

It is a psychological commonplace that, if the gratification of a desire is sought for the pleasure which accompanies it, that pleasure eludes the searcher. Similarly those who live for happiness fail to find it. This stretches beyond the domain of Economics. Take for instance the desire for power — that may be economic or it may extend into other fields, as for instance the political, intellectual or even spiritual.

Gradually, especially towards the end of last century and during the first years of the present one, there began to come a spirit of disillusionment. Wealth had been increased but the promised result had not followed. To those whose minds were bound by the outlook of the previous century, it seemed that they could escape the logic of the situation by basing a new structure on the old foundations in advocating a redistribution of Wealth on various principles. Meanwhile the current of disillusion had swept further and such schemes had been left behind as inadequate. A blind and largely inarticulate revolt against nineteenth century materialism was growing, showing itself in art, literature, social life, economics and politics. Once the questioning of the old values had begun, it inevitably extended. Then came the war, appearing to re-establish the appeal to the material in its crudest form of stark, brutal force. Yet behind this there was something far from ignoble. Whatever may have been the ends of the exponents of Real Politik, to the mass of the people there were the ideals of freedom as each nation interpreted this illusive word to itself. To the spirit of the peoples the pursuit of Wealth had resulted in disappointment, and, as a result, they were prepared to embrace sacrifice for an abstract principle. This in its turn resulted in one of the dominant characteristics of the years after the war. Human nature is incurably romantic. After enduring greatly and achieving greatly it seems there should be some recognition. Sentimentalism would treat the aftermath of war with the trappings of the romantic novel: rather too often the more appropriate vehicle would be the *ἀνάγκη* of Greek tragedy. The irony of the times has been that people cannot live