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## PATHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS IN POLITICS\*

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In one of Hans Andersen's fairy-tales, the emperor was exhibiting himself in splendid new raiment. But it was a hoax: the swindling tailors had provided no clothes at all; they had succeeded by black magic in imposing a belief that whoever should fail to see and adore the imperial robes was thereby betraying his own stupidity and unworthiness. All, all were taken in, by their fear and ambition, until a little child, ignoring the beauty of holiness, the sacredness of majesty, the inviolability of sovereignty, blurted out the simple truth—"the emperor is entirely without robes." So I invite you to look with fearless candor at sundry sacred cows. They may be nothing but cunning contraptions of lath and plaster and camouflage paint. Let us candidly and naively say what we see.

As we look back 45 years to the origin of our Association, there are striking changes to be observed. The atom, then regarded as the ultimate indissoluble unit, has turned out to be complex like a solar system; its fission, whether for useful power or for the destruction of us all, has become a defiant challenge to our generation, the \$64 question: Has our inventiveness in engines of destruction perilously outdistanced our power of moral growth?

Our kind of scientist observes that in our parlous political position new pathological factors are coming to light, symptoms that call for clear identification, conditions that require treatment if one is to hope for amelioration of health, peradventure for cure. We see about us not only blood, sweat, and tears—they might well inspire us to unwonted effort and more effective toil—but also corruption, gangrene. There is the so-called suicide or frankly avowed

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assassination of statesmen, slavery in concentration camp, families rent asunder by unpassable boundaries, inflation causing slow starvation, nationalistic frenzy, inventive skills prostituted to the enrichment of the privileged few, to the envy of the deprived millions. These have become literal facts of life, no longer lurid metaphors, as in the happy days of 1903.

Have we grown up while our socio-political world has been growing down? Have we become adult in our judgments, or do we remain childish? Has man advanced in humaneness, or must we reverse the prayer-book phrase and look upon today's political man, worshipping the Leviathan-state, as "very beast of very beast"?

As we gather to celebrate our birthday, we look back in reminiscence even to centennials, though that is worth doing only if it clarify the perspective of our vision directed forward. The year 1648 saw the end of thirty years' war, fixing the map of Europe by treaties which realized the principle *cujus regio ejus religio* (let every ruler determine the religion of his subjects). Our own thirty years' conflict has not yet found its definitive solution. If, making the worst supposition regarding religion, it be ruefully admitted that all are worshipers of Mammon, we have not yet agreed on a boundary between rival creeds for even that Mammon-worship; have not yet accepted mutual toleration (as in 1648) between areas for the accepted orthodoxy of "dialectical materialism" on the one hand, and that of plutocracy or "capitalistic democracy" on the other.

The year 1748 saw Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, which set the metes and bounds of our founding fathers' political science; though even he, as we now know, seriously misunderstood the British constitution he admired. Certain precepts which our constitution-framers adopted from Montesquieu still remain as swaddling-clothes, badly cramping our freedom of development. That same year 1748 saw the beginning of Edmund Burke's career, who sowed the seed in men's minds whence came that mighty growth (is it the poisonous upas tree or the oak?), the political party. If adequately organized and implemented, this Atlas might bear the burden of society's self-government. What, however, would a present-day Burke think of our party "machine"? We know that it corresponds in a measure to Burke's very *bête noire*, the crass, stupid, corrupting power of the eighteenth-century crown. It is nearly

fifty years since Ostrogorski gave us an authentic portrait of that horrid monster of ours. Yet, like the weather, little is done about it.

The year 1848 we may leave mostly to the historians. We devote one session to its political significance, including that block-busting indictment, the *Communist Manifesto*, which still keeps us jittery. With its mixture of true accusation and false rhetoric, it reminds us of a prosecuting attorney's summation argument, for winning jury verdict, by fair means or foul.

Permit me to remind you, however, that 1848 is also the year in which some two dozen tiny Swiss cantons, intensely jealous for their individual characters, rallied after a bloodless civil war to adopt a federal, national constitution. Here, as under a microscope, the world has looked on and seen steady progress, uninterrupted by violence or by the revolution that begets counter-revolution, untroubled by whoring after the false gods of glittering generalities, with none of that anti-scientific prejudice which Sidney and Beatrice Webb called the "disease of orthodoxy," the Swiss wisely preferring to try anything that contains a promise of possible new truth.

Right there is the point of all these backward glances, giving them relevance for our guidance as we go forward. Notwithstanding our vast ignorance, we must be laboratory scientists, studying our own record of experience, and especially the experience of others, to inform and guide our present action, progressing, when and as we are able, out of astrology into astronomy, out of alchemy into chemistry.

Our most fruitful analogy, I submit, is the science of pathology, as might well have been expected after 2,000 years' worship of Aristotle, the son of a doctor. Knowledge of medicine is still far from complete; but we have eliminated some vestigial survivals: we do have appendectomies. We political scientists are still baffled by the cancer of war, a marvelous energy gone wrong; also the common cold of voters' ignorance and apathy, which saps vital energy and leaves the system flabby and inert, an absolutely lethal effect upon democracy.

One encouraging advance we have made. As boys, we used to hear whisperings about "consumption" and "going into a decline"; and until yesterday there was the same shamefaced attitude toward cancer and "social diseases." But, generally speaking, we now boldly face our problem, name it, and attack it; perhaps, like

Ehrlich, we try 605 experiments in vain, until the 606th produces salvarsan. If universities and cities are now building medical centers, why should not political scientists develop similar agencies for clinical study, to exchange rather than hoard and hide their promising clues, to combine technical skills into effectively integrated plans of action, with hearty devotion of society's resources to the curing of society's ills?

One serious obstacle, paradoxically enough, is our want of serious will really to be an association. Reflect a moment on our whole three-fold name. "American" is obvious, and is used only by way of modesty: we are eager to give and receive with Canadians, Britons, and all the rest in a United Nations Political Science Association. God be merciful to us sinners, if as Pharisees we close our eyes to our own defects, and to the achievements of others, whether our elders or our betters.

But the word "Association" presents a real difficulty. Few of us take seriously our membership one of another. Of course we can never dispense with free individuality, the lonely labor of the lonely scholar. But much is lost, and society's potential wealth of thought is the chief loser, if we do not imaginatively realize our potentialities of associative thought.

We think we are doing our duty if we pay our dues promptly. While food and fuel have gone up far beyond one hundred per cent, and the Saturday periodical wherewith many of our fellow-citizens think they "keep Posted" costs three times as much as formerly, we plume ourselves on a mere one-third rise in annual dues. Have we, because disinterested, become uninterested in our membership? Is there any scholarly activity, from the editing of the REVIEW to the production of a treatise, that does not gain from mutual criticism, give and take, hard-won progress through social thinking from thesis through antithesis to synthesis, the endless "upward spiral" made famous by Hegel? More recently we have revived the Greek symposium, imported the German seminar, invented the panel, the round-table, the conciliation board, the task force, even the air lift. All these gadgets may help mind to meet mind, not clashing but meshing in gear. But no mechanism is fool-proof.

Committees some regard as a time-wasting nuisance. True, they may be abused. But many of you know from experience that when a real committee gets busy it not only pools the knowledge and judgment of its members, but catalyzes them, begets something

that is beyond the powers of all acting individually. It is only by committee coöperation that our excessive and sterilizing specialization may be prevented from producing hopeless atomization and disintegrated do-less futility. Variety of opinion can lead to supplementation, correction, invigoration. An English or Canadian premier is not embarrassed but strengthened when he has the House of Commons on his hands; he meets criticism with persuasion; put to his trumps, he really justifies his position. Not content with the weakness of a despot or president surrounded by yes-men, he is all the stronger because his cabinet in its secret debate encourages the active participation of constructive critics. They show up the weak points of a proposal, in time for opposition to be "taken into camp," at least accurately discounted.

Some of us feel apologetic when our chemist and biologist colleagues mention our name "political science" with lifted eyebrows: "not very scientific," we admit, except in spirit. Perhaps that is false modesty. Too many of those same colleagues are pathetically closed-minded, unscientific, mere ignorant laymen, when caught outside the field of their own narrow specialty. At least we know that we cannot evade the obligation to cultivate devotedly the ordered knowledge that is available regarding the mind and will of the state, how it can be found and expressed (which is politics), and how it can be put into action (which is administration).

Science, truly so-called, after description must proceed with analysis, first qualitative to identify the elements and then, far more difficult, quantitative. It is tempting to talk of statistical method, but we soon find how limited is its applicability. One can count children of school age, but it requires a very uncommon "common sense" to judge wisely society's need, not only of millions who can read comic strips (but cannot write a readable letter), but of those twos and threes who can read the signs of the times; not only the thousands who can acquire skills, but the priceless few who can learn how to use the skilled technicians, combine and guide them for the social weal. Big Business confidently pays a high price for the professional skills it requires, from lawyer, accountant, and "executive." Here political society lags far behind.

Another question we must resolutely face. Ivory towers have become, in Mr. Kennon's phrase at the N.E.A., "mere warrens for scared rabbits." On the other hand, we freely admit that ours, as compared with physics, is not a "pure science." Not impure in its

motive; but "we are in the midst of affairs"; we pursue our science not for its own sake, not even for truth's sake, but "for the healing of the nations." What we seek to know is, What is the matter with us? Has the body politic lost touch with the academic mind, and the civic conscience? What is political health, and how may it be attained? Like the physicians, we are pioneers, groping, probing, not expecting immediate and entire success—but not afraid to stick our necks out; setting up working hypotheses, testing whether they will work and if not, abandoning them, but always trying again. To "know-how" we add "look-see," and "make-do."

We may not, as does the chemist, freely exploit our material with acids, litmus paper, and slop-jar. The physician must scrupulously preserve his patient's life while he experiments towards health. As Burke warned us, an ideologically purposed tampering with political organisms may destroy life, which it will pass the wit of man to restore. We must warily watch the patient's constitution, what he can stand, what he may develop. We must persuade, cajole, and for the sake of uninterrupted life suffer the continuance of old practices that have lost most of their original meaning. But see the reciprocal interaction of old institutions and highly individualized men. Think of how the presidency spoiled General Grant, and yet how it transfigured "Chet" Arthur from a spoilsman to a man. Think of what Uncle Joe Cannon did to the speakership and the House, but then think of what George Norris did to a lame-duck Congress, a Nebraska legislature, a Tennessee Valley. We are reminded of the long patience and selfless devotion of a Pasteur, a Walter Reed.

One of the ideals of science, closely involved with its disinterested impartiality and its openness of mind to real and new truth, is *precision*. The physicist's technical terms are safe from misunderstanding abuse by the uninitiated layman, since he manifestly has little idea of what they mean, not even enough to counterfeit them. In our science the very words are taken from the lips of the man in the street; they are old token-coins worn smooth, their value on tongue, ear, and eye dubious, often spurious. Our vocabulary is, quintessentially, equivocation. Think, for example, of the wide variety in meaning of the word *cabinet* in Washington, Westminster, and Paris, of the same name *speaker* for one who in Washington exercises political dominance over the House, is completely absent from the Senate, in Westminster is a silent and impartial umpire.

Far worse is the loose talk, often wishful double talk, in which many indulge regarding political purpose, in party platform and statute law, and even in text-book and treatise, seeking to mean all things to all men, for all purposes. Are we dealing fairly with our students, called in their innocent docility "political science majors"? Do we warn them to challenge the words they hear used? With what meaning in the specific context? Do we attempt to indoctrinate them with our truth? Or have we the modesty and ingenuity to awaken their own powers of questing search, whereby they can find what is their truth, holding fast from tradition that which is good, but constantly freshening it by what is good for their own new time, realizing with Bentham that "antiquity is no reason," with Burke that "you preserve only by purifying"?

The last word (purify) leads us on into our pathological laboratory, the work-room where we attempt to clean up the mess, the illness in which society finds itself. Where to begin? In 1927, Munro recited to this very audience thirteen points of what he indicted as our widely held "intellectual insincerities." His thirteenth point, "a government of laws not of men," is a striking instance of the good young phrase gone wrong. Harrington's utopian *Oceana* in 1656 had made it famous; and it was plausible, hence winning. The Massachusetts constitution of 1780 owed much to the wisdom of Harrington. But what would Harrington and the men of Massachusetts think, could they see a twentieth-century's fetich-worship of that famous phrase? It is now used to justify a business civilization that defies government, calls government planning communistic, regards government as divinely commanded to play a negative rôle, to keep its hands off; requires that government be not by law nor by men but by mere attorneys, "business lawyers" who have not learned to be men, certainly not to be statesmen. How far we are from that goal set by Lord Brougham a century ago, when he referred to the Caesar who found Rome brick and left it marble, Brougham continuing:

"How much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book and left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!"

Possibly it is unfair to indict our civilization for "insincerities"; it is in part unawareness. But a truly scientific spirit must compel

attention to ambiguities, to clear them up. As equivocations, they are sore spots on the body politic, uncleannesses in our thinking, festering, poisoning. I now mention a round dozen of these pathological factors, both ambiguous words and dangerous, ambiguous situations. Unfortunately, much of this stuff is all too familiar; but it is accepted and lived with as if it were inevitable. I do not pretend to have the right diagnosis, still less the prognosis required. But I do descry symptoms of suffering. Here are signs to be interpreted, diseases to be treated, by those who are able. There is no logical order of presentation. Not even the alphabet will suffice, but we will start off with an *A*.

(1) *Appeasement*. For ten years this has been a doubly-damned name for the "crime" of Munich. But that is criminal mistreatment of an honorable idea; in time we shall recover our poise. That dire event, as Sir Arthur Salter's wise new book<sup>1</sup> tells us, "was a phase of weakness in the life of the democracies of the world—all the democracies." But, he continues, under other and more usual conditions "concession and compromise . . . is the normal method of political progress and settlement in both domestic and international affairs."

(2) *Aristocracy*. We hardly need to be warned against allowing extraordinary privilege to the caste of the "well-born," or to mere men of money. But many forget that in Greek the word means rule, not by the rich, not by the average, but by the *best*. Gradually we have learned how futile is the polity, even if it bear the magic name democracy, that does not know how to find and follow its leaders, whether they come to our presidency from a Kentucky log-cabin or a Westchester county estate, or to another presidency from professorial chairs like Masaryk and Beneš; or to a less conspicuous rôle like a Smith (not Adam but James Allen), the seminal constitutional thinker; or from a Wall Street law office, the diplomat Dwight Morrow.

(3) Thirdly, a widespread habit of thought which makes against political health. *Dichotomy* as a logical device always tempts the superficial thinker. Children easily and neatly classify men as good or bad, friend or foe, white or black, *either-or*. Only the mature in statesmanship see its fallacy and find neither white nor black but varied shades of gray, containing some white, some black. Even

<sup>1</sup> Salter, *Personality in Politics*, pp. 72, 81.

in Republican-or-Democrat, Socialist-or-Capitalist, Proletariat-or-Bourgeoisie, Fascist-or-Communist, each of the contrasted categories is a vastly various aggregate of elements, some factors on each side intricately allied to some factors on the other, in economic make-up, intellectual attitude, and voting habit. Even the word *fascismo* in 1919 suggested real beauty, young men devoting themselves unselfishly to the common good, the unification of quarreling sects. The word was brought to utter degradation by the insane ambition of a leader and by the maneuvers of privileged economic groups and gangsters, who cloaked their self-seeking under a pretended "corporative" ideal. By the same token, let us watch with care lest our "democracy" be used as a cloak for our own pet vices: here plutocracy, there demagoguery, elsewhere faction.

In view of the smug complacency with which we view others' shortcomings, I beg you who are proud of democracy to remember the Kingfish, who was called a Democrat, and based his despotism on the vote of the "common man." But—lest you suppose this is pointing a scornful finger at Louisiana—I too, as one Massachusetts-born, put on sackcloth and ashes, in the spirit of Whittier's Ichabod (the glory is departed), when I remember that "scholar in politics" from Boston who betrayed his own long-held principles and for motives of party and personal spite put forth his skilled hand in the Senate in 1919 to slay the League of Nations Covenant.

Perhaps our most mortal danger (after self-righteousness) is neither fascism nor communism, but totalitarianism, the weakness which is found among both fascists and communists, and some unworthy democrats as well—the irresponsible submission to an irresponsible State that knows and does all, determines and censors all, crushes and stifles Liberty.

(4) Coming down to something concrete, even petty. We retain hundreds (possibly a thousand) of superfluous *counties*, an administrative "jungle," without justification in the telephone-automobile age. But county consolidation would throw out of employment thousands of old-line bureaucrats, who know the cohesive and conservative power of public pay as well as public plunder. A prepotent class of professionals, impregnably entrenched, they perpetuate a gargantuan ballot to confuse the voter and keep him dependent, and cannily convert to their own defensive use the very primary election system which was devised for their ousting. It could still be employed to that end if only the people's rule were

appreciated as something the people really desire and will responsibly conduct, if only our Citizenship Participation Committee's voice crying in the wilderness might be heard from the housetops and streets, and in the homes. They have shown, by precept and example, how we could stop the tragic waste incurred by educated men's abstention from practical politics, "good citizens" not troubling themselves to go into city council or state legislature or Congress—or even into the ballot-booth.

(5) The American *Constitution*. (Not to stress its ambiguity, but to point to a number of sore spots.) (a) Are we, in the mid-twentieth century, afraid to face the fact of deep social change that calls imperatively for adaptation; are we absurdly trying to wear an eighteenth-century costume, a document which was doubtless an amazingly clever device to meet the situation of its own date, but was not expected by its contrivers to be a permanently fitting uniform, certainly not to be conjured with as white magic? (b) Are all our forty-eight states real entities, justifying their existence by social service, equally aware of state rights and state duties? (c) We used to refer with bated breath of reverence to *small* states as of unique virtue, presenting real grass-roots democracy. Now, without invidious reference to such paragons as Delaware and Rhode Island and Nevada, let me remind you of Rappard's recent careful study *L'Individu et l'État*, where one learns in detail how modern Switzerland has become really democratic "not thanks to the efforts, but in spite of the passionate opposition, of the primitive cantons," those picturesque peasant *Landsgemeinde* which used to be idolized by the historian Freeman and our own Robert C. Brooks. (d) Does anyone suppose the bicameralism we now have in Washington remains that which was designed in 1787, the clever Yankee Connecticut Compromise, whereby the Senate was to protect local autonomy against the nationalizing House? (e) Has our famous system of check-and-balance achieved an effect upon government which is essentially paralysis, dead-center blockage, the ship of state "in irons," negation instead of creation?

(6) *Congress* was expected to be the measuring-rod and speech-organ of public opinion, until pollsters and commentators usurped that power. The new Eighty-first Congress may recover a bit of self-confidence. If so, our representative system will want a deal of doing-over. (a) Nearly seven centuries of experiment with apportionment leave us still puzzled. We retain our fantastic gerry-

mander, rotten borough, and "county unit." Yet proportional representation schemes, to correct the anomaly of one minority's ruling all, merely because it is larger than any other minority—these schemes unduly emphasize what divides us, and tend to weaken our society's consensus, as was conspicuously exemplified in Weimar Germany. (b) Our *Senate* has been misled into trying to perform the executive function of appointment to inferior office and the actual conduct of foreign affairs. (c) The *filibuster* (originally meaning buccaneer or pirate) has become the system whereby an insignificant minority is allowed to bludgeon a majority into meek acceptance of defeat and humiliating impotence. (d) Rigid adherence to the *seniority* rule gives power with reference to uninterrupted reëlection rather than to brains or social value. We warn our popular sovereign: "Watch and pray, lest rule by seniority become rule by senility." (e) Another delicate topic today is that of *committees of inquiry*. Entirely apart from the process of loyalty-screening, and its present sickening if not paralyzing effect upon our quest for intelligent public officers, I make bold to suggest that notwithstanding the extremely un-American activity of one committee from which we now suffer, there have been in the past (and there must be again) congressional committees which earn the respect of honest men by their decent manners, their regard for legality, as well as their unique power of focussing the nation's attention.

(7) Our *presidency* has become an intolerably crushing burden, fantastic for one man's carrying. The selection of a man to be president is hopelessly bedevilled by absurd, anachronistic relics, the Electoral College of 1787 and the National Convention of 1832, both ancient devices now thrown hopelessly out of gear, and capable of bestowing that awful responsibility on a person unfit for leadership, perhaps even the man who won fewer popular votes than his rival, as happened in 1824, 1876, and 1888. The executive office is still inadequately provided with administrative power to coördinate action, or consultative agencies to harmonize policy, paralyzed by the want of law-making and finance power for achievement, save in the blinding blizzard of war. One looks forward hopefully to the recommendations momentarily expected from "Operation Hoover," the Commission on the Reorganization of the Executive, with its GHQ on K Street.

(8) *National* is a word which made its appearance only about a

century ago, when it signified an enlarging, ennobling inspiration, e.g., Mazzini preaching to his fellow Genoese that they quit parochial pettiness and regard themselves as Piedmontese, to Piedmontese and Florentines that they quit despising Neapolitans, that all should rise together in *Risorgimento* to become the Italian nation, a cooperating member of the European family. By the degeneration of that word, nationalism has become not the sap of life, but a poison of mutual fear and therefore of mutual hatred and cruelty, hardening readily into ambition for mastery, after the manner of that other demoralized word *empire*, which was by Dante declared holy, as meaning the rule of God's law, and is now anathematized by Hindu and Moslem, by Indonesian and Chinese; all insist on casting off the domination of empire, at whatever cost to order and peace.

(9) It is a favorite smug, self-deceiving remark of the moralist that "*force settles nothing.*" But it was one of the most high-souled teachers of this generation, Lionel Curtis, who branded that dictum as "in open conflict with the facts," who even favored Admiral Mahan's phrase, "the province of force in human affairs is to give moral ideas time to take root." With Friedrich Meinecke, we conceive the "reason of state" as dual, coming from two Greek words, both *kratos* as the beginning and *ethos* as the end, force justifying itself by ceasing to be master, and becoming the servant of spirit. We *must* not succumb to militarism, yet we know that the soldier and the policeman are indispensable human equipment in a community which is only growing toward law-abidingness. We saw it in a gold-rush California, temporarily ruled by armed Vigilantes. The same is true of a would-be One World (economic and cultural), which by League of Nations and United Nations is feeling its way toward law and order. It depends upon coercion, by what Warren Austin calls "peace forces," as a last resort to control the recalcitrant, if they can understand no other tuition.

That, however, is not to say that military power is anything more than a tool. Allowing for certain exceptional ex-soldiers, from George Washington to George Marshall, the characteristic military mind is unfit for determining policy, is rarely useful even as a tool, save in its narrow specialty, the repelling of unlawful and hostile force.

(10) *International Responsibility.* Have two world wars left our nation only dimly aware of its world responsibilities for *pacifism*, that is, for making peace? Some, even senators, even scholars, ap-

peal nostalgically to a latent isolationism, unwilling to accept what they timorously call "commitments," their vaunted "sovereignty" meaning an uncurbed self-will, an anarchic lawlessness, which is a superstition as anachronistic as the ancient dogmas regarding witchcraft. We shamefully maintain a "color bar" of caste at home, and in Japan a neo-Shintoism that forbids "dangerous thoughts" (even by Americans in Japan)—all of which our law forbids but our practice condones, exposing us to the world's gibes that hypocrisy is a thing typically American.

Is federalism on the continental and world scale an impossible problem to solve, that is, a due organic relation of parts and whole, neither denying the other, by totalitarian imperialism or by parochial separatism? There is warning, but there is also encouragement, in the step-by-step federalizing experience of ancient Hellas, the Dutch Low Countries, the Swiss Confederation, the German Zollverein, Hapsburg Empire and British Commonwealth of Free Nations—and even our own federalizing experience, whose account is not yet all in. Let not the perfectionists, by their demanding world unification too much and too soon, thwart the practicable effort to achieve what can be achieved, when it can be achieved.

Pragmatically we experiment—peoples, the world's people, working things out together in concrete realms like communication, health, disaster relief, credit, restoration of productive power, a multitude of alphabetical agencies, official and unofficial—ECA, FAO, IRO, CARE, UNESCO, etc., etc.—useful conduct of affairs from which no state dares to absent itself in the long run, and thus deprive its own citizens of indispensable social services. A world that functions may well be expected gradually, patiently, to evolve a world government structure, the going concern not grandiosely dreamed up, but recognized when it has been enabled to come, and because it is a concern that goes on.

But meanwhile, let not America threaten the otherwise-minded, or insist on all men's thinking our thoughts after our manner; or condition our coöperative aid upon Britain's and the others' abandoning the socialism, or social democracy, or Christian democracy, or whatever it is, that suits their condition of mind and of economy.

(11) *Veto*. What a maze of misunderstanding clouds our thinking! The newspapers seem to regard it as a diabolical invention of Molotov. Have we read of Delaware's salutary vetoing of Virginia's Western imperialism in the 1770's, as well as Rhode Island's

and New York's obdurate vetoing of constitutional amendment in the 1780's? Do we realize how largely it is by our own doings at San Francisco in 1945 that the Veto stands in the United Nations Charter? Shall the razor be prohibited because it might become a foul murder weapon? Or sedatives because of the possibility of death by over-dose?

(12) *Xenophobia*: that is, fear, and therefore cruel hate, of what one regards as enemy, mainly because one is ignorant and bewildered by lack of sympathetic understanding. And be it remembered, this disease shows traces in both the Kremlin and our own State Department, and their relevant press. I refuse to say it is rampant, or raging; it can be brought under control.

In a world shaken by unprecedented revolutionary forces, our political psycho-physician conducts himself with serenity. To enlist the confidence and coöperation of the patient and his friends, the doctor discountenances talk whose tone is that of hysteria. A commercial press plays up the catchy headline, e.g., the "iron curtain," the "cold war," all-too-suggestive similes that lead public opinion far astray. The true physician will remind us that if we keep our heads and really think into our history we realize that for over a century Tsarist Russia was fully as much of a problem as is the Soviet of today. (And remember that Jeffersonian democracy, in the eyes of Wellington and Metternich, was an impious, impertinent nuisance; but they knew they had to "take it," and they did.) The Russian relation to the West has been a problem sometimes of opposition, sometimes of ambiguous coöperation: the suppression of Napoleon, James Monroe's veto upon Russian colonization in California, the Alaska Purchase, Siberian encroachment on Manchuria, the Triple Entente of 1908, the super-human Russian self-sacrifice in the Ukraine and at Stalingrad that stopped Hitler. We lived in the same world and somehow we learned to get along together. Mr. X—author of the famous article in *Foreign Affairs*, is no longer an unknown quantity. But some of us remember how very much of a known quantity was the *Century Magazine's* George Kennan in the 1890's, as he described the horrors of "Tent Life in Siberia"—and yet America and Russia got along, and even coöperated to good effect in the Hague Peace Conferences. Even today there is considerable exchange of valued ideas, our importation of Tolstoy, Tchaikovsky, Mendelyev, Pavlov, theirs in turn of Henry Ford's assembly line and F. W. Taylor's "scientific management."

As the opening of our great West, from the Ohio River to Chicago and beyond, was a task inspiring the rivals, Virginia and New England, to nation-unifying common effort—so in our generation the development of atomic power (the world's newest effective method of "going West") may well be a symbol of the common tasks, under world-community control, for the peace-making purposes of all nations, who learn to hang together lest all hang separately, the Soviet Union—and we—no more willing to stay out than were North Carolina and finally even Rhode Island in 1789–90.

Seeing red does nobody any good, whether that red-seeing be of sympathy or of antipathy. What we need is the scientist's cool vision of reality, awareness that diplomatic adjustment is always possible and necessary. It may involve what ivory-tower moralists condemn as compromise and second- or third-best arrangements, like the bloody mess that the surgeon has to expect and endure, and even himself produce in his operations, to save life and improve health. Perhaps our medical adviser would tell us that what we chiefly need is the wit to build up our world body politic's endurance, or "power of resistance," as the doctor calls it. Which does not mean what our headline writers call "getting tough"; it may be "patience mingled with firmness"; and, let us add, qualified by imagination really to appreciate the other's view. Both Molotov and Marshall are inadequately supplied with expert, conscientious, far-seeing, and deep-seeing assistants. (Think of Vyshinsky, a prosecuting attorney, pitch-forked into diplomacy; and then think also, modestly and realistically, of some of our own diplomatic and radio-journalistic personnel.) We both lack a morally stable public opinion, as power behind diplomacy's throne; whether one refers to a Politburo, embarrassed by intolerably far-reaching and mutually contradictory tasks, or to our own public opinion, with its cross purposes, recently made especially tangled by a presidential election, and always hampered by a constitutional mechanism that seems designed to produce more friction than action, brakes galore, with a minimum of motive power and of devices for the accurate meshing of gears.

Returning from the mechanical to our medical metaphor, we say with Aristotle "nothing too much." No treatment that is not nicely adjusted to this specific patient, this specific need at this specific moment. Yet our clinical director, avoiding rash experiments, well aware of the absurdity of panaceas, is always eager to find pos-

sibilities for improving health, regard being had to potentialities that can be realized by operation or medication—glandular secretions, for example, which need thyroid or vitamin pills for restoring due balance, white and red corpuscles for hematologists to count, and to curb or reinforce by pharmaceutical means.

These pathological factors call for courageous dealing. None of what Churchill calls the “ceaseless chatter of well-meant platitudes.” No waiting for the *vis medicatrix Naturae* (Nature’s power to heal); for here is where man’s Nature is Art, or contrivance; and art simply does not happen for those who wait for something to turn up. Time presses. There must be no delay, no dilettante, amateurish indifference.

In conclusion, I cite two dicta, post-dated texts for my homily. One is from that living wonder of the world, Albert Schweitzer, exemplar of what a real man can be—Alsatian equally beloved by Germans and Frenchmen, master *summa cum laude* of Christian theology, of Bach’s music and of organ-building, yet most devotedly of all the “beloved physician” of equatorial Africa. With theological and musical Europe at his feet, he freely bound himself to a life of service to the suffering African, gladly doing his bit in atonement for the wrongs white men have wreaked upon black. Here is his word:<sup>2</sup>

“Judging by what I have learned about men and women, I am convinced that there is far more in them of idealist will-power than ever comes to the surface of the world. Just as the water of the streams we see is small in amount compared to that which flows underground, so the idealism which becomes visible is small in amount compared with what men and women bear locked in their hearts, unreleased or scarcely released. To unbind what is bound, to bring the underground waters to the surface: mankind is waiting and longing for such as can do that.”

My very last word is from the late Lord Acton, that beau ideal of nineteenth-century historical scholarship, one of all history’s greatest believers in the trinity of truth, religion, and liberty. A devout Roman Catholic, yet conscientiously contesting the Vatican Decrees of 1870, he greeted his German colleague and friend, Döllinger, with a clarion call to faith. For us, it is a call for faith in science: *sanabilibus laboramus malis*; which is to say, “We are hard at work on evils that can be cured.”

<sup>2</sup> Albert Schweitzer, *My Life and Thought*, p. 114.