analysis and Credit." Time, 8.15. Open meeting.

November 12, Thursday. Address by Major Douglas to the London Commercial Club, at the Trocadero Restaurant (Luncheon meeting).

December 3, Thursday. Address by Mr. Frederick Thoresby, to the Hampstead Social Credit Group, Holly Hill Shop, 1 Holly-hill, Hampstead (close to Hampstead Tube Station), on "The Bank of England—a National Menace." Time, 8.15. Open meeting.

December 11 to 14, Friday to Monday.—Lecture School on "The Economic Causes of Antagonisms To-day" at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, under the auspices of the Friends' Peace Committee. Study Outlines from Bertram Picard. Applications for enrolment (fee 2s. 6d.) from Mary E. Thorne: both at 136, Bishopsgate, E.C.2. Further particulars later.

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

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Readers who are anxious to make THE NEW AGE more widely known can do so by asking their news-agents or book-stall managers if they will distribute free specimen copies to those of their customers likely to be interested. If so we shall be pleased to supply them free of charge and carriage paid. Applications should reach us at the latest by Monday mornings, so that the necessary extra copies of that week's issue may be printed. Address:—The Manager, THE NEW AGE, 70, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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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, 23, Effra Road, S.W.2; D. Wemyss Lewis, 176, Camden Road, N.W.1; E. Wright, 38, Bromar Road, S.E.5.
- Manchester: F. Gardner, 24, Mansfield Avenue, near Blackley.
- Middlesbrough: Mrs. E. M. Dunn, Linden Grove, Linthorpe.
- Newcastle-on-Tyne: W. H. Wakinshaw, 12, Lovaine Crescent.
- Rotherham: R. J. Dalkin, Wickersley.
- Hon. Secretary, W. A. Willox, 70, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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