

A HUMANE ECONOMY

*The Social Framework
of the Free Market*

WILHELM RÖPKE

With a new introduction by
Samuel Gregg



Wilmington, Delaware

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tensify some of its features and drive it still further. No thoughtful person can deny that here is one of the master keys to an understanding of our modern world. Boredom is the true curse of our epoch—boredom, together with mass living, the isolation of the individual and his separateness, the weakening of society's inner mainspring, and the triumph of vapid utility over the poetry, dignity, spontaneity, and grace of life.

Boredom and Mass Society

The vast and important subject we have now reached is so contested that we must go a bit further afield, for what we now have to say touches upon the very foundations of the irrepressible optimists' position. Again and again it becomes evident in discussions of mass society and the cultural crisis that what we regard as the central issue of our epoch and the cause of its being one of the most critical periods of world history is not seen by others in the same light. For us, mass society and the giant strides with which technology advances through our world are the symptoms and sources of a severe disease of society and of a fatal alteration of the individual's spiritual and moral conditions of life; in our view it is here that we must seek the essential causes of the threat to liberty and personality in the shape of collectivism and totalitarianism. But we have learned to expect that someone will always come forward to deny this diagnosis in the name of progress and liberty. Indeed, some declare the symptoms of a truly vast disease to be those of recovery, holding out equally vast promises.

It would be quite wrong simply to consider such views as "American," as contrasted with "European" views. It is true that the American pattern of life and thought, largely because it is proper to a society less able to draw on the reserves of a healthier past, in many respects displays most clearly some of the things which cause misgivings to the critic of mass society and mechanization. Any American who is determined to remain an apologist to the last is thereby misled into optimism and social rationalism. But we need

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only recall names like George Santayana, Russell Kirk, or Walter Lippmann and the army of their spiritual kin, the neo-conservatives or decentralists. They demonstrate how, under the impact of America's extreme experiences, the questionable and indeed alarming aspects of this pattern of life and thought call forth the criticism of the best Americans and mobilize moral and religious reserves such as one would be only too glad to see among some Europeans who persist in their self-satisfaction or blind intent to imitate America. On the other hand, there is no lack of Europeans trying to outdo the transatlantic apologists of Americanism and of what they call "American freedom" and who, with an optimism hard to understand, turn a deaf ear to our criticism of mass society, mechanization, and technolatriy.

Fortunately, then, there is no conflict between what might be described as European and American mentality. Our European super-Americans, with their eulogies of the magnificent "consumer society" or whatever else they may call it, only cover themselves with ridicule, not least in the eyes of the Americans, who know better and who regard European enthusiasm for "Americanism" merely as disloyalty to a common patrimony. The conflict is, instead, between two social philosophies, tied neither to nations nor continents nor social classes but reaching deep down into the substrata of religion. Once more we are reminded of Cardinal Manning's words: "All human differences are ultimately religious ones." In any event, the conflict clearly does not lack a pronounced political flavor, which comes out clearly when the critique of mass society is dismissed as reactionary—one argument among many common to progressives and Communists.

At first sight it seems difficult to discover any bridge of mutual understanding or even a ground for fruitful discussion. To brand people of our kind as romantic (a designation which may soon become an honorable one) is no more helpful than for us, in our turn, to dismiss our opponents as anthropologically or sociologically blind optimists or social rationalists.

How can we break out of this sterile position of mutual non-

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understanding? Is it possible to find a sound basis for objectively acceptable arguments against which the optimists can raise no protest?

It is of the utmost importance to realize that such a possibility does exist. Let us try to make a start. There is a certain and indeed predominant type of optimist who behaves like the blind talking of color—and often rather aggressively. Being himself the creature of a large industrial city, he lacks the experience of people born and bred in the country, with an intimate knowledge of village community life and closeness to nature—the very opposite of what Hans Freyer calls “man-made society.” There is an asymmetry between people of the former kind and those of us who have had the good fortune of such experience; they are poorer than we are in the knowledge of the things which are at issue in this discussion and provide us with a true yardstick. We who come from the country—or who have at least remained in close contact with country life and have become town dwellers only in our later years—have the advantage of knowing both environments. The others are familiar only with the urban and industrial one. A second asymmetry is this: hardly any country-bred inhabitant of a big city has accepted the urban and industrial reforming optimism and the rootlessness of mass society as an ideal, whereas among those born in the city and the landscape of industry the number is legion who are under no illusion about the price they have to pay in the shape of loss of integration with community and nature.

It may well be worth pondering this state of affairs a little in order to discover which side is the more stricken with blindness and the poorer in experience. It follows that in any discussion we are entitled to ask where our optimist adversary comes from and whether he possesses the same breadth of experience as we do; if he cannot adduce proof to that effect, he ought to admit that he is not competent to speak.

Unfortunately, however, we here encounter a further circumstance which can but reinforce the pessimism of the critics of indus-

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trial mass society. The more urbanized industrial man becomes the predominant type, the greater is the likelihood that urbanization, mass living, and the advancing mechanization of life and landscape will be treated as items of progress and liberty by those intellectuals who, born in the same environment, have nothing but irony and arrogance for those who really know better.

We therefore have to envisage the depressing prospect that a protesting voice may find it increasingly hard to make itself heard at all—not because our society is doing so gratifyingly well but because its disease may go so far that we lose any sense of what is or is not health, which would not leave people feeling any happier or healthier.

In all of these respects a country like Switzerland is still comparatively well off because the percentage of people who have grown up in the country or who are at least connected with it by something more than tourism is still unusually high. "It is no accident," the Bavarian critic Joseph Hofmiller writes ("Form ist Alles," *Aphorismen zu Literatur und Kunst* [Munich, 1955]), "that the Swiss have such beautiful children's stories: they do not inhabit large towns. A metropolitan child doesn't even know what it means to be a child. To be a child means to play in the fields, amidst grass and trees and birds and butterflies, under the endless canopy of a blue sky, in a great silence in which the crowing of the neighbor's cock is an event, as is the Angelus bell or the creaking of a wheel. To be a child means to live with the seasons, the first snow and the first colt's foot, the cherry blossom and the cherry harvest, the scent of flowering crops and dry grass, the tickling of the stubble on one's bare feet, the early lighting of the lamp. The other thing is a surrogate, shabby, cramped, musty, an adult's life *en miniature*." In a cruel cartoon of a Berlin back yard by Heinrich Zille, a porter chases children away from a miserable potted plant and calls after them: "Go and play with the dustbins!"

Without people feeling any happier or healthier, I said a little earlier, and these words bring me to the essential point. It can be

described quite simply, in the words of the Gospel: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Or less solemnly: our critical attitude to mass society and technolatry is superior to the optimistic attitude because the latter undeniably leads to consequences of an unequivocally negative kind. Uncritical optimism turns out to be inadequate anthropology because it fails to consider how man will fare, both in his body and, above all, in his soul. The uncritical do not grasp what ails people in the much-vaunted conditions of today, in spite of tiled bathrooms, macadamized roads, and television. Even the optimists cannot overlook the fact that dissatisfaction and discontent seem only to grow with the profusion of goods designed for creature comforts and in inverse proportion to the happiness expected of those goods. But they are unable to understand the profound causes of this apparent paradox.

Our real condition can best be judged by those who have the most direct access to the body and the soul of man and who penetrate his façade. Foremost among them are the ministers of the church, but their testimony is not public and lacks the compelling force of persuasion which might disarm doubters. But the testimony of physicians—on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean—is unanswerable. When the consulting rooms of psychiatrists, neurologists, and heart specialists fill up with the wreckage of our civilization, no paeans extolling motorcars and concrete will help. "Only myopic apostles of progress," writes a German psychiatrist, "can still deny that our technical world of artifice threatens to become a deadly menace to man. His spiritual and bodily constitution is being drastically modified by this world, to which man has abdicated essential and inalienable elements of his nature in order to keep the machines running. The functioning of the mechanism has become autonomous; man has personified technology and its paraphernalia and has thereby depersonalized himself."²⁰ The objective language of the statistics of heart and nervous diseases, of suicides and the consumption of tranquilizers, should be clearest precisely to the

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people who are quantity-conscious, and if it is not heeded earlier, it certainly will be when we are all caught up in these macabre classifications. This language must surely be intelligible to those who either do not hear or cannot interpret the more subtle language of artists reacting to their environment with enhanced sensibility.

Thus there is no lack of warning signs which should call us to our senses. A little honest introspection will force us to admit that mass society and industrial and urban civilization are threatening to condemn us to conditions of life which are simply beyond the human scale. No amount of modernism is of any avail against this stark fact, no social eudaemonism, and no anathema against "reactionaries" and "romanticists."

When people today react to their environment by feeling vaguely discontented or even unhappy, the explanation is sometimes sought in fear and anxiety. The philosophers of existentialism have built an entire system on *Angst*. No one will deny that fear and anxiety are deeply lodged in our world today; they are those evil spirits of which the Gray Woman, Care, spoke to Faust:

Whomsoever I possess,
Finds the world but nothingness;
Gloom descends on him for ever,
Seeing sunrise, sunset, never;
Though his senses are not wrong,
Darknesses within him throng,
Who—of all that he may own—
Never owns himself alone.
Luck, ill luck, become but fancy;
Starving in the midst of plenty,
Be it rapture, be it sorrow,
He postpones it till to-morrow,
Fixed upon futurity,
Can never really come to be.²¹

Fear and anxiety can destroy man only when the meaning and purpose of his life have become blurred or escape him. In the words of

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the British writer Charles Morgan, one of the few lucid and noble minds of our times: "Neither suffering nor even terror produces despair in men; loneliness and boredom are the prime cause of it, and they are the miseries that beset our crowded and eventful age."²²

One of these miseries, loneliness, has already been discussed sufficiently here and elsewhere. All the more need is there to turn our full attention to the other, boredom. Much has been said about boredom as a universal and perennial affliction of mankind, but little in the particular context of its being the product and curse of mass society. What Pascal and Schopenhauer said about it is still eminently worth reading and instructive, but our own era has taught us that this spiritual disease, which is closely akin to the accidie of the medieval Church, may have its essential origin not in the aberrations of the individual soul but in the conditions and influences of society. Boredom is what Georges Bernanos' country parson, at the beginning of *Journal d'un curé de campagne*, describes as "the fine dust which today settles on all things, not sparing even the countryside, and against which men try to defend themselves with their excited bustle."²³

We could find no better motto for our considerations here than the following passage by a contemporary ethnologist writing about a tribe on one of the Pacific islands: "The natives of that unfortunate archipelago are dying out principally for the reason that the civilization forced upon them has deprived them of all interest in life. They are dying of pure boredom. When every theater has been replaced by one hundred cinemas, when every musical instrument has been replaced by one hundred gramophones, when every horse has been replaced by one hundred cheap motorcars, when electrical ingenuity has made it possible for every child to hear its bedtime stories from a loudspeaker, when applied science has done everything possible with the materials on this earth to make life as interesting as possible, it will not be surprising if the population of the entire civilized world follows the fate of the Melanesians."²⁴

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Even if not taken literally, this outburst points the way to the source of boredom as a social phenomenon. There are many causes, all extremely subtle individually and all so closely interwoven that they cannot easily be disentangled. With these reservations, I would venture the following analysis.

The *first* point is this. It seems reasonable to attribute the mass reaction of boredom, often enough carefully concealed, to a number of features peculiar to modern mass society, such as the loss of communal interests, the disappearance of diversity and spontaneity, emptiness, and isolation.

The dissolution of the natural social order, the inner emptiness of mechanized and quantified work, and the general loosening of the roots of life drive people all the more to fill their time with so-called pleasures and amusements. But they soon discover that they are merely exchanging one kind of emptiness for another because they have lost the meaning and purpose of life. The same civilization whose modern production techniques shower people with the means of comfort and entertainment robs them, at the same time, of any personal relation to their own work. And if people thus cheated of a genuine interest in life seek compensation in consumption, they are fooled once more. The naïve calculation of the sociologists—who persuade us not to grieve over the changed nature of work and to look for compensation in the blessings of “leisure” and “consumption”—this calculation never works out and the sociologists do not seem to understand why.

Let us listen to a frank description of life in a German industrial town: “A small group of sixty thousand industrial workers is here situated in the midst of delightful birchwood country and turns its back on nature—and not only on nature, but obviously also on reason, customs, and experience. . . . There is nothing to give resilience to this community of haphazard newcomers, settled in new housing developments; it has forgotten not only that we lost the war and lost our industry, it seems to have forgotten also that human life needs a focus. In the highly civilized and specialized labor world

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of Marl, 100 per cent of the men and 20 per cent of the women who are fit to work meet every day in a performance whose ultimate meaning is understood only by very few. . . . The loss of the meaning, of the visible and tangible meaning, of work becomes obvious in such industrial towns. There is no peasant who cannot tell the yield of each field, of each head of cattle, of each tree. But the worker in this super-mechanized world cannot do so any longer. Somehow he has to be helped over the loss of life's visible meaning, and it must be admitted that every effort is being made here to this end. At Marl, free time is a conglomeration of disjointed sensual and intellectual attractions. There is the non-political local newspaper, radio, movies, and television. There are magazines, sports news, and illustrated papers. There are endless books from lending libraries or reading clubs. There are technical gadgets, the motorized bicycle and the motorcycle, the whirring pinball machines . . . but nowhere true leisure, never true contemplation. What, indeed, is there to contemplate? Nature around Marl has become stage scenery; it isn't one's own any more. Nature can be seen in color almost as natural in the technicolor films. So people search for the nature they have lost by going further and further afield on their holiday trips."²⁵ The same author tells us of an old Ruhr workman who said to him: "In the old days every miner had the ambition to become a foreman; today all he wants is higher wages and shorter working hours." Thus it becomes possible to make such jokes as that of an American cartoonist who depicts a Congressional candidate canvassing for votes with the declaration that although his opponent had promised a four-day week, he had given no assurance that these long hours of leisure would be agreeably occupied.

Now we come to the *second*, closely connected point: the stultifying effect on life of utilitarianism, economism, and materialism, on which we shall have more to say later. "A society which concentrates on material gains will be at once immensely productive and immensely sterile, satiated and hungry, busy and enormously

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bored.”²⁶ Long ago, Tocqueville, in his wisdom, recognized that here was one of the great dangers of mass society, a danger which might easily draw us into an inescapable whirlpool. “Democracy encourages a taste for physical gratification; this taste, if it becomes excessive, soon disposes men to believe that all is matter only; and materialism, in its turn, hurries them on with mad impatience to these same delights; such is the fatal circle within which democratic nations are driven round.”²⁷ But the real cause of this vicious circle had escaped Tocqueville; it is the boredom of a society devoted to physical gratification and driven by its boredom to ever further and, above all, ever new enjoyments. “It is the boredom of a spoiled child who has too many toys, who can get everything without effort, whose every wish is fulfilled. Television is a new toy of some attraction for all those bored people who already own a car and a radio and oil heating and a fully electric kitchen and who knows what else besides; but it will relieve their boredom for only a short while and afterwards intensify it all the more.”²⁸

All of this is serious enough, but in actual fact, the evil is seated even more deeply and reaches a level of which the spokesmen of modernism are probably not even aware. The question which we have to ask ourselves is this: Is it not a fact that day after day and with immense energy and equally immense infatuation we are busy creating a material environment which suffocates the soul of man and causes psychical lesions of an immeasurable and incurable kind? And is it not a fact that we do this in the name of bare material utility and in the service of measurable economic gain, without even noticing that we are causing enormous damage to higher things, damage which may well have a decisive effect on our own lives? There is a downright uncanny power in our modern industrial, urban, and mass civilization which destroys all beauty, dignity, harmony, and poetry in its path, so much so that it has justly been called *The Ugly Civilization*, to quote the title of a book by R. Borsodi. The modern world of concrete, gasoline, and advertising is peculiarly apt to deprive our souls of certain indispensable

vitamins—Burke's unbought graces of life again—and it does so in the name of a technological and social rationalism which has no use for anything that just happens by itself or that is not planned, that grows wild in picturesque confusion, and whose effects defy measurement.

We violate nature at every turn, even to the total disappearance of the countryside, which was recently hailed by a German physicist as the dawn of a new era. We have already seen that we do this at our own peril as far as biological reasons are concerned. Now we have to acknowledge that we are at the same time interfering with the soul of man and depriving him of an essential vital force.²⁹ Inescapably, we lack an essential spice of life and feel that everything is unaccountably insipid, if we meet only people everywhere and human artifices instead of nature, if we have no regard for tree or beast and treat them like materials or machines, and if we rob nature of her mysteries until we take pride in even making the weather—by majority decision or otherwise. Africa's magnificent wild life is degraded into a mass target for wealthy amateur sportsmen, and the day may not be far off when we shall be able to show animals to our grandsons only in picture books or in the zoo. One species of birds after another, except the very commonest, capitulates before man; the rivers, streams, and marshes, in so far as the sewage of industry and mass society does not turn them into stinking cesspools, are made into drainage canals, and one valley after another is submerged under the reservoirs of power stations so that more men can shave with electric razors or kill time in front of television screens. Who will dare to maintain that all this can fail to make the world unbearably dull?

Tabula rasa, the domination of the drawing board and sovereign contempt for everything that has grown—this is how we treat not only the landscape of nature but also the cultural landscape of cities. Disregard of nature is here matched by disregard of historical beauty and harmony. Once more we quote Jules Romain, from his book *Le problème numéro un*: "It may happen that beyond a

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certain point the destruction of a civilization's physiognomy becomes an immeasurable disaster, an unnoticed loss of vital purpose and vital energy." Who knows what irreparable lesions the destruction of the German cities has caused the human soul and how much it has contributed to the striking advance of mass culture in Germany?³⁰ Every effort to rebuild with due regard to the links with the past deserves the greatest credit. But it is significant that such efforts have to contend with strong resistance on the part of modernists and are therefore only partially successful. It is, in effect, the destructive spirit of modernism which prevails everywhere and which irreverently disfigures our venerable European cities, with the result that they are becoming just as dreary as American ones.

One of the protagonists of modernism, the architect Le Corbusier, has declared with brutal frankness: "The core of our old cities, with their domes and cathedrals, must be broken up and skyscrapers put in their place." But this is only an extreme formulation of the revolutionary destructive spirit proper to modernism. How powerful this is, is well demonstrated by the admiration in which a man like Le Corbusier is held by all the world. This revolutionary spirit of new beginnings, of *tabula rasa*, and of the blotting out of history, with its naïve enthusiasm for the enlightenment which we have at last brought to the world and which has come to stay—this spirit reminds us of the effusions of fashion magazines showering contempt on the last season's models, without a thought of the same fate awaiting the latest fashion. But on a more serious level, it is obvious that this spirit corresponds to the spirit of mass democracy. "*Il faut recommencer à zéro*," says Le Corbusier, and thereby he translates into the language of architecture Thomas Paine's dictum: "We have it in our power to begin the world over again."

How long can the countryside and the core of our cities withstand this mass onslaught of concrete and the heralds of "dynamic functionalism"? How strong is the resistance against the idea of a synthetic drawing-board town, an idea hatched even in Switzerland

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and indeed worthy of our times? How long will it be possible to protect the German *Autobahnen* against the pressure groups of advertisers? The country of the traveler's dream, *Italia Diis sacra*, has heroically lent itself as a guinea pig for a demonstration that with a little effort even the most beautiful country in the world can be made unspeakably ugly anywhere within reach of advertising and the filthy vulgarity of suburbia. And what has happened to the country which until the beginning of the nineteenth century was the arbiter of Europe in refinement of taste and which in the Middle Ages was the fountainhead of Western culture—what has happened to France? It has become a garish fairground of vulgar suburbs and provincial towns.

This development, with its contempt of nature and history alike, leads to an impoverishment of the soul because it acts upon us through all the doors of perception. Not only the visual image assails us, but so does its acoustic echo: the noise which rises from modern mass society and grows to real torture in the din of jet aircraft and helicopters. It is not that mere absence of sound is the ideal. There is also a silence of nothingness, the hush of death, stillness in places where we miss the singing of the farm maids, the village band on the green, the warbling of the nightingale, the fanfares from the church tower, the sound of the post horn, the accordion at dusk under the lime tree, the thump of the threshing flail, the crow of the cock. In the realm of sound, too, there is a "natural" order appropriate to man, and what is bad and a cause of boredom is that we hear road drills and motor scooters but not people singing for sheer joy of life. What is so infernal is the "technical" noise of our times, which ends up by making it a blessing to be hard of hearing. Occasionally we get a chance to listen to something pleasant—folk songs, perhaps, or some attraction of this kind—intended, of course, to promote the tourist traffic; but there again we are cheated of the true savor, and that this is a tribute of commercialism to the "unbought graces of life" is scant consolation.

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Thus boredom spreads like mildew over all the places left vacant by the disappearance of those graces, dignities, and things which were genuine, natural, which warmed the heart of man. One of them is love, which the sexual obsession of our times is stripping of its tenderness and poetry and which, like so much else, ends up on the great cinder heap of boredom. If adultery becomes an everyday banality, what need have we of *Madame Bovary* and *Effi Briest*? Among the dying embers is the numinous; in the shape of popular faiths, it still has power to warm. Among them also is genuine popular culture, with its customs rooted in the changing seasons, with the traditional festivals, and much else, of which only Christmas has preserved a last glow for most of us—and even that is more and more outshone by the neon lights of advertising.

One could mention much else besides, but that would take us too far. One final observation imposes itself: the disappearance of so many things, great and small, which lend charm, dignity, and poetry to life deprives writers and artists of rewarding and stimulating subjects and so explains the undeniable impoverishment of modern art, in literature and painting alike.³¹

It need not be said how utterly mistaken we would be to blame the market economy for all these causes of boredom as a social phenomenon. On the contrary, the market economy, with its variety, its stress on individual action and responsibility, and its elementary freedoms, is still the source of powerful forces counteracting the boredom of mass society and industrial life, which are common to both capitalism and socialism. Only, the market economy must be kept within the limits which we shall presently discuss. But a socialist mass society is doomed to irresistible boredom. The principle of organizing and centralizing everything blunts all the instincts of independence and responsibility and thus pushes boredom to its utmost limits, unless one is prepared to grant that in the extreme case of Communism, obsession, fear, hatred, and the hope of deliverance or escape from this desert add a rare spice to life.

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As regards the socialist welfare state, it is well epitomized in a recent remark by Bernard Berenson, the American Nestor of modern art historians, on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday: "I do not fear the atomic bomb. If there is a threat to our civilization, it is more likely to come from boredom that will result from a totalitarian welfare state and from the exclusion of individual enterprise and the spirit of adventure."³² Evidence that he is right is accumulating, and indeed, it would be astonishing if it were not so. What else can we expect but that the Swedes, once famous for their happiness, the people of Gösta Berling, today, in their welfare-state paradise, distinguish themselves by unusually high suicide figures and by other symptoms of a terrifying degree of listlessness, discontent, and boredom or that the number of British people sick of being cheated of the enjoyment of the fruits of their own efforts and ready to escape the dullness of the welfare state by emigration has reached alarming heights?

One final word to those whose retort to everything we have said in this chapter is the reproach of romanticism.³³ It certainly is romantic, if by that term we understand resistance to the destruction of dignity and poetry and the "unbought graces of life." If this is romanticism, we profess it unreservedly and proudly, and we will not allow ourselves to be intimidated or abashed by these would-be masterminds. We do not want to set the clock back; we want to set it right.

There remain some perfectly simple and elementary facts which are unanswerable. Can it be denied that, as Walter Lippmann once said, one can hanker after the rose-clad cottage of one's youth but not after a neon-lighted service station? Can it be disputed that a businessman who wants to sell Christmas cards having some sentimental, if elementary, appeal prints dreamy villages with gaily decorated horse-drawn sleighs or snowy landscapes and not automobiles or garages or a town of concrete blocks glittering with advertising? Is it imaginable that Segantini's well-known painting *Plowing in Oberhalbstein* in the Munich collection should have a

tractor in the foreground instead of horses? Would it not be better to ponder such things, and others, instead of dismissing them with a supercilious smile?

There can be no doubt about it whatever: what bedevils mankind in our times, though people do not always fully realize it, is the boredom of a disenchanted and depleted world bereft of its mainsprings. It is boredom, perhaps even more than anxiety, and one may well ask whether anxiety and the philosophy of *Angst* are not themselves the product of boredom. Behind the façade of the modern world stands not only the specter of anxiety, which we have mentioned already, but also one of the other "Gray Women" who spared Faust: boredom. Once this is recognized, the whole philosophy of modernism and progressivism crumbles like rotten tinder. Is it not boredom which drives us hither and thither, like unquiet spirits, and makes us clutch at anything which will fill up the gaping void of our existence?

Once more we return to Burke and his oft-quoted unbought graces of life. The expression occurs in a famous passage of his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, where we also find this sentence: "But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, æconomists, and calculators has succeeded." Shall we not prove to Burke that he has done the "æconomists" an injustice? Shall we not dissociate ourselves from the sophisters and calculators? Of what avail is any amount of well-being if, at the same time, we steadily render the world more vulgar, uglier, noisier, and drearier and if men lose the moral and spiritual foundations of their existence? Man simply does not live by radio, automobiles, and refrigerators alone, but by the whole unpurchasable world beyond the market and turnover figures, the world of dignity, beauty, poetry, grace, chivalry, love, and friendship, the world of community, variety of life, freedom, and fullness of personality. Circumstances which debar man from such a life or make it difficult for him stand irrevocably convicted, for they destroy the essence of his nature.