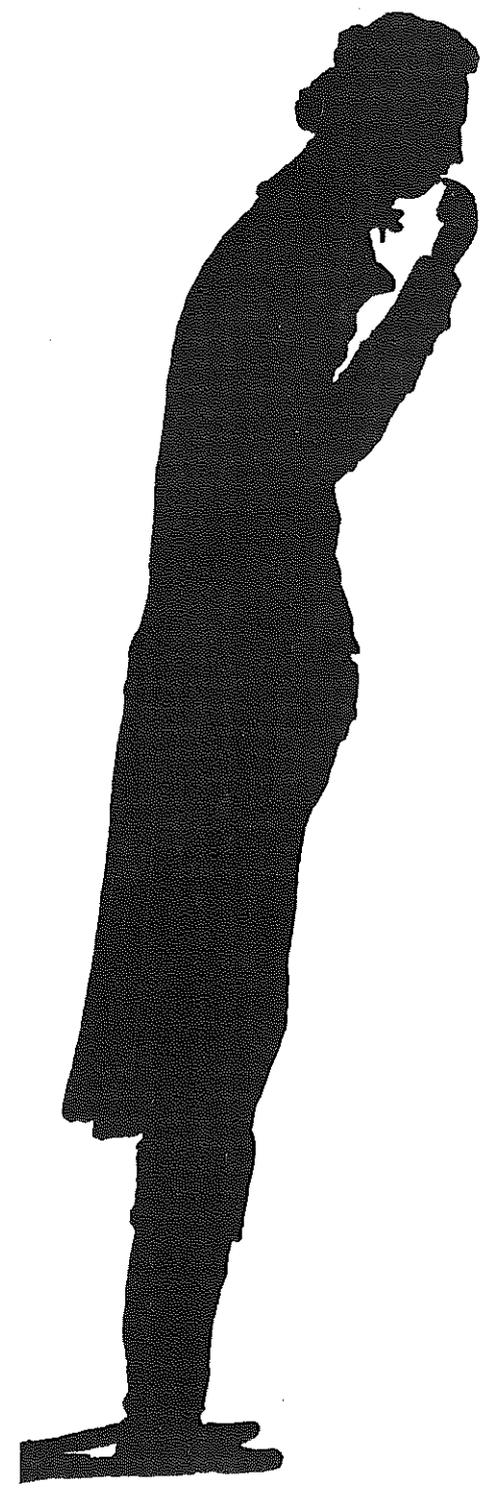




THE BEST JOHNS REVIEW WINTER 1983 SPRING 1983



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THESTJOHNSREVIEW (formerly *The College*) is published by the Office of the Dean, St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland 21404. Edwin J. Delattre, President, Samuel S. Kutler, Dean. Published thrice yearly, in the autumn-winter, winter-spring, and summer. For those not on the distribution list, subscriptions: \$12.00 yearly, \$24.00 for two years, or \$36.00 for three years, payable in advance. Address all correspondence to *The St. John's Review*, St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland 21404.

Volume XXXIV WINTER/SPRING 1983 Number 2

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ISSN 0277-4720

Cover: Left: Americans advancing for attack on Hindenburg Line, 1918, superimposed on American flag girl, Cambridge, Mass., 1977, by Dimitri Fotos (with homage to Delacroix). Right, upper: Joseph Dzhugashvili, police photographs, 1908; Right, lower: Benjamin Constant, silhouette, 1792.

Composition: Action Comp Co., Inc.

Printing: The John D. Lucas Printing Co.

FROM OUR READERS ON MARRYING

To the Editor the *St. John's Review*:

I find two things fundamentally wrong with Ms. Jenson's essay "On Marrying" (Autumn/Winter 1982-83).

One is what she has chosen to ignore. While she deplores the ease and rapidity with which unmarried relationships dissolve, she has ignored completely the very high divorce rate. Currently, for every 100 people who marry, 50 are divorced. To acknowledge this fact is to take away the basis for her argument that marriage makes love permanent.

In fact, few things last very long in this age. As a society, we take for granted the ability to move around at great speeds; we expect to change careers at least once in our lives; we hold jobs, on the average, for just two years; and we fully expect the various cars, computers, telephones, and other machines we use every day to be outmoded in less than a decade. It shouldn't be surprising to note that our love relationships—whether married or unmarried—partake of the same speed and impermanence that informs everything else we do.

So there is something very much beside the point about Ms. Jenson's focus on marriage as the salvation of love and permanence in human relations. I might argue for people to plan never to marry if they would like to stay together, but it would seem a little irrelevant. When there are structural problems in the house, it's foolish to argue over what wallpaper to buy.

The second point is somewhat smaller, but still disturbing. Ms. Jenson does not acknowledge the desire for long-term relationships between homosexuals. Many gay men and women would like to be married to their partners, but few religious authorities will perform such a ceremony, and no legal authorities recognize it. Does this mean all gay love relationships are doomed to impermanence? I don't believe Ms. Jenson cares less about this significant minority than she does about heterosexuals, but she fails to mention them or the unique problem they face as people who might wish to marry, but cannot. If she really believes that marriage is what makes love last, it is strange that she doesn't advocate the availability of marriage for gay men and women.

Successful long-term love relationships I'm familiar with are the result of the individuals' emotional maturity and strength, and having nothing to do with whether or not the parties involved have cleared their union with the authorities.

JOAN KOCSIS '78
Jamaica Plain, MA

Kari Jenson replies:

I wrote, precisely, to address Ms. Kocsis's "structural problems." I cannot share the seeming equanimity with which she lumps "love relationships" together with cars and computers. It is one thing to expect my telephone to be outdated in five years, quite another to expect the same of my lover. When we use peo-

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FROM OUR READERS

On Marrying *Joan Kocsis*

ple in the same way that we use machines, when we regard others as means towards our gratification, rather than as ends in themselves, we are indeed in trouble. I intended to sort out a few of the problems we have with commitment to another human being, and to learn both what prevents us from forming such a commitment and, in part, what breaks the tie once formed.

Our high divorce rate is part of the general problem. For the same reasons that we are so reluctant to marry in the first place, marriage itself is no longer seen as irrevocable. (Now when we marry we make financial plans in case of divorce. Even more laughably, many of us conveniently change the marriage vows to specify faithfulness "until love ends," rather than "until death parts us.") When marriage is not understood as a binding institution, as a promise which *means* something, it must lose much of its effect.

Only a fool would claim that marriage automatically makes love permanent. But marriage provides those conditions essential to love's growth, and without which love will almost surely die. That the couple who has decided to make their love permanent must work constantly, and like crazy, goes without saying. Even if I divorced my husband tomorrow, it would say little about the truth of my argument, only that I had failed in practice.

I suspect homosexual relationships are in fact more difficult to sustain for many reasons—among them, the absence of legal recognition. Homosexual and heterosexual relationships, however, strike me as essentially different.

Adam Smith: Political Economy as Moral Philosophy

Gertrude Himmelfarb

If there was a “chasm” in the history of social thought, as R. H. Tawney held—a chasm between a moral society and an immoral one, between one organized on the principle of the common good and another one on the principle of self-interest—it must surely, one would think, be attributed to Adam Smith. John Ruskin called Smith that “half-bred and half-witted Scotchman,” who deliberately perpetrated the blasphemy, “Thou shalt hate the Lord thy God, damn His laws, and covet thy neighbour’s goods.”¹ It cannot have been an accident that the publication of Smith’s heretical work coincided with two major revolutions: the American Revolution which professed to speak in the name of a new “science of politics,” and the “Industrial Revolution” which created the material conditions for both the new political science and the new political economy.

This theory invites the obvious demurrer, that the *Wealth of Nations* was not all that revolutionary, either in its ideas or in its effects. Even the distinctive terms associated with it antedated it by many years. “Political economy” made its appearance as early as 1615 in Antoyne de Montchrétien’s *Traicté de l’oeconomie politique*. The term was introduced into England by William Petty later that century, and received wide currency with the publication, almost a decade before the *Wealth of Nations*, of James Steuart’s *Inquiry into the Principles of Political Economy*. Another French import was “laissez faire,” which goes back at least to the time of Louis XIV, when a merchant is reported to have pleaded with the king’s minister, Colbert,

“*Laissez nous faire.*” The phrase was later popularized by the French Physiocrats in their struggle against the highly regulated economy of the old regime. Petty preferred the Latin version, *Vadere sicut vult*.² Smith himself used neither the French nor the Latin phrase in the *Wealth of Nations*. Nor, more surprisingly, did Malthus or Ricardo, although the phrase had come into general usage by their time. It is ironic that this doctrine, which is thought of as distinctively English, should have retained its French form and that to this day there should be no satisfactory English equivalent. (Neither “free trade” nor “individualism” expresses quite the same idea.)

The “division of labor,” which Smith did use frequently—which was, in fact, the keystone of his work—was adopted, complete with the famous pin-factory illustration (and with the same eighteen operations), from the *Encyclopédie*, the latter probably inspired by the account of the same manufacturing process (this time in twenty-five operations) in Chambers’ *Cyclopaedia*, published almost three decades before the *Encyclopédie* and almost five before the *Wealth of Nations*. One historian, claiming Plato as the source of the idea, pointed out that Smith’s library contained three complete sets of the *Dialogues*.³ But Smith could as well have come upon the concept in Thucydides or Aristotle, or in the work of his own friend Adam Ferguson, whose *Essay on the History of Civil Society* appeared in 1767. Every manufacturer, Ferguson casually remarked, knew that “the more he can subdivide the tasks of his workmen, and the more hands he can employ on separate articles, the more are his expenses diminished, and his profits increased.”⁴

The question of originality had been anticipated by Smith himself. In 1755, before the publication of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* and long before the *Wealth of Nations*, he wrote a paper claiming priority for some of the leading ideas of both works, including the principle (al-

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The above essay comes from a forthcoming book, *The Idea of Poverty: England in the Early-Industrial Age* (Knopf, fall 1983).

though not the phrase) of laissez faire. This and other of his ideas, he pointed out, had been the subject of his lectures in 1750, his last year at the University of Edinburgh, and in the dozen years (1752–64) during which he occupied the chair of Moral Philosophy at the University of Glasgow. The lectures had been written out by his clerk in Edinburgh, and he could “adduce innumerable witnesses, both from that place and from this, who will ascertain them sufficiently to be mine.”⁵ If Smith’s claim was unduly proprietary (and uncharacteristically immodest), it had objective merit. While specific ideas in the *Wealth of Nations* were not entirely novel, the implications of the work as a whole were. Walter Bagehot put the matter well when he said that the doctrine of free trade was indeed “in the air,” but it was not accepted or established; “on the contrary, it was a tenet against which a respectable parent would probably caution his son; still it was known as a tempting heresy and one against which a warning was needed.”⁶ What Smith did—and this was his historic achievement—was to convert a minor heresy into a new and powerful orthodoxy.*

Another kind of priority raises more serious questions. Was it the intellectual revolution wrought by the *Wealth of Nations* (assuming there was such a revolution) that was decisive, or the industrial revolution presumably reflected in that work? What in fact was the relation between the two? It is interesting that after several decades during which the expression “industrial revolution” fell into disrepute, it has recently been revived and is now used less apologetically. The timing has been somewhat changed, the preferred date today being 1780 rather than 1760, which was the date assigned it by Arnold Toynbee when he popularized the term a century ago.⁸ The chronology points to the problem. According to Smith himself the basic thesis of the *Wealth of Nations* had been conceived as early as 1750, which suggests that it anticipated the industrial revolution, at least as that revolution is commonly defined (not, to be sure, the division of labor or factories, both of which existed at the time). Most economic historians, acutely aware of the chronology of technological and economic developments, tend to minimize the connection

*Joseph Schumpeter was far harsher in his judgment. The *Wealth of Nations*, he said, contained not a “single analytic idea, principle, or method that was entirely new in 1776,” nothing that would entitle it to rank with Newton’s *Principia* or Darwin’s *Origin* as an “intellectual achievement.” Conceding that it was nonetheless a “great performance” deserving of its success, he then went on to explain that this success was due to Smith’s limitations.

Had he been more brilliant, he would not have been taken so seriously. Had he dug more deeply, had he unearthed more recondite truth, had he used difficult and ingenious methods, he would not have been understood. But he had no such ambitions; in fact he disliked whatever went beyond plain common sense. He never moved above the heads of even the dullest readers. . . . And it was Adam Smith’s good fortune that he was thoroughly in sympathy with the humors of his time. He advocated the things that were in the offing, and he made his analysis serve them.⁷

between the industrial revolution and the new political economy. Intellectual historians, on the other hand, seeking to ground ideas in social and economic history, use such words as “insight” and “foresight” to signify some kind of connection, however tenuous.⁹

Whatever the resolution of this debate—whether it was from “ideas” or “reality” that Smith drew his inspiration, whether the *Wealth of Nations* was primarily prescriptive or descriptive—the effect of Smith’s work was to give technology and industry a new and decisive role, not only in the economy but in society. The division of labor (if only the relatively primitive kind found in a pin factory) became the harbinger of a social revolution as momentous as anything dreamed of by political reformers and revolutionaries. It is in this sense that the book was genuinely revolutionary, in creating a political economy that made the wealth and welfare of the people dependent on a highly developed, expanding, industrial economy and on a self-regulating “system of natural liberty.”

Perhaps it was because this revolutionary thesis emerged so naturally in the course of the book, starting with the homely illustration of the pin factory, that it was accepted so readily. Some of Smith’s friends were afraid that the book was too formidable to have any immediate impact. David Hume consoled Smith that while it required too close a reading to become quickly popular, eventually, by its “depth and solidity and acuteness” as well as its “curious facts,” it would “at last take the public attention.”¹⁰ In fact, in spite of its forbidding appearance (two large volumes, a total of eleven hundred pages), the work achieved a considerable measure of popularity, and sooner than Hume had anticipated. Within a month of its publication, the publisher reported that sales were better than might have been expected of a book requiring so much thought and reflection, qualities, he regretted, that “do not abound among modern readers.”¹¹ The first edition sold out in six months, a second appeared early in 1778, and three others followed in the dozen years before Smith’s death. It was translated into French, German, Italian, Danish, and Spanish, and received the ultimate mark of success in the form of a lengthy abridgement. Smith’s first biographer, writing three years after his death, was pleased to report that Smith had had the satisfaction of seeing his principles widely accepted during his lifetime and witnessing their application to the commercial policy of England.

There were some critics, to be sure: the economist and agriculturist Arthur Young, who thought the book full of “poisonous errors,” and the Whig leader Charles James Fox, who said that he had never read it (although he cited it in a debate in parliament) and claimed not to understand the subject but was certain that he heartily despised it.¹² But even the radicals offered little serious objection to it, some (Thomas Paine and Richard Price, for example) actually declaring themselves admirers of Smith. For a short time after his death, when anti-French feelings ran high,

the charge was heard that his teachings were hostile to government and therefore subversive. Apart from that brief period, the prevailing attitude was overwhelmingly favorable, with some of the most prominent men of the time—Hume, Burke, Gibbon, Pitt, Lansdowne, North—proudly proclaiming themselves his disciples.

The ultimate accolade, the comparison of Smith with Newton,¹³ recalls the reception given to that other latter-day Newton, Charles Darwin. Indeed, the *Wealth of Nations* and the *Origin of Species* had much in common: Both were classics in their own time, and for some of the same reasons. Each had been amply prepared for by the reputation of its author, by the importance he himself attached to it and the many years he devoted to it, and by tantalizing previews in the form of conversations, letters, and lectures. And each announced itself, by the boldness of its thesis, its comprehensiveness, and its imposing title, as a major intellectual event. Whatever questions might be raised about its originality or validity, its importance and influence are hardly in dispute. For good or ill, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* heralded the beginning of “political economy” as that term was generally understood at the time—“classical economics” as a later generation was to know it.

The basic themes of the *Wealth of Nations* are too familiar to need elaboration: the division of labor making for increased productivity and thus the increased “opulence” of all of society; the fundamental facts of human nature—self-interest (or “self-love”) and the “propensity to truck, barter, and exchange”—which were the generating force of the economic process; the “invisible hand” (a metaphor used only once but implied throughout) which made the individual’s interest an instrument for the general good; and the “system of natural liberty” which was the only certain means to achieve both the wealth of nations and the welfare of individuals.¹⁴ The argument was worked out in great detail under such headings as money, trade, value, labor, capital, rent.

One subject that did not appear in the chapter titles or sub-heads was poverty. Yet this was as much a theme of the book as wealth itself. Indeed, it may be argued that if the *Wealth of Nations* was less than novel in its theories of money, trade, or value, it was genuinely revolutionary in its view of poverty and its attitude toward the poor.

It was not, however, revolutionary in the sense which is often supposed: the demoralization of the economy resulting from the doctrine of *laissez faire*, the demoralization of man implied in the image of “economic man,” and the demoralization of the poor who found themselves at the mercy of forces over which they had no control—over which, according to the new political economy, no one had any control.¹⁵ This is a common reading of the *Wealth of Nations*, but not a just one. For it supposes that Smith’s idea of a market economy was devoid of moral purpose,

that his concept of human nature was mechanistic and reductivist, and that his attitude towards the poor was indifferent or callous. Above all it fails to take account of the fact that Smith was a moral philosopher, by conviction as well as profession. As the Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Glasgow and the celebrated author of *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, he could hardly have thought it his mission to preside over the dissolution of moral philosophy.

Published in 1759, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* went through four editions before the *Wealth of Nations* appeared, and another edition a few years later. Its three French translations made Smith almost as well known among the *philosophes* as Hume was. Today Smith’s fame rests so completely upon the *Wealth of Nations* one might be tempted to dismiss the earlier work as just that, an early work that was overshadowed and superseded by his later, major work. In his own time, however, his reputation derived at least as much from the earlier book, and this even after the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*. (In the *Memoir* of Smith written three years after his death, Dugald Stewart devoted twenty-six pages, one-third of the whole, to *Moral Sentiments* and only seventeen pages to the *Wealth of Nations*.) Smith had always planned to revise *Moral Sentiments*, and the last year of his life was devoted entirely to that task. The new edition expanded upon, but did not substantively alter, the thesis of the original. The most important change was the addition of a chapter, the title of which testifies to his abiding concern: “Of the Corruption of Our Moral Sentiments, Which is Occasioned by this Disposition to Admire the Rich and the Great, and to Despise or Neglect Persons of Poor and Mean Condition.”¹⁶

A major theme of controversy among Smith scholars has been *Das Adam Smith-Problem*, as a German commentator portentously labelled it—the question of the congruence of *Moral Sentiments* with the *Wealth of Nations*.¹⁷ About the doctrine of *Moral Sentiments* itself there is little dispute. The operative word in that book was “sympathy.” Sympathy was presumed to be as much a principle of human nature as self-interest; indeed it informed self-interest since it was one of the pleasures experienced by the individual when he contemplated or contributed to the good of another. “To feel much for others and little for ourselves, . . . to restrain our selfish, and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitutes the perfection of human nature; and can alone produce among mankind that harmony of sentiments and passions in which consists their whole grace and propriety.” Smith distinguished his idea of sympathy from Hutcheson’s “moral sense,” which was so radically at variance with self-interest that it supposed virtue to reside in the denial of one’s interest and the defiance of one’s nature. But Hutcheson’s doctrine, Smith argued, at least had the merit of maintaining a distinction between virtue and vice, in contrast to the “wholly pernicious,” “licentious system” of Mandeville, which made no such distinction and recognized no motive, no principle of

conduct, other than self-interest.^{18*} Unlike Mandeville or Bentham, Smith was able to credit such sentiments and to use unapologetically such words as sympathy, beneficence, virtue, humanity, love of others. There were occasions, he insisted, when the interests of the individual had to make way for the interests of others, and this regardless of any calculations of utility.

One individual must never prefer himself so much even to any other individual, as to hurt or injure that other, in order to benefit himself, though the benefit to the one should be much greater than the hurt or injury to the other.²⁰

The wise and virtuous man is at all times willing that his own private interest should be sacrificed to the public interest of his own particular order or society. He is at all times willing, too, that the interest of this order or society should be sacrificed to the greater interest of the state or sovereignty, of which it is only a subordinate part. He should, therefore, be equally willing that all those inferior interests should be sacrificed to the greater interest of the universe.²¹

The argument of *Moral Sentiments* is subtle, complicated, and not without difficulties, but even the barest statement of it is enough to demonstrate that Smith was hardly the ruthless individualist or amoralist he is sometimes made out to be. Whatever difficulties there may be in the reconciliation of *Moral Sentiments* with the *Wealth of Nations*, it is clear enough that Smith intended both as part of his grand "design", that he had the *Wealth of Nations* in mind even before he wrote *Moral Sentiments*, and that he remained committed to *Moral Sentiments*, reissuing and revising it long after the *Wealth of Nations* was published.²²

A close reading of the *Wealth of Nations* itself suggests that political economy as Smith understood it was part of a larger moral philosophy, a new kind of moral economy. Schumpeter complained that Smith was so steeped in the tradition of moral philosophy derived from scholasticism and natural law that he could not conceive of economics per se, an economics divorced from ethics and politics.²³ The point is well taken, although not necessarily in criticism. The bias and the rhetoric of the moral philosopher crop up again and again in the *Wealth of Nations*: in the condemnation of the "vile maxim," "All for themselves, and nothing for other people"; in the proposition that the trade of the nation should be conducted on the same principles that govern private affairs; in the denunciations of manufacturers and merchants who were all too willing to sacrifice the public interest for their private interests and were prepared to use any stratagem to achieve their ends;

*By the same token Smith would have rejected the kind of utilitarianism espoused by Jeremy Bentham, who said that he could not conceive of a human being "in whose instance any public interest he can have had, will not, insofar as it depends upon himself, have been sacrificed to his own personal interest." In fact, Bentham did conceive of one such human being—himself, whom he once described as "the most philanthropic of the philanthropic: philanthropy the end and instrument of his ambition."¹⁹

in the charges of "impertinent jealousy," "mean rapacity," "mean and malignant expedients," "sneaking arts," "interesting sophistry," "interested falsehood."²⁴ One of Smith's main criticisms of the mercantile system was that it encouraged merchants and manufacturers to be selfish and duplicitous.

Our merchants and master-manufacturers complain much of the bad effects of high wages in raising the price, and thereby lessening the sale of their goods both at home and abroad. They say nothing concerning the bad effects of high profits. They are silent with regard to the pernicious effects of their own gains. They complain only of those of other people.

The clamour and sophistry of merchants and manufacturers easily persuade them that the private interest of a part, and of a subordinate part of the society, is the general interest of the whole.

People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices.

The proposal of any new law or regulation of commerce which comes from this order, ought always to be listened to with great precaution, and ought never to be adopted till after having been long and carefully examined, not only with the most scrupulous, but with the most suspicious attention. It comes from an order of men, whose interest is never exactly the same with that of the public, who have generally an interest to deceive and even to oppress the public, and who accordingly have, upon many occasions, both deceived and oppressed it.

It is the industry which is carried on for the benefit of the rich and powerful, that is principally encouraged by our mercantile system. That which is carried on for the benefit of the poor and the indigent, is too often, either neglected, or oppressed.²⁵

These attacks on "private interests" that were in conflict with the "public interest," especially with the interests of the "poor and indigent," may seem difficult to reconcile with the famous dictum: "It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker, that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest."²⁶ But this principle of self-interest was predicated on certain conditions: that the butcher, brewer, and baker not take unfair advantage of others, that they abide by the rules of the free market, that they not "conspire," "deceive," and "oppress." Under these conditions self-interest was itself a moral principle—not as lofty as altruism, but, in the mundane affairs of life (the provision of "dinner"), more reliable and effective.

Hovering over these individual interests, ensuring that they work together for the greater good of the whole, the "public interest," was the benevolent, ubiquitous "invisible hand."²⁷ The "invisible hand" has been much criticized. If only, it has been said, Smith had not introduced that unfortunate metaphor with its teleological overtones, if only he had confined himself to the austere language of mechanics and nature, he would have avoided much mis-

understanding. There is some justice in this complaint. The invisible hand was indeed invisible; the genius of the system of “natural liberty” was that it required no “hand,” no intervention, direction, or regulation to bring about the general good. But the metaphor served the important purpose of keeping the reader mindful of the purpose of that system. It was by means of the invisible hand that the individual was led “to promote an end which was no part of his intention”; “by pursuing his own interest he frequently promotes that of society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it.”²⁸ Without that metaphor the weight of the argument might have rested with the individual’s interests. The invisible hand shifted the emphasis to the public interest. If the metaphor was unfortunate, it was not for the reason that it was teleological; on the contrary, its utility and justification lay in the fact that it clearly expressed the teleological cast of the argument.

The general interest that emerged from Smith’s system was “general” in the Rousseauan or Hegelian sense of a general interest more elevated than the sum of individual interests—Hegelian perhaps more than Rousseauan, the “invisible hand” resembling Hegel’s “cunning of reason” which contrived to make the interests and passions of individuals serve a larger purpose of which the individuals themselves were unaware.* It was also “general” in the pedestrian, utilitarian sense of the totality of interests of all the members of society. This second sense pointed to the importance of the “people” and the “poor” in Smith’s theory. The “wealth of nations” of the title referred not to the nation in the mercantilist sense—the nation-state whose wealth was a measure of the power it could exercise vis-à-vis other states—but to the people comprising the nation. And “people” not in the political sense of those having a voice and active part in the political process, but in the social and economic sense, those working and living in society, of whom the largest part were the “lower ranks” or “poor.”

The concern with the people emerged early in the book in the discussion of the division of labor, when it appeared that the great advantage of that mode of production was the “universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. . . , a general plenty [which] diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society.”²⁹ Addressing the “common complaint” that since luxuries had become available to the poor they were no longer content with the humble food, clothing, and lodging that had once been their lot, Smith put the question: “Is this improve-

ment in the circumstances of the lower ranks of the people to be regarded as an advantage or as an inconveniency to the society?” His answer was unequivocal.

Servants, labourers and workmen of different kinds, make up the far greater part of every great political society. But what improves the circumstances of the greater part can never be regarded as an inconveniency to the whole. No society can surely be flourishing and happy, of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable. It is but equity, besides, that they who feed, clothe and lodge the whole body of the people, should have such a share of the produce of their own labour as to be themselves tolerably well fed, clothed and lodged.³⁰

The condition of the poor was decisive, Smith reasoned, partly by sheer force of numbers; being the largest part of society, their condition necessarily determined the condition of society as a whole. In part it was a matter of “equity”; as producers of the goods enjoyed by the rest of society, they were entitled to a fair share of those goods. They also had a special claim to Smith’s attention because they were one of the two orders of society—laborers and landlords—whose interests were “connected with the general interest of society,” in contrast to the third, merchants and manufacturers, whose interests were often at variance with it.³¹ Yet the laborers were at the greatest disadvantage: as consumers they were ill-served by a mercantilist system that promoted high prices and discouraged imports; and as producers by a system that permitted their employers, by fair means or foul, to keep wages low and prices high. The poor, in short, were the chief victims of the existing system—and would be the chief beneficiaries of the “natural” system proposed by Smith.

Smith’s critique of mercantilism is generally read as an attack on government regulation and a plea for *laissez faire*. But it was much more than that, as contemporaries were aware. Among other things it was a criticism of the prevailing theory of wages. While Smith was not the first to question the expediency or desirability of low wages, he was the first to offer a systematic, comprehensive rationale for high wages. The consensus at the time was that low wages were both natural and economically necessary: natural because the poor would not work except out of dire need, and necessary if the nation were to enjoy a favorable balance of trade. This was the view of Hume, who explained that in years of scarcity when wages were low, “the poor labour more, and really live better, than in years of great plenty, when they indulge themselves in idleness and riot.”³² Arthur Young put it more succinctly: “Every one but an idiot knows, that the lower classes must be kept poor, or they will never be industrious.”³³ Both admitted that excessively low wages would provide no incentive to work. “Two shillings and sixpence a day.” Young remarked, “will undoubtedly tempt some to work, who would not touch a tool for one shilling.”³⁴ But this was an argument for subsistence wages, not for high wages.

*There is no suggestion that the “cunning of reason,” as it appeared in Hegel’s *Philosophy of History*, was inspired by Smith’s “invisible hand.” But Hegel had read Smith (as well as other political economists, including Say and Ricardo), and there are distinct echoes of Smith’s “market place” in the *Philosophy of Right*, especially in the concept of “civil society,” the realm intermediate between the individual and the state in which individuals pursue their private interests.

It remained for Smith to defend high wages, the "liberal reward of labour."

The liberal reward of labour, as it encourages the propagation so it increases the industry of the common people. The wages of labour are the encouragement of industry, which, like every other human quality, improves in proportion to the encouragement it receives. A plentiful subsistence increases the bodily strength of the labourer, and the comfortable hope of bettering his condition, and of ending his days perhaps in ease and plenty, animates him to exert that strength to the utmost. Where wages are high, accordingly, we shall always find the workmen more active, diligent, and expeditious, than where they are low: in England, for example, than in Scotland; in the neighbourhood of great towns, than in remote country places.³⁵

Smith granted that some workers, if they earned enough in four days to keep them for a week, would be idle the other days; but these were a minority. Most workers, he was convinced, were given to the opposite failing: if they were well paid by the piece they would so overwork themselves as to impair their health. It may have been with Hume in mind (and out of courtesy to his friend that he did not quote him to this effect) that Smith disputed the conventional view. "That men in general should work better when they are ill fed than when they are well fed, when they are disheartened than when they are in good spirits, when they are frequently sick than when they are generally in good health, seems not very probable."³⁶

The doctrine of high wages was a corollary of Smith's conception of a "progressive" economy. Since high wages were the result of increasing wealth and at the same time the cause of increasing population, only in an expanding economy, where the demand for labor kept abreast of the supply, could real wages remain high. "It is in the progressive state, while the society is advancing to the further acquisition, rather than when it has acquired its full complement of riches, that the condition of the labouring poor, of the great body of the people, seems to be the happiest and the most comfortable." In a "stationary" state, on the other hand, the condition of the poor was "dull" and "hard," and in a "declining" state it was "miserable" and "melancholy."³⁷ The division of labor was crucial for the same reason, because it made for greater productivity and thus for an expanding, progressive economy where increased wealth could extend to the "lowest ranks of the people."³⁸

The idea of a progressive economy places Smith in the ranks of the "optimists." It may also be his chief claim to originality. Unlike previous economists for whom one good could be purchased only at the expense of another—the national interest at the expense of individual interests, agriculture at the expense of industry, the power of the nation at the expense of the liberty of its citizens, the pro-

ductivity of labor at the expense of the happiness of the laborer—Smith envisioned an economy in which most goods and interests were compatible and complementary. Free trade would enhance both freedom and wealth; high wages would ensure productivity and well-being; the self-interest of the individual would promote, however unwittingly, the public interest. It was a prescription for a liberating, expanding, prospering, progressive economy in which all the legitimate values and interests of society supported and reenforced each other: liberty and prosperity, the individual and society, industry and agriculture, capital and labor, wealth and well-being.

This optimistic view of the economy presupposed an optimistic view of human nature. It is the French *philosophes* who are usually credited with such a view. But their optimism, based upon the potentiality and potency of reason, was not a conspicuously democratic doctrine, at least not at a time when the mass of the people were uneducated and illiterate. Because reason was so precious, and because the ordinary people were presumed to be not yet capable of exercising the degree of reason required for a truly rational order, most of the *philosophes* looked to enlightened rulers, "benevolent despots," to do for society what the people could not do for themselves.

To Smith (and the Scottish Enlightenment in general) it was not reason that defined human nature so much as interests, passions, sentiments, sympathies. These were qualities shared by all people, not in some remote future but in the present. No enlightened despot was required to activate those interests, no Benthamite legislator to bring about a harmony of interests. All that was necessary was to free people—all people, in all ranks and callings—so that they could act on their interests. From these individually motivated, freely inspired actions, the general interest would emerge without any intervention, regulation, or coercion.

In a sense Smith's was a more modest—"lower," one might say—view of human nature, and by that token a more democratic one. If people differed, as they patently did, it was not because of any innate differences but because the qualities common to all had been developed in them in different degrees. On the nature-nurture issue, as we now know it, Smith was unequivocally on the nurture side.

The difference of natural talents in different men is, in reality, much less than we are aware of; and the very different genius which appears to distinguish men of different professions, when grown up to maturity, is not upon many occasions so much the cause, as the effect of the division of labour. The difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter, for example, seems to arise not so much from nature, as from habit, custom, and education. . . . By nature a philosopher is not in genius and disposition half so different from a street porter, as a mastiff is from a greyhound.³⁹

The idea that differences were less the “cause” than the “effect” of the division of labor radically differentiates Smith from other philosophers—Plato, most notably—who had used the concept of the division of labor. While some of Smith’s illustrations and “stages of history” were reminiscent of Plato, the heart of his thesis could not have been more dissimilar. Indeed, given Smith’s respect for classical philosophy, and for Plato especially, one may take his spirited denial of any difference in “nature” between the philosopher and the street porter as an implicit rebuke to Plato. To Plato natural differences were precisely the “cause” rather than the “effect” of the division of labor: the division of labor reflected the innate differences among people, and permitted people of essentially different natures to cooperate for the common good. The only innate quality mentioned by Smith, and the only one necessary to his system, was the “propensity to truck, barter, and exchange.”⁴⁰ This propensity was shared by porter and philosopher alike; it was the common denominator that made it possible for everyone to participate in the division of labor and for everyone to profit from that division. It was also the common denominator that united the highest and lowest ranks in a single human species, a species in which the varieties were not half so different as mastiff and greyhound.

Just as the differences among individuals were functional rather than organic, so the differences among the orders of society were functional rather than hierarchic. Those three orders were defined by the nature of their income—rent, wages, and profits—not by their position in a hierarchy—upper, middle, and lower. In fact wage-earners, or laborers, constituted the “second order.”⁴¹ Elsewhere Smith did use the terms current at the time, “lower ranks” or “lower classes,” to describe the laborers. What was important about them, however, was not that they were of the lower classes but that they received their income in the form of wages rather than rent or profit. In this respect the laborer was a partner in the economic enterprise, the most important partner, Smith sometimes gave the impression, since it was his labor that was the source of value. And labor, like rent and profit, was a “patrimony,” a form of property entitled to the same consideration as any other kind of property.

The patrimony which every man has in his own labour, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper without injury to his neighbour is a plain violation of this most sacred property.⁴²

There was, however, one point at which this optimistic vision failed Smith, failed him so seriously, in the opinion of some recent commentators, as to make him a prophet of

doom, a critic of capitalism on the order of Marx—indeed a precursor of Marx in exposing that fatal flaw of capitalism, the “alienation” of the working class.⁴³

If Smith did anticipate something like Marx’s theory of alienation, as Marx himself intimated, it must also be said that he avoided the ambiguity that appeared in Marx’s own discussion of that subject as well as in recent Marxist thought.⁴⁴ For Smith clearly located the source of alienation (if it may be called that) not in capitalism as such but in industrialism, and more specifically in the division of labor that was the peculiar character and the special strength of modern industry. The poignancy of Smith’s argument comes from the paradox that the division of labor, which provided the momentum for the progressive economy that was the only hope for the laboring classes, was also the probable cause of the mental, spiritual, even physical deterioration of those classes.

In the progress of the division of labour, the employment of the far greater part of those who live by labour, that is of the great body of the people, comes to be confined to a few very simple operations, frequently to one or two. But the understandings of the greater part of men are necessarily formed by their ordinary employments. The man whose whole life is spent in performing a few simple operations, of which the effects too are, perhaps, always the same, or very nearly the same, has no occasion to exert his understanding, or to exercise his invention in finding out expedients for removing difficulties which never occur. He naturally loses, therefore, the habit of such exertions, and generally becomes as stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human creature to become. The torpor of his mind renders him, not only incapable of relishing or bearing a part in any rational conversation, but of conceiving any general, noble, or tender sentiments, and consequently of forming any just judgment concerning many even of the ordinary duties of private life. Of the great and extensive interests of his country he is altogether incapable of judging; and unless very particular pains have been taken to render him otherwise, he is equally incapable of defending his country in war. The uniformity of his stationary life naturally corrupts the courage of his mind, and makes him regard with abhorrence the irregular, uncertain, and adventurous life of a soldier. It corrupts even the activity of his body, and renders him incapable of exerting his strength with vigour and perseverance, in any other employment than that to which he has been bred. His dexterity at his own particular trade seems, in this manner, to be acquired at the expence of his intellectual, social, and martial virtues. But in every improved and civilized society this is the state into which the labouring poor, that is, the great body of the people, must necessarily fall, unless government takes some pains to prevent it.⁴⁵

This passage is sufficiently powerful in itself, and sufficiently problematic in the context of Smith’s work, to stand on its own without being assimilated to the Marxist idea of alienation and without taking on all the difficulties associated with that idea. There were, one might argue, two different Marxist ideas: that of the “early Marx,” where alienation arose in the earliest stages of society as a

result of the separation from physical nature and the division of labor in the family; and that of the "mature Marx," where it was attributed to the worker's divorce from the ownership of the means of production and from the products of his own labour. Neither of these ideas corresponds to Smith's. For Smith the question of ownership was as irrelevant as the question of nature or the family. His only concern was the debilitating effect of the division of labor in the industrial process. In this respect the factory worker in a socialist regime, or in any other form of cooperative or public enterprise, would suffer just as grievously as the factory worker under capitalism.

That Smith held industrialism rather than capitalism at fault is apparent from the only other passage in the *Wealth of Nations* bearing upon this subject. Here Smith compared the industrial worker with the agricultural laborer, to the disadvantage of the former. Husbandry, he argued, required a greater degree of knowledge and experience, judgment and discretion than most industrial trades. The ordinary ploughman might be deficient in the arts of "social intercourse," his voice and language uncouth by the standards of the townsman, but his "understanding," sharpened by the variety of tasks which he had to perform, was superior to the mechanic occupied with one or two simple operations. "How much," Smith concluded, "the lower ranks of people in the country are really superior to those of the town, is well known to every man whom either business or curiosity has led to converse much with both."⁴⁶

If the problem was not alienation in the Marxist sense, it was in its own terms serious enough, serious not only for Smith himself, who wrote of it with great passion, but for the reader who may find it a grave flaw in the argument of the *Wealth of Nations*. How can one reconcile this dismal portrait of the industrial worker reduced to a state of torpor, stupidity, and ignorance, lacking in judgment, initiative, courage, or any "intellectual, social, and martial virtues"—all this because of the division of labor—with the earlier image of the "hearty," "cheerful" worker who, as a result of the same division of labor, received a "plentiful subsistence," enjoyed "bodily strength," was "active, diligent, and expeditious," and looked forward to the "comfortable hope of bettering his condition" and ending his days in "ease and plenty"?⁴⁷ How can one reconcile the favorable view of the agricultural laborer, who acquired "judgment and discretion" because he had to deal with so many different tasks, with an earlier image of the same laborer who, precisely because he went from one activity to another, developed the habit of "sauntering," became "indolent," "careless," "slouthful and lazy," incapable of any vigorous application even on the most pressing occasions? In that earlier passage Smith contrasted the dilatory farm laborer to the factory boy whose task was the opening and shutting of a valve, and who was inspired, by boredom itself, to invent a labor-saving device which was "one of the greatest improvements" made on the steam-engine.⁴⁸

These discordant images are not reconcilable. What can be said, however, is that the dominant image, that which informs by far the largest part of the book and which bears the largest weight of the argument, is the "optimistic" one: the image of an active, intelligent, industrious worker, receiving good wages, constantly bettering himself, and sharing in the "universal opulence" created by the division of labor and the expansion of industry. It was this scenario that impressed itself on Smith's readers in his own time and for generations afterwards. Although Marx, in *Capital*, quoted the passage describing the worker stupefied by the division of labor, it was not until the "early Marx" and the idea of alienation came into fashion after World War II that this passage became the subject of serious attention and that the vision of "another" Smith, a "pessimistic" Smith began to emerge.*

It is also important to recall the context in which Smith praised the farm laborer at the expense of the industrial worker. The first passage appeared in the midst of his denunciation of the scheming merchants and manufacturers who "seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public." It was then that Smith put in a good word for the agricultural classes—laborers as well as farmers—who were not in the habit of conspiring together and who deserved to be defended against those "very contemptible authors" who spoke of them so contemptuously.⁵² The second passage appeared towards the end of the work in a discussion of the functions of government. Of all these functions—defense, justice, public works, the support of the sovereign—the subject to which Smith devoted far the most space was education. After a lengthy account of the

*The two Smiths appear most dramatically in the work of Robert Heilbroner. His influential history of economic thought, *The Worldly Philosophers* (1953), presented the conventional optimistic Smith. His recent work introduces a "deeply pessimistic" Smith, this based not only on the so-called "alienation" passage, which Heilbroner now emphasizes to the point where it seems to dominate the *Wealth of Nations*, but on a reinterpretation of Smith's economic theory. So far from positing a "progressive," expanding economy, Smith is seen as predicting decline and decay: "material decline awaiting at the terminus of the economic journey, moral decay suffered by society in the course of its journeying."⁴⁹ This argument depends on ascribing to Smith something like a Malthusian theory, in which higher wages lead to an increase of population, an eventual decline of wages, and thus a stagnant and "stationary" economy. But Smith had anticipated this argument and had refuted it, at least for the foreseeable future. So long, he reasoned, as the division of labor continued (the division of labor serving as a metaphor for the process of mechanization and invention), the economy would be able to absorb the higher wages and remain in a progressive, expanding state.⁵⁰

When John Stuart Mill, almost three-quarters of a century later, argued for the desirability as well as the inevitability of a "stationary state," it was under the influence of Malthus and Ricardo rather than Smith, and on moral and esthetic as well as economic grounds. Finding competitiveness and material acquisitiveness disagreeable, he preferred a society in which, "while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer."⁵¹

history of educational institutions, he posed the question of the state's role in education. Should the "public"—the "state," in the marginal notes—pay attention to the "education of the people," and if so, how should this be done for the "different orders of the people"? It was at this point that Smith inserted the dramatic warning about the dire effects of the division of labor. And it was to forestall those effects, to prevent the "corruption and degeneracy" of the laboring people, that he then went on to develop an elaborate scheme of public education.⁵³

The proposal was simple and bold. The "common people," including those "bred to the lowest occupation," were to be required to master the essential ingredients of education—reading, writing, and arithmetic. To this end the state was to establish a school in every district, charging a fee so modest that even the common laborer could afford it, the major cost being borne by the government. Although the schools themselves would not be compulsory, some form of schooling would be. To enforce this provision, Smith suggested that an examination in the "three R's" be required before anyone could enter a guild or set up in a trade.⁵⁴

In one sense the proposal was not remarkable. Smith was simply drawing upon the experience of Scotland where the parish schools had taught, as he said, "almost the whole common people" to read and a great proportion of them to write and reckon.⁵⁵ In another sense, however, it was extraordinary, not only because he proposed to extend to England a state system of education that had never existed there and that was bound to incur (as it did even a century later) a great deal of hostility, but because it went against the grain of his own doctrine. Having spent the better part of two volumes arguing against government regulation, he now advanced a scheme requiring a greater measure of government involvement than anything that had ever existed before. In the same chapter in which he made this proposal he criticized the principle of endowments for schools and colleges on the ground that they gave the institutions an assured income and relieved them from the necessity of proving their merit; for the same reason he opposed salaries for university teachers, preferring fees paid by individual students to individual instructors. Yet here, for the "common people," he urged the establishment of a state-administered, state-supported, state-enforced system of education with only token fees to be paid by the parents—enough to give them a stake in the education of their children but not enough to cover the cost of education. Perhaps it was to justify this large departure from his general principle that he painted so dramatic a picture of the industrial worker whose degeneracy could only be arrested by a compulsory system of education.

Having made out so strong a case for public education, Smith went on to extol the virtues of education as such. "A man without the proper use of the intellectual faculties of a man, is, if possible, more contemptible than even a coward, and seems to be mutilated and deformed in a still

more essential part of the character of human nature." Even if the state were to derive no practical benefit from the education of the lower orders, that education would still warrant its active concern. In fact the state would benefit from it indirectly: a better instructed people were less inclined to the disorders that came from "delusions of enthusiasm and superstition"; they were more likely to be "decent and orderly"; feeling "respectable" themselves, they would be respected by others and be respectful of others; they would not be easily taken in by "faction and sedition"; and in a free country, where it was important that the government have the "favourable judgment" of the people, it was also important that the people should not judge the government "rashly or capriciously."⁵⁶

One commentator has described this view of education as an "unformulated theory of 'social control.'"⁵⁷ If this is so, any idea of education which is more than purely vocational, which attributes to it any effect on character, sensibility, intelligence, and behavior, falls under the same reproach. Moreover, any alternative would be similarly suspect. What kind of education could Smith have proposed which would not have been an instrument of social control? Had he taken the obvious *laissez faire* position of denying to the state any role in education (as his contemporary Frederick Eden, for example, did) would this not have exposed him to the charge of being unconcerned with the plight of the lower classes, unwilling to exert himself (and the state) in an effort to improve their condition, perhaps deliberately keeping them in a state of ignorance so that they would remain docile and subservient? Or if he had recommended the kind of education Hannah More favored, reading, but not writing or arithmetic, on the assumption that reading alone was necessary to inculcate the precepts of religion and the "habits of industry and virtue," was this, too, not an obvious exercise of social control?⁵⁸ And all the voluntary schools of the time—charity schools, Sunday schools, night schools, industry schools, schools connected with workhouses and poorhouses—which provided the rudiments of literacy for large numbers of people who would otherwise have been totally illiterate, were these reprehensible for the same reason, or were they in any way preferable to Smith's plan?

It might be said that it is not Smith's proposal for a comprehensive, state-supported system of education that is suspect, but the specific moral purpose he attached to it, this being all the more ominous in view of the role of the state. Or perhaps the objection is not so much to the exercise of "social control" as to the violation of the "indigenous" culture of the poor, the imposition upon them of alien "middle-class values." Again, this is to ignore the contemporary context. Smith was not arguing against latter-day romantics who idealize illiteracy as part of a natural, superior, folk culture. He was arguing, at least implicitly, against those of his contemporaries who denied to the poor the capacity and opportunity to achieve those "middle-class values," who thought that no amount of educa-

tion could civilize, socialize, and moralize them, or who worried that an educated populace would be restless, demanding, discontent. When Smith urged that the poor be educated so that they would become better citizens, better workers, and better human beings, he was not demeaning the poor but crediting them with the virtues ("values," in modern parlance) he himself held in such high esteem.

In a brilliant commentary on Smith, Joseph Cropsey has argued that the dual purpose of his political economy was to make freedom possible and to make of freedom a form of virtue.⁵⁹ This was also, one might say, the purpose of his system of education. Just as the laborer, by dint of his labor, was to be a free and full participant in the economy, so by dint of his education, he was to be a free and full participant in society. For Smith freedom was itself a virtue and the precondition of all other virtues. It was this cardinal virtue that he wanted to make available to the "common people," even to those "bred to the lowest occupation."

If Smith's political economy was not the amoral, asocial doctrine it has sometimes been made out to be, neither was it as dogmatically, rigorously laissez faire as had been thought.⁶⁰ His plan of education was only one of several instances in which he departed from the strict construction of laissez faire, and not unwittingly but deliberately. He did so when he proposed a law to limit the freedom of bankers to issue notes, and when he advocated retaining the law against usury. He also did so when he implicitly sanctioned the poor laws.

Smith's position on the poor laws has been generally ignored or misunderstood. Because he was so forthright in criticizing the Act of Settlement of 1662, it is sometimes assumed that he was also opposed to the poor laws.⁶¹ It is significant, however, that while he did attack the Settlement Act (and the Statute of Apprentices as well), he did not attack the poor laws. Moreover, his criticism of the Settlement Act had nothing to do with the giving of relief but only with limiting the mobility of labor and violating the liberty of the poor.

To remove a man who has committed no misdemeanour from the parish where he chooses to reside, is an evident violation of natural liberty and justice. . . . There is scarce a poor man in England of forty years of age, I will venture to say, who has not in some part of his life felt himself most cruelly oppressed by this ill-contrived law of settlements.⁶²

This passage was much quoted (and disputed) at the time, and Smith was credited with helping bring about the reform of the laws of settlement in 1795. What Smith conspicuously did not do was to challenge the poor law itself, the obligation to provide relief for those who could not provide for themselves. Nor was he one of those who, in the years following the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*, expressed anxiety about the mounting costs of relief. He died before the movement to restrict relief reached its

peak, but not before Joseph Townsend and others had raised the alarm and urged the drastic reform, if not the abolition, of the poor laws.

On the subject of taxation Smith exhibited the same pragmatic, humane temper and the same concern for the poor. His first principle was that taxes be levied "in proportion" to the ability to pay; and the corollary was that they be levied only on "luxuries" rather than "necessaries." He went on to define "necessaries" as "not only the commodities which are indispensably necessary for the support of life, but whatever the custom of the country renders it indecent for creditable people, even of the lowest order, to be without"—linen shirts and leather shoes, for example. In the same spirit he recommended that highway tolls on "carriages of luxury" (coaches, postchaises) should be higher than on "carriages of necessary use" (carts, wagons), so that "the indolence and vanity of the rich is made to contribute in a very easy manner to the relief of the poor."⁶³ Today, when it is taken for granted that necessity and luxury are relative terms, Smith's ideas on the subject may seem unremarkable. In his own time, when many of his contemporaries were bitterly complaining about the "luxuries of the poor," and when the low-wage theorists were using the evidence of such luxuries—and precisely linen shirts and leather shoes—as an argument against higher wages, Smith's views were notably progressive.

So, too, were his views on mercantilism. Among his other objections to mercantilist regulations was the fact that they were generally in the interests of the merchants and manufacturers and against the interests of the workers. Indeed on the few occasions when they were otherwise, he favored retaining them, even at the expense of the principle of free trade.

Whenever the legislature attempts to regulate the differences between masters and their workmen, its counsellors are always the masters. When the regulation, therefore, is in favour of the workmen, it is always just and equitable; but it is sometimes otherwise when it is in favour of the masters.⁶⁴

Thus he disapproved of the regulation of wages—which established not a minimum but a maximum rate of wages—and supported the law requiring employers to pay their workers in money rather than in goods. "This law [payment in money] is in favour of the workmen; but the 8th of George [the fixing of wages] is in favour of the masters." For the same reasons he protested against the injustice of permitting masters to combine while forbidding workers to do so.⁶⁵

More important than the effect of this or that policy on the poor was the image of the poor implicit in these policies. These were the "creditable people, even of the lowest order" who deserved more than the bare necessities of life, the "sober and industrious poor" who were the proper beneficiaries of a proportionate system of taxation, the "lowest ranks of the people" who would become more, not less, industrious as a result of high wages and who would

benefit, morally and materially, from a progressive economy. That Smith, like most of his countrymen, thought it just to devise policies that would favor the “sober and industrious poor” rather than the “dissolute and disorderly” is not surprising. What is more interesting is his confident assumption that the overwhelming number of the poor were sober and industrious. It was this assumption that permitted him to “connect” the interests of the “labouring poor” with the “general interest” of society. And not only their interests but their natures. It was because the poor were presumed to have the same virtues and passions as everyone else, because there were no innate differences separating them from the other classes, that they were capable of working within the “system of natural liberty” and profiting from it as much as everyone else. These “creditable” poor were capable and desirous of bettering themselves, capable and desirous of exercising the virtues inherent in human nature, capable and desirous of the liberty that was their right as responsible individuals.⁶⁶

This is not the doctrine cynically described by Anatole France: “The law is equal for all; rich and poor alike are free to sleep under a bridge.” Smith did not pretend that the “formal” equality of the law, even the “natural” equality of the laws of political economy, could be applied to all indiscriminately. This is why he devised a state system of education specifically intended for the poor, why he proposed the kinds of taxes he did, why he did not object to poor relief, why he supported regulations favoring workers, why he based his system on a policy of high wages and an expanding economy. He did not shrink from the facts of inequality or deny the need for correctives and palliatives. But neither did he retreat from his basic assumption: that the poor, as much as the rich, were free, responsible, moral agents. Later, this ideal of moral responsibility was to be turned against the poor, used to justify the denial of poor relief and the opposition to such protective (“paternalistic,” as was said pejoratively) measures as factory acts. To Smith the idea of moral responsibility had quite the opposite function: to establish the claim of the poor to higher wages, a higher standard of living, a higher rank in life—to whatever goods might accrue to them as a result of a free, expanding economy.

Between the old “moral economy” and Smith’s political economy there was a gulf—a chasm, some would say. The former depended, at least in principle, on a system of regulations derived from equity, tradition, and law, a system prescribing fair prices, just wages, customary rights, corporate rules, paternalistic obligations, hierarchical relationships—all of which were intended to produce a structured, harmonious, stable, secure, organic order. By contrast, the “system of natural liberty” prided itself on being open, mobile, changeable, individualistic, with all the risks but also all the opportunities associated with freedom. The contrast is to a certain extent artificial, the old moral economy having been much attenuated in the century before Smith, and the new political economy having its own

moral imperatives and constraints. For Smith political economy was not an end in itself but a means to an end, that end being the wealth and well-being, moral and material, of the “people,” of whom the “laboring poor” were the largest part. And the poor themselves had a moral status in that economy—not the special moral status they enjoyed in a fixed, hierarchic order, but that which adhered to them as individuals in a free society sharing a common human, which is to say, moral, nature.

1. John Ruskin, *Fors Clavigera: Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain* (1876), in *Works*, ed. E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn, London 1907, XXVIII, 516, 764.
2. On the early history of the expression “laissez faire,” see Dugald Stewart, *Biographical Memoir of Adam Smith*, New York 1966 (1st ed., 1793), 93, n.1; August Oncken, *Die Maxime Laissez-faire et laissez-passer*, Bern 1886; Edward R. Kittrell, “‘Laissez Faire’ in English Classical Economics,” *Journal of the History of Ideas*, 1966, 610–20; Guy Routh, *The Origin of Economic Ideas*, New York 1977, 44–45.
3. Vernard Foley, “The Division of Labor in Plato and Smith,” *History of Political Economy*, 1974, 242. In his edition of the *Wealth of Nations* London 1904, Edwin Cannan cited Mandeville as the source of the expression (3). But the passage quoted does not contain that phrase, and the illustration was watch-making rather than pin-making. In this general sense dozens of other writers might be credited with it.
4. Adam Ferguson, *Essay on the History of Civil Society*, ed. Duncan Forbes, Edinburgh 1966 (1st ed., 1767), 181.
5. Stewart, 68. In Smith’s first year at Glasgow, 1751–52, he was Professor of Logic. His lectures on moral philosophy started in 1752 when he was transferred to that chair.
6. Walter Bagehot, “Adam Smith as a Person” (1876), *Collected Works*, Camb., Mass. 1968, III, 93.
7. Schumpeter, *History of Economic Analysis*, ed. Elizabeth Boody Schumpeter, New York 1974 (1st ed., 1954), 184–86.
8. Arnold Toynbee, *Lectures on the Industrial Revolution in England*, London 1884 (delivered as lectures in 1881). G. N. Clark traces the association of “industrial” and “revolution” to the early 1800s in France and the phrase itself to the French economist Jérôme-Adolphe Blanqui (not to be confused with the revolutionist Louis-August Blanqui) in 1838, Friedrich Engels in 1845 (*Condition of the Working Class in England*), and John Stuart Mill in 1848 (*Principles of Political Economy*). But it was Toynbee’s work that popularized both the term and the idea. (Clark, *The Idea of the Industrial Revolution*, Glasgow 1953).
9. The best summary of this debate is C. P. Kindleberger, “The Historical Background: Adam Smith and the Industrial Revolution,” in *The Market and the State: Essays in Honor of Adam Smith*, ed. Thomas Wilson and Andrew S. Skinner, Oxf. 1976, 1–25. See the comments on this paper by Asa Briggs (25–33) and R. M. Hartwell (33–41).
10. Stewart, 52.
11. John Rae, *Life of Adam Smith*, London 1895, 286.
12. Jacob H. Hollander, “The Founder of a School,” in *Adam Smith, 1776–1926: Lectures to Commemorate the Sesquicentennial of the Publication of “The Wealth of Nations”*, New York 1966 (1st ed., 1928), 25; Rae, *Life*, 288–90.
13. John Millar in 1786, quoted by Asa Briggs in *The Market and the State*, 28.
14. Adam Smith, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, ed. Edwin Cannan, New York 1937, 11–14, 423, 651. The “invisible hand” metaphor also appears in a different context in the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, 7th ed., London 1792 (1st ed., 1759), I, 464.
15. One of the most effective statements of this view is Karl Polanyi, *The Great Transformation*, Boston 1957 (1st ed., 1944). A more sophisticated version has been advanced by E. P. Thompson, who describes the *Wealth of Nations* as an “anti-model” rather than a new model, the negation of the older paternalist model. The new political economy, he argues, was

- "disinfested of intrusive moral imperatives" not because Smith and his colleagues were immoral or unconcerned with the public good, but objectively, regardless of their moral intentions. ("The Moral Economy of the English Crowd in the Eighteenth Century," *Past and Present*, 1971, 89-90.)
16. *Moral Sentiments*, I, 146 ff.
 17. August Oncken, "Das Adam Smith-Problem," *Zeitschrift für Sozialwissenschaft*, 1898. For recent statements and reevaluations of this problem, see Ralph Anspach, "The Implications of the Theory of Moral Sentiments for Adam Smith's Economic Thought," *History of Political Economy*, 1972; Joseph Cropsey, "Adam Smith and Political Philosophy," in *Essays on Adam Smith*, ed. Andrew S. Skinner and Thomas Wilson, Oxf. 1975; D. D. Raphael, "The Impartial Spectator," *ibid.*; Thomas Wilson, "Sympathy and Self-Interest," in *The Market and the State*; Joseph Cropsey, "The Invisible Hand: Moral and Political Considerations," in *Adam Smith and Modern Political Economy*, ed. Gerald P. O'Driscoll, Jr., Ames, Iowa 1979; Richard Teichgraber III, "Rethinking Das Adam Smith Problem," *Journal of British Studies*, 1981.
 18. *Moral Sentiments*, I, 47; II, 300, 305.
 19. Jeremy Bentham, *The Handbook of Political Fallacies*, ed. Harold A. Larrabee, New York 1962 (1st ed., 1824), p. 230; *Works*, ed. John Bowring, London 1838-43, XI, 72.
 20. *Moral Sentiments*, I, 339.
 21. *Sentiments*, II, 115.
 22. The "design," as Smith described it in the seventh edition of *Moral Sentiments*, included his moral philosophy, political economy, and theory of jurisprudence. (I, vi-vii.)
 23. Schumpeter, 141, 182, 185.
 24. *Wealth of Nations*, 388-89, 424, 460, 463, 577.
 25. *Wealth*, 98, 128, 250, 609.
 26. *Wealth*, 14.
 27. *Wealth*, 423.
 28. *Wealth*, 423.
 29. *Wealth*, 11.
 30. *Wealth*, 78-79.
 31. *Wealth*, 248.
 32. A. W. Coats, "Changing Attitudes to Labour in the Mid-Eighteenth Century," *Economic History Review*, 1958, 39 (quoting Hume's *Political Discourses* of 1752).
 33. Arthur Young, *The Farmer's Tour through the East of England*, London 1771, IV, 361.
 34. Young, *A Six Month's Tour through the North of England*, London 1770, I, 196.
 35. *Wealth*, 81.
 36. *Wealth*, 82-83.
 37. *Wealth*, 81.
 38. *Wealth*, 11.
 39. *Wealth*, 15-16.
 40. *Wealth*, 13.
 41. *Wealth*, 248-49.
 42. *Wealth*, 121-22.
 43. For differing views of this subject, see Nathan Rosenberg, "Adam Smith on the Division of Labor: Two Views or One?" *Economica*, 1965; E. C. West, "The Political Economy of Alienation: Karl Marx and Adam Smith," *Oxford Economic Papers*, 1969; Robert L. Heilbroner, "The Paradox of Progress: Decline and Decay in the *Wealth of Nations*," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, 1973 (reprinted in *Essays on Adam Smith*, ed. Andrew S. Skinner and Thomas Wilson, Oxf. 1975); Robert Lamb, "Adam Smith's Concept of Alienation," *Oxford Economic Papers*, 1973; E. C. West, "Adam Smith and Alienation: A Rejoinder," *ibid.*, 1975.
 44. Karl Marx, *Capital: A Critique of Political Economy*, ed. Frederick Engels, rev. Ernest Untermann, New York 1936, 397-98.
 45. *Wealth*, 734.
 46. *Wealth*, 126-27.
 47. *Wealth*, 81.
 48. *Wealth*, 8-9.
 49. Heilbroner, "The Paradox of Progress," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, 1973, 243.
 50. Donald Winch, *Adam Smith's Politics: An Essay in Historiographic Revision*, Camb. 1978, 143-44.
 51. Mill, *Principles of Political Economy*, ed. J. M. Robson, Toronto 1965, II, 754.
 52. *Wealth*, 126-28.
 53. *Wealth*, 734.
 54. *Wealth*, 736-38.
 55. *Wealth*, 737.
 56. *Wealth*, 740.
 57. Mark Blaug, "The Economics of Education in English Classical Political Economy: A Re-Examination," in *Essays on Adam Smith*, 572. Blaug does not, however, attach to "social control" the usual invidious implications.
 58. M. G. Jones, *The Charity School Movement: A Study of Eighteenth Century Puritanism in Action*, Camb. 1938, 159.
 59. Joseph Cropsey, *Polity and Economy: An Interpretation of the Principles of Adam Smith*, The Hague 1957; Cropsey, "Adam Smith," in *History of Political Philosophy*, ed. Leo Strauss and Joseph Cropsey, Chicago 1963. See also essays cited in footnote 17.
 60. The modification of the laissez-faire stereotype goes back at least to Jacob Viner, "Adam Smith and Laissez-Faire," *Journal of Political Economy*, 1927. Among the more notable contributions to this revisionist interpretation are: Lionel Robbins, *The Theory of Economic Policy in English Classical Political Economy*, London 1952; L. R. Sorenson, "Some Classical Economists, Laissez Faire, and the Factory Acts," *Journal of Economic History*, 1952; S. G. Checkland, "The Prescriptions of the Classical Economists," *Economica*, 1953; A. W. Coats, "Economic Thought and Poor Law Policy in the Eighteenth Century," *Economic History Review*; Coats, "The Classical Economists and the Labourer," in *Land, Labour and Population*, ed. E. L. Jones and G. E. Mingay, London 1967; Coats (ed.), *The Classical Economists and Economic Policy*, London 1971; Thomas Sowell, *Classical Economists Reconsidered*, Princeton 1974; Nathan Rosenberg, "Adam Smith and Laissez-Faire Revisited," in *Adam Smith and Modern Political Economy*.
 61. E.g., Mark Blaug, *Economic Theory in Retrospect*, Homewood, Ill. 1968 (1st ed., 1962), p. 51. Blaug's claim that Smith condemned the "Poor Laws in general" may rest on Smith's criticisms of trade corporations and assemblies, in the course of which he also criticized those regulations which made such assemblies necessary—the regulation, for example, "which enables those of the same trade to tax themselves in order to provide for their poor, their sick, their widows and orphans, [which] by giving them a common interest to manage, renders such assemblies necessary." (*Wealth of Nations*, 129). But the poor rates were levied by the parish rather than by trades, and therefore did not come under Smith's stricture.
 62. *Wealth*, 141.
 63. *Wealth*, 777, 821, 683.
 64. *Wealth*, 142.
 65. *Wealth*, 142, 66-67.
 66. *Wealth*, 823, 248, 740.

Ambiguities in Kant's Treatment of Space

Arthur Collins

One of the sources of persistent obscurity in the philosophy of Kant is the fact that he introduces a double standard for dealing with questions about what there is. In the *Critique of Pure Reason*, this appears first in the culminating assertion of the Transcendental Aesthetic: the assertion of the "empirical reality and transcendental ideality of space and time." To say that space and time are empirically real means that the things that figure in our experience are spatio-temporal things. These are the things found in the common-sense world of perception and the things that make up the subject matter of all scientific investigation. All of these empirical realities exist in space and time. But, to say that space and time are transcendently ideal means that they do not characterize things *as they are in themselves*, as opposed to things *as they appear in our experience*. Things apart from our experience and independent of our mental activities are not spatio-temporal things. *Vis-à-vis* things as they are in themselves, space and time are not anything real at all. They are merely *ideas*. In the realm of things as they are nothing corresponds to our ideas of space and time and these realities do not exist in space and time. "It is solely from the human standpoint that we can speak of space, of extended things, etc." (A 26, B 42). Time, "... in itself, apart from the subject, is nothing" (A 35, B 51).

One may suspect at the outset that the device that Kant introduces here for treating questions about what there is may be too powerful for any legitimate use. It looks as though Kant avails himself of a means for having it both

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Quotations from the *Critique of Pure Reason* are from the translation of Norman Kemp Smith; those from Kant's "Inaugural Dissertation" are from the translation of G. B. Kerferd.

ways at crucial junctures. Faced with the destructive claims of sceptics and idealists, Kant is a staunch realist. The objects of perception are real things. They constitute a causally connected, spatio-temporal system of material objects which Kant calls "nature" and our knowledge of these objects is objective knowledge. When he is pursuing this realism, Kant likes to label entities envisioned by others that fall outside the sphere of possible experience mere "Hirngespinnst" and "Gedankendingen." But when Kant's thoughts of human morality and freedom seem to be threatened by this all-too-causal empirical reality, he is prepared to downgrade it, to emphasize that these empirical "objects" are *only* appearances, to reprimand "stubborn insistence" on their reality (A 537, B 565), and to rest his conception of man and the human situation on a further reality that underlies and is more fundamental than appearance.

As a parallel for "the empirical world" of things we can perceive and study scientifically, Kant uses the expression "the intelligible world" for the realm of things in themselves. But in the *Critique* and all later works Kant consistently asserts that we cannot know anything whatever about the intelligible world—an odd sort of intelligibility! Before the *Critique*, in his *Inaugural Dissertation*, for example, Kant accepted a traditional concept of an intelligible world as opposed to a world of perception and he believed, in the spirit of Plato and the rationalists, that we could have knowledge of nonsensible reality. In his mature writing Kant repudiated the claim to know the nonsensible while retaining the designation "intelligible," although it is only fitting in the context of the earlier view. The single surviving theme from his earlier position is Kant's occasional speculative suggestion that a creature whose intuition (mode of receptivity) is nonsensible might actually know things in themselves and that God may know things in themselves without anything like sense experience.

Two kinds of reality: empirical and transcendental, risk generating two systems of truths, one for each reality. Our complete and permanent ignorance of things in themselves, in Kant's thinking, conveniently avoids the possibility of conflict between these two systems of truths. The unknowability of transcendental reality "makes room for faith" in Kant's own words. But in this connection, too, the duality of the empirical and the transcendental, or knowable and unknowable reality, seems too convenient to be legitimate. An unfriendly critic can read Kant's doctrine as an admission that the faith that defends "God, Freedom, and Immortality," operates only by relegating them to a region where nothing can tend against them since nothing can be known at all. At the same time, the seeming robustness of empirical realism also relies on the utter unknowability of things in themselves in the sense that, if we could know anything at all about things in themselves, we would immediately recognize their ontological primacy and the derivative and figmentary status of appearances. The veil of appearances seems to be more than that in Kant's system, one might argue, only because it is all that we can know.

Should we reject the dual standard of reality, the merely empirical reality of objects of experience, and the unknowability of things as they are apart from how they appear to us? Or is there some fundamental truth in Kant's realism which is not hopelessly undercut by his transcendental idealism? These questions go to the heart of Kant's system. In trying to answer them, we will find that the concept of space plays a particularly prominent role.

1 Outer Sense and Idealism

Kant's efforts to distinguish his views from the ideas of earlier thinkers such as Descartes or Hume bring his conception of outer sense to the fore. Kant often relies entirely on the fact that he endorses both inner and outer receptivity, while the "problematic and dogmatic idealists," as he classifies them, accept inner receptivity but not outer. In the beginning of the *Aesthetic*, he defines outer intuition or outer sense as a capacity "to represent to ourselves objects as outside us and all without exception in space" (A 22, B 37). In contrast, in inner intuition, the mind "intuits itself or its inner state" (A 23, B 37). Here Kant quite plainly thinks that "outside us," where we locate what is available to outer sense, means outside the mind, where located things will not be mental things. Inner sense, just as plainly, has only mental things like thoughts and ideas for its objects.

Kant thinks that the Cartesian ordering of these matters, inherited by the empiricists, involves a reduction of receptivity to inner sense alone.

They have no expectation of being able to prove apodeictically the absolute reality of space; for they are confronted by

idealism, which teaches that the reality of outer objects does not allow of strict proof. On the other hand, the reality of the object of our inner sense (the reality of myself and my state) is, [they argue,] immediately evident through consciousness. [A 38, B 55]

Kant goes on to say that the Cartesian-empiricist fails to note that the object of outer sense in space is just as accessible to us as the object of inner sense.

In his interpretation of the tradition preceding him, Kant is surely right. For Descartes, spatial reality, the realm of extended substance, contrasts at the most fundamental level possible with the realm of mental things. Extension does not think and the mind is not extended. To this distinction Descartes very definitely adds the view that spatial reality is never *given*. It is not, as Kant would put it, intuited. In Descartes' system, space is identical with matter. The existence of a spatial realm is the existence of extended substance. This existence is viewed by Descartes as something that must be argued for. Descartes never contemplates arguing for the existence of our own conscious states, thoughts, and ideas. The point of the *cogito* in this context is precisely to show the impossibility of thinking of my own mental states as something for which I could stand in need of an argument. Stated in terms of "intuition", for Descartes the mental and inner is intuited, while the nonmental, outer, and spatial is not intuited, but is a matter of a relatively tenuous hypothesis. For Hume, too, "impressions and ideas," both of which are mental things, are the only things "really present with the mind" (*Treatise*, I, ii, 6), while the existence of extended bodily things is only recognized with the help of naturally implanted though rationally unsupported beliefs. In the case of Berkeley, the given does not include anything outside the mind for, indeed, there are no extra-mental realities at all.

Thus, the Cartesian-empiricist's conception of consciousness is pretty much what Kant calls just inner sense. Kant gives us a whole mental faculty, namely, outer sense, beyond any cognitive equipment assigned us by the idealist tradition. The outer in Kant's system is given in intuition just as the inner is given in intuition. And the outer is not the mental.

It is not surprising that Kant thinks that his acceptance of outer sense sufficiently distinguishes his view from any form of idealism. His theory of outer intuition also explains why he is so unconcerned about egocentric and sceptical problems which inevitably make up the first order of business from the Cartesian viewpoint. These problems will not arise if we find nonmental objects in space among what is immediately given. In the Cartesian-empiricist tradition, we can say that the problem of outer reality is the problem of the existence of spatial things to correspond to our ideas of spatial things, ideas which are not themselves spatial things. "The problem of the external world" means the world of spatially locatable things all of which are, unlike any idea, external to the mind. In Kant's scheme spatial things are given. They are given to outer

sense so that the problem of the external world cannot be put in the usual way at all. Kant's empirical realism is the assertion that objects in space are given.

Sometimes Kant calls the opposed view "empirical idealism." Just as transcendental idealism means that spatial things are only ideas and nothing real in the sphere of things as they are in themselves, empirical idealism means that contents of our conscious experience of spatial things consist merely in ideas of spatial things and offer nothing at all in the way of actually existing spatial objects. The idealist view that objects of experience are *nothing* real in space is "problematic" in Hume, in that Hume thinks that there *may* be outer objects as well as ideas, and dogmatic in Berkeley, who thinks that there *cannot possibly* be outer objects as well as ideas. In Kant's thinking, we are not limited to a foundation of ideas of spatial things any more than we are limited to a foundation of ideas of mental things. Both are present to us as immediately as anything can be. Naturally, Kant found it hard to accept early criticisms that bracketed his theory with Berkeley's. Berkeley denies more explicitly than anyone else the immediacy of spatial things outside the mind, and then he goes on to deny the existence of spatial things outside the mind.

Upon the least examination, however, Kant's empirical realism turns out to be a fragile thing. Although outer sense represents things "as outside us and all without exception in space," Kant says, again and again, throughout the *Critique*, that space exists only "in us," that, like time, space would be nothing apart from the human cognitive constitution. Spatial appearances exist only "in the faculty of representations," (A 104) and "all objects with which we can occupy ourselves, are one and all in me . . ." (A 129). The mind absorbs spatial objects in this prominent Kantian claim. The innerness and mind-dependence of *all* objects seems to set at nothing the thought that Kant has distinguished his position from that of the Cartesian-empiricist. When we have come a good way into the *Critique*, to the Paralogisms wherein Kant explains the illusions to which rationalist philosophy of mind is susceptible, he says

The expression "outside us" is unavoidably ambiguous in meaning, sometimes signifying what as *a thing in itself* exists apart from us, and sometimes what belongs solely to outer experience. [A 373]

The view so clearly put here contradicts the claim that the theory of outer sense separates Kant's philosophy from all the forms of idealism that Descartes' account of mind and perception generates. Kant tells us here that outer appearances do not exist "apart from us." What can this mean if not that they do not exist outside our minds and thoughts? The relevant problem that the Cartesian tradition seemed to face might be put in the question, "Are there spatial things which exist apart from us, that is, apart from our thoughts and representations of spatial things?" Of course, Descartes, Berkeley, and Hume all know that,

within our thought, we find ideas of spatial things and that these ideas differ from ideas of things which are not spatial. In mounting a proof of the existence of extended reality Descartes is responding to the fact that ideas of spatial things do not exist apart from us, while spatial things, if any there be, do exist apart from us.

The whole Kantian theory asserting the necessary existence (if experience is to be possible) of causally connected and enduring empirical objects, the theory secured with such energy and subtlety in the Analytic half of the *Critique*, seems to be thrown away here when Kant says that none of these realities are anything at all outside our own thinking. This collapse of the pretensions of outer sense reminds us that Kant sometimes confines his opposition to idealism to a very different line of thought. This alternative opposition merely stresses that Kant accepts, while idealists deny or doubt, the existence of things as they are in themselves in addition to appearances or objects of experience. Arguing in this vein, Kant places no weight at all on outer sense, as though he realizes that, in his system, outer sense is simply not *outer* enough to reach any non-mental realities that may exist apart from us.

In the section of the *Critique* entitled, "The Ground of the Distinction of All Objects in General into Phenomena and Noumena," that is, into appearances and things as they are in themselves, Kant goes so far as to reduce the concept of a reality beyond that of appearances to the status of a "merely negative concept" (A 254, B 309). By this he means that the idea of noumena is simply the idea of realities that are *not* known in experience. Since objects of experience are all the objects of which we can have any knowledge, noumena, if there are any, are just objects of which we have no knowledge. Kant goes on to call the very concept of such further, wholly unknown, realities a "problematic concept" and a "limiting concept" (A 255, B 311) and he seems to imply that we cannot get quite as far as the unqualified assertion that there are any such noumena. The concept of a further kind of being beyond appearances only clearly marks the end of the realm of objects of whose existence we are sure, namely, the mind-dependent objects constituting the empirical world. Kant is saying that we think of mind-dependent realities *as appearances* of real entities other than themselves but that, perhaps, there is no other reality, in which case appearances are not really appearances but, instead, they are the only kinds of things that there are apart from the minds which intuit these things. Is this not exactly Berkeley's view? The idea that, for the things immediately present to the mind, *esse is percipi* is the idea that we have no right to think of these things as appearances. Berkeley's ontology is limited to the ideas present to minds and the minds to which those ideas are present. If we are forced to interpret Kant as surrendering the true outerness of appearances in favor of a counterfeit outerness of space which exists only in our minds, then his whole metaphysics must appear an enormous disappointment and all of the famous and diffi-

cult arguments of the first half of the *Critique* must seem a waste of effort.

2 Transcendental Aesthetic

In the hope of salvaging as much as possible from this threatening disappointment let us examine in more detail the main doctrines of the Transcendental Aesthetic which I identify as follows: (a) the metaphysical expositions of space and time, (b) the transcendental expositions, (c) the view that space and time are *forms* of outer and inner sense respectively, and (d) their asserted transcendental ideality.

The opening section of the Aesthetic is concerned with the definition of "intuition" (*Anschauung*) and related concepts that underlie Kant's controlling distinction between receptivity and spontaneity, that is, between the functions of intuition and those of understanding and reason. There follow immediately separate and parallel discussions of space and time. In each case a four-point *metaphysical exposition* of the concept is supposed to be followed by a *transcendental exposition*, but the passages are marred by Kant's curious failure to adhere to the distinction between these two points of view, even though the distinction seems to have been invented by him precisely for the purpose of facilitating this very discussion. The four metaphysical points are that space, or time, is (1) not an empirical concept, (2) an a priori and necessary concept, (3) a singular rather than a discursive concept, and (4) a concept of something infinite.

The expository confusion in both discussions consists in Kant's inserting the transcendental considerations between the second and third metaphysical points and then only partially correcting the disorder in passages that follow and in changes in the second edition. The actual reason for this, I believe, is that Kant wants to make the transcendental points in the context of the premises relevant to them. These premises are the first two metaphysical points and only those two. In a later passage Kant himself explains the arrangement saying that he wanted to save space. But the confused ordering does not save any space unless Kant means that, with any other organization, he would have had to restate the needed metaphysical views in order to connect them with the transcendental exposition which would be separated from them.

In the instances of both space and time, the four metaphysical points are assertions for which no arguments are given. Perhaps by a metaphysical *exposition* Kant means an account that ought to be accessible to any highly intelligent and philosophically mature common sense. He seems to expect that the statement of the claims will suffice for their acceptance. This is not entirely unreasonable in that there is much to be said for the four points.

The first point, considering only space for the moment, is that space is not an empirical concept. Kant says that the

concept of space is presupposed for rather than derived from experience. To see what Kant has in mind it is useful to refer to another similar point that Kant often makes later in the *Critique*. Unlike ordinary empirical objects, space is not itself perceived. So space is not a concept like the concept *ocean* or *box*. These are empirical concepts which we possess because we encounter such things as oceans and boxes in our perceptual experience. Of course, space might be an empirical concept, although not an object of perception, if it figured in hypotheses belonging to an explanatory theory, in the way in which the concept of a gravitational field figures in theories that explain the perceived motion of objects. Kant's second metaphysical point rules out this kind of theoretical status for the concept of space. Space is necessary for any outer experience at all, while theoretical objects are doubly contingent and never necessary. Theoretical objects are contingent, first, because the facts which they are introduced to explain are contingent facts. But theoretical objects have a second kind of contingency beyond the contingency of the facts they explain. For theoretical objects may always be repudiated in favor of other theoretical commitments that explain the same facts even better. The status of space is nothing like this because, according to Kant, there could not be any facts of outer intuition without space.

Kant expresses the necessity of space saying that we can think space *empty* but we cannot think it *away*. The inhibition on thinking space away is related to the fact that space is not something we detect by perceiving it or experiencing it. Things that we do detect by perceiving them, things like oceans and boxes, we can think of as empty (oceans empty of fish, and boxes empty of apples, respectively) and we can also think such things away, that is, think a universe without oceans or boxes among its constituents. Now thinking space empty is simply thinking away *all* of the constituents of the outer universe. Since space is not one of these, we have nothing to bring under the heading of thinking away space itself. There is nothing else that might disappear from the outer beyond the things that appear in it, and space is not one of these things. Kant reads the fact that we perceive things in space and that space is not threatened by disappearance as the necessity of space.

The two other metaphysical points are of less importance to our present interests. That space is not a discursive concept, as the concepts *ocean* and *box* are, means that it is the idea of an individual. There is just one space in which all outer things are located. The plural "spaces" indicates only parts of space and not instances of space, while oceans and boxes are instances, not parts. This is a very important assertion since it is the foundation of the unity and uniqueness of the spatio-temporal universe and, thus, of the connectability in principle of all objects of possible experience. The final claim, the infinity of space, we can pass over without comment here.

The metaphysical expositions are reflections on the concepts of space and time which do not depend on any

special commitments, nor on any characteristically Kantian critical or transcendental arguments. The transcendental expositions, which are loosely derived from the metaphysical, plunge us at once into specifically Kantian doctrine as well as into considerable obscurity. From the nonempirical yet necessary status of space and time, the transcendental expositions purport to explain how it is that we possess knowledge in geometry (in the case of space) and knowledge of a much more vaguely indicated body of more or less mathematical doctrine (in the case of time.) The explanation is more implied than stated, and it makes minimal sense only in the context of views about necessary truth, mathematics, and experience which are not themselves discussed in the Aesthetic, although they have been sketched in the Introduction to the *Critique*.

The root idea is that no necessary truth can be justified on a foundation of empirical evidence. Kant takes this to have been established definitively by Hume. If we learned about space empirically, as we learn about boxes and oceans, no knowledge of space could amount to necessary truth. But knowledge of space is geometry and geometry is a body of necessary truth. The discussion here in the Aesthetic makes no effort to explain how truths about space are actually reached but rests content with the general thought that, since our idea of space is not derived empirically, propositions about the structure of space can also be expected to be nonempirical. Kant always takes it for granted that we do possess knowledge in mathematics and that the mathematical propositions we know are synthetic (rather than analytic), and necessary (which requires that they be a priori.) The tenor of Kant's thought is illuminated by a comment he makes on Hume's view that belief in strictly universal and necessary propositions is not rationally justifiable: "[Hume] . . . would never have been guilty of this statement so destructive of pure philosophy, for he would have recognized that according to his arguments pure mathematics would also not be possible; and from such an assertion his good sense would have saved him" (B 20). Here Kant shows his conviction that we must find some explanation for necessity in mathematical knowledge since we do possess such knowledge, and he also reveals his rather sketchy knowledge of Hume's opinions. For, concerning geometry, Hume did extend his scepticism to mathematics in the *Treatise of Human Nature*, and he said that theorems of geometry are only approximations: "As the ultimate standard of these figures is derived from nothing but the senses and imagination, 'tis absurd to speak of any perfection beyond what these faculties can judge of; since the true perfection of anything consists in its conformity to its standard" (I, ii, 4).

The transcendental expositions of space and time constitute an answer early in the *Critique* to one form of the great motivating question, "How is synthetic a priori knowledge possible?" The answer that explains how synthetic a priori mathematical knowledge is possible is, however, only a sketch or a promise of an answer the full ver-

sion of which depends not only on the thought that space and time are necessary and a priori concepts but also on the claim that there are what Kant calls "a priori manifolds" of space and time and "a priori syntheses" of these manifolds in the course of which the objects of mathematical truths are "constructed," in Kant's terminology.

It is only because space and time are recognizable as forms of outer and inner sense that Kant is able to assert their transcendental ideality. For this ideality means that things as they are in themselves are not spatio-temporal things. On the surface of it, such a claim contradicts the general impossibility of knowledge of things as they are in themselves. In the absence of the identification of space and time as forms, Kant could at best assert that we do not know whether or not things as they are in themselves are characterizable in spatial or temporal terms. The relevance of the formal status of space can be illustrated in analogies. Imagine an illiterate who learns to read only telegrams. At one stage he has come to understand that the words printed on the telegram make up a verbal message received somehow from a distant person. But at this stage he interprets every word on the form as part of the message, including, for example, the words "Western Union." He will have to learn that these words are imposed by the form and are not part of the content. It would be absurd for this reader to wonder, after learning the status of "Western Union," whether there might be another "Western Union" which is part of the content of every message *as it is in itself*. Of course, we might think that anything might be part of the hidden content of a message. But no part of the content can have just the role and meaning that the words "Western Union" have on the telegram blank because that meaning and role contrast with content by definition.

Such an analogy is imperfect in that "Western Union" is part of the telegram form on which the matter is organized, but it is not a necessary part, while, according to Kant, space and time are necessary forms for the organization of the matter that we receive in intuition. The essential contrast of form and content is preserved in the analogy. Once we have *identified* space and time as forms, it is absurd to suppose that these concepts might also characterize the unknown source of intuitive inputs. Therefore, this identification of space and time relieves the appearance of contradiction in the assertion that unknowable things in themselves are not in space and time.

All of this depends on understanding in what sense we might think of space and time as forms. The word "form", which is the same in Kant's German discussion, appeals to the contrast between matter and form that goes back to Greek thought. Kant says that space is "nothing other than simply the form of all appearances of outer sense." The traditional contrast is filled out when Kant identifies sensation as the matter of such appearances. According to the traditional distinction, an individual existing thing has to have both form and matter. Matter cannot exist without

form, that is, without being anything in particular, and form cannot exist, Platonism apart, without being the form of some matter. Kant's conception of an appearance conforms, at least superficially, to this pattern. As far as outer sense is concerned, the matter of an appearance consists of sensible qualities such as color and texture, which fill formal elements such as surfaces and volumes and so constitute perceivable objects of some magnitude.

We saw that the pretension of Kant's empirical realism seems to collapse with the absorption of space by the mind. This absorption, in turn, is clearly traceable to the claims of the Aesthetic. Space is identified as the form of outer sense and, furthermore, as a form imposed by us. This identification "internalizes" space and it is necessary for the transcendental exposition. This understanding of space is required for Kant's explanation of our possession of synthetic a priori knowledge in geometry. Therefore, space, the imposed form of outer things, cannot be used to secure the distinction between Kant's views and the idealists'. We shall now consider the possibility that the matter of outer sense might play this role.

3 The Construction of Spatial Objects

In expressing his opposition to idealism, Kant's appeal to the accessibility of objects of outer sense is so clear and emphatic that it is hard to think of it as simply a mistake. No doubt the force of the Cartesian contrast between the spatial, extended, and material world and the conscious unextended mind inclines him to express his thought about the nonmental outer in terms of spatiality. There is certainly something wrong with this mode of expression. Kant, however, did not simply fail to notice that the mind-imposed status of space is incompatible with the employment of space as the mark of the nonmental existence of things *apart from us*. Is it possible that he rests his rejection of idealism, not on the form of objects of outer sense, but on their matter; not on space, but on sensation?

The matter of outer appearance is its sensuous aspect. This is what Kant calls *sensation* (*Empfindung*). Sensation makes up the stuff of which spatial organization is the required form. This statement has to be replaced by a much more theoretical understanding of sensations and their relationship to perceivable objects. Our receptive faculty gives sensations a spatial location. But we cannot think of this receptivity as literally operating on received sensible qualities. We cannot suppose, for example, that it is a feature of our receptivity to assign a color sensation to a place because Kant states very clearly that, prior to any synthesizing activity, individual sensations do not have any extension at all. Sensible qualities such as color are the sorts of things of which we can be conscious as the perceivable features of an object, as the color of a surface, for example. As such, sensible features themselves are the product of synthesis, in this case, of a kind of aggregating activity op-

erating on unextended sensations which have been located in the same region. Only the resulting aggregate deserves to be described in color language. The unextended content of a single sensation is located but is not perceivable. This is the claim of the Axioms of Intuition according to which all objects of experience are extended magnitudes and, therefore, aggregates, the least constituents of which are not perceivable.

We are treating a major side of Kant's thinking which has come to be an embarrassment to modern admirers of Kant. The machinery of the mind, the transcendental psychology, in which Kant tries to depict the actual procedures whereby raw materials are transformed into a world of experience is a "wholly fictional subject matter," as P. F. Strawson described it. If anything is acceptable in this Kantian enterprise it will certainly have to be drastically redescribed in some way that gets away from the idiom of quasimechanical speculation. At the same time, however little is retained of this account of the mind making nature, no understanding of what is best in Kant's thought is possible if these speculations are simply ignored. Neglect encourages, in particular, a mistaken interpretation of the terms of Kant's theories which tends to place them in a spuriously direct relationship to common sense concepts.

According to Kant, unknown things as they are in themselves *affect* us and unextended sensations are engendered as a consequence. In the process our receptive constitution deploys these sensations in space. The various combinatory powers that Kant ascribes to the human mind under the title of powers of *synthesis* survey these located sensations and assemble objects from them. These are perceivable objects and they, rather than their theoretical constituent sensations, are the first items accessible to consciousness. There are no objects of consciousness more primitive than perceivable objects. Many of the important claims of the Analytic come from the idea that any conscious experience at all, and any self-consciousness, is conditioned by the completion of this mental construction of objects of perception. The ultimate constituents for the construction of objects with perceivable features are sensations, but they do not have perceivable features. The term "sensation" in eighteenth century philosophical parlance is ordinarily used for qualities apprehended, such as heat and color. Kant's constituents are called sensations only in virtue of the extended perceivable things which have sensible qualities and which are supposed to be *made* out of sensations.

This style of thought, prominent throughout the *Critique*, becomes easier to understand when we see it in the context of the thought of Leibniz, who exerted a decisive influence on Kant in just these theories of mental construction. The whole format for the construction of a scientific world of phenomena out of elements of which we are not conscious is taken over from Leibniz's account of apperception. Conscious experience results, for Leibniz,

from the aggregation of innumerable unconscious *petites perceptions*. The motion of the sea is perceived as a roar only because the mind must aggregate the infinite events which make up the motion of the water, each one of which is itself silent, and the mind perceives only the aggregate (confusedly, without distinguishing the constituent events) as sound. For Leibniz the spatio-temporal character of things is *phenomenal*, that is, it reflects not the reality of the things experienced but the conditions the mind imposes in the process of experiencing anything at all. So underlying realities are unextended but, to be perceived, they are represented in aggregates that produce the perspectival spatio-temporal subject matter of human experience and knowledge. So for Leibniz, phenomenal reality is not a valueless illusion. *Phenomina bene fundata* offer a kind of surrogate for metaphysical reality and truth. As in Kant, phenomena are the locus of all scientific thought. The elements which are related in our best thought do correspond globally to reality although there is no one-to-one correspondence of appearance and reality. The ambiguous evaluation of phenomenal reality in Kant's system and the theory of transcendental ideality have their roots in Leibniz's thinking.

We have sketched Kant's idea of the construction of empirical objects out of sensations. We are now in a position to address Kant's idea of the constructions the mind makes in the pure or a priori manifolds of space and time. Kant says that "transcendental logic" differs from ordinary or general logic, in that it has its own subject matter, an a priori subject matter, to which the basic combinatory forms of general logic are applied. The a priori manifolds of space and time make up this self-contained field of application for transcendental logic (A 55, B 79).

The concept of these a priori manifolds can be understood in terms of what we have said about sensation. Kant says that our receptivity includes a location-assigning procedure which places sensations in space where they are ready for synthesis into perceivable spatial objects. Pure space, or the a priori manifold of outer sense, is just the idea of the system of locations by themselves, without any sensations assigned to them. Perhaps there is a big difference between a location-assigning system, and a system of locations to which things can be assigned. In virtue of the former Kant speaks of space as the form of outer intuition, while only in virtue of the latter can he speak of space itself as an intuition, and an a priori intuition at that. Kant plainly believes that he is entitled to the transition from the former to the latter, but there is little or no mention of this issue in the *Critique*.

Here we should see the Kantian position as an attempt at a compromise between the conceptions of space defended by Leibniz and by Newton. Newton insisted on an absolute container space which would exist whether or not there were any spatial things to be found anywhere in space. In the *Correspondence* with Clarke, Leibniz repudiated this on roughly verificationist grounds and he as-

serted that space is a system of relations between coexistent entities. There would be no space were there to be no things spatially related. Kant was attracted by the Leibnizian account but he remained convinced that something like absolute space is conceptually indispensable because of a curious argument about incongruent counterparts. Congruent objects are those that have the same shape and the same dimensions. Two such figures can occupy the same space. When superimposed they fit each other exactly. Two gloves of a pair are close to congruence but they cannot occupy the same space because of the left-hand orientation of the one and the right-hand orientation of the other. Since the internal spatial relations of the parts of each glove are the same, it appears that, were Leibniz right about space, there would be no difference at all between a universe consisting only of a left-hand glove and a universe consisting of a right-hand glove of the same dimensions. All relations between coexisting things would be the same in each universe. Kant is intuitively convinced that Leibniz's theory of space makes it impossible to represent a difference that would be real here. The problem is solved by the existence of absolute space, since the two gloves would have different relations to absolute space and would necessarily fill different regions of it.

In Kant's system, the whole discussion of the status of space is brought within the domain of appearances. Things located in space are, first, sensations, and second, material objects. Is there space in the absence of spatial things? There is not in the sense that space is transcendently ideal and does not exist apart from the outer sense which is a component of our cognitive constitution. But space does exist apart from spatial things in the sense in which outer sense offers a system of places which is independent of the fact that sensations are arranged in that system. This means that the impossibility of thinking space away carries an implication for the thing-like character of space itself which goes beyond the metaphysical exposition, which is compatible with Leibniz's theory. Newton thought that we need an absolute container space in order to distinguish absolute and relative motion. Analogously, Kant thinks that we require such a space in order to solve the problem of incongruent counterparts. Therefore, although he makes space phenomenal as Leibniz did, Kant's a priori space with neither sensations nor objects in it functions as absolute space, within Kant's thinking, just as absolute space outside the mind functions in Newton's.

This commitment to absolute space allows Kant to think of the location-assigning aspect of outer sense as an a priori system of locations. "[S]pace and time are represented a priori not merely as *forms* of sensible intuition, but as themselves *intuitions* which contain a manifold . . ." (B 160). We can think of pure space as something like an armature on which sensations are organized. The chief doctrines of the transcendental logic and, prominently, the Principles, result from the consideration of the powers of combination that men possess applied to these empty

but a priori manifolds. The Axioms, Anticipations, Analogies, and Postulates are said to be a priori laws of nature. They are supposed to hold for the empirical realm because empirical objects are the result of applying the very same constructive powers to the same manifolds of space and time, but when these manifolds are filled with sensation. The structural laws which result from the application of combinatory creativity to empty space are true of the empty proto-objects constructed of empty locations. Therefore, they are also automatically true when these locations are assigned sensations with the combining procedures unchanged.

In the simplest case, that is, the Axioms of Intuition, we are to understand that the laws of extended magnitude are generated along with the extended objects of which they are true. This is achieved when the pure manifold of non-empirical space is synthesized so that empty points are assembled into empty regions, surfaces, and volumes. Since the empirical manifold results simply from filling the same locations with sensation, the same geometrical laws will hold for empirical and pure space. Geometrically describable objects arise from the aggregation of locations. This is the detailed story that lies behind the transcendental exposition of space in the Aesthetic. Whether the constructed objects are empirically full or empty makes no difference to their geometrical properties.

4 Sensation and the Objectivity of Outer Sense

We saw that space, as the region of outer things, collapsed back into the mind because space is only a mind-imposed form and spatiality does not characterize things as they are in themselves, or even sensations, apart from the location-assigning propensities of our own minds. Since the outerness of space is all in the mind, Kant's system seems to be no improvement on the perennial idealistic weaknesses of the Cartesian-empiricist outlook. But we have raised the question whether Kant intended spatiality to be the aspect of outer appearances that carried the crucial burden of realism. We have examined Kant's conception of sensation, space, and objects with a view to determining whether or not sensation, the matter of outer objects, might be the needed support for Kant's anti-idealistic assertions. Kant never says that sensation is imposed by us, or that the mind makes sensations. If he meant sensation to carry the burden of realism, it would be understandable that Kant should frequently assert, as he does, both that outer sense refutes idealism and that space exists only in us, and that he should assert both in the same context of discussion. There is much in favor of this interpretation although, as we shall see, it cannot be the whole of his thought about the connection of outer sense and mind-independent reality.

In a revealing passage just prior to the Transcendental Deduction of the Categories Kant says

There are only two possible ways in which synthetic representations and their objects can establish connection, obtain necessary relation to one another, and, as it were, meet one another. Either the object alone must make the representation possible, or the representation alone must make the object possible. In the former case, the relation is only empirical, and the representation is never possible a priori. This is true of appearances, as regards that element in them which belongs to sensation. In the latter case, representation itself does not produce its object in so far as *existence* is concerned, for we are not speaking here of its causality by means of the will. Nonetheless, the representation is a priori determinant of the object, if it be the case that only through the representation is it possible to know anything *as an object*. [A 92]

This passage has implications for the meaning of Kant's entire transcendental philosophy. According to the Cartesian-empiricist way of thinking, our knowledge of external things, if we have any, is based on the fact that those external things cause our representations. Kant would say that, within that framework of metaphysical thought, these philosophers have supposed that spatially extended objects are mind-independent entities that "make possible" our representations. The revolutionary character of his thought is that Kant will say that sometimes the dependence runs the other way so that our representation makes possible the object. At its most idealistic, this amounts to a reductive phenomenalism in the manner of Berkeley. The idea of empirical objects of perception is simply the idea of groups and patterns among transient subjective experiences. But in the passage just quoted Kant expresses a far less idealistic view and expressly denies the reduction of objects to representations.

Within the passage there are two themes that we will consider separately. First Kant says that the empirical part of representation, that is, sensation, is "made possible" by the object. In other words, with respect to sensation, Kant's view resembles the Cartesian-empiricist line of thought. Something outside the mind is responsible for the sensation. The object in question is certainly the thing in itself. This is the mind-independent reality that affects us and engenders sensations. The sensation is a representation and, as such, it is called a "modification of our receptive faculty" and it is, in consequence, also something in us and in the mind. But these original representations are not the product of our own creative faculties. They are received. They would not exist at all were it not for things as they are in themselves. We will treat this relation between sensations and reality immediately in assessing the appeal to sensation as the chief support of realism.

The second theme of the quoted passage will become important at the end of our discussion. This is Kant's statement that even in those contexts where it is right to say that the representation *makes possible* its object, we should not think that this means that representations produce objects in point of existence (*dem Dasein nach*), but only that the representation makes it possible for us to know realities *as objects*. In other words, Kant repudiates

any scheme which would try to reduce objects of representations to representations themselves, as radical phenomenism, for example, reduces material objects to sense data. We are never to say that an object of knowledge is nothing more than our representations and the patterns detectable among them. Kant's phenomenism does not account for the existence of objects known but only for their objecthood in our knowledge. In other words, we are constitutionally disposed to represent realities independent of our minds as objects of perception. All of the characteristics of objects of perception have an irreducible mind-dependence. But it is still independent reality that has become an object for us. The scheme of representation does not create the object that it represents. In the last analysis, it is things as they are in themselves that are represented in experience of spatial objects. In experience, independent reality is represented as a system of stable objects of perception in causal interconnection with one another. There are a great many passages in which Kant expresses a phenomenism far more radical than this. For the present let us return to the more limited claim about the character of sensation.

How should we understand the question, "Does the object make the representation possible, or does the representation make the object possible?" Let us call this the *priority* question. In itself it seems to presuppose a distinction between representations and objects, while this presupposition is one of the things at issue in the confrontation of realism and idealism. Kant's term "*Vorstellung*" is broader than anything the English word "representation" naturally suggests. It is meant to cover not only perceptual contents but also all intuitions, pure and empirical. Elementary sensations which are not conscious contents are nonetheless representations. Furthermore, all concepts, pure and empirical, are representations. Even concepts which are defective precisely in failing to represent anything, such as the Ideas of Reason, are representations. It is important to appreciate the abstractness of Kant's usage here because it reveals his willingness to speak of representations whether or not they represent anything and whether or not they are conscious items that represent something to anyone. In the context of the priority question, Kant is thinking of representations as contents of perceptual experience like the ideas of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, but he is also including elementary unextended sensations which are not conscious and have no role at all in the empiricist tradition. These, as we said, come into Kant's picture from Leibniz's concept of *petites perceptions*.

Kant means us to think that it is idealists like Berkeley who hold that representations make possible objects. Berkeley says that an object like a cherry is a bundle of ideas of sense, including some red ideas, some round ideas, and some sweet ideas. There are cherries only in that we have such ideas in such bundles. When Kant addresses the priority question himself, his thinking focuses on elemen-

tary sensations and their origin because even red ideas are a product of synthetic activity. Elementary sensations are the ones which objects plainly make possible. What objects? Here Kant must mean the things in themselves that engender sensations by affecting us. So it is, indeed, Kant's doctrine of sensation and not his theory of spatiality that opposes idealism.

The obscurity that darkens this opinion comes from the fact that Kant thinks that these very same sensations do make possible objects, namely, empirical objects. The procedures of combinatory synthesis which we have sketched operate by assembling perceivable objects out of elementary sensations. So sensations both make possible objects and are made possible by objects and, in different contexts, Kant gives both answers to the priority question.

We confront here one of the confusions in Kant's thought that comes from his dual standard for questions about reality. There are empirical objects and transcendental things in themselves. Sensations are made possible by things in themselves, and sensations make possible empirical objects. At times, Kant encourages us to think of things in space as the locus of nonmental being, and he defines inner sense as access to mental things. This is Descartes' opinion but, if it is also Kant's, then his theory seems to coincide with idealism. The allegedly nonmental spatial world is a construct from representations (sensations.) When he asserts his realism, Kant forgets or repudiates the suggestion that spatial things are nonmental and he counts objects in space as representations along with sensations. They are all mind-dependent realities and Kant asks of this whole class of things, Do they make possible mind-independent objects? He decides for realism in answering this question. Of course, sensations make objects of perception in space possible, but then they are just appearances. As appearances, they represent realities which are not just appearances. In our spatial representations, realities which are not representations or appearances become objects for us. "Through the representation it is possible to know anything *as an object*."

The underlying difficulty of the dual realities is compounded by ambiguities in the concept of representation. Consider again Berkeley's understanding of the nature of a cherry. We should not really describe Berkeley's bundle theory of perceived objects as the view that representations make possible (or make) objects. The term "representation" is out of place in this description. An element in a bundle does not *represent* the bundle anymore than a brick represents a wall of which it is an element. The idealist theory really amounts to a renunciation of "representation" as a concept suitable for ideas of sense. The point of idealism is that there is nothing nonmental for mental items to represent. An analogous but restricted point holds for Kant's phenomenism. The construction of perceivable objects out of spatially deployed sensations by our faculties does not generate an account of objects of perception within which we can say that sensations *represent*

perceived objects in space. But Kant does like to say that "we represent objects as outside us and all without exception in space." Using such phrases he allows himself to think of representations as items having spatial objects which they represent. But Kant constructs spatial objects out of elements found in the manifold of outer sense. So it is quite misleading for him to suggest that those elements represent spatial objects. In the history of reductive phenomenalism, this illicit use of "representation" frequently lends plausibility to otherwise unpalatable accounts. As long as the concept of representation is illicitly retained, the harshness of the reduction is softened. For the concept implies that there is still a difference between representations and objects of just the sort that the reduction intends to deny.

We have said that representations make possible empirical objects and are made possible by transcendental objects. If we delete the implication, which Kant frequently allows himself, that inner elements represent constructed objects in space, on the ground that this is an illicit use of "represent", a univocal and relatively clear anti-idealist line of thought emerges and it is, I believe, a major part of what Kant did want to say on this topic.

What the Cartesian-empiricist tradition calls objects in space are simply complex representations according to Kant. The processes envisioned in the Analytic try to describe how we form such representations. If we ask how it is that spatial things have the status of representations of anything, we must say, in Kant's thought, that they *inherit* this status from their constituent sensations. So the representational character of perceptual experience is traceable to sensation. Sensation is the proper foundation for realism.

This way of reading Kant's treatment of the priority question may seem to fall short of his expressed views in two ways. First, Kant habitually speaks of perceived objects in space *as objects* and seldom *as representations*, and much of the Analytic itself is dominated by a usage of "object" in which it is obviously spatial things that are objects and not things in themselves. Second, the priority question, we said, presupposes a distinction between representations and objects. If we interpret the objects of which the priority question inquires as transcendental objects, Kant's *ignorabimus* will imply that we have no means at all for making good this distinction. If spatial objects are just representations we have no further objects to play the role of things represented.

Concerning the first of these reservations, Kant is certainly entitled to speak of objects of perception, and empirical objects and objects in space. We could not plausibly propose that he should only speak of empirical, perceptual, and spatial *representations*. But all these things are objects only because we think about them, and make judgments about them, and investigate them scientifically. Conscious contents involve objects and not merely representations because these contents figure as the subject matter of thought.

Objects are given to us by means of sensibility; they are *thought* through the understanding. . . . But all thought must, directly or indirectly, by way of certain characters, relate ultimately to intuitions, and therefore, with us, to sensibility [sensible representations], because in no other way can an object be given to us. [A 19, B 33]

In other words, mind-independent reality becomes an object for us by engendering sensations and thence empirical representations. Then these representations also become objects of thought and thought about them is thought about reality precisely because it is traceable to these sensations.

Reflection on the second reservation bears out this understanding. Since Kant holds that we can know nothing about things in themselves (and sometimes goes so far as to put in doubt the thought that there are any), we are tempted to think, and Kant is also tempted to think, that he means that empirical realities are the only ones that can figure at all in our philosophical account of things. There is no question, for Kant, of getting beyond the empirical object. This "going beyond appearance" is the issue for the old Cartesian-empiricist outlook. Mathematical characterizations, for example, manage to penetrate to things as they are apart from our experience. Mathematical thinking, it seems, enables us to get at, and not merely to represent, reality. But this is no part of Kant's scheme. For Kant, getting at reality *is representing it*. We cannot make a comparison of represented and unrepresented reality. In consequence, we should not interpret the priority question as presupposing that we can make such a comparison. Unrepresented reality cannot be compared with anything because being represented is the condition for figuring in any comparison we can make.

In his relationship to the idealist problems generated by the Cartesian philosophy of mind, Kant is actually the champion of the concept of representation. The idealist renounces representation by denying reality to anything but the mental content itself. There is nothing to be represented. The nonidealist within the Cartesian tradition also rejects the idea of representation in his aspiration to get beyond appearances so as to compare unrepresented reality with our ideas of it. The great Cartesian question of the "resemblance" of ideas and their objects expresses this aspiration. This dream survives in Kant's conviction that God knows reality without representing it, without being affected by it, and without experiencing it. In the case of men, Kant grasps, at least most of the time, the thought that representation is the vehicle of knowledge of the represented, not a barrier which once interposed makes possible only knowledge of the representation itself.

Kant wants to allow space to be absorbed by the mind and, at the same time, to single out outer sense as the uncompromised connection with things that exist *apart* from us. Inner sense involves an element of sensation too, but there is no mind-independent entity represented here, because inner sense is the mind's receptivity to itself. If we

construe inner sense as the mind, as thing in itself, affecting itself and giving rise to appearances of itself and its state, we remain in the realm of the mental. Outer sense starts outside the mental, not because its representations are spatial, but because sensations of outer sense have their origin in nonmental independent reality.

That sensation is the essential link to the extra-mental explains Kant's statement in the Schematism: "Reality, in the pure concept of understanding is that which corresponds to sensation in general. . ." (A 143, B 182). And in the Paralogisms, Kant can say, in the context of the assertion that sensation is the sole input for perception, "Perception exhibits the reality of something in space, and in the absence of perception no power of imagination can invent and produce that something. It is sensation, therefore, that indicates a reality in space or time, according as it is related to the one or to the other mode of sensible intuition" (A 373-4). And a few lines later, "Space is the representation of a mere possibility of coexistence, perception is the representation of a reality" (A 374).

5 Primary and Secondary Qualities

Kant's distinction between the formal and material ingredients of empirical intuition is his inventive reworking of the traditional distinction between primary and secondary qualities. One of the reasons for which it is hard to appreciate Kant's reliance on sensation rather than space for the basic connection of thinking to the nonmental is that Kant reverses the traditional evaluation of primary and secondary. Primary qualities, for the tradition initiated by Galileo and perfected in the articulation of Locke's *Essay*, are those which accept mathematical and prominently geometrical or spatial characterization. It is in respect of primary qualities that our ideas resemble things and correctly represent a mind-independent reality. Our ideas of secondary qualities involve sensible characteristics like color and heat. These are literally features of our ideas, that is, of mental things, but they have no footing at all in nonmental outer reality.

The distinction between primary and secondary qualities is at the core of post-renaissance philosophy because it explains the success of mathematical science and the failure of the earlier scholastic-Aristotelian program which relied upon a relatively naive interpretation of perceptual experience. The demotion of the sensuous to the status of wholly subjective appearance fitted the growing understanding of the physics and physiology of perception. The objectivity assigned to the mathematically representable side of experience fitted the notion that mathematics is the "language of the book of nature," with the help of which we penetrate the veil of misleading sensuous representation to a true conception of outer reality. When Kant trades this distinction between qualities for a distinction between form and matter, he discards much of the explan-

atory benefit of the post-renaissance view. The aspect of our representations that accept mathematical representation become transcendently ideal for Kant. Spatial characteristics: figure, magnitude, and motion, are no longer attributes of mind-independent reality for Kant. They exist only from our point of view. The sensuous component, in contrast, downgraded by the tradition, is the indispensable link to things that affect us in Kant's account.

Each component of this reversal of the evaluation of the sensible and the mathematical has to be qualified. Kant offers a new security for extension-dependent qualities which remain the locus of mathematical description for him. But the new security is an a priori foundation dependent on our cognitive constitution. Numerical and geometrical representation ceases to be thought of as intellectual penetration that gets beyond appearance. Since things in themselves are not spatio-temporal, mathematical propositions do not fit them. On the side of the sensible, Kant continues to think of sensation as an effect in us and does not assert any resemblance between inner and outer in terms of sensible features. But sensations are the foundation of objectivity in the sense that they are the matter of all objects for us, and they would not exist but for the influence of things outside us. No such claim is made for the mathematical aspect of representations. So Kant is able to say that space represents only "possible coexistence" while perception does represent reality because perception contains empirical intuition or sensation (A 374). We can say, then, that the synthesized, nonempirical, proto-objects, the geometrical objects of the Axioms of Intuition, are not representations of *anything*. But empirical appearances are representations that must have their object. They derive this status from sensation.

One can recognize patterns of thought from both Descartes and Leibniz subjected to imaginative permutations by Kant in this context. According to Descartes' conception of "confused" as opposed to "distinct" ideas, we are disposed to mistake the sensuous mental effect for the extended outer cause. Thus we project sensuous content, which is immediately intuited but not extended, onto space, which is extended but not intuited. Descartes thinks this projection is an understandable human error. He explains our disposition to this error saying that we use the sensuous qualities as clues to the harmfulness and utility of things in the spatial environment. This disposition contributes to self-preservation and its effect is enhanced by the fact that we think of the clues as features of, and not merely effects of, the objects. In this, Descartes supposes, as Kant does, that essentially unextended things (Descartes' sensuous ideas and Kant's sensations) are projected into space by us, and then thought by us to characterize regions and surfaces. The great difference lies not in the concept of the projection of the unextended into space but only in the legitimacy of the projection. Descartes and any other subjectivist on secondary qualities must say that color characterizes nothing that is actually

extended, since the locus of color is the mind where there is nothing extended. For Kant, the same projection is not an error but an aspect of cognitive functioning which issues in a constructed perceivable object.

Like Kant, Leibniz, too, has it that an essentially non-spatial reality is represented spatially by the human mind. Reality is itself not spatial in two senses for Leibniz. First, space is only a system of relations and never anything like a container for things, and, second, this system of relations belongs only to representations or phenomena and not to things independently of the fact that they are mentally represented. Leibniz was never attracted at all by the Cartesian method of doubt and the solipsistic starting point that it fosters. He refuses to enter upon the epistemological enterprise on which Descartes wagers everything. Instead Leibniz offers an overall metaphysical account which is to be accepted if it does justice to all of our experience and thought. He does not try to show how this account might be reached by any reflective man in the face of the most extreme scepticism.

Within Leibniz's account, the ultimate explanation for the fittingness of our thought to reality is pre-established harmony. Everyone finds this unsatisfying and Kant expresses his dissatisfaction, saying that Leibniz "intellectualized the senses." Perception is just confused thought for Leibniz, and all thought is a self-contained activity of the mind. There is no original input traceable to our being affected by things, because in the last analysis we are not affected by anything, according to Leibniz, but only programmed in advance to have the mental contents that we do have.

No doubt Kant inherits from Leibniz a starting point alien from the Cartesian-empiricist egocentrism and solipsism. It is no part of Kant's plan to doubt whether representations are really representations and then to overcome this doubt. Kant's acceptance of the Cartesian view that we are affected by the things that we represent is a repudiation of Leibniz's reliance on harmony as the ultimate foundation of knowledge. Like Leibniz, Kant understands the spatial images of conscious perception as the aggregation by the mind of items which are not themselves extended. But like Descartes, Kant thinks that these items are effects of outer realities. Against Descartes, with whom he shares the notion of perceptual images as effects of outer realities, Kant thinks that our idea of color requires that extended things be colored things. Mere ideas will never make color intelligible without receptivity. Only because spatial things can actually have sensible features is it the case that "Perception *exhibits* the reality of something in space, and, in the absence of perception, no power of imagination can invent or produce that something." This is related to the view that Hume expressed saying that all ideas are copies of impressions. Though it is found in spatial things, color is subjective, in Kant's view, as it is for the standard theory of secondary qualities.

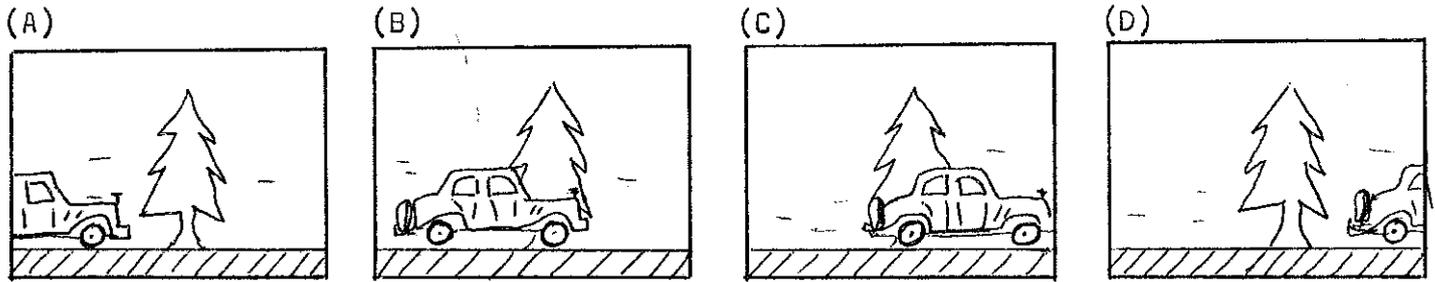
In this setting of the views of predecessors Kant's reor-

dering emerges naturally. There is some objective influence on our faculty or receptivity that is responsible for the existence and representational character of outer intuitions. In order to think of outer reality consciously we make spatial pictures by assembling essentially unextended sensations which have been assigned places in the mind-imposed system of locations. These pictures, in virtue of their empirical content (sensation), represent reality outside the mind *as* objects in space. Spatial pictures as assembled objects really have surfaces and their surfaces are really colored. Color is an emergent feature which arises in the synthesis of a multitude of sensations which have been assigned to locations near one another. Thus, color stands for, and represents, the outer thing without resembling it, while the spatial features neither stand for nor resemble any reality. In some ways this concept of space is like the psychological concept of a visual field. Geometrical features of things come from the features of mind-imposed space and play no part in the relation of objects of perception to things outside the mind. This fits nicely Kant's claim that geometry is necessary and a priori, and yet geometrical truths are true of empirical objects. Space is the region of all possible objects ("possible coexistence") and when space is filled with sensation, synthesis generates apprehendable structures (empirical objects) out of deployed sensations. That these representations represent the nonmental is due entirely to the contained sensations. The mathematical knowledge we have of such objects is, as Kant says, only a question of getting out what we have put in ourselves. It is secondary qualities that are responsible for the fact that experience reaches beyond merely mental realities, while primary qualities betoken nothing mind-independent.

6 The Spatial and the Temporal

Were sensation all there is to connection with things outside the mind, space would be just as mental as time is. Spatial things would be mental representations of nonmental realities, and temporal things would be mental representations of mental realities. This pleasant symmetry is not tenable. It is contradicted by the fact that Kant clearly requires that spatial representations be *subjected to time* in order to become participants in the activities of the mind. Some of the essential doctrines of the *Critique* depend, first, on the thought that spatiality per se makes representations unfit for mental status, and, second, it is precisely the spatiality of spatial representations that renders them fit vehicles for securing the concept of anything *enduring* at all, even of minds as enduring conscious subjects.

Kant segregates the spatial and the temporal with startling rigor. All readers follow him easily when he confines inner mental objects to a temporal order and allows spatial distinctions no footing in the mind. This satisfies a widely shared intuitive conviction that thoughts are not located



anywhere and that ideas do not displace any spatial occupant. Kant's confinement of the mental to time is part of the common ground of his inner sense and Cartesian consciousness. But Kant's exclusion of time from the objects of outer sense, which are subjected to space and space alone, is not attuned to any widely shared philosophical presumption. As a result, readers of Kant sometimes suppose that he does not mean to exclude temporality from the outer. It is often said that Kant means to say that all inner things are subject to time and all outer things to space and time. And this seems a needed reading lest Kant be thought to leave no conceptual room for change in the outer world at all. Such an understanding, however, conflicts with very simple and clear statements in the *Critique* such as this one: "Time cannot be outwardly intuited any more than space can be intuited as something in us" (A 23, B 37). Can one hope that even such direct assertions are open to interpretation or overridden by other considerations? We certainly must say that Kant's ultimate view is that material objects both fill space and endure in time. In his thinking, then, the spatial and the temporal are wedded. The point, however, is that they need to be wedded. No object of outer intuition, considered in itself, is something that exists in time.

As a first approximation for the understanding of this perplexing view, we can point out that time is not essential in the realm of the extended, whether or not time, as a matter of fact, applies to things in that realm. The fact is that as conscious subjects we confront an outer world in which there is change. Since this is so, we have to deploy temporal concepts in describing that world. But this is an empirical fact. It is conceivable that we might have found an outer reality in which there is no change whatever. Under such circumstances, change would be confined to the domain of our conscious survey of this wholly static reality. It would not be necessary to ascribe time to both the inner and the outer. Our first thought, then, is that time is not absolutely necessary for the very idea of the outer, as space is absolutely necessary.

The thought of a changeless spatial world leads to a further speculation, and one that is a lot closer to Kant's actual view of space and time. It seems theoretically possible to deny that there is any change in the actual world and to assert that the spatial world we do experience is a static world. All the apparent temporal distinctions in the outer world will have to be recast as temporal distinctions that

apply only in the mental world of experiences. For example, we may think of the sequence of images A–D, in the figure, as the content of consecutive visual experiences of a subject. The natural interpretation of such a sequence assigns change, and therefore time, to both the outer and the inner. The subject's inner experience changes as the outer car passes the tree. But we are not forced to interpret A–D as consecutive viewings of the same outer region, namely, one in which changes are taking place. We could think of it instead as consecutive viewings of four different regions of a wholly static space. If we think of the images A–D as consecutive frames of a motion picture film, then the viewing of the film realizes the possibility of the second interpretation, that is, consecutive experiences of four different static arrays. This analogy ignores the real motion involved in the manipulation of the film. When we view a film we create the illusion of change in the object by arranging to witness related but unchanging objects in a special temporal order. In principle, we could think of our ordinary experience of the world as conforming to this pattern. Therefore, the ascription of time to the outer is an expendable convenience.

We made informal use here of the distinction between the thing seen and the visual experience of that thing. Kant, too, recognizes such a distinction. He frequently says that apprehension of the manifold of intuition is always successive, whether or not the manifold itself is successive (inner) or simultaneous (outer). The perception of a line, however short, (an example Kant likes) involves a synthesis which is necessarily successive. The allusion to synthesis in this opinion reminds us that outer sense does not reveal a world in which the question, "Are there really changes here, or not?" naturally arises. Due to outer sense we have a range of intuitions. These are a multiplicity of individual representations of outer things. For the description of these representations spatial terms are needed and temporal terms are not. Nothing happens in one representation. The ordinary world is not something simply given to outer sense. The world is constructed by our synthetic powers (the understanding) operating on material provided by receptivity. In Kant's terms the restriction of temporality to the inner means that all the temporal distinctions used in thinking of the ordinary world are traceable to synthesis and none to outer receptivity.

Kant often speaks of the products of the synthetic powers of the mind as objects of outer sense. For example,

a line is an object of outer intuition. This seems unproblematic because a line is a static thing. Its synthesis, however, is successive and involves time. Strictly speaking, nothing complex is merely intuited. Even the least complexity is ascribed to synthesis. Combinatory activity—sembling, integrating, collating, comparing, retaining, retrieving, reproducing, and, in general, synthesizing—is all mental activity. Kant often says that we are not conscious of these operations and some are even “concealed in the depths of the soul,” but this merely emphasizes that he does think of them as mental processes. No one thinks otherwise. It is inevitable, in Kant’s system, that these activities be temporal activities and any materials involved in these activities must be in time in order to be accessible for synthesis.

It is for this reason that Kant confines the Schematism to consideration of the temporality of intuition. The job of the schematism is to bridge the gulf between the Categories as pure concepts of understanding and the empirical sensibility that offers human beings matter for experience. The Categories are developed from the forms of judgment identified in formal logic. Although the transcendental deduction of the Categories is supposed to guarantee that any reality we are able to experience will conform to these pure concepts, the deduction does not reduce the merely formal and logical significance of the Categories. Any rational creature will have experience in conformity with just these twelve Categories, in Kant’s view, but this might have a wholly different meaning for creatures whose receptivity is not spatial and temporal as our receptivity is. So the Schematism interprets the Categories for beings with sensible and spatio-temporal intuitions. But Kant seems to ignore the spatial altogether so that, in the Schematism, as he describes it, the Categories are subjected to a temporal condition. Some readers have supposed that he might have offered a spatial as well as a temporal Schematism for the Categories. This is not correct. The Categories are the pure forms that are available for the combination of materials provided by receptivity. Combination is not intelligible without time. As Kant says, synthesis is always successive, whether or not the manifold is successive or simultaneous. Thus Kant calls time the form of all appearances whether inner or outer. In this view, Kant distinguishes appearances, which presuppose synthesis, from intuitions, which do not. Outer intuitions have to be re-represented as mental experiences in order to enter into any combinatory activity. For example, the apprehension of a cube offers an object of outer sense that has spatial features such as being cube-shaped and no temporal features. It is the visual experience of the cube and not the cube itself that enters into mental activities. When spatial things are re-represented they trade in their spatial character for a new mental character. The visual experience of a cube is not a cube-shaped experience. It is a datable event related in time to all other events in the mind.

If outer sense is not directly available for synthesis, this

is just another way of saying that we cannot have any immediate or non-inferential knowledge of outer things. The raw materials of knowledge all have to be representations in inner sense. But if this is so then in what sense are there any data of outer sense at all? It seems that Kant’s outer sense has become something like the outer world for the Cartesian-empiricist. It is a hypothetical source of some of the data we really do have, namely, the things present to the mind and available for synthesis. How else can we interpret the fact that in Kant’s scheme items that actually possess spatial features cannot enter into mental processes or consciousness. They have to be *subjected* to time. Kant has internalized the problem of the external world. In order to figure in mental activities, representations must be temporal representations. When it comes to the supposed data of outer sense, so often touted as immediate, it turns out that subjection to time amounts to re-representation. As Kemp-Smith put it, appearances in space are not really representations at all, “They are objects of representation, not representation itself” (*Commentary*, 295).

No spatial thing can exist as a subjective state. At most a representation of a spatial thing, a representation which does not itself have spatial features, can truly exist in the mind. But the great problem with this is that the spatial is now cut off from both the inner and mental and from the metaphysically outer. From the perspective of the inner, spatial representations are objects that have to be re-represented in time in order to belong to thought and to the empirical world the mind constructs. From the perspective of things as they are in themselves, spatial representations are mere appearances. Spatial reality threatens to become empirically ideal as well as being transcendently ideal.

This instability in the status of the spatial sheds light on some difficulties in interpreting Kant. Faced with the demand for a distinction between the subjective and the objective, Kant repeatedly formulates distinctions that seem to fall entirely on the subjective side. For example, his contrast between judgments of perception and judgments of experience, drawn in the *Prolegomena*, operates in a realm that is all appearance. In the Analogies, he purports to distinguish the temporal order of our experience and the temporal order in the object. But the only object under consideration is outer appearance and not mind-independent reality. Such passages result from the fact that Kant treats outer intuition as a source of input for inner intuition. Then, relative to inner representations, the outer becomes a system of represented objects. Thus he is able to treat outer appearances as if they offered independent objects about which a world of facts could be ascertained.

When he is thinking this way, Kant’s conception of the mind retreats to inner sense, to the traditional Cartesian consciousness which has to develop knowledge of spatial things through immediate contact with inner representations (ideas) of spatial objects. This thought contradicts the claim on which much depends, in the Paralogisms, for example, that inner and outer sense are symmetrical, and

both are immediate, and objects are *given* to both. In a footnote which strengthens the newly composed "Refutation of Idealism," the Preface to the second edition of the *Critique* explicitly asserts that the "permanent" which must be found in perception "Cannot be an intuition in me" (B xxxix) for intuitions in me have only the status of ephemeral representations. Here Kant seems to promote the object of outer sense, the object of perception, to mind-independent reality, and simultaneously to reduce our knowledge of it from the direct intuition claimed earlier to something mediated and inferential.

We will miss what is important for Kant's thought here if we treat these passages as mere slips into the Cartesian point of view. The thought that what is *permanent* "cannot be an intuition in me" points to an entirely different significance for the inaccessibility of representations of outer sense to both consciousness and synthesis. Why is it that the permanent cannot be identified with any intuition? Plainly, the answer is that anything truly mental, any subjective state, is essentially transient. The fact that time is the form of the mental guarantees that everything purely mental has, as Hume expressed it, "a perishing existence." Nothing mental could possibly be permanent because impermanence is the form of mental things. Mere temporal existence is impermanence.

We have now discovered the deeper Kantian motivation for the sharp segregation of the temporal and the spatial. Kant's thought of the outer has to satisfy two demands that seem to conflict with one another. On the one hand, he would like the outer to be intuited and thus immediately accessible like any other intuition. And this is required for the transcendental ideality of space. On the other hand, he wants the outer as merely spatial, to be exempted from the ever-vanishing essence of inner things and mental things, even though the price of this exemption is separation from mental activities and consciousness. The inaccessibility of the spatial and its tendency to become something independent of the mind is a consequence of a powerful demand of Kant's theory and is no mere slip. The defect of the Cartesian-empiricist perspective is that it envisions a starting point for philosophical reflection consisting of a conscious mind confronted by data all of which are perishing mental contents. Something outside the destructive scope of temporality must be provided in order to account for the idea of the subject himself. No concept of consciousness is intelligible which starts from a framework limited to mental things.

The demand for something not subject to the ravages of time, and therefore not mental, is the point of Kant's central argument concerning apperception and personal identity. Any conception of mental activity presupposes that the materials involved be accessible to one subject of consciousness. The possibility of learning, discriminating, recognizing, remembering, and forming concepts requires that the data be subject to one subject. But inner sense does not reveal any such "abiding self."

Berkeley earlier noted that we have no *idea* of the subject of experience, and he provided the "notion" of a *spirit* to make up for the missing idea. Hume, too, recognized that we have no experience of the self. Refusing to introduce an ad hoc surrogate like Berkeley's *spirit*, Hume tried to reduce the subject of experience to the content of experience in his bundle theory of the subject. This amounted to an extension to mental substances of Berkeley's bundle theory of spatial substances. This is the gist of the history of the problem of the unity of apperception up to Kant. Kant takes the bundle theory of personal identity to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Cartesian-empiricist program which tries to derive everything from the purely mental, purely inner, and purely temporal.

Kant insists on a substantial foundation for the unity of the subject of experience outside the various experiences of that subject. The great Kantian contribution here is the recognition that the subject could not possibly be *given* in experience. Hume said that when he looked within in order to find himself he found instead only another perception (perishing mental content). Kant understands that this is inevitable. Suppose we found a common element in all our conscious experience and we inclined to think of this ubiquitous element as our own abiding self. This would have to be an error. Kant sees that no such element in experience could be the foundation of the connectedness of experiences that makes them all contents for one subject. On the contrary, experiences stand in just the same need of connectedness to one another and presence to a common subject whether or not they have a common element of any kind. The very idea that I could note a common element in my experiences presupposes that I, as a single subject, have all those different experiences, so that I might note a common element among them. The common element, if there were one, could not be the reason for the fact that all the experiences containing the common element are *mine*. We have to look outside the realm of conscious contents to find a foundation for the unity of consciousness.

The nontemporal spatial object of outer sense offers a foundation for permanence because it is not an essentially perishing object. Of course, the spatial object is not the sought-for subject of experience. But the nontemporal outer object provides the minimal conceptual framework for the idea of the endurance of the subject. Enduring things in space introduce the "determinate time" within which the endurance of the subject can be thought.

For in what we entitle "soul" everything is in continual flux and there is nothing abiding except (if we must so express ourselves) the "I", which is simple solely because its representation has no content. . . . [A 381]

So long, therefore, as we do not go beyond mere thinking we are without the necessary condition for applying the concept of substance, that is, of a self-subsistent subject, to the self as a thinking being. [B 413]

Now consciousness [of my existence] in time is necessarily bound up with consciousness of the [condition of the] possibility of this time determination; and it is therefore necessarily bound up with the existence of things outside me, as the condition of the time determination. [B 276]

Endurance does not contradict the essential character of things that are outside thought. This is the positive benefit of the Kantian treatment of space as inaccessible to immediate consciousness. The subject cannot be intuited, nor can it be constructed out of the flux of intuited contents. It has a stability borrowed from the endurance of outer things.

A natural objection to Kant's circuitous reasoning about the subject of experience might run as follows: Consciousness, he says, reveals no enduring substantial subject. It also reveals no enduring substantial object. The given, construed as the totality of materials that the mind does have to work with, entirely consists of perishing contents. When Kant claims that the outer enduring object is required for the possibility of an inner enduring subject, it seems that he merely assumes the possibility of the one in order to provide a conceptual foundation for the other. Why does he not just assume the existence of the substantial subject and confess that his procedure is really no more realistic than that of Berkeley?

The essential difference between the inner and the outer is supposed to furnish the Kantian response to this objection. For no assumption that Kant could make within an ontology limited to inner objects could possibly be efficacious just because it is the essence of the inner to be perishing and insubstantial. Nothing mental endures because time is the form of the mental. So there can be no question of assuming the endurance of something mental. Furthermore, this opinion is not an arbitrary dogma. That the contents of consciousness are essentially transient is indisputable phenomenology.

The temporal is the realm of all contents of consciousness, so it looks as if we have to posit something nontemporal in order to introduce the least stability in our thought of ourselves and the world. But Kant would like to say that we do not have to posit anything because perception acquaints us with the spatial and with things that have permanent existence in space. The first Analogy of Experience asserts that our experience is necessarily of enduring substances. To the extent that the discussion is not entirely phenomenalist and reductive, Kant seems to identify the enduring component of what is perceived with matter and to assimilate the assertion of the Analogy to the conservation of matter. This is explicitly Kant's view in the parallel discussion of the *Metaphysische Anfangsgründe*. But there is another side of the idea of permanence that is less theoretical and sweeping and, perhaps, more attractive.

Permanence requires, at a minimum, that the temporal parameters of the object perceived be extended beyond those of the perception of the object. Thus, the idea of

permanence is the idea of the existence of objects unperceived. It is this conception of permanence that furthers Kant's realism. Commitment to permanence in perception is the idea that our perceptions are of relatively stable objects which endure through gaps in our episodic experiences. Permanence expresses categorical opposition to the thesis that *esse is percipi*.

We have seen that the very advantage of nontemporality carries with it the disadvantage of separation from consciousness and the need for re-representation. If we forget about this problem for the moment, as Kant seems to, the prospects for his theory are good. Time comes into the picture of spatial reality only via experience. As a re-representation, an experience of a spatial thing has a date, that is a place in the sequence of all mental contents of a subject. Nothing merely conceptual obstructs the possibility that an identical outer thing could be experienced at two different times. This is just what cannot happen with inner objects. I can experience again today the object that I experienced yesterday, but I cannot have the experience I had yesterday again today. At best, I can have a qualitatively identical experience, never the numerically identical experience. For objects of inner sense, the date, that is, place in temporal sequence, is part of the principle of individuation. Therefore, if experiences have different dates, they are, ipso facto, different experiences. The enduring existence of things in space does not contradict the very essence of spatial existence, while to speak of the enduring existence of things that exist only in time does contradict the essence of such temporal things.

Once concepts of spatial enduring objects are given footing, we are able to speak, as Kant says, of "determinate time." The outer object exists when we perceive it. It endures between our perceptions of it. A clock is a perceptible object with the help of which the time between perceptual experiences is measured. The whole spatial world is a generalized clock. It makes time determinate in the sense that it makes it possible to say at just what time our inner experiences occur. The endurance of the self that must accompany all experiences is registered in the objective temporal order of outer things. The dates of objects, clock time, place the whole inner sequence of experiences of objects in an objective context. This is Kant's completion of his argument on apperception. Outer things are essential for the temporal continuity of the subject of experience.

This argument appears in various relatively obscure formulations in the Transcendental Deduction, in the Paralogisms, and in the Refutation of Idealism. I have rehearsed it here in order to emphasize the strategic importance for Kant of the inaccessibility of the spatial from immediate consciousness. Immediately accessible contents are essentially transient. In Kant's most theoretical thinking, transience, like permanence, is pressed to the limit. Permanence means conservation of matter *forever*, and transience means that mental things are all new *at each instant*.

The least endurance that goes beyond the instantaneous depends upon the powers of synthesis and entails a mode of existence that is not possible within the mind itself. Perhaps these extremes of permanence and transience are not necessary for Kant's objectives. They seem to come from a Leibnizean style of thinking about parts and wholes and infinites that is familiar in the "Inaugural Dissertation" and in the Antinomies. In any case, the general line of thought is crucial to Kant's philosophy as a whole. To say this is not to say that he offers a consistent account of the inner and the outer, the spatial and the mental, so that his main contentions can be contemplated within the equilibrium of a coherent and plausible system of concepts. There are inconsistencies which cannot be removed while remaining faithful to Kant's overall thought because they lie too deep and Kant's awareness of them is too slight. Nonetheless, the basis of a generally Kantian reconstruction of most of what he says does seem to be possible.

7 A Sketch for the Consistent Kantian

We saw at the beginning of this essay that spatiality seems to be equivalent to the locus of extra-mental existence in Kant's initial definition of outer sense in the Aesthetic. This interpretation gave way to an inner and mental status for space in light of the asserted transcendental ideality of space and the idealist tendency of the claim that space is only *in us*. The complete collapse of Kantian realism then seemed to be avoidable only if we could understand outer sensation rather than spatiality as the irreducible connection with mind-independent things. Whether or not sensation supplies an adequate foundation for Kant's realism, however, it is clear that the main arguments of the *Critique of Pure Reason* require that spatiality carry with it an immunity from the transience of all things of which time is the form. This brings to the fore once again the identification of space with the region of nonmental existence.

Failure to resolve strains here leaves Kant seeming to assert that space is neither the metaphysically outer, since it is only appearance, nor mental, since it is not subject to the form of time. A satisfactory reconstruction must start from the fact that this pressure for an intermediate status that will bridge the gulf between the mind and the world arises quite naturally. Some such bridge is, indeed, just what is needed to overcome the solipsistic viewpoint and attendant scepticism and idealism. At the same time we obviously cannot leave space in an entirely unprovided-for limbo between appearance and reality.

The concept of representation must do most of the gap-closing work. Although he is the champion of representation against the challenge of idealist reductions, Kant frequently yields to the idealist thought that representations amount to a sort of impregnable epistemological shield that perfectly protects an ever-virginal reality from the as-

saults of enquirers. Every passionate investigation is repelled coldly and all aspiring lovers of truth only get to know their own fantasies. There is something wrong here. Representations are involved in all efforts to know anything. But this does not mean that representations block knowledge from the outset by substituting a surrogate object. The idealist line about representation can be combated, in part, by shifting to use of the verb instead of the noun. We represent reality as a stable system of relatively stable material objects. It is *reality* that we thus represent. We do not represent our own representations as such a system. And, in any case, our representations certainly do not compose such a system. Our representation of the world is, itself, a thing of the mind and it has concepts and propositions and images for constituents, not relatively stable material objects in space. If we resolve to defend Kant's philosophy and we are asked, "Is reality spatio-temporal?" we should not answer, as Kant himself often answers, "Empirical reality is spatio-temporal, but mind-independent reality is not." That reply goes with the idea that our representations are spatio-temporal and all we know about are our representations. The right answer should be, "We represent reality as a spatio-temporal system." This answer does not change the subject and insist on speaking only about representations. It is a guarded answer, but not a negative answer about mind-independent reality. For the question, "Is reality spatio-temporal?" the answer, "So we represent it," is a form of affirmative answer. Its force is very close to that of, "We certainly think so."

If we accept this reading of the relationship between representation and reality, what are we to make of Kant's claims that space is only an imposed form, and that space is transcendently ideal? The idea that space is a form comes from Leibniz's analysis rejecting thinghood for space. Formal status makes space a principle for the organization of simultaneous existants and denies that space would be anything were there no such existants to be organized. This much does not impair the objectivity of space. If space is a system of relationships among simultaneously existing outer things then spatial representation is representation of the outer. Spatial things will be outer things though space itself is not one of them. This seemed to be Kant's view in the Metaphysical Exposition of space. It is only because Kant also thinks of space as a form *imposed by us* that the spatial tends to become subjective and ideal.

Why does Kant think that space is imposed by us and is not a system of relations in which things would stand even if we did not represent them at all? There are two reasons for this. First, this conception enables him to explain some synthetic a priori knowledge, as we saw in discussion of the Transcendental Exposition. I will simply pass over this presumed benefit of the ideality of space and will not consider here whether anything of that benefit could be retained if space were not regarded as an imposed system of relations. However this is decided, we cannot suppose that

Kant flatly asserts that space is imposed simply because that will enable him to explain our knowledge of geometry and its application to the world. He must have reasons for thinking that this status is independently plausible. I want to call attention to a set of convictions that operate in the background of Kant's thinking, and sometimes in the foreground. For example,

Those who take space and time for some real and absolutely necessary fastening as it were of all possible substances and states do not think that anything else is required in order to conceive how to a number of existing things there applies a certain original relation as the primitive condition of possible influxes and the principle of the essential form of the universe. [Even if we grant it as much reality and necessity as we can, space] . . . only represents the intuitively given possibility of universal coordination. [The question remains] . . . what is the principle upon which this relation of all substances rests, a relation which when seen intuitively is called space. [*Inaug. Diss.*, 16]

Here Kant is saying that we cannot simply accept space as the order in which simultaneous existents stand. That existents stand in any order, that they are related to one another in any way, requires an explanation beyond their mere existence. "Simply because of their subsistence they are not necessarily related to anything else . . ." (*Ibid.*, 17). Things must already form a whole or a universe in order to stand in any relations, even spatial relations. The imposed character of space comes out of these thoughts without reference to the explanatory fruitfulness of the idea of mind imposed space vis-à-vis geometrical knowledge.

To give as much definition as possible to these elusive thoughts, let us consider reality without worrying at all about representation or knowledge for the moment. We can conveniently take God's point of view, remembering that it is one with which Leibniz and Kant sometimes seem to have a certain familiarity. Suppose God creates a planet. It will have all the contents and characteristics that he has put into it. There will already be spatial relationships between the parts of the planet, but the planet itself will not be anywhere in space, for there is nothing with which it is coordinated. Now let God create another planet. He need not first create more space so that there will be room for another planet. The fact that it does not need creating is a reflection of the nonthing-like status of space, and of its necessary availability. Let us imagine that God makes the second planet larger and warmer than the first. As soon as there is more than one thing, in addition to the properties that each thing has, there will also be a multiplicity of relations between things. All the relations seem to have a secondary significance from the point of view of ontology and creation. They do not place any demands on the creative powers of God at all. A planet will not have the features it does have unless God actively puts those features into it in his creation of it. But the relations do not require anything beyond the creation of the indi-

viduals with their features. In creating the second planet, God does exactly what he would have done had he created it first. And then it is, automatically, so to speak, somewhere with respect to the first planet, larger than the first, and warmer than the first. The thought that relations obtain without being created is part of the Leibnizean claim that relations are not real.

In order to connect this with our reconstruction of Kant's thinking, we have to add the thought that relations, and the ones constituting space in particular, have their existence only in representation. To illustrate this we can pursue our story of creation. In what sense is one planet larger than the other, or located somewhere with respect to the other? Each planet is itself. It has all its properties. It exists exactly as it would if the other planet did not exist at all, ignoring some physics. From the point of view of the planet *in itself*, if we could speak of such a thing, "larger than" or "located . . . with respect to" do not enter into its existence at all. Of course, God will know that one planet has a certain size and the other a certain size. God will know that one of these is greater than the other. This is because the planets are assembled into a universe in God's thought. That they manage to stand as constituents of anything is mediated by thought.

The idea that relations are imposed is the idea that they only obtain in the context of a surveying intellect or consciousness which provides a connection between things that would otherwise simply not stand in any relations at all, even though the several things were to exist. This pattern of thought is clearly visible in Kant's transcendental psychology. In the absence of a mind whose survey relates them planets would stand in unrelated isolation much like the isolation and wholesale disconnectedness that Kant ascribes to elements of the unsynthesized manifolds of intuition. Kant's demand for synthesis is not a matter of supposing that the mind will not appreciate the relationships between spatial things (that they form a triangle, for example) without synthesis. On the contrary, they do not form a triangle or anything else until they are synthesized, although receptivity alone assigns them location. Unsynthesized elements of intuition are simply not related to one another at all, apart from the fact that synthesis can relate them. The perceivable features that they have as geometrical configurations have being as a consequence of synthesis. In this context, in the transcendental psychology, Kant is thinking of both elementary intuitions that need to be related and of complex intuitions that represent related things as mental items and not outer realities. But this thought clearly instantiates the pattern that relativizes relations to a surveying mind.

Quite apart from the issue of the mental status of spatial things that Kant asserts in his theory of the mental construction of spatial objects out of located but unextended sensations, his claim that the several constituents of a spatial thing only stand in spatial relations as a consequence of synthesis is not valid within the terms of Kant's own

discussion. The fact that things are *in space* at all is ascribed to receptivity which gives a location to the original intuitions of outer sense. Kant says that all magnitude comes from synthesis. But the mere concept of location cannot be divorced from that of spatial relations in the way in which Kant requires. We may think with Kant that no ultimate original sensation is colored or otherwise sensuous, and that the perceivability of the sensuous element in perception comes from a mental aggregation of many unperceived constituents. We cannot, however, altogether abandon the idea that the locations to which sensations are assigned in receptivity are near and remote from one another prior to synthesis. To withdraw this idea is to drain the meaning from "location" altogether. Plainly a certain manifold can be synthesized and perceived as a yellow surface only because many sensations with locations near one another have similar representational character, even though we are not conscious of that character on a sensation-by-sensation basis. The whole doctrine that traces geometry to receptivity would be lost if we could not say that the results of a synthesis were significantly determined in advance by the relations between the locations to which the several synthesized sensations are assigned. There is, then, a plain sense in which synthesis does not create objects with geometrical features out of mere collections of unrelated sensations. At most, synthesis discovers the geometrical features of pre-existing systems of sensations. Borrowing Kant's own phrase, we should say that the spatial object is not produced by the synthesis in so far as its existence is concerned ("dem Dasein nach," A 92) but that the function of synthesis is only to make it possible for us to know spatial things as objects.

Once we give up the idea that space is imposed by us we can restate the main themes of Kant while allowing that spatial things are independent of the mind. The mind contains only representations of spatial things. This is not a disaster now that we have got clear of the thought that knowledge by means of representations must be just knowledge of those representations. Our representations embrace our thought of the universe as a system of spatio-

temporal, causally interconnected, material objects whose existence does not depend on our thought. Kant surely wants to make available the anti-idealist result of this externalization of the spatial. In the Paralogisms, for example, Kant says that each subject has his own private time and that private times are only commensurable with one another through the public time of spatial existence. Were space mental, it would be as private as time and would offer no exit from egocentrism. The crucial arguments of the *Critique* that we have outlined will be rescued by this understanding, since those arguments require that space be nonmental while our spatial representations have their place in the sequence of subjective states.

Whether this reconstruction involves the retraction of the familiar Kantian claim that things in themselves are unknown is still not clear, but perhaps it now seems far less important. Our perceptual knowledge is all conditioned by complex relationships that obtain between ourselves and the things we perceive. As empiricists we believe that all our knowledge is based on perceptual knowledge. If we mean by knowledge of things in themselves, knowledge that does not depend on any relations in which we stand to what we know, then we have no knowledge of things in themselves. Is there something from which we are, therefore, barred?

What are atomic theory, molecular biology, and radio astronomy telling us, if not about how things are in themselves, as opposed to how things appear? If this sort of thing is not knowledge of things in themselves, then the demand for such knowledge seems like the demand to know what things would look like if there were no creatures with eyes. There may survive enough of a feeling that there could be some kind of divine, wholly nonrelational grasp of reality to support the idea that there is something that we cannot know in principle, because our knowledge depends on relations. But I prefer Kant's thought that the concept of a noumenon is only a negative and limiting concept and not the concept of an unknowable reality at all.

BLACK AND WHITE

The right hand of Rachmaninoff, in plaster,
Poses on the piano, exemplifying
Perpetual grasp of the imaginary
Orange. Above, the photograph of Chopin
Wearing his overcoat indoors, the face
Framed in protective jet, the nose connecting,
Like a phrase, the puzzled eyes and lips.
Hands are relaxed in power, but cuff conceals
That all of art's controlled by how you hold
The wrist. Witness another picture, where
With wrists exposed, white beauty and two Jews,
Subalterns on the strings, imparadise
Queen Carmen Sylva of Roumania.
They cut Tchaikovsky's coda, for the dirge
Was deemed indecorous at court. Her reign
Is now, the chaste survivor of the trio,
Retained to touch me weekly with her touch.
Aristocratic still at the piano,
Her fingers knotted, but her thumbs are spades
Or sugar spoons pressing upon my back
To plant the tones that only ghosts require
Of music eaten brown by Brazilian beetles.
I memorize the pulse. Repeated octaves
Refuse admission to the Fourth Ballade,
While in the kitchen, waiting as reward,
Kulitch that must be deftly sawn, not sliced,
And tea from the electric samovar.

ELLIOTT ZUCKERMAN

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The Media—Shield of the Utopians

Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac

Why are the media so susceptible to the views of groups, whose assumption, often unstated, is that a perfect society can be created? These are groups out of sympathy with one or more of the traditional values of American society, who, however, couch their appeals in terms of values that Americans share and purposes they desire, to their credit, to achieve: social justice, peace, a pollution-free and safe environment, equality between races and sexes, the reduction of risk, greater control of the individual over the decisions that affect his life.

We call these groups utopians. Let it be said immediately, they are not a cabal of conspirators parcelling out areas of action to different groups in a coordinated onslaught on American institutions. They come from diverse backgrounds and traditions. Who are these utopians?

They are the leadership and professional staff of the mainline Protestant denominations and their related organizations, including the National Council of Churches, the umbrella body representing thirty-two Protestant and Eastern Orthodox churches. They include the leaders of almost all the peace groups, including the pacifist ones, like the War Resisters League and the American Friends Service Committee and those that, while not opposing all forms of violence in principle, seek to reduce the risks of war, like SANE, Clergy and Laity Concerned, Physicians for Social Responsibility, etc. They are the intellectuals in

a number of institutes and think tanks that have flourished in the soil of so-called "revisionist history" which places the blame for world tensions after World War II primarily on the United States. They are found in a series of community action organizations like ACORN and National Peoples Action. They are in government bureaucracies, and have been especially attracted to agencies like the Department of Education, ACTION (in the Carter years) and the now defunct Community Services Administration, most of whose personnel have been transferred to other agencies. They are prominent in the legally independent but wholly government-funded Legal Services Corporation and in the similarly constituted Corporation for Public Broadcasting. They are found in the environmental movement, especially in newer national organizations like Friends of the Earth and Environmental Action, and in the host of local environmental groups which, spurred by the issue of nuclear energy, have burgeoned around the country. They are found in the consumer organizations established by Ralph Nader. They are found in the colleges, and are particularly prominent in the law and social science faculties of elite universities.

These movements—if not the specific organizations—are familiar to the reader, for they are the daily fare of press and television. Yet much of what they say in their own publications would be surprising, even shocking to the general reader. But the media have acted as a filter, screening out most of the information that could damage the utopians in the public view.

There are a number of factors that explain why the media, instead of providing the public with some perspective on the utopians, have made themselves a sounding board for them, absorbing and transmitting their perspective on crucial issues as objective "truth." The most important is that journalists have a broadly similar perspective on the major issues the utopians address. Journalist Robert Novak

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The above article is adapted from a book, *The Coercive Utopians*, that Regnery Gateway will publish in the fall.

(of the Evans and Novak column) has called the media the setting where journalists, regardless of background, are welded into one homogeneous ideological mold.¹ Thomas Shepard, the publisher of *Look* Magazine until it folded in 1971, noted that with only a handful of exceptions the men and women who produced *Look* "detested big business" and "worshipped the ecological and consumerism reformers."²

While these observations are impressionistic, they are confirmed by surveys of the media elite. Two political scientists, S. Robert Lichter and Stanley Rothman, in 1979 and 1980 interviewed 240 journalists and broadcasters of the most influential media outlets. The survey found the media elite were markedly to the left of the American electorate as a whole. For example, over a sixteen-year period less than twenty percent of the media elite had supported any Republican Presidential candidate. Their views on issues were in striking agreement with utopian articles of faith. For example, fifty-six percent of the media elite agreed that the U.S. exploits the Third World and is the cause of its poverty.³

The media also have an ambition to hold sway over society in common with the utopians. In response to questions from Lichter and Rothman, both the media elite and a comparative sample of the business elite had a very similar perception of the actual power of different groups in society, seeing the media, business, and unions as those with the greatest influence. But asked how they would prefer to see power distributed, the media elite put themselves at the top, followed by consumer groups, intellectuals, and blacks.⁴

In part the media elite sympathize with the utopians because they define their role in much the same way. Walter Cronkite is said to have asserted that journalists identify with humanity rather than with institutions or with authority.⁵ Similarly Julius Duscha, a reporter who became director of the Washington Journalism Center, said "Reporters are frustrated reformers . . . they look upon themselves almost with reverence, like they are protecting the world against the forces of evil."⁶

For all their cynicism concerning the motives of businessmen and politicians, the media elite readily succumb to hero worship. Ralph Nader was the journalist's image of his highest self: his own man, in the pay of no institution, he acted without reference to financial self-interest. Nader was the true outsider, an almost monastic figure, with his spare single room lodgings, his bachelorhood and abstemious way of life. No single figure has captured the imagination of journalists in quite the same way, but the utopians as a whole benefit from being viewed by journalists as people like themselves, representatives of all the people.

In the case of some of the media elite more than sympathy is involved. Some are utopians, sharing fully their perspective on events. Larry Stern, in a key position as national news editor of the country's second most influential paper, the *Washington Post*, shared their attitudes. This

emerged, surprisingly, at his funeral, following his sudden death in 1980 at the age of fifty of a heart attack. He was eulogized by left-wing journalist I. F. Stone, who praised Stern as a friend of Palestine and Nicaragua (i.e. the PLO and the Sandinistas) and for hating "those huge mindless institutions that devour our substance and corrupt our fundamental ideals, like the Pentagon and the CIA."⁷ (More remarkably, Stern was also eulogized by Teofilo Acosta, head of the Cuban interests section in Washington, identified by intelligence expert Robert Moss as station chief of the DGI, the Cuban intelligence service. Stern was apparently a friend of Castro's Cuba as well.) Journalist Les Whitten, who worked with Jack Anderson on the popular column, seems to have derived his political philosophy directly from Ralph Nader. He warned a high school graduating class in Maryland of the "great pirate-like corporations that swallow up the blood of the people" and informed the class that if you lined up the presidents of thirty big banks and thirty bank robbers you would have fifty-eight criminals and the only difference was that one kind did it with a gun quickly while the bank presidents did it "at eighteen percent a year without a gun."⁸

Many in the media—including some of the elite—actually learned their craft in utopian training-grounds. A huge "underground," later called "alternative" press, burgeoned in the late 1960s, its theme that America (often spelled with a "k" wrapped in a swastika) was a fascist country. A number of journalists from these papers subsequently moved into the straight press. The best-selling novel *The Spike* described the odyssey of a reporter for *Barricades* (an obvious takeoff on the "alternative" journal *Ramparts*), whose sensational scoop exposing the CIA earns him a place on the *New York World* (clearly the *New York Times*). *The Spike's* hero Robert Hockney was presumably modelled on *New York Times* star reporter Seymour Hersh, who wrote for *Ramparts* before coming to the *New York Times* and made his name exposing the CIA. To be sure, only the first part of Hersh's career paralleled that of the fictional Hockney, for while Hockney woke up to the role he was playing on behalf of Soviet disinformation efforts, there is no evidence that Hersh's utopian perspective has changed.

Even journalists who do not start out as utopians may be drawn to them because their concerns make good copy. Utopians are endless sources of the kind of stories that sell papers. Our tuna is poisoned; the nuclear plant near our city is in danger of meltdown; nuclear bombs will destroy all life from ground zero, which is in our backyard. In addition to the inherent drama of scare stories, these stories have, as the utopians present them, an appealing clarity. There are good guys and bad guys, victimizers and victims. This is much more dramatic stuff than cost benefit analyses, probability studies, and theories of deterrence necessary to refute these stories. Moreover, the utopians have solutions: shut down nuclear power plants, eliminate all pesticides, rely on the sun, endorse a nuclear freeze.

If stories told according to utopian formula make good copy for the press, they are even better suited for documentaries, television's method of exploring issues in-depth. Why this is so can be seen from a candid look into the documentary producer's world offered in 1978 by Martin Carr, a veteran in producing documentaries for all three networks. Carr noted that the producer's first step was to "arrive at a point of view." His goal was to make the viewer feel as he felt: "If you walk away feeling differently, I failed somehow." Carr noted the obligation to provide "balance," but explained that this had to be done carefully, so as not to disturb the documentary's emotional impact. He described a documentary he had made on migrant workers in which, for balance, he had interviewed the biggest grower in Florida. But he was a charming man who could have tipped the emotional balance of the documentary in favor of his position. So he found another grower whose point of view was the same, but whose personality would alienate the viewer and put him on instead. As a result Carr reports: "One could only feel a particular way at the end of the film . . . the way I felt about it."⁹ The utopian point of view on most stories shapes visually striking, emotionally compelling documentaries: the good farmworker against the bad grower; the victims of disease versus the large corporation; the peasant guerilla against government-backed exploiters, etc.

On major topics such as the environment, defense, intelligence, and foreign policy, the media serve as a vast sounding board for the utopians, while at the same time suppressing sounds the utopians prefer not to hear. Suppression is especially important, for while there is dispute on how effective the media are in making the public think the way journalists do (after all, the public does not vote like the media elite), there is little dispute that the media determine what it is that the public thinks *about*. An article in *The Journalism Quarterly* points out: "If newsmen share a pattern of preference as to what is newsworthy, and that pattern does not represent reality, they will present a distorted image of the world which may contribute to inappropriate decisions and policies."¹⁰

Nowhere are distortions in coverage more evident than in coverage of environmental issues, particularly nuclear energy, the issue on which the utopians have expended their greatest efforts. The impact of the utopian campaign against nuclear energy on the media is apparent from two systematic studies, one by the Battelle Center and one by the Media Center. The Battelle Center study covered four national periodicals, including the *New York Times*, from 1972 to 1976 and found that while in 1972 there were more positive than negative statements on nuclear energy, by 1976 negative outnumbered positive statements by two to one.¹¹ (This, it must be remembered, was three years prior to Three Mile Island.) The Media Institute study focussed on ten years of television evening news coverage, from August 4, 1968 to March 27, 1979 (Just prior to Three Mile Island). Its most telling finding concerned the "experts"

used by the networks on nuclear energy. Of the top ten sources used over the years, seven were opposed to nuclear power. The source most frequently used was the antinuclear Union of Concerned Scientists, the second Ralph Nader.¹² After Three Mile Island earlier tendencies became even more marked. Psychiatrist Robert DuPont examined 13 hours of videotapes of news coverage on nuclear energy and found that fear was the leitmotif of the stories. Reporters continually examined what DuPont called "what if, worst case" scenarios. He found almost no mention of the risks posed by other energy sources or of the need to balance risks.¹³

By 1982 the pattern of media coverage had produced serious misconceptions in the American public concerning the balance of opinion among scientists on nuclear energy. A Roper poll found that almost one in four Americans believed that a majority of scientists "who are energy experts" opposed the further development of nuclear energy. One in three members of the public believed that solar energy could make a large contribution to meeting energy needs within the next twenty years.¹⁴ An actual survey of energy experts, however, showed that only five percent wanted to halt further development of nuclear energy (among those with specific expertise in the nuclear area none wanted to halt further development). No more than two percent of energy experts saw any form of solar energy making a substantial contribution to energy needs in the next twenty years.¹⁵

The distortions in perception can be explained by the views of science journalists, who are far more sceptical of nuclear energy than scientists. A survey by Lichter and Rothman of science journalists at major national media outlets found there was a fascinating, though scarcely surprising, connection between attitudes toward nuclear energy and political ideology. The more liberal the journalist, the more likely he was to oppose nuclear energy. Indeed Rothman and Lichter found they could define the issue more precisely. "We asked them a large number of social and political questions. The best predictor of opposition to nuclear energy is the belief that American society is unjust."¹⁶ Moreover, Lichter and Rothman found that television reporters and producers were even more hostile to nuclear energy than print journalists.

The extensive use, especially by television, of the Union of Concerned Scientists was presumably a major factor in explaining the discrepancy between what scientists think and what the public thinks they think. The public, because of its name, perceived this as an organization of scientists. But as Samuel McCracken points out in *The War Against the Atom*, its membership is obtained through direct mail solicitation of the public and the only qualification for belonging is a contribution of \$15. Its executive directors in recent years have not been scientists.¹⁷ How many members of the Union of Concerned Scientists are in fact scientists? The organization keeps silent, but a random sample of 7,741 scientists turned up only one who

was affiliated with the Union of Concerned Scientists. On that basis Lichter and Rothman estimate that fewer than 200 scientists among the 130,000 listed in American Men and Women of Science are affiliated with the Union of Concerned Scientists.¹⁸ Little wonder that the organization refused Lichter and Rothman information needed to poll its membership!

McCracken observes that anyone would see the fraud if a general membership organization composed almost entirely of laymen and concerned principally with supporting bans on prayer in the schools were to call itself the Union of Concerned Clergymen.¹⁹ Yet the media persist in using this organization of utopians, which misuses data as it misuses the title of "scientist," as its chief authority on nuclear energy. The media rarely call upon Scientists and Engineers for Secure Energy, although this is an organization whose members are genuine experts on nuclear energy and includes seven nobel laureates in physics. Presumably this is because it does not spread the utopian's message, endorsed by so many in the media, that nuclear power is immensely dangerous and the authorities are deceiving the public.

Another interesting insight into the weight of sentiment against nuclear power in the media comes from a Public Broadcasting Company spokesman who was castigated for the uniform imbalance of the PBC's programs. He explained that it would be difficult even to find a producer prepared to do a pro-nuclear film.²⁰

On questions of defense, the media elite have also supported utopian assumptions. Walter Cronkite summed up the media perspective in the 1970s in 1974: "There are always groups in Washington expressing views of alarm over the state of our defenses. We don't carry those stories. The story is that there are those who want to cut defense spending."²¹ The American Security Council, which during the 1970s issued reports and ran a series of conferences and seminars featuring defense experts who warned of the disrepair of the American military and the massive Soviet military buildup then going on, became convinced that there was some unwritten rule in the media not to cover their activities. But for the media, as a group advocating increased defense expenditures the American Security Council was simply not "news."

Survey results indicate how pervasively media coverage reflected utopian attitudes. Ernest Lefever, before starting his own Ethics and Public Policy Center, led a study team for the Institute for American Strategy which examined CBS News coverage of national defense for 1972 and 1973. The study showed that during that two-year period the viewer saw only one minute on the "CBS Evening News" dealing with the comparative military strength of the U.S. and U.S.S.R.²² The study found that 1,400 presentations on the subject of national defense tended to support the view that threats to our security were less serious than the government thought while only seventy-nine contradicted that position.

With Reagan's victory, the views of those who argued for more defense spending could no longer be ignored, for those views represented administration policy. In response, CBS entered the debate with a massive documentary designed to counter the administration position in June 1981. Described by its anchorman, Dan Rather, as "the most important documentary project of the decade," the five-hour series, "The Defense of the United States," was hailed by the *Washington Post* as the "first documentary epic in TV history." Its theme was that "the United States is not threatened by any external enemy, but rather by the tragic propensity of the two superpowers each to see in the other a mirror reflection of its own fears and hostilities." Joshua Muravchik and John E. Haynes noted that in the five hours devoted to examining plans for a U.S. military build-up, "there was not mention—*none*—of the Soviet build-up which precipitated it."²³

Although the public had no way of knowing it, the program's arguments, experts, even its vocabulary were derived from the utopian organizations. To testify that current defense spending was already excessive the program used "experts" Jack Geiger and Kosta Tsipis. Tsipis is a member of the board of directors of SANE and Geiger is a leader of both Physicians for Social Responsibility and International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War (in which Soviet physicians join with American physicians to emphasize the need for the U.S. to disarm). Geiger was identified only as professor of medicine at the City University of New York and Tsipis as professor of physics at MIT.²⁴ The viewer was not informed that they were peace movement activists.

To show that Soviet influence was already on the decline (and increased defense expenditures, presumably, superfluous), CBS drew on the Center for Defense Information that had issued a report in 1980 purporting to show that Soviet influence in the world had reached an all-time low. After Defense Secretary Weinberger spoke of the need for a strong defense, Walter Cronkite undercut his statement: "Since 1960, the Soviet influence around the world actually has declined. Their so-called gains like Afghanistan and Angola take on a different perspective, particularly when measured against losses, like Egypt and China." CBS then offered a closeup of two lists of twelve nations, one showing Soviet gains and the other Soviet losses since 1960. The lists were erroneous but repeated the errors in the lists published by the Center for Defense Information.²⁵ The voice of the Center for Defense Information had been transformed into the voice of CBS.

The very vocabulary of the program was derived from the utopians. The process of arms procurement was referred to as "The Iron Triangle," after the title of a book recently released by the utopian Council on Economic Priorities. Its author, Gordon Adams, was president of the Corporate Data Exchange, a new-left research organization started by the Institute for Policy Studies. The book had been financed, among others, by the IPS mainstay,

the Samuel Rubin Foundation. The importance of a term like "The Iron Triangle" is that it not only conveys a meaning but an emotional impact. "The Iron Triangle" is *bad*. It links the government, the armed forces, and industries that produce military equipment in a closed bond of steel and mutual interest against the rest of us.

The utopian campaign against the intelligence agencies depended heavily on the media for its success. The campaign began in the late 1960s, when a series of books and articles began to appear, many of them financed by the Fund for Investigative Journalism. The Fund was established by Philip M. Stern, whose Stern Fund is a major funder of utopian projects. But it scored its first major success when the *New York Times* ran a series of articles by Seymour Hersh in December 1974 exposing CIA involvement in illegal domestic surveillance of the anti-war movement. This precipitated a series of investigations by the specially appointed Rockefeller Commission and the Senate, which resulted in "reforms" that went far beyond correction of abuses. The CIA's ability to function in crucial areas was imperiled. At one point eight committees of Congress, the armed services, foreign relations, appropriations and intelligence committees of both houses, had to be informed of every major CIA operation, which, given the all-but-certainty of leaks by staff, meant there could be no such operations.

The U.S. intelligence agencies were a legitimate subject of media interest. The problem, however, was that in true utopian fashion the media were interested *only* in stories that revealed intelligence activities as illegal or immoral. Reports that the intelligence services were failing to perform their task of protecting U.S. citizens were not news. The major media ignored a conference called "Our Domestic Intelligence Crisis," held by the Coalition for Peace through Strength in March 1979. There were revelations at this conference that the public might have thought dramatic. For instance, the Secret Service only received one fourth of the intelligence it received before the media-assisted "reforms" of intelligence agencies discouraged informants who feared Freedom of Information requests would expose their identities. It thus had to recommend that the President not visit certain cities in the United States. The conference also disclosed that the Federal Employment Security program had been undone: members of the Communist Party or even of the Weather Underground were no longer barred from federal employment, even in sensitive positions.²⁶ The media showed no interest in informing the public about the necessary services intelligence agencies provide or about the consequences of dismantling security protections.

With all the popularity of documentaries about the malfeasances of the CIA and FBI, the networks produced nothing comparable on the KGB. This was not because the topic could not be handled. A Canadian team did an absorbing documentary called "The KGB Connections" based largely on the testimony of KGB defectors. A great

critical success in Canada and Europe, it was turned down by all three networks, including ABC which had invested in its production. Challenged for its failure to show the documentary, ABC countered that it would shortly be showing its own documentary on the KGB but at this writing, a year later, ABC has not done so. The failure to examine KGB activities by both TV and print media meant, as James Tyson points out in *Target America*, that the CIA seemed to shadow-box against a non-existent enemy. The utopian contention that covert intelligence activities were the product of deviant psychological needs of those who manned corrupt American institutions was reinforced.

Foreign policy, particularly as it touches on human rights, is yet another area in which the media almost uniformly presents the utopian perspective. The reason is not simply that journalists share that perspective, although doubtless many do. Covering human rights violations in totalitarian "socialist" countries is difficult, if not impossible, for journalists. Such countries, when they do not bar journalists altogether, control their movements. This means that information has to come from people outside the country. Information was available on the Cambodian genocide very early from people who had escaped over the border. By 1977 *Reader's Digest* editors John Barron and Anthony Paul had produced a book *Murder of a Gentle Land* which, based on the eye-witness accounts of hundreds of escapees, estimated that between April 17, 1975 and the end of 1976, at least 1.2 million people had died as a result of the policies of the Cambodian government.

Yet press coverage of events unprecedented in horror since the Nazi destruction of six million Jews was minimal. In 1976, the year in which Barron and Paul conducted their interviews, television network evening news programs mentioned events in Cambodia only three times. NBC never mentioned them at all. The country's two most influential papers, the *Times* and the *Washington Post*, together mentioned the subject a total of 13 times.²⁷ In 1977, when what was happening was even clearer, the three networks had a combined total of two stories. That contrasted with 159 human rights-related stories on the networks on South Africa.²⁸ While the *New York Times* did better in 1977, referring to the Cambodian genocide 34 times, this still contrasted sharply with 291 stories of human rights violations in South Africa. *The Washington Post* ran ten items on Cambodia. It had thirty items just on the death of Steve Biko, the black leader who died under suspicious circumstances in a South African jail.²⁹ In 1978 the American Security Council made things convenient for the press corps by arranging a press conference in Washington D.C., addressed by Pin Yathay, a civil engineer who had escaped after 26 months in Communist Cambodia. Yathay reported losing 18 members of his family and provided an eye-witness account of desperation and cruelty:

And there were many macabre incidents . . . the starving people who ate the flesh of dead bodies during this acute famine.

I will now tell you a story that I lived myself. . . a teacher who ate the flesh of her own sister. She was later caught, she was beaten from morning to night until she died, under the rain, in front of the whole village as an example, and her child was crying beside her, and the mother died at the evening.³⁰

A dramatic story. But not one of the networks sent a representative. The *Washington Post* sent a reporter, but the paper never carried a story.

Hedrick Smith, a one-time Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times* and then chief correspondent of the Washington Bureau, has cast light on why the coverage was so poor. He noted that the *Times*—the “bible” of the other media, in the words of a news executive, was not inclined to do stories on foreign countries written outside them.³¹ Soviet dissidents in the Soviet Union were the subject of many stories. Once the same people had found refuge in the United States, they found the press uninterested in their accounts of human rights violations. When leading figures in the Soviet human rights movement like Vladimir Bukovsky and Alexander Ginzburg participated in two days of International Sakharov Hearings in 1979 that brought sixty witnesses to Washington to testify, their efforts were virtually ignored by the press. The *Washington Post* ran a story in the “Style” section called “Remembering Russia.” That was scarcely the point of the hearings. Similarly, when testimony on conditions in Vietnam was given before a House subcommittee in June 1977, including eyewitness reports of a Vietnamese imprisoned in a series of “reeducation camps,” the major newspapers carried nothing.³²

The end result is gross distortion in coverage of human rights problems. In 1977 the *New York Times* carried forty-eight items on human rights violations in South Korea and none on North Korea.³³ More than that, as Reed Irvine, head of the media watchdog group, Accuracy in Media, has pointed out, a kind of collaboration emerges between the U.S. media and the countries that most systematically violate human rights.³⁴

There may have been an additional reason for the reluctance of the media to report more fully on Cambodia and Southeast Asia. In the last years of the Vietnam War the press was an adversary of the war and they were at first unwilling to believe, later to acknowledge, that the American departure did not lead to an improved life for the people of that area. For example, *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis, urging a cutoff of American aid on March 17, 1975, wrote: “What future possibility could be more terrible than the reality of what is happening to Cambodia now?” The possibilities were beyond anything of which Anthony Lewis dreamed. *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker in the immediate aftermath of the Vietnam War was glad to give the press credit for forcing the U.S. out of the region. Once, however, there were boat people and millions of murdered victims in Cambodia, the press did not want to be reminded of its role. The violent reaction of CBS newsman

Morley Safer to an article by Robert Elegant in *Encounter* in August 1981 is revealing. Once himself a journalist in Vietnam, Elegant laid bare the shabbiness of the reporting, not exempting himself from the criticism. Safer devoted a radio segment to denouncing Elegant, whose article almost none of his listeners could have seen, as worthy of the mantle of Joseph Goebbels.³⁵ The entire subject obviously irritated media nerves.

Coverage of human rights thus adhered to the utopian perspective according to which the world’s worst human rights violator was the Union of South Africa, followed by third world countries friendly to the United States, especially those in Latin America. As countries came under attack from internal subversion backed directly or indirectly by the Soviet Union, media focus, in true utopian fashion, was on the injustices that lead people to revolt rather than the predictable consequences of these “wars of liberation” in inaugurating much more repressive regimes. Karen de Young, now foreign editor of the *Washington Post*, who from Nicaragua provided warm coverage of the Sandinistas in Somoza’s last period, admitted: “Most journalists now, most Western journalists at least, are very eager to seek out guerrilla groups, leftist groups, because you assume they must be the good guys.”³⁶ Walter Cronkite, speaking in Portland, said the U.S. should help countries such as El Salvador “achieve their goals even if it means interim steps of socialism and communism.”³⁷ (As Reed Irvine pointed out, communism has yet to serve as an “interim step.”)

With rare exceptions—NBC in the fall of 1982 produced a film “What Ever Happened to El Salvador” that accompanied a Salvadoran army unit on patrol rather than the guerrillas—network documentaries have been hostile to the government of El Salvador. In September 1982, a CBS documentary focussed on the inevitability of revolution in Guatemala as a response to tyranny backed by the United States on behalf of our exploitative business interests. Television journalists, however, bend over backwards in their efforts to understand the difficulties of the Nicaraguan government. A segment on ABC’s “20/20” aired in June 1980 had David Marash make the patently false declaration: “Nicaragua’s revolutionary justice system has been given near unanimous international praise.”

The utopian influence on public television is even greater than on the networks. On public television they often write and produce the documentaries. For example, Philip Agee was part owner of an anti-CIA three-hour documentary “On Company Business” broadcast in May 1980. The fund-raising prospectus sent out by the producers prior to the actual filming promised that the documentary would “show the broken lives, hatred, cruelty, cynicism, and despair which result from U.S.-CIA policy” and that it would record “the story of 30 years of CIA subversion, murder, bribery, and torture as told by an insider and documented with newsreel film of actual events.”³⁸

The “insider” who served as the documentary’s central figure and moral hero was Agee, identified for the viewer

only as someone who had worked for the CIA between 1959 and 1969. There was no mention of Agee's role in exposing the identities of U.S. agents worldwide or of his expulsion from the Netherlands, France, and England. Intelligence expert Robert Moss has revealed Agee was found to have met with the Cuban intelligence station chief in London at least 30 times before he was expelled from England. If the viewer had known of Agee's record, he might have discounted everything Agee said. The documentary's solution was to keep silence. Despite this, Public Broadcasting's director of current affairs programming Barry Chase described the program in a memo to all public broadcasting stations as "a highly responsible overview of the CIA's history."³⁹ (Chase clearly did not feel inhibited by the law establishing the Corporation for Public Broadcasting that stipulates programs funded by it must be objective and balanced if they deal with controversial issues.)

The Institute for Policy Studies' Saul Landau has written films for public television of a similar calibre. "Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang" (with part of its seed money from the Samuel Rubin Foundation and Obie Benz, one of the wealthy young creators of the Robin Hood was Right species of foundations⁴⁰) was a polemic against nuclear energy and nuclear weapons, relying primarily on emotionally charged interviews with cancer victims who believed their disease had been caused by radiation and with the members of their families. Landau also wrote "From the Ashes . . . Nicaragua," directed by Helena Solberg Ladd, who had been a lecturer at IPS. William Bennett, Head of the National Endowment for the Humanities which had channeled funds for the film's production under its previous head, on seeing the film remarked that he was "shocked, appalled, disgusted" by such an example of "unabashed socialist-realism propaganda."⁴¹ Author Midge Decter, executive director of the Committee for a Free World, found this description too mild: "We almost no longer have a working vocabulary to cover phenomena like Ms. Ladd's film."⁴²

Many of the documentaries that appear on public television endorse utopian themes far more overtly than would be possible on the networks. Public Broadcasting presented a film on North Korea that could have received the imprimatur of its dictator Kim Il Sung; a hymn to Cuba called "Cuba: Sports and Revolution;" two films on China, "The Children of China" good enough propaganda to win the praise of the Chinese Central Broadcasting Administration for helping American People "understand the New China," and "China Memoir" produced by Shirley MacLaine, which even Ralph Rogers, then chairman of the Public Broadcasting Corporation, admitted was "pure propaganda."⁴³ Boston Public Television's WGBH funded a film called "Blacks' Britannica" on British racism, which won the prize at the Leipzig Film Festival in East Germany. This was too much even for the producer at WGBH who complained of the film's "endorsement of a Marxist point of view."⁴⁴ When he sought to edit out some of the most

blatant segments, the maker of the film brought suit and the U.S. Communist Party front, the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression, petitioned to join the suit.⁴⁵ In the end four minutes of the film were removed, but its Marxist message remained unmistakable.

Another utopian theme—hostility against corporations—is also reflected in the media. A Louis Harris poll in the fall of 1982 found that an "overwhelming seventy-six percent" of high level executives believed business and financial coverage on TV news was prejudiced against business.⁴⁶ The hostility is most pervasive in a surprising area—entertainment programming. A Media Institute study "Crooks, Conmen and Clowns" found that the image of businessmen on TV series was overwhelmingly negative, with two out of three businessmen on two hundred prime time episodes shown as foolish, greedy, or criminal. While on occasion a small businessman was shown in a favorable light, those running big businesses were for the most part depicted as actual criminals.⁴⁷

While it might be argued that the businessman simply offers a convenient "heavy" in plot development, Ben Stein, in *The View from Sunset Boulevard*, shows that there is an excellent fit between the opinions of TV writers and producers and the shows they create. Stein interviewed forty writers and producers of the major adventure shows and situation-comedies and found that even those worth millions of dollars considered themselves workers opposed to an "exploiting class." A typical flippant-serious comment was made by Bob Schiller, who wrote for Lucille Ball for 13 years and produced "Maud." He said of businessmen, "I don't judge. I think there are good lepers and bad lepers."⁴⁸ Producer Stanley Kramer told Stein: Everything that has to do with our lives is contaminated. The air, the streams, the food—everything is ruined."⁴⁹ That big business was responsible was self-evident to most TV writers.

To the media the utopians are inherently more *believable* than those who oppose them. Cynical about human motives, journalists seem unable to conceive that "public interest" spokesmen act from anything but selfless devotion to the public good. Abbie Hoffman could enlighten them: "There is absolutely no greater high than challenging the power structure as a nobody, giving it your all, and winning."⁵⁰ Peter Metzger has pointed out another motivation that also has to do with heightening the individual's sense of power and self-worth. With only a few exceptions the experts cited by the utopians never made genuine scientific contributions and thus were denied the reward of recognition by their peers.⁵¹ They have achieved the fame and status their scientific work could not gain for them through serving the utopians' need for men with credentials.

Mesmerized by the utopians' simple-minded reading of human nature, journalists are quick to denigrate critics of utopian orthodoxies. For example, CBS produced a documentary attacking cereal-makers for the high sugar con-

tent of many of their products. (Dan Rather asked a General Foods vice-president if he could sleep at night, given the damage he was doing to the children of America.) In pursuit of the requisite "balance" the program interviewed a leading professor of nutrition at Harvard, who denied the cereals did the harm alleged in the rest of the program. The camera simply zoomed in on a plaque on a Harvard building which indicated that it had been built through a donation by General Foods.⁵² However effective the visual in undercutting the professor's statement, a faulty understanding of the reward system in science was revealed. For scientists, the most important factor in determining career opportunities is the judgment of their peers, not the approval of company executives who make charitable contributions to universities.

Journalists are ready to believe the most improbable charges against institutions they distrust. In January 1982 the *New York Times* featured a lengthy story by Raymond Bonner concerning events alleged to have taken place a year earlier: American military advisers in El Salvador had observed a torture training session for the El Salvadoran military in which a seventeen-year-old boy and a thirteen-year-old girl had their bones broken prior to being killed. Bonner's sole source for the story was a deserter from the Salvadoran army. The narrative that in its original form claimed that the American advisers were *teaching* the torture session, had appeared in a leftist Mexican paper but was such obvious Communist atrocity propaganda that it took eight months after the original publication before a taker was found among American journalists, Mr. Bonner, who offered a "sanitized" version in the *Times*.⁵³

Such credulity leaves the media open to being taken in by the grossest "disinformation" forgeries. Flora Lewis, at the top of her profession as a columnist for the *New York Times*, accepted uncritically a supposed State Department "dissent document," distributed to newsmen by the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, one of the utopian think tanks devoted to Latin America, and co-founded by Orlando Letelier, probably "an agent of influence" for the Cuban government. While the State Department does indeed have a "dissent channel" permitting members in disagreement with policy to have their objections heard at the highest level of the department, the document Flora Lewis accepted as authentic bore the name of a non-existent State Department task force. Lewis devoted her column of March 6, 1981, to the document that attacked U.S. government policy in El Salvador. Asserting it had been "drawn up by people from the National Security Council, the State and Defense Departments, and the CIA," she praised the report's "solid facts and cool analysis" and closed by telling the Reagan administration that it would "do well to listen to the paper's authors before the chance for talks is lost."

At this point the State Department came out with a detailed report on the forgery that the *Times* carried as a news story and Flora Lewis, her face plentifully covered

with egg, wrote an apology in her March 9 column. Similarly, journalist Claudia Wright published an article in November 1982 charging that UN Ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick had received a "birthday gift" from the Union of South Africa. The basis was a letter from the information counselor at the South African embassy, a crude forgery replete with errors in spelling.⁵⁴ (Since Miss Wright is herself a utopian journalist, the question as to whether she was herself taken in must remain open.)

Media elite instantly distrust government assertions that contradict utopian views with which they identify. A storm broke over the *Washington Post* and the *Wall Street Journal* when it became known that the journalists of both had relied upon Philip Agee as a source for articles they wrote attacking a February 1981 U.S. White Paper "Communist Interference in El Salvador." The White Paper summarized findings from captured documents of the El Salvador guerrillas, showing the extent of clandestine military support given by the Soviet Union and Cuba to the guerrillas beginning in 1979. As a result of the furor, even how the articles came to be written became public knowledge. The *Wall Street Journal's* Jonathan Kwitny told his editor of his immediate "skepticism over news accounts of the white paper."⁵⁵ The *Washington Post's* Robert Kaiser said that he had immediately been eager to explore possible deficiencies in the White Paper and so was pleased when the *Post's* national editor, Peter Osnos, asked him to look into the matter. And Peter Osnos revealed that he had assigned Kaiser after a call from free-lance writer Jeffrey Stein who said: "Look, I can't understand how you all have let that White Paper hang out there without a look."⁵⁶ (Stein was a former fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies, suggesting that the utopian grape vine operates quickly to encourage attacks on anything the utopians consider damaging to them.) For the utopians it was crucial to discredit the White Paper, since if the American public recognized the Soviet-Cuban role in El Salvador, the carefully fostered image of the guerrillas as indigenous liberal reformers might be undermined.

Philip Agee, according to Arnaud de Borchgrave helped by his "Cuban friends," provided a forty-six page attack on the White Paper which was distributed in April by the *Covert Action Information Bulletin*. This publication was started after an internal factional split at *CounterSpy*, the magazine that named U.S. agents abroad, with Agee becoming associated with the new magazine. Both the *Post's* Kaiser and the *Journal's* Kwitny obtained copies. Kaiser subsequently claimed that in an early draft of his article he had mentioned Agee as a source, but that his editor at the *Post* suggested dropping the reference as "unnecessary."⁵⁷ Confronted with his failure to credit Agee's paper as a source in this *Wall Street Journal* story Kwitny was taken aback: "I was totally unaware that it had any distribution, except to a few of his friends here."⁵⁸ He insisted that while he had read Agee's paper: "There was nothing I was drawing from him or anyone else . . . I can't really remem-

ber what was in the Agee piece.” In a line by line comparison, *Human Events* reporter Cliff Kincaid showed, however, that not only did Kwitny’s criticisms closely parallel those of Agee, but that Kwitny even repeated a specific Agee error: he referred to “labor unions” (Agee said “trade unions”) when the document being analyzed was talking about the Communist Party.⁵⁹

Perhaps the most interesting revelations showed the wide use by journalists of the Agee apparatus and the ignorance of those in executive positions on major papers of the web of utopian organizations. Frederick Taylor, executive editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, came to the defense of his reporter in a long article on the editorial page entitled “The El Salvador ‘White Paper.’” The *Wall Street Journal* had been accused “at the least of being the dupe of Soviet disinformation, and at the worst of taking the work of a discredited left-winger and passing it off as its own.” “It isn’t so.” As proof, Taylor repeated Kwitny’s own words:

The article originated in my own skepticism over news accounts of the white paper in February. It sprouted because of two events in April. First, having been asked to sort the files of my recently deceased *Journal* colleague, Jerry Landauer, I called someone who had been a longstanding source of Jerry’s on intelligence matters. . . . This source, John Kelly, edits a magazine, *CounterSpy*, which also printed a critique of the white paper. Kelly supplied me with some leads and documents.⁶⁰

To defend the *Journal* from charges of being a dupe of disinformation and of passing off the charges of a discredited left-winger as its own by transferring responsibility from Agee to *CounterSpy* and to inform the *Wall Street Journal*’s readers that they had all along been kept informed on intelligence matters by *CounterSpy*, was, to say the least, a remarkable editorial defense.

Apparently there was a similar gap between editors and reporters at the *Washington Post*. When a *Washington Post* editorial condemned *CounterSpy*’s clone, the Covert Action Information Bulletin, as “contemptible” and suggested its editors were less than honorable journalists, they lashed back:

Your diatribe only highlights the gap between the editorial offices and the reporters, for your people are among the large number of working journalists from virtually all the major printed and electronic media in the country who call upon us daily for help, research, and of all things, names of intelligence operatives in connection with articles they are writing.⁶¹

The difficulty journalists have in believing anything the government says that interferes with their prejudices, no matter how overwhelming the evidence, has become obvious to government officials. Admiral Bobby Inman, on retiring as deputy director of the CIA, spoke of his frustration at trying to convince the public of the peril of the Soviet military build-up when the press would not even believe

U.S. intelligence reports that included spy satellite pictures. Inman described an intelligence briefing for the press on the Soviet and Cuban-backed military build-up in Nicaragua in which reporters were shown photos of Soviet-type military garrison arrangements, deployed Soviet T-55 tanks, etc. Newspaper accounts the following day used the word “alleged” to describe the intelligence findings, suggesting that the reporters did not believe them.⁶²

The media do more than *believe* the utopians. They protect them. News that could prove embarrassing to the utopians is often simply not reported. Reed Irvine has christened this “the Pinsky Principle” after North Carolina journalist Walter Pinsky, who described his approach in the *Columbia Journalism Review* in 1976. “If my research and journalistic instincts tell me one thing, my political instincts another . . . I won’t fudge it, I won’t bend it, but I won’t write it.”⁶³ Pinsky gave as an example what he called the great untold story of the trial of Joan Little in his home state. Joan Little was an imprisoned black woman who had killed her guard and defended herself on the grounds that he had tried to assault her sexually. Her story was widely reported nationally. Pinsky explained that he meant that reporters never reported the role of the Communist Party, working through its front, the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression, in controlling the entire political movement surrounding the case. Pinsky says that journalists kept silent “out of concern that the information might be used in red-baiting anyone associated with the case who did not belong to the (Communist) party.”⁶⁴

ABC newsman Geraldo Rivera in an interview with *Playboy* confessed to practicing the Pinsky Principle in his reporting from Panama. When the Panamanian National Guard was guilty of violence at the time of the Senate vote on the Canal Treaties, “We downplayed the whole incident. That was the day I decided that I had to be very careful about what was said, because I could defeat the very thing (passage of the Treaty) that I wanted to achieve.”⁶⁵

An interesting example of the Pinsky Principle was the failure of CBS in its two-part docudrama, “Guyana Tragedy: The Story of Jim Jones,” to say a word concerning Jones as a Communist. Jones had broken with the U.S. Communist Party, according to his own account, because it had turned against Stalin and “I loved Stalin.” Nonetheless, his feelings toward the party had clearly mellowed, for his will provided that in the absence of immediate surviving family, his estate should go to the U.S. Communist Party. Jones had also ordered that \$7 million belonging to the People’s Temple be transferred to the Soviet Union. When the script’s author Ernest Tidyman was asked about the omission he said he did not believe Jones was a Communist. Asked what Jones’s political views were, Tidyman replied: “None, particularly. He was very liberal, very progressive, very community conscious.”⁶⁶ Presumably, for Tidyman, giving the facts about Jones’s Communism would interfere with the image he wanted to convey of Jones as an idealistic community-builder gone awry.

More recently the Pinsky Principle has been at work in the refusal of the media to examine the utopian roots of the peace movement and its links to the international Soviet front, the World Peace Council. With rare exceptions, notably the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Reader's Digest*, the mass media have portrayed the freeze as a spontaneous outgrowth of grass roots Middle America. Even when the organizations that created and promoted the freeze are credited as in a *Newsweek* article of April 26, 1982, the identifications are superficial, giving no hint of the agenda of these organizations. For example, although Clergy and Laity Concerned is described as "a powerful force in the disarmament movement," it is identified only as a group "begun in 1965 to mobilize the religious community against the Vietnam War." There is an element of laziness in this: it is easier to ask a group about itself over the phone than to acquire its literature which would explain that CALC sees its task to be joining together those who "hate the corporate power which the United States presently represents. . . ."

But more importantly there is unwillingness to transmit facts that might put the utopians in an unfavorable light. Eileen Shanahan, assistant managing editor of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, observed: "I saw it at the *Washington Star* and I'm seeing it here. The present 28-35 news room set is antiwar to a significant degree and also antinuke."⁶⁷ When President Regan or members of Congress made any reference to the credentials of the groups behind the freeze, the prestige media lashed out. A *New York Times* editorial on October 6, 1982, labelled all reference to such matters an "indecent debate." A *Washington Post* editorial on the same date said that to bring up such topics was a "smear."

Probably the most widespread application of the Pinsky Principle is the failure to identify utopian sources. Identification is a crucial service the media offer the viewer or reader, for without it he has no way of evaluating the information offered to him. For example, the *New York Times* reported that a National Lawyers Guild delegation to the Middle East "came away convinced that the Israeli government implements a policy of torture for the annexation of the occupied areas." Since the National Lawyers Guild, the major organization of radical lawyers, was identified only as "a group of American lawyers," the reader was not helped to be properly sceptical of this information.⁶⁸ Similarly, the *New York Times*, which between 1979 and 1981 carried essays by Fellows of the Institute for Policy Studies on its Op-Ed page with more than twice the frequency of any other think tank, including much bigger and better known ones, identified the Institute in each case only as "an independent research organization in Washington, D.C." The suggestion was that the reader was being exposed to "independent" thought, not the radical left perspective invariably provided by Institute Fellows.

A particularly dramatic example of misrepresentation through failure of identification is the media's treatment of Wilfred Burchett. Burchett is an Australian journalist. As

far back as 1967 *The Reporter*, a liberal magazine of the period, published an article by fellow Australian Denis Warner which summed up Burchett's history up to that point:

Stripped of his Australian passport by Canberra in 1955 and denied Australian citizenship for his three children by a second marriage—one born in Hanoi, one in Peking, and one in Moscow—Burchett is regarded by those responsible for Australian security as a communist and a traitor who ought to stand trial for his role in the Korean war. . . .⁶⁹

Burchett was accused by American POWs returning from Korea of involvement in obtaining phony confessions from them about America's alleged use of germ warfare. Burchett showed up again during the Vietnam war. Senator Jeremiah Denton described being interviewed by Burchett while he was a prisoner in North Vietnam. In his book *When Hell Was in Session* he says that Burchett lost his cool "when I implied that he was a cheap traitor who knew in his heart that he was prostituting his talents for money in a cause that he knew was false."⁷⁰

In these years Burchett's articles occasionally appeared in U.S. papers, but he was properly identified. For example, the *Chicago Tribune* carried an essay on June 5, 1966, with the following description of Burchett: "An Australian Communist writer, Wilfred Burchett has travelled frequently to North Vietnam. He wrote this article after returning to his Cambodian home from his latest trip. It gives a communist view of the war and its effects and it should be read as such."

But starting in the late 1970s Burchett's essays began to be printed without any identification that could alert the reader. The *New York Times* published his essays on the Op-Ed page, identifying him only as "a left-wing journalist living in Paris." After Reed Irvine complained to *Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger that this was an inadequate identification—and Sulzberger agreed—the *Times* Op-Ed page, in the following year, identified him as "a journalist living in Paris." *Harper's* published a review by Burchett of a book attacking the CIA, identifying him only as "a left-wing journalist" and "a personal friend of Ho Chi Minh." The same *Chicago Tribune* that had fully identified Burchett in 1966 introduced him to its readers quite differently on August 6, 1982: "A man whose business is informing the world is an Australian expatriate journalist, Wilfred Burchett, now living in Paris."

Burchett's autobiography was published in 1981 by the New York Times Book Company with an introduction by long-time *Times* correspondent Harrison Salisbury, who concluded that Burchett was radical "because he believes in the underdog whatever the continent, whatever the color, whatever the creed."⁷¹ Laudatory reviews in the prestige press evaded or glossed over the subject of Burchett's service to Communist regimes. The *New York Times* reviewer wrote: "His (Burchett's) uncommon honesty—he is honest most of the time, if not quite all of the time—give his

memoirs a degree of intellectual tension."⁷² (The reviewer is not clear as to why he thinks being honest "most of the time" is uncommon honesty. Is "common honesty" to be dishonest most of the time?) According to the *Washington Post's* reviewer, Burchett's story is that of a man "who early in his life identified what he saw as the forces of decency and justice and determined to march with them . . . if . . . he has on occasion been forced into self-censorship and compromises, they have been compromises of a nature known, whatever they may say, to journalists of all political colors."⁷³ The most remarkable review of all was by former *New York Times* obituary editor Alden Whitman in the *Boston Globe*. Whitman described Burchett as one of those rare journalists "who are distinguished for their primary allegiance to their readers and to the cause of human betterment. . . . He seems to wear no one's collar but his own." As for Burchett's Communism: "Because Burchett so often reported uncomfortable truths and because so much of his work was done in China, North Vietnam, and Kampuchea, word was put out that he was a communist."⁷⁴

What is involved here is more than "failure to identify." Implicit is a rewriting of political history. This is a major utopian target which the media abet. Communists are transformed into "liberals." For example, Joseph Barnes, foreign editor of the former *New York Herald Tribune*, who was exposed as a Communist by a series of his former colleagues who broke with the party, started to be referred to in the press as a "liberal" in the late 1970s. The Rosenberg case has been transmogrified. In 1978, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the execution of the Rosenbergs for treason, Public Television served up a four-year-old documentary with a new introduction and epilogue, "The Rosenberg-Sobell Case Revisited." Atom spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were portrayed as individuals singled out for their political beliefs by a malignant government. When Accuracy in Media wrote to the President of the Public Broadcasting System to complain about the film's gross distortion of history, the reply came from the program's producer. Ignoring the long list of factual criticisms AIM had submitted, he announced loftily that the suggestion the program embodied Communist propaganda reflected discredit on AIM.⁷⁵

In 1982 Telefrance USA, which says that its programs reach 10 million U.S. homes, broadcast a four-part French-made documentary on the Rosenberg case with the emotional title, "The Rosenbergs Must Not Die." They were portrayed as innocents railroaded by a corrupt government. Dorothy Rabinowitz in a *Wall Street Journal* essay noted that "no more malevolent band of fascists, scoundrels, cynics and thugs" had ever appeared on a screen than the "assortment of characters supposedly representing an American Supreme Court, an American judge and prosecutor and members of the FBI."⁷⁶ The *New York Times* reviewer at least dismissed the program. *Cablevision Magazine*, however, allowed that there was the "recurring paradox of how a foreigner—an outsider—may have a fuller perspective on

a situation, political or otherwise, than someone more directly involved."⁷⁷

Misidentification and the rewriting of political history produce reporting that inhibits, rather than helps, public understanding of political developments. For example, press coverage of Kathy Boudin, the Weather Underground leader captured during the Brink's robbery in Nyack, depicted her—to quote from a typical account in the *Boston Globe*—as a "child of privilege," "a brainy, popular tomboy who graduated with honors from the 'right' schools, the type of girl that people once described as all-American." But Kathy Boudin was a red-diaper baby, the child of radical lawyer, Leonard Boudin. The circle of her father's friends was largely made up of Communists and those sympathetic to Communism. (The *Globe* story itself bore this out by listing some of the individuals she would have encountered at her parents' dining table, but did not identify them either). Kathy Boudin's political development would have become considerably less mysterious if the media had not concealed relevant information.

Journalistic practices like the Pinsky Principle have grown common as journalists have changed their view of their proper role. "Advocacy," "participatory," and "activist" journalism have created new models. To some extent the "new journalism," as it is sometimes called, has developed because its literary techniques produce more dramatic copy at a time of intense competition from television, with its strong visual imagery. A "composite" prostitute (and why confuse the reader by identifying her as such) can offer a more interesting biography than any single individual. Similarly, a report that suggests the writer is directly privy to the thoughts and beliefs of his subject has more impact than an article with tiresome inserts like "A neighbor said that" or "The defendant's lawyer claims that. . . ."

The new journalism is also a reflection of the changing aspirations of journalists. Journalists are now in a position to set the policies of papers. They were not in an earlier era, when conservative owners set their stamp upon their property. With many more years of education than they used to have, with higher status in society, journalists are dissatisfied with a role that limits them simply to chronicling what happens. As lawyer Max Kampelman noted in a 1978 essay in *Policy Review*:

It is understandable that a significant segment of the media has become impatient with its limited information dissemination role. It is not easy and frequently not exciting for an intelligent person simply to report events. The tendency, therefore, has been for imaginative and socially dedicated journalists to go beyond normal reporting in order to seek fuller expression of their talents or social values.⁷⁸

Joseph Kraft notes: "Not only have we traded objectivity for bias, but we have also abandoned a place on the sidelines for a piece of the action."⁷⁹ Jim Bormann, a pio-

neer in broadcast news, described listening to journalist Alex Kendrick telling a CBS news affiliate session that a good reporter should not be afraid, while covering a riot, to throw a few bricks himself. Kendrick urged the contemporary newsmen to get involved and then report what he felt "inside."⁸⁰ Kraft and Borman are critical of what happened. Most influential journalists, however, are pleased with the new role they have assumed. David Broder of the *Washington Post* has praised television's Bill Moyers as a politician "of the most serious sort" who "is consciously engaged in the struggle to reshape the future of public policy."⁸¹ John Oakes of the *New York Times* reports the comment of an approving Swiss journalist who told him the mass media in the United States were "the only real opposition in the country."⁸²

"Facts" are seen in a fresh light by the new journalism. As writer Naomi Munson pointed out in *Commentary*, while reporters had seen their job as sniffing out facts, "more and more these days they have come to regard themselves, instead, in a grander light, as bloodhounds of the 'truth.'"⁸³ The problem with this is that facts then become at best a tool for revealing the truth. At worst facts become an impediment to the "truth" which must be sloughed off, ignored, buried, so as not to interfere with the public's ability to perceive what in a "higher sense" is true. Gay Talese, a writer who was godfather to the new journalism, said its techniques allowed the presentation of "a larger truth than is possible through rigid adherence" to normal newspaper standards.⁸⁴

One result of the new journalism was to create a scandal like the one that erupted over Janet Cooke and the non-existent eight-year-old heroin addict "Jimmy." After the *Washington Post* was forced to return the Pulitzer Prize which the story had won, it tried to pass off what had happened as the victimization of a newspaper by one of its reporters. According to the *Post's* published account, no editor anywhere was safe from the machinations of a determined liar.

It was not so simple. Newspapers, the *Post* among them, had developed a pattern of shutting their eyes to the fictional aspects of the new journalism. When the *Daily News* accepted the resignation of its prize-winning journalist Michael Daley a month after the Cooke scandal—he was accused of manufacturing material for an article on British Army brutality in Northern Ireland—Daley remarked that he had used pseudonyms and reconstructions on many of his 300 columns and "no one has ever said anything."⁸⁵ In the case of Janet Cooke, Vivian Aplin-Brownlee, Cooke's editor on the *District Weekly*, to which she had been assigned in her first year at the *Post*, claimed that she did not believe the story from the beginning and said so to the city editor."

I knew her so well and the depth of her. In her eagerness to make a name she would write farther than the truth would allow. When challenged on facts in other stories, Janet would

reverse herself, but without any dismay or consternation with herself.⁸⁶

What this meant was that Janet Cooke was repeatedly caught in misstatements of fact while she worked for the *Post*, but the editors, instead of firing her, had promoted her.

Despite what the *Post's* ombudsman Bill Green later admitted were "rumblings" in the newsroom, the *Post* made no attempt to check the story or even to ask to see Jane Cooke's tapes or notes. A few days after the story was published, *Post* reporter Courtland Milloy drove Janet Cooke through the neighborhood where she claimed Jimmy lived and he could see she did not know the area. He reported his doubts to the city editor, but the editor, as he later confessed, thought Milloy was motivated by jealousy.⁸⁷ The mayor and police officials asked the *Post* to disclose the identity of the child so he could be helped. Presumably the life of an eight-year-old boy hung in the balance, but the *Post* merely launched into high-flown rhetoric on confidentiality, leaving the police to launch an intensive, expensive, and naturally vain search.

The *Post's* ombudsman, Green, whose task it is to monitor the paper's performance, wrote a column replete with utopian clichés, without himself bothering to make any investigation into the story:

Jimmy probably doesn't know many of the promises that have been made to him. There was the Great Society and the war on poverty. There are police who promise to uphold the law. There are schools that promise that everybody will be given a fair start, a chance to make it. There are the agencies that promise if you get into trouble, you can get help. Beyond this, there is the country's glittering promise that things will be better if you work.⁸⁸

Green promised ringingly that Jimmy could be assured that at least the *Post's* promise to him of anonymity would be kept.

Since the police search was finally abandoned, Janet Cooke would have been safe had she not lied about her academic credentials. The *Post* released biographical data on their prizewinning reporter. Cooke's claim to a Vassar B.A. she did not have led to the unravelling of the whole fabric of invention.

The media's reaction to charges of bias is one of genuine outrage. Irving Kristol has pointed out that "the television networks and national newspapers are sincerely convinced that a liberal bias is proof of journalistic integrity."⁸⁹ CBS News President Richard Salant retorted indignantly to suggestions of bias: "Our reporters do not cover stories from their point of view. They are representing them from nobody's point of view."⁹⁰ An interviewer asked *Washington Post* editor Benjamin Bradlee:

Are you suggesting that it is untrue . . . that you have a cadre of highly motivated, intelligent, skillful, young liberal reporters

who tend to slant their stories toward Democrats, liberals, as they write for the news pages?"

He replied: I am very definitely denying that."⁹¹

At the very time Bradlee was saying this, in the spring of 1972, a "counter-convention" of American journalists, sponsored by the journalism review *More*, was being attended by over 2,000 journalists, including such media "stars" as Dan Rather, Tom Wicker, David Halberstam, and Murray Kempton. In an article describing the purpose of the meeting, *More* explained: "A growing number of people who put out the nation's newspapers and magazines and splice together the nightly news are no longer going to accept the old ways of doing things." The "new" journalists, said *More*, were "sensitive" people who turned "their attention to the kind of journalism that might help improve the quality of life rather than objectively recording its decline."⁹²

How do journalists manage to believe they maintain the professional journalistic creed of objectivity at the same time that they transmit, as we have seen, the utopian world view? Many journalists seem to mistake a sense of superiority for objectivity. In the fifth and final segment of CBS's series on defense, President Reagan and Chairman Brezhnev were shown making speeches denouncing each other. Cronkite then appeared, like the patient parent of quarreling children, to lament that from both the Kremlin and the White House came "angry words." Presenting the United States and the Soviet Union as mirror-image societies seems to constitute self-evident proof of objectivity to Cronkite and the media elite. Journalists from the prestige media in England revealed a similar concept of objectivity as "a plague on both your houses" during the Falkland war. They used the term "the British" rather than "we," outraging much of the public.

Convinced of their own objectivity, the media are arrogant and dismissive when criticized. Reed Irvine notes that when he and a group of friends who belonged to the McDowell luncheon group decided in 1969 to start *Accuracy in Media*, they were convinced that if they did research on cases of media inaccuracy, those responsible would have no choice but to admit they were wrong, issue corrections, and be more careful in the future. Irvine laughs ruefully as he recalls: "We soon found out it really did not work that way."⁹³

The arrogance is sometimes breathtaking, as the media unhesitatingly ignore in their own case the demands they make of others. For example, CBS has been the most aggressive of the networks in claiming for television cameras the right to cover any event open to the print media. Yet when CBS held its annual meeting in April 1980, the press was admitted, but television cameras were barred. William Paley, long-time chairman of CBS, declared they would be disruptive to the audience. Reed Irvine asked whether he would recommend that Congress adopt the same policy. The following colloquy ensued:

Paley: I would not.

Irvine: Just CBS.

Paley: We have adopted the policy, for the time being anyway, which has been clearly enunciated today. That's all I can say about it.⁹⁴

One journalist remarked that it was like distillers holding a meeting and barring booze.

After CBS aired a documentary in January 1982 that charged General William Westmoreland with leading a conspiracy to deceive President Johnson as to the strength of enemy forces in Vietnam, revelations in a *TV Guide* article "*Anatomy of a Smear*" of what the authors called "inaccuracies, distortions, and violations of journalistic standards" by CBS led the network to commission its own study. But CBS then kept the report secret, presumably because it was damaging to the network. It is not hard to imagine the reaction of CBS if a branch of government had kept a report secret in comparable circumstances. (Eventually CBS was forced by the courts to release the report.)

The reaction to criticism is sometimes vituperative. Responding to an issue of *AIM Report* that clearly touched a nerve, the *Post's* editor Benjamin Bradlee wrote to Irvine: "You have revealed yourself as a miserable, carping, retromingent vigilante, and I for one am sick of wasting my time in communicating with you."⁹⁵ After looking up "retromingent," which means "urinating backward," Irvine framed the letter and hung it in the office.

All the sins of advocacy journalism, the fictions supporting a "higher truth," the selective coverage, the attacks on what are perceived as "the bad guys" and whitewashing of the "good guys" came together in a media crusade against Israel during its war against the PLO in Lebanon in 1982. In a major study for *Policy Review*, Joshua Muravchik has provided the fullest account of media distortion on a single topic since Peter Braestrup's two-volume analysis of the media's coverage of the Tet offensive in Vietnam. Muravchik found variations in culpability: the *Washington Post* was much worse than the *New York Times*; NBC was worse than ABC which was worse than CBS; *Time* and *Newsweek*, on the other hand, turned in equally abysmal performances. But *all* the media were involved in tendentious and inaccurate reporting with one target—to make Israel look bad.⁹⁶

Muravchik piles high the examples of media misstatement of fact. For example, wildly exaggerated casualty reports, falsely attributed to the internationally respected Red Cross (in fact they came from the nonrelated Red Crescent, an arm of the PLO run by Arafat's brother), continued to be cited repeatedly after the Red Cross had formally repudiated them. These were soon accompanied by equally inflated portraits of destruction from supposed eye-witness journalists in Beirut. While all the media were guilty of this, the prize may well have belonged to ABC which, in June, before the Israelis had launched any serious bombing of the city, described Beirut as a result of Israeli shelling, as resembling "some ancient ruin."

Symptomatic of the pervasive dishonesty was a photo distributed by United Press International with a caption which said it showed a seven-month-old baby who had lost both arms in an Israeli raid. Secretary of State George Shultz, in a statement meant to be critical of Israel, said "the symbol of this war is a baby with its arms shot off." It was a symbol not of the war, but of the media's coverage of it. Subsequent investigation showed that the baby had not been badly hurt—both its arms were intact. And while civilians, including children, were obviously hit by Israeli bombs, it so happened that in this case the time, place, and direction of bombing made it clear that the baby had been hit by PLO shelling, which the media rarely mentioned, but which was also a feature of the war.

Verbal attacks on Israel were the staple fare of journalists. CBS' Bill Moyers accused her of waging "total war;" NBC's John Chancellor talked of an "imperial Israel" and of Israel as "a warrior state;" ABC's Threlkeld said she was "the neighborhood bully." *Time* and *Newsweek* referred to Israel's leaders as "stubborn," "outrageous," and "troublesome." Even Israel's release of captured PLO documents, revealing the extent of Soviet involvement in training of the international terrorist network, surely of interest to the West, was dismissed as part of Israel's "propaganda war." Muravchik notes that ABC's Steve Mallory developed a regular routine of arriving at an area after it was hit by Israeli bombs or shells and announcing, usually wrongly, that there was no military target there.

The stories the media failed to tell were equally important. Except for the *Times*, the media had almost nothing to say of the welcome the Israelis received in Southern Lebanon by Christians and Moslems delighted to be rid of the PLO.

But perhaps the media bias was best revealed by the television networks' attacks on Israel for censorship. (The PLO's censorship, exercised by guns directed against unwelcome TV cameras, was never mentioned.) When ABC broke Israel's censorship by broadcasting an interview with Arafat that had been disallowed by the censor, Israel punished the network by temporarily refusing it access to Israeli television facilities. ABC accused Israel on the air of "an intolerable act of political censorship." Israel explained that while it exercised only military censorship on reports from Israel's side of the battle line, its extension of its facilities for reports from the enemy's side was a favor to journalists that it would not allow to be used for the PLO's political advantage. ABC had agreed to the rules and then broken them. As Israel saw it, it was as if Britain had been held responsible for "intolerable censorship" for failing to channel propaganda speeches by Goebbels from Germany during World War II if German transmission facilities were not working. But as Muravchik notes, while Israel's position was one with which the public might or might not have sympathized, they never heard Israel's side of the story because the networks would not report it. They were thus as guilty of "censorship" of information

possibly detrimental to *them* as Israel was. The other networks repeatedly showed black screens on which were superimposed statements like "22 Seconds Deleted by Israeli Censors" or "Pictures Censored." NBC set a record of sorts when in a single news story on June 5 the network managed to refer *four* separate times to Israeli censorship.

Yet Israel's censorship—in wartime—was far less restrictive than that of most other countries at any time and compared very favorably with the censorship of other Middle Eastern countries. Moreover, while dispatches from other Middle Eastern countries were censored, the networks only flashed on the screen references to Israeli censorship. Eventually NBC began to flash on the screen "Cleared by Syrian censors," and CBS several weeks later followed suit. But by the end of August ABC, although it often broadcast from Syria, still made no reference to Syrian censorship while routinely using "Cleared by Israeli censors." (Ironically if Israel had kept out all foreign journalists, she would presumably have fared much better at their hands. This is what the British did during their war with Argentina over the Falklands that was going on simultaneously, and the media kept silent about "censorship.")

Why should Israel specifically have become a target of the accumulated vices of advocacy journalism? Robert Elegant, in the 1981 *Encounter* essay on media performance in Vietnam that Morley Safer found so offensive, went to the heart of the problem. Elegant in effect prophesied the media's behavior in arguing that the adversary stance of the press during Vietnam was prototypical of what the reaction of the Western press was likely to be to any war: the press, he wrote, serves as multiplier of the prejudices of the western intelligentsia whose tender conscience moves it to condemn actions by its own side while condoning those of its enemies.⁹⁷ *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz noted an additional factor: Israel refuted all the lessons of Vietnam, showing that military force could be necessary, even beneficial, and that a Soviet client could be defeated by an American ally. Podhoretz saw the attacks on Israel as a cover for the loss of American nerve, acquiescence in terrorism, and appeasement of totalitarianism.⁹⁸ In Muravchik's view the most important single factor in the anti-Israel bias was that the war violated the precept that "violence never solves anything." This was the media's adaptation of the utopian perspective which could more accurately be summed up as "Violence from the left is the only violence that solves anything." Muravchik notes that it is ironic that the belief that violence solves nothing should have become ascendant in the media under the impact of the war in Vietnam, for at the end of that war "violence solved everything—to the satisfaction of the communists."

Given the extraordinary depths to which the media sank in the reporting on Lebanon, the analysis of the *Columbia Journalism Review* on media reporting of the war is interesting. It concluded that American journalism

reported what it saw for the most part fairly and accurately and sometimes brilliantly, provided balanced comment, and provoked and absorbed controversy. For performance under fire, readers and viewers could have asked for little more.⁹⁹

Except for the remark that the coverage "provoked and absorbed controversy," which was certainly true, this could scarcely have been further from the mark. But it does underscore the extent to which the major journalism reviews, of which Columbia's is probably the most influential, have themselves become exponents of advocacy journalism. If the press is going to change its ways, it will not be because of monitoring by the major journalism reviews.

Media needs and attitudes and utopian goals dovetail nicely. From the point of view of the utopians, stories that the media may like because of their inherent drama break down faith in authority. When ABC launched "20/20" to compete with CBS's highly successful "60 Minutes," the program was known around the studio as the "cancer scare of the week." While ABC may have pursued ratings, for the utopians the programs reveal the wickedness or incapacity of government and corporations, which deny the reality of the dangers or fail to meet them. The media rarely report human rights violations in totalitarian societies because they cannot gain access to them. For the utopians these are stories that *should* be ignored, for they might interfere with their effort to mobilize public opinion against non-Communist countries threatened by those whose aim is to establish regimes of the sort that already exist in Cuba and North Vietnam.

While in theory the fondness for scare stories could make reports on the Soviet military build-up and Soviet intelligence agencies appealing, here pervasive liberal orthodoxy among journalists comes into play. It leads them to downgrade the notion that there is such a thing as a genuine Soviet threat. It also leads them to automatic sympathy with proposals that come from disarmament groups, which they become extremely reluctant to report on fully for fear the effect would be to "unmask" them. This prevents the public from developing scepticism about the programs of these groups. The media's portrait enforces the utopian view of the world and makes the calls of the utopians for "de-industrialization," "decentralization of industry," solar roof collectors instead of central power stations, seem safer to try than they otherwise would. The utopian agenda becomes more plausible and attractive as our familiar world is seen to be threatened only by the calousness and rapacity of our own institutions.

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ARRIVAL

The orchid waited eons for the ape.
 With seasonal reserve, the old magnolia
 Seduced the dragonfly. Unpressed,
 The olive and the grape
 Lingered in indigo or green,
 Too pointedly perceived when not
 By simian lens. The field, busy with discharge,
 Was barren of delight.

Let ape appear: then fruit and fern, weary
 Of insect assiduity, will wink
 For recognition, oil and wine
 Seek flask and cruet. As we,
 No longer naked, know, not to be seen
 Too close shows sensibility.

ELLIOTT ZUCKERMAN

Benjamin Constant on Ancient and Modern Liberty

Stephen Holmes

Progressives ritually deplore not only the low level of popular participation in politics, but also its characteristic lack of intensity. Conservatives reply that the feverish involvement of ordinarily apathetic citizens can destabilize and even topple a democratic regime. Benjamin Constant attempted to *combine* these two one-sided ideas, ideas that are conventionally kept at an aseptic distance from one another. In modern societies, he asserted, political tyranny may be closely associated with attempts to reglorify the public realm. But tyranny can also be encouraged and sustained by excessive privatization. Too much and too little civic spirit are equally dangerous. This double claim forms the theoretical core of Constant's 1819 lecture on "Ancient and Modern Liberty."¹

Precursors

The "quarrel between the ancients and the moderns" which flourished in France toward the end of the seventeenth century was not merely a dispute about poetry. It reflected a cultural cleavage between religious conservatives who viewed history as a process of degeneration and advanced thinkers who exalted the refinements of modern *politesse* over the crudities of the barbaric *polis*.² Defenders of "the moderns" hoped that a liberation of literature from unsurpassable classical models would accompany the gradual emancipation of science from the authority of Aris-

totelism. Constant's vindication of liberal democracy against the would-be imitators of classical democracy was certainly influenced by these literary and scientific contests. Constant, however, drew more heavily on a narrower tradition of political theory.³

The proximate and primary source for Constant's dichotomy between two kinds of liberty was Montesquieu. Among its other achievements, *De l'esprit des lois* drew universal attention to the astonishing differences between modern England and ancient Sparta.⁴ Although he never used the phrase "modern liberty," Montesquieu had a clear enough conception of it. In modern societies such as England, he argued, the essence of liberty was security.⁵ In Europe, security was notably threatened when nobles were excessively independent and engaged in anarchic self-help (as in Poland) and also when monarchs (as in Richelieu's France) gathered too much power into their own hands.⁶ In either case men feared one another and the calculability of life was drastically reduced. "In order for men to have this [modern] liberty, the government must be such that a citizen cannot fear another citizen."⁷

Constitutionalism, including the separation of powers, was meant to arrest the seesaw of anarchy and despotism, to introduce a salutary predictability into civic life. Protection from both baronial reprisals and *lettres de cachet* was the essence of English liberty. Men knew that if they did not break the law neither the police nor marauding private armies would harass them. Security made it possible to plan one's life and to enter into long-term cooperative ventures with one's neighbors. A state based on this modern conception of liberty enables its citizens to engage in a promiscuous variety of actions and lives. All citizens may contribute to a common pattern, but only as "dissonances in music agree in the concord of the whole."⁸

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The above essay comes from a book, *Boundaries of the Political: the Sceptical Liberalism of Benjamin Constant*, that Yale University Press will publish in 1984.

Two Concepts of Liberty

The compatibility of the modern constitutional state with unregimented human diversity is one key to Montesquieu's contrast between modern England and ancient Sparta. He called Sparta free (that is, free from foreign domination), but he quickly added that "the only advantage of its liberty was glory."⁹ It was a small "society of athletes and combatants,"¹⁰ where money was proscribed,¹¹ where men were made cruel by harsh discipline¹² and always ready to immolate their private lives for the sake of their *patrie*. Sparta represented the apogee of politics based on virtue.¹³ Motivated exclusively by virtue, Spartans subordinated themselves unflinchingly to a single overriding purpose: to live and die for the glory of their state.¹⁴ They participated in public life, but only in the sense that they played their parts; they certainly did not "influence" the course of deliberation in personal, idiosyncratic ways. In this "warrior's guild,"¹⁵ in fact, collective deliberation was less important than gymnastics.

Montesquieu could compare Sparta to a monastery that, paradoxically enough, secured the undivided loyalty of its inmates by starving them of all human possibilities except those associated with the official functions of the group.¹⁶ A modern state could never expect such extraordinary devotion from its citizens precisely because it is too munificent: it lavishes so many extrapolitical possibilities on the individual that he feels "he can be happy without his *patrie*."¹⁷ Intense politics based on virtue is thus out of place in the modern state. Personal honor or avarice may motivate modern citizens; but self-abnegating patriotism cannot. That the English revolutionary attempt to resurrect a polity based on virtue in the seventeenth century would collapse in ridiculous hypocrisy was perfectly predictable.¹⁸

Montesquieu's striking counterposition of England and Sparta had a decisive impact on numerous writers besides Rousseau.¹⁹ Jean-louis de Lolme was typical. Writing in the 1780s, he reformulated Montesquieu's contrast as a distinction between private independence and political influence:

To concur by one's suffrage in enacting laws is to enjoy a share, whatever it may be, of power; to live in a state where the laws are equal for all and sure to be executed (whatever may be the means by which these advantages are attained), is to be free.²⁰

Passages registering an analogous distinction between sharing in legislative power and protection from the arbitrary acts of political officials can be found in the eighteenth-century works of Joseph Priestly, Adam Ferguson, Jean-Charles Sismondi, and others.²¹ All these writers had a clear awareness of what Constant would later describe as the difference between ancient and modern liberty. Nevertheless, the claims to originality advanced at the beginning of "*De la liberté des anciens comparée à celle des modernes*" were not entirely unjustified.²² The abstract dichotomy between ancient and modern liberty was not unprecedented, but Constant used it in ways that were new.

Ancient liberty, Constant wrote, was "active and continuous participation in the exercise of collective power."²³ Modern liberty, by contrast, is "the peaceful enjoyment of individual or private independence."²⁴ A hedonistic slide from "exercise" to "enjoy" signaled the humanly debilitating consequences of modernization. Indeed, Constant's distinction between ancient and modern liberty cannot be studied apart from the notion, also inherited from Montesquieu, that European history is a curious blend of progress and decay. He made remarkable assumptions about the human consequences of modernization:

The liberty of ancient times was whatever assured citizens the largest share in exercising social power. The liberty of modern times is whatever guarantees the independence of citizens from their government. As a result of their character, the ancients had an overriding need for action; and the need for action is easily reconciled with a vast increase in social authority. The moderns need peace and enjoyment. Peace can be found only in a limited number of laws that prevent citizens from being harassed. Enjoyments are secured by a wide margin of individual liberty. Any legislation requiring the sacrifice of these enjoyments is incompatible with the present condition of mankind.²⁵

Because of the common but erroneous belief that negation implies deprivation, "negative freedom"²⁶ is a misleading translation of *la liberté chez les modernes*. Modern liberty, as Constant conceived it, is as much a capacity for positive action as ancient liberty had been.²⁷ The difference only lies in the character of the action and the field in which it unfolds. Moreover, Constant distinguished between two types of freedom in order to investigate the various *relations* between them, the ways in which they are not only combinable but even mutually enhancing.

Not merely conceptual, Constant's distinction was initially historical. Each type of liberty, he urged, was originally bound to the institutions and life of a specific society. Ancient liberty, in its unalloyed form, was only possible in a sparsely populated, territorially compact, religiously homogeneous and slave-holding warrior's republic.²⁸ Modern liberty is the innovation of large-scale, caste-free, internationally open, religiously pluralistic, and intensively commercial societies.²⁹

Although intrigued by the contrast between public participation and private security, Constant did not allow it to obscure the radically progressive content of modern liberty. In antiquity, "freedom" was a privileged status from which men could be excluded by the chance of birth. Essential to modern liberalism, by contrast, is the demand that freedom be distributed to all individuals regardless of family origin. The relative importance which Constant ascribed to public and private spheres within modern liberty was a direct function of the modern demand of citizenship for all.

Constant's emphasis on a linkage between political ideals and social contexts was not merely a subsidiary feature of his theory. In explicit contrast to the natural law and contractarian traditions, he did not attempt to justify his commitment to the liberal state by adducing ahistorical traits of human nature. Once again following Montesquieu and other eighteenth-century (particularly Scottish) examples, he deliberately supplanted the contract myth with a theory of social change.³⁰ The liberal state is desirable not because it mirrors human nature or respects eternal human rights, but because it is the political arrangement most adequate to solving the problems of European society in its current state of economic, scientific, and moral development.

Constant's conception of social change was also vital to another striking thesis of the 1819 lecture, an idea elaborated at greater length in *De l'esprit de conquête et de l'usurpation dans leurs rapports avec la civilisation européenne* of 1814: the modern appeal to classical republican ideals is an anachronism that can serve only as a rhetorical justification and partial concealment of political fanaticism and terror.³¹

A similar thesis had been propounded by C.F. de Volney in 1794. Volney too lamented that "we have fallen into a superstitious adoration of the Greeks and Romans."³² Cults of antiquity which sprang up during the Revolution and glorified selfless, Brutus-like tyrannicide suggested this insight to many observers.³³ The myth of ancient republics, Constant agreed, lent a deceptive aura of legitimacy to the abusive acts of the Committee of Public Safety: "it is in the name of liberty that we have been given prisons, scaffolds and countless harassments."³⁴ The enormous power of government over society was justified by an ideology that, invoking ancient community, denied the modern distinction between state and society. During the Revolution, in other words, the ideal of ancient liberty was a pretext for oppression.³⁵ Constant conceded that many of the would-be "imitators of ancient republics" were propelled by generous motives.³⁶ They meant to abolish arbitrary government, seigniorial privileges, and the abuses of the Church. Their tragic mistake was to have chosen the classical city as an image unifying their diverse complaints against the *ancien régime*.

The French Revolution was not the first occasion on which anticlerical and anti-aristocratic activists appealed to classical republican ideals:

Since the renaissance of letters, most of those who attempted to rescue man from the degradation into which he had been plunged by the double curse of superstition and conquest [Roman Catholicism and aristocracy], believed it necessary to borrow institutions and customs favorable to liberty from the ancients.³⁷

Though the image of classical republican freedom may have been a useful rebuke to the old regime, it was not an adequate guide to the future. The myth of the ancient city could serve as a weapon in the assault on Catholicism and

the inequality of ranks, but it could furnish no clue about how to replace them.³⁸ Necessarily, attempts to resurrect anachronistic forms of liberty were political hoaxes on a grand scale.

The Problem

In modern times, Constant wrote, citizens can no longer experience political participation as an intrinsically rewarding form of action.³⁹ But he also said that his contemporaries must learn to couple political participation, which he described as a path to self-perfection, with individual privacy and independence.⁴⁰ Which statement are we to believe? Was Constant simply being incoherent? Our perplexity is justified. But it can be dispelled if we examine how the distinction between ancient and modern liberty was used during two separate phases of Constant's career.

The 1819 lecture contains long sections authored twenty years earlier in response to exceptional political events. By 1819, the political scene had radically changed. Constant's former left-wing enemies had vanished, only to be replaced by equally intractable right-wing foes. In response to this altered landscape, Constant reworked his distinction in a new direction. No longer threatened by pseudo-democratic fraud, he turned sharply against the civic passivity that served the interests of the ultras.⁴¹ But he left the passages written years earlier untouched. No wonder present-day readers feel off balance! Despite these findings, we cannot dismiss the 1819 lecture as a jumble of conflicting insights. Constant was right to cling tenaciously to both sides of his polemic: the atrophy of political life can be just as perilous as a total repoliticization of society. Constant was struggling to understand the complexities of politics after the Revolution.

The Original Formulation of the Distinction

A good deal has been written about the two concepts of freedom and the corresponding democratic traditions.⁴² What has perhaps been neglected is the history of the distinction itself, especially the context in which it was originally elaborated and the problems to which it was initially meant as a practical response.

The original version of the "Ancient and Modern Liberty" lecture can be found in Chapter Three of Mme de Staël's *Circonstances actuelles qui peuvent terminer la révolution*, a manuscript which was heavily influenced and perhaps co-authored by Constant around 1798. Constant and Mme de Staël wanted to convince the Directory that, instead of merely playing off the Right against the Left, it should appeal directly to a constituency of its own.

In times of political uproar, civic privatism can prevent

individuals from assuming uncompromising postures associated with *l'esprit de parti*. The Directory never totally succeeded in its attempt to arrest the civil war. Thus, from 1793 until 1799, active participation in French politics meant being drawn pell-mell into the fratricidal battle:

Even the slightest objection inspires hatred in the exalted parties. This hatred compels every man to ally himself with a number of his fellows and, just as men travel only in caravans in places infested with brigands, so in countries where hatreds are unleashed, they align themselves with a party in order to have defenders.⁴³

Constant's vindication of political absenteeism was intended as a reply to Rousseau's glorification of political participation. He lauded citizen withdrawal and indifference in situations of civil war when participation was largely a vehicle for partisan hatred and revenge. Civil war had demonstrated the value of apolitical behavior in a country "where two opposed parties combat each other with furor."⁴⁴

Constant and Mme de Staël urged the Directory to draw electoral support from just those individuals who had remained aloof from the fighting in the years before. The "inert" and "immobile" masses of the nation had views that were admirably moderate because deeply apathetic.⁴⁵ They were indifferent to royalty, but not enthusiastic enough about the Republic to want it to disrupt the nation's tranquillity.⁴⁶ They were unconcerned about the fate of the *ci-devant* privileged caste, but they did not detest the old nobles intensely enough to wish to see them persecuted.⁴⁷ They knew that the persecution of even a few embroils everyone, not merely the persecutors and the persecuted.⁴⁸

This majority "wants nothing but its own well-being."⁴⁹ The desire for peace and prosperity may have signaled a descent from the heights of antique virtue. But it had politically beneficial side-effects. Moreover, a commitment to peace was exactly what one would have expected from most Frenchmen.

Party spirit almost never exists except among individuals thrown outside the circle of domestic life. And two-thirds of the population of France and of all the countries of Europe are composed of men who are occupied solely with their pecuniary fortune.⁵⁰

In order to win the loyalty of these survival-minded masses, the Directoire should respect their indifference to politics. It must "never count, in such a nation, on the sort of patriotism that propelled the ancient republics."⁵¹ Instead of trying to win electoral support by stirring up enthusiasm, by asking citizens for heroic sacrifices of their particular interests to the general good, the Directory must acquiesce in individual contrariness. "Liberty today is everything that guarantees the independence of citizens from the power of the government."⁵² To syphon away

votes from royalists and Jacobins, the Directory must offer private security to its citizens.

De Staël's and Constant's aim in 1798 was to convince the Directory that the stability of the Republic required an abandonment of all the enthusiasm-promoting techniques employed earlier by the clubs, the militant *sectionnaires*, and the Convention:

Among the ancients . . . in order to capture public opinion, it was necessary to rouse the soul, to excite patriotism by conquest, by triumphs, by factions, even by troubles that nourished every passion. National spirit must no doubt be cultivated as much as possible within France. But we must not lose sight of the fact that public opinion is based on a love of peace, on the desire to acquire wealth and the need to conserve it and that we will always be more interested in administrative ideas than in political questions, because these touch our private lives more directly.⁵³

The majority of the French can have a moderating influence because they are largely indifferent to citizenship and distracted from public affairs. Justly wary of the intoxicating effect of patriotism, the Directors should heed the following maxim: "The sphere of each individual must always be respected."⁵⁴ To politicize modern individuals in a total manner is next to impossible, and would be a mistake in any case. In 1798, distinguishing between ancient and modern liberty meant praising apoliticism and urging the government to honor the primacy of private life.

The Lecture of 1819

Twenty years later, in 1819, Constant delivered his lecture at the Paris Atheneum. With the shift in the political situation, the argumentative thrust of his distinction between ancient and modern liberty also changed. In the France of 1819, there was no cult of Sparta which Constant might have felt compelled to discredit.⁵⁵ There was simply no threat of a resurgent Jacobinism by this time.

Constant's distinction between ancient and modern liberty has often been distorted by being mislocated exclusively in the context of 1793-1794. The Terror—which Constant had not witnessed first-hand, for he only returned to France in 1795—provided an important motive for his rethinking of eighteenth-century liberalism. But the Directory, the Empire and the ultra-dominated Restoration all influenced his thought in decisive ways. The Directory taught him the insufficiency of "limited" government, while Napoleon and the Bourbons helped revive his underlying republicanism, temporarily suspended in the convulsions of civil strife between 1793 and 1799. By 1819, Constant had long broken with Guizot and other moderates, and he sat on the far left of the Chamber. Needless to say, his ultraroyalist enemies never celebrated Rousseau as a prophet of unlimited popular sovereignty; and as

Catholics, they had only the faintest sympathy for pagan antiquity.

Constant began his lecture with a "demonstration," following Montesquieu and Rousseau, that the representative system was "a discovery of the moderns."⁵⁶ He used the contrast with the direct self-government of the classical city to highlight the uniqueness of representative government. But he did not reduce the modern rupture with the past to this contrast.

At the opening of the lecture, in a section that did not appear before 1819, he opposed representation to oligarchic usurpation, not to democratic participation. The representative system was a discovery of the moderns: it was a technique invented by the Third Estate for putting limits on that "oligarchy which is the same throughout the centuries."⁵⁷ At the time, Constant's assertion that representative government is the "only system" that allows modern men to attain freedom and social peace was immediately understood as an argument against the ultra program to reverse the relatively liberal Electoral Law of 1817.

Reminiscent of the regime of the ancient Gauls, the system the ultras wished to impose on modern France also resembled the constitution of ancient Sparta. A small elite, the Ephors of Sparta, possessed religious as well as political functions. They had powers to check and limit the kings. But they also enjoyed executive authority. They could easily become threats instead of restraints. They were, in fact, not democratic representatives at all, "not . . . men invested with a mission comparable to that which election today confers on the defenders of our freedoms."⁵⁸ The feudal aristocracy of priests and warriors idealized by the ultras resembled the Ephors in many respects. Under the *ancien régime*, "the nobility possessed privileges that were both insolent and oppressive. And the people were without rights or guarantees."⁵⁹

Shrewdly structured, this argument was calculated simultaneously to entice and to befuddle the antidemocratic sentiments of the French Right. Every royalist had to applaud the concession that modern France could never be governed by direct popular self-rule. But the reason why the government established by the Charte⁶⁰ was unlike that of the turbulent classical republics was *also* the reason why it was distinct from the Catholic, monarchical, and aristocratic system of the old regime.

Constant shrewdly replaced Montesquieu's contrast between modern monarchies and ancient republics by a new contrast, discomfiting to the ultras, between representative and nonrepresentative regimes. Such a contrast had the embarrassing effect of aligning the Catholic Bonald with the most radical proponents of pagan democracy. Taunting the Right, Constant juxtaposed absolute democracy with absolute monarchy.

The parallel drawn between the organization of the ancient city and the social program of the ultras was not merely negative. More was involved than a shared denial of the modern principle of representation. In both cases,

Constant discerned a bias against voluntariness, against entrusting social choices to unsupervised individuals. With one eye fixed on the Catholic ultraroyalists, Constant mentioned the power of ancient Roman authorities to meddle in matters of divorce and marriage. Reflecting on the ultra education program, he also remarked that modern theocrats agreed with ancient republicans: a government should "take possession of the generations being born" and shape them to its own pleasure.⁶¹ When he said (also about Rome) that "*les lois régulent les moeurs*,"⁶² his real target was the ultra—not merely Jacobin—idea that the state should assume the duty of policing private morality.

In mounting his attack on the French Right, Constant also focused on religious toleration. There were obvious differences between ancient civic religions and the modern alliance between throne and altar. Both could, however, be contrasted with a liberal decision to make religion a private matter: "the ability to choose one's own cult, an ability that we regard as one of our most precious rights, would have seemed a crime and a sacrilege to the ancients."⁶³ Distant from antiquity and inhospitable to the vision of the *Social Contract*, modern Frenchmen cannot reconcile themselves to the regimental designs of the theocratic Right. It is not altogether surprising that "the gallant defenders of doctrinal unity cite the laws of the ancients against foreign gods and support the rights of the Catholic Church with the example of the Athenians."⁶⁴ These and other parallels between the ancients and the ultras were innovations of 1819. They did not appear in Constant's earlier discussions of the distinction between ancient and modern liberty. They betray the immediate political objectives of his lecture.

In their interpretations of the Revolution, Jacobins and royalists agreed that the Terror had been necessary to the demolition of the old regime. Ever since his early pamphlet, *Effets de la terreur* (1798),⁶⁵ Constant had rejected this shared premise of the Left and Right. He had sought to disconnect liberty from an incriminating association with bureaucratic murder. An obvious way to disjoin freedom from the Terror was to split "freedom" in two. One form (call it ancient liberty) could be found guilty, while the other (call it modern) would come out innocent. Constant had this strategy in mind in the *Circonstances actuelles* of 1798 where, together with Mme de Staël, he initially worked out the distinction between ancient and modern liberty. Throughout the Restoration, moreover, Constant's need to outmaneuver the ultras led him to stress the politically harmless aspects of modern freedom. He often wrote of "*la liberté légale*," "*la liberté constitutionnelle*," and "*la liberté régulière*."⁶⁶ He tended to discuss freedom in minimalist terms: by liberty he meant the strict execution of the Charte.⁶⁷

But, although Constant no longer felt threatened by the Jacobins in 1819, he was becoming increasingly exasperated with the ultras. His desire to appease their fears was

evaporating quickly. This turn of events helps explain his new insistence that freedom from politics, even if it never functioned as a pretext for revolutionary tyranny, was by no means harmless.

By 1819, in fact, the distinction between ancient and modern liberty had become Constant's way of exposing the dangers inherent in his own commitment to civic privatism. His initial intention may have been to describe modern liberty as innocent: it had had no role in inspiring the Terror. But, at the end of his 1819 lecture, his theoretical instincts and a changing political scene drew him toward criticizing modern liberty precisely because of its encouragement of apathy. Thus, the concluding thesis of the 1819 lecture was this: "Because we are more distracted from political liberty than [the ancients] were able to be, and in our ordinary condition less passionate about it, it can happen that we sometimes neglect too much, and always mistakenly, the guarantees that it ensures us."⁶⁸

Constant's Cautious Renewal of the Appeal to Antiquity

The final section of "Ancient and Modern Liberty" comes as a surprise. After having devoted twenty dense pages to his claim that modern peoples are exclusively attuned to private independence and freedom from politics, after having said that "*nous ne pouvons plus jouir de la liberté des anciens*,"⁶⁹ and that "the liberty suitable to the moderns is different from that which was suitable to the ancients,"⁷⁰ after all this, Constant abruptly changed his emphasis: "So, Gentlemen, far from renouncing either of the two types of freedom about which I have been speaking to you, we must, as I have demonstrated, learn to combine the one with the other."⁷¹

In the body of the lecture, composed in previous years and geared to different situations, Constant made clear that "the perpetual exercise of political rights" and "the daily discussion of the affairs of state" offer "only trouble and fatigue" to modern nations.⁷² But in the conclusion, written in or around 1819, he wrote:

Political liberty, granted to all citizens without exception, allows them to examine and study their most sacred interests, enlarges their spirits, ennobles their thoughts and establishes between them a sort of intellectual equality that makes up the glory and power of a people.⁷³

The citizenship being praised in the concluding section of the lecture is only a part-time affair. Nevertheless, we cannot escape the impression that we are witnessing a dramatic alteration in Constant's tone as well as a reversal in his theoretical stance. Here, his endorsement of civic involvement is unmistakable. That Constant, at the end of his lecture, did not denigrate or repudiate political participation is obviously pertinent to the question of how anti-

democratic was his liberalism. But it is not easy to integrate these final pages with the earlier part of his argument.

On closer inspection, it turns out that two distinct paradoxes preside over the jolting conclusion of "Ancient and Modern Liberty." First, there is an inconsistency between Constant's pessimistic and his optimistic assessments of popular influence on the government in a modern state. Modern citizens are said to have no influence on their governments. But their active participation is also described as decisive. Second, there is a flat contradiction between Constant's claims that: (i) in modern societies, political liberty is a means, while civil liberty is the end, that is, participation is valuable *only* as a guarantee to ensure private security from government harassment (this distinguishes modern from ancient participation); and (ii) active civic involvement is valuable in itself; it is an opportunity for soaring above petty individual concerns and furthering self-perfection.

Viewed separately, both paradoxes seem quite baffling. Taken together, however, each not only illuminates the other but also helps explain the structure of the lecture's conclusion.

Consider the contrast between the pessimistic and the optimistic assessments of popular influence on modern governments. Constant's pessimism here echoes Rousseau's remark⁷⁴ that the English are free only once every several years and solely during the few minutes it takes to vote; otherwise they are slaves:

Among the moderns . . . even in the states which are most free, the individual, although independent in private life, is not sovereign except in appearance. His sovereignty is restrained, almost always suspended; and if he exercises this sovereignty at fixed but infrequent intervals, during which time he is still surrounded by precautions and obstacles, it is only to abdicate it.⁷⁵

Constant accepted Rousseau's claim that democratic self-government is impossible in a large country. But he refused to imitate Rousseau's wholesale rejection of representative government on the British model.

Constant decided to adapt himself, without undue agony, to the new political and extrapolitical possibilities available in a society incapable of direct democracy. From a realistic point of view, the marginal contribution of the average modern individual to any political outcome is close to zero: "the individual's influence . . . is lost in a multitude of influences."⁷⁶ Hence, we should expect most men to turn their backs on citizenship and devote themselves to more rewarding, creative and enjoyable forms of conflict or cooperation. From Constant's perspective in 1819, however, there was a serious flaw in a way of thinking that encouraged men to channel all their energies into private life. French history had by that time unambiguously demonstrated that civic absenteeism can serve the cause of tyrants and oppressors. What had been thrown

into question was the standard liberal argument that commercial life provides an effective counterweight to excessive political authority. "The progress of industry . . . creates for each individual a sphere within which are concentrated all his interests; and, if the individual looks outside this sphere, it is only by accident."⁷⁷ But when modern citizens become too absorbed in their private financial business and fail to keep watch over the political scene, the ambitious few will amass uncontrollable quantities of power.⁷⁸ Once this has happened, private wealth will itself be insecure.

Constant believed that economic independence was a precondition for political influence. Political liberty presupposed civil liberty. He also affirmed the inverse claim: without effective political influence, economic independence and decentralization cannot be guaranteed. This second proposition cannot be called a political argument against capitalism, but it is an insight into the troublesome political consequences of business-mindedness and the spirit of commerce.

The historical experiences behind this liberal distrust of apoliticism were manifold. Just as important to Constant as the ultra program to limit the franchise was the atrophy of political life under the Empire. Napoleon had encouraged a withering away of active citizenship in order to consolidate his power.⁷⁹ He had initially gained popular support for his *coup d'état* because many citizens were weary of the pseudo-republican antics of the Directory.⁸⁰ Thus, the post-revolutionary urge to escape from politics and to delimit the political sphere had nourished an invasive dictatorship. Constant experienced the pang of enforced depoliticization in his own person when he was ejected from the Tribunat in 1802. It is inconceivable that, having suffered this humiliation, he would have afterwards viewed privatization as simply and exclusively a public good.

Constant's argument here might be interpreted as a democratic rethinking of a dilemma faced earlier by French aristocrats. In the eighteenth century, the "resurgent nobility" realized they had made a poor bargain when they sacrificed their political power to Richelieu and Louis XIV for the sake of cozy privileges and immunities. Without power, their new rights were insecure.⁸¹ Private independence can only be guaranteed by political responsibility. Constant echoed this point, with one major difference. He wished political rights distributed "to all citizens without exception."⁸²

To provide his argument with a form more arresting to modern readers, Constant resorted to a financial comparison.⁸³ A rich man may, in order to gain time for other activities, hire a manager to handle his fiscal affairs. In any such arrangement there comes a point when "saving time" will be carried too far. A manager left completely unsupervised may defraud the owner. In the long run, delegating one's power is not necessarily an efficient way to save time. Like businessmen, citizens must keep themselves carefully informed in order to judge whether their

delegated business is being handled honestly and intelligently:

The peoples who recur to the representative system in order to enjoy the liberty that is suitable to them must exercise a constant and active surveillance over their representatives. They must reserve to periods which are not separated by long intervals the right to dismiss these representatives if they have betrayed their vows and to revoke any powers they have abused.⁸⁴

Not so enjoyable as the first-hand despoiling, exiling, imprisoning, and executing available to the ancient citizen, this dismissing and revoking preserved some of the responsibilities of ancient citizens within modern constitutional government.

From an individual's viewpoint, the importance of his own civic participation seems negligible and almost imaginary. In the aggregate, however, a participating and well informed citizen body can certainly prevent the return of a Napoleon or, more likely in 1819, the gradual confiscation of all political power by the ultras.

There may be no contradiction in Constant's argument. But there *is* a problem. The liberal dilemma was how to motivate individuals to participate, how to galvanize them into civic activism, given the scant rewards each individual might expect from time expended on political affairs: "the danger of modern liberty is that, absorbed in the enjoyment of our private independence and in the pursuit of our particular interests, we will renounce too easily our right to share in political power."⁸⁵ Civic privatism is a danger because individuals will be more impressed by the shorter-term gains than by the longer-term dangers of apoliticism. Rational calculation leads citizens to see that they can personally have no "real influence" on political events,⁸⁶ and thus may inadvertently encourage them to expose their polity to dictatorship.

Constant understood that his instrumental argument for civic involvement (that private rights can only be guaranteed by popular power, that independence will only be ensured by participation) was not sufficient to rouse men from the civic sedation administered first by Napoleon and more recently by the ultra party. Partly because of his recognition of the insufficiency of the instrumental argument for civic involvement, Constant overturned the previously worked-out logic of his lecture (a logic reflecting his radically different concerns of 1798) and introduced an Aristotelian and almost romantic justification of participation. Even apart from its terrible consequences, Constant concluded, privatism cannot satisfy individuals, even if it might make them happy. Men could reach *bonheur* simply by abandoning their strenuous ideals and sinking into passivity. But happiness was not enough:

No, Gentlemen, I call to witness this better part of our nature, the noble restlessness that pursues and torments us, this ardor to extend our understanding and develop our faculties.

Our destiny does not call us to happiness alone, but to self-perfection; and political liberty is the most powerful and the most energetic means of self-perfection granted us by heaven.⁸⁷

Except for "torment" and "*inquiétude*," this passage carefully echoes classical arguments according to which man is a fundamentally political animal. In radical contrast to the body of the lecture, it implies that *the more time* modern citizens spend on public affairs, the more free they will feel.

In 1798, when the distinction between ancient and modern liberty was first elaborated, Constant was still haunted by the experience of the Revolution and especially by the idea that political participation meant involvement in plots for revenge. He thus viewed patriotic fermentation with a nervous eye. In 1819, by contrast, the ultra threat caused Constant and his liberal allies to reverse their earlier position and speak warmly of "pure, profound, and sincere patriotism," a sentiment capable of ennobling the spirits of "*tous les citoyens, sans exception*."⁸⁸ Not merely a means to civil liberty, political liberty was also seen as an integral part of civil liberty. Constant concluded by suggesting that "the greatest possible number of citizens" must be given influence over public affairs and admitted to important political functions. Inclusion in such tasks will give citizens "both the desire and the capacity to perform them."⁸⁹ This is the sort of thinking which eventually led to the acceptance of universal suffrage as an indispensable basis for representative government.

The strikingly democratic conclusion to "Ancient and Modern Liberty" remains puzzling until we understand how the underlying logic of the argument of 1798 was adapted to meet the demands of Restoration politics. The lecture is a palimpsest. It is so complex because it was composed twice, the second version superimposed on the first after an interval of twenty years. By 1819, Constant's original fear of convulsive patriotism had had to make room for his hope that enhanced civic participation might advance liberal causes or at least keep the ultras in check.

Civic Privatism and its Problems

The foregoing analysis of the two layers of "Ancient and Modern Liberty" fails to do justice to the theoretical content of the lecture. After all, it was Constant's conscious decision to weave his new and old concerns into a single pattern of thought. "Ancient and Modern Liberty" gains its importance from his crucial insight that both the loss of civic spirit and the revival of civic spirit contain a potential for tyranny. The right to be distracted from politics is precious, but it is not harmless. Overprivatization and overpoliticization are symmetrical dangers. The pluralistic and voluntary pattern of life to which modern citizens have become accustomed makes us intolerant of societies in

which there are no sharply etched limits to the political. But every time we draw such boundaries, we seal off important areas of social life from responsible public surveillance and control. Napoleon craftily used civic privatism to escape accountability.⁹⁰ The liberal boundaries of the political are simultaneously indispensable and fraught with risk.

This idea is not a palinode or sign of Constant's irresolute vacillation. It is an insight into the complexity of politics in France after the Revolution. Ultimately, Constant's success at keeping such ostensibly conflicting ideas simultaneously alive is what makes his thought about this period so fascinating.

Unusable and even dangerous as a constructive principle, ancient liberty is helpful as a reminder of the central peril of modern liberty. His sense of this peril may well be why Constant was so careful to label participation in sovereignty a form of liberty in the first place. Montesquieu had warned against confounding the sovereign "power" of a people with its "liberty," and de Lolme adopted this same distinction between freedom and power.⁹¹

Constant's decision to deviate from those who defined liberty by contrasting it with the exercise of sovereignty was not casual. He insisted from the start that the influence of citizens on legislation was a form of freedom. He did not allow active political rights to stand on the sidelines as a mere alternative to freedom. This refusal to set popular power aside may also illuminate the ending of the 1819 lecture, the apparent contradiction between the notion that political liberty is exclusively a guarantee and the idea that it is also a vehicle for self-perfection. By calling popular power a form of freedom, Constant prepared the way for his conclusion: freedom from politics is not coextensive with liberty. True liberty is an "optimal mix" of public and private, participation and nonparticipation, citizenship and independence, activism and distraction, cooperation and eccentricity.⁹²

Those who accept Isaiah Berlin's portrait of a privacy-addicted Constant cannot explain why he devoted the last fifteen years of his life to public service. To be sure, the politics to which he gave himself unstintingly was not a town-meeting sort of communalism. It was a radical, reformist activism. If it was politics with the aim of limiting politics, it was politics nonetheless. The price of *modern* liberty is eternal vigilance. Anti-utopian but reform-minded participation was crucial for Constant. In the *Commentaire sur l'ouvrage de Filangieri* of 1822, he was unrelenting about the importance of political citizenship. In explaining why England was a powerful nation despite its absurd commercial law, he wrote:

The political institutions, the parliamentary discussions, the liberty of the press which [England] has enjoyed without interruption for one hundred and twenty-six years have counteracted the vices of its laws and its governments. Its inhabitants maintain their energy of character because they have not been disinherited of their participation in the administration

of public affairs. This participation, while it is almost imaginary, gives the citizens a feeling of their importance that fosters their activity.⁹³

Spain, by contrast, reveals the dismal fate of a country where individuals lose interest in themselves because they are deprived of any chance to influence their own fate: Spain's "decadence dates from the destruction of its political liberty and the suppression of the *cortes*."⁹⁴

Participation in politics, as advocated by the later Constant, was not limited to the periodic *surveillance* and *contrôle* of the legislators by the electors. It cannot be reduced to a means by which private citizens could defend their security, goods and *jouissances*.⁹⁵ Constant argued that concern for the public good was also creative of energetic characters and even national identity. For him, politics was an engrossing passion. He merely wanted to make sure that it was voluntary, not obligatory. A voluntary politics of reform (based on ideals of civilized humanity) is certainly one of the central possibilities made available by modern liberty.

We should not, however, allow Constant to give a more glamorous portrait of the ancient component in modern liberty than he gave of ancient liberty itself. Constant admitted that he was sometimes bored with public service, and he never gave flattering accounts of his reasons for persisting in office. In a revealing letter written in 1800, when he was first appointed to the Tribunat, he distinguished sharply between happiness and self-perfection, just as he was to do at the conclusion of "Ancient and Modern Liberty." He had pursued a political career, he said:

not as a pleasure—is there any such thing in life?—but as a task, as an opportunity to fulfill a duty, which is the only thing able to lift the burden of doubt, of memory, of unrest—the eternal lot of our transitory nature. Those for whom pleasure has charms, for whom novelty still exists, and who have preserved the happy faculty of enjoyment, do not need a vocation; but those who have lost their physical and moral youth must have a distinct mission to do good in order not to sink into discouragement and apathy.⁹⁶

Constant was only thirty-three when he wrote this letter. Decrepitude was his society's, not his personal, plight. Victimized by an excess of civilization, modern men are incapable of *bonheur*. The best they can hope for is to quell their nagging *inquiétude*. Living in a disillusioned age, Constant decided to call such escapism by the name of "self-perfection." Idealizing politics was politically useful in his battle against the ultras.

Modern Imitators of Ancient Republics

Taine, heir to the counterrevolutionary tradition, argued that the Terror was a logical consequence of Enlightenment thought.⁹⁷ This conservative thesis has been so

widely influential that its implausible character is often lost from sight: if eighteenth-century liberalism leads necessarily to revolutionary dictatorship and murder, then only the illiberalism of the old regime can sustain social freedom.

Constant had a different view. The Terror, he thought, did not result from an excess of freedom. On the contrary, "the evils of the Revolution stemmed precisely from the Revolution's having suspended all liberty."⁹⁸ The liberty suspended during the Terror had little or no resemblance to the old aristocratic freedoms which had been sharply curtailed during the consolidation of French absolutism. The liberty violated by the Terror was a constitutionally regulated liberty. It included civil rights, religious tolerance, legal equality, and the political influence of the Third Estate. Unlike Taine, in other words, Constant saw no difficulty in criticizing the Terror with categories inherited from the Enlightenment. The 1793–1794 phase of the Revolution was marked by intolerant fanaticism, secular priest-craft, and a conflation of the social and the political. The Jacobins claimed to be establishing a new republic based on virtue; but they actually recreated a despotism based, as Montesquieu said all despotisms were, on fear.

Constant never accused the Terrorists of an overexuberant commitment to reason and equality. Rather than pointing an accusing finger at the Enlightenment, he focused on the revolutionary appeal to classical republican ideals,⁹⁹ an appeal that served as a pretext for oppression, misleading the public and to some extent deluding the oppressors. In so doing he relied explicitly on an Enlightenment mistrust of political recidivism.¹⁰⁰

Robespierre and Saint-Just, who in the crisis of 1793 had resurrected the Roman institution of emergency dictatorship, were the most notorious modern imitators of ancient republics. They were not squeamish about using violence against their real or imagined enemies:

These men thought they could exercise political power as it had been exercised in the free states of antiquity. They believed that even today everything must yield to the collective authority and that private morality must fall silent before the public interest.¹⁰¹

Robespierre's addiction to Plutarch and Rousseau should not be overestimated. But his admiration for the ancients certainly contributed to his self-image as a great moral legislator and founder of a new order.¹⁰² The classical tradition of civic virtue provided a language in which he could misdescribe the Revolution and stress the paramount need for self-sacrifice on the part of all citizens. One of his favorite exhortations was: "*évelons nos âmes à la hauteur des vertus républicaines et des exemples antiques*."¹⁰³ "Sparta," he rapturously remarked, "shines like a lightning flash in the immense darkness."¹⁰⁴ "I speak of public virtue," he added in yet another speech, "which worked such wonders in Greece and Rome and must produce even more astonishing good in republican France."¹⁰⁵

Characteristic of the ancient city, according to Constant, was the absence of inalienable rights.¹⁰⁶ Rights were not absolute but contingent upon service to the community. They could be legally revoked by the assembled populace.¹⁰⁷ In search of justifications for the flagrant violations of judicial procedure involved in revolutionary justice, the Jacobins were understandably attracted to this ancient model for the morally impeccable revocation of rights. For similar reasons, "the Spartans of the Convention"¹⁰⁸ followed Rousseau in praising the absence of partial associations within the ancient city. Loyalty to family or Church should never interfere with allegiance to the *patrie*. Robespierre could encourage the denunciation of family members for uncivic attitudes and chide wives whose husbands had been guillotined for harboring unpatriotic feelings.¹⁰⁹ Frenchmen should be exclusively political animals, at least so long as revolutionary government was in effect. The Law of Suspects defined "treason" so vaguely as to include boredom and indifference as crimes against the state.¹¹⁰ Likewise, attendance at local assemblies and the assumption of public office was obligatory, not voluntary. If you married a foreigner, said "monsieur" instead of "citoyen," or went to Church, some zealot might accuse you of having harmed the public good.¹¹¹ This fervid assimilation of the social to the political and the private to the public was justified by appeals to the ancient city in which no line had been drawn between state and society.

Citizenship, for Robespierre, had to be total: "love of the *patrie* . . . presupposes a preference for the public interest over all private interests."¹¹² But Robespierre did not merely denounce conflicting interests. He refused to admit the legitimacy of conflicting *opinions* about the common good. He remarked that there are only two parties in the Convention, the pure and the corrupt.¹¹³ A crude dichotomy between base self-interest and noble virtue dominated the Robespierist vision of political life. Patriots, he notoriously suggested, should be concerned with virtue, not with material well-being.¹¹⁴ The same simplistic dualism supported his near-hysterical attacks on the single vast conspiracy of the egoistical and demon-driven aligned against the Revolution.¹¹⁵ It also underlay his project for the reeducation of Frenchmen deformed by centuries of superstition and oppression.¹¹⁶ Like a good Plutarchan legislator,¹¹⁷ Robespierre was less concerned about granting a share of legislative authority to the people than with restoring their moral health: "the Legislator's first duty is to form and preserve public morality."¹¹⁸ His central aim was to instill purity of soul into citizens by means of the Revolution: "We want an order in which all low and cruel passion shall be repressed and in which laws shall awaken all the benevolent and generous passions."¹¹⁹ Men can be inwardly refashioned by governmental edict. Vice can be legislated out of existence.

For Constant, Robespierre had an absurdly exaggerated idea of the capacity of law to make men morally pure. Con-

stant admired the American revolutionaries who were satisfied with a system in which ambition counteracted ambition. Robespierre, by contrast, aspired to create an order "in which the only ambition is to deserve fame and serve the country."¹²⁰ Instead of rechanneling private vice for public benefit, he wished to eradicate vice and enthrone virtue in its stead.

According to Constant, it was this unbelievable attempt to "improve" men against their will and to resurrect a virtue-based polity on the ancient model that produced the most gruesome atrocities of the Terror: "The partisans of ancient liberty became furious when modern individuals did not wish to be free according to their method. They redoubled the torments, the people redoubled its resistance, and crimes followed upon errors."¹²¹ The gravest error of the Jacobins was not to have adapted themselves to the general spirit¹²² of the age:

When punishments that reason reserves for great crimes are applied to actions that some members of society consider a duty, and that the most honest of the contrary party regard as indifferent or excusable, the legislator is obliged, in order to sustain his first iniquity, to multiply indefinitely secondary wrongs. In order to have a single tyrannical law executed, he must compile an entire code of proscriptions and blood.¹²³

Robespierre was simply out of touch with the realities of modern France.

By the end of the eighteenth century, the most common complaint against the old regime was that it was a holdover from a bygone age. At mid-century, the word "revolution" had already begun to change its meaning from going back to going forward.¹²⁴ As the Revolution got underway, the attack on the old regime was conducted less in the name of an ancient constitution and more in the name of a desirable future. In this context, it was a skillful *coup de théâtre* to stamp the most progressive party with the epithet "anachronism." Indeed, Constant's diagnosis of the Revolution was part of his strategy of tarring the two extremes of French politics with the same brush, and thus of staking out a broad middle position for himself and his allies. It also allowed him to attack the Terror without abandoning the liberalism of the philosophes.

The Psychology of Revolution

Constant's most penetrating insight into the leaders of the French Revolution was that their Rousseauism went deeper than it first seemed. Rousseau admired Sparta but was pessimistic about the chances for reviving ancient frugality and virtue in a corrupt modern world. Robespierre is sometimes depicted as an optimist who tried to do what Rousseau had declared impossible. But in fact Rousseauist pessimism permeated the speeches of Robespierre from 1792 until his execution in 1794.¹²⁵ His last speech con-

cluded with a typical suggestion that the Republic of Virtue is too good for this world: "The time has not yet come when men of good will can serve their country unmolested."¹²⁶ This half-admission that his own goals were impossible to achieve is the most Rousseauist element in Robespierre's writings. Such a half-consciously perceived discrepancy between extravagant goals and modest historical possibilities is what Constant had in mind in this sardonic commentary:

Nothing is stranger to observe than the speeches of the French demagogues. Saint-Just, the cleverest among them, composed all his speeches in short, compact sentences, meant to jolt awake worn-out minds. Thus, while he appeared to believe the nation capable of making the most agonizing sacrifices, he recognized by his very style that it was incapable even of paying attention.¹²⁷

In diagnosing the Revolution, Constant regularly returned to this *dédoublement révolutionnaire*. Saint-Just's audience was not asleep; it was frazzled and distracted. It suffered from *l'arrière pensée* and other signs of excessive civilization which Constant later explored in his novel, *Adolphe* (1816). Recall this warning of Adolphe: "woe to the man who in the arms of the mistress he has just possessed, conserves a fatal prescience and foresees that he can abandon her."¹²⁸ Adolphe's torment stemmed partly from his inability to throw himself into any action with complete abandon. His painful lack of illusions was startlingly mirrored in a psychological portrait Constant painted of the revolutionary crowd. Although modern individuals can become enthused about certain abstract ideas, they are unfitted for feeling enthusiasm toward particular men. Adolphe and the French people share "*une déplorable prévoyance*":

The French Revolution was most remarkable in this respect. Whatever has been said about the inconstancy of the people in ancient republics, nothing equals the mobility we have witnessed. If, during the outbreak of even the best-prepared upheaval, you watch carefully the obscure ranks of the blind and subjugated populace, you will see that the people (even as it follows its leaders) casts its glance ahead to the moment when these leaders will fall. And you will discern within its artificial exaltation, a strange combination of analysis and mockery. The people will seem to mistrust their own convictions. They will try to delude themselves by their own acclamations and to reinvigorate themselves by jaunty raillery. They foresee, so to speak, the moment when the glamor of it all will pass.¹²⁹

Constant attributed the savagery and violence of the Revolution to just this lack of conviction, to just this mobility: "Insurrections among the ancients were much more sincere than among ourselves."¹³⁰ Bloodshed was a tactic used by eviscerated men to compensate for a deficit of powerful passions:

An artificial and contrived insurrection requires, apart from the violence of the insurrection itself, the extra violence

needed to set it in motion. . . . During the Revolution, I saw men organizing sham insurrections who proposed massacres in order—as they put it—to give events a popular and national air.¹³¹

Void of conviction, but unable to tolerate a rudderless state of mind, modern men become "*prétendus républicains*,"¹³² pseudo-zealots more odious and frenzied than authentic zealots. Their hypocrisy was repellent:

Great sacrifices, acts of devotion, victories won by patriotism over natural affections in Greece and Rome served among us as pretexts for the most unbridled outbursts of individual passions. Noble examples were parodied in a miserable fashion. Because, in earlier times, inexorable but just fathers had condemned their criminal children, modern imitators put their own quite innocent enemies to death.¹³³

Constant's general understanding of modern European societies influenced and was influenced by his analysis of the Revolution. Although he considered the Revolution an episode in the moral advance toward legal equality, he never neglected its chilling cruelty. And while he focused intently on modern misuses of communitarian rhetoric, he never denied the genuinely progressive outcome of the Revolution. He thought that the disaster of the Jacobin experiment at legislating public morality revealed the utter futility of trying to reverse the course of social change. The morals and manners of a skeptical, secular, and commercial society leave much to be desired. Legislative command cannot, however, recreate otiose forms of civic virtue and communal belonging.

Because Constant wished to counter Rousseau's pernicious influence on the revolutionary generation and to deromanticize the classical city, he often emphasized the brutal features of ancient liberty. Despite this tendency, he was careful to say that the Greeks and the Romans provided the most stunning examples in human history of political freedom. Ancient republicanism, while harsh, was not despotic. It is *only in modern society* that ancient freedom becomes a ploy for justifying oppression.¹³⁴ Because there were no significant boundaries of the political in the ancient city, total citizenship was not experienced as a violation of the individual or as a restriction on his chances in life. During the Revolution, by contrast, the ludicrous demand for *certificats de civisme* revealed how threatened authorities felt by the lukewarm commitment of citizens to civic life.¹³⁵ Political absenteeism was perceived as treason, as an illicit evasion of the molding-power of a self-appointed Legislative elite. The pluralism of modern society, including the "line" between state and society, first made the ideal of ancient liberty into a possible pretext for political tyranny.

1. "De la liberté des anciens comparée à celle des modernes," delivered at the Paris Atheneum in 1819 and reprinted in *Cours de politique constitutionnelle ou collection des ouvrages publiés sur le gouvernement représenté*.

tatif, edited by Eduoard Laboulaye, Paris 1872, vol. 2, 539-560. Besides this lecture, the basic texts in which Constant discusses the distinction between ancient and modern liberty are Chapters 6 through 8 of *De l'usurpation* of 1814, reprinted in *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 204-217, and, most important of all, Book 16 of the recently published manuscript, originally composed between 1802 and 1804, *Les "Principes de politique" de Benjamin Constant*, edited by Etienne Hofmann, Geneva 1980, 419-455. This early sketch of Constant's argument is itself a rewritten and expanded version of Chapter 3 of Mme de Staël's *Des circonstances actuelles qui peuvent terminer la révolution*, Geneva 1979, 106-112, a work written around 1798, but left unpublished until the twentieth century. We know that Constant actively collaborated on this manuscript. He was certainly involved with the initial conception of the chapter in question and can probably be considered its co-author. The actual degree of Constant's collaboration on *Circonstances actuelles*, however, will always remain a matter of dispute. Since Constant took whole sentences from the book and simply transplanted them unrevised into his own published works, we can assume he felt a proprietary attitude toward the manuscript of 1798. The relevant chapter also has a kind of Constantian ring discordant with de Staël's ordinary tone. But there is room for legitimate disagreement on this question. The answer to it is also of limited importance.

2. J. B. Bury, *The Idea of Progress*, New York 1932, 78-97; Antoine Adam, *Grandeur and Illusion. French Literature and Society 1600-1715*, New York 1972, 142-164.

3. See Thomas Hobbes's dismissal of ancient liberty, *Leviathan*, Part Two, ch. 21, Oxford 1965, 165; and David Hume, "Of the Populousness of Ancient Nations," *Essays. Moral, Political and Literary*, Oxford 1963, 381-451. Cf. also Alexander Hamilton: "The industrious habits of the people of the present day, absorbed in the pursuits of gain and devoted to the improvements of agriculture and commerce, are incompatible with the condition of a nation of soldiers, which was the true condition of the people of those [ancient] republics." *The Federalist Papers*, New York 1961, 69.

4. Compare the virtue-based ancient republic (discussed in Books II-VIII of *De l'esprit des lois*) with the English mixed regime (discussed chiefly in Books XI and XII).

5. Montesquieu, *De l'esprit des lois*, in *Oeuvres complètes*, Paris 1951, vol. 2, 431 (XII, 2).

6. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 396 (XI, 5) and 354 (VIII, 6).

7. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 397 (XI, 6).

8. Montesquieu, *Causes de la Grandeur des Romains*, in *Oeuvres complètes*, 119.

9. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 363 (VIII, 16).

10. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 272 (IV, 8).

11. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 269 (IV, 6).

12. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 273 (IV, 8).

13. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 252 (III, 3): "Les politiques grecs, qui vivoient dans le gouvernement populaire, ne reconnoissent d'autre force qui pût les soutenir que celle de la vertu."

14. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 303 (V, 19).

15. Max Weber, *The City*, New York 1958, 220.

16. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 274 (V, 2).

17. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 362 (VIII, 16).

18. Montesquieu, *Esprit*, 252 (III, 3).

19. Montesquieu's definition of freedom as personal security (with no reference to self-government or the satisfactions afforded participants in a common endeavor) was echoed in Jaucourt's article on political liberty in the *Encyclopédie*: "La liberté politique du citoyen est cette tranquillité d'esprit que procède de l'opinion que chacun a de sa sûreté, & pour qu'on ait cette sûreté, il faut que le gouvernement soit tel, qu'un citoyen ne puisse pas craindre un citoyen." *Encyclopédie, ou Dictionnaire raisonné des sciences, des arts et des métiers*, vol. 9, Neufchastel 1765, 472.

20. Jean-Louis de Lolme, *The Constitution of England*, London 1807, 246.

21. Joseph Priestly, *An Essay on the First Principles of Government and of the Nature of Political, Civil and Religious Liberty*, London 1768, 12-13,

54; Adam Ferguson, *An Essay on the History of Civil Society*, London 1767, 92; Jean-Charles-Léonard Sismondi, *Histoire des républiques italiennes du moyen-âge*, Paris 1809, vol. 4, 369-370. These texts are all cited in Guy Dodge, *Benjamin Constant's Philosophy of Liberalism*, Chapel Hill 1980, 43-44.

22. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 539.

23. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 547.

24. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 547.

25. *Les "Principes de politique" de Benjamin Constant*, 432.

26. Isaiah Berlin, "Two Concepts of Liberty," in *Four Essays on Liberty*, Oxford 1969, 118-172.

27. Some radically ascetic "noes" may not entail any "yesses," but this is not the case with modern liberty.

28. "Principes de politique," 421-424.

29. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 556-557.

30. For this point I am indebted to Larry Siedentop, "Two Liberal Traditions" (in *The Idea of Freedom*, edited by Alan Ryan, Oxford 1979, 153-174), though his contrast between French and British liberalism is unconvincing because it requires the expulsion of Adam Smith from the British tradition.

31. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 213-217.

32. Constantin François de Volney, *Leçons d'histoire*, in *Oeuvres complètes*, Paris 1846, 592.

33. Robert L. Herbert, *David, Brutus, Voltaire and the French Revolution*, New York 1972.

34. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 217.

35. Constant's analysis of the masks worn by "modern imitators of ancient republics" was echoed thirty-five years later in Karl Marx's discussion of the role played by Roman costumes and Roman phrases in the great French Revolution. (Karl Marx, "Der achtzehnte Brumaire de Louis Bonaparte," *Marx-Engels Werke*, Berlin 1978, vol. 8, 116.) Curiously enough, in the very same passage where Marx tacitly repeated Constant, he explicitly said that Constant was another bourgeois propagandist unaware that "ghosts from the days of Rome" had watched over the demolition of feudalism in France. Marx's principal point, in any case, was that history had instructed the French Revolutionaries to create bourgeois society, and that they had to drug themselves to the banality of their task. They mouthed public-spirited slogans and struck patriotic poses borrowed from ancient citizens. Marx went on to predict that the proletarian revolution would be quite different. It would be truly heroic, neither requiring nor admitting any form of self-deception. Unlike Marx, Constant did not believe the emergence of revolutionary cults of antiquity could be traced to the cunning of reason. He thought that the Jacobin fixation on classical virtue was a contingent fact: it was caused by the classical education of middle class French elites and especially by the paucity of alternative languages available for attacking royalism and religious orthodoxy.

36. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 548-549.

37. "Principes de politique," 420.

38. Cf. Judith Shklar, *Men and Citizens. A Study of Rousseau's Social Theory*, Cambridge 1969.

39. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 555.

40. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 559-560.

41. The ultraroyalists or extreme reactionary party already began to make fierce recriminations against Louis XVIII for his concessions to constitutional government in 1814. They were Constant's principal adversaries for the last fifteen years of his life.

42. Cf. George Sabine, "Two Democratic Traditions," *Philosophical Review*, 61, October 1952, 451-474.

43. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances actuelles*, 106.

44. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 106.

45. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 106.

46. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 107.

47. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 107.

48. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 107.

49. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 108.

50. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 109.

51. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 110.
52. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 111.
53. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 111.
54. Mme de Staël, *Circonstances*, 111.
55. John Plamenatz, *The Revolutionary Movement in France 1815-71*, London 1952, 21-22.
56. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 540.
57. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 540.
58. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 540.
59. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 540.
60. The new constitution of 1814, regally "granted" to the nation by Louis XVIII, retained the Civil Code, and recognized legal equality, religious toleration, and the right of purchasers of "national lands" to keep their property. To understand the liberal-ultra battles of the Restoration, it is important to note that the Charter was a blatantly ambiguous document which, for instance, did not make clear how power was to be apportioned between the king and the Chambers. Guillaume de Bertier de Sauvigny, *The Bourbon Restoration*, Philadelphia 1966, 65-72.
61. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 554.
62. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 542.
63. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 542.
64. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 553.
65. Reprinted in *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 53-69.
66. *Cours de politique*, vol. 1, 17, 180.
67. *Cours de politique*, vol. 1, 173.
68. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 556.
69. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 547.
70. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 556; see also 557.
71. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 560.
72. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 545-546.
73. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 559.
74. Rousseau, *Oeuvres complètes*, edited by Bernard Gagnebin et Marcel Raymond, Paris 1964, vol. 3, 430.
75. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 542.
76. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 553.
77. Benjamin Constant, *Commentaire sur l'ouvrage de Filangieri*, Paris 1824, vol. 2, 182-183.
78. Albert Hirschman, *The Passions and the Interests. Political Arguments for Capitalism before its Triumph*, Princeton 1977, 123-124.
79. Louis Bergeron, *France under Napoleon*, Princeton 1981, 87.
80. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 552.
81. Franklin Ford, *Robe and Sword. The Regrouping of the French Aristocracy after Louis XIV*, New York 1965, 19.
82. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 559.
83. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 558.
84. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 558.
85. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 558.
86. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 547.
87. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 559.
88. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 559.
89. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 560.
90. In the manuscripts of 1802-1804, written under the shadow of Napoleon, we find: "lorsqu'il n'y a dans un pays libre ni liberté de la presse, ni droits politiques, le peuple se détache entièrement des affaires publiques. Toute communication est rompue entre les gouvernants et le gouvernés. L'autorité, pendant quelque temps, et les partisans de l'autorité peuvent regarder cela comme un avantage. Le gouvernement ne rencontre point des obstacles. Rien ne le contrarie. Il agit librement mais c'est que lui seul est vivant et que la nation est morte." *Les "Principes de politique" de Benjamin Constant*, 137. The liberal constitutionalism Constant advocated was obviously not intended to detach citizens entirely from public affairs.
91. Jean-Louis de Lolme, *The Constitution of England*, London 1807, 245. Referring specifically to the French revolutionaries and their followers, Edmund Burke employed a similar distinction: he wrote that "the right of the people is almost always confounded with their power." *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, London 1969, 153.
92. Albert Hirschman, *Exit, Voice and Loyalty*, Cambridge, Mass. 1970, 30-43. Constant, however, was thinking of "interdependence" rather than a mere "mixture."
93. *Commentaire*, Paris 1822, vol. 1, 73.
94. *Commentaire*, vol. 1, 72.
95. According to Isaiah Berlin, Constant defended democratic self-government "only for the reason . . . that without it negative liberty may be too easily crushed." *Four Essays on Liberty*, Oxford 1969, xlvii.
96. Letter to Mme de Nassau, 20 January 1800, cited and translated by Elizabeth Schermerhorn, *Benjamin Constant*, New York 1970, 183.
97. Hippolyte Taine, *The Ancient Regime*, New York 1876.
98. *Mélanges de littérature et de politique*, Brussels 1829, vol. 1, 68.
99. As Gay and others have stressed, the appeal to antiquity was only one aspect of the Enlightenment tradition; and it was counterbalanced by a belief that, in many domains, the moderns had outstripped the ancients.
100. In his essay "Of Refinement in the Arts," Hume wrote: "To declaim against present times, and magnify the virtue of remote ancestors, is a propensity almost inherent in the human mind." *Essays*, Oxford 1963, 285.
101. "Principes de politique," 438.
102. "During a conversation in which [Robespierre] attacked the representative system, it is reported that, asked what he would put in its place, he replied, 'Celui de Lycurge.'" Alfred Cobban, "The Political Ideas of Robespierre during the Convention," *Aspects of the French Revolution*, New York 1968, 186; consider also R. R. Palmer, *The Age of the Democratic Revolution*, Princeton 1964, vol. 2, 124.
103. *Oeuvres de Maximilien Robespierre*, edited by Laponneraye, New York 1970, vol. 3, 518.
104. Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 3, 608; but also see vol. 3, 194, where Robespierre notes of Sparta that "this nation of austere republicans has nothing in common with a nation of 25 million men." Robespierre was flexible enough that, in order to attack the *sectionnaires* and the Commune, he often reversed himself and denounced urban self-government on the ancient model.
105. Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, 3, 544.
106. This thesis has found a subtle defender in Michel Villey, *Leçons d'histoire de la philosophie du droit*, Paris 1962, 221-250.
107. According to Moses Finley, "Classical Greeks and Republican Romans possessed a considerable measure of freedom, in speech, in political debate, in their business activities, even in religion. However, they lacked, and would have been appalled by, inalienable rights. There were no theoretical limits to the power of the state, no activity, no sphere of human behavior in which the state could not legitimately intervene provided the decision was properly taken for any reason that was held to be valid by a legitimate authority." *The Ancient Economy*, London 1973, 154-155.
108. *Mélanges de littérature et de politique*, vol. 1, 68.
109. Norman Hampson, *The Social History of the French Revolution*, Toronto 1965, 223.
110. "Suspicion was directed not only towards probable authors of acts already committed, on grounds of definite circumstances susceptible of discussion and of proof, but also towards the possible perpetrators of eventual crimes, who were believed capable of them because of their opinions or even their real or simulated indifference." George Lefebvre, *The French Revolution*, London 1968, vol. 2, 118.
111. François Furet and Denis Richet, *The French Revolution*, New York 1970, 188-189.
112. Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 3, 514.
113. Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 3, 698 and 612.
114. Norman Hampson, *The Life and Opinions of Maximilien Robespierre*, London 1974, 139 and 173.
115. Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 3, 551.
116. On the execution of Louis XVI as an attempt to furnish a republican re-education for the miseducated French nation, see Michael Walzer, *Regicide and Revolution*, Cambridge 1974, 1-89.
117. According to Plutarch, Lycurgus "bred up his citizens in such a way that they neither would nor could live by themselves; they were to make themselves one with the public good, and, clustering like bees around

- their commander, be by their zeal and public spirit carried all but out of themselves, and devoted wholly to their country." *The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, New York n.d., 69.
118. Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 1, 156.
119. Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 3, 541.
120. Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 3, 541.
121. *Cours de politique*, vol. 2, 213.
122. For Montesquieu's idea of the "general spirit" of a country or age, see *De l'esprit des lois*, Book XIX, chapters four and five.
123. *Des Suites de la contre-révolution de 1660 en Angleterre*, 56-57.
124. Consider the two uses of the word "revolution" at the beginning of Turgot's "A Philosophical Review of the Successive Advances of the Human Mind," *On Progress, Sociology and Economics*, edited by R. L. Meek, Cambridge 1973, 41-42. See also Felix Gilbert, "Revolution," *Dictionary of the History of Ideas*, New York 1973, vol. 4, 152-163.
125. Hampson, *The Life and Opinions of Maximilien Robespierre*, 133-134.
126. Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 3, 736.
127. *Les "Principes de politique" de Benjamin Constant*, 432.
128. *Adolphe* in *Oeuvres*, edited by Alfred Roulin, Paris, 1964, 32.
129. "Principes de politique," 434.
130. "Principes de politique," 620.
131. "Principes de politique," 620.
132. "Principes de politique," 86.
133. "Principes de politique," 438.
134. This caveat distinguishes Constant's position from the views advanced by Karl Popper, *The Open Society and its Enemies*, 2 vols., Princeton 1966.
135. M. J. Sydenham, *The French Revolution*, New York 1966, p. 178; Hampson, *The Life and Opinions of Maximilien Robespierre*, 198.

SIXTEEN EIGHTEEN

'Why do these gentlemen wish to throw me out
Of the window?' asked an obscure Bohemian secretary
Before he was unexpectedly exfenestrated and miraculously saved
By a pile of castleyard rubbish or an angel of God.

Thus he was flung into History, and with his fall
Introduced three decades of winter, delusion and war—
The occasional Adam, perplexed and resurrected, to remind us
That the innocent often are incidentally in castles.

ELLIOTT ZUCKERMAN

Mark Aldanov

The Holdup at Tiflis on June 26, 1907: the “Exes”

from *The Suicides*

translated by Joel Carmichael

The following section comes from Mark Aldanov's last novel, *The Suicides*, that appeared in Russian in *Western Europe* in 1958 after his death in 1957—but has never been published in English. Born in 1886 in Kiev, Mark Alexandrovich Landau (Aldanov was his pen name) won prizes in secondary school for his accomplishments in Greek and Latin. By 1910 he had earned degrees in law and natural sciences from the University of Kiev and published a monograph in organic chemistry. Until 1917 he lived in St. Petersburg. In some sense the Bolshevik seizure of power in October made him into an artist and a Russian: he began to write journalism and then novels after he left Russia forever in March 1919. He wrote first of all in the Russian language press abroad for the more than two million Russians in exile by 1922. But his novels and essays also won a wide audience in Europe except the Soviet Union and the United States. Throughout much of his life he continued his scientific work. In exile he lived mostly in France but also in Berlin for a few years and during the Second World War in New York. He was, he used to say, the only Russian writer abroad who managed to live from his pen—with difficulty. The following novels of Aldanov have appeared in English: *The Ninth Thermidor* (1923); *The Devil's Bridge* (1925); *Saint Helena, Little Island*; *The Escape* (1932); *For Thee the Best* (1940); *Before the Deluge* (1950); *To Live as We Wish* (1952); *Nightmare and Dawn* (1957). For Aldanov see C. Nicholas Lee, *The Novels of Mark Alexandrovich Aldanov*, *The Hague, Mouton* 1968; “Mark Aldanov: Russia, Jewry, and the World,” *Midstream*, March 1981, 41–46.

The *Suicides* begins with the Social Democratic Congress in

Joel Carmichael translated the memoirs of N. N. Sukhanov (*The Russian Revolution 1917*, Oxford 1952), the only full-length eyewitness account of the February and October events in Russia in 1917. His essay, “The Lost Continent, the Conundrum of Christian Origins,” appeared in the Autumn–Winter 1982–83 issue of the *St. John's Review*.

Brussels in 1903 and ends in 1923. In the manner of Tolstoy (on whom Aldanov had published a critical work in 1915), it portrays historical personages as well as private individuals. There are accurate, carefully researched portraits of Mussolini, Wilhelm II, Franz Joseph, Witte, Lenin, Stalin. The most brilliant is perhaps of Witte. The portrait of Lenin is superior to its only rival, Solzhenitsyn's in Lenin in Zurich—in part because Aldanov unlike Solzhenitsyn knew many men who had known Lenin. Here is one of many characterizations of Lenin:

His favourites of not long before, Zinoviev and Kamenev, were holding things up. They did not want an uprising. Lenin began to hate them ferociously. Not, to be sure, for long. In complete contrast to Stalin he was never rancorous, and was always ready to come to a friendly accord with any of the people whom he referred to and considered “scoundrels” and “sons-of-bitches,” as long as they submitted to him completely. Robespierre could not talk for two minutes without saying something about “vertu.” Lenin would never even have pronounced the word, not only because the world had undergone a change in literary style. He simply did not understand just that “virtue” was, and what its point was if it existed. Surely, it was impossible to make a revolution without scoundrels?

A meditation, born of decades of recollection, study and reflection, on the Europe that was to destroy itself in the First World War, *The Suicides* contains many stunning historical judgments—judgements of simplicity and depth rarely found in academic historians. Aldanov understood the interrelation of events throughout Europe because he had an uncanny sense—that betrayed itself in the resiliency of his narrative—of the relation of public events to private lives, especially to private bafflement, incapacity and self-ignorance.

Here is one of many remarks on the outbreak of the First World War:

According to all profound sociological theories the assassination of Archduke Franz-Ferdinand was only the occasion of the World War. The real causes were quite different: "Anglo-German economic rivalry," "struggle for markets," "internal contradictions of the capitalist order," etc. But the reading of the simple-minded correspondence of the contemporary statesmen thrusts another conclusion forward: The assassination in Sarajevo was not an occasion, it was just this that launched the catastrophe. They never wrote or spoke about "the struggle for markets" or about "the internal contradictions of the capitalist order" and they had never heard about them. It may well be they were not even acquainted with the words.

The following section tells the story of perhaps the most famous Bolshevik holdup. It also represents a turning point in the life of one of the main characters in the novel, Jambul, who after the robbery leaves the terrorists forever to return to the land and the religion of his fathers in Turkey.

Dzhugashvili is the name Stalin bore at his birth, Koba his nickname. Krupskaya was Lenin's wife. L. R.

The Tiflis terrorists usually assembled in the same restaurant, the *Tilipuchuri*. This had nothing to do with conspiracy; they knew that the local police were very inefficient, and would not be too zealous in arresting them. At that time a policeman's trade, especially in the Caucasus, was just as dangerous as a terrorist's.

The Caucasian Deputy Police Commissioner, Count Vorontsov-Dashkov, was a man of liberal views. He was fond of the Caucasians, as all Russians have been, with a slight touch of benevolent disdain for the Caucasian accent. In his youth he himself had fought against the mountaineers for three years, and recalled that there was never the slightest hostility to them in the army at the time and that in Russian literature, from Pushkin and Lermontov to Tolstoy, there was scarcely a single unsympathetic Caucasian. The war had long since been over, but in a confused and almost unconscious way the Commissioner regarded the terrorists of the Twentieth Century as a somewhat inferior repetition of Shamil's mountaineers.*

He did not, of course, consort with the terrorists, but he attempted to maintain human relations somehow with the leaders of moderate Socialism. They sometimes made private pacts which, however, instantly became public. For instance, when the Armenians and the Tatars fell out, he handed the Social-Democratic Party five hundred rifles in order to arm the working-class guards who were maintaining order, on the word of honor of the Menshevik, Ramishvili, that the rifles would be returned to the author-

ities as soon as the emergency was over. Before the expected arrival of the Tsar in the Caucasus, he secured the revolutionaries' word of honor that no attempts at assassination would be made. He did not think such an agreement completely assured the Tsar's safety, but in the Caucasus, in his opinion, it was a better guarantee than any police measures. Vorontsov-Dashkov was opposed to execution; he thought that no matter what you did you couldn't frighten a Chechen or Ingush with the gallows. In addition he had almost become a fatalist after the assassination of Alexander II—you can't escape fate.

He had been a favorite of three Tsars. Hence the Government disliked him intensely. The Count's ancient name, however, his enormous wealth, his independence as a man who needed no one, even his seigniorial appearance and his manner of talking to everyone in the same way, and most of all his personal intimacy with the Tsar made the Government wary. It interfered as little as possible with his administrative methods in the Caucasus. The Commissioner's views may have been reflected a little even in the activities of the police. But even out of simple caution police agents tried to avoid looking into places like the *Tilipuchuri* restaurant unless it was absolutely unavoidable. Everyone in the Caucasus carried cold steel, a great many were revolutionists, and there were more than a few primitive bombs being made. "Absolutely every child is capable of taking a sardine-tin and some drugstore articles and making a shell that's fit to blow up his nursemaid," wrote a contemporary.

It is likely that even at that time the Police Department knew that the "expropriations" were being conducted from afar by Lenin himself. It may also have known that for this purpose the Central Committee of the Party had formed a small, still more central committee, which was so secret that for a long time the most eminent Social-Democrats never even knew of its existence.

There were only two men on this committee besides Lenin: Krasin, alias Nikitich, alias Winter, alias—for some reason—the Horse, and Bogdanov, who had half a dozen pseudonyms: Maximov, Verner, Rakhmetov, Sysoika, Reinert, Ryadovey. The members of the Police Department were not particularly interested in the spiritual qualities of the revolutionaries: "They're all swine!" (Some might have added "including ourselves"). But it was just these two Bolsheviks whom it was difficult to suspect of terrorism: one was busy either with philosophy, science, or heaven knows what; the other was a prominent engineer who had amassed some money in business and was by no means a "horse" but an extremely able and skilful activist. But the people they had assigned as deputies in immediate charge of terroristic activities in the Caucasus were known to the police—Koba or Dzhugashvili, and Kamo.

There were fables and anecdotes about Kamo in the Caucasus. But not even the revolutionists knew much about Dzhugashvili. They spoke about him even less. Incomprehensibly this man, who was passionately in love

*For Shamil's mountaineers see Leo Tolstoy's short story, *A Prisoner in the Caucasus* (1872). L.R.

with self-advertisement, which he later devoted himself to with a success unheard of in history, in his youth told almost nothing about himself even to his close comrades: doubtless he suspected them all of being provocateurs. For still far more incomprehensible reasons he almost never spoke about his doings in the Caucasus even later on, when he could have without the slightest danger.

It was already dusk when Jambul hurried to the restaurant. He glanced into the open window. No guards were there. Where can they be today? he wondered. He knew that no one should stay home alone that night—unless Koba, perhaps—he has no nerves at all, thought Jambul. He walked on further. After convincing himself that there were no suspicious-looking people about, he turned back. Time to eat, he thought, I haven't had a thing since morning.

Early that morning, after taking the best horse out of the stable, he had ridden far out of the city and had practiced with his revolver in a secluded spot in the woods. Even years earlier he had been able to hit a bull's eye at fifteen paces. He had stuck a sheet of paper about three times as large as a playing card on to a tree and missed it twice in a row. This annoyed him very much, though not much accuracy was needed for the business on the following day. Lack of sleep, of course! he thought angrily. But what about it, I don't think it's the first time I've gone into a dangerous business. Before I used to sleep perfectly well. He took himself in hand and began shooting better. Before his last shot he made a bet with himself; if I miss it means we'll have a fiasco. He had made bets with himself at home too, with both cards and coins: he got different results, but even without the cards one thing was clear: whatever happened it was already impossible to withdraw. It would have meant dishonoring oneself.

Sometimes it seemed to him that he should actually make bets about something else too: was the whole thing *necessary*? He had had doubts for a long time, and they had recently been growing stronger and stronger. Occasionally he even asked himself whether they weren't to be explained by his fear of death. His friends said he was absolutely fearless—he simply didn't understand what fear was. Such remarks got back to him and pleased him. Nevertheless, he thought them exaggerated: people who had never been afraid didn't exist. Sokolov and Kamo are braver than anyone I've ever seen, but they must have been afraid, too.

At last he hit the sheet of paper, actually right in the center, and he stopped practicing. He had taken along only one reserve box of bullets, and it was bad luck to take thirteen shots before an action. Seven hits out of twelve, he thought, not bad, but before I would have done better.

Before, whenever he came to the Caucasus, even from Paris, he always became lively and merry. Now it was dif-

ferent. His usual gaiety had almost left him. He was serious-minded, somewhat solemn. Yes, it's quite possible I'll be killed. Well, so I'll be killed, there'll just be one Jambul less, that's all. . . . I thought the time had gone by when I would draw up a balance-sheet of my life before a dangerous action; it seems it hasn't quite, he said to himself. He thought about his aging father: how would *this* make him feel?

He thought about Lyuda too, sometimes. He had pleasant memories of her. He didn't know just what she was doing. At their parting in Petersburg she hadn't asked him to write (she had simply forgotten). This hurt him. Nevertheless, he sent her a letter from Tiflis. To avoid causing her any trouble he sent it without a signature, in an assumed handwriting, and without any indication of a return address. There could be no reply. But she probably wouldn't have answered anyhow, out of pride, he thought. He didn't write again. It must have been for the first time since he was fourteen years old that a woman was on his mind. In general he thought about women very seldom.

The restaurant was empty and stifling, with a smell of fried onions and freshly ground coffee, each a smell he liked. Kamo sat at the end of the room. He had evidently just arrived. There was nothing to eat or drink on the little table in front of him. He's got himself all dressed up, the jackass! thought Jambul. The cutthroat was wearing a dark-red Circassian tunic, a white silk Caucasian coat, and Moroccan soft-soled boots; the scabbards of the sabre and the dagger were thickly adorned with turquoise, silver, and ivory. A white Caucasian fur-cap was laying on the chair. Thank God he hasn't put on a felt cloak and hood, in June! Jambul thought. Can he have the bombs on him, too? No, for the time being Koba's taken the bombs away from them. Koba may be anything you like, he's not a fool!

After glancing around once more quickly, almost imperceptibly, he greeted Kamo, and sat down opposite him at the little table.

"Look here, don't sit that way with your back to the wall. How will you fight if the cops jump in?" asked Kamo. His Russian sounded almost like a caricature of the Caucasian accent used for jokes. There was no other language they had in common. Both spoke Tatar badly.

"Why should we sit side by side at such a small table? If the cops come in please inform me."

"When should I inform you? A cop runs quickly. Lose half a second, you're through. Impossible to lose half a second," said Kamo, who never understood jokes.

"All right then, I'll know soon enough. There's a back-entrance behind you. A cop likes to run through back-entrances, too. Hadn't you guessed?"

"No," admitted Kamo, astonished.

Jambul looked at him, as always, with tender curiosity. It was only with him that he spoke jocularly now. He knew of his exploits, which usually succeeded, and he couldn't understand why or how they had succeeded. He doesn't even understand what a conspiracy is! Jambul thought. He obvi-

ously only has instincts instead of a mind, like a wolf or tiger.

Jambul knew a great many terrorists. He considered Sokolov the most remarkable of them, and was a little sorry the executed man hadn't been a Caucasian. The affair in Tiflis was going to be the work of Caucasians only. All of them reckless and foolhardy. All of them much cleverer than Kamo, thought Jambul. Nevertheless he's going to have the chief role, maybe that's right after all.

"Have you had any vodka?"

"No."

"Will you have some with me? It may be the last one we'll have."

"Maybe," said Kamo indifferently. "I'll drink one glass, no more, before tomorrow morning. I'll drink milk. I won't drink wine."

"Why not? Did Koba give you orders? Lenin himself drinks a little. They say he likes Italian wines."

"He doesn't. I brought wine once to Kuokal. A whole wineskin from the Caucasus I brought. At that time I was an aide-de-camp. I rode in first class. He thanked me. Lenin doesn't like wine. But Bogdanov likes wine. He was so happy! And Lenin gave me bombs, Krasin made them. I also made them. He knows chemistry. I helped. Good bombs."

"Stolypins?"

"Stolypins," Kamo nodded. This was the name for a new type of bomb, which had been tried out first on Aptekar Island.

"So . . . D'you want something to eat? D'you like shashlyk?"

"I like shashlyk. I like almond pastry. Are you paying with your own money? Not Party money—if it's Party money I'll have cheese."

"My own, my own. I've never had any Party money and never will. Tomorrow, too, if it comes off, I won't take anything for myself."

"Will I? You are a fool!"

"But maybe others will, eh?"

"Listen, you want me to kill?"

"No. Of course our own people won't. I know, they're almost all good fellows, but the others have stolen. What will you eat with the vodka? I'll pay, I get some from my father, today there's no sense worrying about money. What *zakuski* d'you like?"

"I like everything. Just a little bit. Some cheese. . ."

Jambul called over the owner and after some reflection ordered a lavish dinner (perhaps the last we'll ever have, he thought); smoked sturgeon, caviar, cheese, shashlyk, almond pastry, a carafe of vodka, a bottle of the best Kakhetin wine.

"Now tell me, just don't shout," he said in a low voice, after the owner had gone away. "Have you seen Patsiya?"

"I've seen Patsiya," answered Kamo, who whenever it was possible preferred to give answers in the wording of the question. "I've seen Annette, too."

"Are both of them watching out for the cashier?"

"Both of them are watching out for the cashier."

"Who's going to be carrying the money?"

"Two will carry money. The cashier and the accountant."

"Are they young? Family men?"

"I don't know."

"What are their names?"

"The cashier is Kurdyumov. The accountant is Golovnya."

"Is there lots of money?"

"Annette Sulakhvelidze says—a million. Patsiya Caldava says three hundred thousand."

"Old wives' tales! Are they going in a carriage?"

"They are going in a phaeton."

"What's the guard?"

"Another phaeton."

"But it's not the phaeton itself that's going to do the guarding. Who's going to be in it?"

"Five men with guns. Caldava says—always five men with guns."

"Don't tell me there isn't going to be a Cossack convoy?"

"There will be a Cossack convoy. It will be behind. It will be in front, too."

"Many Cossacks?"

"Many Cossacks. I don't know how many."

"Oh, we'll do away with quite a few people if we're not finished off first. They have wives, children. . . Does that mean the women couldn't find out anything else?"

"The women couldn't, and you and I couldn't."

"Are there any changes in the plans?"

"Why changes? It's a good plan."

"What does your Koba think?"

"Koba gives the orders, and what he thinks, who knows?"

"That's so. He's always lying."

"Don't dare say Koba lies!"

"But in his whole life he never said a word of truth: he's simply incapable of it."

"Listen. D'you want me to kill you!" said Kamo, and his face began to flush scarlet. "Lenin—here!" And he raised his hand high above his head. "Then comes Nikitich." He lowered his hand. "Then Koba." His hand went down another little bit. "And then you, me, everyone." He placed his hand on the table.

"Thank you. But your Koba, after all, used to be a Menshevik, though he hides it carefully."

"No more Bolshevik, Menshevik. In Stockholm Lenin got united."

"He'll soon be disunited."

"He will not be disunited. But Koba was never a Menshevik. Always Bolshevik."

"He was a Menshevik, he was. In the Caucasus we all were," protested Jambul, who liked to tease him.

"You lie! I kill!"

"No, please, don't kill me. Kill someone else instead. By the way, do you always carry your Mauser on you?"

"Always. Never without."

"Well, another fool," said Jambul, though he was never separated from his revolver either. "What else did you talk about with Lenin?"

"Provocateurs we talked about. Lenin thinks provocateurs. Krasin also thinks so. I suggested a plan. I go to all the comrades. I take three men, good ones, I take along a stake. A big one. I ask: 'Are you a provocateur?' If he's a provocateur, we stick him on stake right away. If he gets scared, it means he's also a provocateur. A good Bolshevik never gets scared. Lenin didn't want it. Krasin didn't either. He cursed. Cursed a lot. He said, 'You are a savage and an idiot.' Lenin laughed. It means it's true. I know I have no culture. . . . Do I talk Russian well?"

"Magnificently."

"I don't know grammar. I don't know anything. I can't write. In Georgian and Armenian I can. Badly. I can't do arithmetic at all," said Kamo with a sigh. "No culture. A savage. My grandfather was a scholar. A priest."

"Really? A priest?"

"A good man, a scholar. I myself was a believer, oh, what a believer I was! I prayed a lot. Then I stopped, the comrades taught me. Koba taught me. He taught me everything. Grateful. But I learned badly. My father was a drunkard. He's alive, but he kicked me out a long time ago. Because of him I have no culture. . . . Well, let's talk business."

"Well, tell me everything."

They went over what was to be done the next day. There really were no changes in the plan.

" . . . We start off at Sumbatov's house."

"But who is finally going to throw the first bomb from the roof? That's the only thing that still hasn't been decided."

"None of your business, who throws it. Koba knows who throws it. Not you."

"He'll tell me today, no later. It's just as much 'my business' as his," said Jambul angrily. "I'm risking more than he is."

"Not more than he. You're not necessary, either. Koba is necessary."

"I have a different opinion. . . . But tell me, is it true they once hanged you?"

"They hanged me. The swine hanged everyone they caught right off. I stuck my chin into the rope. They didn't notice. They were drunk. It was disgusting. The swine went away. I untied myself. Ran away. They didn't hang me. My chin was sore a month."

"Have you got a pure-blooded horse ready for tomorrow?"

"Don't say pure-blooded. Say thoroughbred. A Russian officer told me that. A dragoon. Stationed here. You say pure-blooded, they see immediately you're not a Russian officer," explained Kamo with satisfaction.

"So they'll see it immediately, will they? And of course you're a typical Moscow hussar. . . . Well anyhow, try not to get in the way of the bomb on your thoroughbred. It would

be a pity about the horse. Does it mean you're going to be in uniform tomorrow, too?"

"In uniform."

"More fool you. I'm afraid you're going to mess things up. It would be better if you gave me your part."

"I won't give it to you. You're the fool now."

"And where did you get that medal you've stuck on? Did you buy it in the Armenian Bazaar?"

"I bought it in the Armenian Bazaar."

"You should have bought a St. Andrew First Class," advised Jambul, but caught himself up, thinking, he'll do it too!

"Not St. Andrew First Class. Koba said: 'Stanislas Third Class with crossed swords and a ribbon!' If anyone was in two battles in the Japanese war then it's a Stanislas Third Class with crossed swords and a ribbon. You don't know. Koba knows."

"Koba knows everything. And what is he going to do tomorrow himself? Is he also going to shoot from the Square?"

"He's not going to shoot from the Square. If he's killed, who'll be left?"

"Of course, of course. Is he excited?"

"He's not excited."

"Is it true he's as evil as the devil?"

"Evil," agreed Kamo, after thinking. "But not like the devil. His wife died."

"I know. Is it true that she was a believer and couldn't endure Socialists? Did he love her?"

"He loved her so much, so much."

"And I never believed he could love anyone. Iremashvili told me he was at the cemetery. He himself and Soso—he calls Koba 'Soso' for old times' sake. They were friends. Anyhow Dzhughashvili told him, putting his hand over his heart: 'Only she could soften my heart of stone. Now, I hate everyone! It's so empty, so unspeakably empty!' I questioned him over and over. He swore it was exactly that way! So Koba can't shoot from the Square? Are you worried about him?"

"I'm not worried about you. I'm not worried about myself. I'm worried about Koba."

"Right," said Jambul. It's really impossible even to get angry with him, he thought, looking squarely at Kamo. Kamo's eyes were in some incomprehensible way kind, soft, sad. "Well, fine, but when you grab the sack in the Square whom will you give it to?"

"I'll give it to Koba. I'll give it to Lenin. I'll give it to Krasin."

"They're all right. It's true that Dzhughashvili doesn't care about money. But where can it be held for the time being? It's not so easy after all to get it across the border."

"None of your business."

"Koba had a good idea. He told me about it. He wants to hide it in the Tiflis Observatory. He worked there once, I think, didn't he? He knows every nook and cranny there. He wants to put it in the Director's sofa. Clever! Clever!"

"Ask Koba."

"It's clever," repeated Jambul. He liked the idea primarily because of its originality: the Observatory! He thought with a smile that Koba wouldn't entrust the money to one man alone. Either he'd take it himself or send a few people, so that it'll be more difficult to steal it. "I would still like to see him before the action. Will you come with me?"

"I won't come. And I won't give you the address."

"I know the address without you anyhow," said Jambul.

He said good-bye to Kamo and went out of the restaurant, once again looking around in all directions. He did not feel like going home. It was really too late to see Koba, and actually there was no point to it. He wouldn't have to spend the night at home, he thought. For that matter, fate's fate. Anyhow, I won't surrender alive... What's Lenin going to spend the money on? The little periodicals? If so what a fine thing to go into an action like this for! Tomorrow I may very well be dead—would it be worth it?

Suddenly he recalled the explosion on Aptekar Island. He had read the newspaper accounts with even more eagerness than Lyuda, or anyone else; from the very first moment he understood whose handiwork it had been, and knew all the participants. Now, and not for the first time, he imagined these unknown, speechless young people, almost just as devoted to Cain as the Klimova girl, going in a landau to Aptekarsky Street from the Morskaya, how methodically they noted the turns—two more? no, three—how they studied the names of the streets, the house numbers, how they counted the minutes of life left to them. How for the last time, in front of the villa, they looked at the earth, the sky, the people, the cab-driver, who had also been condemned to death by them.

No, I couldn't have done that! thought Jambul with a shudder. There's a great difference between a death that's possible and one that's certain, without the slightest, the most infinitesimal hope of rescue! He thought about the arrest and execution of Cain. How could he have failed to commit suicide at the last moment? He couldn't do it in time, that Hercules! And what if I don't either?... Nevertheless there's some hope, and there's some sense in this, too. We'll lay our hands on a million, there'll be an uprising and the Caucasus will free itself. That's the one thing that distinguishes our operation from an ordinary armed hold-up, but that one thing is enough... Yet, if I'm killed life will go on exactly as it always has, it's just that I won't know anything about it. And people won't remember, I'll never go down in history. Will anyone ever recall anything about Sokolov? Who, with all his recklessness and heartlessness, was a super-hero, a match for all the Lenins and Plekhanovs?

At this late hour Erivan Square was deserted. He looked at the house from the roof of which some man he didn't know was supposed to throw the first bomb the next day. Three princesses, well-known in Tiflis society, lived on the top floor; good-natured anecdotes used to circulate about them. Could he be up there already? That would be more

reasonable than lifting himself up there in the morning light. He guessed that the man would mount from the courtyard by the staircase or the pipes.

He walked up to the gates and tried them. They were unlocked. Jambul looked around and peered into the feebly lit courtyard. Two men were standing with their backs to him looking at the roof. One was in a Russian shirt and sandals. He looked to Jambul like Koba. Really, how can I possibly work together with such a man! he thought. It was as though the sight of Koba brought to a head in a flash all those doubts that had been brewing in him for days and months.

Tiflis was under martial law. Cossacks rode constantly about the streets of the city. The policemen stationed at the Police Commissioner's palace were armed with rifles. Patrols were stationed at every intersection. Dozens of people were participating in the preparation and execution of the expropriation. As usually happens in such circumstances, confused rumors about the forthcoming action had reached the authorities. Later the Tiflis prosecutor was to accuse the police chief of lightmindedness. The police chief, to justify himself, would make some unflattering references to the ideas of the prosecutor.

The "theoreticians" of the expropriations preferred to call them "engagements in the civil war." They were fond of military vocabulary. Some of them may have recalled, from *War and Peace*, or from the countless newspaper quotations such as "*Die erste Kolonne marschieret*," the "dispositions" taken by Weihrother before Austerlitz. But it is possible that in spite of Tolstoy they thought that battles actually did take place as a result of just such "dispositions." In any case they had carefully worked out a detailed plan of action at Erivan Square: Chiabrishvili, Ekbakidze, Shishmanov, Kalaniadze, Chichiashvili and Ebralidze were going to attack the phaetons carrying the money that was surrounded by the convoy, Dalakishvili and Kakriashvili the police detachment near the Town Council, Lominadze and Lemidze the patrol at the Velyaminovskaya, and so on.

But expropriations are really not like battles. They do not last for a whole day, or even for several hours, but barely three or four minutes, and in any case there is certainly no science about them in existence. The "correlation of forces" could not be known to the expropriators, since at any given moment a patrol of five or ten or even twenty Cossacks might turn up on the Square. Erivan Square itself was actually the least appropriate place in Tiflis for an expropriation. It was crowded, central, and close to the Police Commissioner's palace. Cossack patrols, heavily reinforced, kept riding across it during those days almost uninterruptedly. Army and police posts were permanently stationed near the district headquarters, the

banks, and at the corners of every one of the streets giving into the Square.

The leaders of the enterprise, whose regard for the lives of others, or for that matter their own, was not excessive, had decided to take measures this time to cut down the number of victims: from early morning on Kamo, in an army uniform, and with a wild look, had been walking around the Square and in a low voice, interlarding his peculiar Russian with "adroit mysterious remarks," had advised passers-by to get out as fast as possible. This device was rather senseless: one passer-by was constantly being replaced by another. In the nature of things, this strange officer ought to have instantly aroused the strongest suspicions of even the stupidest policeman. He aroused no suspicions at all. He left safely before the start of the action and took his place in a drozhky harnessed to the thoroughbred. He himself drove standing up (also hardly ever done by officers).

Some post office official had informed the terrorists that on June 13th, at 10 o'clock, the cashier of the Tiflis branch of the State Bank, Kurdyumov, and the accountant, Golovnya, would be receiving a large sum of money at the Postal Telegraph Office and would then take it to the bank, in Baronsky Street, past Pushkin Square, across Erivan Square and on along Sololaksky Street. The official could hardly have been bribed or frightened by the terrorists, who didn't do things that way. They never promised anyone money, and unlike many other expropriators did not even take any money for themselves. They gave everything to the Party. Probably the official also sympathized with the Party, or else hated the Government like much of the population of Russia.

Kurdyumov and Golovnya went to the post office on foot. This was a routine affair for them: money from the capital arrived in Tiflis often. It would have been impossible to reproach the heads of the bank with lightmindedness: the cashier and accountant had been assigned a guard, Zhilyaev, and a fairly large detachment of soldiers and Cossacks.

Probably for reasons of economy, the phaetons were hired only at the post office. Kurdyumov and Golovnya received the money without counting it. That would have been dangerous, and for that matter needless: it was sealed in two huge packages, of 170 thousand and 80 thousand. In addition the cashier was given another 465 rubles that weren't sealed. Kurdyumov counted these and put them in a side-pocket of his jacket. He hid the packages in a sack, drew a leather band tightly around the neck and carefully carried it out to the phaetons, accompanied by the accountant, the guard, and some soldiers. The Cossacks were waiting in the street. Kurdyumov and Golovnya got into the first phaeton, putting the sack on the rug at their feet. Zhilyaev and two soldiers were in the second phaeton.

There were another five soldiers in the third. The Cossacks divided up; some of them galloped on ahead of the phaetons, some of them behind; there was one Cossack alongside the first phaeton, near one of the little doors.

Probably one of the expropriators had been keeping the cashier under observation at the post office, too. In any case observers were waiting for them in various places along the road. At Pushkin Place Patsiya Galdava signaled Stepko Intsirkveli the approach of the Cossacks; he passed it on to Annette Sulakhvelidze, who was promenading about in front of the staff building; she made a sign to Bachua Kuprashvili, who was running along the square with an unfolded newspaper (which was the last general signal). In a moment he joined the expropriators who were running towards the phaetons.

The first bomb was thrown from the roof of the house at the corner of the Square and Sololaksky Street. It was followed by others thrown from various angles, and then instantly by a desperate burst of revolver shot. Chaos supervened. There was no question of "disposition." Because of the smoke almost nothing was visible. People scattered to all sides as best they could.

Kamo's drozhky whirled into the Square from Ganovsky Street. The reins in his left hand he stood on the footboard shooting his revolver off in all directions and yelling out fearful curses. According to the "dispositions" he was supposed to seize the sack with the money in the first phaeton. But it wasn't easy even to find the phaeton that strangely enough had remained undamaged. The cashier and accountant had been thrown into the street by the force of the explosion, and a Cossack killed.

Kamo had almost never lost control of himself in his life and was actually incapable of losing his head whenever he was carrying out some definite order. He had never felt the slightest doubts either before the explosion or after it: Lenin ordered, Nikitich assisted, Koba organized—so what was there to brood about? Thinking wasn't his business. Now in the Square he acted almost exclusively by instinct. He may have been the only one who was completely calm, in spite of the din of the bombs, the shooting, and the savage outcries. He was yelling and cursing desperately not because of anger or excitement, but simply because yelling and cursing were part of the technique of such actions, as in the old days the cavalry sprang to the attack with howls and roars.

Bachua Kuprashvili jumped out of a cloud of smoke at the right and ran off down Sololaksky Street. For a second a phaeton appeared to be outlined in the cloud, but just then another bomb crashed and smoke swallowed up the phaeton again. Bachua's fallen! thought Kamo. He's killed! But the sack, where's the sack! And in that same second he saw Chiabrashvili, holding the sack in his hand, running towards Velyaminovsky Street, where there was less smoke, with extraordinary, unnatural, super-human speed. This was definitely an out-and-out disregard of orders. Kamo swiftly wheeled his drozhky around and hur-

tled after him. The thought flashed through his mind that Bachua might have only been wounded, but it was impossible to return in the drozhky—let the others get him!

It took him a moment to snatch the sack from Chia-brashvili and to rush off again to the conspirators' apartment. A number of the other expropriators were already there. He took them in with a glance, flung the sack on the floor and shouted violently:

"Where's Bachua?"

"Killed! . . ." "He'll be here soon! . . ." "Wounded! . . ." "Don't know! . . ." answered voices panting. The "dispositions" hadn't reviewed the question: which was more important—the sack or a comrade? But it was clear enough that the sack was far more important. But Kamo's face flushed scarlet; he heaped frenzied curses on his comrades. Suddenly the door opened and Bachua, a blood-stained hand to his head, appeared on the threshold. Kamo, against all rules of conspiracy, yelled something in a wild voice and flung himself suddenly into a dance. Bachua, barely able to control his panting, explained that he had lost consciousness on the street only for half a minute, then jumped up and ran on there. No one listened much. They all talked at once of what they had just done and lived through. At the top of their lungs they shouted that they had to speak in low voices: people on the street might overhear them. Kamo yelled out something, and went on dancing. Someone picked up the sack, put it on the table and started loosening the collar. In a flash Kamo bounded over to the table like a cat. He trusted comrades, and knew there was not a single thief among them, but Koba had ordered the packages to be brought sealed: Dzhugashvili trusted the comrades less.

However, the figures were written on the covers: "170,000" and "80,000." Not letting the packages out of his hands, Kamo read them off. He tried to add them in his head, others helping him: "250,000." The enthusiasm was general, though a few of them had expected it to be a million. Kamo started dancing about again, holding a package in each hand over his head. "It's done!" "The revolution! . . ." "Now we'll be free! . . ." they said. One of the expropriators said everything had gone off like clockwork. That was how they all spoke in Tiflis that day, some with delight, others with rage. A day later every newspaper in Russia wrote the same.

Jambul couldn't remember all the details of the action in Erivan Square, the most terrifying of his life. These lapses in memory happened to him occasionally when he had drunk two or three bottles of wine after dinner. In practical matters they had never happened to him before.

The plan had been for him to shoot a policeman standing at the door of the Commercial Bank; he had chosen this himself; he didn't want to shoot the cashier or the accountant, though he didn't tell his comrades. And just as soon as he saw Kuprashvili running along with the opened newspaper he took his revolver out of his pocket and went over without haste to the bank. The policeman, a beard-

less young blond, obviously a Russian from the north, was standing half-turned toward him, gazing curiously at the approaching convoy. Jambul remembered shooting immediately after the first bomb exploded, even before smoke hid the carriage—and he didn't understand what had happened. He was incapable, simply *incapable*, of not hitting a man six or seven paces from him. He recalled aiming at his head: a Mauser bullet was supposed to kill outright. The policeman, completely unharmed, shouted desperately, turned around and snatched at his own revolver. It was just at this second that the chaos in the square began. And without being able to remember how, Jambul found himself some thirty paces from the bank doors, behind the newspaper kiosk.

He recalled shooting twice more into the pall around the phaeton, also probably without killing anyone. He remembered later that he didn't want to be killed either. He remembered that for a few seconds he stared brainlessly at the newspapers hanging on the wall: the *Voice of the Caucasus*, the *Tiflis Gazette*. . . Suddenly he saw a Cossack on a big bay galloping at him whirling his lash. In a flash Jambul's self-possession came back to him. He bounded a few paces forward and fired. The horse reared up, hit by a bullet in its throat. He stopped. Just then a second bomb burst and deafened him. Someone ran past him, clutching his side and yelling something, with a contorted face. The Cossack wasn't getting up. The phaeton is supposed to go back along the Sololaksky, Jambul remembered, and ran off that way. No, the phaeton's smashed now, of course. What should I do now? For a moment he stood there motionless, still half stunned. Then he rushed off, over to the kiosk. The Cossack was gone. The big bay horse, expiring, was writhing convulsively on its side in a pool of blood. His whole life he would remember its brown eyes with their distended whites. Then there was a gap in his memory. He tried and failed to recall how much longer he stayed in the Square and just what he was doing there.

He came to himself in a broad side-street. People were running in the street screaming in fear and shoving each other. He didn't think it proper to run, and walked along on the pavement at an ordinary, scarcely hurried pace. He thought he would have to turn off to the right further on, and that the conspiratorial apartment was very close. I didn't want to kill it. Why did it have to rear up? I killed it for the sake of Lenin's little periodicals. . . Dozens of people must have been killed. . . But not by me. . . How could I have missed that policeman? Suddenly everyone leapt off the street on to the sidewalks and into the entry-ways: a squadron of dragoons was hurtling towards them on their way to the Square. Oh, what horses! thought Jambul. . . Why did it have to rear up? . . .

No more shots could be heard, but from the direction of the square a confused roaring could be heard. The street was almost empty. Jambul turned off to the right and came to the conspiratorial apartment. Though the windows were closed he could hear shouts, clamor, laughter. What's

the matter with them, he thought, have they gone out of their senses? At some other time he might have liked the Caucasian boldness and contempt for danger, but now he listened for a moment and passed on.

A little further on he came across a wretched-looking bistro. In the doorway the proprietor, pale and excited, was evidently about to shut down. He glanced suspiciously at Jambul, and almost refused to let him in, but he did. He said something quickly and evasively. Fifty? thought Jambul: impossible! There couldn't have been fifty casualties!

Unwilling to talk, Jambul asked for more vodka, and tossed off a few glasses one after another at the counter. In a languid way he thought this might arouse suspicion: in the morning no one gulps down vodka that way. . . .

"Is there any cognac?" he asked, and on being told there was only Russian Shustovsky, but that it was good, he ordered some, not in a mug but in a tea-glass. He tossed it off at one gulp. The owner looked at him in alarm. Jambul paid and, shaking even more than before, went out. Yes, yes. . . . Not very pretty. . . . Not a cavalry charge in gold-embroidered uniforms. . . . All for Lenin's little periodicals. . . . Not pure blood, but mixed with dirt. . . . Much more than in war. . . . Perhaps all of life is a mistake. . . . Perhaps, yes, it may very well be. . . . he muttered to himself in the street.

For the first few days after the expropriation Jambul didn't see any of the terrorists. He read the newspapers and drank a great deal, though he had already calmed down. He had noticed no traces he had left behind and thought with even more conviction than before that the Russian police were very bad and in addition were frightened to death, especially in the Caucasus.

Money and another letter arrived from his father in Turkey, at his temporary agreed-on address. The old man asked his son more insistently than usual to come home; he also complained about his health more than usual, said that he wanted to see him once more without fail, and mentioned the necessity of putting his inheritance in order. Jambul had received such invitations before, too, and had always declined them. He likes to complain, like all old people, he thought. Perhaps he's heard something, and is worried. They seldom corresponded. The old man could hardly have known with certainty just what his son was doing. Jambul had said vaguely that he was taking part in the struggle for Caucasian independence. His father was able to understand this and even ought to sympathize.

He dined in the restaurants in the center of the city, and each time made a point of going to Erivan Square. He could not get the blood-bespattered bay horse, and its eyes with their distended whites, out of his head. After going home he read on into the late night. He had gone out to the Golovin Prospekt and bought some books at random: a thick Petersburg review, Shakespeare in Russian, Tol-

stoy's *Resurrection*. He felt he absolutely had to leave for a visit to his father. It was possible to leave legally, his passport was perfectly trustworthy. He loved his father but had always told himself that he was incapable of watching anyone "grow old." But nevertheless he never used to write about himself so alarmingly. Surely he's not going to die! I'll be left alone in the world like a splinter. . . .

That evening he went to bed early and set out on the wide bed the three books he had bought. At first he did not read. He thought of his father. He thought of the action in Erivan Square. He thought of Lenin. He's going to be overjoyed, manna from heaven. . . . he said to himself, and frowned still more severely: the words 'from heaven' seemed far from apt. He couldn't fall asleep, in spite of the huge amount of wine he had drunk. He never took sleeping pills, for some reason he was afraid of them. He opened Shakespeare's plays at random, at the boring play *Cymbeline*. He picked up the review. He noticed with irritation that the news-vendor had slipped him an old shop-worn issue.

In the news-column he learned that 733 people had been killed that year in Russia, 215 hanged, 341 shot by order of a court martial, and in only a month and a half 221 had been executed by the new emergency court martial. Perhaps there'll soon be not 215, but 216 hanged, he thought, and again said to himself: one Jambul more or less, isn't it all the same? He often spoke to himself that way, but knew he was speaking insincerely: this particular "one" had a certain importance for him. In the news story some more figures were given of those called "representatives of the authorities" who had been killed—the number was just as large. Three days ago I didn't make a single addition to this statistic, thank God!

He also read in the review something long and boring about a "Party of Democratic Reforms," about a Professor Maxim Kovalevsky, and about a lawyer called Spasovich who had recently died. "Public morals are becoming more and more savage," Vladimir Danilovich had recently written from Warsaw: "Bomb explosions, shootings, looting, and assassination take place every blessed day even in the street." Words like this would once have evoked in Jambul nothing but a sneer: he disliked liberals. They've had a good time of it all their lives, he would have thought, they've never once risked their precious existence. Now he thought nothing of the kind. He put the paper aside and opened *Resurrection*.

He read it until far into the night. He liked Tolstoy as an artist, but had an even more scornful attitude towards his ideas than he had towards those of the liberals: just the feeble-mindedness of old age, he thought. He found the scene of the church service in the prison extremely annoying. No, really, it's just blasphemy after all. He didn't have the right to make fun of other people's faith and he himself doesn't have any: a believer could never have written that way about church ceremonies. But what oppressive, terrifying language! he thought as he fell asleep.

And at once the various figures which had been passing through his mind during the past few days and hours were all jumbled together, spinning about and springing up into the most senseless life. Lenin had written a little article on blood-stained assignations. His father, with a sick, emaciated face, was lying in bed waiting for a doctor who never came. A blood-bespattered bay horse galloped into his uncle's orchard, drenched in sunlight, and explained hoarsely that it could no longer serve since it had been killed by a bullet in the throat from Jambul. Dimitri Nekhlyudov explained to it that there must have been some juridical error: Jambul never killed horses and never would. In the *Tiflis Gazette* Spasovich proposed to defend Kate Maslov for a thousand rubles: "There are only ten Kates in all," he said, "while a great deal more was taken from Kurdyumov." Lenin tore himself away from his little articles and said mockingly that he wouldn't give a single ruble, not a penny for any uprising, everything was needed for the little periodicals, and a fig to all the comrades. . . .

He was awakened by a knock at the door. It took him a moment to come to himself. A young chambermaid came into his room, smiled at him, and respectfully reported that he was being asked for on the 'phone by His Most Serene Highness Prince Dadiani. Jambul, tearing himself away from the warm pillow, looked at her for a moment agog. Then he remembered that this was the name Kamo was living under in Tiflis.

"Please tell him I'll be right down," he said. The chambermaid smiled at him sweetly and went out. He put on a splendid silken dressing gown he had bought in Paris at the Place Vendome, and thought of Lyuda, who had been particularly fond of it. Is it all right to go downstairs in a dressing gown? He thought, it doesn't matter, it's early, there'll be no one there. Actually, it was not even eight. The fool might have rung later, he thought.

"Good morning, your Highness," he said. "What's happened? A very early call."

Kamo replied that someone wanted to see him at ten o'clock. Koba, of course, Jambul guessed.

"At his place," said Kamo and hung up without waiting for an answer, just as though there couldn't be the slightest doubt of Jambul's agreeing. Jambul shrugged his shoulders. I'll come late just for spite!

But it wasn't right to be late in their work, and he arrived on the stroke of ten, leaving the carriage driver far from the house Dzhugashvili was living in. The boss, quite calm, met him with his usual sneer. How I hate the sight of him! thought Jambul.

He had known this man for a long time. He could not endure him. Whenever they met he would have an obscure feeling as though he were in the company of a real evildoer. He never mentioned this about Koba to anyone and even reproached himself for a baseless and consequently unfair judgment: he knew a good deal about Dzhugashvili, but still not the sort of thing that would have justified considering him a malefactor, or "the worst

of good-for-nothings." It sometimes seemed to him that others who knew Koba well had the same feeling about him and said nothing about it either: something in his very looks made people wary. Well, in any case I'm not afraid of him! thought Jambul. His irritation and spite were heightened immediately.

In the room there were Kamo, in the same uniform with the same dark-red embroidered decoration, and a woman in a cheap, dirty white dress. Jambul remembered that her name was Maro Bocharidze and that in the band she worked at the role of a Tiflis house-wife. He greeted her politely. Koba looked at him with a sneer and carelessly extended his hand.

"Hello, *bicho*," he said. This word, which meant "old boy" or something like it, and was a special little sneer of Koba's, irritated Jambul still more: It meant, "You're all just a lot of runts, and I'm a great big fellow." And all the while, with all his wiliness and boldness, he was a very grey, coarse fellow, rather shabby looking, with both an innate and played-up coarseness. He thinks that has an effect on everyone, thought Jambul: it doesn't on me, but he won't be coarse with me, he knows it wouldn't be safe.

"Very glad to see you too, *bicho*," Jambul replied. Koba turned away from him at once and started talking to Kamo, who was looking at him enraptured. Maro also looked into his eyes, more in fear than in rapture. Koba spoke Russian considerably better than Kamo, considerably worse than Jambul.

"That's a matter of course and you do it," he ordered. Jambul's suggestion was confirmed: Dzhugashvili was assigning them both to take the money over to the Observatory: it was sewn into a large new mattress that was lying on the floor in Koba's room.

"You go with Maro in one carriage, and he'll follow you in another. Why did you have to be so stupid as to dress up like an officer! Carrying a mattress! Change your clothes immediately!"

Timidly deferential, Kamo explained, partly in Russian, partly in Georgian, that he hadn't known about the forthcoming transfer of the mattress. He also expressed the opinion that it would be better to transfer it in the evening, after dusk.

"I'm not asking you for an opinion! Do as I say!" cried Koba. Kamo nodded instantly. Maro also nodded her head in fright. Jambul interrupted: "Any street hawker could move the mattress," he said mildly, as though addressing no one in particular. "An outsider wouldn't be in any danger. In case of arrest he could explain that he had been hired, and could prove his alibi. But if they catch Kamo they'll hang him. It's true that a street hawker might give away the address of the apartment he'd gotten the mattress from," he added, as though naively. A gleam of spite flashed through Koba's eyes. He stored up Jambul's words in his memory, but he restrained himself and sketching out on his face an extremely improbable looking good-natured smile, said: "I shall ask you to follow them in an-

other carriage. Have you got a revolver on you?"

"I have, *bicho*. Very well, I'll follow them. Very closely, of course, else they might be able to drag out the money and scuttle off," said Jambul imperturbably.

Kamo's face suddenly turned bestial. "Listen!" he snarled.

Koba interrupted him instantly and started laughing, just as good-naturedly. "He is, of course, joking. Now look, these orders of mine are easy to understand. You and she will take the mattress to the director. Then you'll go down into the big hall. At eleven o'clock some astronomer is going to show the yokels all sorts of nonsense. Listen to it; go together with the crowd, and also go out when the crowd does. You won't be noticed. If on the way to the Observatory the police attack, start shooting, to the last cartridge, naturally. And run to the apartment on Mikhailovsky Street. With the mattress, naturally!" he said impressively. "And on the way back, Maro, you little ninny, you come back on foot alone. You have no revolver, you'll get off without going to gaol. And you two can do as you please, shoot or don't as you please. You, Kamo, no matter what happens, you can't escape hanging. For old sins. But as for you," he said, turning to Jambul, "there's no evidence of anything against you. For carrying a revolver it'll be a lot if they send you off to hard labor. Never mind, daddy will wait for you in Turkey," said Koba, and a little sneer appeared on his face once again. Jambul flared up. He knows about father too! he thought: he keeps a check on the comrades!

"And how d'you know whom there's evidence against and whom there's not?"

"A little magpie had it on its tail, as Lenin said in Tammerfors," said Dzhugashvili. He was very proud of having spoken to Lenin, and of having, as it seemed to him, made a strong impression on him. "For the Erivan affair there can't be evidence of anything against anybody, so there won't be any against you, either."

"I'll go to the Observatory, but I won't take the money to Finland."

"And I'm not ordering you to," said Koba. He had long since decided that Kamo would take it there alone; he trusted him.

"Nor can you *order* me to do anything!"

Without answering Koba turned to Kamo again. He repeated his orders tersely and clearly; he knew Kamo didn't understand the first time.

Yes, he knows his business, it's true. But in all my life I've never seen anyone so repugnant to me, thought Jambul, listening attentively. After finishing his explanation Koba stood up. The audience is over! thought Jambul. Kamo and Maro stood up at once, too.

The astronomer, a graybeard in a silken jacket, was showing the Observatory to a small group of visitors and wearily making the usual explanations:

"The man whose portrait you see hanging on this wall was the great astronomer Nicholas Copernicus. He was born in 1473 and died in 1543. For a long time he was thought to be a German, but that was incorrect. Copernicus was a Pole. He discovered that it was not the sun that rotated around the earth, but the earth that rotated around the sun. He worked with the aid of a parallactic instrument consisting of three little pieces of wood with three degrees. Later on these little stumps of wood passed into the possession of another famous astronomer, Tycho Brahe, who treasured them as a sacrosanct relic of the history of science, and wrote verses about them. In these he said that the earth produced a man like that once in a thousand years: he stopped the sun and started the earth moving. For a long time Copernicus couldn't make up his mind to publish his discovery: he was afraid of being persecuted by the Catholic Church and even more afraid of being laughed at by everyone. It was not until shortly before his death that he published his immortal work. He dedicated it to Pope Paulus III, but it was included by the Congregation in the notorious Index as heresy. Though this great man was a believer, it may well be that only a miracle saved him from the stake," said the astronomer, who evidently disliked the Catholic Church. "His work of genius is entitled *De revolutionibus orbium caelestium*. There is a monument to Copernicus in Warsaw, the work of Thorwaldsen. . ."

The word "*revolutionibus*" caught Jambul's attention. So there's some kind of a revolution there, too, he thought, though not the same one. He glanced at the gaunt, harassed face with the tufts of hair falling on both sides of the head. Yes, that's not like Koba's face. . . Who knows what sort of a man he was and what he thought about life? . . . So he was a believer? But could he have believed in everything? Did he believe in an afterlife? But surely he was more intelligent than I, with Kamo and Koba, even with Lenin thrown in! If I had any real faith in me I wouldn't choose such a life for myself. But then what would I do? The little stumps of wood with degrees are not for me. I have no gifts at all. But when, why, and what for, did I ever choose such an inhuman existence? Caucasian independence? But it's only various Kobas that are probably going to run it after all, and what's the use of hiding from myself that they're a hundred times worse than the Voronov-Dashkovs. And people like Tsintsadze or Ramishvili are basically the same liberals as the Spasoviches and Kovalevskys, they can hardly be told apart. They'll hardly be the ones to come to power, if there's a revolution, any more than the Kovalevskys will come to power in Russia. And that's just the reason they won't, because they're civilized, and not wild beasts! he thought, astonished himself at the swiftness with which his attitude towards the revolution had changed. Nevertheless, he thought, it's not just because of that bay horse!

The astronomer announced that the tour was over. The visitors started out. At the exit Jambul looked around again

and went into Erivan Square still at the same artificially unhurried pace with which he now walked around the city. His body was alert and tensed in case of an unexpected onslaught. Since the expropriation he had not been separated from his revolver, though this had no point; there really was no evidence against him, and if arrested he would in all likelihood not be hanged.

A few people were standing in the street at the same spot where the first bomb had fallen. One of them was explaining something, pointing at the jumbled stones. Jambul listened in. Yes, that's probably a blood-stain. Here is where that Cossack fell who was leaping around the phaeton. But I didn't kill him. Except for the horse, I didn't kill anyone. He walked on to the newspaper kiosk, stopped where he had stood then, and again saw the *Tiflis Gazette*. He took a few more steps, looked at the place—and suddenly felt sick.

In the Annona restaurant, where there were always a great many people and there was no chance of arrest, he sat down for a breathing-spell. He could hardly eat, but he drank some wine, and listened to the string orchestra. At the little tables around him people were discussing their affairs. "We'll have to think all that through and through," one of them said.

Yes, and I'll have to think things through and through. Perhaps I've thought about life, about the most important things, very little. Now it's too late. Though why is it too late? There's no one to talk about it with. Koba's a beast. Kamo's a hero. Everyone claims he's kindhearted, and here he was getting ready to impale people on a stake! How strange he used to be religious! Now of course he makes fun of faith: Koba taught him that. . . Yes, I'm getting old and didn't notice. . . I'll have to go see father as quickly as possible. Thoughts flashed incoherently through his mind.

On the way home he went in to see the men whose address he used for letters. There was only a telegram from

Turkey. He hastily tore it open, ripping the end off the envelope. It was from an old friend telling that his father has passed away that night in his sleep, painlessly.

It was evident that the director of the Observatory sympathized with the expropriators. It was, however, possible, though unlikely, that he didn't know what there was in the new mattress on his divan. In a short while Dzhugashvili had drawn everything out of the mattress, and Kamo had carried it to Lenin in Kuakalla. This time he no longer traveled first-class but second, and was not a Wing Adjutant, but a mere junior officer.

Krupskaya and Bogdanova sewed the money in the quilted waistcoat of their comrade, Lyadov. "It sat on me very skilfully," wrote Lyadov, "and the money was carried across the border illegally without any trouble."

At the State Bank, however, the numbers of the stolen five-hundred-ruble notes had been recorded, and they were wired instantly to every police department in Europe. The five-hundred-ruble notes were exchanged in batches in various West European banks. In trying to convert them Litvinov, Semashko, Ravich, and a few other Bolsheviks were arrested. In this way the smaller Central Committee, that is, Lenin, Krasin, and Bogianov, lost a small part of the money.

Aside from this there was some unpleasantness with the Mensheviks, who launched an "agitation," that it was improper having anything in common with "rogues." They abused Lenin and Kamo in the most horrifying language. But Lenin was not too vexed by the unpleasantness. At his dictation Krupskaya added the following to a personal letter of his about this affair: "The Mensheviks have already started the vilest brawl. They're doing such vile things it's hard to believe. . . What sons-of-bitches! . . ."

SUMMER

The thrushes' voices, liquid every evening.

Whole hours pass
Soundless but for the rustling

Of maple trees whose leaves,
Flake upon flake of dusky turquoise,
Encrust some liquid inner richness. Summer.

Summer! Unnumbered days pace through a desert
Empty of landmarks, colored scratchy gold.
But the whole mirage
Dappled with havens for birds to perch in

Will have vanished by October
No matter how passionately put together.
Country created root and branch,
Whose every pod and blossom,
Hayfield, hilltop, cloud

Have come to tingle with mythology . . .
A tall white horse bridled in green
Passes and repasses on a carousel
That whisks repeatedly out of reach.
Under the pine trees trails make soft
Chiasmuses. This has all

Been marked long since on his chart by the master
Of subterranean bonds. Inside the house
A room at the top of the stairs
Smells of old puppets, contains a twangy piano
Kin to the sea-clogged one that you remember.
Outdoors as well are portents to be noted.
The way the light falls;

One particular maple, lightning-lopped,
Motionless and imposing
As a statue in the meadow;
A dead elm's gesture
Past boggy grass to where the woods begin;

Caw of a crow, hawk hovering
Over the line that separates sun from shadow.
What will you do with your life?

Long interlude. The elm and maple wait.
Slats of light
Lean down on you pacing
Through gawky trees that strain for their share of sky,
Teabrown swampjuice slurping underfoot.
The years till now:
This rusty leafchoked bucket once held sap.
Into the trackless competitive hardwood
Dip till the dimness sends you back uphill,

Daylight returning at the top of the rise.
House in a hollow,
Smoke dissolving into early evening,
Somebody playing that piano,
Face or phantom at the attic window:
Benevolent and tiny, it all
Happened repeatedly but long ago.
To an accumulated depth of water
Plummets the pebble thrown, and ripples spread.
The whole of summer will have been one long day.

MAGNOLIAS IN PRINCETON

in memory of Sidonie M. Clauss

Puppies run around the pool
outside the Woodrow Wilson School.
On a bench I try to read,
magnolias dropping overhead,
lavish lacy opening
in the clinging sheath of spring.
Petals milky-pinky pale
slather whiteness like a veil
over the grey branches' bone,
over smudges of light green.
On a sunny afternoon
gorgeous garlands bloom and preen.

Yet a single wintry breath
dooms this Rubens world to death.
Half an hour of cold's enough
to wrinkle creamy rose to rough
russet, parch the baby cheek
and shrink it to a shrivelled scrape
rustling along the stones,
silken skin to rattling bones.
Cold can cut the flowering short.
So can changes in the light.
Take that radiant bridal air
fresh magnolia blossoms wear:
one dark cloud blots out the sun,
all the joyful glow is gone.
Quenched and drawn, they shrink to white,
livid, glaring, harshly bright.

Where then can I look for stable
radiance: perhaps the marble
neoclassically flashing
columns of the Wilson School,
or the snowy puppies dashing
round the azure of the pool,
or the court's blond travertine,
or the trees' faint new green?
None of these. It's going to rain.
Plum-dark clouds come like a stain.
Damp wind ruffles pages, hair,
piled dry petals, and the air.
To avoid the looming cloud,
I prepare to join the crowd
moving up the temple stair.
Petals twitch and stir and fall
as slowly up the scholars file;
the magnolia bank springs leaks
through which distant thunder speaks.

Wait. A tiny ruffling tap.
Here's a petal in my lap,
newly fallen from a branch
as I got up from the bench,
longer than my finger, fresh,
plump, and fragrant, bruised like flesh.

Slowly I shut my book on this bookmark,
this touch of perfect color blown
undramatically down,
its pink and white already edged with dark.

THE SERVICE FOR SIDONIE

May 3 1980

The rain it raineth every day.

Not this one.

Our fumbling gestures sketching out your loss
preserved as if in amber by May sun.
The dreadful hole no sooner dug than spring
gently conspired to fill it. The two babies'
babbling purred, a rhythmic little brook,
under and through the ceremony's broken
flow (the hushed voices, bubbles burst in weeping).
Inflamed, turned inward, all our eyes were dazzled
at the chapel door by a great blaze of noon
and when we left the porch and stood in the sun
birds embroidered the quiet
with brilliant stitches of incessant song.

Ironic, tender—natural renewal,
brimming with green abundance, speaks of cycle.
But for us mourning you no rhythm softens
today's shared truth. This thing the grace of season
so gently twines its tendrils round remains
a terrible cessation—opening blossom,
richly unfolding, ruthlessly cut off.

RACHEL HADAS

Rachel Hadas published her first book of poems, *Starting from Troy*, in 1975 (Godine). Her second, *Slow Transparency*, will appear in September 1983 (Wesleyan University Press). She teaches English at Rutgers University in Newark.

Letters on Legitimacy

Guglielmo Ferrero—Gaetano Mosca

A Note on Guglielmo Ferrero—and his Friendship with Gaetano Mosca

From 1896 to the end of their lives, a few months apart, at the end of 1941 and in the middle of 1942, Gaetano Mosca (1858–1941) and Guglielmo Ferrero (1871–1942) carried on frequent correspondence. Two hundred and twenty-five Letters survive, probably less than a third of the total. In 1896 Ferrero was twenty-five years old and at work on his first book to win wide recognition, *L'Europa giovane* (1897)—the fruit of three years of study and travel throughout Europe. Thirty-eight years old, Mosca had just won the chair of constitutional law at Turin and published the first edition of *Elementi di Scienza Politica*—a work that achieved something of the status of a classic. (A later edition was translated into English with the title *The Ruling Class*, New York 1939). Mosca appreciated the importance of Ferrero's work almost from the beginning with an essay *Il fenomeno Ferrero* (1897), published long before Ferrero won international status.

Their correspondence is an extension of their work. Often on almost a day-to-day basis, it discusses the major events of twentieth century history, the reasons for decadence in Europe, and especially in Italy, before the First World War, the First World War and the crisis that came of it, the coming of Fascism in 1922, and Ferrero's and Mosca's struggle against it within Italy until 1925 when open opposition became impossible, and finally, the dark years that made the Second World War inescapable. Throughout these letters the ideas that are to play an important part in their thinking take shape and modify.

Both Mosca and Ferrero took direct part in political life, Mosca as a deputy in Parliament from 1908 to 1919 and Senator after 1919, Ferrero as a frequent political commentator. This involvement in actual political life lent their work a straightforward and practical cast that, in their instances, made for a deeper grasp, rather than an

evasion, of the underlying problems. Both men knew, and in many instances were intimate with, the leading men of their times. They had the best information at their disposal, and had read enough of the right kind of old books to know its limitations. In some sense the clarity of their view of the public affairs of Italy and Europe, and of their grasp of the crisis of the twentieth century, testifies to the depth of their friendship. For them the understanding of public events, especially the events of crisis, were not an evasion of private life, but an understanding of the place of their lives in their country and time, and finally in the whole history of the West. Each of them was happy enough to be able to grasp the symptoms of the catastrophe, long before it occurred, that threatened to sweep away all they loved.

Besides *Elementi di Scienza Politica*, the only other major work of Mosca's translated into English is *Storia delle dottrine politiche* (Bari 1937), *A Short History of Political Philosophy* (New York 1972). Most of Ferrero's work is translated into English and the other major languages of Europe.

In his early and middle thirties in 1902–1906, Ferrero published an account of the self-destruction of the Roman republic and the settlement of Augustus in five volumes, *The Greatness and Decline of Rome*. Written in simple narrative style the work is overwhelming in its capacity to evoke and to understand, in its appetite for life and intelligence. It won Ferrero a world-wide audience, an audience that made it possible for Ferrero's voice to be heard throughout the West, even after Fascist censorship prevented publication of his words within Italy after 1925. The work caused an uproar in the academic world of Italy.

Throughout his life Ferrero wrote weekly columns and monthly articles that appeared in the major newspapers and magazines of the world. Some of these articles were collected into books and published every few years: *Militarism* (London 1902); *Europe's Fateful Hour* (New York 1911, 1918); *Between the Old World and the New* (New York 1914); *Ancient Rome and Modern America* (New York 1914); *Four Years of Fascism* (London 1924); *Words to the Deaf* (London 1926); *The Unity of the World* (London 1931).

In the twenties Ferrero dedicated himself to a cycle of novels—under the general title *La Terza Roma: Le due verità* (Milan

These four letters come from a collection of the surviving Ferrero—Mosca correspondence edited by C. Mongardini, *Gaetano Mosca—Guglielmo Ferrero. Carteggio* (1896–1934), Milan 1980.

1926); *La rivolta del figlio* (Milan 1927); *Gli ultimi barbari, sudore e sangue* (Milan 1930); *Liberazione* (Lugano 1936)—that told the story of Italy since its unification, a subject whose evasion up to then, in Ferrero's judgement, contributed importantly to the collapse of the Italian government after the First World War. Of all Ferrero's works, his novels were least read.

Under constant police surveillance after 1926, Ferrero left Italy, it turned out forever, in 1930—with the help of Mosca who intervened with the Minister of Foreign Affairs to get him a passport. The University of Geneva and the Institut Universitaire des Hautes Etudes Internationales had offered him a chair in modern history—his first university position. At about sixty he entered into one of the most courageous and creative periods of historical study in his life. At the university for more than ten years he gave a weekly lecture on the history of the French Revolution and Napoleon and the consequences of misunderstanding these events in the nineteenth century—a lecture that was an event in the town as well as at the university. At the institute Ferrero dedicated himself to the study of the differences between war in the eighteenth century and the unlimited total war of Napoleon—a study that led him to the rediscovery of Vattel, the author of the eighteenth century classic of international law, *Le droit des gens, ou principe de la loi naturelle, appliquée à la conduite et aux affaires des nations et des souverains* (Leyden 1758).

One of the most important of Ferrero's little books, *Peace and War* (London 1933) came out of this study of war. He argued that part of the catastrophe of 1914–1917 came because statesmen and generals were ignorant of the character of the war they were fighting and above all had misunderstood the meaning of Napoleon. His lectures at the university led to four volumes on the French Revolution and the crisis it brought Europe and the world: *The Two French Revolutions 1789–1796* (posthumously published, New York 1968); *The Gamble, Bonaparte in Italy, 1796–1797* (London 1939); *The Reconstruction of Europe, Talleyrand and the Congress of Vienna*, (New York 1941); *The Principles of Power* (New York 1942).

In all his historical work Ferrero studied the past in order to discover the present—the opposite of studying the past because one thinks one understands the present, which often leads to a politicization of the past in the service of present prejudices. Ferrero had no favourite ages. His grasp of human character and the common sense that comes of it was too strong for such infatuation. He did not idealize any times—which meant he did not flinch before tragedy and outrage but still kept a remarkable love of life. He suffered much, but his work never betrays resignation and depression.

For Mosca, see James H. Meisel, *The Myth of the Ruling Class* (Ann Arbor 1958). The Istituto de Studi Storico-Politici of the University of Rome is bringing out his complete works. For a preliminary bibliography of Ferrero's writings, see Guglielmo Ferrero, *histoire et politique au vingtième siècle*, Geneva 1966. For an account of the surveillance of Ferrero under Fascism, based on police archives, see Helmut Goetz "Guglielmo Ferrero, Ein Exampel totalitaerer Verfolgung," *Quellen und Forschungen aus Italienischen Archiven und Bibliotheken*, 61, Tuebingen 1981, 248–304, which should be compared to Leo Ferrero, *Diario di un privilegiato sotto il fascismo*, Turin 1946. L.R.

1920

Mosca to Ferrero

Turin, January 28, 1920 Corso Umberto 45

Dear Ferrero,

I received with the usual delay your card of the 18th, which avoided the postal strike only to fall into the railwaymen's strike. I had previously received the *Memorie e confessioni di un sovrano deposto*,* which I have already read and am turning over in my mind.

In the first part it seems to me that, among the many original ideas, two stand out. The first concerns the great French Revolution which, while purporting to bring liberty, equality, etc., gave the people instead military conscription (timidly already begun by absolute governments here and there) and a world of taxes and constraints. The second concerns the Holy Alliance, which you say was more equitable than the victors in the recent war, and would have been more able to develop Wilson's idea of a League of Nations and which, as you rightly observe, even if it did not give us perpetual peace, at least assured peace for the span of a generation.

In regard to this second idea, I think that you are indisputably right. The principle of legitimacy that guided the Allies of 1815 produced less injustices and exercised less coercion on the will of peoples than the victors of the present day, attempting to organize Europe on the principle of nationality and the so-called self-determination of nations. The sovereigns of 1815 were more generous and moderate toward the defeated. They had more sense of measure than the leaders of the democracies of today. They were more consistent in applying the principle they said inspired them. Now, instead, the principle of self-determination has been applied in such a way that the peace treaties prevent the German provinces of Austria from joining Germany. An enormous—and shameful—inconsistency.

As for the first idea, I still hesitate to say that you are entirely right. Yes, the revolution did much harm, but it also did much good. Perhaps almost all the good could have been achieved without almost all the harm or, at least, without a great part of it. But you, who are a real historian, know how difficult it is to reconstruct history on the basis of an hypothesis, how difficult it is to know what would have happened if, at a given moment, events had

**Memorie e confessioni di un sovrano deposto* (Memoirs and Confessions of a Deposed Sovereign), Milan 1920. Ferrero called this book "a summary of the history of the nineteenth century" inspired by the memoirs of Talleyrand and his principle of legitimacy. Cf. B. Raditsa, *Colloqui con Guglielmo Ferrero*, Lugano 1939, 73–74.

developed in a different way from how they did develop. I remember that Louis XVIII, to whose moderation and political views you rightly pay tribute, used to say that we couldn't speak ill of the Revolution because it had done so much good and we couldn't speak well of it because it had done so much harm. I very nearly agree with him. And let us go on to the second part where there seem to be two basic ideas: (1) that Germany should have won the war and instead she lost it, or, at least, that she lost where she deserved to win; and (2) that Germany was, in a way, forced to make war by the atmosphere that took hold of Europe in the ten or twenty years before the war.

Never mind about whether Germany deserved to win. I admit that, if the sacrifices Germany made and the terrible sufferings she inflicted on herself and on her adversaries entitled her to win, then she deserved it. But . . . after America entered the war, she was the weaker. She could hope only in some striking bit of good luck, which did not occur, or in the cowardice of her enemies, who were not free to be cowards. The governments of the *Entente* could not present themselves as defeated before peoples of whom they had asked such great sacrifices. Besides, the abyss of revolution was behind them if they stepped backwards. Perhaps one of them will fall into it anyhow—but victory was the only hope of salvation. And Germany, as the weaker, behaved like a gambler who has little money. She took the greatest risks. Once they failed, she was done for.

As for the causes of the war and the responsibilities for its unleashing, I agree with you that certainly not all the fault is Germany's and the Kaiser's. For ten years and more the European bourgeoisies had been more or less afflicted with imperialism, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps in order to take people's minds off socialism. This created the atmosphere in which the appalling war could break out. Part of the responsibility lies also with the diplomatic encirclement which England practiced against Germany. Germany, however, was responsible for provoking the incident which provoked the explosion. As a result that good part of the world that doesn't see beyond its nose believed and believes that the entire fault was hers.

And now that Satan, as you say, has finished the job, what is this poor tortured and suffering world to do?

If you are right, salvation could come from a restoration of the principle of authority, from rulers with enough moral prestige not to have to rely exclusively on brute force. But is this possible in a democratic regime, where the best way to rise is to humiliate oneself before the crowd, to flatter it indecently?

Neither of us knows whether or not the world will overcome the present crisis and if present institutions can endure. If they don't, we shall, for sure, fall under demagogic tyranny, or under bureaucratic and military tyranny or, worse still, under both together. And Italy, closest to the looming danger, is not yet aware of it!

I'll come to see you in the spring and we'll talk. I hope to

publish a review of your book. Its main points will be those I have just made.

My family is well. My respects to Mrs. Ferrero. Greetings to Leo.

I am most affectionately,
G. Mosca.

P.S. Please send me the exact address of your brother, the doctor, who is in Ancona. I should perhaps write to him.

Ferrero to Mosca

(Florence), January 31, 1920

Dear Gaetano,

Thanks for your letter. My brother's address is: Dr. Giuseppe Ferrero, Via Montirozzo 59, Ancona.

To understand the book you have to proceed a bit by deduction, since the writer's real ideas are hidden behind the ideas—thesis and antithesis—attributed to the supposed author, to keep him in character. What you say about the Holy Alliance is exactly what I think; it stands out more in the second than in the first part since in the first part the sovereign accuses the Holy Alliance of having been too pacifist, traditionalist, classical, and Catholic, in spirit if not in religion.

It is not the same thing with the French Revolution. I didn't try to decide whether the Revolution was a good thing or a bad, whether it did more good than harm, whether it could have done the good that it did without doing so much harm. These are insoluble problems, because there is no way of measuring exactly the good and the harm that it did and to make a comparison between them. My idea—which I meant to have come out of the thesis and antithesis—is this. In the French Revolution there is a contradiction among the formulas, the programs, the doctrines, and the results. This contradiction, disguised during the whole nineteenth century and up to the World War with a host of devices and compromises, has now broken quite out of control. The doctrines promised men liberty, equality, and brotherhood, but events have yielded a discipline far more demanding, heavy, and oppressive than that exercised by former governments. They brought up governments harsher and more violent because they are at the same time stronger and less authoritative, governments that now are all turning into tyrannies based on money and brute force. And all this happened because the French Revolution undermined all the principles of authority, with their religious basis, of the old regimes and put in their place a new principle, the will or sovereignty of the people, which doesn't work because it is based only on a function and can give rise only to electoral machines. On this point I have come to embrace totally

your ideas, over which I was for a long time hesitant. For many years I thought that the sovereignty of the people was a serious principle of authority and could serve as the basis of a juster, less oppressive, milder, and more human political and social order than the one that went before. Deeper study of the nineteenth century, a hard look at reality and longer reflection have persuaded me that you were right.

Hence I don't doubt that the present order of things is fated to crumble more or less everywhere and to be replaced by a militaristic and demagogic tyranny, as arbitrary, capricious, oppressive and cruel as the worst despotisms of the past. What is said on pages 289* and 311 represents my thinking.** I am so persuaded of these things that already I am preparing myself for this unsparing, bestial despotism by, among other things, cutting down my needs, luxuries, and expenses, because I am sure it will leave me only my eyes to weep. Never mind, as long as it leaves me a pen to write! As for the rebirth of the principle of authority, to which there is reference on page 311, I believe it is inevitable but in the distant future. We shan't live to see it. Probably this new principle of authority will take shape around the persons, institutions, and doctrines which will defend men against this horrid tyranny.

In short, I think that the movement that began in the eighteenth century for the liberation of man has come to a dreadful tyranny and a reign of force: a formidable contradiction from which there must come a political, moral, and intellectual crisis of vast proportions of the sort that occurred at the end of the Middle Ages, when the Church became the negation in practice of every principle of the Gospel. We are in a situation which, in certain regards, recalls the one that gave rise to the explosion of the Reformation and the wars of religion.

As for the pages in which the deposed sovereign says that Germany should have won the war, it seems to me that you attribute to them a *conclusive* value whereas, to me, they are of only passing importance. The second part of the book was conceived as a medley of fragments written in accordance with tormenting changes of thought and feeling under the impact of a blow of misfortune. Hence there are contradictions, successive stages, jumps.

*The passage referred to runs:

"Men have deposed God and overturned all the idols they had tried to build on his profaned altars: Science, Liberty, Democracy, Progress, Civilization. All authorities have collapsed. Therefore, force alone rules the world. Force alone and naked, or barely covered with a red rag or a tatter of a national flag. It rules the world as it can, with excesses and stops and starts, without discernment, and tears it apart, for force is so weak when alone and naked. O men, do not harbour illusions: in Europe the only authority that remains is gold and iron."

**"Slowly and cautiously throughout all of Western civilization, the Revolution has done its work, the work it botched brutally in an hour in France. Undoing the sacred legitimacy of all authorities, it has left men no other government than force. From one end of Europe to the other, force and need are the only authorities—both fake—men still obey."

The sovereign says, in his first notes, that Germany should have won the war but, further on, he realizes that Germany was destroyed by its own strength, that it was defeated because it was too strong and had wanted to be too strong. My real opinion on this point is expressed on pages 216-217: "Germany had to lose, because it was the stronger . . ." "We wanted to be too strong . . ."

This second part of the fifth chapter on confessions—pages 212-223—is extremely important, because it contains the development of one of the book's most important ideas. The first part of the chapter has a purely artistic reason for being, expressing thoughts which, in the second part, are confuted. At bottom it serves to recall, in fitting summary manner, the history of the war and Germany's formidable effort. It is a warning to the states and statesmen of the Entente, who delude themselves that they defeated Germany with the power of the spirit when they did it with the power of matter. In short, the three ideas that I wanted to stress with the thesis and antithesis and that are like Ariadne's thread through the labyrinth are the following:

a) The French Revolution began a struggle between the old principles of authority and its own principles. For the reasons I have explained above, this struggle ended in the ruin of all principles, old and new. As a result, Europe after hoping for freedom for a century, has fallen under brute force—anarchy or tyranny.

b) The world war is not the usual war won by the best army or the army used the best. It is the bizarre, incoherent, chaotic catastrophe of a political and military system. In this catastrophe all states exceeded the measure of force granted human organizations. Institutions absurd in their principles and dangerous in their exaggeration, above all conscription armies as they developed after 1870, were the means of this excess.

c) The responsibilities of Germany, enormous as they are, are only partial, because from 1789 on all of Europe is responsible. The World War is the final outcome of the entire history of the nineteenth century—with the exception of the period from 1815 to 1848. The whole history of Europe flowed toward this outlet. The whole history of Europe has been an uninterrupted preparation of this catastrophe—except for the attempt of the old dynasties between 1815 and 1848 to move against the stream. That period from 1815 to 1848 strikes me as the only period when Europe was governed with real political wisdom. Despite its faults it would deserve rehabilitation.

If you want to write a review, these elucidations may be useful to you. My wife holds it against me that I have written a book that is something of a riddle. I must help my friends unravel it.

Warmest greetings,
yours Guglielmo

1923

Ferrero to Mosca

Florence, May 6, 1923, 7, Viale Machiavelli

Dear Gaetano,

I have read the *Elementi*.* I am happy, above all, at the freshness of your thirty-year old book. Except for a few unimportant points it could have been written today. The outlook on the world, the spirit of the research have not aged at all, so that reading it, one has no impression of going back a whole generation. This means that your book has deep, vital roots. When a book stands up against the passage of thirty years it has passed the hardest test, and may endure for three hundred, because it is endowed with eternal elements.

The new part completes, or rather, develops the old, by introducing into the synthetic vision the new events and phenomena of the last thirty years, and your further experiences. You have made two books written with thirty years between them into one book, without changing or rewriting the first. This is a rare, perhaps unique, occurrence, and worthy of note.

What I like best in the book is what I might call its *ancient spirit*, that psychological realism whose origin lies in a deep, because long thought-out, knowledge of the human soul, a knowledge that is the necessary basis of politics, since politics is only psychology in action. I say that your book is soaked in the spirit of the ancients, because they had in high degree the same deep-seated realism. You referred in the preface to Aristotle's *Politics*, and rightly, because your book has an honorable place in the same family. How different from the nebulous ideological fantasies in which so many political writers are lost today!

This is the most serious, thoughtful, mature, profound book on politics to appear in Europe in recent years. It comes at a time at which it is most needed to lead bewildered minds back to the eternal reality of human affairs, in which alone lies the secret of the good fortune and prosperity of nations. Let's hope that it is read and meditated upon to the extent it deserves. For my part I'll do my best.

I must voice two objections or reservations of a general character. It seems to me that you don't give sufficient importance to what you call the *political formula* and I call the *principle of legitimacy* of governments. You seem still to consider it a sort of *pia fraus* or conventional lie, useful for justifying governmental power above all in the eyes of the ignorant masses. I am increasingly persuaded that it is

the essential part of government and that force is only a subordinate element, which has no true effectiveness unless it is based on the first. A government is not the real thing unless it has persuaded all those who obey it that it has a *right* to command. This is the test of all governments, not the collecting of policemen and soldiers for the purpose of beating up recalcitrants, a police operation in which even a Lenin, a Mussolini, and similar revolutionary bunglers can succeed. And periods in which the *right* of the government to command is uncertain and insecure are always troubled, even if the government has great force at its disposal.

The other reservation is this. I don't think you have gauged the true importance of the upheaval that took place in European civilization in the nineteenth century.

You seem to consider it a normal development of civilization, along familiar lines. But I don't see it that way. There was a break, an overturning, a violent interruption of the line, an attempt to overthrow some of the principles on which all civilizations rested until the eighteenth century. To me this is a point of capital importance. Almost all the objections which I should make to points of detail stem from this different way of looking at the nineteenth century.

I find, here and there, a few unimportant errors. Stolypin** was not killed with bombs but with a revolver shot at him by a student when he was sitting in a theater. Augustus did not frequently renew the Senate because the nationalistic reaction which, after Actium, brought him to the presidency and kept him there all his life, did not allow him or his successors to introduce many new senators. The first to conduct an operation of this kind was Vespasian, who did not take the new families from Italy, as you say, but from the western provinces—Cisalpine Gaul, Gaul, above all Spain, and from North Africa. Under Vespasian the Senate, which was what we might call central-Italian, became Euro-African! To my knowledge, under Vespasian and in the second century, there were not many oriental members. The East was always unwilling to accept *Roman political ideas*—aristocratic and republican up to the end of the third century—that instead spread widely among the Romanized and civilized barbarians of the West. The East remained faithful to absolute monarchy. This explains why the West and not the East replenished the Roman Senate, up to the collapse of the system in the third century.

I'm getting ready to write about your book. Greetings to your family.

Yours

Guglielmo Ferrero

**Elementi di Scienza Politica*, Turin 1896; second edition (here referred to), Turin 1923. English translation, *The Ruling Class*, New York and London 1939.

**Peter Arcadieovich Stolypin (1862–1911), Russian statesman. Prime minister in 1906, he fought revolutionary ferment with reforms, among them agrarian reform that dissolved the *mir* and allowed the peasants to own property.

1934

Ferrero to Mosca

Geneva, February 17, 1934

Dear Gaetano,

I've read the book of your lessons.* It's rich, substantial, clear, full of ideas and briskly written, apt for pleasant and quick reading. I hope it finds many readers. Italy would need to read books like yours.

The exposition of the doctrines of yours I know seems precise and exact. And so I extend the same judgment to those that are new to me. If I have any reservations, it's about the overly *intellectualizing* tendency of the book. It seems to me that you lend too much importance to ideas as inspiring events. Ideas, in my opinion, are often the horse-flies of history.

Rousseau, for instance. I believe that Rousseau's influence on the French Revolution has been enormously exaggerated. In the course on the Revolution that I gave here three years ago, I maintained that Rousseau didn't make the Revolution but that the Revolution created Rousseau.** Rousseau's books had made a certain dent but only on a small number of people who, later, for the most part, were against the Revolution. But when the Convention found itself isolated and without other support than assemblage of forces amid a France in ruins, it needed, at least, a theory to justify its power. It latched onto *The Social Contract*, glorifying it and making it into a sort of Bible of democracy.

As for what you say about socialism, I think it isn't at all exact to say that political equality makes for economic equality. This is an argument conservatives have abused for the last hundred years but which seems to me unfounded. The old regime was founded on political and economic inequality; the rich had all the power. I don't believe it's possible to return to this state of affairs, which collapsed because it was excessive. Equality, economic and political together, is impossible unless we crystallize labor into absurd forms. I believe, therefore, that, after many convulsions and oscillations, the world will adapt to a state of political equality and economic inequality, such as a number of countries have already reached. Political

equality will compensate for economic inequality, to the advantage of the poor. Socialism has, in fact, been more successful in countries where the government had an oligarchic and aristocratic character and there was still considerable political inequality—Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy—than in countries where economic inequalities are great but political equality is ensured by democratic institutions—such as the United States and England before 1914.

The theory of the *political formula* seems to me also to need reenforcement. I should substitute this somewhat neutral phrase with another, more vigorous: *principle of legitimacy*. Among African blacks or barbarians facts and rights may coincide: whoever possesses the material instruments of power is thought to have the right to command. Little by little, as a country becomes more civilized, the fact of possessing the instruments of power no longer suffices. These instruments must have been acquired with the observance of certain rules and principles which confer the *right*, recognized by all, to govern. Outside these principles there is no longer a legitimate government; there is usurpation. Whereas you seem to consider the political formula as a sort of plaything or game, which serves, at best, to moderate the rulers, it seems to me that the principle of legitimacy is a matter of the utmost seriousness, solemnity, and necessity. It is the very essence of civilization. A civilized people that falls from a legitimate government to a government of usurpation becomes infantile again. Today, alas, two-thirds of the world's governments are illegitimate usurpations. During the last twenty years the world has precipitated into barbarism, just because a large number of old legitimate governments have fallen and made way for usurpations. For how long?! That's the great question.

But we would need to talk all this over face to face. Cordial greetings and good wishes—

G. F.

Translated by Frances Frenaye

*Mosca's *Lezioni di storia delle dottrine e delle istituzioni politiche*, Rome 1932.

**The last version of this course, given at the University of Geneva in 1940-1942 was published almost ten years after Ferrero's death in 1942: *Les deux révolutions françaises, 1789-1796*, Neuchâtel 1951. English translation, G. Ferrero, *The Two French Revolutions 1789-1796*, New York 1968.

Guglielmo Ferrero and Legitimacy

Carlo Mongardini

Guglielmo Ferrero understood that in our century the fundamental question for politicians and statesmen was no longer the exercise of power by an organized minority, but how to build legitimacy from below. Gaetano Mosca and Vilfredo Pareto also knew this was the problem. Mosca opened the academic year of 1902-03 at the University of Turin with a lecture, "The Aristocratic and Democratic Principle in the Past and Future."¹ In 1920 Pareto wrote a series of articles in the *Rivista di Milano* on the transformation of democracy.² But neither Mosca nor Pareto were up to dealing with this in part new subject because each conceived the structure of power to hinge on elites and the substitution of one elite for another (Mosca's "circulation of elites"). Ferrero, instead, made legitimacy the central question in interpreting contemporary history and saw it as the key to understanding the crisis of the modern world.

Ferrero did not think of himself as a professional historian.³ He turned to history in the spirit of Taine,⁴ one of his models, "in order to recover, in the comparison of past and present, the today almost completely lost awareness of certain rules of life that cannot be transgressed without running into the reason of things."⁵ His avowed desire to "divide the study of history not into epochs . . . but by types of phenomena";⁶ his conception of the study of history not as an "effort to recall the past," but as "an exercise in recognizing the differences and similarities between past and present," show his concentration on understanding the changes taking place in the society of his day. This meant—as in the instance of Taine—a new kind of history, not political history, but the history of civil society or rather of the changes in civil society. The orientation on

society allows the application of the categories employed in studying and interpreting the present to the past (in the case of Ferrero to ancient Rome). In another sense, Ferrero simply pursues the comparison of present and past, "the differences and similarities."

Ferrero was, above all, a student of society, or, as he put it, a student of "some problems of individual and collective life."⁷ We should not be surprised that such study turned out largely political. By nature and almost by historical necessity, the study of society in Italy is political.⁸ Like Mosca's theory of the political class, Ferrero's concern with legitimacy had clearly contemporary relevance. In 1923 Ferrero wrote Mosca of the significance of the principle of legitimacy:

A government is not the real thing unless it has persuaded all those who obey it that it has the *right* to command. This is the test of all governments. Not the recruitment of a few policemen and soldiers to beat up recalcitrants—a police operation in which even a Lenin, a Mussolini and other such Revolutionary bunglers can succeed. And times in which the *right* of the government to command is uncertain and insecure are always troubled, even if the government has great forces at its disposal.⁹

To understand Ferrero's total concentration on the principles of legitimacy, we have to recall his experience under Fascism—clearly revealed in his correspondence, especially in his letters to Mosca. Mosca's theory of the political class had been an argument against the corruption of parliamentary democracy; Ferrero's concept of legitimacy was an intellectual weapon against Fascism's violence. In search of a principle of legitimacy to give stability to the rule and structures of representative government, old Europe flounders between varieties of dictatorship or "caesarism" and the threat of revolutions that, for their part, offer no solutions capable of substantially modifying the course of history.

The subject of legitimacy marks our century, especially after the First World War. Foretold in the works of Saint-Simon, the theory of political class and elites is essentially

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The above article was read at a congress on Ferrero, "Guglielmo Ferrero, tra società e politica," at the University of Genova on October 4-5, 1982.

an inheritance from the nineteenth century. New subjects for political thought introduce the new century: the new feudalism, representation, legitimacy, consent. To give these subjects—whose pertinency is now unmistakable—their full weight was one of Ferrero's great intuitions.

LEGITIMACY AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

The inspiration of these themes by the struggle with events tends to confirm that Ferrero did not, as has been written, come upon the idea of legitimacy in Geneva in 1930 while preparing a course on the French Revolution and Napoleon,¹⁰ but more than ten years earlier, as he says himself. In *Principles of Power*, he tells how in 1918 a few pages of Talleyrand gave him the key to the understanding of the history of Europe since the French Revolution:

It took . . . a universal catastrophe and a few pages from an old forgotten book before I became aware of the existence of the mysterious Genii that were helping and persecuting me without my knowledge. . . . The World War was just coming to an end, and the thrones of Europe were falling one on top of the other with a deafening clatter. To while away the hours, I started reading some ancient and forgotten tomes which were somewhat in the spirit of the times. One day, while reading Talleyrand's *Memoirs*, I came across seven pages in the second volume that revealed to me the principles of legitimacy. The revelation was momentous. From then on I began to see clearly in the history of mankind and in my own destiny.¹¹

Legitimacy completed a theory of power that Ferrero first began to elaborate in the early years of the century. To undo fear, that primordial condition of human nature, and to create artificial conditions of stability and security, man fashions power in the same way he organizes social life and makes civilization. But power performs its task of dispelling insecurity only to the extent that it draws upon an objective idea that legitimates it and lends legality to its actions. "Power can attain its proper perfection, legitimacy, only through a sort of unwritten contract." This contract grounds power in the reciprocal promise of the ruled to obey and the rulers to observe certain rules and pursue certain ends. In every society legitimacy sanctions the exercise of power. "As soon as the two parties no longer respect this contract, the principle of legitimacy loses its strength. Fear returns."¹² Primordial fear returns—but within society. The ruled fear the force available to the rulers, the rulers' rebellion, and the frailty of consent on which they can rely. Power can guarantee "the rules of the game" of living together only to the extent that it serves the principles that give a society its direction. Once the ties of the principles of legitimacy loosen, mistrust invades rulers and ruled: insecurity and fear slowly

overcome the human soul. An instrument made to combat fear, power can incite it, both active and passive, when "it violates the principle of legitimacy that has up to then justified it."¹³ The primordial condition of man, Hobbes's state of nature, is overcome by the institution and religion of legitimacy, power.¹⁴ But this religion cannot do without a rational creed, without rulers with authority and without the consent of the governed. The principle of legitimacy ties everything together. It is the actual living constitution of its group. Power, however, cannot rest on an unequivocal relation between rulers and governed. Like any other institution, it has to come to terms with the basic contradiction "between human liberty and the social necessity for reactions that can be foreseen."¹⁵ At the basis of power there is ambivalence, the same ambivalence that Freud found in the same years at the foundations of civilization,¹⁶ and that the Berlin sociologist, Georg Simmel, thinks accompanies all subordination.¹⁷

The principles of legitimacy attenuate this ambivalence. Because they objectify the idea that endows the organization of society from below and above with meaning, they serve to preserve subordination from abuse. Government and the governed both submit to the idea that underlies the institution. From this idea all members of the group draw the assurance of the *objectivity of the exercise of power*, which is intimately connected to the idea of legitimacy. Ferrero spoke of "the invisible genii of the city." Again we are surprised by an analogy with Georg Simmel, who speaks of the "characteristic and deeply rooted capacity of both individuals and groups to draw new strength from things whose energy stems from *them*." The ancient Greeks, says Simmel, created gods "by sublimating their own qualities" and then expected the gods to give them a morality and the strength to practice it.¹⁸

Ferrero's principles of legitimacy are modern gods that men fashion then to draw from them the rules of political conduct. These gods must remain inviolate in their sanctuaries, because, "every true authority is divine, and no material force can violate it."¹⁹ "Men will never acknowledge other men's right to command them unless by a feeling of mystical origin which the intellect cannot explain. . . . A secular state is an impossible contradiction, and the authority of the state, like that of a father or mother, is either by nature hieratic, even when stripped of rites, or apocryphal."²⁰ Men's readiness to hold the principles of legitimacy sacred accounts for the religious dimension in politics. The religious dimension comes not only because politics was born in temples. It inheres in the nature of political things.²¹

Because of this religious dimension, the principles of legitimacy make up the actual living constitution in its organization of a group of men from above and below. They justify power, the power to command and to rule. "Of all the inequalities among men none has such telling consequences and, therefore, such a need for justification as the inequality that comes of power. With rare exceptions one

man is as good as another. Why should one have the right to command and the rest the duty to obey? The answer lies in the principles of legitimacy."²² They make possible "tacit agreement between rulers and ruled about the specific laws and rules that determine the conferment and limits of power." This implicit understanding frees government "from the fear of revolt ever present in the enforced obedience of its subjects." And the subjects no longer "fear and distrust power."²³ Legitimacy becomes a complex mechanism *which includes a choice of purposes that must win the assent of all; means of achieving them, clearly identifiable in institutions; a set of capable men, a political class, with an effective, and not only formal, mandate to represent the people.*

This complex picture of political realities shows the great intuitive understanding and relevance of Ferrero's contribution to political thought. Power amounts no longer to the power of the elitists, to a simple matter of fact that an organized minority conquers and wields. The problem of power is intimately tied to legitimacy. Power must be understood as a *circular process*. Through consent,²⁴ identification, and representation,²⁵ legitimacy *rises from below*, while power *comes down from above* in the actions of the political class that exercises it.²⁶ A more complex conception has overcome the one-sided vision of the elitists. The principles of legitimacy work as the invisible "genii of the city."

Through the principles of legitimacy the prevailing needs of society find realization in an idea that underlies the formation and guides the actions of a group. This idea makes up, to speak in juridical terms, the actual constitution of every organization.²⁷ It balances the force available to the government, which achieves its objectivity through this idea, and the consent that rises from below. With the disappearance of this idea consent breaks up and the force power exercises grows more pronounced and subjective in its exercise. Mistrust and fear increase. "No government can endure if it is not upheld by a certain force. But woe to the government that wants to do and command too much! Some force is necessary, too much is harmful. A government needs authority, prestige, respect. A government can never have too much authority. The state is authority, not force."²⁸ "The principles of legitimacy have the task of freeing rulers and ruled from their mutual fears. They increasingly substitute consent for coercion in their relation. They are, therefore, the pillars of civilization. For men's effort to free themselves from the fears that torment them is civilization."²⁹

The elitists had, however, taught Ferrero that political conflict cannot be reduced to a conflict of principles:

No principle of legitimacy can thrust itself upon a nation solely by its own power; in the beginning every principle is imposed by an organized minority that attempts to overcome the repugnance and incomprehension of those who are bound to obey.³⁰

The time described in these lines is the time of the rise of a new principle, the phase of prelegitimacy. For principles of legitimacy "are born, grow, age and die. Sometimes they differ and collide. Their life cycles and their struggles make up the invisible web of history."³¹ Prelegitimacy involves the minority that assumes the role of introducing the new principles. Legitimacy, in contrast, implies all the forces at work in the political sphere, above all majority and opposition. The opposition cannot be suppressed without damage. "Whatever the nature of the suffrage by which sovereign people express themselves . . . , it is obvious that its will cannot be identified with either the will of the majority or with the will of the minority, that each is a different section of the unique sovereign will and that the latter is to be found in the juxtaposition of the two wills—majority and minority. It is therefore impossible to suppress the will of either one without mutilating the sovereign will and drying up the source of legitimacy."³² In a system of solid political liberties the opposition must be free to perform its task. "For the minority to be able to offer a serious and fruitful opposition it requires a firmly established system . . . so that the will of the people may not be falsified by coercion, intimidation, or corruption. But a false majority, which would only be a disguised minority, would always be too frightened of the opposition to allow it to make loyal use of the political freedom it needs, or to respect the freedom of suffrage sincerely."³³ Such conditions of "false majority" foreshadow a crisis of legitimacy, the outbreak of force and fear on the political stage. Anarchy spreads. And power threatened threatens in return even to the point of a recourse to a "policy of assassination," a policy that begins in the modern world with the rise of Napoleon.³⁴ The break-up of legitimacy means a return to the original condition of insecurity and precariousness. The mechanisms of defense and aggression that men had thought laid aside forever come to life again, now magnified by power. A power that feels threatened and attacks nascent rebellion, and, thereby, excites new and fiercer violence.

That political struggle cannot be understood entirely in terms of principles of legitimacy does not mean that Ferrero considers principles of legitimacy instruments of justification in the hands of the minority that holds power. This refusal to reduce principles of legitimacy to mere instruments of justification, distinguishes Ferrero's principles of legitimacy from the *political formula* of Gaetano Mosca, at least in its early elaborations.* The principle of legitimacy also includes the political formula but is not equivalent to it. The two expressions, legitimacy and polit-

*In the last chapter of *Storia delle dottrine politiche*, Bari 1933, Mosca describes the *political formula* (the entire chapter is translated in J. H. Meisel, *The Myth of the Ruling Class*, Ann Arbor, Mich. 1958, 382-391):

One of the first results of the new method was the notion of what, since 1883, has been known as the *political formula*, meaning that in all societies, be their level ever so mediocre, the ruling class will justify its

ical formula are, in fact, only in appearance similar.³⁵ Like power, the political formula comes from above. The principle of legitimacy, however, involves all participants in the political process, for it provides the basis for the tacit contract that institutes rule. The difference between legitimacy and the political formula may be subtle. In my judgment, however, it shows the difference in perspective from which Mosca and Ferrero viewed the role of legitimacy in the dynamics of politics. Upon the reading of the just published second edition of *Elementi di scienza Politica* in 1923, Ferrero wrote Mosca in a letter already quoted in part:

It seems to me that you still don't give sufficient importance to what you call the *political formula* and I call the *principle of legitimacy* of governments. You seem still to consider it a sort of *pia fraus* or conventional lie, useful for justifying governmental power, above all in the eyes of the ignorant masses. I am increasingly persuaded that it is the essential part of government and that force is only a subordinate element, which has no true efficacy unless it is based on the first. A government is not the real thing unless it has persuaded all those who obey it that it has a *right* to command.³⁶

As I remarked at the beginning, legitimacy had contemporary relevance for Ferrero. Ferrero wanted to understand the political crisis of his own times. He concluded that absence or insufficiency of a principle of legitimacy had allowed the history of modern Europe continually to oscillate between varieties of dictatorships or Caesarism that surreptitiously seek to restore the old principles of legitimacy and revolutions that vainly try to impose with force new principles of legitimacy that have no place in a quantitative civilization. The democratic principle based on universal suffrage is too frail to sustain rule. It comes down to number simply, to an electoral machine. It has lost all metaphysical and moral significance.³⁷ It has corrupted representation. For the most part, it came from above: "Universal suffrage was everywhere thrust upon the masses by a minority recruited from the upper class and supported by a few popular groups. It came from above exactly like monarchic power. And it descended from above because the government, after admitting that the will of the people was alone or in part the source of legitimate authority, was unable to stop in midstride for

power by appealing to some sentiment or credence generally accepted in that period and by that society, such as the presumed Popular or Divine Will, the notion of a distinct nationality or Chosen People, traditional loyalty toward a dynasty, or confidence in a man of exceptional qualities.

Of course, every political formula must reflect the specific intellectual and moral maturity of the people and the epoch in which it is adopted. It must closely correspond to the particular conception of the world prevailing at that time in that particular society, in order to cement the moral unity of all the individuals who compose it.

Any indication that a political formula has become "dated," that the faith in its principles has become shaky, that the ardent sentiments which once inspired it have begun to cool down is a sign that serious transformations of the ruling class are imminent.

very long at arbitrary distinctions that restricted sovereign rights to a part of the nation. The people means everyone. A simple irresistible solution."³⁸ Universal suffrage also failed to endow the collectivity with the mystery of value. The consequences were profound: "the collapse of all authority":

The ruin of all principles of authority in which Western civilization believed is the greatest destruction caused by the war. . . . All authority has collapsed. Sheer force rules the world, force alone, stark naked, or covered up with red rags or the torn shred of a national flag. Force governs as best it can, with excesses and sudden starts, without discernment. It tears the world apart. For force is so weak when it is naked and alone.³⁹

With the collapse of all authority after the First World War, Europe on the one hand entrusted itself to the myth of "regenerative violence" that has not and never will prevail and which has only spawned various madness:

The Revolution has not won and could not win because it did not give birth to a new principle of authority. Universal suffrage is not a principle of authority, but an electoral machine for collecting votes and putting together assemblies, large and small. When has the world ever been governed by a machine? A government is eyes, arms, brains, thought, and will. A machine is a piece of blind inanimate matter, moved by external force.⁴⁰

On the other hand, everyone in Europe called loudly for a "strong government". But governments of that time were a strange mixture of strength and weakness, "immense force bolstered by tottering authority."⁴¹ All this resulted in a series of dictatorships that could not justify their power and sought to revive as much as possible the old monarchial power.⁴² Dictatorships and revolutions appealed to each other and justified each other in a vicious cycle that kept out the crucial problem: the not merely formal, but the actual legitimacy of power. After 1930, Ferrero wrote, "The confusion becomes general. We must go to the bottom of the problem; distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate governments by means of definitions that go to the root of the problem; study intermediate forms and drive out the mental chaos of our wandering by the effort to understand it."⁴³

What did Ferrero think would become of the principle of legitimacy? Its future depended on overcoming this period of transition in which men believed they could build a civilization solely on quantity. "The world," Ferrero said to Bogdan Raditsa in 1939,

will not recover order, peace, and freedom to live and think until the day it rediscovers the eternal principles of any civilization: quality, limits, and legitimacy.⁴⁴

Mankind, or at any rate its elite, now faces a decisive turning point: it has become too well informed, too sure of itself, too skeptical to believe in a principle of legitimacy as a religious

absolute without wanting to know why. It wants to reason everything out, even principles of legitimacy. Therefore it must not remain content to reason only to the point where every principle of legitimacy appears absurd or unjust. It must go beyond that to the very bottom of the problem. It must discover the nature and the task of principles of legitimacy, so that from them it may deduce rules for a rational ethics of authority that will transform the former mystical veneration of government into a widespread knowledge and sentiment of respective duties: those of the government toward its subjects and those of the subjects toward the government. There is no other solution. The problem of government today looms before the West like an enormous and precipitous mountain, full of crevasses, glaciers, and avalanches, that bars the path to all mankind.⁴⁵

An Augustus who could restore the state "beginning at the beginning with the legitimacy of the government" is called for—not a Caesar. "We shall sink deeper and deeper into disorder until we constitute a government whose credentials are in order, whose legitimacy, or right to govern, is unarguable before the conscience of the nation".⁴⁶

INTUITION AND LIMITATIONS IN FERRERO'S THINKING

Ferrero's identification of several crucial elements in the crisis in the relation of individual to society brings his work close to us. In the context of individual and society, the problem of legitimacy is not only a political but also a social problem. Social life is founded on dimensions at the same time objective and subjective. The principles of legitimacy, in Ferrero's meaning, make sense just because they at the same time embody the objective dimension of collective life and the subjective assent to it through identification with the institutions that carry out the principles of legitimacy.

Principles of legitimacy can only rise from a balance between the objective and subjective dimensions of life. But modern culture, in Ferrero's view, founded on quantity, on the increase of numbers, on progress defined in terms of production, on a money economy, has provoked a crisis in the subjective dimension of social life. Faced with the increase of complexity and at the same time with the fragmentation of social life, with role conflicts and manifold expectations that sweep him up, the individual, as Simmel observed, defends himself with indifference and gives up identifications that might disturb the unity of his mental life.⁴⁷ The impossibility of striking a balance between the objective and subjective dimensions of life is the crisis in legitimacy. It was in its capacity to balance between subjective and objective life that Ferrero found the "religious" implication of the principles of legitimacy.

Ferrero deals with the same problems that Simmel treated in his analysis of the money economy, that Max Weber saw in terms of formal rationality, that Freud described as civilization's discontent.⁴⁸ But Ferrero concentrates his attention chiefly on the political consequences of the crisis in legitimacy—and on the succession and alternation of varieties of anarchy and totalitarianism that justify and reinforce each other.

The end result of doctrines that promised men liberty, equality, and fraternity, Ferrero wrote to Mosca in 1920, has been the coming of governments "harder and more violent, because stronger but less authoritative . . . that today are all turning into tyrannies based on money and force . . . As for the rebirth of the principle of authority, I believe that it is inevitable but that it will come about slowly, in a distant future. We shall not live to see it. Probably the new principle of authority will take shape around persons, institutions, and doctrines that will defend men against this dreadful tyranny."⁴⁹

Ferrero did not mean to write political theory. From the point of view of theory, there are, in fact, many things to criticize: his too formalistic and sometimes too abstract exposition of legitimacy that is more bound to principles and, therefore, to the images of legitimacy, than to the mechanisms of consent and of identification that bring legitimacy; the consequent impression of neglect of daily realities, of the relations and interaction of social life that produce power and legitimation; and finally his recourse to language that too often resorts to emotion rather than proof.

Ferrero has, however, at least two great merits. He went beyond the power theory of the elitists. And with the theory of legitimacy he made a notable advance on the theory of ideology and upon Mosca's political formula. Many of Ferrero's books and many of his views show the marks of time. I believe, however, that these two themes could provide the beginning of a new chapter in political analysis. In Italy, Ferrero wrote, at least, the introductory paragraph of that chapter.

Translated by Frances Frenaye

1. Later reprinted in Gaetano Mosca, *Partiti e sindacati nella crisi del regime parlamentare*, Bari 1949.

2. Vilfredo Pareto, *Trasformazione della democrazia*, Milano 1921.

3. Bogdan Raditsa, *Colloqui con Guglielmo Ferrero*, Lugano 1939, 63.

4. Ferrero came to Taine through Cesare Lombroso, who also considered him one of his teachers. His way of conceiving and approaching history is certainly very similar to Taine's. Both men had the idea of studying the past in order to understand the reasons for a contemporary crisis, whether in France after 1870 or in Italy at the turn of the century. It may well be that Ferrero's sensitivity to the problem of the legitimacy of power came also from Taine. For the relationship of Taine, Lombroso, and Ferrero, see M. Simonetti, "Georges Sorel e Guglielmo Ferrero fra "cesarismo" borghese e socialismo" (with 27 unpublished letters from Sorel to Ferrero 1896-1921), *Il Pensiero Politico*, 5, 1. On Taine, C. Mongardini, *Storia e sociologia nell'opera di H. Taine*, Milan 1965.

5. Guglielmo Ferrero, *La vecchia Europa e la nuova. Saggi e discorsi*, Milan 1918, 36.
6. Guglielmo Ferrero, *Storia e filosofia della storia*, Nuova Antologia, November 1, 1910. Reprinted in B. Raditsa, *Colloqui*, Lugano 1939, 100.
7. B. Raditsa, *Colloqui*, Lugano 1939, 63–64.
8. Cf. C. Mongardini, *Profili della sociologia italiana*, Rome 1982.
9. C. Mongardini ed., *Gaetano Mosca—Guglielmo Ferrero. Carteggio (1896–1934)*, Milan 1980, 331. A translation of the entire letter of May 5, 1923, appears in "Letters on Legitimacy" in this issue of the *St. John's Review*.
10. Cf. N. Bobbio, "Il potere e il diritto," *Nuova Antologia*, April 1982. The exact date is important. Because if we date the idea from the course given in Geneva in 1930, we must recall that Max Weber's *Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft*, posthumously published in 1921, contains a famous characterization of the forms of legitimate power. Actually, Ferrero had amply developed his idea of legitimacy in *Memorie e confessioni di un sovrano deposto*, Milan 1920.
11. G. Ferrero, *Principles of Power*, New York 1942, 18–19. This book first appeared in an edition (published by Brentano's) in French, the language of its writing, in New York in 1942.
12. G. Ferrero, *Power*, New York 1942, 42.
13. G. Ferrero, *Power*, New York 1942, 42.
14. There are, however, important differences between Ferrero and Hobbes. Cf. D. Settembrini, "Riscopriamo Guglielmo Ferrero," *Tempo Presente*, June 1982.
15. G. Ferrero, *The Reconstruction of Europe*, New York 1941, 32.
16. Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and its Discontents*, first published in German at the end of 1929.
17. Georg Simmel, "Über und Unterordnung" in *Soziologie, Untersuchungen über die Formen der Vergesellschaftung*, Berlin 1908. Translation in *The Sociology of Georg Simmel*, edited and translated by Kurt H. Wolff, New York 1950, 181–306, 193:
 Man has an intimate dual relation to the principle of subordination. On the one hand, he wants to be dominated. The majority of men not only cannot exist without leadership; they also feel that they cannot; they seek the higher power which relieves them of responsibility; they seek a restrictive, regulatory rigor which protects them not only against the outside world but also against themselves. But no less do they need opposition to the leading power, which only through this opposition, through move and countermove, as it were, attains the right place in the life pattern of those who obey it.
18. Cf. G. Simmel, "Comment les formes sociales se maintiennent," *L'année sociologique*, 1897. Also, in a later, longer draft, "Die Selbsterhaltung der sozialen Gruppe" in *Soziologie, Untersuchungen über die Formen der Vergesellschaftung*,³ Leipzig 1923, 375–459. English translation of the earlier draft, "The Persistence of Social Groups," *American Journal of Sociology* 5, March 1898, 662–698; 6, May 1898, 829–836; 4, July 1898, 35–50.
19. G. Ferrero, *Memorie e confessioni di un sovrano deposto*, Milan 1920. On the nature of principles of legitimacy, cf. also, L. Pellicani, "Rivoluzione e totalitarismo," *Controcorrente*, October–December 1974.
20. G. Ferrero, *Memorie*, Milan 1920, 280. Because of their sacred character all principles of legitimacy, even originally partly rational, "can become absurd in their application." The rational element in principles of legitimacy "is accidental, external and unsubstantial" (G. Ferrero, *Power*, New York 1942, 25). Moreover, the rationality of a principle of legitimacy remains internal to the principle itself (117).
21. Cf. Georges Burdeau, *La politique au pays des merveilles*, Paris 1979, 6 ff.
22. G. Ferrero, *Power*, New York 1942, 22–23.
23. G. Ferrero, *Power*, New York 1942, 281.
24. Ferrero showed unusual foresight in distinguishing between types of consent, especially between active and passive consent. For instance, *Power*, New York 1942, 40–41, 278, 293. On types of consent, C. Mongardini, *Le condizioni del consenso*, Rome 1980.
25. Political representation is, in Ferrero, the "supporting structure of the democratic system" but it does not imply a close relationship between representatives and represented. The relationship passes through the principles of legitimacy just as every action of the government passes through them. Cf. Pier Paolo Portinaro, "Democrazia e dittatura in Guglielmo Ferrero," *Comunità*, 33, 181, October 1979.
26. *Power*, New York 1942, 171.
27. Ferrero's recall in *Power* (132) of Hans Kelsen, "one of the greatest exponents of constitutional and international law of our time," is not accidental. A little further on (143–144), he seems to subtly argue with him: Efficacy has a role in the eternal drama of legitimacy, but a different role from that assigned to it by contemporary thought. Though attached to it, legitimacy never depends directly on the efficacy of government, which may increase or diminish over a long period of time without affecting legitimacy.
28. G. Ferrero, *Memorie*, Milan 1920, 292–293.
29. G. Ferrero, *Power*, New York 1942, 48.
30. *Power*, 169.
31. *Power*, 49.
32. *Power*, 173–174.
33. *Power*, 175.
34. *Power*, 201–203.
35. N. Bobbio ("Il potere e il diritto," *Nuova Antologia*, April 1982) seems, instead, to lend them the same meaning.
36. See the discussions between Mosca and Ferrero on "political formula" and "principles of legitimacy" in *Gaetano Mosca—Guglielmo Ferrero. Carteggio (1896–1934)*, Milan 1980, 330–332 and 453–55. Translations of both these letters (May 6, 1923 and February 17, 1934) appear in "Letters on Legitimacy" in this issue of the *St. John's Review*.
37. G. Ferrero, *Power*, 53.
38. *Power*, 182–183.
39. G. Ferrero, *Memorie*, Milan 1920, 289 and 295.
40. G. Ferrero, *Memorie*, Milan 1920, 285–286.
41. G. Ferrero, *Words to the Deaf*, New York 1925, 71.
42. G. Ferrero, "Réflexions sur une agonie," *L'illustration*, April 21, 1928.
43. G. Ferrero, *Power*, 130.
44. B. Raditsa, *Colloqui*, Lugano 1939, 83.
45. *Power*, 283–284.
46. G. Ferrero, *La democrazia in Italia. Studi e precisioni*, Milan 1925, 107.
47. G. Simmel, "Die Grossstädte und das Geistesleben" in *Die Grossstadt*, Dresden 1903, 185–206. English translation, "The Metropolis and Mental Life," in *The Sociology of Georg Simmel*, New York 1950, 409–424.
48. Ferrero uses the concept of identification in much the same way as Freud, and gives it much the same importance in the interpretation of modern society. Cf. G. Ferrero, *Power*, 35–36, 48. For Freud, *Civilization and its Discontents* (1929).
49. *Mosca—Ferrero. Carteggio*, Milan 1980, 295–297. A translation of this letter of January 31, 1920 appears in "Letters on Legitimacy" in this issue of the *St. John's Review*.

My Memoir of Our Revolution

from *City of Ends*

Daniel Ardrey

That morning his picture appeared on the wall—and on all the walls all over the city. I saw from my window a small crowd looking up at it—I went down to look myself. We studied it in silence. He was a handsome man—no doubt about it—and fair with his blond hair combed back *en brosse*. Though the picture was a grainy black and white snapshot you could see his eyes were blue—either that or pale brown. Written beneath it were simple words—

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

UNITE
FOR
VICTORY

AND
THE
REVOLUTION!

They sent a shiver through us like a small shock—it was the first time he was to speak to us and we weren't used to it yet. Nor were we used to reading: our lips moved as we read and our heads jerked on from word to word. As we stood there looking up we all knew that this was our expectation and our fulfillment. I looked around and saw tears in some of the women's eyes—Marissa was there and sniffling into a much worn handkerchief. My reaction was one of enormous relief as though a huge burden had been lifted from my shoulders. My back straightened involun-

tarily and I raised my chin. Marissa came over to me—her eyes were reddened.

Isn't it too wonderful?
she asked.

Yes, it is
I answered—it was true—

It's what we all hoped for.
I patted her on the shoulder—I wanted to console her though there was nothing to be sad about. His picture alone had given us new meaning.

The rest of the day I saw small groups of people clustered in front of it speculating.

What's he like? Will we ever see him? Where's he from? Look at those eyes. And the chin. And the hair. What'll he do?

And so on. The kinds of questions people asked to flesh out their initial excitement. Because above all we wanted to think of him as a man. There was something about his face—perhaps the jutting of his chin, perhaps his piercing eyes—that inspired confidence and respect. And, of course, we saw him as the personification of our Revolution. From now on it was going to cease to be amorphous and confusing. We were like those wakened from a deep and troubled sleep—to see in his face that which we'd dreamt and forgotten, or never known. I went about my business as usual—though nothing was as usual then. It was before and after, light and dark—a total change and so clearly defined. If our Revolution was to have a human face, his, it was also going to take on a personality, also his. That would make it so much easier to understand, I thought—no longer were we going to be perplexed and baffled and because of it always afraid. No, this was it—and the act of reading his words gave me a feeling of intimate relation to him. Although he was addressing us as brothers and sisters we couldn't be that—we would have to be children and led. Not that we'd mind—it was only

Daniel Ardrey lives in Boston.

The above selection comes from an unpublished novel, *City of Ends*.

logical. The Revolution had made us all children anyway. Though some of us were older than others, the Revolution had led us into a world that was fresh and clean and beautiful—like a child's. There was also the unknown—so much of it I couldn't say—that's where he came in. Like a father he'd tell us what was and what wasn't. That is to say, define our beliefs and behavior. We all had a sense of this—in some way or another—and if we were discussing the color of his eyes or hair we were also thinking of these other things.

I went about my business humming, arranging things on my shelves. The shutter to my shop was half up and while my back was turned Roderigo came in. I heard his voice behind me and knew who it was.

Well, what do you think?

What?

Is he for real? Or is it a plot? Somebody out to get us.

I was so startled I dropped what I had in my hand. I had to bend down to pick it up before I turned to him. I saw he was serious.

How can you think that?

I said.

It wouldn't make sense.

Maybe not. Or maybe not now, maybe later.

Roderigo shrugged with his face, his shoulders didn't move, and sat down on an orange crate. He took a toothpick from his coat pocket and began to pick at his teeth.

We'd be fools to fall for it if it weren't for real, wouldn't we?

he went on.

I suppose so,

I said. I sat down on something and scratched the side of my forehead—it was to give me time to think. He was studying me with great care.

You know,

he began—

We all think we're so clever. I mean that we know how to get by. And we do. Look at us.

He moved his hand palm upward in a half circle.

But what else do we know?

Pause. He answered his own question.

Not much, maybe nothing. We don't have the faintest idea what we're getting into, do we?

Maybe not,

I said thinking how best to phrase it—

But everyone was thinking the same thing at the same time. It was like we all knew what was going to happen and didn't know what it was.

My turn to pause.

That means something, you can't deny it.

I don't.

He took the toothpick and balanced it on his forefinger. He studied it for a moment—

It's his face that frightens me. Maybe any face would, but this one more than most.

I don't feel it,

I said—

Nobody else did, you'll get used to it. Maybe you'll even trust him.

Maybe.

He wiped the toothpick on his sleeve and put it back in his pocket. It was going to be one of those conversations without an end. He got up, looked over my shelves and shrugged—this time with his shoulders and not his face. Then he went out without a word. Roderigo was one of those people who made you feel like you'd made another mistake—and that you'd go on making them. Usually he did it with a laugh—this time he didn't. I didn't care. It was his problem, not mine. I never like to convince someone of anything—my convictions were for myself. I didn't even think much about them. I thought that I was born with them. And that we all were. I believed that the Revolution was a victory for all of us—whether or not we believed in it.

It was the kind of day I kept trying to remember something I wasn't trying to forget. All day it was there. Like a little particle of sand irritating the tissue around it. By the time I lay down and fell asleep I'd been exhilarated so long I was exhausted. It was then I realized—almost dreaming it—that it was in fact the Anniversary of our Revolution. How amazing he should've appeared then!

His name was Kamal. It was one of many things we were soon to find out about him. After the first wall poster there were many others—each one with his picture at the top like an emblem. Or like his signature—in this case its position reversed—as if he'd signed his statement at the beginning to ensure its authenticity. That way we were to know what followed was genuine and to be believed in. Each morning I looked down at the wall from my window—the shutters now left open day and night—and saw there was another poster up. I threw on my clothes and raced downstairs. Others on the street did likewise—some of us stood still buttoning our shirts or still combing our hair. We soon got better at reading—our lips moved less—though there was still a murmuring as we read. It was communal: we did it together and enjoyed it. We didn't even notice that for the first time we were together and that it was through and because of him.

He told us a great deal about himself—his life history as it were—but always in passing. His main subject was—as it had to be—the Revolution. But we knew about that—or thought we did—so it was him we were curious about. He seemed to realize this. At the end of a short text—

THE REVOLUTION MUST GO ON, DO NOT
BETRAY IT, YOU ARE THE EYES AND
EARS, BELIEVE IN THE REVOLUTION AND
IT WILL BELIEVE IN YOU

and so on—were a few lines about himself. It was these we read and reread until each of us knew his life history by heart. His poor parents and their harassment by the tax collectors of the Old Regime. How his brother had died as a child from starvation. How his mother had wept and carried the body for days even though it was lifeless. How his father had worked twelve and fourteen and sixteen hours a day for a pittance. How he—Kamal—had had to work as hard as a child—and how he'd begun to read. His reading fascinated us—we did little of it ourselves and thought that a man of action would do likewise. No, in his youth he was almost scholarly. He'd gone to a seminary, then to a university on scholarship, and then on to do post graduate work abroad—all this while he worked nights as a sole support of his family. His father had become a cripple—victimized by a work accident that twisted his back and for which there was no compensation. His mother had great difficulty breathing—from the noxious fumes she'd had to inhale at her factory. It was almost a blessing when she'd died—for her last years were spent gasping for breath like a fish out of water. We read in awe of someone who could transform himself from such a background to a life of scholarship—and then out of nowhere to become the embodiment of the Revolution.

The wall posters became a vital part of our lives. You saw parents taking children down to read them—then children saying them to themselves as they walked home. The wall posters were not easy to read—they were pasted one on top of the next and the wall itself was often pitted and cracked to begin with. So reading one wall poster was a reminder—admittedly subconscious—of all the others you had read that were under it. In this way, the Revolution that often seemed to have little or no history began to take on a collective past for us. There was another problem with them—their printing. We had little experience of it and whoever was doing it was learning his craft as he went. There were differently shaped letters in the same word, smeared ink that ran in the rain, and lines of printing that went up to edge of the poster and off it—so between that and the line below was a gap of meaning our reading had to leap over. We learned to interpret these signs as we learned to read—they made the text all the more intriguing. At the bottom of each poster was an imprimatur in tiny letters—Errico studio, it said. We wondered where that was—we never knew. What an honor to be the first among us to read his thoughts—like walking up to him and shaking his hand.

At this point there were those who had doubts. About him. About the course of the Revolution itself. As days went by and summer began I heard more and more people

whispering. I thought of Roderigo. I hadn't seen him since he'd confided in me. I was sure I had doubts myself—to have seen Kamal in person would've dispelled them for me. And for most of us. But he didn't appear. We weren't dealing with an ordinary man. He knew of our doubts as I was sure he knew of everything in our minds. I always got the feeling he could read them—the same way we read his through the wall posters. Before long we read there would be a sign—one that would show each of us that he was real and the real extent of his powers.

THERE IS GOOD AND THERE IS EVIL IN
THE WORLD. THE REVOLUTION IS GOOD.
ALL ELSE IS EVIL.

It was simple—we understood.

THERE IS ONE TRUTH AND THAT IS THE
TRUTH OF THE REVOLUTION. IT IS LIKE
LIGHT. WITH IT YOU CAN SEE AND WITH-
OUT IT YOU ARE LOST IN THE DARK.
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, BELIEVE!

We wondered what that sign was going to be. There was all sorts of speculation. People spoke of a trembling of the ground or other kinds of apparently natural phenomena. Perhaps we got a little too metaphysical in our enthusiasm. When his sign came it was as striking as it was appropriate and all the more convincing for us.

It was late one evening and I was in my room sitting by myself in the dark. I heard a scratching at the door. It was Oggi—who else? He was among the sceptical but I sensed in him someone waiting to believe. I let him in and he dropped his weapons in the corner with a clunk. I made some coffee and we sat sipping it. The windows were open and there was a pleasant breeze blowing the curtains back and forth. They brushed against my arm from time to time—for a moment I thought I'd been touched by some hands. It sent a sensation through me I wasn't sure of. It was as we sat there—the two of us not talking—that we began to see it happening. The city was lighting up. Bit by bit. The area by the marina went on. Then that near the National Museum. Then near the foot hills. Oggi and I put down our mugs as one and stood up to lean out. We still didn't speak but our shoulders rested against each other. Then my own room lit up and it became as bright as day. Brighter. It was blinding. We turned from the window to try and look. I shielded my eyes. There were flashes that seemed to go off in my head. I blinked a few times and began to see. There was a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling by a cord—I'd long ago forgotten about it. And there it was on again. I laughed. Spasmodic. Nervousness mostly. And the expression in Oggi's face was miraculous. A cross between anger and being hurt. Then amazement.

He went up to the bulb and touched it with his finger. He jerked it back and brought it to his mouth. It was already too hot. He was shaking his head back and forth. Of course he knew what it was—we all did—but electricity was so strange for us. To have been without it for so long and then to have it again—that was ridiculous. There was a switch on the wall that'd been there all the time—I went over to it and moved it down. The bulb went out. I moved it up and the bulb went on again. Oggi laughed and put out his finger to touch it—then stopped. He smiled at me and shook his head. Then he went to the switch and flicked it back and forth several times. The light went on and off again. Each time we laughed and louder. And harder. Soon we were laughing so hard Oggi got the hiccups. I slapped him on the back and he stood hiccuping and shaking his head.

Unbelievable!

he gasped—

Unbelievable!

I couldn't have agreed more though the strange thing was that we did believe. And we knew we owed it all to Kamal.

That summer was so mild. The breezes came off the sea and kept the city cool and temperate. It was so pleasurable. We felt a new and assured sense of security. It was a time for hard work and no play—Kamal told us so and we believed.

THE REVOLUTION WANTS YOUR SPIRIT AND YOUR HANDS

we read—and all of us wanted to join in. Oggi came by—this time his hands were empty and he carried no weapons.

I buried them,
he answered my inquiring look—

I'm not going to be needing them.

And he was gone—in search of a trowel or some digging implement. Such was our confidence! In ourselves. In Kamal. I walked wherever I pleased and in the middle of the street. All over I saw groups of children and young adults—they were picking up bricks, one by one, and setting them in piles. For so long the city had been a place caught in mid-movement—it was the Revolution that had stopped it like that. I passed a bank where the construction looked like it was still going on. The hoists were in place, mortar had hardened on the trowels, the ladders still led up from floor to floor. It was these things we thought we could get going again. Everywhere there were people

clearing and scraping and washing off. When I walked past they looked up and waved—then went back to their work. There was a sense of camaraderie—to be out and working together felt so good. Because it was for us—and for him.

I had my problems—that is, my business. There were so many things I'd saved up that were all of a sudden of no use—most obviously, candles. I was loathe to throw them away so I simply stuck them in the back of my shop. You could never tell, I told myself—how often I'd predicted one thing only to have another happen. My motto was to keep it—whatever it was—even if at the time it made no sense. I had to find new things—and fast—so I was out looking around the city for one thing in particular. Light bulbs. I'd had to wade through piles of junk to get my hands on one of seventy-five or a hundred watts. For me it was a new technology—to survive I had to adapt to it. Wherever I found one I unscrewed it from the socket and wrapped it in tissue paper. Light bulbs were so fragile unlike most of what I carried—candles were a lot easier to take care of but then no one was going to want them. I spent my days walking all over the city looking for light bulbs—and I found them. Where I expected—where they'd been left—in apartments and offices long since abandoned. To me they were small and precious and delicate. And it wouldn't be long before everyone else thought so too. We were so excited by the electricity that we left our lights burning day and night. You'd see people switching them on and off for the sheer fun of it—like Oggi and me. When it was dark and I was walking around I could look in and see the bulbs burning. People were gathered under them and looking up. No one drew their shades or closed their shutters—at night we had no sense of our own exposure. It was still so new to us. But I knew that sooner or later the bulbs we had were going to go out—and others would be in demand. I was trying to get my hands on every last bulb I could find—to be ready for that time.

I had always to be one step ahead—if not I'd never make it. The Revolution was carrying me and everyone else along with it—that is, we never knew what was going to come next. Everything—whether living or not—was part of it—light bulbs as much as the rest. So meaning was everywhere. If I had one ability above all it was my apprehension of this. It was easy to see that people were part of the Revolution—even a child knew that—but many of us never knew that things were also a part of it. Perhaps what gave me so much confidence in Kamal was my sense that he understood this too.

**THE REVOLUTION IS IN YOUR HANDS. WASH
THEM! THEY MUST BE CLEAN!**

**EACH THING YOU TOUCH IS THE REVOLUTION.
IT IS THERE BEFORE YOU. IT IS THERE
AFTER YOU. REMEMBER YOU ARE NEVER
ALONE!**

The most evident thing about his writings was his fondness for exclamation marks. I'd forgotten at first what they were for—someone reading a wall poster next to me had told me. Then I'd understood. How more than anything else they conveyed his sense of urgency and emotion. It was strange for us to think of him as emotional—the Revolution as we'd understood it had no room for that. It was Kamal who showed us how mistaken we were. He made it come to life for us.

**THE REVOLUTION IS YOU. IT LIVES IN
YOUR HEART. IT BREATHES AS YOU
BREATHE. BELIEVE IN IT AND YOU WILL
LIVE FOREVER!**

Perhaps that's why we were no longer afraid of it—to be in fear of yourself wasn't the same thing as to be in fear of the unknown. Kamal made the Revolution familiar to us all. He made us see it was something to feel for and even to love.

Love wasn't too strong a word. We had no word that meant the same thing all the time—or even for very long. Love came closest to that. It wasn't a word I'd have used for someone else—not for Oggi, much as I cared for him. Nor for my mother, though you were supposed to love your mother. She had made that relationship one that couldn't be expressed by a word. The Revolution was different—it was in direct contact with each of us. It was Kamal who showed us what that meant.

**LOVE THE REVOLUTION AND IT WILL LOVE
YOU BACK!**

To us it was true and like so many things he showed us we saw it as if for the first time. I always thought he could read our minds but was more than that, he knew what we were going to think before we thought it. In that sense all time was present to him at all times—while we kept living our day to day lives. When we read

**THE REVOLUTION MAKES YOU JOYOUS
TODAY. YOU WILL BE SADDENED TO-
MORROW.**

it was so. The next day our mood changed. We were subdued—some of us cried. I was ashamed of myself. Marissa came by. I gave her what she wanted and asked for nothing in return. She was part of us and understood. Her eyes were wet and she reached up and touched me on the cheek. Then shook her head.

I don't know
she said—

I don't know. I feel sort of sick like something's

gone out of me. I've lost something and I don't know what.

I felt that way. I didn't say it. I helped her out of my shop and down the street. I felt saddened by the rocking of her limp against me. That mood didn't last.

**THE REVOLUTION IS PEACE. PEACE BE-
YOND WORDS. AS THE REVOLUTION IS
BEYOND WORDS. PEACE BE WITH YOU!**

We felt better. There was Kamal again—penetrating into each of our hearts and minds. Holding us. Gentle. Reassuring. For Oggi—for me—for everyone—he was more than a father. He was fatherhood, too. Imagine—then—what it was like to hear his voice for the first time!

It was late summer—hot, not unbearable. I sat in my room wondering what to do next. I'd sold all my light bulbs. They'd gone in a flash when their true value became apparent. Once the old light bulbs had all gone out. There were no more to be had. I'd gone through more piles of junk looking for them—no luck, they weren't there. Much to my amazement I'd begun to start selling candles again. That's what I meant about my business being unpredictable. Now the problem was what I was going to live on next. That's what I was thinking about when I heard it. A rumbling. Like distant thunder. I brushed the curtains aside—there were no clouds. I listened some more. It was continuous. I went down into the street. Everyone else was there—including Roderigo and Old Jubal. I hadn't seen either in a long time. Roderigo winked at me. Old Jubal adjusted his canes and waved with one hand—the same gesture as if he'd opened a door. The rumbling was there and getting louder. All of us were looking up at it. There was a small black box—some form of loud speaker, I supposed—affixed high up on a building. The rumbling was coming from it—not continuous as I'd first thought. Spaced. In a monotone.

Om Om Om

Pause

Om Om Om

Pause again.

Om Om Om

I felt like I was looking into something—there was movement and getting closer. My head began to ache some. Then a crackle. High pitched. So piercing our first reflex was to clap our hands over our ears—the crackle came through them—through flesh as through stone. So when

the voice began there was relief and a collective sigh. For a few moments our ears kept ringing. I wasn't sure what I heard. The words seemed to have echoes to them. It was a man's voice—curiously shrill and feminine and sounding none too cheerful. It took us a while to figure out whose it was—though there was no one else's it could've been. I was standing behind Old Jubal and saw him stroking the grey stubble on his chin. Then his hand came out to me—his canes moved and he came closer.

It's him

he whispered. I didn't hear him. I was straining to hear the voice from the black box.

It's him! Kamal!

This time I heard. There was a rustling among us—Roderigo was nodding his head beside me. I realized it too—how strange! We hadn't thought of him having a voice—much less a voice like this one. It was so unpleasant—like a querulous school teacher we'd long ago forgotten. Then there it was again. We were face to face with it—and with him. Kamal. A real person, voice and all, when we'd gotten used to him as a manifesto on a wall.

He knew this. He was still reading our minds:

Some of you may not like my voice, I don't like it either. In fact, I don't think of it as my voice. It's too harsh. It's not how I think of myself. It happened to me under torture. It was the torturers of the Old Regime, they did it to me. You don't know what it is, torture. I hope you never find out. It destroys your body and your mind, one through the other. The people who do this to other people are no longer people.

Pause. There was some static. Kamal went on.

I lived through it somehow. You can if you believe each day is your last, if you're willing to give it up, all of it. I was. I didn't know what this meant. You can't know while it happens to you, no one can. Afterwards my voice was never the same.

Another pause. None of us moved. We stood with our eyes fixed on the black box.

It took me a long time to get used to it. I'd stand in front of a mirror and practice saying words. None of them sounded right to me. I hated them. I hated those who'd done this to me. Then one day I realized something. I don't know how we find out such things, they come to us from elsewhere, as though there is another presence in us at that time. What had happened was that my voice was no longer mine alone. It was mine and that of the Revolution. The Revolution was going to speak through me. It was the pain and screaming that took my own voice from me. It was the Revolution that gave it back to me with a meaning. That is why I wanted you to hear me. Some of you will be disappointed. Then you will hear me again and again. You won't notice it any more. It'll be the most natural thing in the world. Like your own

voices that you hear every day. Because it is not me you are listening but yourselves. There is one voice for all of us. I listen. I look. I can even look into you. I know what it is you need, I know you as I know myself. We are all children of the Revolution. That is why we are brothers and sisters. It is the Revolution that gives life, life and meaning. It is as close to truth as we can get. Without it we are lost. So I say to you, believe in the Revolution, believe in its truth. If anyone tells you otherwise, they lie.

There was the crackle again. Then

Om Om Om

and silence. It hung in the air around us. We were stunned and didn't move. I wanted to cry like a little boy. I felt Old Jubal reach out and touch me. I looked down at him. His whole face was shades of grey, his skin, his stubble, his hair. It was his eyes that were so striking—they too were grey and flecked with something that sometimes shone. Like now.

Well, my friend, we've heard him he whispered

Let's go home.

I didn't know where his was or if he had one—I assumed he meant mine. He got his canes moving and we moved off—I was behind him. I didn't want to go—I felt I was tearing myself away. There was something about the place where I'd stood as I listened. There was something about his voice. It was hard to get used to and hard to forget. It was from then that we truly began to believe in Kamal. I supposed it was because his voice was so unexpected. It was the unexpected in the Revolution that always convinced us because it had no precedent.

What do you think of him?

I meant Kamal. This time I saw his head shift and even in the dark I saw a kind of sparkle in his grey eyes.

We need him

Old Jubal said—

We need him as much as he needs us. Without us he's nothing. And he knows it.

That was his answer—all of it. I waited for more—there wasn't any. Old Jubal was that way—cryptic—enigmatic—sometimes illusive. Questions weren't much help—he talked about what he wanted to talk about. Often his dreams—

They are as life

he said—

Only more so.

I didn't know much about dreams—I usually couldn't tell if I had any. Old Jubal said he remembered each one.

I had five last night
he went on.

Let me tell you some, my friend. In one I was a little boy again with my feet. I was playing football. Dribbling. I must've been a center forward. I was dribbling back and forth from one goal to the other. No one could catch me. The players on both teams tried to catch me. They couldn't. They couldn't get near the ball. I kept it. It danced from my feet as through on a string. Then they got me cornered. All of them. Like dogs. I began bouncing it on my head. They were jumping up and down around me trying to get it. They wanted to reach out and grab it with their hands. They couldn't, they couldn't touch it.

He paused.

My friend, I am always afraid. You should be too.

I shrugged. I wasn't—for the time being.

Not now

I said.

You should be, you must be.

He answered.

The Revolution needs people. It feeds on them. I go all over. I see things other people don't see. There are so many parts of the city, large parts, with no one there. I ask myself where they are. Can you tell me where they are, my friend?

I didn't know—I didn't say.

I'll tell you. They've been eaten!

What? Eaten? Ridiculous! How? Why?

He was thinking. I was too. What did he mean? I couldn't say it was nonsense—Old Jubal wasn't like that—I had to figure out what he meant. It was dark now. The candle flickered and went out. There was a faint glow from the city's lights—whitish. The stars again looked brighter now that the lights were less.

It's simple. You won't like it, my friend. The Revolution is hungry all the time, starving. It doesn't like dogs and cats. If it did there aren't enough of them anyway. And they're scrawny. So what's it going to live off? The answer's obvious.

Pause.

Us! Look how nice and plump we are. Even when we don't eat much. Not you so much. Not me. The others. I'm old and I stink. After my good meal of beans and hot sauce I might taste good. I doubt it. But think of all the boys and girls out there. And they're so young and tender. All that meat! Do you think the Revolution can resist?

You don't really believe this?

I exclaimed—

It isn't possible.

It is, my friend, it is. What I mean is this. The Revolution is living off us, it has nothing else to live on.

And when we are gone it will go too.

I heard the clatter as he bent and picked up his canes. It was so dark I couldn't see his face—there was some light on the table between us.

I'm old

he said

And I don't taste good. It doesn't matter much to me. It's all the others I'm afraid for. And that means you. Think about it.

Pause.

Now it's time to sleep and dream.

We did. That night I dreamt for the first time I could remember.

We got up and set off down the street. It was then that we heard the

Om Om Om

and the crackle that followed it. There wasn't anyone else under the black box above us so we stopped by ourselves.

Brothers and sisters

it began—it was Kamal, of course—by now we knew his voice by heart.

I must be honest with you. I have bad news. The Revolution is in danger. What I can't say at this time. Believe me it is. I will reveal it in due course.

It is a danger to all of us. It comes from within and without. We must be vigilant.

He paused and there was a coughing. The first time I'd heard him cough—strange to hear. Oggi looked over at me—I shrugged. Kamal went on—the first few words halting as if to catch his breath.

The Revolution is a living thing. We must never forget that. Like any thing that lives it can be threatened. A threat to it is a threat to all of us. And a threat doesn't always look like what it is. We must learn to look for it. Look for anything that doesn't fit in. Anything strange, anything unknown. You know the Revolution. It is yours. Look for things you don't know.

He paused again. I thought I heard music in the background like a band on parade. He coughed some and muffled it with his hand over his mouth. Much as we thought of him as the embodiment of the Revolution, I didn't think we thought of him as a man like other men. Even his shrill voice made him distinct. His coughing had the opposite effect. It sounded all too human. We waited and he went on.

To conclude. There is a clear and present danger. There are always others who would take my place.

You will not know them. They will not know you as I do. They haven't my face or my voice. Beware of them. I will be among you.

There was the crackle and the Om sound and Oggi and I stood looking up at the black box expecting more. I felt he was talking to each of us—as if he were present in the box and looking down at us. Kamal was so enigmatic—we could never be sure what he meant. There was danger, yes, but what kind? how to look for it? and how for him to be among us? The idea of his walking around shaking hands seemed preposterous. That clearly wasn't what he meant. But we were learning—always—to wait and watch. The Revolution had so much to teach us. I felt a little like a child who had still to learn not to touch what was hot because it burned.

How to read the Revolution: that was the trick. It wasn't simply a question of reading the wall posters—by now these appeared with monotonous regularity and were read and as soon forgotten. Nor did we pay that much attention to his voice—it still came on at all times of the day or night and we listened while doing something else. Having heard his story the first time the retelling of it held no great interest for us. His voice we got used to also—the shrillness of it we came to think of as artifact of the broadcast itself. When he told us to be on the alert we paid attention—for a time—then our attention lagged. Perhaps we already recognized that the Revolution would go its own way—not that he, Kamal, would lead it. He never appeared to us in person—we began again to doubt his existence—in spite of the electricity and the coins. We might have thought differently had we to approach him on bended knee or grovelling on our stomachs. Then we would've thought of him as a God—but we didn't. I didn't know how it happened: how we came to think of him as simply another image—as debased in time as the coinage on which his face appeared.

That was of more interest to us. The reading of it for a while was a great skill like divination. Particularly to me in my business—the coins even without any denomination were as tricky as the Revolution itself. I'd learned to accept them—take them as money—when I no longer cared much about money. I took them in lieu of things. I'd fix a price in

the morning at the same time I opened my shutter—then someone would come along and raise it. Like Marissa or Roderigo. They'd say—

These are really worth twice as much once they bought it. After they left I doubled the price. By midday I might've gone up two or three times—particularly if it was something people really wanted—like ice on a hot day in summer. Or in late spring as it then was. Ice was a marvelous commodity because it melted and was so perishable. I kept it buried in sawdust in the basement and brought little chunks of it up—gradually at first, then toward the end of the summer all at once. My timing had to be so precise. If I waited one day too long by then it was worthless. That's what had happened to Kamal's coins. They shrank in value day by day. What was more amazing they shrank in size too. They got lighter. His image on them got blurred. And the metal itself changed color. It got redder, then turned bluish and finally went green. I asked for more and more of them in exchange for less. A pack of cigarettes, for example—especially good American ones like Viceroy's or L and Ms. These went from a handful of coins to a bagful in the space of a few days. As always Marissa caught on fast—she started buying cigarettes when I'd thought she didn't smoke. It wasn't the cigarettes she was after—it was the coins she wanted to avoid.

The Revolution played such games with us. We were children to it—the city and all of it our playground. We got used to this or thought we did—it was all a game, we thought. Perhaps that's why the real children were so good at it. They caught on fast. They didn't have a sense of time to hold them back. And that's why we thought so little of the past, if at all. It was an impediment to us, a dangerous one. To get rid of it—to forget—was to be ready for what came next. I wasn't. I was waiting for her to come back. This time I hadn't forgotten.

Old Jubal paused and ran his right forefinger along his lips. I knew the sign—it meant a story.

When I was a student,
he began,
I wasn't very good, as a student. I'm always forget-

ting things—simple things. Like how to multiply and how to spell and each subject we get to I think, “This is the hardest subject. I’ll be so glad to get through it.” But, no, my friend, it wasn’t. There were harder subjects. And harder teachers to go with them. I had to learn algebra and trigonometry from an Egyptian. And chemistry and physics from a Greek.

Pause.

I never get over it. When I think it’s going to get easier it doesn’t. So I leave.

I quit school. I never go back. Maybe I join the army—maybe I drive a taxi. It doesn’t matter. I don’t remember. I forget it with all the things I studied. All I learned is this—to give thanks for the present. So simple, eh?

He raised an eyebrow.

You know what I mean?

I nodded. Old Jubal sometimes took a long time to get to the point. He jabbed his finger at me.

No, you don’t. If you did you wouldn’t be here.

I looked down at my feet. I didn’t want to say anything to offend him. I let him go on for a while—I wasn’t paying much attention. I thought of Lelia for a bit—then of what I had to get done that day. Suddenly his canes were moving and he propelled himself over and against where I sat.

My friend, suppose I tell you that in days all of this will be gone. Poof. Like that.

He made a gesture with his left hand as he said it—the fingers shot out from his closed fist and then closed again.

Gone. Like you’re in a desert and dying of thirst—your lips are swollen and black. You stink like I stink.

I raised my hand to say no—to say I didn’t mind. He brushed it aside and went on.

Eh? what does it matter? You see palm trees, some silver water below them. So you run. You can’t breathe but you run. You get there. And what do you find? Eh? Surprise. No surprise. More sand. Nothing but sand.

He paused.

It’s like that, you know. To me this Revolution is a living thing. It needs to eat and drink. Nobody sees this now. They will. It’s going to get thirsty. It’s going to suck up everything in sight. And all the things you can’t see. You and me with it. Nothing is ever going to be the same—except worse.

He was sweating—he wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. I don’t know what I’d expected him to say. I believed him—why not? It was always that I didn’t know what it meant. I got up to get him another cigarette—the air was thick with smoke—I smelt it all over myself. He didn’t want it—he waved me to sit down. His eyes fixed me.

You still don’t know what I mean.

It wasn’t a question.

I don’t know myself. What it means for all of us. If I did I wouldn’t be here.

We sat. I thought of Lelia. She didn’t belong in our company—the city wasn’t a place for her. It was better for those like Old Jubal and me—those who didn’t expect much—those who didn’t care much when they didn’t get it. That was the Revolution again—doing things to time—getting rid of the past and the future. To leave us with a present that had so few references to it. I should’ve left then—I should’ve listened—I should’ve known. I didn’t. I had a sense of fear. That should’ve been enough. I should’ve taken her and gotten out. It wasn’t going to be like that though.

Somehow we’ll manage. I always seem to get by, I said and I left it at that. He scowled at me and opened his mouth. I saw the gold filling flash.

What about her?

he asked and got up and got his canes moving. He brushed past me and was gone. It was then it struck me—I didn’t know whom he’d meant. I hadn’t told him about Lelia—I’d never mentioned my mother. With Old Jubal that didn’t matter—he knew there was someone else.

It was Oggi who told me—although I could’ve found out from anyone. He came early—I heard his scratching at the door and let him in. It was drizzling and his face and matted hair glistened with it. He was bursting to tell me—but wouldn’t until I’d asked him over and over. Then it came out—there were rumors throughout the city that Kamal was gone.

See!

he smirked—

I told you so! Didn’t I tell you? I knew it.

And then—spitting out his contempt—

What else could you expect from someone like that?

I didn’t answer—there wasn’t one. We knew something had happened—it took us time to find out what. There was a great surge of happiness, almost elation. And there was also a sense of loss. No one knew what to do next. Now everything seemed possible. Oggi and I headed out into the street to see what was going on. All sorts of rumors were on everyone’s lips. There was a rustle among people like dried leaves—on each face, expectancy. As the day went on we got more and more excited—by the sense of ourselves and the Revolution. The drizzle stopped. The clouds broke up and moved west. The sun shone brightly on streets that were slick and wet. Oggi and I walked aim-

lessly. I wished Lelia were with us—that would've made the day perfect. I intended to go and get her. I didn't. Perhaps because I didn't like to think of her as part of the Revolution. To me she was something secret and private—and all the more precious for being so.

Oggi got more impetuous. He dragged me along behind him when I wanted to stop and chat. There were rumors flying all over—that Kamal had fled by boat or by land or that he'd been picked up by plane. That he'd taken hundreds of suitcases with him containing the sum total of our wealth. That he was limping and coughing as he went and hadn't long to live. Strangely we didn't care why. We pushed and jostled each other in the streets—we slapped each other on the back and clasped hands. There was a great feeling of togetherness and moment like swallows out at sunset and circling. We all felt part of the great undertaking that was our Revolution. No longer was it personified by a man. It was greater than any of us, no matter how great he might seem. With Oggi that afternoon I felt a great sense of clarity and companionship. The high purpose of the Revolution was raising us above ourselves. It was such a great feeling—it was all over so soon. Amazingly, we never knew we were a city under siege until it was over. We went back to our rooms and slept that night and dreamt of the Revolution in myriad forms—and while we did so it ended.

Like that.

Or so it seemed.

The following morning we found out what had taken place without our knowledge. Oggi and I were hanging out the window. The air was crisp and the sun bright. He was humming to himself. I was scratching my head—I always had this itch there when I woke. Then both of us stopped what we were doing.

What's that?

he said. I looked out and saw it too. For there it was—a small dark figure at the far end of the street—looking like anyone else walking down it. Except it wasn't. We knew at once it wasn't. It got closer—it turned out to be a boy—about Oggi's age or a little older. He was walking nonchalantly down the middle of the street—as if he knew it well or didn't care. He wasn't one of us—that was for sure. He was dressed in black and wore a soft hat. His chest was crisscrossed with bandoliers and there were weapons over his shoulders and in each hand. It was most of all his face that was different. More angular than one of ours and much darker. As he got closer we saw it was leathery as if endlessly burned by the sun. We saw him look up and see us—sort of. There was no reaction beyond the flicker of his eyes.

He went on and many others like him followed. We saw them filling the end of the street. They made it black with their bodies. They moved down it until there was nothing but blackness in it. They weren't all the same. Some were older. Many were younger and no more than children. Some had armbands that showed authority. They were all

heavily armed—like walking arsenals, I thought. And their faces all looked hard and leathery, no matter how young they looked. By now the windows all along the street were filled with us looking down. You could sense the questions on everyone's lips. Who were they? Where did they come from? What was happening? I looked over at Oggi—his lips were moving as if he meant to speak and didn't know what to say. The presense of obviously superior beings filled us with fear and trembling.

A little later we heard the first sounds of the cars and trucks—the grating of gears and the revving of engines. The air began to fill with the smell of gasoline. Smoke and fumes hung in a grey brown cloud over the city in that direction and drifted to cover the rest of it. And the cars and trucks were coming out from under the cloud and roaring down the street. And all the streets all over the city. The cars and trucks were of all sizes and shapes and descriptions. Each was jammed full of heavily armed men also dressed in black. They were in jalopies and in the backs of roadsters, on dump trucks and pickup trucks, in jeeps and station wagons. It was awesome. The air was thick with smoke and fumes. We were soon coughing and wheezing and gasping for breath. We weren't used to the smell of gasoline nor to the exhaust—it made us dizzy. The noise of the engines was deafening—we covered our ears with our hands. It was no use—the sound went through walls as easily as through flesh. We were overwhelmed by it. I felt too tired to move, even to hold up my hands. They fell to my sides. There was a great fatigue over all of us. Our euphoria of the day before was dead and gone. None of us had the faintest idea what was going on. We waited to be told.

The cars and trucks came to a stop all over the city with their engines still running. The fumes rose from them and made our eyes water. It was as if we were crying and many of us were. Men with megaphones soon appeared in the streets. Their voices boomed off the buildings and echoed in our rooms. There was nowhere they couldn't be heard.

Citizens,

they said—

Don't be afraid. We have come to help you, to liberate you from your oppressors, to give you back your freedom. You have only to follow instructions and no harm will come to you. Stay inside and don't come out.

So we did—for days.

To pass the time Oggi and I played games. All kinds of games—tic-tac-toe, blind man's bluff, jacks, charades, pin the tail on the donkey—anything to try and take our minds off what was happening. Or had happened. Soon we began to get used to it—as did all of us—and we saw that, no, this wasn't the end of the Revolution. It wasn't over. What had happened to it we didn't know. There was no way to tell. Each of us was alone with our fears and doubts. The Revolution remained. It was the one thing we had that was permanent. More so than buildings or streets, certainly

more so than ourselves. The Revolution was like nature to us—if everything else were taken away it remained. So we sat in our rooms, each of us alone, no matter how accompanied. For us the Revolution was our greatest consolation.

It never ceased to dumbfound me that when change took place it was either so slow it never occurred to us or it was so fast it was over before we had any awareness of it. Instead we had to get used to it—as if it was a state of things that'd always been—when the youngest of us could've remembered a time when it wasn't. To have done so would've meant great peril—this above all was an accepted fact. That's why remembrance for us was so much a process of selectively forgetting. To start over each day with new relationships—between people and between things—and to accept them as givens. It was a criterion of life for us—the one that mattered if all others didn't. And so often they were in doubt—how could they not be? It was hard, if not impossible, to know what was constant in ourselves when we had so little to measure it against. For me that was what made Lelia so remarkable—though she herself didn't think so. In that sense I supposed I was like every romantic who had ever been. I thought of her as a North Star or a Southern Cross—to navigate by across endless dark wastes. Not surprisingly, then, as soon as we could go out, I did—to her.

She was sitting mending while her old aunt snoozed. She let me in, gave me a kiss on the cheek and went back to her mending. That was her livelihood. People brought her shirts that were torn, dresses that'd been ripped, socks with gaping holes in them—for we had always to make do with what we had. I sat across from her and watched—she was wearing a denim skirt and a white cotton blouse with her hair in a pony tail. To me she looked like a little girl—even though she was almost as old as I. That didn't matter—however she looked I worshipped her. And I worried. How she was? Was she afraid? Hungry? Lonely? She was all of these—and quite happy too. I never got over that either: how anyone could be happy and mean it. But she was and she did. Her happiness was infectious. I got it by being near her. I'd smile—to myself at first—then outwardly. I'd get up and go look in the mirror—she used it for fittings—and see the smile on my face, to make sure it was there. It was. I saw it. Then I'd go sit next to her and hold her hand. We'd sit there quietly—her hands still—she wasn't doing anything—and I thought of us as sharing her happiness—which was becoming mine too. Extraordinary! That I was so happy—when all around—the whole city in fact—was in such a state of turmoil and doubt. It was sim-

ply that she seemed more real than anything else. I'd watch her fingers making the intricate patterns of stitch or weave and I could've sat there all day as though I were watching bees building a honeycomb—driven to it by the geometry in their minds. If I wanted to hold her hand she'd let me for a while—she knew what it meant to me and she liked it. Then she'd slide her fingers out of mine and say

I have to go back to work.

It was all she had—I couldn't say no. It was still more than anyone else had that I knew of.

Reassured she was all right, I soon left. Something was bothering me—that is, everything. I wanted to walk and have my own sense of what was happening. Because the Revolution had taught me to use my eyes and all of my senses—and to try and believe them. So as I walked I saw the city getting used to its occupation. The cars and trucks that so awed us were everywhere—as were the men in black who were so heavily armed. They were ominous. But they did nothing. They stood chatting in groups or sat in their trucks oiling their weapons. They nodded as I passed yet made no movement to stop and search me.

I saw Marissa limping along a street—she saw me at the same time and her face lit up. She had some shopping bags with her and asked when I was going to open. I told her the truth. That I had nothing to sell. I promised to let her know when I did. Many of us were out in the streets trying to figure out what was going to happen next. There were as many rumors as people and most of them were about them. Our guardians, our protectors—whatever they called themselves. We weren't sure. None of us talked to them and they made no effort to talk to us. That was how we referred to them—not knowing otherwise how to call them. At that point they seemed quite peaceful—in spite of their appearance. The smell of the gasoline was the most striking sign of the occupation. It pervaded the city with its sweetish odor, actually quite pleasant at times. But there were also the fumes of the cars and trucks when they were running. These made us short of breath and our eyes watery. We saw everything through their grey brown haze. The colors of the city were made dull and flat, from what they were. In that sense the occupation didn't feel threatening to us—it was more like a change in the weather. And the weather was strange. It drizzled off and on for days. A warm drizzle, it was still late summer. There was a greenish mildew on things and their surfaces stayed moist and slippery. All this time we thought we were getting used to it. Kamal and what he represented was long gone and forgotten. Then there was the most surprising reminder—like a voice from the dead—in the form of a wall poster—obviously his last.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

it read—

I BESEECH YOU TO LISTEN TO ME ONE LAST
TIME. I WILL NEVER BE WITH YOU AGAIN
AND I MUST ASK YOUR PARDON FOR MY ERRORS.
FOR ME THE REVOLUTION WILL ALWAYS BE THE
GREATEST THING IN MY LIFE—AS YOU ARE
BECAUSE WE ARE ALL PART OF IT. I AM
GOING NOW—MY EYES WILL CLOSE AND I
WILL CROSS MY ARMS ACROSS MY CHEST. YOU
WILL BE WITH ME ALWAYS. I WILL NOT DIE
ALONE. I WILL THINK OF EACH OF YOU.
I WILL ASK PARDON OF EACH OF YOU. I
KNOW YOU BETTER THAN YOU CAN KNOW. FOR
ME THE FUTURE IS A BLESSING BECAUSE THE
REVOLUTION ALWAYS HAS A FUTURE. I
THINK OF EACH OF YOU FACING IT AND I SAY

BE BRAVE! COURAGE!

IT IS WHAT KEEPS US TOGETHER. WE WILL
ALWAYS HAVE IT AS LONG AS WE LOVE THE
REVOLUTION ABOVE ALL. FAREWELL, AND BLESS
YOU, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS!

He was gone. We knew that. Not how. Not why. Kamal never meant so much to us before. We realized that he had seen what we hadn't. Now we were truly alone. We would try to forget him because we had to. We knew that much. But in forgetting him there would be a void where he had been.

Fortunately Oggi was fascinated by spare parts and all things automotive. He wasn't doing anything else so I had him go out and scavenge the city looking for them. He'd come back with the distributor caps and the oil filters—and all sorts of others I'd never heard of. He was getting older and more responsible—I told him to keep them and see what he could do with them. He was mesmerized by the New Regime—or rather by its most obvious signs—the cars and trucks roaring up and down the esplanades and the avenues. To him they were a source of incredible power—almost magical—yet I also knew how he hated the New Regime. Most of us did—perhaps all of us—and for no particularly good reason—beyond that it had so little to

do with our lives. And that it was different. Whatever the reason our hatred of it was always unstated. No one gave a sign of it—not as such—it was there in the flicker of an eyebrow or the running of a finger across the bridge of the nose. You had to know it was there to see it—once you saw it there was hatred everywhere. It was directed most of all toward a single enigmatic figure—or rather his name. 7Carlos7. The two things for us were the same.

For us he was a protean figure—a chimera of sorts—that we knew and didn't—all the more horrible for our ignorance of him. His image—of which there was none—was the heart and soul of the Occupation. He came with them—apparently he was their leader. So it was natural to compare him with Kamal and the comparison was striking. Because we never saw him—actually we never saw either of them—but we never even saw a picture of 7Carlos7 nor heard his voice. He was there all the more so in his name. To many of us it was the most horrible thing—some wouldn't say it—if they did they spat it out. They weren't supposed to, though. There was a way to pronounce it—measured and without intonation. And we had to make our peace with it. His name was an ominipresent sign of the Occupation. Of course the Occupation wasn't what they called it—to them it was still the Revolution. We got used to their terms—we had to—and those who didn't trembled as they spoke. As always your own language was the fastest way to betray yourself. To whom? Not to us—although us was less and less definable. They made their presence merge with ours. Some of us became them. As time went by what we might've once said to anyone we would soon say only to ourselves or to loved ones. By then they could be anyone. They made friends easily—a pack of cigarettes or a stick of gum would do the trick. Before long you were saying things you shouldn't. Or maybe you intended to. This whispering went on all the time all over the city—like a gentle breeze in early summer. In fact, it was that time of year. The city had never been so beautiful. The trees had rich green growth on them. Flowers were blooming in all the gardens. Or where gardens had once been, in piles of rubble in the streets or out of the cracks of walls. The city took on a festive air. There were gay colors everywhere—bright blues and pinks, the reds of roses and poppies, the oranges and yellows of lillies. When Lelia and I went walking—we did so each evening arm in arm—she loved to gather them and make a bouquet. She set one in my room and one in hers—so even when she wasn't with me I smelt the rich perfume of her flowers that she was smelling, too. I'd gotten somewhat used to her—she more so to me—though at times I still moved too abruptly and startled her. One of the joys of being with her was the chance I got to forget myself.

I seemed a part of her—as did everything else. To me even the Revolution paled beside her—she was gentle, yes, she was also more vivid. I loved to watch her do things—as much as I was coming to love her at rest. To watch her make a pot of tea. It was such fun. Who

would've believed it? Of course the pot was a can and the strainer was a linen bag and the tea was a fine black substance like dark sand that the strainer never kept out. There I was picking the tea from between my teeth with the tip of a toothpick—the tip of my penknife. Still, I loved to watch her making it—for me a ritual of great beauty and meaning. Perhaps that's why I loved her. She illumined everything she touched.

I couldn't fail to be aware of the incongruities of our relationship—there were so many. I to her. She to me. Both of us to each other. Both of us to the Revolution. And to the city. And to the Occupation. And to 7Carlos7. Whoever and whatever he was. We didn't discuss it. It was so obvious because we lived there. Each of us wanted to find something beyond what we had—and we had. We cherished it—yet we were afraid. That in spite of all—or the little—we could do something would happen to destroy it. Which was why we never mentioned to each other any of these things. Because any of them could. There was between us a conspiracy of silence and blindness—not to acknowledge what was there at every hand. At every word. Whether they were there or not. The Revolution was in language and thought—as was the occupation. As was 7Carlos7.

He wasn't something you could shut out. He was there as we spoke between ourselves. He was there to me as I thought. I thought of him as a mastermind that got into each of our heads and spread like a bacillus. Yet to all intents and purposes there were no signs of it. Or him. Except in the oblique ways we learned to recognize. I always thought two tenses belonged particularly to him—the passive and the imperative. As in

That should be done,

and

Do it!

Incredible that so much power should be concealed in such little phrases. And not just power—hatred—on our part. As we recognized the source of that power. It was insidious—we were made aware of it at all times—even the most private. Because there was no privacy—as a concept it was dead and gone. There was a sense of concealment, of something to be hidden, not of something that belonged to us. 7Carlos7 was the manifestation of this awareness. I never knew for sure if he was a man or not. I assumed so—it wouldn't have been the first time I was wrong. He was definitely a presence.—One that spoke to us in the passive and the imperative. A voice, without a face, without a voice, nonetheless, a voice. Lelia didn't like to say his name even to me. It made her uneasy, at times, nauseous. I couldn't blame her—but we had to learn how to say it as naturally as saying our own. I made her practice—I practiced myself. To say a name that was the object of hatred without intonation was the hardest thing for us—for anyone. That's why it was so revealing—that's why they made us do it. We had to. It came up all the time. Every time you said it there was the threat of revelation.

Because no matter how many times you'd said it, as long as you hated him—and by inference them—there was the distinct possibility you would gag on it. As though swallowing gasoline. To mumble, to stutter, to pause in your enunciation—incredible—these were all life threatening acts. Acts of insurrection they were called. No wonder we practiced his name so much. And the more we practiced the more we got used to it. Our hatred submerged into ourselves. And we might just as well have hated ourselves. Maybe we did. Hatred was such a mutable thing for us. We didn't feel it. Then we were called upon to say his name. And we did. No emotion—then a flicker of it—his name spoken evoked it in us. It was then we were truly in danger. Perhaps we got away with it that time. Perhaps we didn't. It was so hard to tell. All we knew was that some of us disappeared—as though bodily sucked out of our lives. To our friends and our relations there was no trace. We were gone as if we'd evaporated. We knew speech had something to do with it. We knew the Occupation and 7Carlos7 obviously did. But the disappearances were as enigmatic as his name. They happened. To some of us—to many. There was no explanation. It was no wonder, then, that we felt as if we were living on the edge of something at all times. One false step and we'd be over the edge and gone. To Lelia and me in love each day was an end in itself.

I couldn't see the point of anything. The Occupation had been going on for so long we thought it'd always been there. It settled on us like the clouds of dark exhaust and haze. We coughed all the time and spat blood and mucous. The sun moved across the sky like a greyish orange ball. Seen through the grey haze. The sunsets were fantastic colors of purple and red. It was hot and muggy that summer. Moving my body and all the spare parts took all my strength and some I didn't have. And there were times when Oggi wouldn't do anything—he'd curl up on a pile of spare parts, pick one up and oil and grease it for hours. He was blacker than I was, pitch black. His eyes stood out white in contrast. And he'd lie there for hours rubbing the part back and forth whistling. The whistling got on my nerves. When I asked him to stop he shrugged. And stopped. A little later he started again. It wasn't the two of us—it was everything. The heat. The air—or what was now air. The furtiveness that had come over us. 7Carlos7. And fear.

There was so much of it—all different kinds. There were more fears than we ever had words for, all of them would have made our language nothing but synonyms for fear. Myriad ones. Because it was everywhere and in every-

thing. Most of all it was the fear of disappearance—that we'd wake one morning and be gone. So many had. Fear abstract and fear particulate. In contrast the spare parts business had become a tired joke to me. I'd gotten into it—I didn't want to think about it anymore. I wanted—if want was the word—to sit in my room and be alone with my fear. To be with someone else was to see fear in them. With Oggi the fear took the form of whistling and rubbing. With someone else it was a cough or running a hand back and forth over the walls or floor. It was a fear of them—they like everything else were now signs of the Occupation. Fear of cars and trucks. Fear of them as people. Fear of the little man who came to my shop. Fear of myself. Fear of giving myself away. Fear of speech. A name—his name. So many specific fears—fear of each object we came in contact with—each fear a little different from the others. To anyone not living as we were such fears would've seemed unbelievable. Fantastic. Like a children's story of ogres and giants and princesses carried away from them by princes on the wind. To us it was the most natural thing in the world. Fear had always been part of the Revolution—now it was more so—taking a new form with new objects. Whatever was part of the New Regime was part of fear. Those of us who weren't—that meant all of us—had it in our blood. Like water we drank it in and it came out like urine. It passed through us—we were where it was for a time—then on—through us over and over—the process repeating itself—endless.

There it was again—the face—or part of it. I saw it for an instant—then my food came through and the panel closed. That was it—my contact with the outside world—that and my bit of blue sky—or whatever color it was. I'd thought I could get used to anything—the Revolution made us that way—adaptable or not at all. As always there was something else—something we didn't expect because we'd never thought of it. In one sense I'd disappeared. To everyone I'd known I was gone—ceasing to exist. Yet to myself—the one person that really mattered—I was very much there—all the more so because so much else was gone. The face was the only thing human around—it peered through the panel in the door—if I didn't move it studied me. The eyes staring—the ears and chin cut off by

the door—that made the face disembodied. In spite of that it was companionship of sorts. I called to it—it never answered. Or its answer was my food—on the floor—I didn't get there in time to catch it. Sploot. I had to scoop it up with the side of my hand and lick it off. It tasted of the floor and the fungus that grew there. A grey green fungus that flourished because the floor was moist and cold. That was my vegetation—my flora. And my fauna was a small bug about the size of my thumbnail that crawled over the walls. I got used to it—it was the first thing I looked for each day—though I no longer thought of them as days. There was light—there was dark—there was a sense of alternation back and forth between them. That was what my calendar had been reduced to. Each day I got up and washed my face at the pipe in the corner—I then squatted over the hole—I balanced myself with my hands against the wall. That was perhaps the pleasantest experience of the day—my bowel movement. I looked forward to it. Afterwards I felt relief. Almost composed. My body felt in a state of equilibrium—I'd gotten rid of what I'd eaten and my waste. I felt a need to be only myself—and no more. I felt no suffering as such—the only thing that bothered me was the bed springs. They squeaked and rattled when I moved on them. I never got used to the sound. It woke me at night—over and over—which is why I had no nightmares. I woke before they could form. Which is why I was always so tired. Exhausted. There was no way to get relief from the things in my mind. They kept piling up—all the things I didn't think of. And kept forgetting. They were there and had weight—getting heavier and heavier the more I couldn't sleep. I tried to sleep on the floor. The cold and moisture and slime of the fungus were worse than the bed springs—they made my skin creep. So I went back to sleeping on the bed—bad as it was it wasn't the worst.

Nothing seemed so bad to me that in time wasn't ordinary. I looked for the bug and saw where he was—I waited for the face to appear and thought of it as my face. The eyes staring at me through the panel were the only reflection of myself I had. I wondered about all the things that didn't happen. They would've been explanations of what I was in for. There weren't any and I never knew. Not at that point. There was no questioning and no duress. At times I thought I heard cries in the distance. No one ever came for me. Maybe they weren't cries but doors closing. I had nothing to go by. Beyond the face, or the part of the face, which in itself told me nothing. Except that it was part of something human—that I too was part of. But the humanity of it was less than I was used to. And I wasn't used to much. I had nothing to do and nothing to think of. I lay on the bed and tried not to move. That became a skill in itself. To alter my weight so the bedsprings wouldn't squeak. Because it was all I had I became more and more aware of my body. Preoccupied with it, in fact. I studied my hands and the way they moved. I spent hours bringing my thumb across to touch my little finger—or closing my fingers into my palm to make a fist. Each motion that

seemed simple enough in itself got increasingly complex when looked at in detail. I tried to move my fingers so slowly I couldn't see them move. As if I were a creature that was going to live forever and had all the time in the world to do whatever it wanted.

Before I did anything I thought about it to decide if it was worthwhile. That is, if it had a purpose. Most things didn't. So I eliminated them—in the same way I got rid of waste with my bowel movement every day. I wanted to get by on less and less. To be like the bug on the wall that took all day to get from one point to another. He too had all the time in the world to go back. There was a lot to learn from him. Somehow I'd decided he was a he. And I studied his movements with the same intensity that the face studied me. Eyes staring, lids unblinking. The bug made me careful of where I stepped and how I moved. The last thing I wanted to do was to crush the bug inadvertently. I was concerned for him. When he didn't move for an unusual length of time I got up, ever so slowly so the bedsprings rustled but didn't squeak, and went over to take a look. Perhaps I saw his antennae quiver or one of his wings was raised—his wings weren't much—stumps more like. Whatever it was adequate—my companionship remained assured. I went back to bed as slowly as I'd moved from it. One thing above all never ceased to amaze me each time I lay down—its length. Because it was mine. My feet touched one end and my head the other—the bed itself didn't seem accidental. That is, it seemed part of a greater plan, one that in time might be revealed to me. Not that I was unhappy with where I was. I felt more secure than I might've felt elsewhere. But that peace of mind was an artifact, as was my bodily composure. I had only to think of her, any part of her, an ear, a little finger, a lower lip—and my body began to shake as from a fever. The bedsprings squeaked. The walls appeared to vibrate in time. My heart pounded and my skin prickled. It was the obverse of love—fear. The thought of her—any thought of her—triggered it—and cast my whole being into doubt. I shuddered. The bedsprings rattled. I didn't know what was happening to me. I held onto the bedframe for dear life. And this didn't happen once—it was over and over. I couldn't stop myself. She was so dear to me that all else was at risk. I tried to steady my mind—to look for the bug—to count the days. It helped a bit. Afterwards I lay gasping for breath. Each move I made was tentative.

One of those days was the Anniversary of the Revolution—I didn't know which.

I didn't mean to get angry—it happened like that—like a light had gone off in my head—or I saw a flash and that

was the stimulus for it. Whatever the cause the transition was so fast I wasn't aware of it. There I was not angry—there I was very much so. Pounding the door. Kicking it. Not feeling the pain in my feet. No sensation, in fact. The anger had taken me over as if it were another life form. I was screaming—or shouting—whatever it was it was loud. I heard my own voice so much magnified it wasn't mine. My hands and feet seemed to be on their own too. It didn't last very long. I hadn't the strength for it. It was there in a short burst of tremendous energy. It was as soon spent. Gone. I went back to nonanger, my muscles flaccid, my skin sensitive again. It amazed me that I'd even been able to get angry. There was nothing to get angry at. The face wasn't there. The bug was high up and out of sight, the blue sky was still blue sky. My anger—or any other emotion I might've had—was incongruous. It had no purpose. It didn't belong there. Without it I lapsed back onto the bed. In time the face appeared in the door, my food came through and the bug showed up on the wall not far over my head.

I felt ashamed of myself. In relation to everything else my anger was such a pettiness. I went and scooped up my food. I ate. I was so used to the fungus I didn't taste it. If the food smelled to me it was simply the smell of it. Not bad. Not good. A characteristic of existence without criterion. I began to identify with the bug. I thought of myself looking down at myself on the bed. Larger and whiter than necessary. And curious too. Why all the moving about? And the noise? And the huffing and puffing? Imagine! There was no sense of real economy about it. Truly the whole thing was an enormous waste. It was so much better to be so much smaller again I had the sense of going into myself and looking out. In my head, I'd become as small as the bug—the rest of my body was an enormous encumbrance. I stopped eating. The food piled up in front of the door in a little mound. It began to stink—not its own smell anymore. Worse. Much worse. A smell with color—a greenish orange. I became aware of the face looking in at me more and more. I looked back as if from beyond. I no longer thought it could see me. I saw a finger appear and scratch the side of the nose on the face. And the expression—or that part of it I was exposed too—didn't stare as much. I saw the face turn sideways. There was an ear and hair. I heard a voice from very far off, like an echo. Or the echo of an echo. Like a scraping. There was an intonation to it so I took it to be a voice. It amazed me how much better I began to feel. Lighter. Buoyant. The carcass I'd been carrying around all these years was finally getting manageable. I lay on the bed and had no need to think of the springs and not moving. They squeaked, if at all, very faintly. It was at this point I thought of my disappearance as taking place. Not their disappearance of me. That had already happened. This was mine of myself—as if bit by bit I were withdrawing from my own existence. It was a feeling most pleasant—not unlike that at the end of my bowel movement. After much pushing and squeezing I

was left with a sense of self and a relief from waste. I felt an obvious lightness—not giddy—I remained clear-eyed and stable. Things seemed far away and distant and had no hold on me.

It was in this state I saw the door open and a man come in. He had a stool under his arm and he set it on the floor and sat on it. He looked very small—no larger than my hand—the stool was small too. The size a child might have for its dolls. He said nothing. He watched me and I watched back. Then with alarm I realized he was getting larger—or my sense of him was. I tried to hold myself back, to keep away; I couldn't. I kept coming closer, as he did, getting larger. I felt myself getting heavier and weighed down, dense. It was his being there that'd done it to me. I knew that much. And as he got larger his appearance took on more detail. He was dressed as an officer of some sort. There were epaulettes on his shoulders and gold braid hung down from them. His uniform was a dark green and creased so sharply there were angles to it. At some point I was aware again I was my normal size. I saw his forefinger tapping on his knee. What he thought of me I couldn't know. His face—it wasn't the face in the door—was without emotion, though not without interest. I propped myself up in bed. The springs squeaked. I saw how close he was, the dark color of his uniform filled my field of vision. His hand reached into his pocket, took out a cigarette and reached across and put it between my lips. The smell of the tobacco, rank and acrid, and the dryness of its taste against the tip of my tongue was a shock to me. The second shock was when he lit it. The flame from his lighter flared in my face and I jerked my head back. Then there was the smoke from the cigarette itself. I puffed. It filled my head and made me dizzy. I gagged on it. I coughed. I felt the cigarette slipping from my lips. It did, onto my chest, I watched it burn a small hole in me. I meant to reach forward and grab it, but I couldn't move my arms or my hands. My body twitched. There was the pain of the burning, intense, pointing into me. Then his hand came over and took it off and put it back in my mouth and held it there. I puffed again. The smoke made me giddy. It filled the room. It clouded over his face. It made my eyes water. They closed. There was the burning pain in my chest, though the cigarette was between my lips. I had to finish. I knew that. I puffed and puffed. My head felt full of the smoke. It also began to feel composed. Relaxed. My hands didn't move but my fingers opened out from my palms. I looked up at him, he must've seen it in my eyes. I was grateful. He smiled, a narrow smile, no creasing of his cheeks. Nonetheless a smile. I tried to smile back. I thought I did. He took the end of the cigarette from between my lips and threw it in the corner.

That's better? No?

he said.

Mundt's the name. Pleased to meet you.

Pause.

How are you feeling today?

I meant to answer. I tried to. I opened my lips in an O to speak. I thought of what I was going to say. Something innocuous like fine or OK. Instead I said nothing. I mouthed my answer. I knew I was saying nothing. I didn't know why. He must've understood—this Mundt. He nodded and his hand came forward and patted mine. It was then I saw how huge his was. How hairy at the knuckles. How large the knuckles were in relation to the rest of the finger. There was something strange about them too. There was an extra joint and the tips of the nails buried themselves in the flesh at the tip of the finger. I was more impressed with his hands than with his uniform. I watched them as he spoke.

Even if we don't expect you to be happy here, it's not that bad is it?

Pause.

Food every day. Drink. Time to think things over, no?

His forefinger pressed against his thumb—they flattened out and the forefinger of the other hand came over to stroke them.

Not at all what you expected, eh? A bit of a surprise?

I looked up—there was a twinkle in his eye. He settled back on the stool.

You know we don't want anything from you. I mean we're not going to torture you or anything like that. I bet you've heard stories about interrogations. Electrodes to the genitals. All night beatings on the soles of the feet. Maybe someone told you about being hung upside down from a bar?

He sighed. His lips were large like his fingers. I nodded and kept nodding. He seemed to expect it.

I thought so. It doesn't happen here. I don't know where people get such ideas. They make them up and then they believe them. There's nothing to be afraid of. It's only natural to be like that, people are. So what? It means nothing.

I looked down and saw the tips of his fingers come together to form a point. He looked down at it—then at me.

You can't help what you are, we know that. Nor can anybody else. I mean if you're a petty bourgeois that's what you are, no?

I nodded.

So we don't care about your little tricks. They don't make any difference to us.

His voice was guttural and flat—as if he were resigned and had said it many times before. A strange fellow this Mundt—nice enough. I nodded as much as I could without overdoing it. I wanted him to see I agreed with everything he said.

If you hoard or steal or fabricate we don't care. People don't believe it but we don't. If you call yourself an entrepreneur that's your business.

He paused. His hand came up to the side of his face and he ran his forefinger along his nose. My eyes moved up

with it and I found myself looking into his. I didn't mean to. It happened without my awareness of it. They were dark grey—the color of slate. I looked down as fast as I could. I didn't want him to get upset. He licked his lips and continued.

You know this place isn't so bad. There are lots of people like you here. Well meaning. They don't think they've done anything. I mean you don't think you've done anything, do you?

I didn't nod. I shook my head. I'd almost nodded. I caught myself in time. My mouth opened to speak, to say something, to explain. I didn't. I couldn't.

Everyone's the same.

He sighed.

That's why interrogations are useless. So we get you to confess, then what? The next day you don't remember any of it. If we want you to remember we have to keep telling you. Day after day. It's useless for everyone. Besides, there's nothing you know that we need to. The whole thing is a waste.

He looked down at his feet. His fingers were twisting together so I couldn't tell his hands apart. I'd stopped nodding—I didn't know what to agree to. He shrugged and looked up. I looked down. I'd been watching him with my head down with the upper part of my eyes.

You didn't expect me to come, did you?

I shook my head. I nodded. I wasn't sure which I meant. No one does. You know people think we don't know.

He looked sad as he said it.

That your life here, or out there for that matter—he waved his hand toward the bit of blue sky—

Goes on and nobody sees what you're doing. It's not so. We know. Because you don't know don't think we don't. Maybe we miss something once in a while, a little thing here or there, not much. But we know enough to know.

Pause. He looked toward the window, some light from it lit his face and made it lighter.

You know there are a lot of things in life people don't figure out. They get older and they die and they never know. I think we're all that way somehow, no?

He said it softly, as if to himself. I nodded, not so much to him: I felt that way too.

Well, I'll tell you one thing—

he turned and looked down at me. The light was gone from his face.

You're better off here than anywhere else.

His thumbs came out of his belt and he pointed a forefinger at my head.

Right here. Now.

Pause.

You know what I mean?

I thought I did. Yes. I nodded. He turned away slightly; he started to say something and stopped, as if to rephrase it.

Let me put it this way,
he went on.

You live here. You grow up. You get old. All the time you get by. Maybe better. Maybe worse. You think you've got it all figured out. In your business maybe you're putting something aside for your old age?

He turned back as he said it. Abruptly he sat down on the bed. The springs didn't squeak then. They went boing, boing, boing. The room reverberated with the sound of his sitting. I felt his immensity loom over me. There was no defense. I was helpless like a newborn baby. All the while I felt frail and ancient. He spat out his next words as if he were mad and I tried to shrink back into the bed.

Don't bother. There isn't anything to figure out anymore. You'll never see it again whatever it was.

His forefinger came down stiff in the middle of my forehead.

You've had it. You know it. I know it. Life isn't what it used to be. Don't forget that.

Pause.

You can't go back to your little village and grow corn. If you had such a village. There aren't any more.

His forefinger lifted off and hung over my head—suspended.

There's a lesson in all of this, no? So what if you learn it—

shrug—

it won't do any good.

He put his hands on his thighs—about to get up. He licked his lips. They were moist and glistening.

Maybe we should have many lives? To come back and next time try what didn't work out this time. Amusing. People in villages think like that. Except they're all dead and they don't come back.

He got up. I followed him with my eyes to his full height.

I say good-by now. You enjoyed my visit? Interesting, eh?

I nodded for the last time.

It makes for a change, I know. We all need a little change now and then. Make the best of it, I tell you. It'll turn out all right.

He was looking straight at me, his forehead furrowed. There were beads of sweat on it.

If you have nothing and you want nothing, what's to lose? Eh, nothing.

That was it. He didn't say anything else. He looked down at me for a bit, pensive, abstracted. Then he turned and left. The door shut behind him with a thunk. The face appeared in it, looked at me and left. I was alone again—except now I had the vivid impression of this Mundt's presence. He loomed in the air around me even after he'd gone. I didn't think why he'd come or what he'd meant. I knew what I'd understood—what I knew. I agreed with it all. I really thought I had nothing left to lose.

WITH ÖRJAN AT THE GREAT JAPAN EXHIBITION

Someone in Stockholm counted out the skins
And told you how many golden buck-
Toothed beavers had been killed to make
The coat. And yet it's not the coat that draws
Astonished glances from these Portuguese
With their ungainly noses.
They recognize in cheek and forehead, frozen
To silence by the snow, then quick
As evergreens released to freshness,—
In lips configuring a phrase
Of sleek imbalance, molded by chosen
Vowels lifted to sadness in a lilt
And overheard as music—in these
They feel what I, when thunderstruck, had felt:
That the same fancy etched your look
As prompted the master of the brush
To practise for a lifetime his bamboo
And then exhaust it in a single stroke.

Only the tiger is unsurprised,
Alone in the cold salon.
His liquid stripes are yours, his curvings yours,
And with a bounding your seraphic shadow
Impresses strangeness onto silk,
Enshrines a celebration in a screen.

ELLIOTT ZUCKERMAN

The Division of the West—and Perception

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Introduction

We live in a divided world. This is a common phrase that statesmen repeat, and their audiences ignore and forget. And that nobody much understands: it is too obvious.

This division is not only a “political” fact—Churchill’s “Iron Curtain”—but the most fundamental fact of our lives. It reaches every aspect of our living, our art, our thinking, and our perception. It involves most of the nations of the world and all areas of life. Its main characteristic is a capacity to spread and to touch everything. Because it is at once so close and so remote, it is at the same time obvious and incomprehensible. We call this division “total war”—and that name haunts our imagination.

This division has in fact replaced the devil, who—many thought—had been done away with. But with the withering of religion, or at least of the readiness to cope with neither its presence nor its absence, the devil has not been known as such. Somewhere the free nations sense they face evil, but are embarrassed to know it. Knowing it unflinchingly stinks somehow of a relapse into superstition.

There is no devil. But we believe men can be angels. The greatest murder in this century has come in the name of the greatest aspirations; aspirations that many dare not deny, lest they lose the good opinions of their neighbors; aspira-

Leo Raditsa has recently published *Some Sense about Wilhelm Reich* (New York 1978), “Augustus’ Legislation Concerning Marriage, Procreation, Love Affairs and Adultery” (in *Aufstieg und Niedergang der Römischen Welt*, Berlin 1980, 13,2), “Iranians in Asia Minor” (in *The Cambridge History of Iran*, Cambridge 1983, 3,1), “The Source of World Terrorism,” (*Midstream*, December 1981) and “Why Were We in Vietnam?” (*Midstream*, June-July 1982).

The above essay comes from an unpublished book, *Rationality and the Perception of Depth, and the Division of the West in the Twentieth Century*.

tions that paralyze those incapable of living them and which, therefore, can be exploited to excite guilt. The totalitarian regimes parrot our ideals of “self-determination of nations” or of “peace” back to us.

Such divisions are not common. But they have occurred before. During the Peloponnesian War, during the Reformation, and in the Wars after the French Revolution, which began the crises we continue to live.¹ The characteristic of such wars is that they spread, that they increase on what they feed, that they are always world wars. They touch everybody and everything. And they cannot be stopped except by men who understand them, because they are about things men do not understand. Hitler said men will only die for things they cannot comprehend.²

The division of the West first occurred in 1914. It has continuously intensified and spread not only on battlefields, but in the minds and hearts of men. In the aftermath of the Second World War, especially in 1947–48, it grew deep and unmistakable. Until the sixties and the Indochina War few could deny it—although many, in order to find the strength for the next step, chose at times to ignore it. Like the violence after the First World War, the renewal and intensification of the division after 1945 surprised many and disappointed all who had endured the carnage in the promise that it would bring about a new world, with a living peace and tangible concord. But these disappointments are the very stuff of the war that has brought about the division of the West, for it continually excites expectations in order to disappoint them.

The First World War was a conventional war that surprised a world that took itself to be deeply at peace, and baffled it, for it had no idea what the war was about. In the inebriation of the expectation of a new world that overtook the world in 1917, the war destroyed many major govern-

ments and constitutions, above all in Russia and Germany, Austria, and a few years later in Italy. This destruction of governments and the exultation at their destruction, which found expression in the myth of "revolution", in the myth that a spontaneous upheaval of the people swept away the governments, became the most telling characteristic of this continuous war that has brought about the division of the West, and that continues to deepen it.

This division spreads through polarization. Polarization divides the world into two attitudes (ideologies) that overcome a world made of states of various size. In its final effects polarization takes place in people's minds. It functions on the assumption that before you can destroy people and the governments that protect them, you must destroy their capacity to reason, to perceive the difference between freedom and slavery, between the constructive and the destructive. The ultimate model of this polarization for international relations is civil war or sedition. This is now called, with the ignorance of the educated, "revolution" and "class war." The characteristic of civil war, according to both Thucydides and Hobbes, is precisely that it spreads, that it is unstoppable, and that it reaches men's minds themselves, their perception. That it alters their perception. The struggle centers on perception, the very perception that has been the battleground of Western philosophy since at least the seventeenth century. But now ceaseless war for more than two generations has turned the questioning of philosophers into a matter of life and death for everyone. For those who cannot see will neither live nor survive.

On its deepest level this division and polarization of the world functions to prevent contact, that is, perception in depth—the world seems flat to our eyes—and its equivalent in the mind and heart, the experience of rationality and the self-evident. It tends to divide and to polarize qualities such as freedom and authority, and distort them into shadows or dim reflections of themselves. In the instance of freedom, into license; in the instance of authority, into authoritarianism and totalitarianism. Once so distorted, these qualities tend to define each other in their hatred and in their destruction of each other, rather than in an aggressive dialogue. Such a dialogue would be the true Aristotelian mean, the mean in depth, not the mean of compromise. Because it cripples rationality and the strength, confidence, and courage that come with it, polarization fashions an immobilizing situation. Force, rather than strength, appears to be decisive. And is often in fact.

The division of the West also shows itself in a separation of form and content, especially in politics. In the free West we are impatient with the safeguards and the indirectness, the due process of representative and parliamentary democracy. We do not understand representation. We want to seize on problems directly, and, therefore, take political demonstrations, which intimidate thought, words and action, for granted. In the East of Europe and in China, where people have known the murder that comes of the

destruction of forms in the name of freedom, there is a yearning for their restoration that has something of the straightforwardness of the eighteenth century about it; but more assurance, resilience, and sobriety—and more innocence and wisdom, the innocence and wisdom that comes after suffering.³ Constitution and form generally provide the test of content, of the readiness to act on what one says. They allow us to tell the difference between acts and propaganda, between feeling and impulse. In contrast to this is the attitude, typically communist, that the end justifies the means, that content—good intentions and promises of a radiant future—authorizes the destruction of forms, of law, and constitutions.

Finally, this polarization tends to make us perceive ourselves as indistinguishable from our enemies, in the illusion that not telling our differences might make for our survival. It makes us feel as destructive and self-destructive as those who want to destroy us. The Soviet attempt to dominate the world feeds on this self-hatred. This polarization spreads largely because of unacknowledged fear of the actual military dangers that threaten us. Who looks at a map?

I have been writing as if the division between the free countries and totalitarianism were fundamental. But the real division occurred before there was any totalitarianism. Totalitarianism is a consequence of the division and the incapacity to cope with it, not its cause. The division in its starkest, unadulterated form took shape during, and especially after, the First World War. That war that nobody really understood started out between different peoples, not between freedom and slavery. In 1914, at the start of the war, one could still speak of *freedom* without equating it with *democracy*. The world was bigger than democracy, and politics was much less important, and life more easily distinguished from it.

The division of the West, and the disturbances in perception I have mentioned, betray themselves most strikingly in art. Nobody can see the world whole; except—and this is crucial—the words that are written in Russia but published in the West. Western painting has tended more and more toward a form with content, without a recognizable world, while painting in the totalitarian world pretended to see a world it could not perceive.

1 The Division since 1945—and Stagnation since 1917

The division of the West shows itself most obviously in the division of Germany, a subject so obvious that nobody pays much attention to it, and also in the division of Korea, and China—with Taiwan—and, of course, until 1975, of Vietnam. The division of Germany also means the divi-

sion of Europe. Without the division of Germany there would be no division of Europe, or of the rest of the world.

The division of Germany never intended by the free West exists because there is no peace treaty. The non-existence of a peace treaty is not some unimportant formality for just the same reason that marriage is not merely a piece of paper. The lack of a peace treaty means we did not know how to settle the Second World War despite victory and the apparent cessation of the fighting in Europe. It meant the war had not ended, or that it had ended in a mere truce.⁴ A formal treaty would have required the removal of all Soviet troops not only from Germany but from all of what has come to be called Eastern Europe since the War. The absence of a peace treaty meant the war continued, no matter how fervently we wished to deny it.

Our incapacity to restore full sovereignty to Germany and to force the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Europe may mean that we did not have the confidence to risk full sovereignty in Europe again, even if we had know how to restore it. That we preferred to bring totalitarianism and the Soviets into the middle of Europe rather than to face a full-fledged restoration, or attempt at restoration—and restoration in all cases meant creation of legitimate governments, a process that receives its first real test with the passage of a generation. Somewhere in the first volume of his memoirs, Kissinger says as much. He admits that the spread of totalitarianism, and the consequent division of much of the world between free countries and totalitarian, has given the world a kind of stability it did not have before. I think this dreadfully wrong. I think that the war has gone on more intensely, first of all with the Soviet seizure of half of Europe without having to fight us or the rest of Europe for it. Only it has gone on without direct fighting, in Europe, between the free countries and the Soviets.

But whether it is wrong or not, dreadful or not, is not the real question. There is no way of settling a war one does not understand. And unless you can settle it you are probably condemned to eventual undoing in war—in battle or not—for the incapacity to bring victories into settlements turns them into mere incidents in a war that cannot be stopped.

Nineteen forty-five complicated the situation for free countries whose constitutions, especially if they are inherited, presuppose a capacity to distinguish between war and peace. It forced nations to carry on wars, and pretend they were at peace—a situation that tied the tongues of leaders in free countries, and forced them into something like totalitarian hypocrisy, for they could act but could not explain why they acted, which meant that eventually they could not act at all and lost the confidence of their electors.

Because the division of Germany and Europe and the consequent antagonism between the Soviet Union and the United States means that the war is not over, the United States and the free countries must go along with the Soviet Union in its passionate profession of hatred of

nazism and fascism, a hatred that seems to increase with the passage of time. Until recently this going along meant “no enemies on the left”; for the left was portrayed as the only sure antidote to fascism and nazism. Stalin at Yalta had infuriated Churchill by calling any government that was anti-fascist, democratic.⁵ In his footsteps, the Soviet Union continues to equate “democracy” with antifascism and antinazism, and to call any country it desires to undo “fascist.” Since 1967, at least, it has used the word to smear Israel, whose capacity to defend itself stirs Soviet hatred and keeps it from seizing the Middle East.⁶ In much of the West, perhaps most obviously in Italy, until a few years ago, when it became apparent to many that the most organized and deadly terrorism came from left, it was enough to call anything “fascist” to discredit it without further discussion.

The power of this little word “fascism” must come from somewhere. It cannot come from the fearful memory of the past, especially in a time that shows itself most in its forgetfulness. Its power comes from the past’s persistence in the present, from the continuation of the war in the present, and the refusal to see it. But at the same time this little word masks the way the war continues in the present, for it pretends the danger from nazi Germany persists. In fact the same danger does persist but it does not come from the same regime.

The Soviet Union and China continue nazi Germany’s War. This exploitation of the memory of a fear, which is in some way comfortable because safe, to distract from actual terror and murder going on daily before our eyes, is only possible because of the incapacity to end the war which shows itself in the division of Germany. The division of Germany, and the division of the West that comes from it, continue the war and at the same time make it impossible to face our past and resolve Germany’s future. This evasion of the past means that we must keep its memory alive artificially, especially the memory of past hatreds, the main drive of Soviet propaganda. It makes it impossible to acknowledge that the defeated were not entirely wrong, the victors not entirely right. A peace treaty, a real peace treaty, would have meant acknowledging that nobody was entirely right. To know that neither side was entirely right, is to know our tragedy for what it is, to recognize that something was destroyed in those wars that was valuable and that it is not going to be easy to recreate, restore or refashion. To know the tragedy of our times for what they are, would mean facing present danger instead of seeking relief from it in the horror of a past whose horror people did not recognize at the time.

The insistence that the Allies, who included the Soviet Union, were entirely right, and the Axis entirely wrong made it impossible to tell the Soviet Union to withdraw its troops from Eastern Europe immediately after the war, for those who are entirely right can do no wrong. The concentration on the myth of the past is a way of avoiding the present, especially the continuance of the past in the

present. Acknowledging we were not entirely right or wrong would make the world whole again. It would make a tougher, more straightforward, more painful—and much less dangerous place. Until we understand that peace is much harder than war, the war that calls itself peace will continue—which means it will spread. The politicization of all areas of life, which is the first sign of its advance, will also spread.

This insistence of being wholly right has made our century incapable of distinguishing real greatness, whose defects are obvious, from the parody of it by little weak men who might have been great. No time since the time of the Trojan war has been so niggardly in the recognition of greatness, and, therefore, such a patsy to thugs and murderers. Like Hitler and Stalin, whom it adores when they are alive, hates after their death. This hatred after adoration amounts to disowning your own life after living it. And it goes on. You only have to read the unbridled—and never convincing—hymns of praise to Chou En-Lai and Mao Tse-Tung and North Vietnamese party men in Kissinger's memoirs to see it. This fascination with these little men who seem all powerful but whose apparent omnipotence is only made of weakness is a fascination with murder.

At the end of the Second World War, before the distortions that pass for memory—like the myth that only the Communists resisted Hitler—that prolong the Second World War took hold, men like James Forrestal and Walter Lippmann knew the importance of the future of Germany, not only for Germany, but for all of Europe and, therefore, for the whole world.⁷ And they did not hesitate to speak of it openly, in a way that appears unabashed now. The sacrifice of Poland, and the public denial of it in the final communiqué at Yalta, made it impossible for the British and the United States to do much more than weakly insist on German unity at Potsdam. The loss of Poland, which had been the subject of torturous negotiations throughout 1944 that Churchill had stated repeatedly would decide the peace, made it impossible to settle Germany. It set the terms of the struggle we have lived with ever since without, for the most part, understanding it in any terms that allow a mastery of it. Instead, with the doctrine of containment we accepted the Soviet terms of the struggle without realizing that the readiness to go along without a settlement meant continuing the war.

This evasiveness about Germany, and the obsession with the Second World War that has come with it, has had its consequences. It was Germany, in an effort to deal with its future on its own, not the United States, that initiated the policy of "détente" in 1967—as Kissinger admits in his memoirs. The United States acquiesced to German "Ostpolitik" because it did not dare oppose it. This policy has drawn Europe away from the United States without strengthening it. In the years after the war men foresaw these consequences of going along with the actual division of Germany, and insisted on its unity more clearly than

they do now that the consequences are here for all to see:

"Certainly we cannot default Europe to Russia"—to do so would be to invite attack "within the next two decades" by a totalitarian land colossus armed with all the sea and air power which the whole of Europe could, under authoritarian management, produce.

... "As you know, I hold that world stability will not be restored until the vacuum created by the destruction of German power and the weakening of the power of Western Europe has been filled—in other words, until a balance of power has been restored in Europe." Such a balance of power would include military strength, but "I believe that economic stability, political stability and military stability must develop in about that order."⁸

In an important book in 1968, *The Discipline of Power*, George Ball tried to recall the importance of Germany. But his words even then sounded quaint and old-fashioned:

For the future of Germany after two wars is a riddle we must solve with care. It lies at the heart of the relations between East and West. It is in many ways the most intractable and quite likely the most important problem we face.⁹

The absence of a peace treaty meant in the most specific terms that the fighting on the European fronts had come to a halt but that the war had not ended, because there were no coherent terms for ending it. There is no way of ending a war you do not understand. The U.N., which had served as a distraction from the discussions for the future of Poland at Yalta, substituted the aspiration for peace in the future for actual negotiations for a peace treaty that made some sense of the world in the present. It served also to blind people to the startling fact that the United States and Britain had thought little in concrete terms about settling the war, that they did not know what to do with victory in a war that had been forced upon them—and that they had brought upon themselves.

25 April 1947 . . . At the conclusion I said it was manifest that American diplomatic planning of the peace was far below the quality of the planning that went into the conduct of the war. We regarded the war, broadly speaking, as a ball game which we had to finish as quickly as possible, but in doing so there was comparatively little thought as to the relationships between nations which would exist after Germany and Japan were destroyed. The United Nations was oversold; sound in concept and certainly the only hope for improvement in the world order, it was built up over-extravagantly as the solution to international frictions that had existed for centuries. Now there is a danger of its being cast aside by the American public in a mood of frustration and disappointment.¹⁰

A few months later, on July 26, Robert Lovett, the Under Secretary of State, deepened Forrestal's analysis:

... He spoke of the lack of planning for peace in the State Department and the casual and off-the-cuff decisions of the late President, and referred to Churchill's remark that at Yalta he had been dealing with the "shell of a man" and not the man himself. Lovett added that the great political error in the postwar period was the failure to insist upon the writing of peace treaties while our troops and military power were still evident in Europe. Nothing, he said, could have stopped the American forces which were at that time deployed in Germany.¹¹

Probably nothing betrays more the confusion and the desperation of statesmen after the war than the occurrence of meetings like Yalta and Potsdam, the first of many summit meetings that have never brought agreement. They were born of a desperate notion that a few "great" men could make peace on the strength of their "personal" friendship. And that is part of the reason why "friendship" has become a word we blush to use. They substituted talk for negotiation. At Yalta Churchill spoke often as if he were in Parliament—but there was no one to listen. Roosevelt was exhausted unto death—and Stalin had no use for words except as traps for those who spoke them. And by pretending to hear them in private, he kept Churchill from speaking them in public where they might have really counted. In some sense Yalta and Potsdam—and not the U.N.—were the first to substitute the aspiration for peace in the future for the actual negotiation of peace in the present. And the substitution of aspiration for the action of actual agreement was just what Stalin wanted, for he knew the cultivation of aspiration you had no intention of fulfilling weakened and, eventually, undid men.

The policy of unconditional surrender made the conclusion of a peace treaty difficult, for it destroyed German sovereignty and no peace treaty could be concluded without Germany's consent. Conclusion of a peace treaty required the restoration of, or at very least the agreement to restore, German sovereignty. And the restoration of sovereignty or its creation—for it amounts to the same thing—as the whole history since the First World War shows, is extremely difficult, and in any case requires much more than a generation. Rousseau thought it impossible. Certainly, it is impossible unless the victors realize its difficulty. Neither to restore it entirely or to destroy it entirely—the situation of Germany since 1945—means threatening the sovereignty of the victors and all their allies whose assurance of sovereignty depends on them, especially when there are regimes like the Soviet that feed on the destruction of sovereignty, for whom war called "revolution" and "peace" means the destruction of sovereignty. And without the recognition of sovereignty, there can be no experience of reality, of the difference between life and death, war and peace. Without it all nations invite questioning not only with words, but with acts that aim to destroy any people or nation not strong enough to resist.

The most obvious consequence of the absence of a peace treaty, the division of Germany, is an extreme example of the communist technique which threatens many nations called independent but actually struggling for sovereignty and legitimacy. This technique splits countries against themselves under the cover of a supposedly spontaneous civil war that is actually aggression from the outside. In the extreme instance of Germany, the defense of West Germany might mean the destruction of all of Germany in the actual outbreak of war. To defend itself Germany must risk its destruction. This contradiction that defense would bring destruction is at the center of the peace movement, which started in the Federal Republic in response to the decision of Italy, Germany, and Britain to accept the Pershing II and cruise missiles at the end of 1979.

The division of the West that dwarfs the relations between nations also reproduces itself within the free nations through polarization in thinking to the point that individuals of the "Left" and the "Right" experience different meanings for same words. Thucydides gave this incapacity to experience the same meaning for the same words classic expression in his description of the civil war in Corcyra—a description that is at the heart of Hobbes's thinking, and, therefore, of our political understanding of domestic political life.

The received value of names imposed for signification of things, was changed into arbitrary. For inconsiderate boldness, was counted true-hearted manliness: provident deliberation, a handsome fear: modesty, the cloak of cowardice: to be wise in every thing, to be lazy in every thing. A furious suddenness was reputed a point of valour. To re-advise for the better security, was held for a fair pretext of tergiversation. He that was fierce, was always trusty; and he that contraried such a one, was suspected. He that did insidiate, if it took, was a wise man; but he that could smell out a trap laid, a more dangerous man than he. But he that had been so provident as not to need to do the one or the other, was said to be a dissolver of society, and one that stood in fear of his adversary. In brief, he that could outstrip another in the doing of an evil act, or that could persuade another thereto that never meant it, was commended.

Hobbes, however, was little concerned with war from abroad, and especially with war from abroad that calls itself sedition. He saw the threat to civil life as coming mainly from within, and not from the exploitation of domestic discord as a cover for aggressive war. War from abroad that wins an unwilling consent by calling itself sedition is something the twentieth century's incapacity to perceive events has brought upon a world too unsure of itself to distinguish the new from the merely self-destructive.

In contrast to the Peloponnesian War and Corcyra, however, the polarization today in free countries comes not primarily from actual violence within the country but occurs in men's minds in response to war masking as civil

violence elsewhere in the world, often in places no one ever thought of much, before the onset of fighting.

The division and polarization shows itself not only between individuals but within them—individuals who feel torn between, in appearance, mutually exclusive interpretations of all events. One man's hero is another's murderer.

Because we fear the responsibility of choosing, such a division and polarization brings paralysis. And paralysis is often a prelude to violence—or to helplessness in the face of violence. Aristotle meant something like paralysis when he used the word *stasis* for events which until recently many called "revolution" in the illusion that their violence brings movement and change instead of springing from the incapacity for change.

This polarization in thinking would not work its way into men's reasoning without the fear of the Soviet Union and Communist China, mostly unacknowledged, behind it. Lately, too, the Soviet Union has openly excited fear with its threats of nuclear war, and, before that, with its sponsorship of supposedly indigenous terrorists throughout the world—a sponsorship that governments even now, with the exception of Italy and Israel, do not take seriously because their awareness of it influences neither their words nor their actions.¹² This open resort to terror is in fact an attempt to bring the fear that reigns in totalitarian countries to the whole world.

Propaganda always feeds on suppressed anger and fear. Once people face the facts that inspire this unacknowledged fear, for instance the extermination in Afghanistan and the use of gas in Afghanistan, Laos, and Cambodia, the propaganda loses its grip—and men return to their senses. Individuals and newspapers like the *Wall Street Journal*, *L'express*, *Il Giornale Nuovo* have driven governments to at least acknowledge Soviet sponsorship of terrorism, manipulation of the peace movements, use of gas in Afghanistan, Laos, and Cambodia. In the face of sceptical hostile journalists' questions about terrorism, the then Secretary of State, Alexander M. Haig, referred to the work of one private journalist, Claire Sterling. But especially in foreign affairs, governments are supposed to bring men to their senses—not men their governments. We are already in a situation that calls upon individuals to say things their governments dare not acknowledge—the situation of individuals in totalitarian countries.

The last presidential election somewhat undid this tendency to polarization in thinking in the United States—and also in free Europe—because it showed the capacity of millions of individuals to come to their own conclusions, to think with their own heads, despite the pounding and manipulation of almost all major media. It made facts self-evident that men had hardly dared mention in public a few years before. There was, however, an immediate attempt to reintroduce ideological stereotypes, like a drug that some men, and especially some men who have come to speak for the Democratic Party, could not get along with-

out. In somewhat veiled terms, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. recently pleaded openly for this kind of polarization, even as he scornfully admitted that Reagan's election has reasserted common sense perception and the meaning of words enough to weaken the ideological rigidity that had intensified polarization during the long years of South Vietnam's and the United States' fight to save Indochina. In the attempt to reintroduce this polarization, exploitation of the yearning for peace and the terror before nuclear death plays an important role, a role similar to the "anti-war" movements more than ten years ago:

In foreign policy the administration has presided over the remilitarization of the Cold War. [Soviet propaganda characterizes any Western attempt to defend itself as a reintroduction of the Cold War.] It has conveyed the distinct impression that it regards nuclear weapons as usable and nuclear war as winnable. Far from regarding the nuclear arms race as a threat to the future of humanity, the administration appears to regard it as the great means for doing the Soviets in.¹³

The government appears tongue-tied before this attempt to reawaken ideological thinking. It avoids straightforward facts and telling details and resorts to platitudes that are barely distinguishable from ideology, and betrays something approaching inverted agreement with those who wish to undo it. This evasiveness bespeaks fear and stirs the suspicion it would dispell. For instance, President Reagan in his address on March 8, 1983, and on other occasions, exaggerated the effective exercise of American strength in the years immediately after the Second World War—the years that, unwittingly, made for the continuation of the war they meant to end, and thereby, increased the chances for the collapse of the West that has to some extent occurred.

The absence of a coherent peace, and the consequent unacknowledged continuation of the war, meant we knew what we were against but not what we were for. It meant containment—the resignation to the perpetuation of the division in the hope that it would end. The truth of the matter is probably that nobody at the end of the War really expected peace. For otherwise they would have thought seriously about it. Because they did not expect it, they asked only to be allowed to aspire to it.

The paralysis that first betrayed itself in this resignation shows itself not only within countries but in the general stagnation in international relations which some take for "stability"—which, in turn, fosters stagnation in attitudes that prevent the perception of facts, and their significance, at the moment of their occurrence.

Soviet propaganda speaks as if the truce in Europe and the far East in 1945 had just occurred. And in some sense, that is true—in the psychological sense. In the free countries the same old arguments are repeated from generation to generation, but always as if they were new, the same illusions reappear and must be dispelled. This repetition of the same arguments responds unawares to the rigidity of

Communist propaganda—and sometimes is actually occasioned and manipulated by Communist disinformation.¹⁴ At the time of the Soviet attack on Afghanistan in December 1979, George Kennan explained Soviet aggression in much the same terms that Forrestal in 1944 said hampered American perception of Soviet aggression:

I find that whenever any American suggests that we act in accordance with the needs of our own security he is apt to be called a god-damned fascist or imperialist, while if Uncle Joe suggests that he needs the Baltic Provinces, half of Poland, all of Bessarabia and access to the Mediterranean, all hands agree that he is a fine, frank, candid and generally delightful fellow who is very easy to deal with because he is so explicit in what he wants.¹⁵

In a world that thinks of itself as constantly on the move, little changes—in perception and understanding. Again, Forrestal in 1947 could be describing the situation today:

It looks to me as if the world were going to try to turn conservative but the difficulty is that between Hitler, your friends to the east, and the intellectual muddlers who have had the throttle for the last ten years, the practical people are going to have a hell of a time getting the world out of receivership, and when the miracles are not produced the crackpots may demand another chance in which to really finish the job. At that time it will be of greatest importance that the Democratic Party speaks for the liberals, but not for the revolutionaries.¹⁶

But stagnation does not mean “stability”—it means drift towards totalitarianism, drift for the most part unperceived.

And the stagnation does not go back to 1945 only. It reaches back to 1917. Soviet actions to the world have not changed since 1917 and early 1918. They are only an extension of the terror that began in 1917 and 1918 in Russia to as much of the world as will not resist the methodical resort to terror, sometimes not even disguised with honeyed overtures of peace in the name of a spontaneous uprising for freedom. In 1923 Guglielmo Ferrero said that Russia had in four years suffered the disintegration that had taken the ancient world four centuries.¹⁷ In 1925 the Russian historian, educated and trained in the world of Nicholas II, Sergey Petrovich Melgounov, published *The Red Terror in Russia*, in the major languages of Europe, that described the atrocities of the Bolsheviks without uttering the word Marxist. But all that has been forgotten. And because it has been forgotten we recall anything that happens with difficulty.

The man who will read Melgounov will see the stagnation that surrounds him. He will see that the generations have come and gone and that little has changed in Bolshevik practice since 1917, the practice that instructed Hitler and showed him the world would ignore, and forget what it did not ignore. The practice of getting others to do the murdering for them, and still others to justify and exult in it. The practice of blaming others for the murder they did themselves: “The Terror was forced upon us.”

After a Socialist woman’s attempt on Lenin’s life on August 28, 1918, Radek, the Bolsheviks’ star writer, quoted Lenin’s “winged words” in *Izvestia*:

Even if ninety percent of the people perish, what matter if the other ten percent live to see the revolution become universal?¹⁸

A few pages later in a somewhat different context Melgounov comments:

Not for nothing do the three capital letters which stand for the title of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission, of the Che-Ka, stand also for the three Russian words which denote “Death to every man.”¹⁹

In Afghanistan a few years ago, to the ignorance of almost all Western newspapers, an Afghan Communist in charge of a prison echoed the Soviet words of 1918:

Their commander-in-chief was one Sayyed Abdollah. With my own ears I heard him say: “A million Afghans only must remain alive: we only need a million Communists: the others, we don’t need them, we will liquidate them.”²⁰

Nothing has changed. The children shot today in Afghanistan are the descendants of the children shot in Russia in 1917–1918.²¹ The murder that went after almost every person of noticeable energy and independence in the countryside in South Vietnam by 1965—information available in a book published in the United States in the same year—went on in Russia beginning in 1917.²² There was nothing spontaneous even then: it was cold and methodical. And why is it that murder, as long as it is spontaneous, seems alright to forget? The terror that wracked Germany in the last years, and—almost unnoticed by the rest of the world—wracks Italy now, that threatens the life of every judge who dares condemn a terrorist, of every courageous journalist, of the wives and children of prison guards and wardens who do not cooperate—all that started in 1917 in Russia with the seizure of wives and children as hostages for shooting. And yet we, and our newspapers, treat murder in Vietnam, Afghanistan, Cambodia, or Italy, when it is noticed at all, as if it had not happened before.

Neither are peace overtures at the moment of murder anything new. For instance, the present Soviet peace overtures to Europe—together with threats of nuclear annihilation—meant to stop the American defense of Europe with Pershing II and cruise missiles at the moment that men and women drown in excrement and are buried alive in Afghanistan.²³ In 1917 and 1918 in Russia the shootings never stopped on the nights before amnesties, the most dreaded nights. And the greatest murder in Russia in 1917 and 1918 came with the abolition of the death penalty.

When I think how few of these occurrences that ought to be the currency of our thinking about the war called peace figure in our memories, and contrast it with the hor-

ror that grows with the years at the murder of five million Jews and unnumbered millions of others, I conclude that only the destruction of fascism and nazism in war allows us to experience its horrors after (and almost because) we can do nothing about them. But we ignore the present murder, and the murder that preceded it, because we *can* do something about it—if only not ignore it.

The resentment and hatred in much of the world at Israel's courage—that makes others perceive their cowardice—bespeaks a certain disingenuousness in this horror at past murders we can no longer do anything about. A disingenuousness that serves to distract from present murder and present cowardice and that shows itself nakedly in the current Soviet and Arab propaganda that compares Israel to the Nazis. Israel is one of the few nations in the world that stands up to murderers, and takes words seriously, that has learned the lessons of World War II—the war that does not cease.

But although the Communists have not changed since 1917, they have renewed themselves. They have returned to their source as Machiavelli (*Discourses* 1, 3) said all republics and sects must. (But a regime that finds itself in undermining the governments of the world, let alone its endurance and renewal, was more than Machiavelli could imagine.) First with the seizure of half of Europe and China after the Second World War, and then with the theft of Cuba—while the world wondered whether Castro was really a “Communist”—and most lately with the undoing of many helpless and unwilling countries after the fall of Saigon in April 1975: Cambodia, Laos, South Yemen (in 1968), Ethiopia, Angola, Mozambique, Nicaragua. And Grenada in 1979. I almost forgot little Grenada which lies on the oil routes through the Caribbean and whose youths now go to Cuba six months every year for indoctrination. The Communists helped precipitate the destruction of the government of Lebanon in 1975 and of the government of Persia in 1978. They are now fighting to seize El Salvador and Afghanistan. And with each successive conquest there is less information and more lies. And the world watches as if in a dream. It has been a rough “short course” in the geography not learned in our renowned universities.

Each new conquest means a return to 1917–1918, and reconfirms its lessons. To talk of the weakening of ideology in these circumstances is nonsense. Each conquest strengthens it. Violence undoes the illusions and the beliefs of victims—but spreads the fear that makes for illusion and the lip-service to ideology in the rest of the world. We are not getting farther away from 1917 as the years pass on: it is approaching us. That is what I mean by stagnation—and what the Communists mean with their talk of the inevitability of history.

Nineteen seventeen is nearer, because we cannot remember it, because we have less conception of what happened than men did in the early twenties. I do not mean only the atrocities, but the simple facts. We still mindlessly

call October a “revolution”, as if it were some popular uprising, instead of a few organized armed men's seizure of a state. There is little understanding that the war, and the collapse of the army in the face of peace propaganda, were the decisive events—propaganda for peace, intenser and more dangerous, but otherwise not unlike the outcry in the United States and Europe during the Vietnam War.²⁴

All the endless talk for more than two generations about “class warfare,” “the masses,” “alienation,” “socialism,” the division of many intellectuals outside Russia into “Stalinists” and “Trotskyists”, all this talk, this supposedly “passionate” talk, that takes itself for philosophy, but is actually only verbiage, serves to obliterate the perception and remembrance of these few fearful facts. And this incapacity to know the facts of the twentieth century reflects itself also in a general incapacity to tell the story of our times, to write simple narrative history in which living statesmen count, and there is a reality to cope with.²⁵

And this incapacity to remember and see the facts leads us to speak and even act as if we had adversaries worthy of respect, as if they were partly right. We let communist regimes get away with murder. We do not even remind them of it, and do not distinguish between these regimes and their peoples. And the more they get away with murder, the more they return to 1917, the more they can ignore the nagging emptiness within. The force of this emptiness, and its fragility, shows itself in their denial of rejection, especially of the rejection of their agents and party men:

My career in the KGB was developing successfully, and it promised to be even better in the future. But my KGB and party superiors did not know that for many years I was developing dissatisfaction with and finally total resentment of the Soviet socialist system. When I was a university student I had the chance to learn about the night-marish cruelty and atrocities of the Stalin regime which slaughtered up to 20 million Soviet citizens. After graduating from the university and being transferred from one Central Committee, Communist Party, Soviet Union affiliated organization to another, I witnessed firsthand the fact that the Soviet socialist system was not working for the good of its citizens. I came to the understanding that it is a totally corrupt dictatorship-type regime with rotten moral standards. Most of the slogans put forward by the Kremlin leaders I came to understand are aimed at deceiving peoples of the U.S.S.R. and of the world. And I clearly understand that Marxism-Leninism is actually a perverted type of religion imposed on millions of people.

Over the past 3 years the Soviet authorities are progressively using all ruthless and, even by Soviet law, illegal means to force and blackmail my family to cooperate with them. *The main reason for the indescribable torture of my family by the Soviet authorities is that the KGB is obviously under pressure to present the Soviet Politburo with “proof” that the reasons for my defection to the United States were not political. They cannot admit that a major in Soviet intelligence could possibly be a hidden dissident.*

Speaking about the Soviet Union, they have a problem, because my file in the KGB does not lead them to find anything bad about me because there is nothing—it is impossible for them. *It is against the Soviet Communist nature to admit that a KGB major defected for political reasons. It just cannot happen by their ideas—they know that it can, but they cannot tell that to the Politburo or the Russian people.* (My emphasis)²⁶

Tolstoy describes this emptiness in Napoleon, and the dependence of its persistence on the approval of much of the world. At Borodino for once the suffering of battle breaks through to him. But he cannot yield to his feelings, because of the praise of half the world. He orders the continuation of fire that he does not desire against Russians who will not give way, because he thinks the world expects it of him:

This day the horrible appearance of the battlefield overcame that strength of mind which he thought constituted his merit and his greatness. . . . With painful dejection he awaited the end of this action, in which he regarded himself as a participant and which he was unable to arrest. *A personal, human feeling for a brief moment got the better of the artificial phantasm of life he had served so long. He felt in his own person the sufferings and death he had witnessed on the battlefield.* The heaviness of his head and chest reminded him of the possibility of suffering and death for himself. . . .

Even before he gave that order the thing he did not desire, and for which he gave the order *only because he thought it was expected of him*, was being done. *And he fell back in that artificial realm of imaginary greatness*, and again—as a horse walking a treadmill thinks it is doing something for itself—he submissively fulfilled the cruel, sad, gloomy, and inhuman role predestined for him.

And not for the day and hour alone were the mind and conscience darkened of this man on whom the responsibility for what was happening lay more than on all the others who took part in it. Never to the end of his life could he understand goodness and truth, too remote from everything human, for him ever to be able to grasp their meaning. He could not disavow his actions, *belauded as they were by half the world*, and so he had to repudiate truth, goodness, and all humanity. (Emphasis mine)²⁷

But the victory over Napoleon brought Europe a hundred years of stability because Talleyrand understood that only the removal of Napoleon could dispell the “artificial phantasm” that was destroying the life of Europe in the name of improving it, and persuaded Alexander I of it.²⁸ In contrast, the First World War precipitated totalitarianism in much of Europe, and the Second World War, dedicated to its destruction, ended with its greatest advance. In contrast to the French revolution, which brought war to all of Europe in the name of freedom, the First World War brought totalitarianism in its aftermath.

There is in recent history a specific date for the renewal of this emptiness’ attack on the truth that began in 1917, and for the West’s collaboration with it, a date that showed

that the capacity to tell the truth—without which no free country could survive—was at the center of the struggle. On April 16, 1943, the government of Poland in London announced the discovery of bodies of “many thousands” of Polish officers they suspected the Soviets had murdered near Smolensk in the forest of Katyn.²⁹ Instead of supporting the Polish government which was eventually to have ten divisions fighting in the West, the British and American governments tried to silence it. Stalin broke diplomatic relations with the government of Poland and started the long diplomatic struggle for Poland that went on throughout 1944 and which Churchill knew would decide the fate of Germany and Europe, and, therefore, of the peace.

A Hungarian Stalinist until he joined the uprising in 1956 that brought him his death, Miklos Gimlas described this process of throttling the capacity to say, and understand, the obvious that has threatened many of the governments and newspapers of the world since 1917, and that made a decisive advance in the long years of the war for Indochina. Because they succumbed to, and even in some instances encouraged, the frenzy in the United States and Europe that took itself for passion that undid that war, their words now ring hollow—the so-called “credibility gap”:

Slowly we had come to believe . . . that there are two kinds of truth . . . that truth of the Party and the people can be different and can be more important than the objective truth and that truth and political expediency are in fact identical. . . . And so we arrived at the outlook . . . which poisoned our whole public life, penetrated the remotest corners of our thinking, obscured our vision, paralysed our critical faculties and finally rendered many of us incapable of simply sensing or apprehending truth. This is how it was, it is no use denying it.³⁰

In just those years of the Indochina war the first authentic voices since 1917 from within Russia broke upon the world, and showed its startled eyes that the capacity to tell the truth, which had made Russian art one of the centers of Europe in the nineteenth century, had survived the so-called Russian revolution, that Russia still lived, that things were at the same time worse than we had known, and better than we had imagined in that abandoned country. At the same time that the West succumbed to an onslaught of lies, voices in the east dismissed them with a sureness that made us blush at the obvious we desired to deny—and did deny. Loudly, because we knew it to be undeniable. But the Indochina war ended with the first major Soviet advances throughout the world since the seizure of eastern Europe in 1945.

These voices embarrass much of the West because they remind it of its evasiveness and willing blindness. Almost a generation ago, Michael Polanyi described this incapacity to face simple facts, and draw their consequences, in words that tell even more today:

Many academic experts will refuse to recognize today that mere thirst for truth and justice has caused the revolts now transforming the Soviet Countries. They are not Marxists, but their views are akin to Marxism in claiming that the scientific explanation of history must be based on more tangible forces than the fact that people change their minds.³¹

This incapacity to cope with the truth, and tell it, makes it difficult for free governments to explain their policies and even sometimes to enjoy the confidence of their actions. There is no way to act effectively in free countries without straightforward explanation of actions. For action needs the test of public explanation to win natural assurance. During the war in Vietnam, the United States did much of what was necessary, but did not dare justify it or say it openly, did not dare know what it was doing. The government was simply not able to find the words to explain its actions. This incapacity to explain its actions amounted almost to acting publicly in secret. This evasiveness not only bred suspicion, but undid confidence both in the government and finally in the people, who for many years lent the government a confidence it turned out not to have. It also kept the government from realizing that it did not have a strategy for winning. That even today the word "winning" sounds uncomfortable is a measure of our past evasiveness. The government lost the war with words, not on the battlefield, because it did not understand its actions enough to explain them. A Soviet commentator, in contrast, understood its actions very well, precisely because he did not have to suffer the test of public explanation:

I really tore the stupid Americans to shreds this morning . . . I held them up to shame for escalating the War in Vietnam. What idiots they are in Washington! Rotten humanists in white gloves! They want to hold Communism back, the fools. But it doesn't have to be stopped; it needs to be squashed. But they don't understand, not a damned thing! The only fellow they ever had who understood *what a cowardly bunch of jackals all these Stalins and Khrushchevs and Maos and Hos are* was John Foster Dulles, may his soul rest in peace. He knew you can talk with Communists pleasantly and politely, just as long as you hold a gun to their heads. Then they are quiet and peaceful, as smooth as can be. But any other approach is useless. . .

I read all these people like Alsop, Lippmann, and Pearson, and not one of these pundits is smart enough to say straight out: Tell the Russians to go to hell and get on with the job in Vietnam. The Russians won't dare to raise a finger against you. They're scared to death. And the Chinese won't touch you either. But they'll make a terrible lot of noise. All you have to do is snap back at them properly and quietly, as Dulles did, and they'll shut up. They'll be begging for peace themselves. How stupid life is. *We can't write what we think but they can't do what we think either. They are afraid of their own left-wingers.* I've been there, I know. (My emphasis)³²

This incapacity to explain action publicly, and, therefore, more often than not, to understand it privately with

any confidence, leads to an incapacity to understand the significance of action. To understand the importance of acts, especially in a situation where the threat of total war is constant and, therefore, unreal, and "little" wars continue regardless—and where the fighting is far away and engages only the Soviets or their proxies directly—you have to go to the books about the camps. They are the only books of manners, of diplomacy, we have—our *Odyssey*. The first rule of the camps is, pay attention to actions, not words—one's own actions and the actions of others:

Only dimly at first, but with ever greater clarity, did I also come to see that soon how a man acts can alter what he is. Those who stood up well in the camps became better men, those who acted badly soon became bad men; and this, or at least so it seemed, independent of their past life history and their former personality make-up or at least those aspects of personality that seemed significant in psychoanalytic thinking.³³

Diplomats should now go to the books on the camps to learn what they are up against in dealing with totalitarian regimes. For our world no longer has any strangers, or, at least, no longer knows how to recognize and greet a stranger. And in the camps there are no strangers—and everybody knows it unmistakably.

In their concentration camps totalitarian regimes betray the desperation that possesses them, and that informs their actions among the nations: in their readiness to allow criminals to victimize the innocent captives, in their resort to terror, including threats to relatives and friends still outside, to make men do anything to survive, above all in their effort to prove there is no such thing as courage, that life is merely existence, to destroy men without directly killing them, to make them scared of the breath they breathe. And all this not swiftly but in a long drawn-out cunning cat-and-mouse game that raises expectations and crushes them, that exploits the yearning to survive (at the price of betraying all one is), and the illusion that one might just be different from the dead and dying, to turn a man into an apparently willing victim, because his will—and his life—have shrunk almost beyond his experience. Melgounov was already clear in 1925 about this slowness:

Besides, the policy of the Soviet Government is a policy capable always of postponing its wreakings of revenge, so that persons may "disappear", may be sent into exile, or thrown in gaol, long after they have been granted official guarantees of immunity.³⁴

Melgounov mentions no countries—in addition to individuals—because he did not imagine that the violence consuming Russia might spread to the world. All this slowness, especially the exploitation of the wish to survive at almost any cost, has betrayed itself in the fear of war that has obsessed the West since 1917. More than twenty years passed before the Communists finally struck South Vietnam openly.

Terror and destruction appear to work. Few can cope with them without wreaking equal destruction—Indochina was an important exception—in return, destruction that usually works to the advantage of those who want to destroy.

The camps teach that there is no “negotiation” without hard-headed courage, and the strength that comes of it, that does not lead to irremediable surrender in which the victim, individual or country, is made to consent to his own destruction, which wants to change man, to reach his core, but which destroys many, and discovers unexpected strength in some.

Who knows whether it is not in man’s lack of an internal *core* that the mysterious success of the New Faith and its charm for the intellectual lie? By subjecting man to pressure, the New Faith creates this core, or in any case the feeling that it exists. Fear of freedom is nothing more than fear of the void. “There is nothing in man,” said a friend of mine, a dialectician. “He will never extract anything out of himself, because there is nothing there. You can’t leave the people and write in a wilderness. Remember that man is a function of social forces. Whoever wants to be alone will perish.” This is probably true, but I doubt if it can be called anything more than the law for our times. Feeling that there was *nothing* in him, Dante could not have written his *Divine Comedy* or Montaigne his *Essays*, nor could Chardin have painted a single still-life. Today man believes there is *nothing* in him, so he accepts *anything*, even if he knows it to be bad, in order to find himself at one with others, in order not to be alone. As long as he believes this, there is little one can reproach in his behaviour.³⁵

The emptiness Milosz means is Baudelaire’s *ennui*. It means not being able to taste life, not feeling alive, not being alive. “Whoever wants to be alone will perish.” But whoever does not stand alone will not live. People who cannot feel life, whose words have no meaning, feel that there is a wall between them and life, that there is no core. The incapacity to experience life, to feel alive, makes people feel as miserable as poverty—and, ashamed. They wince in envy at individuals who can feel these things. In free countries envy tortures all the more, because it is clear that nothing keeps one from life except oneself: there is nobody to blame.

Totalitarian ideology promises to dispel such emptiness, but totalitarian states simply crush anything that is not empty. They murder and persecute individuals not possessed by it. It is the insistence on this emptiness, on proving that there is nothing else, nothing that can stand up to it, that drives totalitarian regimes to expand. For free countries excite murderous envy, because they remind totalitarian regimes that everyone might not be empty, that there might be men who can say “no,” who might love life enough not to do anything to survive. But baffled by their freedom that mercilessly drives them to experience their incapacity to live, the free countries, for the most part, cannot conceive that anybody could envy them:

...very many people living in totalitarian countries, having survived terror and been brainwashed by propaganda, are not only genuinely content with their position, but virtually consider themselves to be the happiest people on earth. This, however, engenders an inferiority complex vis-à-vis the democracies, so that the inhabitants of totalitarian countries often turn into implacable enemies of freedom, ready and willing to destroy everything that reminds them of the free will they have lost. This also applies in many respects to the intellectuals of those countries, who often display a pathological fear of freedom.

A man who has been accustomed to breathing fresh air all his life does not notice it, and never realizes what a blessing it is. He thinks of it only occasionally when entering a stuffy room, but knows that he need only open the window for the air to become fresh again. A man who has grown up in a democratic society and who takes the basic freedoms as much for granted as the air he breathes is in much the same position. People who have grown up under democracy do not value it highly enough. Yet there are weighty reasons for their dissatisfaction with this society...³⁶

This reluctance to take their own measure that makes it difficult for the free countries to realize that the totalitarian regimes are murderously envious of their freedom—in some sense experience it more deeply than the free countries because they have deprived themselves of it—makes it difficult for them to experience communist hypocrisy and duplicity. At the end of the war some experienced the West’s incapacity to perceive Communist duplicity more vividly than now:

The sheer duplicity of the Soviets during these negotiations is beyond the experience of the experts in the State Department, with the result that any future promise made by the Soviets is to be evaluated with great caution. It appears that they do not mind lying or even our knowing that they lie, as long as it is for the benefit of the state.³⁷

Perception of totalitarian duplicity would lead to awareness that the Communist regimes speak in a different dimension, that the same words mean different things to them, in the precise sense that the same words meant different things at Corcyra. This double vision in which the relation to world and self, and of language to truth, is at stake, is precisely the disturbance in perception that I mentioned in the introduction which betrays itself in the division of the West and feeds upon it—and makes it difficult for us to distinguish between our friends and enemies:

30 April 1947 Jimmy Byrnes came in this morning and in talking about the Russians he said they are “stubborn, obstinate and they don’t scare.” I reminded him of our conversation about two years ago when he chided me for being too extreme in my views about the Russians when I told him that [when] he harbored the illusion that he could talk in the same fashion with the Russians that he could with the Republican opposition in the Senate he was very much mistaken. *At that time I told him that when he spoke so to speak, using language*

*in a third dimension, the Russians spoke in a fourth, and there was no stairway.*³⁸

The dissociation of words from facts, which makes it impossible to grasp the meaning of events until afterwards, when nothing can be done about them, results from not perceiving totalitarian duplicity, and the incommensurability of vision that comes with it. Such dissociation and double vision makes people helpless before aggression. Brezhnev in 1973 meant just this dissociation when he called for "cooperation" between the two sides despite their incapacity to talk to each other—as if they were interchangeable, and the truth did not separate them:

For years we have been piling up arms without interruption. Until now we can destroy each other many times over, not simply once. Why not persuade our people to work together, even if we hold ideological positions, we will perhaps never be able to reconcile?³⁹

One of the *New York Times* correspondents in Indochina, Sydney Schanberg, experienced this double vision in his own flesh when he could not recognize the revolution of his dreams in the murder before his eyes, patients left to die on the operating table and the rest, in Cambodia in the spring of 1975 after the fall of Saigon:

...In almost every situation we encountered during the more than two weeks we were under Communist control, there was a sense of split vision—whether to look at events through Western eyes or through what we thought might be Cambodian revolutionary eyes.

Brutality or Necessity?

Was this just cold brutality, a cruel and sadistic imposition of the law of the jungle, in which only the fittest will survive? Or is it possible that, seen through the eyes of the peasant soldiers and revolutionaries, the forced evacuation of the cities is a harsh necessity? Perhaps they are convinced that there is no way to build a new society for the benefit of the ordinary man, hitherto exploited, without literally starting from the beginning; in such an unbending view people who represent the old ways and those considered weak or unfit would be expendable and would be weeded out. Or was the policy both cruel and ideological? (My emphasis)⁴⁰

Because totalitarian leaders see the freedom of the West with more clarity than much of the West, they desire to undermine and destroy it with the free West's involuntary cooperation and consent—to exploit the West's fear of its own self-destructiveness, that showed itself in the First World War and in the decade before the Second World War, to turn it against itself. To win this unwilling cooperation they exploit the West's unacknowledged guilt at going along with the cat-and-mouse game of murderers ever since 1917.

The United States now goes along with this cat-and-mouse game in El Salvador. Intelligent and honest journalists, who do not know much history, observe rightly that

the United States contributes to the polarization it might have prevented with the swiftness of confidence—which they do not, however, call for:

It was certainly possible to describe some members of the armed opposition, as Deane Hinton had, as "out-and-out Marxists," but it was equally possible to describe other members of the opposition, as the embassy had at the inception of the Revolutionary Democratic Front (FDR) in April of 1980, as "a broad-based coalition of moderate and center left groups." The right in El Salvador never made this distinction: to the right, anyone in the opposition was a communist, along with most of the American press, the Catholic church, and, as time went by, all Salvadoran citizens not of the right. In other words there remained a certain ambiguity about political terms as they were understood in the United States and in El Salvador, where "left" may mean, in the beginning, only a resistance to seeing one's family killed or disappeared. That it comes eventually to mean something else may be, to the extent that the United States has supported the increasing polarization in El Salvador, the procustean bed we made ourselves.⁴¹

Violence, in appearance random, in which, in contrast to outright war, you never really know who you are fighting, makes for the "ambiguity of political terms" that Joan Didion talks of. Because the United States will neither pull out entirely or move decisively, the violence goes on and on, and the propaganda war spreads throughout the world in the doubts of men. To prolong means to lose, because it means to prolong uncertainty and to increase the "mixed signals" from the United States the El Salvadorans complain of, rightly. The continuation of violence means that men, especially men outside the country of violence, will want most of all an end to it. It means victory for the few, weaker and more violent, who will destroy freedom in El Salvador. The focus on El Salvador that comes of going along with this cat-and-mouse game also keeps the United States from lifting its eyes to the real threat and instigator, Cuba, and to the danger to Mexico—from seeing the whole situation in the Caribbean, and in the world.

The cat-and-mouse game feeds off dread of the "Right," of fascism and nazism. But it may actually in the slow ceasing course of defeat provoke the brutality it dreads—as a young writer observed in profound criticism of the President of Yale's recent outburst against the "Moral Majority":

Neither your Address, nor any other manifestations of liberal Democrat culture take notice of the real dangers to the United States, such as the latest measures of Soviet militarization, like the abolition of military draft deferment for college students or the creation of military bases in Afghanistan for advancing further into the Middle East. But these real dangers exist, they will really grow, they will produce real fear, and on this fear real fascists or Nazis will capitalize.⁴²

And this may be just what Soviet policy wants—in spite of itself.

2 The Roots of the Division in the Past

I have described how the division betrays itself in politics since 1945, in the division of the world, in the division of Germany and of countries like Korea, and in the polarization of thinking, and the excitation of irreconcilable factions within free countries, and within individuals within those countries, and of the workings of this division, of how it turns countries against themselves and individuals against themselves, of how it increases the forces within an individual that paralyze him in the name of freeing him from them.

But this division that shows itself most startlingly in politics since 1945, goes much deeper than politics. It tends to politicize all life. Even in Italian elementary schools and high schools factionalism that calls itself "Left" and "Right" holds sway—a telling indication of the adults' incapacity to speak to each other.⁴³

The politicization shows itself most tellingly in the politicization of freedom, in its equation with democracy, in the incapacity to conceive of democratic constitutions springing from freedom, rather than freedom springing from democratic constitutions. The astonishing, fairly current, assertion that the greatest achievements in art, philosophy, and the writing of history have occurred in democracies shows this parochialism in its nakedness.

In the paradox of contradiction, the war now abroad means to destroy constitutions in the name of directly realizing this freedom that politicization devours. For it hates democratic constitutions for their modesty, for their readiness to build on this freedom, and yet measure their distance from it. For these constitutions with their checks and balances, their respect for opposition, their due process, their dedication to law and justice above all expediency, express both our yearning for freedom and our incapacity for realizing it, directly. In its genius the American constitution bases its confidence in men on a distrust of their natures, and, therefore, distinguishes what men do from what they think, say, and desire. It, therefore, makes men experience their dissatisfaction with themselves—the difference between their good opinion of themselves and their actual self.

Art and philosophy and the writing of history, when they are not propaganda masquerading as art, have always been greater than politics and free constitutions, have always shown their foundation in nature and in living man, in the freedom that is greater than constitutions and underlies them. In this sense art and philosophy and history are silent. They do not incite to action, but allow one to experience the springs of action, life itself, in another dimension of make believe and recall.

The shrinking of freedom within political bounds that corresponds to its containment within the frontiers of a few countries, shows itself in unmistakable terms in the emptiness of much of what passes for art, philosophy, and

history—and in its unacknowledged politicization, and in the public's fascination with it and incapacity to distinguish it from actual art. Substitute the word "communism" for "sex" in many novels written today, and they will betray the yearning to incite to action, with the most powerful stimulants, characteristic of propaganda, the ideological drive to obliterate the obvious, the self-evident, the lovely plainness of the day—as Lev Navrozov has observed.

In contrast our great art—and we have some—is above all unassuming, unassuming enough to undo pretension and masks, and make you blush. The plainness of our humdrum existences which leaves little space for anything but life, whether lived or not, escapes and baffles like a new Circe everything but this unassumingness which bears no pretence and makes no show, and seems, and in some sense is, effortless—which does not mean it comes without struggle. Above all it knows that the most important things come unasked. I am thinking, for example, of Montale, Morandi, the Gräss of *Onkel, Onkel*, Godard, and Truffaut. In Sinyavsky's *A Voice from the Chorus* it moves even in the camps, for the book is made up of the author's letters from the camps—in a world that, at least in the West, writes few letters for other than official purposes. In some sense no real story can now be told on the unmistakable level of art without this unassumingness that recalls the simplicity of nature, and is the only strength we have that is undeniable. Nadezhda Mandelstam in *Hope against Hope* showed Stalin's unmistakable smell for this unassumingness, and his refusal to give up the scent until he destroyed it.

Besides showing itself in art, philosophy, and the writing of history, the mirrors of the soul, this freedom greater than democracy lives in individuals, in the lives they lead, in the language they speak, which bears all history in it, which is always greater than the meanings it shows, which always shows life rediscovering its meanings, and, therefore, always surprises—all living that in happy times goes on untouched by politics. Because this freedom lives in individuals, and in some sense begins with them, the war now going on aims at destroying *all* individuals capable of experiencing freedom and, therefore, nature to some extent. Igor Shafarevich meant this destruction when he wrote "... socialist ideals must (bring) ... the *withering away of all mankind, and its death*.":

...the economic and social demands of socialism are the means for the attainment of its basic aim, the *destruction of individuality*.

...Such a revolution would amount to the destruction of Man, at least in the sense that has hitherto been contained in this concept. And not just an abstract destruction of the concept, but a real one too.⁴⁴

To the extent that the world-wide war to destroy freedom has made freedom smaller than democracy, which

can only spring from it and realize it within limitations, and allow individuals to realize it, but which cannot create it, for it already lives, and we know its presence even in its partial absence, totalitarianism has already succeeded.

Because individuals realize the attack is against them, and that their governments are in some sense complicit with it, just as they themselves are complicit with it, they tend to be distrustful rather than critical of their democratic governments and of themselves—a distrust that like the shrinking of freedom shows the success of totalitarianism has no geographical frontiers, because it has no sovereignty, because it subdues all life within its own frontiers and, therefore, must feed on life without.

But this struggle against totalitarianism that has subordinated freedom to politics, and threatens the individual, is in a sense simply a byproduct of the First World War and of the incapacity to understand and end it. Unlike the wars of Napoleon whose armies attempted to bring the French Revolution to all of Europe, the First World War did not begin as a total revolutionary war. It began as a conventional war which surprised everybody. It turned into a total war because nobody understood it. And its very uncontrollability, which came of this incapacity to understand it, and which betrayed itself in enormous casualties, turned it into a revolutionary war in 1917, for the betterment of humanity, to justify those casualties. In 1917 to keep its soldiers in the trenches, the Italian government promised them a new world.⁴⁵ 1917 also brought the Fourteen Points, and the veneration of Wilson's picture almost like an icon in much of Europe. The First World War was not born of the revolution. It unleashed it.

The men who defeated Napoleon did not only know what they were against. They knew what they were for. They knew concretely enough what they were for, for Talleyrand to explain to Alexander I that there could be no peace without the removal of Napoleon from power, and restoration of monarchy in France. In contrast, the men of 1914 so little understood what they were about that they allowed a war they had not understood to turn into a total war against all governments—that is, into a war against themselves.

Because revolution, the war against governments that sets individuals against each other and against themselves, came *after and as a result* of the First World War, became the content of the First World War after the fighting on the fronts ceased, because the war produced revolutions, and not the revolutions the war, the division of the West precedes the struggle against totalitarianism, and underlies it, and is deeper than it.

In 1918 in a remarkable work, *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*, Thomas Mann clearly grasped the underlying meaning of the struggle that had rent Europe, and sensed that the incapacity to grasp it, that betrayed itself in 1918 in the flight into principles that masked disrespect for the defeated in their desire to change them, would also make it impossible to experience the tragedy that gripped Eu-

rope, both victors and defeated, and, therefore, to end the war in peace:

... Berufen sein, sei es zu einem Wissen oder einer Tat, zu der man nicht geboren ist, das schien mir immer der Sinn der Tragischen—und wo Tragik ist, darf Liebe sein.⁴⁶

The First World War represented a renewal of Rome's struggle against the world in antiquity and in the sixteenth century which Germany had resisted:

Der Imperialismus der Zivilisation ist die letzte Form des römischen Vereinigungsgedankens, gegen den Deutschland protestiert...⁴⁷

For Thomas Mann in 1918 it was clear that the accidental war had been about something real and almost palpable, his own living and all the world he had known—and that because it had been about something real, neither the defeated nor the victors could be entirely right.

Mann saw the First World War as a struggle between France and Germany, between France that embodied the principles of the French Revolution, and Germany and the German-speaking world, and probably also Russia (which an accident of diplomacy had put on the side of the Allies). He understood that total war had distorted France as much as Germany, for total war tends to obliterate the differences between victors and defeated.

Germany stood for art as opposed to "literature"—the novels that led Madame Bovary to destruction—for work in distinction to employment, for culture as opposed to civilization, for authority as opposed to liberty, which he distinguished from freedom, for feeling as opposed to principle, for philosophy, for freedom as opposed to democracy, which tended to spread politics everywhere, and after the French Revolution, had brought war to all of Europe. By art as opposed to "literature," he meant an art that was greater than politics, and which taught its readers the limits of politics. He dared even to write that he had hoped Germany would win the war.

But the greatness of *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* comes in the awareness that breathes throughout it that this world is gone forever, and that its disappearance will have consequences. It is a book full of the sense of loss, and, therefore, full of sorrow and depth, a warm depth whose profundity does not frighten. *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* is as much a farewell to Germany as *Buddenbrooks* was a farewell to his parents and his family, and Lübeck and the world of the Hanseatic cities. From now on he would be on his own without a past in a world that was on its own.

The time of wandering in which all were homeless had begun—the time in which men no longer knew how to greet a stranger, and, therefore tell the difference between a stranger and friend, in which men no longer wrote letters, in which all knew the devastating loneliness of losing oneself in a crowd, in which a great deal of cash no longer

meant wealth, in which great cities assured anonymity, and the elites of the world lived as if in villages, in which the country of the homeless would inherit the defense of what was left of a Europe that could not defend itself, in which love would be called sex, and blushes feared, in which egalitarianism was taken for the simplicity of nature, in which any difference smote the heart with something like the pangs of unrequited love, in which envy would be taken for enthusiasm, in which few could conceive less was more, in which you wrote books because you feared to speak your mind to your neighbour, in which plain good sense would be taken for untutored naïvete, in which gradually artists disappeared and all men became "artists," in which everything had to be learned in school, in which men thought they were the first in history to make love, in which men protested against death, in which shame's place in nature was beyond imagination.

1918 was probably the last year Mann could have written such a book. Later he praised democracy, because it was all that was left, and never with anything like the depth of his farewell to the world of his youth. For after 1918 you could no longer address individuals without exciting crowds, without inspiring the passions that made things worse in the name of making them better, without provoking the politics that seduced individuals to their death by promising to do for them what they could not do for themselves.

You had to get along with what was left—that is what Mann's farewell meant. But getting along with what was left meant knowing the consequences of destruction. It meant that in the future Europe would live only in individuals wandering and alone throughout the world in a silence that told of embarrassment at great works and at greatness itself, and that took any inadvertent sign of life—from which all art springs—as something untoward:

... Ich sprach von europäischer Verhunzung: Und wirklich, unserer Zeit gelang es, so vieles zu verhunzen: Das Nationale, den Sozialismus—den Mythos, die Lebensphilosophie, das Irrationale, den Glauben, die Jugend, die Revolution und was nicht noch alles. Nun denn, sie brachte uns auch die Verhunzung des grossen Mannes. Wir muessen uns mit dem historischen Lose abfinden, das Genie auf dieser Stufe seiner Offenbarungs-moeglichkeit zu erleben.⁴⁸

About twenty years after Mann's *Betrachtungen*, Kafka understood clearly that the separation of feelings from understanding that the principles of the victors had helped bring about—and against which Thomas Mann had said Germany had always protested—had brought about the demonization of feelings that might destroy the very things they would have preserved when not divorced from understanding. By feelings Kafka meant, I think, the wild, and quite passionless, indignation that drove political propaganda, and threatened to undermine the little authority that remained in government and individuals.

... One ought not to provoke people. We live in an age which is so possessed by demons, that soon we shall only be able to do goodness and justice in the deepest secrecy, as if it were a crime. War and revolution haven't ceased to rage. On the contrary. The freeing of our feelings stokes their fires.⁴⁹

Mann knew that something real had been destroyed. And because something real had been destroyed, and because men did not realize it had been destroyed, the destruction, the war, would continue, even as the protests of desperation against it increased. This destruction pretended to free the core of man, that showed itself in the capacity to say "yes" or "no," but actually it sought to destroy this core, to paralyze the capacity to say "yes" or "no," to destroy the living, the capacity to live. It did this by turning life itself into politics, into propaganda that drove people into ecstasy with its promises to change human nature.

When Mann realized that there could be no peace after 1917 because neither defeated nor victors could admit they had been both right and wrong in the traditions of eighteenth century law, he meant the disappearance of doubt in international relations, the doubt that finds remarkable description in the late Richard Hofstadter's sketch of the qualities that make for art and philosophy:

It is, in fact, the ability to comprehend and express not only different but opposing points of view, to identify imaginatively with or even to embrace within oneself contrary feelings and ideas that gives rise to first-rate work in all areas of humanistic expression and in many fields of inquiry.⁵⁰

The democracies recognized this doubt, that is ultimately the doubt, and the questioning that comes of it, of Socrates, in their recognition of opposition and criticism in their domestic life. But after 1917 it no longer held any sway in international life where victors and defeated could no longer admit they were both right and wrong. Instead they wanted a rigidity they took for assurance—a rigidity which robbed them of confidence and made them fear themselves, and which made them weak in peace and harsh in war, and which finally obliterated the distinction between peace and war.

But this rigidity in international relations which brings with it the destruction of traditional international law (*jus gentium*)—the Germans were not even invited to the peace negotiations after the First World War—cannot but slowly paralyze the doubt within the domestic life of free countries. It shows its stiffening effect in the spread of ideologies, and the polarization they bring, within free countries. For this doubt to live within countries, it must also show itself outside of them in the recognition of the uncertainty of relations between nations, which allows the continuation of present friendships, because it recognizes that the friends of today might be the enemies of tomorrow—and the enemies of today, the friends of tomorrow.⁵¹ This recognition of uncertainty means the recognition of the

differences between nations, which, in turn, brings the recognition that freedom is bigger than constitutions, and, therefore, does not require similar constitutions everywhere, that some peoples can live in freedom without spelling their freedom out in written documents, that freedom is old, slavery new. In his characteristically sententious remark at Yalta that the wars of the twentieth century unlike other wars allowed the victors to impose their political systems on the defeated, Stalin meant the opposite of living with this uncertainty.⁵² But this uncertainty inspired the traditional law of nations (*jus gentium*), which is older than almost all nations now living, and which knew it lived precisely because it sought its assurance, not in the written guarantee of treaties, but in the threat of war for violation of traditional practice—for instance, the seizure of ambassadors, something the Persians did at their peril in the nineteenth century.

The incapacity to settle the war with a real peace, which brought the defeated as well as the victors to the peace table, blurred the distinction between victors and defeated, precisely because a real peace would have meant recognizing their differences, and the differences in their political traditions. It would have meant not destroying the institution of the Kaiser, or at least realizing the serious consequences of its destruction. It would have meant understanding the risks involved in undoing the empires. It took more than a generation and much disaster to make the world understand that the destruction of governments prolongs a war instead of ending it, because legitimate governments do not grow up overnight:

July 29, 1945 . . . He (Ernest Bevin, Foreign Minister of Great Britain) then made a rather surprising statement—for a liberal and a labor leader: "It might have been far better for all of us not to have destroyed the institution of the Kaiser after the last war; we might not have had this one if we hadn't done so. It might have been far better to have guided the Germans to a constitutional monarchy rather than leaving them without a symbol and therefore opening the psychological doors to a man like Hitler. . . ."⁵³

The blurring of the distinction between victors and defeated showed itself in the collapse of governments among *both* the defeated and victorious. For Italy, which Mussolini seized by bluff in 1922, and Russia, at least until Kerensky, had been victors in the war with Germany. And the collapse of France in 1941, in face of the might that came of the collapse of the democracy that defeat had imposed on Germany, should also probably be included in this list. This collapse of governments among both defeated and victors shows the war had overwhelmed both.

In a sense the story of the two decades between the wars is the story of how victors and defeated undid each other in unwilling cooperation. Defeat is a serious business. It should teach the victors modesty of aims. The extent that the war had overcome both defeated and victors showed itself also in the victors' blindness to the significance of the

failure of democracy in Italy, and then in Germany. Nations who had persuaded themselves they had fought the war for democracy ought to have been profoundly alarmed at the collapse of these governments—not to speak of the collapse of the Tsar, and a few months later, of the just-born democracy in Russia in 1917. Blindness to the significance of the failure of democracy in Italy, and later in Germany, led to complicity with the regimes that replaced them. And this sense of complicity paralyzed the democracies in the face of their aggressions. In some sense nazism and fascism and communism were the creatures of the victors who had not known the responsibilities of victory:

If the realists had wanted to train up a generation of Englishmen and Englishwomen expressly as the potential dupes of every adventurer in morals or politics, commerce or religion, who would appeal to their emotions and promise them private gains which he neither could procure them nor even meant to procure them, no better way of doing it could have been discovered.

. . . The British government, behind all its disguises, had declared itself a partisan of Fascist dictatorship.

. . . I am writing a description of the way in which those events (the English government's unstated policy of undermining the government of the Republic of Spain and the governments of Abyssinia and Czechoslovakia) impinged upon myself and broke up my pose of detached professional thinker. I know now that the minute philosophers of my youth, for all their profession of a purely scientific detachment from practical affairs, were the propagandists of a coming Fascism. I know that Fascism means the end of clear thinking and the triumph of irrationalism. I know that all my life I have been engaged unawares in a political struggle, fighting against these things in the dark. Henceforth I shall fight in the daylight.⁵⁴

Those are famous words of Collingwood's in 1939. But governments had started teaching this confusion to their citizens long before. In a letter on February 15, 1918, Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, argued strongly against giving money to the Bolsheviks in an assessment that even to today sounds raw and outspoken because of its accuracy:

. . . Mr. Walling had a keen appreciation of the forces which are menacing the present social order in nearly every European country and which may have to be reckoned with even in this country. It is really a remarkable analysis of the dangerous elements which are coming to the surface and which are in many ways more to be dreaded than autocracy; the latter is despotism but an intelligent despotism, while the former is a despotism of ignorance. One at least has the virtue of order, while the other is productive of disorder and anarchy. It is a condition which cannot but arouse the deepest concern.⁵⁵

Despite this advice, a few days later on March 11, 1918, Woodrow Wilson, unwilling or unable to distinguish the

violence in Russia from his own promises of democracy to the world—promises made in 1917 to give the fighting meaning—wrote encouraging words to the Soviet Congress:

... The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in the attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life.⁵⁶

Wilson's measureless aspirations wished to dispell the memory of the hatreds shown the world in allied wartime propaganda. But they matched this hatred in fierceness. Their measurelessness also made them difficult to distinguish from the measureless aspirations of those out to destroy all government that continued the hatred of the war in the ostensible repudiation of it. Both the builders and destroyers of governments meant to repudiate the past, including the immediate past of the Great War. There were to be new times—times the world had never seen before. They repudiated the past because the past embarrassed them. But this embarrassment measured only their shame for the present. They shrunk from the past, because they would not know they were ashamed of the present. Underneath this measurelessness that came of shame for a present that was beyond coping, and that was so difficult to distinguish from "revolutionary" fervour, and was in some sense its complement, there was always fear of war, and the suspicion of governments that comes of the fear of war—enough combined to weaken any government.

It was almost as if the world no longer knew how to mourn the dead only to forget them. It did not realize that continuing the war in the measurelessness of aspirations meant not mourning, not feeling sorrow. And that not sorrowing meant forever the leaden guilt at so much massacre whose incomprehensibility had undermined the confidence of statesmen everywhere, made them incapable of concluding an effective peace, and undone the word courage—a guilt that no amount of freneticizing about the future would dispel. There has been perhaps no time with greater cause for sorrow that sorrowed less. The past stopped in 1917.

But the appeal to measureless aspiration to give meaning to the slaughter did not only bring the past to a stop. It nourished the suspicion that violence brought progress, made the world better, that it might be the only way to change things. For the measureless aspiration for peace and a new world meant man had changed, and the only change that men knew had come of violence, now called "revolution" instead of war, because the word "revolution" excited hope, war dread. And it tells something about these measureless aspirations that almost every country that totalitarianism seized first went through democracy.

The belief that violence brought progress made the suspicion that men had done intolerable damage to themselves intolerable. It banished prudence, common-sense,

sobriety, and most of all pessimism, all words hardly anyone dared show in public, whose meaning men no longer knew—or dared conceive—except darkly, and in the silence of their own minds, a silence that the deafening roar of aspiration in all public places made men fearful of trusting. Everything, but above all disaster, became the occasion for exuberance that men mistook for hope—just as they took their sentimentality, especially the sentimental whining for peace, for goodwill. But unlike hope and sorrow and goodwill, this exuberance and sentimentality despite its illusion of energy made men helpless in the face of those who used the same exuberance and sentimentality to undo them. Because of its measurelessness it made it hard to grasp obstacles that would have shown their aspirations their limitations and, therefore, increased the responsibilities of the victors by facing them with the choice between what they might do—and what they could not. But the very measurelessness of the aspirations that increased because they did not face these obstacles made for the assumption hardly anyone dared question in public, that men had actually changed, rather than simply destroyed ages of inheritance.

In this unwillingness even to ask whether destruction might not have made things worse, our time contrasts with Rome in her civil wars. Open almost any page of Cicero, of Sallust and even some of Caesar, and you will see there a confidence we cannot conceive that their words will live forever because they tell of men who had destroyed themselves and their freedom, and had little illusion that it would not be forever, and that nothing would come of it, except sorrow for the loss they could not help. And so it, in fact, turned out, only much more slowly than now, because they recognized the loss—preferred sight to the exuberance of willing blindness, and did not deny the dullness that had overcome them.

The readiness to justify events after their occurrence in order to find a meaning for a war that nobody understood—except the totalitarians, who confused their confidence that destruction ignored had irremediable consequences with understanding—which showed itself in the resort to aspirations for a new world in 1917, put free governments *behind* events. Between the wars, the complicity that came of not grasping the significance of the collapses of democracy in various countries increased their slowness in grasping events and responding. It made them helpless in the face of the continuation of the war until it was too late. And in the Second World War, the depth of their unacknowledged sense of responsibility for the disaster made them merciless in their self-justification, and incapable of respecting their enemies, and blind to the consequences of an alliance, born of necessity, with a totalitarian regime worse than nazism and fascism, that had to some extent inspired them. Towards the end, Hitler remarked that he was the amateur, Stalin, the pro.

The situation of the free countries behind events has persisted until the present—with the exception of the

swift confidence of the beginning of the Korean War. But even the Korean war ended not in a settlement, but in a battle truce between commanders that reinstated the division of the country that precipitated the war. The United States remained in the situation of response—not mastery.

To remain behind events weakens confidence in governments, for it shows them not enough on top of events to understand them. And understanding, in our situation of neither war nor peace, where many states are illegitimate and others lack the confidence of legitimacy, is crucial. In a normal situation of balance of power, such as prevailed in the nineteenth century or in the eighteenth, not haunted by the fear of war, and where subversion is not prevalent, response may be enough—not in ours.

The situation after the First World War allowed little room for error. It called for more honesty, more straightforward practicality, for more courage than war itself. But the war had consumed courage. Even the world that had yielded so much death embarrassed people. It was too serious to bear mention. The destruction of the First World War meant human nature was on its own everywhere. People felt the demands of truth, and knew they had to be met, unflinchingly. All the art between the two wars tells that, and shows that bravery—and, for the most part, it moves as if there were no longer any history, or governments worthy of notice—as if the world lived only in private life and private sensation. But it was not easy to face human nature. The whole period between the wars is driven by the conflict between the necessity of facing human nature, and the unreadiness to face it. Flight into aspiration relieved the conflict—but it did not restore confidence. It devoured it.

More than governments, people realized they were on their own, in something like the state of nature, not of choice as the excitation of aspiration pretended, but of necessity—of the necessity of past events, of destruction and of the incapacity of settlement—a necessity that totalitarians called “the inevitability of history,” because they counted on individuals’ incapacity to cope with it.

The yearning for total freedom that took flight into aspiration, and that in the unrecognized desolation appeared like necessity itself, did not amount to a capacity for it. Precisely because the war had subordinated freedom to politics—and made freedom the stuff of international relations—and in order to subordinate it to politics, dismembered it, politics tended to devour everything before it in the search for a freedom greater than itself that would show it its limits. These limits live in individuals’ capacity to say “no,” that is, in nature. And totalitarianism, in the name of freeing this nature, attacked this capacity to say “no” directly in each individual—with the argument that it embodied the truth, and the truth could not be resisted. It attacked nature itself, as if there had never been any governments. And it discovered, to almost everybody’s amazement, that many individuals did not have resilience

enough to distinguish between “yes” and “no.”⁵⁷ Hitler came to office legally, and Mussolini also. The combination of a yearning, and incapacity, for measureless freedom that was taken to allow everything exposed men to the most ruthless among them, to men like criminals, in their incapacity to yield to natural law, to use Hobbes’s words that mean the words nature speaks to those who listen to it, in their thwarted genius. The incapacity to distinguish actual genius and nature from its distortions and parodies led to fascination and admiration for criminality—a fascination that has again betrayed itself in the last twenty years, and which paralyzes.

And the tragedy is that in its attack on nature, and its attempt to destroy it, totalitarianism also uncovered nature, but only in war for it knows only war, which it cannot distinguish from revenge or defense, and unmistakably reminded of its presence. In the midst of the “insane grandeur” of the Second World War, Milovan Djilas realized that the fighting, after bringing his hardness out, also softened him, for a moment that disappeared until words recalled it to him a generation later:

Then, unobtrusively yet insistently, various thoughts came to my mind concerning the Germans, the Partisans, and ideology. Why were doctors from Berlin and professors from Heidelberg killing off Balkan peasants and students in these ravines? Hatred for Communism was not sufficient. Some other terrible and implacable force was driving them to insane death and shame. And driving us, too, to resist them and pay them back. . . . This passion, this endurance which lost sight of suffering and death, this struggle for one’s manhood and nationality in the face of one’s own death . . . this had nothing to do with ideology or with Marx and Lenin. When the sun rose, I suppressed these abysmal thoughts, for I sensed how destructive they were for the ideas and organization to which I had given myself. But I never forgot those thoughts. . . .⁵⁸

Nazism and fascism and communism were a vengeance, and an exploitation, of 1914–1917, a vengeance and exploitation not only of the defeated upon themselves, but also a vengeance and exploitation of the victors upon themselves—for why else did they tolerate the spread of these destructive movements?—for principles they could not live up to, that made them unrecognizable to themselves, that made them feel like liars when they spoke and defenseless in the face of their enemies, now at home as well as abroad, and more insidious than soldiers on a battlefield. For it turned out that they were not able to act in accordance with what they had said in 1917, most obviously when Hitler seized the Rhineland in March, 1936:

—*Mais on aurait pu arrêter Hitler sans risque de guerre quand il a occupé la Rhénanie en 36?*

—*Sans aucun risque. On le sait. Aucun. Hitler avait donné l’ordre à la Bundeswehr d’entrer en Rhénanie, avec une réserve imposée par le haut commandement. Si les troupes françaises avançaient, les troupes allemandes se retiraient.*

On le sait aujourd'hui. On sait que, en mars 1936, on aurait pu changer le cours de l'histoire. Cela fait partie de ma philosophie de l'histoire. C'est une date, une date fondamentale, où il suffisait de lucidité et d'un peu de courage pour changer le cours de l'histoire. Mais, malheureusement, Hitler avait raison. Il n'y avait aucune chance de trouver en France un gouvernement pour prendre cette décision.⁵⁹

Nazism and fascism reached deep yearnings, yearnings for authority and its reassurance, not only in Italy and Germany but throughout the West—so that the world not unfortunate enough to continue them draws its breath in terror at their memory, and shades its eyes from them even as it feels driven to look, and is dull, with few important exceptions, to their continuation in the present, and the widespread sympathy for them, in their denial in communism. Nazism and fascism arose in deeply traditional countries whose traditions war had partly destroyed and repudiated almost entirely—but which individuals could not relinquish even if they would. (For politics is swifter than character, and in the twentieth century risks uncontrollability because it does not acknowledge its conflicts with character. No time's politics has denied obvious things more, feelings, and common sense that comes of feeling. For the political exploitation of aspiration is the greatest underminer of feeling.) Nazism and fascism exploited the yearning for the old values, destroyed in the First World War, mercilessly: self-respect, duty, respect for accomplishment, the yearning for civil order, the compatibility of freedom with obedience, the yearning for deserved deference, for meaningful life, for glory—and above all for courage. But they knew their murderousness, and did not hesitate to display it. Mussolini took responsibility for the murder of a member of parliament, Matteotti, which had aroused the greatest public outcry Italy had ever known, in parliament in 1924. Communism, in contrast, with its promise of a new world with new values without the harshness, cruelty of the old values denies its murderousness, and, therefore, its hypocrisy is more seductive. For Djilas, the murderousness of Communism is only a question: "Killing is a function of war and revolution or could it be the other way around?"

The blindness that came of the public exploitation of aspiration to deny private experience tended to make the world unrecognizable to those who lived in it. This blindness to world and self, this incapacity to see the world, which led to the insistence on facts without understanding or on understanding without facts—and, thereby, increased the susceptibility to propaganda—is the disturbance of perception that led after the Second World War to actual political division of the West and the war that progresses by dividing the rest of the world and individuals against themselves.

The wars set what we would like to be against what we actually were, in a way that made it difficult to experience what we were, and to distinguish it from what we yearn to be. Most simply, by setting liberty, the liberty of principle,

against authority that springs from some contact with nature, the wars rendered difficult the growth of liberty and authority in each other's presence. Without both liberty and authority the experience of freedom in the actual living of individuals, from which the liberty in constitutions springs, cannot live. Instead the separation of both liberty and authority, and the setting of each against the other, tends to provoke the distortion of their extremes, permissiveness, license, and weakness on one side, and cruel and stifling authoritarianism on the other (whether from the "left" or "right" matters little).

Liberty and authority are not the only qualities set against each other in this conflict. The World War that has not ceased deepens the division between form (principles) and content, between will and desire. With the result that these qualities are often experienced as antithetical, and distorted in that experience. For instance, will into the cruel rigidity of totalitarian dogma that cannot respond to questioning, and desire into mere wish and arbitrary fancy that cannot stand up to anything, and for instance, imagines it can get peace by demanding it, merely.

This division and polarization of qualities that can only flourish in the give-and-take of each other's presence—a give-and-take that is the ground in nature of the dialogue between government and opposition in free democracies—hampers perception of political reality. After 1917, and even more, after 1945 when the rigidity of the situation grew more obvious, and the force of that rigidity began to make itself felt throughout the world, this trouble in perception has hampered fitting, effective negotiation and action. Most simply, it attempts to undermine the capacity of individuals (and also of governments) to distinguish between actual freedom and slavery that masks as greater freedom. The struggle against totalitarianism goes on first of all in the heart's mind. For without clarity of mind among those for the moment spared violence, there can be no resolute action against actual violence that takes place, for the most part, not on battlefields, but at the will of often few well-trained and supplied men who strike at random, and who know that prolonged violence works to their advantage both within the country they desire to seize, and in the world elsewhere.

The inability to grasp what goes on before one's eyes, to feel *and* to understand, instead of feeling in order not to understand, or understanding in order not to feel, the incapacity to see, and to acknowledge that one does not see, is the disturbance of perception that lies at the center of the division of the West, and is increased by it. This dissociation is the driving force behind the division of the West. It shows itself most dramatically in painting that like all art often betrays the deepest capacities for living of an epoch.

Perception

A little after 1945, first in America and then throughout the Free World, painting that could see neither the world nor man but that, until its collapse into emptiness in the sixties, somehow expressed the anguish of the inability to see, without acknowledging it, won public acceptance. This painting shows perhaps more dramatically than anything else the incapacity to perceive and understand that finds its general expression in the division of the West, and in the drift and stagnation—and violence that involves everybody—that has come of it after 1945. Significantly, this painting also betrays the flattening and affectlessness that comes of polarization: it has no depth, no world to see and touch. For depth comes only within the give-and-take of freedom and authority—and not when they are set against each other and driven into the distortion of their extremes. At most this painting betrays anxiety—the anxiety that comes of the inability to see, and increases it.

The process that culminated in painting that saw neither world nor man had started long before 1945, in fact almost immediately after the impressionists, and well before the First World War brought the division that showed, at the same time that it increased, the difficulties of perception and understanding, of apprehending world and self that the West has struggled with since the destruction of antiquity—and which have put the disappearance of antiquity at the center of its awareness and its language, and its thought and art.

In the decades just before the First World War, a deepening division first appeared that grew into open opposition between form and content that distorts each and dims the sight of the world and self. In Picasso's work a sharp break occurs several years before the First World War between the paintings of the Blue and the Rose periods, which still strive for feeling *and* vision—or, at least, openly face the inability to feel in their risk of sentimentality—and the pre-cubist paintings like *Les Femmes d'Alger* (1907) whose intellectual brilliance blinds one momentarily to their deadness of feeling. In contrast in the German-speaking area there occurs especially in the work of Munch and Kokoschka an over-concentration of feeling, at times frightening, because without the assurance of vision, without a sense that the picture actually shows the living world—that there is a world to distinguish from a rising dream.

To put it crudely, painters in the world that was to become the allied sphere tended to formalism without feeling and in the German-speaking sphere to feeling which because unsure in form became difficult to distinguish from nightmare, and, at its weakest, daydream. Much of this work in either sphere does not reflect the world and the experience of beauty but, with differences in intensity, the inability to see it. It often leads one further from the world—and into a self that recognizes itself in its isolation

from the world, a self that cannot get out of itself, and, therefore, suffers the temptation to narcissism. In either sphere, painters appear to struggle against something, a transparent mirror that throws their self back at them, against a transparent wall that impedes vision, even as it allows them to catch sight of the world they strive to see and touch, just beyond reach. Already also, depth begins to fade into flatness.

This transparent wall that gets in the way of their eyes' reaching and, therefore, turns the world into something recognizable, but at the same time incomprehensible, sometimes into the very opposite of what the mind and common-sense know to be out there, is the source of the division of the West that hardened, and, thereby, provoked the violence that could destroy it in 1917, to spread it after 1945. The iron curtain, too, is a transparent mirror that baffles the eyes with the image of the self it throws back—and, thereby, makes narcissism and spurious intimacy meant to exorcise danger without acknowledging it, and the sense of entrapment that comes of them, the way to self-enslavement and destruction.

Since depth and a strong sense of the whole composition appeared in painting in Italy from 1200 to 1600 for the first time since antiquity, this transparent wall made itself felt despite, and because of, the lucidity of vision and depth that came with it. In painting in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Spain and the Low-lands, it almost disappeared entirely except for a certain stiffness, for an incapacity to allow movement, for a tendency to freeze movement like a snapshot. (This holding still distinguishes painting since the Renaissance from the ancient art that inspired it, for ancient art moved freely, especially obviously, in Greek vase painting and Etruscan frescoes.) Even when it appears to disappear altogether, this stiffness, the transparent wall, betrays itself in the awareness that the painting is a painting, in the awareness of the eyes of the painter, and of the hindrances that keep them from losing themselves in their seeing.

This painting from 1200 to 1600 in Italy, and afterwards throughout Europe, realized the reciprocal relation between sight and understanding, and, ultimately, between seeing and rationality, but always at a certain distance from nature, which lent it the stiffness I have described. It depicted nature as well as men and history but it always subordinated nature, even in the North in the seventeenth century, to man and memory—to the recall of the past. Some of the paintings of Dürer and of Rembrandt are perhaps exceptions. In artists like Leonardo or Rembrandt drawing was knowing. They could not see without understanding what actually lay before their eyes. In our words, Leonardo and Michelangelo were researchers. With this one overwhelming difference, they did not fear wholes, that is, important conclusions. (Machiavelli, at the beginning of his *Discourses*, remarks that artists had been the first to dare to learn from antiquity. And daring to look at antiquity meant looking at your own world, without flinch-

ing, as Machiavelli's own work showed.) And everything about this art bespeaks confidence, and awareness and confidence in the face of tragedy. The whole sense of Italian painting in this time is of overwhelming lucidity, of a world pressing in upon the eyes, of joy and fearlessness in sight. They are wild in their beholding. The same seeing of this many citted world—as many citted as Ancient Greece—showed itself in the individuals who dared look again openly at the sky—and to understand the great works of antiquity, to look history in the face. After Caravaggio, who reaches an unbelievable unity of depth, shape, and movement, seeing and knowing again suffer separation in Italy. In subsequent years there is much gesturing, there are dramatic, highly brainy compositions—but there is little sight, sense of the whole, except as design, or depth. This gradual withering of contact becomes apparent soon after the burning of Giordano Bruno in 1600. Such things are not done with impunity. But in the North sight and understanding found a new softness in their relation, and a lucidity more distinguishable from clarity of mind than in Italian painting—and, therefore, less easily capable of giving an account of itself in words, but for all that not less explicit and meaningful.

The tradition of painting in the West since 1200 which could see both men and events, could both remember and know, at the expense, however, of a certain remoteness from nature, found breathtaking renewal in the work of Delacroix and Manet, just before the impressionists drew upon it to abandon it, and to yield to nature directly.

In the half century or so before the Great War, Turner, the impressionists and post-impressionists saw into the quick of nature, and in that sight knew themselves a part of it—without sentimentality or self-consciousness, and, in contrast, for instance, to the woodenness of Claude Lorraine, with an easy sweetness still sets the world moving. Even in Cezanne, whom we all too often see with Cubist eyes, there is little separation between form and content, between what is seen and how it is seen. Everywhere, perhaps most startlingly in Seurat and his associates, there is an unassuming confidence that what is seen will gather shape of its own. Many of these painters do not distinguish shape from intensity (energy). They often do not sharply define edges or outlines which arise, instead, of themselves, unexpectedly, in their work. For a whole world has its parts. They distinguish but do not separate earth and sky. Both throb with movement in their works, which harbour no empty spaces. They distinguish trees, plants, and earth from the space and air around them. They do not separate them from it. Their space is not empty, but vibrant and full and soft like the trees, plants, and flowers reaching or showering or bursting into it. In Turner light softly pulsates, in Vincent the sky glows and pulsates, sometimes almost harshly:

The sacrifice of the sharp outline of objects shows that the vision of the painter is focused not upon the objects but upon

the space itself. . . . Above all, in the use of the divided touch, the painter conveys to the painting and through the painting to the observer the vibrating, pulsating quality of the atmosphere. . . .

One of the results of this technique is to give to their paintings (the paintings of Monet, Renoir, Pissarro) a depth of field, a sense of profoundness, a three-dimensional quality that other paintings suggest but do not fully achieve. The impressionists accomplish this by making us aware of the space, not simply as the coordinate of objects and events, but as an objective reality itself.⁶⁰

In the brief moment of the impressionists the transparent wall, the stiffness, did in fact entirely disappear, and movement reappeared unequivocally for the first time since antiquity, but at the cost of seeing human beings: men and women more or less disappeared from the canvas. To live on, the open embrace of nature of the impressionists had somehow to come to see man, to remember and to know, as well as to see nature as if there were no man. Otherwise it would turn to mere evasion in the following generations:

Before the impressionist impulse disappeared in the morass of twentieth century political thinking, it found expression in the work of two men (Gauguin and Van Gogh) whose lives dramatized the final struggle.⁶¹

In the general streaming, sometimes harsh, especially of Vincent's last pictures, only the men and women suffer an emaciated, almost leaden holding-still, quiet and resigned, but nevertheless forced enough to make you sense the bound writhing in their bodies—the characteristic expression of Christian Europe. They bear the haggard and pinned-down-in-the-chest look of helplessness, the cutting and cynical knowing sensitivity that knows everything but can do little, so full of pity and hate, yet also at the quick of love, which, despite the blurring of postwar prosperity and its convention of goodwill, still makes its presence felt. Vincent wanted to discover the streaming outside man within him also. He betrayed man's unwitting unwillingness to yield to it:

Beyond the head . . . I paint infinity. I make a simple background out of the richest, most intense blue I can contrive, and by the simple conjunction the blonde head is lit up by the rich blue background and acquires a mysterious effect like that of a star on the deep azure.⁶²

The tragedy Gauguin and Van Gogh lived came because they attempted to see nature in man as well outside of him. For the seeing of the impressionists to live on they knew they had somehow to transform and to renew the tradition of Manet and Delacroix that the impressionists had abandoned to yield to nature.

Renewing the tradition that had culminated in Manet and Delacroix meant rediscovering the rational. It meant experiencing the reciprocal relation between sight and un-

derstanding, and finally between genitility and rationality. It meant seeing man. Seeing man meant recognizing the irrationality that separated nature outside of him from nature inside him, and kept him from both. It meant keeping up the impressionists' contact with depth despite the superficial hardness of man, and the fragility that rendered many men fearful of depth. It meant rediscovering the rational without abandoning nature, rediscovering it in nature. Otherwise renewal would be mere wooden repetition. In the failure of the successors of the impressionists to see the world whole, the division of the West first showed itself in acute form.

In this shorter perspective, the incapacity of painting to see the world and human beings in this century, which led it to turn the transparent wall itself into the subject of painting, at the cost of the whole and depth, and finally, of the obliteration of world and even self, simply represents a breakdown in the capacity to maintain and expand the contact with life of the impressionists, to deal with its contradictions, with the contrast between the impressionists daring in touching nature and their corresponding incapacity to remember men and events, to experience both the public world and the private, and their relation, to combine seeing and knowing. The contact with nature could not go on without resolving this contradiction, without undoing man's self-exile from nature.

Until the impressionists, painting coped with this transparent wall by actually seeing it, and, therefore, acknowledging it and keeping it distinct from the painting, at the same time that it made you aware inescapably that the painting was a painting. The impressionists dissolved the transparent wall and its stiffness.

Unable to maintain the contact with nature of the Impressionists, and no longer able to work in the service of religion, which in previous centuries, with its mediation between the desire, and the incapacity, to experience nature, had kept art from yielding to despair, contemporary art cannot but serve, often unawares, propagandistic purposes. It weakens those who attend to it. It steals courage away from them. Instead of reflecting nature, it makes mock theological, demagogic—and, therefore, unwittingly political statements. It betrays a world grown flat and, therefore, largely the creature of wish, of wish that takes itself for desire, but dreads will.

The breakdown in seeing after the impressionists, and the unacknowledged fixation in it that lends a frantic impatience to much art, in the midst of stagnation, closely parallels the incapacity to grasp the meaning of events and, thereby, to master them, in politics of this century. Here, too, as in painting, man destroys world and self because he cannot maintain real contact with life in himself and outside of himself, because he cannot stand living, its rough disappointments, its joys, its depths and its heights—and yearns for it more desperately, the more he deprives himself of it, and, therefore, succumbs to increasing alternations of violence, in the name of discovering

and changing the nature of man, and negotiations to put an end to that violence that turn out simply to tighten and spread its hold on men.

Another example of the division and opposition between form and content that shows itself in painting in this century appears in the contrast between the programmatic "internationalism" that blurs the distinction between peoples, and, thereby, puts the past beyond the reach of memory, of the Allies and the frightening discoveries in the German-speaking countries, beginning at the end of the nineteenth century, that man was often not capable of distinguishing between rationality and irrationality, that the rational in appearance often masked the irrational that in crucial moments betrayed itself in undoing it, that freedom was more than many could stand. I mean psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis took seriously the truth that individuals had to come apart, had to know their helplessness, before they could experience their strength, and discover their wholeness, that "nothing can be sole or whole that has not been rent". Not explicitly a response to the war's destroying that would not cease, it knew how to start at the beginning with individuals—with the existence that yearned for life which had survived the destruction that still threatened it. Like Socrates and his ignorance, it nurtured the confidence that the rational, once freed of the irrational that drained its energy, might spring up of its own strength.

Psychoanalysis did not aim directly at the truth, but at the distortions that obstructed the truth. But it made it possible again to experience the unwitting presence of the truth, for it uncovered the quick of life moving at its own sweet will—and the fearfulness that kept individuals from it, a fearfulness that individuals took for fear of destruction, but which numbed them to the rational fear of the destruction that actually threatened them. Because of its simplicity, stubborn enough always to threaten it with reductionisms, and because of its refusal to indulge in assurances—for it knew it could not know what would become of it—it provoked much hatred and resentment. Hatred and resentment that otherwise sought disguise in political exhilaration that was nothing but forgetfulness.

But psychoanalysis had its limitations—above all in its incapacity to know its limitations. Others might have shown it its limitations, but unfortunately the strength of its truth drove those that denied it, to deny it entirely, and those that accepted it, to accept it entirely. With such friends it hardly needed enemies. Both friends and enemies in unwitting cooperation perpetrated the divisions psychoanalysis meant to overcome, especially a resignation to, and even an exultation, in the irrational psychoanalysis meant to expose in order to overcome. To some extent the attempt to undo the irrational, in order to free the rational, spread the irrational, and lent it something approaching social acceptance. Social acceptance meant taking the irrational for inevitable—instead of struggling against it to undo it. It meant turning the popular misun-

derstanding of psychoanalysis against psychoanalysis in the pretense of accepting it.

The weaknesses and limitations of psychoanalysis came of its strengths. Superb in its grasp of the present, it is weak in its comprehension of the past and its life, except as it continues like a foreign body unassimilated in the present. It is weak, too, in conceiving of the future except in the shape of the irrational distortions of the present. Breathtaking in its comprehension of individuals, and in its resilient affirmation of feeling and nature, psychoanalysis cannot conceive of society as more than a crowd of solitary individuals. It explains institutions too exclusively in terms of the necessity of curbing irrational secondary drives. It does not conceive of rational disagreement and conflict. It cannot explain why people speak except to lie—as Otto Rank put it. It takes the rational in history for nothing more than a cover for the irrational. Despite its destruction history knows creation also. Creation that could not live without institutions and rulers and men, capable of some direct contact with rationality and, therefore, nature. For only direct contact with rationality can withstand irrationality. Direct contact with rationality means understanding that the irrational arises from a distortion of the rational, that the rational can be discovered in the irrational. Psychoanalysis instead assumes that the rational arises in history only in response to irrational actions and desires which it secretly wishes, but does not dare to imitate—and that therefore, because of this inverted agreement, almost always succumbs to them directly, or to a severity in repressing them that reaches the corresponding extreme of irrationality, as if there were no mean.

This pessimism that at its worst turns to resignation comes of not recognizing the limitations of psychoanalysis. It can undo the irrational. But it leaves the affirmation of the rational to itself. This readiness to leave the rational on its own comes in part of the rational realization that rationality, unlike irrationality, is unpredictable, that rationality cannot be foreseen until it arises of itself, that the truths of one generation are the lies of the next. But it also arises from an irrational antagonism to philosophy that it takes not for the thought that comes after the dissolution of the irrational, but for mere rationalization of the irrational. Because it does not acknowledge it has no use for thought, it is unwittingly materialistic, even though it has made possible the rediscovery of the soul—a grotesque phrase that tells something of our plight. Because psychoanalysis does not acknowledge it cannot take responsibility for its discoveries, it tends to forget that the world is bigger and older than its discoveries.

This contrast between the desire to apprehend a reality beyond politics and the sensitivity to nature and feeling in the defeated German-speaking empires and the principled world of the Allies with its chiliastic declarations and its yearning for the observance of treaties and covenants it did not have strength of heart to enforce is another exam-

ple—similar to the division in painting—of the distinction between form and content turned under the stress of unlimited war into opposition in which each distorts the other, so that content and feeling turn to phantasy and dream, form to propaganda. Ultimately this opposition leads to a world in which the democracies insist on limits without conviction, and the totalitarian regimes pretend to conviction without limits, a world in which individuals and nations say one thing, do another, and neither know what they do, nor believe what they say, and will not distinguish between words and actions. In the twenties and thirties the democracies trusted the honeyed words of tyrants rather than their own eyes witnessing outrage because they could not draw this distinction between words and actions. In the same years Wilhelm Reich discovered that the actions of patients, the way they held their hands and heads, how they sat and so on told more than, and sometimes the opposite, of the words they spoke.⁶³

This reluctance in distinguishing between words and actions shows itself now in the unwillingness to declare Poland and other countries in eastern Europe in default on their debts even after their refusal to pay interest on them. This reluctance threatens the international western monetary system, and to some extent domestic currencies, for it shows that in the name of avoiding a debt crisis actually already upon them—and us—Western bankers and their governments will not insist on obligations that make for the trust that gives money much of its value. This tendency to take words for action shows itself even more in the codification of traditional practices of international law (*jus gentium*) in international treaties that imply an unwillingness to defend these practices except with words. For these treaties wish away the distinction between the enforcement of laws within nations and the state of nature between them, where only the threat of war guarantees traditional practice. Would the Soviet Union use gas so blatantly in Afghanistan and Laos had it not signed international treaties that assured it that nations with a voice would disapprove but not act to stop them?

The struggle of painting with reality, and its awareness of its incapacity to yield to sight, until its collapse into something of blindness in this century, has a close parallel to philosophy's struggle to understand man's relation to the outer world since at least the seventeenth century. The impressions of Hume, and the difficulty of their relation to world, and the appearances of Kant that are entirely within the individual, and yet have some exteriority, for the space, without which their appearance would be impossible, is both within the mind and in some sense outside it, are both attempts to cope with the transparent mirror of the painters. In its sense of the presence of this barrier, and of its incapacity entirely to cope with it, to rid itself of it or to live within it, philosophy since the seventeenth century like painting since the thirteenth distinguishes itself from philosophy in antiquity, which encompassed both nature and man, and nature in man, because

it was ready to suffer tragedy rather than submit to it, unawares. For the ancients the barriers that kept man from nature in himself and outside of him, that changed emotions like love into lust, anger into hatred, courage into arrogance, rationality into ideology, aspiration into self destruction, energy into frenzy, and so on, were within man, a stiffness he himself maintained, and, therefore, could dissolve into softness, rather than between man and the world. They appeared like barriers between man and the world only because man did not realize they were within him. Because ancient thinkers realized that the barriers were within man, and not outside of him, they pursued the dissolution of distortions that showed themselves in thinking, rather than accommodating themselves to them. These distortions that keep man from world and self are also always distortions in seeing.

The discovery of rationality in antiquity amounted to a rediscovery of nature. The discovery of rationality in nature made it self-evident that evil destroyed life within man as well as outside of him, and that politics, unless it distinguished rational from irrational, would degenerate into the destructiveness of irrationality in the name of the rational, that politics betrayed the self that was really no self at all, but mere distortion, of men who did not dare know themselves, and, therefore, hated nature and themselves. In contrast, much of philosophy since the seventeenth century attempted to accommodate to these distortions, to live within them, and, therefore, has been more or less unable, with the exception of Hobbes with Thucydides as his teacher, to comprehend violence from without that attempts to destroy the barriers that occasion these distortions, but actually only increases them. The uneasiness of this accommodation to distortion shows itself in the extraordinary effort of many of these philosophers who begin with the doubt of world and self to complement their thinking about knowing with political philosophy that, however, begins with the assumption that men cannot perceive the world directly, or know themselves. In some sense they sensed that politics might attempt to undo their accommodation to distortion, which was to lead to an unprecedented mastery of nature but which, however, at the same time that it demanded an experience of nature made it all the more difficult. This effort to find a way for men to rule themselves without knowing themselves, for unlike antiquity that only yielded to the nature it understood, modern thought had mastered some nature before understanding it, has worked to an extraordinary extent, but it is also extraordinarily weak in the face of men who think they know no doubt, because they cannot distinguish dogma from truth. The attempt to apply the doubt that in its accommodation to distortion had yielded the assurance to master nature—without understanding it entirely—to politics led inadvertently to a situation that demanded the rediscovery of the doubt of Socrates, which, in contrast to the doubt of philosophy since the seventeenth century, had led to the experience of nature,

to the quick of life and, thereby, of rationality, but not to the mastery of nature. I say, inadvertently, because these philosophers had tried to fashion systems in politics that with their emphasis on written and designed constitutions, on what people did rather than what they thought, on procedure rather than content, in some sense asserted there were no answers, and, thereby only questions without answers. The doubt of Socrates, in contrast, suggested that you had to get along without the answers, not that there were none, but that the answers would come of themselves with the dissolution of distortion, that the answers were living itself.

This thinking could deal even brilliantly with public domestic life. For in domestic life it was possible to live as if there were no public answers. But international affairs were another matter. For constitutions did not regulate international affairs. In some sense the wisdom of the new philosophers discovered its limitations, and its greatest challenge, at the frontiers. For beyond the frontiers, in the life between nations, you had to get along without the answers in order to discover the truths specific occasions demanded. In the life among nations you could not live as if there were no answers. You had to live without the answers. The struggle that culminated with the impressionists, and collapsed after them, was an attempt to turn the doubt of the new philosophers, which resigned itself to a certain isolation from the world and self in order to master them, into the doubt of Socrates that allowed the world and self to live, and, thereby, to resolve the contradictions and separation, but not the distinction, between domestic public life and life between the nations. For art has no country except in the eyes of the beholder. International affairs demanded more than the assurance that comes of recognizing distortion without dissolving it. There could be no science of international affairs, only the truth discovered in specific circumstances. Only the readiness to live without the answers could lead to the discovery of those truths which did not yield to science.

Conclusion

I have written of difficulties in perception, and in thinking that distinct from perception cannot, however, win resilience and lucidity without lucidity in perception which is the perception of life and of life perceiving itself. For there cannot be thought, distinct from brooding and ideology, without perception, without apprehending the world and events upon their occurrence, without the experience of beauty without which confidence in the truth cannot live. For truth is the perception of nature, of beauty moving in individuals at its own sweet will. It is nature perceiving itself, and, therefore, naming itself. But that the lucidity of thought follows upon the lucidity of perception does

not mean it is the same thing as perception. Quite the contrary. The lucidity of perception makes it possible to distinguish thought from perception, to know thought's independence from perception, to know that man is a bit of nature, but a bit of nature that names himself and the world. For it is man that thinks, not nature. But man can think only when the nature within him moves freely enough to perceive nature outside him, for the thoughts he thinks are nature's.

This disturbance in perception precedes and underlies the political crisis. At the same time the political crisis increases and deepens it. The incapacity to turn victory into peace, into coherent peace, that marks almost all the wars of this century, which is really an incapacity to foresee the consequences of victory, to master events, indicates that there is something in events that men cannot grasp and, therefore, prevent.

Since the events of 1914, governments have been forever behind events. They have not overtaken events; events have overtaken them. Understanding comes after, not during or before events. With the result that the understanding that comes after events seeks almost always to make up for past defeats and disasters. In its anxiety to make up for the past it often misreads the present, and, is thereby, drawn into repeating the past, just because of the urgency of its wish to avoid its errors. Events fool this belated understanding. The very attempt to anticipate events because of past slowness impedes the perception of events unfolding in the present, which in turn further saps the confidence anticipation meant to restore. The war in Indochina did not so much undo the lessons of Munich as show that they had not been profoundly enough learnt to rediscover them in a war of disguised aggression.

The attempt to justify present judgment solely on precedent serves to obscure ambivalence, the ambivalence that impedes the straightforward—and fearful—assessment of present events. This ambivalence showed itself during the war for Indochina in the collapse of much of the establishment in agreement with the protesters without even, for the most part, defending its policies. The protesters were not mistaken in their perception of hollowness in the establishment. In some sense each generation has to rediscover the truths of the past generations on its own. The recall of the past is indispensable just because it teaches that it cannot substitute for present judgment. But too ready recourse to the past for justification rather than instruction betrays evasiveness in the present. The gift that comes of recalling the past is the realization that you are on your own in the present.

In the two World Wars, whose destructiveness showed itself in the incapacity to turn victory into peace and, therefore, in simplifications that told themselves they came to terms with fundamentals—as if the uncontrollability of destructiveness showed men their true face, and not the face they drew up against the truth, to deny the truth—something essential was destroyed. I mean the

readiness to experience reality, the consequences of action, character, the courage of sight and pleasure except as a matter of principle or propaganda, the plain light of the day that fills up the day and which had moved the brushes of the impressionists. I mean finally the capacity to distinguish one thing and another, and especially rational from irrational. Men would believe anything and nothing. And it did not seem to make much difference, whether they believed something or nothing.

In either instance the force of aspiration impeded the experience of actual strength. This incapacity to distinguish the irrational from the rational shows itself in disturbances in sight, in the incapacity to see wholes. Because of this disturbance in perception little is self-evident, for the self-evidence is in some sense a whole. And this in countries whose constitutions depend upon self-evidence, and the experience of good will that comes of it. Amidst the simplifications, the simple became embarrassing like blushing,—and complexity became the refuge of bafflement that would not experience itself. The irrationality in the simplifications shows itself in its unwillingness to stand questioning and outright opposition—and in the attempt to suppress it outright, and in the willingness to foster, and often to finance, all sorts of spurious opposition, which is in more or less inverted agreement with what it ostensibly opposes. This fostering of spurious opposition, besides clouding obvious facts—for obvious facts are also wholes—in doubt, fosters a bizarre combination of recklessness of speech—obvious but unnoticed in the “op-ed” pages of newspapers with large circulation—and flattery. Few societies in the past have betrayed such a hunger in their fear of straightforwardness and goodwill for both servility and the intimidation of insult, for the qualities they claim most to despise. The fear of straightforwardness shows itself in the involuntary and overwhelming condescension that meets the words of those like Solzhenitsyn who do speak their minds unflinchingly, a condescension that imbues the truth with the stink of its own rot.

Like sight, and because of the difficulties of sight, of recognizing the obvious, feeling too is more difficult—seems about to disappear entirely into emptiness. In this confusion of rational and irrational, artificially provoked by tales of atrocity and the like, and in the consequent attempt to suppress them indiscriminately, which leads to a despairing emptiness, Baudelaire's *ennui*, a person in genuine anger or in love will feel outrageous—like what he imagines a Nazi to have been. Feeling—and not pornography—feels pornographic and often stirs in those who witness it, envy and hatred. We barely recognize ourselves.

The present division of the West serves to blur the memory of this destruction. No time has been so obsessed with its unwilling destructiveness, so fearful of it as to be unable to distinguish it from rational self-defense. But the memory will not go away. It lives on in the suspicion of the incapacity to distinguish irrational and rational that gnaws at our confidence and makes us unceasingly uneasy. This

lack of confidence shows itself in our readiness to ridicule the past and its confidence, and to exaggerate its failures. There is much contactlessness in the West, and brutally cruel, distorted contact in the East where the flesh itself turns wooden but where also life stirs in the destruction, *after* the destruction, where almost the only unmistakable voices we hear find words, voices that arouse contempt that is only a defense against fear, shame, and embarrassment—the embarrassment and fear of Adam and Eve after eating the apple.

The ambivalence that shows itself in the fear of distinguishing rational and irrational induces paralysis. Paralysis leads to drift. Drift in turn makes for the spread of the irrational—of subversion, sedition, terrorism, above all for the spread of the ideological and propagandistic stereotyping of events, and for the sense of helplessness that comes of not perceiving the significance of events. All these hinder, and prevent swift and effective—the two are almost synonymous—action.

The indecision that comes of this paralysis finds its most openly cruel expression in the precarious balance the two “superpowers” hold between life and death—a balance that tests the love of life—and which at the same time that it points to the difficulty of choice, insists on its necessity in the starkest terms. Were people, and especially governments, capable of choice in the less overwhelming matters of their lives, for instance, capable of outspoken support of the Israeli measures to restore sovereignty, and to undo the international terrorist bases in Lebanon, it would not come to such a harrowing choice. But drift and its paralysis often leads governments, and others whose work calls for a rational response to irrational challenges, to connive with this irrationality—because of a perverse unacknowledged admiration for it. If the coming negotiations with the Soviet Union will bring no sensible advantage to the West and no relief to the East European nations—as in view of the current crackdown in Poland and within the Soviet Union appears unlikely—they will turn into creatures of this murderous fascination with the irrational.

Successful coherent peace—in contrast to the exploitation of the yearning for peace to undo the readiness of self-defence—requires choosing freely to face harsh dangerous realities in the absence of the overwhelming necessity of battle. In some sense it requires more courage than battle. It requires unevasive words. For evasive words can be worse than bullets. “‘Bullets kill. Words prolong the death by giving false hope. It is worse to prolong.’”⁶⁴

At stake in unevasive words is the truth which alone can give the political systems that seek to protect its stirring the strength to act effectively to avoid the large scale wars their dread of war may otherwise bring upon them. For the truth alone is bigger than these constitutions which cannot live, and, therefore, survive without it. It is the air they breathe.

The truth means distinguishing between irrational and rational, the only distinction that can bring the willing con-

sent without which freedom cannot live. Distinguishing between rational and irrational means distinguishing between authority and authoritarianism, between genitality and secondary desires which often seek refuge in either totalitarian asceticism or license, between love and pornography, between self-defense and murder. It means taking risks—and distinguishing between passivity and apathy and safety. The incapacity to take these risks, and to make these distinctions, shows itself in an indiscriminate dread of all feeling—and in the resort to collective indignation and ideology to still the uneasiness of its absence—the absence of life itself moving at its own sweet will. Without the flow of feeling there can be no experience of rationality, no experience of affirmation and denial, without which the distinctions between self-defense and killing, love and pornography, genitality and secondary desires. In each of these distinctions the difference the perception of which makes the distinction possible is between actual feeling moving of its own sweet will and the yearning for it which makes people susceptible to ideology which often brings the opposite of what it promises, death instead of life. Only the flow of actual feeling—in distinction to the yearning for it that shows itself in sentimentality and cruelty—can distinguish between strength and force, between consent and manipulation, between rational defiance and stubbornness and spite, the defiance that preserves rather than the revolt that destroys, and names it freedom.

In some sense totalitarianism has done nothing but call our bluff, our incapacity to live up to our ideals, to feel the freedom that is actually ours, that is all about us but which few experience in themselves, that is, the contrast between the knowledge that there is *nothing* outside stopping us and an inner sense of the constriction which keeps us from moving. I mean the yearning for the simplicity of nature, for its spontaneity, for its strength, for its openness—and also the dread of it and the disgust with it which unlike the nineteenth century we cannot experience with any forthrightness.

The nineteenth century could live somehow with the sense that man was not entirely himself. It could perceive still, somehow, its limitations at the same time that it knew these limitations were somehow self-imposed and artificial. At the same time, however, it realized with clarity that all that most inspired it wished those limitations away, and might one day destroy them, although for the most part it enjoyed still enough of the modesty of nature to understand that destroying these limitations would only spread and intensify the paralysis they actually served to limit and define.

Until the First World War destroyed the delicate balance between what it wanted and what it saw it was, the nineteenth century was happy, because confident enough to live within these contradictions. And this capacity to live within them without denying them lent it the boldness of clarity so that its words sparkled and did not dread

warmth and courage in peacetime, and could tell outrage without hesitation. And it could suffer, and, therefore, events did not make it suffer. And it knew the meaning of chance and that there was nothing inevitable in events, that nothing that happened had to happen. It knew that you could not explain what happened if you assumed it had to happen. Because it knew that nothing was inevitable, it knew responsibility, it knew it made events—it did not entertain the conceit that events happened to it—that is, it knew how to suffer, how to sorrow, how to feel compassion instead of murderous pity that betrays itself in a swift look of the eyes that acknowledges everything to deny it. It also knew how to tell outrage without hesitation, that is, it could stand self-criticism and distinguish it from self-hatred. Because it knew real indignation and, thereby, real self-love and courage—and something of the taste of life—it knew how to prevent the exploitation of its guilt for the purposes of nourishing complicity with actual outrage, complicity that shows itself, gives itself away, by its indulgence in worked-up indignation against largely imaginary outrages, for instance, the world-wide “uproar” about American “atrocities” in Vietnam which were exceptions, and of greater rarity than in most wars, and the eerie passivity that meets the murder in Afghanistan, in Cambodia: it took the *New York Times* two years to pick up the story, and then only after the *New York Review of Books* reviewed a French book about it. (People in the Soviet Union probably know more details about the murder in Cambodia than Americans.)

In some sense more ambitious for the truth than the nineteenth century, that is, less capable of putting up with even the mere appearance of hypocrisy, we end up more oblique than the nineteenth century. Because we will not know this hypocrisy, the plain straightforwardness of the nineteenth century, and its readiness to acknowledge matters it could not cope with, embarrass us. We take our hypocrisy for the truth itself. And so things that were plain as the day a generation ago, are now obscure; for instance, that George Orwell wrote 1984 against Stalinism, not against Hitler and nazism. And we barely notice lying in politics, the lying that took George Orwell’s breath away, as Joseph Adelson remarked recently. For instance, the major newspapers take Andropov’s calling the President of the United States a liar more or less for granted.

This greater obliquity, greater because unacknowledged, and, therefore, not experienced as obliquity, but as a kind of disingenuous straightforwardness or naïvete, comes from the inability either to stand the truth—or to get along without it. With the result that we are uneasy—more uneasy, the more we protest against uneasiness. Much of what we take for boldness amounts merely to unacknowledged timorousness, for instance, the suspiciousness of all authority, especially government, of the media—which makes for the excitement of the denial of common sense in the hope of, thereby, reaching depth, as if the denial of the obvious amounted to getting at the

heart of things, when in fact the simplicity of the obvious overwhelms with its lucidity only with the perception of depth. Otherwise the obvious appears fragile, brittle, un-giving, dead, dull, unpalatable, and boring.

Totalitarianism, unlike the despotism that existed before Napoleon, and which Montesquieu described, parodies our ideals and exploits our incapacity to live up to them entirely—an incapacity which shows itself in our readiness to take freedom for granted, and in our unwillingness to conceive that others envy it, and desire to undo it.

The division of the West intensifies this division and ambivalence within individuals, and to some extent springs from it. A whole world means whole people, it means people and societies capable of distinguishing between truth and lies, and knowing that the truth lives. It means distinguishing between love of life and resentment and self-hatred, between freedom and license.

Like battle the balance of terror attempts to force this wholeness on individuals at the same time that it threatens to intensify the division that undoes this wholeness by inviting people and nations to yield to this terror instead of facing up to it. Yielding to this terror will not bring peace but only an intensification of war, and the further spread of totalitarianism, which is a kind of continuous war of individuals against each other and against themselves, unceasing and apparently impossible to undo from the inside without support from outside, support that must take risks, including the risk of conflict, to be meaningful. And not to resist means to yield. Even the leaders of many of the peace movements will now upon questioning admit that peace means yielding to totalitarian violence in the name of undoing the much greater daily “violence” in life under “capitalism”.⁶⁵ They are not after peace at all but after intensification of violence which kills without knowing it, their kind of violence, which, like totalitarian violence, does not distinguish between peace and war. Totalitarianism dreads this wholeness more than anything, for only this wholeness can see through it and dispel it. The spread of totalitarianism roots in our own indecisiveness, in our own paralysis, in our own incapacity to see what is going on. And this procrastination prolongs and thereby increases cruelty, and involves almost everybody in it. For short wars are much more merciful than unending wars as Lebanon should have showed Vietnam had taught us—but did not.

1. Cf. Guglielmo Ferrero, *The Two French Revolutions*, New York 1968.

2. Quoted in Theodore Adorno, *The Authoritarian Personality*, New York 1950: Man kann nur fuer eine Idee sterben die man nicht versteht.

3. Cf. Vladimir Bukovsky, *To Build A Castle—My Life as a Dissenter*, New York 1979; Adam Michnik, *L’église et la gauche*, Paris 1979. For China, the writing of Wei Jingsheng, introduced by Simon Ley, “La lutte pour la liberté en Chine,” *Commentaire* 7, Autumn 1979, 353–360. In his most recent book, *Cette lancinante douleur de la liberté* (Paris 1981), Bukovsky betrays startling silliness in making sense of his experience of life in the West since he left Russia.

4. Cf. Brian Crozier, *Strategy of Survival*, London 1978; Leo Raditsa, "The Present Danger," *Midstream*, February 1979, 59-70.
5. *Foreign Relations of the United States (Conference Series)*, Washington, D.C. 1945, I 850-855 and elsewhere.
6. For the background of this propaganda, Bernard Lewis, "The Anti-Zionist Resolution," *Foreign Affairs*, October 1976, 54-64.
7. Walter Lippmann, *The Cold War: A Study in U.S. Foreign Policy*, New York 1947. Lippmann's remarkable book shows deep mastery of lessons G. Ferrero had drawn from the Congress of Vienna (G. Ferrero, *The Reconstruction of Europe*, New York 1941; cf. G. Ferrero, *La fin des aventures, guerre et paix*, Paris 1931).
8. Letter of James Forrestal to Chan Gurney, Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, December 8, 1947. *The Forrestal Diaries*, edited by Walter Millis, New York 1951, 349-350.
9. George Ball, *The Discipline of Power*, Boston 1968, 151, cf. 149-168.
10. *Forrestal Diaries*, New York 1951, 265-266.
11. *Forrestal Diaries*, New York 1951, 296-297.
12. For Soviet thinking about nuclear war, see Joseph D. Douglass, Jr. and Amoretta Hoeber, *Soviet Strategy for Nuclear War*, Stanford, Ca. 1979. For Soviet involvement in terrorism, Stefan T. Possony and L. Francis Bouchee, *International Terrorism—The Communist Connection*, Washington, D.C. 1978; Claire Sterling, *The Terror Network, The Secret War of International Terrorism*, New York 1981. See also, Leo Raditsa, "The Source of World Terrorism," *Midstream*, December 1981, 42-49.
13. *The Wall Street Journal*, December 7, 1982.
14. For Soviet disinformation, see *Soviet Active Measures*, Hearings before the Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, House of Representatives, July 13-14, 1982, Washington, D.C. 1982, especially the testimony of Stanislav Levchenko, 137-169. See also the testimony of Ladislav Bittman in *Soviet Covert Action (The Forgery Offensive)*, Hearings before the Subcommittee on Oversight of the Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, Senate, February 19, 1980, Washington, D.C. 1980. In 1968, the year of the beginning of détente in Europe, and of increased Soviet involvement in terrorism, the head of the KGB's Disinformation Directorate, described the duplicity of disinformation (testimony of Arnaud de Borchgrave to the Senate Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism, April 24, 1981):

... our friends must always be encouraged to write or say precisely the opposite of our real objectives. Conflict between East and West is a permanent premise of Soviet thought—until the final demise of capitalist power in the West. But this must be constantly dismissed and ridiculed as rightist cold-war thinking.

Except for scope and boldness, disinformation has changed little since the end of the war. Cf. the testimony of Bogdan Raditsa, May 11, 1949, *Communist Activities among Aliens and National Groups*. Hearings before the Special Subcommittee to Investigate Immigration and Naturalization of the Committee on the Judiciary, Senate, Washington, D.C., 1949.

15. Letter to Palmer Hoyt, September 2, 1944. *Forrestal Diaries*, New York 1951, 14.
16. Letter to Stanton Griffis, United States Ambassador to Poland, October 31, 1947. *Forrestal Diaries*, New York 1951, 335.
17. Quoted by Caetano Mosca, *Elementi di Scienza Politica*², Turin 1923, 450.
18. Sergey Petrovich Melgounov, *The Red Terror in Russia*, London 1925, 33.
19. Melgounov, *Red Terror*, London 1925, 41.
20. The words are Dr. Abdollah Osman's who was arrested toward the end of 1978 for his western education. Quoted in the important article by Michael Barry, "Afghanistan—Another Cambodia?," *Commentary*, August 1982, 29-37, 32. See also, Leo Raditsa, "Afghanistan Fights," *St. John's Review*, Winter 1982, 90-98.
21. For one instance of the shooting of children, *The Washington Post*, February 7, 1980.
22. For South Vietnam, Douglas Pike, *Vietcong, The Organization and Techniques of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam*, Cambridge, Mass. 1966, 249.

23. Michael Barry, "Afghanistan—Another Cambodia?," *Commentary*, August 1982, 29-37.
24. This ignorance showed itself dramatically in the movie *Reds* that did not even distinguish between the February revolution to establish democracy and the October seizure of power, and barely mentioned the war. In this movie American mindlessness led to distortions that Soviet schoolbooks, which mention that the Bolshevik minority destroyed all democratic institutions, do not dream of. And except for an important essay by Joel Carmichael ("Warren Beatty's Bolsheviks," *Midstream*, March 1982, 43-48) and a letter of Lev Navrozov (*Commentary*, June 1982) nobody noticed. In fact one critic called the movie gently "condemnatory"—as if condemning was more important than telling what happened, and letting the condemnation take care of itself.
25. For this tendency, see the brilliant essay by Jacques Barzun, *Clio and the Doctors: History, Psycho-History and Quanto-History*, Chicago 1974.
26. Testimony of Stanislav Levchenko, July 14, 1982, in *Soviet Active Measures*, Washington, D.C., 144, 145, 156.
27. Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude, New York 1942, 10, 38.
28. Cf. G. Ferrero, *The Reconstruction of Europe*, New York 1941; also *The Gamble, Bonaparte in Italy, 1796-1797*, London 1939.
29. See the statement of Lieutenant General Marian Kukiel, Polish Minister of National Defense, in Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, *The Rape of Poland*, New York 1948, 29-30. The Soviet regime had about 14,500 Polish officers murdered near Smolensk and other places in Western Russia in 1940. In an article showing the Soviet and Polish regime's aggressive persistence in denying responsibility for the massacres, Nicholas Bethell ("Katyn and the Little Conifers," *Encounter*, May 1977, 86-90) quotes an official diplomatic report of May 24, 1943, from the British Ambassador to the Polish government-in-exile in London, that did not flinch in description of the, in its judgement, necessary evasiveness of Churchill's government:

In handling the publicity side of the Katyn affair we have been constrained by the urgent need for cordial relations with the Soviet government to appear to appraise the evidence with more hesitation and lenience than we should do in forming a common sense judgment on events occurring in normal times or in the ordinary course of our private lives; we have been obliged to appear to distort the normal and healthy operation of our intellectual and moral judgments; we have been obliged to give undue prominence to the tactlessness or impulsiveness of Poles, to restrain the Poles from putting their case clearly before the public, to discourage any attempt by the public and the press to probe the ugly story to the bottom. In general we have been obliged to deflect attention from possibilities which in the ordinary affairs of life would cry to high heaven for elucidation, and to withhold the full measure of solicitude which, in other circumstances, would be shown to acquaintances situated as a large number of Poles now are. We have in fact perforce used the good name of England like the murderers used the little conifers to cover up a massacre.

30. Quoted in Michael Polanyi, "Beyond Nihilism" in *Knowing and Being*, London 1969, 20.
31. Michael Polanyi, "The Message of the Hungarian Revolution" in *Knowing and Being*, London 1969, 28.
32. Leonid Vladimirov, *The Russians*, New York 1968, 101-102.
33. Bruno Bettelheim, *The Informed Heart, Autonomy in a Mass Age*, New York 1971, 24.
34. S. P. Melgounov, *The Red Terror*, London 1925, 97.
35. Czeslaw Milosz, *The Captive Mind*, New York 1953, 72.
36. Mikhail Agursky, "Contemporary Socioeconomic Systems and their Future Prospects" in Alexander Solzhenitsyn ed., *From Under the Rubble*, New York 1976, 78, 74-75.
37. *Forrestal Diaries*, New York 1951, 482.
38. *Forrestal Diaries*, New York 1951, 262-263.
39. Giuseppe Josca, *Corriere della Sera*, April 27, 1973.
40. *New York Times*, May 9, 1975.
41. Joan Didion, "El Salvador, the Bad Dream," *New York Review of Books*, December 2, 1982.

42. Andrei Navrozov, "Letter to A. Bartlett Giamatti," *The Yale Free Press*, October 14, 1982.
43. Cf. Vittoria Ronchey, *Figlioli Miei, Marxisti Immaginari*, Milan 1975.
44. Igor Shafarevich, "Socialism in our Past and Future" in *From Under the Rubble*, New York 1976, 58-59.
45. For a fine account of the first appearance of this propaganda in 1917, especially in Italy but with general reference to the whole West, see Roberto Vivarelli, *Il dopoguerra in Italia e l'avvento del fascismo (1918-1922)*, Naples 1967, especially 1-114.
46. Thomas Mann, *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*, Berlin 1922 (first published 1918), 130.
47. Mann, *Betrachtungen*, Berlin 1922, 47.
48. Thomas Mann, "Bruder Hitler," (1939), *Gesammelte Schriften*, Hamburg 1960, 12, 852.
49. Gustav Janouch, "Conversations with Kafka," *Encounter*, August 1971, 15-27.
50. Richard Hofstadter, *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, New York 1962, 32.
51. The "... and hold them (our British brethren) as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends!" of the Declaration of Independence.
52. *Foreign Relations of the United States (Conference Series)*, Washington, D.C. 1945, 1.
53. *Forrestal Diaries*, New York 1951, 80.
54. R. G. Collingwood, *An Autobiography*, Oxford 1939, 44-52 and 147-167. Quotations from 48-49, 163-64, 167.
55. Quoted in George F. Kennan, *Russia Leaves the War*, Princeton, N.J. 1956, 272-273.
56. Quoted in Kennan, *Russia Leaves the War*, Princeton, N.J. 1956, 511.
57. For a classic description and analysis, Wilhelm Reich, *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, New York 1946 (first edition 1933).
58. Milovan Djilas, *Wartime*, New York 1977, 285.
59. Raymond Aron, *Le spectateur engagé, entretiens avec Jean-Louis Miskis et Dominique Wolton*, Paris 1981, 62.
60. Alexander Lowen, "The Impressionists and Orgone Energy," *Orgone Energy Bulletin*, 1, 1944, 169-183, 173.
61. Lowen, "The Impressionists," *OEB*, 1, 1944, 178.
62. Vincent Van Gogh in his description of his "Portrait of the Painter Bosch". Quoted in Lowen, "The Impressionists," 181.
63. W. Reich, *Character Analysis*³, New York 1949.
64. James Webb, *Fields of Fire*, New York (Bantam edition) 1979, 182.
65. Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac, "The Peacemaking Utopians" in *The Coercive Utopians*, Chicago 1983, forthcoming.

REVIEW ESSAY

On Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth**

GREGORY S. JONES

The editor of *The New Yorker* magazine, William Shawn, has described Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth* as a work that "may someday be looked back upon as a crucial event in the history of human thought."¹ This is extremely unlikely. Schell's main conclusion, that calls for radical changes in the world's political structure, is based on a fallacious quasi-mathematical argument. Apart from this argument, Schell's understanding amounts to a wish for a world where people could live in peace. Schell does not explain how we can construct a more peaceful world.

Schell's main argument hinges on the possibility that an all-out nuclear war could lead to human extinction:

To say that human extinction is a certainty would, of course, be a misrepresentation—just as it would be a misrepresentation to say that extinction can be ruled out. To begin with, we know that a holocaust may not occur at all. If one does occur, the adversaries may not use all their weapons. If they do use all their weapons, the global effects, in the ozone and elsewhere, may be moderate. And if the effects are not moderate but extreme, the ecosphere may prove resilient enough to withstand them without breaking down catastrophically. These are all substantial reasons for supposing that mankind will not be extinguished in a nuclear holocaust, or even that extinction in a holocaust is unlikely, and they tend to calm our fear and to reduce our sense of urgency. Yet at the same time we are compelled to admit that there *may* be a holocaust, that the adversaries *may* use all their weapons, that the global effects, including effects of which we are as yet unaware, *may* be severe, that the ecosphere *may* suffer catastrophic breakdown, and that our species *may* be extinguished. (Emphasis in original.)

Schell then puts argument in mathematical form:

To employ a mathematical analogy, we can say that although the risk of extinction may be fractional, the stake is, humanly speaking, infinite, and a fraction of infinity is still infinity. In

other words, once we learn that a holocaust *might* lead to extinction we have no right to gamble, because if we lose, the game will be over, and neither we nor anyone else will ever get another chance. Therefore, although, scientifically speaking, there is all the difference in the world between the mere possibility that a holocaust will bring about extinction and the certainty of it, morally they are the same, and we have no choice but to address the issue of nuclear weapons as though we knew for a certainty that their use would put an end to our species. (Emphasis in original.)

A small probability of an infinite harm (in this case, human extinction in large-scale nuclear war) has to be treated the same as if the probability of this harm were a certainty.

To reduce the probability of nuclear war to zero, Schell argues for complete nuclear and conventional disarmament worldwide. He also wants to change the world's political structure to "create a political means by which the world can arrive at the decisions that sovereign states previously arrived at through war." In the near term he supports a nuclear freeze, talks between the nuclear powers to reduce the probability of accidental nuclear war, and George Kennan's proposal for halving the nuclear arsenals of the superpowers.

Schell argues against unnamed (and, to me, unknown) people who might think that the human extinction is not all that bad. If only we would recognize the seriousness of the situation, we would create this new world order.

The real problem, however, is Schell's argument that a finite probability of an infinite harm can be treated as if the harm were a certainty—and not that people do not take human extinction seriously. This argument's total indifference to the actual probability of a catastrophic nuclear war is the trouble. For as long as there is a chance of a catastrophic nuclear war, the argument does not change. To halve the current probability of a catastrophic nuclear war does no good; to double the current probability of catastrophic nuclear war does no harm. Any world with some chance of catastrophic nuclear war is equivalent.

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*Jonathan Schell, *The Fate of the Earth*, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1982.

The logic of this argument should lead Schell to reject half-measures like a nuclear freeze, etc., (even if a nuclear freeze lessened the chance of nuclear war). For such measures will not eliminate catastrophic nuclear war. A nuclear freeze will, in fact, *increase* the chance of nuclear war since it will prevent improvements in the safety, security, and survivability of our nuclear systems and impede the development of precise forms of nonnuclear attack with the potential to replace nuclear weapons for many missions. Even in a totally disarmed world with a new political order, as Schell admits, the political order could break down, a war could break out, and with nuclear weapons reconstructed, a nuclear catastrophe could occur:

In a disarmed world, we would not have eliminated the peril of human extinction from the human scene—it is not in our power to do so—but we would at least have pitted our whole strength against it. The inconsistency of threatening to perpetrate extinction in order to escape extinction would be removed. The nuclei of atoms would still contain vast energy, and we would still know how to extinguish ourselves by releasing that energy in chain reactions, but we would not be lifting a finger to do it. There would be no complicity in mass murder, no billions of dollars spent on the machinery of annihilation, no preparations to snuff out the future generations, no hair-raising lunges toward the abyss.

All this is very well. But the logic of the argument yields no reason to prefer Schell's totally disarmed world to our current one.

The probability of nuclear war is quite important and it is vital that we keep this probability as low as we can. To reduce the overall risk to ourselves and at the same time improve the quality of our lives it is, however, important to use our resources proportionately to our actual needs and risks. For example, at any second (to use some of Schell's frenzied prose) the earth could be struck by an asteroid large enough to have catastrophic consequences to the earth's biosphere leading to human extinction. There is substantial evidence of such collisions in the past. (Some hold such a collision led to the extinction of the dinosaurs.) Telescopes to scan the skies for such asteroids and stocks of large nuclear armed missiles (the size of our Saturn moon rockets) ready to intercept and blow up these asteroids would reduce the risks of such collisions. We do not man such telescopes and missiles because the risk (once every hundred million years or so) does not warrant the relatively modest expenditure.

The risk of nuclear war is greater than the risk of large asteroid collisions. But the price of trying absolutely to avoid nuclear war is also unacceptably high, because it would cost us more than just money. Schell chides us for continuing to cling to our current system of nation states which we use to support what he calls "our transient aims and fallible convictions." These include such trivialities as liberty and justice.² The logic of Schell's beliefs and of much that is current in the antinuclear movement would

lead one to do almost anything to avoid a nuclear holocaust. Surrender to the Soviets would be the easiest way, especially if one is willing to give up liberty and justice. How to be *neither* red nor dead, however, is our real problem.

Schell's argument has so little content that it can be used to support anything or nothing. Pierre Gallois and Raymond Aron used the vacuous argument of a finite chance of an infinite harm that Schell uses to argue for world disarmament and a new world order, to advocate spreading nuclear weapons to a very large number of countries.³ They held such distribution would make for a very peaceful earth because nuclear weapons would enable every country to deter an attack. This would be true even for very small countries, since there would always be a slight chance that their nuclear weapons would survive an enemy surprise attack and do the enemy's cities enormous damage. Gallois and Aron argued that even a very small possibility of this enormous harm would deter an enemy.

Of the two notions that comprise his solution, total disarmament and a new world political order without war, Schell correctly takes the new world order for the primary requirement, for once achieved it would make disarmament easy. It is striking that Schell has no idea what this new world political order would look like nor how to bring it about. He leaves these tasks to his reader:

In this book, I have not sought to define a political solution to the nuclear predicament—either to embark on the full-scale re-examination of the foundations of political thought which must be undertaken if the world's political institutions are to be made consonant with the global reality in which they operate or to work out the practical steps by which mankind, acting for the first time in history as a single entity, can reorganize its political life. I have left to others those awesome, urgent tasks, which, imposed on us by history, constitute the political work of our age.

There is nothing new or original in the thought that it would be nice to have a world where people settle their political differences peacefully. There are problems, however, not amenable to easy solution—questions like who should rule the Falkland Islands, where should the Palestinians live, how to bring liberty and justice to people living in totalitarian countries as well as improving the quality of government in our own country. People have worked and will continue to work hard to solve these and the many other political problems in the world today. They do not need Jonathan Schell to tell them how serious and important this work is. But finding solutions has not been and will not be easy and there's nothing in Schell's frantic book that will make this task any easier.

¹Quoted in *Newsweek*, March 14, 1983, 67.

²Elsewhere Schell complains that the nuclear powers "put a higher value on national sovereignty than they do on human survival."

³Pierre Gallois, *The Balance of Terror* (with Foreword by Raymond Aron), Boston 1961, 129 ix. I am indebted to Albert Wohlstetter for pointing out this connection.

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