

Henry Fairlie

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The bright promises led to bloodshed and despair

WE ENGAGE IN POLITICAL ACTIVITY so that we may, as societies of men, deal with the world as it is. This is not a slight endeavor; the world as it is, as experience teaches us, is not easy to deal with. Some men all of the time, and almost all men some of the time, try to escape from it, into dreams or fairy stories or myths, the subcreations that J.R.R. Tolkien has named Secondary Worlds; some men even try to carry these Secondary Worlds directly into the Primary World—the world as it is—and impose them on it. What many of the most vocal and disruptive of the political movements in the United States had in common during the second half of the 1960s was a radical failure to distinguish between these two worlds. People carried their Secondary Worlds directly into the Primary World, which is the proper care of politics, and tried to impose them on it. The politics of the United States became theater—at its worst, psychodrama—and it has not yet recovered.

It was largely for these reasons that Michael Oakshott, in an essay he wrote in 1956, said that politics is “an activity unsuited to the young, not on account of their vices, but on account of what I at least consider to be their virtues.” Everybody’s young days, he said, “are a dream, a delightful insanity, a sweet solipsism. Nothing in them has a fixed shape . . . everything is a possibility . . . The world is a mirror in which we seek the reflection of our own desires. . . . Since life is a dream . . . politics must be an encounter of dreams in which we hope to impose our own.” But, as we grow, and pass what Joseph Conrad called the shadow line, there is disclosed to us “a solid world of things, each with its fixed shape, each with its point of balance, each with its price; a world of fact, not poetic image, in which what we have spent on one thing, we cannot spend on another; a world inhabited by others besides ourselves, who cannot be reduced to mere reflections of our own emotions.” It is coming to be at home in this commonplace world that qualifies us, “if we are so inclined, and have nothing better to think about,” to engage in political activity; and coming to be at home in it—“to rein in one’s own beliefs and desires, to acknowledge the current shape of things, to feel the balance of the world in one’s hands”—is a difficult achievement, not to be looked for in the young.

One cannot blame the Kennedys, either the brothers themselves or those who served them, for the whole of the displacement of politics that took place in the 1960s; neither can one blame only the Kennedys for any specific aspect of that displacement. They cannot, for example, be held responsible for the racial turmoil of the decade. The civil-rights movement had been gathering force for some years prior to John Kennedy’s election, and, like a number of other smoldering discontentments within American society, it did not flicker into major violence until after Kennedy’s assassination. The Supreme Court also contributed to the mood of general expectation, and so did Lyndon Johnson’s subsequent promises of a war on poverty.

But the fact remains that the Kennedys had an unusual impact on the social imagination of the American people during the years in which they acted—beyond the meaning of anything they did—and that the force of that impact was to persuade the people either that the limits of politics could be transcended or that politics could transcend the limits of the commonplace world. The one place where these self-declared pragmatists did not feel at home, where they were not content to act, was in the world as it is. Even when, in their practice of conventional politics, which was also a part of their method, they had to bow to the world as it is, they still implied that it should, and that it could, be transcended. This was at the root not only of the politics of expectation but of the politics of confrontation that this in turn spawned. Is this not the meaning of the graves, bitten with such panoply into the hillside of Arlington? Do they not celebrate a time when politics became an encounter of dreams?

It is one of the uses of political activity that it enables us to listen to the conversation of a society. Part of the justification of politics, therefore, lies merely in the continuation of the activity itself, the carrying on of the conversation. These—the activity and the conversation—take place in the political institutions that are today regarded, not least by those who should know better, with an unprecedented ignorance and impatience. The character of a political institution seems no longer to be comprehended. No matter that the draft of its keel is deep; people expect it—trade union or party or legislature or department—to respond to fashionable cries.

Henry Fairlie is a British journalist resident in Washington, D.C. From the book The Kennedy Promise: The Politics of Expectation. Copyright © 1972 by Henry Fairlie. To be published in January 1973 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

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But a political institution of true value does not answer to these ripples; it feels the tow of public opinion on great issues, slow and undramatic, beneath the surface. One cannot neglect the fact that the total effect of the political method of the Kennedys was to bring the political institutions of the country into disrepute by the promise to transcend them.

A yearning for morality

JOHN KENNEDY SOUGHT the Presidency on a presumption that the United States was in the doldrums after eight years of Dwight Eisenhower's leadership; and, since the American people might in fact like the doldrums, it had to be shown that they were actually in danger. This was not an arduous task. Even if America was neither in danger nor in the doldrums, Dwight Eisenhower did little to remove the impression.

He had a way with him at press conferences that could not fail to suggest that the ship of state was becalmed, if not slowly sinking. He confided in 1958, for example, that "the carrying on of foreign policy is a very intricate business, and it becomes, you might say, almost an art rather than any science"; and when asked if he could explain what he meant, a frequent request he bore with soldierly patience, he replied, "That is a very complicated thing. . . . This is so complicated that you have to go—you try to lay out a program, a plan, but it—work it if you have got it here, if you go here you have to defend that, you have to move over here." Perhaps aware that he might not have carried his point, he summed it up: "It is a very difficult, intricate thing, and I don't care what head of state or government has been here or that I have gone to see has acknowledged the intricacies of today in manipulating what, you may say, the foreign policy of any free country."

Perhaps with this drowsiness in mind, Walter Lippmann proclaimed, early in 1960: "Great people can be put to sleep." At the same time, John Steinbeck wrote a letter to Adlai Stevenson, in which he gave his first impressions of the America in which he had been journeying. He had found, he said, "a creeping, all-pervading, nerve gas of immorality," accompanied by "a nervous restlessness, a thirst, a yearning for something unknown—perhaps morality." In hindsight, it seems an acute observation, predicting the climate of the 1960s; but, whatever the reason given, there could be no doubt that, as John Kennedy prepared to make his challenge, the United States was ill at ease, with itself and with its performance.

Looking back, it is easy to see that the mood was not only feverish but false. It had part of its origin in the launching of the first Sputnik on

October 4, 1957, and in other revelations during the intervening years that the United States no longer held over the Soviet Union the commanding lead—in armaments, in science, in technology—that had given it a sense of security, and therefore of confidence, and therefore of purpose, in the first ten years after the second world war. Nothing that Dwight Eisenhower said—calling on his long experience—could stem the hysteria. It was in this atmosphere of crisis, for which there was no warrant, that the politics of expectation, leading to the politics of confrontation, was conceived; in the end to rule a decade.

Playing with a world of maps

FOR ALL ITS QUICKNESS and its curiosity, the mind of John Kennedy does not appear to have been equipped to cope with complexity. The ideology of the Cold War was simplifying, not least in the intellectual construction with which Walt Rostow provided it; it retained the peculiar simplifications of war; the confrontation was simplifying; to think of the globe was simplifying. It is not enough to demonstrate that John Kennedy was locked in the ideology of the Cold War—that is well understood by now. To an important extent, the ideology of the Cold War and the emphasis on military strength were of only secondary importance, subordinate to his real concern: the exaltation of the power of the state. Moreover, that concern was the creature of his consistent political philosophy; the "voluntary totalitarianism" to which he had looked in *Why England Slept* was more than a youthful phrase.

As he had noticed while writing his Inaugural Address, domestic issues were divisive, and so he excluded all reference to them. In this, as in much else, he was a man of his time. His Administration came into office firmly believing that the domestic problems of the country were largely settled.

This was one of the themes of the "pragmatic liberals," which was given a characteristically bold expression by Walt Rostow and Max Millikan at the time:

The farm problem, the status of big business in a democratic society, the status and responsibilities of organized labor, the avoidance of extreme cyclical unemployment, social equity for the Negro, the provision of equal educational opportunity, the equitable distribution of income—none of all these great issues is fully resolved; but a national consensus exists within which we are clearly moving forward as a nation.

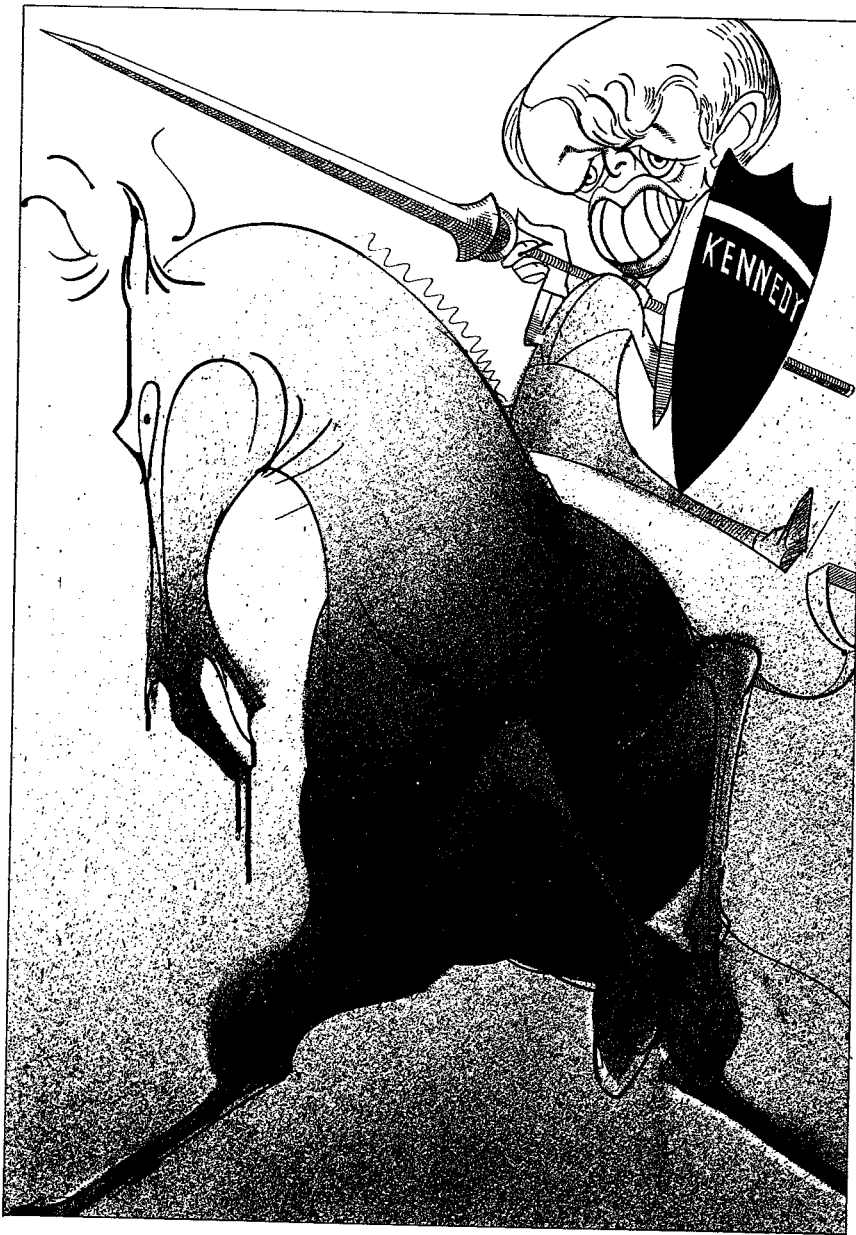
The extraordinary optimism of this statement is equaled only by the narrow definition of the social issues confronting the United States; but

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from this platform they could make their outward leap:

American society has a meaning and a purpose which transcend the nation... If over the coming decades the United States should turn its back on the great revolutionary transformations going forward in the underdeveloped countries, devoting itself almost exclusively to domestic chores and objectives, American society will progressively lose some of those basic spiritual qualities which have been historically linked to the nation's sense of world mission.

There is a truth lurking in these words; a great nation cannot refuse its historical moment; possessing great power, and therefore great influence, it cannot avoid exercising them. But the words carry the truth into aëry regions, into worlds of the spirit where the mission has an existence of its own that *transcends the nation*;



and it is this kind of concept that distorts, and then binds.

There is a scene in Charlie Chaplin's film, *The Great Dictator*, in which he dances, in the character of Adolf Hitler, an intoxicated ballet, round the globe that is in his room, and then holding the globe, spinning it on the tips of his fingers, doing anything he likes with it—until it bursts. They should have played that film, and that scene, in the private cinema of the White House between 1961 and 1963, for the men of the Administration were intoxicated by the globe. In their memoirs and in the history books, we too often find men of power bent over their maps of the world; and one wishes that they would turn instead to the long columns that form the indexes of their atlases, to the names of actual places in small print. All the cities, all the towns, all the villages, all the hamlets—population: 8,000,000; or population: 64—that is the globe, diverse and unknowable. The mind that wishes to conquer it, like that of Napoleon Bonaparte, is uneducated; the mind that would reduce it to a system, like that of Karl Marx, is anxious; the mind that imagines that it is a village, like that of Marshall McLuhan, is narrow; the mind that thinks that it may make a tour of it, and know it, like those of the men whom we are considering, is frivolous. We need to learn again to think our problems small, and so deal with them; and our politicians should not tempt us otherwise.

Quotations from Yeats and Aristotle

JOHAN KENNEDY and his Administration were men of their time in other ways. The extraordinary power of the democracies, especially of the United States, during the second world war had a profound influence on an entire generation, and the war was immediately followed by a second demonstration of the efficient power of the United States, its rescue of Western Europe after 1945. It was this generation of Americans that determined in 1961 to restore to the United States an elevated sense of national purpose, and it was acutely described at the time by one of its own number: "Most of the men have had experience in government operations before," Walt Rostow said to Hugh Sidey. "They know what discipline is. Most of them are about the same age as the President, a generation which saw a lot of war and diplomacy."

A lot of war and diplomacy: few self-descriptions could be more illuminating. What is more, one can find in it at least a part of the explanation of the unusual sense of camaraderie that seemed to inspire the members of the Administration. The playful sense that they were "a band of brothers . . . we happy few," was profoundly important, in both the reality and the myth, and

it was easily extended beyond the Administration itself.

"A news management policy not only exists," wrote Arthur Krock during the third year of the Administration, "but in the form of *direct and deliberate* actions has been enforced more cynically and more boldly than by any other previous Administration. . . . One principal form that it takes is social flattery of Washington reporters and commentators—many more than ever got this treatment in the past—by the President and his high-level supporters." Arthur Krock had a grouch, no doubt, since he was not among those who were being flattered, but that does not invalidate the force of what he was saying. The personal friendship of John Kennedy with some journalists—Joseph Alsop, Charles Bartlett, Benjamin Bradlee, Rowland Evans—was more important as a symbol than as a corruption of the relationship between power and the press.

Arriving in Washington for the first time in 1965, an English journalist could not help being surprised that it was a common practice for American political journalists to break bread with American politicians in each other's homes. They seemed to be too unseparate, and it was puzzling to know how the political journalist could, in these circumstances, maintain his posture as a critic.

The personal aloofness of the political journalist from the world that is his subject is, of course, easier to maintain in a capital such as London, which has many worlds, than in Washington, which has only one world. The politician in Washington is adorned and adored because he has no competitor. Night after night, power is wreathed and hymned because there is no other brow to decorate, no other ear to please. Under the high blossoms of the magnolias, in bowers of lushness and of fragrance where one would expect Aphrodite to be worshipped, only the name of power is sung. Nowhere but in Washington would a hostess be grateful to have a Secretary of Defense at her dinner table; nowhere else would nymphs garland him with myrtle, and coax the very doves of Aphrodite to coo about his brow. One can well understand how in the impoverished intellectual and cultural life of Washington it was taken to be a marvel that a politician could quote some lines of W. B. Yeats, or pronounce the name of Aristotle. There may not have been books on the New Frontier, but at least there were books of quotations.

It was in such a city, in which power already had no challenger, that John Kennedy could make it seem becoming. "He had that special grace," Benjamin Bradlee, in every other respect an unillusioned observer of the world, wrote in *Newsweek* after the assassination, ". . . that special grace of intellect which is known as taste." Foreseeing that the time would come when the historian would inquire as rigorously into the

performance of John Kennedy as into that of any other politician, Benjamin Bradlee then observed that "historians are far removed from love." It is an astonishing remark, and outrageous from a journalist, who should feel closer to the historian than to any politician. But the question one must ask is why Benjamin Bradlee, an unusually equipped journalist, should have fallen flat on his face before this one politician and before no other. One cannot put the entire blame on John Kennedy; one must put some of it on Benjamin Bradlee, and on the others who were similarly tempted.

It may be that, as David Bevington says in *Tudor Drama and Politics*, we are today inclined to overemphasize the separation of politics and art; but if we do so, he writes, it is "partly because of our distrust of ever-increasing state power over the minds of men." Mass society—the totalitarian vice—total war: it is with these,

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in the modern age, that the artist can make no terms. In this condition, the poet and the artist will try to make a foothold in "the deserts of the heart." John Kennedy sought to prize him from this insecure hold, and to bring him into the palace. "I was desirous of according a recognition to his trade," he said on February 26, 1961, of his invitation to Robert Frost to take part in the inauguration; and, commenting on the prominence he was then accorded by his countrymen, Robert Frost said in March 1962: "It's been a new world for me. President Kennedy gave me a kind of status that nobody ever had before. People came up to me in dining rooms. Of course, I think it's a little presumptuous to come across a dining room floor with a menu card to ask for an autograph, but the people do it kindly." The picture is not reassuring; the poet had been made into a celebrity and, as such, it was he in turn who gave the President a status he had not enjoyed before.

Frost was a complex man. We know more about his personal life now that he's dead, and it was not lived at ease. His poetry is less straightforward than it might seem from the more popular poems in the anthologies. But his name and his poetry were continually used by John Kennedy to a simple purpose. In a speech on October 26, 1963, the President said that he was "impressed, as I know all you were who knew him, by a good many qualities, but also by his toughness." (Even the poets on the New Frontier had to be tough.) "He gives the lie, as a good many other poets have, to the fact that poets are rather sensitive creatures who live in the dark of the garret." (Robert Frost was an acutely sensitive man, and the dark in which he lived much of his life was deeper than that of any garret.) "He once said that America is the country you leave only when you go out and lick another country." (It was a silly remark, which had little to do with either his life or his poetry, and only a politician would have thought to recall it.) "He was not particularly belligerent in his relations, his human relations, but he felt very strongly that the United States should be a country of power, of force, to use that power and force wisely." (The poet is thus made the spokesman of a foreign policy.) This was the manner, and it was always the manner, in which John Kennedy used the images of excellence to adorn his Presidency, and to sustain his policies.

One minute to midnight

ANOTHER OF THE IMAGES of excellence Kennedy cultivated was the use of crisis as an instrument of policy. From midday on January 20, 1961, until midday on November 22, 1963, the people of the United States lived in an atmosphere of perpetual crisis, for what John Ken-

nedy meant by action was a spectacular display of his power in a situation of maximum peril, as he defined it. What he found in the atmosphere of crisis was at least some of the simplifications of war.

Many of the mistakes of the Kennedy Administration in fashioning the Alliance for Progress can be traced to their belief that it was, in a phrase on which they leaned, "one minute to midnight" in Latin America. But it was at one minute to midnight that the Administration believed the hands of the clock always stood, all over the globe; and they were driven by the fear that, if they did not act before the clock struck, they would all be pumpkins. They aspired to greatness not just occasionally but all the time. If they had not had the opportunity to be great by one minute to midnight, Eastern Standard Time, at least some of their number sat up most of the night awaiting the occasion. As the sun rose over the furthest shores of Cathay and began its slow progress across the heavens, it was one minute to midnight somewhere, and something would happen; a government would fall, there would be a significant outbreak of violence, a *démarche* would be threatened; and the Situation Room would be alerted. All over Washington men would rise early to answer the bidding to crisis and to greatness, and the still slumbering public would awake in the morning to find that they had been summoned to meet danger once more, and once more to be rescued from it. But when the American people had been so galvanized, what was there then to show? Wherever one looked at the end of the thousand days, the situation in the world was at least as threatening, and in many cases more threatening, to the United States than when Kennedy took office.

His legacy was that he had accustomed the American people to an atmosphere of crisis and taught them to seek confrontation, eyeball to eyeball, within it. In October 1962, after the Cuban Missile Crisis, the *Los Angeles Times* published a column by Matt Weinstock describing a scene "common throughout the United States." In the high schools, junior and senior, of Los Angeles, he said, students had broken down and sobbed aloud: "I don't want to die." In some schools, the situation "became so bad that principals had to go on the public address system to calm students with facts and common sense." If this reaction is regarded by some as exaggerated or exceptional, then one must put beside it not only the observation of a college president that "youth's decreasing identification" with John Kennedy was caused in part by its "shock and terror" during the Cuban Missile Crisis but also the personal testimony of many American people of one's acquaintance. The memories are still painful; when recalled, the shock and terror can even now be felt.

But above all, if one remembers the turbu-

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lence of the United States during the second half of the 1960s, at least a part of the explanation can be found in the pitch of feverishness at which the American people had been kept for three years by the politics of crisis. When one has listened to the flower-children and the hippies and the freaks, has one not also heard the barely suppressed echoes of a childhood in which they were told to think the unthinkable and, for a week in the fall of 1962, believed that the thinkable was about to happen to them? On the one hand, the seeker after confrontation; on the other, the dropout from confrontation. The country, and especially its youth, had been imaginatively prepared only for crisis, to either rush eagerly toward it or flee already weary from it.

A LITTLE MORE THAN FOUR years later, Robert Kennedy was to take to the streets with the promise to reverse the policy of his brother and of the Administration of which he had been a member, at least in the most obvious of its manifestations. The campaign seemed to be different; the issues seemed to be different; the man seemed to be different; and to some extent they all were. But the method was the same, and the method must have had the same end; in a tragic sense, it did. It seems certain that, if Robert Kennedy had been elected, the American people would have been called to four more years, or to eight, of the politics of expectation, of zeal and turbulence, of danger and of the rescue from danger.

It is difficult to write sensibly of the man, even though one met him, listened to him, and watched him; one of the reasons for the difficulty is that the man keeps getting in the way of the politician. There was an impersonal quality in the public appearances of John Kennedy; aware at all times that he stood on a conspicuous stage, the world marking his demeanor, he always took to it appared; even his attractive qualities were those of an attractive public figure; one gazed on the compleat politician, accepted him as such, and did not much consider the man; one did not ask what made him tick. But everyone was always wondering what made Robert Kennedy tick, as if he were a time bomb, as some indeed regarded him.

The man in Robert Kennedy gets in the way of the politician because his career as a politician was so short, and his achievements were so slight. Little more than a thousand days as the Attorney General of the United States, and not much longer as the junior Senator from New York: that, and his brief campaign for the nomination, are almost all we have to talk about. The record is so slender; the impact was so great. This does not to some appear to be a difficulty; they judge him, they are satisfied to say, by the impact. One will usually find that they are talking about the impact of the man on themselves.

It is hard to think of another politician into whose life so many people read themselves with such indulgence.

Some time before Robert Kennedy was assassinated, William V. Shannon wrote of him that he "wishes to be an existential hero," a tempting phrase that Jack Newfield elaborated into a theme:

He had an existential dimension. He defined and created himself in action, and learned about everything from experience. His end was always unknown. He dared death repeatedly. He was preoccupied with suffering and despair. When his brother died, he passed through a night of dread, and learned about the absurd.

One must be harsh. Either this passage is accurate, in which case the man was too dangerous to hold responsible political office; or the passage is fiction, itself its own theater, the psychodrama not even of the politician but of the journalist himself.

There is something, on the surface, to be said for both points of view. The man who could say to Arthur Schlesinger, "I wish I never was born," and who replied to a questioner that, if he had not been a Kennedy, he might have been "a juvenile delinquent or a revolutionary," would seem to have read too much of Albert Camus, too late in life, and to the wrong purpose; and he is certainly not the obvious figure to whom one would entrust the safety and sure governance of a people. On the other hand, one cannot help forming the impression that Robert Kennedy was more and more trapped into making such remarks, and acting such a role, by a throng of hangers-on who had never been Kennedys or juvenile delinquents or revolutionaries, but were only journalists. It seems worth pointing out that when Robert Kennedy died, he was trying to win the highest political office in the world in a most unexistential way. He showed no sign of wishing to stand by the last tree, the last fighter, and die in silence. He was shot while the applause rang in his ears as a victor.

The existential hero calculated at length whether he should run against Lyndon Johnson; the existential hero traveled to a fund-raising dinner in Philadelphia and found the words to celebrate James Tate as "one of the greatest mayors in the United States?"; the existential hero, as he estimated his chances in the small towns of Indiana, estimated that they would like to hear what the small towns of Indiana think; the existential hero was prepared, according to his advertising agency, to spend \$18 million to secure his election; the existential hero wished to follow his brother to the White House, not to the grave. Above all, there is not a shred of evidence that the man defined himself in action; on the contrary, all the evidence is that he went to great pains to define beforehand any action

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he might take, and to define himself in readiness for that action.

The brothers were of course different men, and so were the situations in which they acted. But if we stand back for a moment, and keep some coolness in our judgment, we will notice that many of the qualities that in Robert Kennedy were said to provide the existential dimension could be found also in John Kennedy. Action was important to both of them; John Kennedy persistently sought the consolations of activity. Both of them responded to the myth of the guerrilla, and were inclined to use his method even as they made their adjustments to conventional politics. To both of them experience was more important than concept; so that they reacted to poverty as they saw it rather than to any notion of human equality as they conceived it. Both of them were persuaded of the value of personal gesture; committing themselves to a cause by symbolic acts, such as their personal association with Martin Luther King, rather than by developing a political strategy to achieve it. By their deeds, both of them said, they would be known. In retrospect they appear to have accomplished very little.

The art of the necessary

ONE CAN HARDLY DOUBT that the American people are at last coming to terms with the limits of their power: not of their political power and their military strength alone, which would be a small lesson to learn, but of their capacity to master nature itself. The positivism of the American mind, marching with the puritanism of the American spirit in a fearful combination, has suffered a severe jolt. Its ability to control the actual world has itself been found to be out of control. One cannot study the Administration of John Kennedy, the men and the measures, without deciding that it was a last confident—almost braggart—assertion of the capacity of American positivism to fulfill the prophecy of American puritanism: that the city of man can be built in the image of the City of God on this earth, and that the response of the American people to this assertion was that of men who wished to believe it. When it failed, there was an assassination to blame; when it failed again, there was yet another assassination.

The weakness of the positivism of the American mind is that it can too easily degenerate into what Abraham Kaplan calls a vulgar pragmatism, which he is at pains to dissociate from the philosophic pragmatism of Charles Pierce and William James and John Dewey, although he acknowledges that "there is something in pragmatism which lends itself to this vulgarization." The characteristics that he attributes to vulgar pragmatism may be briefly summarized: the

ideal of success, in which "competitive success is taken to be at once the sign and substance of worth"; the ideal of efficiency, in which "important values are left out of the accounting"; the ideal of scientism, in which "special instruments and techniques [are] taken to be the method itself"; and the ideal of quantification, in which "nothing is so real as a measurable quantity." He continues to link this vulgar pragmatism with the emphasis on "toughness" and "tough-mindedness" in American society: "To be a man is to be successful, efficient, even ruthless. . . ." The total effect, he concludes, is that morality is transformed into no more than morale.

It was all there in the Kennedy Administration, in the method of its politics and in its approach to any problem, until the decision to shoot for the moon, which was indeed a problem that vulgar pragmatism could solve, was translated into a metaphor. It is certainly true that, insofar as the Pentagon Papers, as they are a little spuriously called, contain any revelations of interest, it is of the thorough working from 1961 onward of the values and attitudes of vulgar pragmatism. Science, it had been proclaimed, was the breastplate of the New Frontier. If only it had been, the scientism of the intellectuals at the Department of Defense would not have been allowed to reign, and no one would have imagined that efficiency could be found in process; options would not have been confused with choice, and success, which is easy to come by, would not have been understood as achievement; quantification would not have been thought to be the measurement of a problem, and tough-mindedness would not have been regarded as a proof of strength.

One returns to the graves, remarks the words on their walls and the tourists as they pass by, and remembers the brothers themselves as valiant; no one is going to deny that. But we cannot, in the conduct of our affairs, rely on valor alone, because there have been valorous men, in the whole of the history of man, in causes that have been mistaken and even evil. The cause to which the brothers, and the men who served them, set themselves was not evil, only mistaken; and the American people must make their own terms with the error. There is a place for the arousal of expectation in politics; without it, man would hardly have progressed. Politics is not only the art of the possible, which is too often a thoughtless commonplace in small minds, but neither is it the art of the impossible to which the American people were called in 1960, and were about to be called again in 1968. Politics can be made the art of the necessary. A people can be nourished to believe that there are necessary things to be done that they have overlooked, and that they have the necessary capacity to do them. It is expectation enough. □