

who had clung together in their abject panic. I picked myself up, bruised and still more dazed, and began to run away at right angles to my previous course. I burst into a little clearing and stopped short: before me in the darkness was something upright; a sentry? It remained perfectly immobile. Cautiously I approached: it was a granite slab, one of the many erected to commemorate a battle of the Civil War fought on this terrain. I seated myself with my back to the stone, for protection against any galloping figures that might chance my way. Through my shirt, clinging with perspiration, I could feel the cold, sharp cut characters of the inscription: the names of Americans of my father's generation who had fallen here in defense of a race of alien blood. Had that atrocious, non-human cry of race hatred and blood thirst, sharply cut into my memory like these letters on granite, actually issued from my own lips? Or had I just heard it and made it my own, in the moment of the collective frenzy and the fused emotions and will of the mob?

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Political Science as a Recluse

THE conquest of the rude and disorderly phenomena of physical nature by science had a peculiar unforeseeable reflex upon man's attitude toward social institutions and occurrences. That it should suggest that they also are neither the manifestations of inscrutable supernatural forces nor the sport of chance was natural. There was nothing peculiar or unexpected in the conception that social phenomena, like physical, come under "the reign of law." This is explicable enough. But chance, arbitrary free will and supernatural intervention were not the only rival casual powers with which the notion of a science of collective human affairs had to contend. The radical foes of the existent social order in the eighteenth century taught almost unanimously that institutions were the product of accidents due to human ignorance, plus fraud and the despotic will of a few men to use the many. They taught that the new social order was to be a product of the voluntary arrangements among men who substituted knowledge for ignorance, and freedom for political and ecclesiastic enslavement. The conception of "the reign of law" in human affairs cut across this humanism of the French Enlightenment, and as a consequence the project of a social science turned into a rationalizing of social phenomena by showing that they are necessary, not accidental; the effect of universal, and hence rational, laws,

not of the play of human beliefs and choices, wise or unwise.

Social science thus became in substance an organized justification of the main structures of society as they exist: it operated to strengthen the sentiment of human impotency and futility. To intervene is to interfere; to interfere is to invite the disaster that comes from any attempt to "violate" natural law. This is the uniform intellectual background of the laissez-faire philosophy of society. And, the reaction against laissez-faire as a practical policy has not come into the possession of *ideas* with which to arm itself, by which to define and justify itself. It has presented rather a fusion of philanthropic sentiment, of the practical feeling that something had to be done whether there was any scientific warrant for it or not, of the working of an underlying traditional empiricism which had not been seriously affected by pretensions to a science, and of a vague belief that the new science of evolution gave philosophic support to attempts to accelerate social evolution even though nothing could be done to alter or direct its course.

While the conception that the economic phenomena of society are the necessary products of natural laws was essentially a contribution of English thinkers, the "sciences" of history, institutions and the state were constructed in Germany. Typically German philosophy is all of it primarily a defensive reaction against French revolutionary philosophy. Since the latter had exaggerated the effect of human ignorance, deliberate imposture and deliberate despotism in behalf of consciously entertained self-interest, German science revelled in a philosophy of inner necessity, a higher reason transcending human reasoning, an intrinsic absoluteness of law. The fact that Germany alone of modern nations underwent no political revolution and was imbued with the doctrine of the hopelessness of a revolution rendered such a justifying science a compensatory necessity. The great and successful German propaganda of the nineteenth century consisted in the spread of its distinctive scientific rationalization of history and institutions, especially of the state.

This accounts for the obvious scholastic flavor which hangs about the orthodox treatise of political science. Universal and necessary laws and principles mean something rational, and reason as distinct from experience means—vide Kant—concepts. There must be then an essential nature of the state, from which its significant attributes must flow; all the general notions must then hold together in logical order. Otherwise there would be no "science," but only a collection of empirical facts lacking the credentials of an authenticated science. Such an incident as the lobby at Albany would stand

on the intellectual level of state sovereignty, Tammany Hall be as important as the bicameral system, and the methods by which big corporations influence legislation rank with the eternal truth of the proper distribution of governmental powers. In a true "science," mere empirical facts cannot figure except as they are framed within a concept or trimmed down to be an illustration of a law, in either dislocated from their everyday context.

Every rationalistic science, that is to say every science whose aim is to explain by reference to general notions, is bound down to static principles, just as every experimental science is held to description of what is going on. The former "explains" the necessity of things as they exist by showing their connection with eternal truths; the latter sees how things are changing into something else so as by seeing to facilitate prediction and control. Classic political science thus becomes a recluse from the world of affairs and alternates between a pedantic conservatism and a complacent acceptance of any brute change which happens, if only a decent time be allowed to elapse. To label anything "truth" is indeed to use a powerful preventive. But social phenomena do not congeal simply because they are covered over with static conceptions; classic social science is no Joshua. When physical science consisted of classifying and explanatory concepts, the world of nature presented facts which conformed to them, and also anomalies and accidents. There was nothing to *do* about either of these things, once they had been squared up with the concepts duly provided. Since change is the primary social fact as surely as motion is the primary physical fact, a science which despises change as empirical is impotent before the facts. Thus it is that the dominion of static ideas over men's minds makes for ill considered revolution as truly as for reactionary conservatism.

A genuine conservatism is an attitude of will or endeavor; it marks a union of thought with effort. It is compelled to take account of actual changes, to select and to adapt in order to conserve. The static standards of the classic science of nature did not indicate an affectionate clinging to things as they had been in opposition to things as they might become. They rather expressed the intense inclination of the imagination to take them as they never had been and never would be. Much of what arrogates to itself the high name of social conservatism is also nothing but the lazy indulgence of a secluded and self-involved imagination.

There is something humorous in the way in which the classicist detects personal wilfulness, romantic fancy and undisciplined impulse in the projects and experiments of the reformer or radical in politics and art. His own standards (called rational be-

cause they consist in a circle of logically ordered concepts) express in effect only one of his emotions—a personal aversion to change. Lacking the intellectual and moral force to face change and to assume the onerous task of directing it, rendered uncomfortable and irritable when the facts of a moving world are forced upon him, he recovers his disturbed calm by holding some innovating subversive group, some Bolsheviki, responsible for the change, and seeks again the soothing contentment of his own well ordered intellectual drawing room. In these smoothed out and becalmed precincts, he becomes the romantic expounder of truths "eternal" enough, he hopes, to last out his life time of undisturbed complacencies.

Meantime the serious work, the work of observing the multitudinous changes which are going on, of detecting their quality and movement, of forecasting their probable consequences, and inventing mechanisms to turn them to account, gets poorly done. Social control becomes a matter of luck. The dull fellowship of legitimate and allowable truths is confronted by an onrush of social forces which work their will upon us. We oscillate between eulogizing the established order as though there were any order except that of change and eulogizing all change—after it has happened—as an illustration of some mysterious law of evolution. We argue as if stability and alteration, order and innovation, were to be discussed as possible alternatives. We talk as if it were a question of putting the matured wisdom of the fathers over against the irresponsible whims of youngsters, or of letting loose the vital spirit of youth to do battle with a musty and decrepit antiquity. But all this is romantic and secluded; it does not get beyond the confines of the imagination. If the unescapable fact is that changes are going on anyway and incessantly, effective intelligence has no point of contact with such phantasies. Its concern is to find out what particular changes are going on, how their consequences may be forecast, and through what further changes within our command they may be directed to the better of two possible results. In the world of natural change, men learned control by means of the systematic invention of effective tools only when they gave up preoccupation with lofty principles logically arranged, and occupied themselves seriously with the turmoil of concrete observable changes. Till we accomplish a like revolution in social and moral affairs, our politics will continue to be an idle spectator of an alternation of social comedies and tragedies, compensating for its impotency by reducing its applause and hisses to a scheme of fixed canons which the show is then imagined to exemplify.

JOHN DEWEY.

Albert Ryder

AMONG American painters of importance, Albert Ryder is the most obviously individual. He belongs to no pictorial group and does not carry with him the suggestion even of a social solidarity. He has nothing of the technical ability which many of his more distinguished countrymen show, nor has he the attitude toward the American scene which made the great majority of his contemporaries either portrait or landscape painters. These men had, in the main, gotten beyond story pictures and were engaged in setting forth the things before their eyes. Also they were much occupied in learning to paint, through having been impressed by the magniloquent but ineffectual performance of the Hudson River school that mere splendor of subject matter was not in itself accomplishment. They were not joined by Ryder in this quest for mastery, for he was more intent on satisfying his immediate need of utterance than concerned about the manner of it. His was a strange life of sparse, contracted solitude, of living careless in the midst of filth and utter disorder, of rapt indifference to what went on about him, while he was singing in his soul the old, old tunes of life and love and hope and joy. Hence he found expression to be all-important, for expression through his art was to this man of genius the only mode of realizing the good all men desire. Ryder was deeply sentimental, and it is therefore something of a paradox, that, excepting perhaps only Winslow Homer, his art is notably less sentimental than that of any important man who worked mainly in America. This paradox, like a dark lantern, has illumination hidden in it and deserves discussion.

The sentimental nature of Ryder's themes is obvious. One finds but few exceptions. In fact one gets the impression that anything that is emotionally suggestive might become the subject of his next picture. Here are landscapes simply pastoral: the brown cow, the farm house and the shady trees, all calm in the suffused light of afternoon or evening; others are romantic with winding streams, gnarled trunks and mystery-haunted title; there are nocturnes of the sea, tranquil or turbulent, in some the heavens barred with clouds lit by the sailing moon, in others clouds, portentously black, that throw dark shadows on the laboring boats; then there are a number of pictures of lovers: Florizel and Perdita, King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, or simply, Lovers; and besides there are Shakespearean illustrations and mythologizing themes. Merely to hear the titles and descriptions of the pictures might suggest that Ryder was a negligible painter, one of the kind that has long made the Royal Academy infamous.

The facts are curiously otherwise. As a plain citizen Ryder might seem sloppy with sentimentality, but this sentimentalist was by the wayward determination of nature a powerful artist, and so he has created things that have existence in their own right; and in its own right nothing is sentimental. The essence of sentimentality is, indeed, exactly the reverse of this. If, for instance, some one on board a ship, in the open sea, looks out upon the water at bright noonday, he finds himself ringed by the world's end, where, at the horizon, water and sky meet with sharp definition. But at the sunset hour he is set free, his eyes which by an inevitable compulsion follow, follow on, no longer are restrained, for the world's end has melted into infinite distance, and sky and water, even when they have not actually become as one, play into each other for the annihilation of all measure. The mind follows the lead given by the eye, and as it is not held up by bright and single particularities, it wanders freely and vaguely into all related fields of emotional response and gathers up a plentiful harvest.

All this time, however, the ostensible objects of contemplation have been the sea and sky, which thus are made responsible for all the added meanings that have been gathered by the wandering mind. But though even the most seductive sunset-light on waters can be looked at as so much sheer, hard fact, only a very few have self-restraint enough to keep the actual object single before them when the inducements to relaxation are so unbounded. This then is sentimentality, the unacknowledged substitution of related values, especially emotional values, for those deriving from the object that is supposedly before the mind. A perfectly non-sentimental work of art would be one whose form is made so adequate in its expressiveness as to prevent the attention from wandering elsewhere for the satisfaction of its needs. Therefore it happens that even sentimentality, as in the best of Laurence Sterne or Samuel Richardson, can be the stuff of an unsentimental art.

A landscape by Ryder has precisely this character beyond most of those which are more realistic in their intention. The crepuscular scenes that are so frequently painted, the autumnal afternoons, the carefully devised perspectives that lead into the pictures and beyond, all these are just inducements, as are their equivalents in nature, to such a passage from the thing before the eye, and its intrinsic values, to a remoter field of emotional stimulation. Among our older landscape painters, it is perhaps only in the case of Winslow Homer that there is prevalently, as in all truly great artists, a grip upon the form that is strong enough to hold the mind of the observer down to the actualities presented. Only