"life's enrichment and." But it is clear enough that Boorstin's idea of democracy has 'nothing to do with the central meaning of the term: rule by the many, widespread, popular participation in the conduct of affairs and the shaping and sharing of the common life. By democracy Boorstin really means the growing uniformity or homogenization of experience over the past hundred years. The principal agent of this social change is technology, and its principal form is mass production and distribution of uniform products. An accurate title for this book would be "the homogeneous experience."

More is at stake here than a quibble over words and titles. Boorstin's idea of democracy relieves him of any need to examine most of the important matters one would treat in a book on democracy properly defined. He need not inquire into the actual structure of power in the United States. It is sufficient to characterize the corporation as a "democratizer of property"; no need to ask who makes the decisions in those corporations, or what it is like to work in them, or who controls access to the major means of production. Politics—every significant political question—simply disappears. Everything becomes part of the great flow called democratization.

I think this is what accounts for Boorstin's composure, or at least lack of apparent dismay, in face of the processes he describes. When you relinquish or forget the moral imperatives contained in such a term as democracy, you give up the footing necessary for a genuinely critical stance toward the regime. The book itself becomes, in the end, almost as bland as the life it describes and purports to understand. The sharpness of experience is blunted by the fuzziness of the major concepts. Compare Tocqueville and Boorstin on democracy; or Mumford and Boorstin on the city; or Giedion and Boorstin on mechanization; or Henry Adams and Boorstin on the accelerating and mindless momentum of technological culture.

A final word: My sense of duty and my respect for the author require me to attempt an overall assessment of this work, though I am not confident of my ability to do so. The book is well written, vigorous and lucid. The information presented is remarkable for its range, interest and accuracy: portraits of inventors and developers, descriptions of dozens of industrial products and processes, informative reports on the origins of words and on customs and states of mind. The bibliography alone is a delightful and instructive account of what is known and not known about the American social landscape; it should provide a battalion of needy graduate students with dissertation subjects. The rich and disparate material is gathered around a few major themes and organizing concepts. None of the themes is new, and some of the central concepts are too loosely defined. This produces a certain critical blandness in the work and permits Boorstin to ignore a lot of the harder questions and more troublesome realities of American life.

These major shortcomings stem, I think, from the presence in Boorstin's own thought of the very "presentism" and "naturalism" which he so tellingly criticized in an earlier work on the thought of Thomas Jefferson (The Lost World of Thomas Jefferson). The major, though surely unintended, lesson of the book is that America's citizens, leaders and teachers need more of that "theoretical" and "speculative" vision which Boorstin has told us we do best without.

The Storm Has Many Eyes: A Personal Narrative
by Henry Cabot Lodge
(W.W. Norton; 272 pp.; $7.50)

Peter P. Witonski

It is now a little more than a decade since the thousand days of the Kennedy Administration passed into history. The rhetoric of those tumultuous days, reflected in the young President's messianic inaugural address, has ossified, leaving most Americans with a vague memory of reckless bravado gone wrong. The Arthurian legend propagated by the regime's numerous hagiographers has long since ceased to move the multitudes. In an era of historical revisionism it is only surprising that the Kennedy myth lasted as long as it did.

Kennedy was nothing more than a cold warrior, the critics declare, and his ultimate legacy was Vietnam. There is more to the criticism than that, but Kennedy's refusal to acquiesce to the Communist sabre rattlers in Berlin, Moscow, Havana and, especially, Haiph has earned him the chastisement of the very same progressive elements that once apotheosized his Presidency. Had he only been a little less adamant in defending America's interests, the tenth anniversary of his assassination...
might have been a time of retrospective sorrow instead of historical revisionism.

As one not much impressed by the late President, I believe the revisionist criticism of his Administration, particularly in the field of foreign policy, is both prejudiced and unfair. Those who once belonged to the "uncritical cult of the activist Presidency," as Arthur Schlesinger calls it in his latest confessional, now find it easy to attack Kennedy's activism-in-office, forgetting that he did not originate the "Imperial Presidency."

Kennedy was not so much the trigger-happy meddler in world affairs as he was the end product of a statist liberalism—the progenitor of Professor Schlesinger's "Imperial Presidency"—that began with Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. As Henry Fairlie has noted, Kennedy, like Roosevelt, tried to make politics too important, too exciting, too tempting. "He promised," writes Fairlie, "not only that politics could transcend the normal political processes of the country, but that spectacular personal leadership could itself transcend politics. He exalted in himself the power of the state. He made a connection between power and excellence from which the American people have not yet extricated themselves. Every individual aspiration was politicized, as he appeared before the American people like a Byzantine emperor, sheathed in gold, suspended between heaven and earth, interceding with the divine majesty on their behalf."

The liberalism of the New Deal, the New Frontier and the redoubtable Great Society was predicated upon what Robert Nisbet calls the "redeemptive possibilities" of political power. For Kennedy and his mentors—particularly those dozen of the American liberalism of yore, Neustadt, Schlesinger, Jr. and Burns (what FDR could have done with those names)—government appeared as a vast reservoir of power which, in Michael Oakeshott's phrase, "inspired them to dream of what use might be made of it." Like Oakeshott's adventurous Government Man, Kennedy sought to capture the source of political power and, if necessary, to increase it so as to impose policies on his fellows that would, he believed, benefit mankind as a whole. His intentions were eudaemonic, his predilections redemptive, his methods statist and his ultimate failure calamitous.

Mankind derived virtually no benefits from Kennedy's abbreviated tenure in the White House. He left most Americans with nothing but a sense of frustration at promises unfulfilled and with the knowledge that, under his stewardship, government had become an instrument of passion rather than a restraining, moderating force of reconciliation. We have not yet regained our equilibrium, a fact that has become more and more obvious in recent months.

But it is Kennedy's foreign policy, not his domestic failures, that the new revisionists hold against him. In particular, the hideous conflict in Vietnam. The revisionists to the contrary, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that Kennedy did not initiate the interventionist foreign policy that led to our involvement in Vietnam, even though he spiced it up with that apocalyptic rhetoric of his. Our decision to go into Vietnam was founded on an assumption that was innately liberal, in our American sense: to wit, in Woodrow Wilson's words, that America could and should make the world safe for democracy. Vietnam differs from our other acts of intervention only in that it failed. It is the failure, not the intervention itself, that most disturbs us. The wave of moral outrage only began to manifest itself when it became clear, during the administration of Kennedy's heir, that we were bogged down in a war that we were incapable of winning without resorting to draconian methods.

In the wake of our Vietnam adventure ("Our greatest adventure," as former Vice President Humphrey euphorically described it during one of his more impudent verbal eruptions) the American public, or that portion of the American public that pays attention to such things, is being subjected to a great deal of idle and insipid chatter concerning the desirability of reappraising our international priorities. It is not so much that the old priorities were all that good, for they clearly were not; it is that the alternatives being proposed are so unrealistic. Admittedly, much of the talk about new priorities has emanated from dubious sources, such as Mr. Humphrey in his current neo-isolationist incarnation, and the Washington Post, which once went willingly at least half-the-way with LBJ in pursuit of an expanded American role in Asia. But despite the sources, many people—including people who ought to know better—are taking the talk seriously. Indeed, the fact that much of the neo-isolationist drivel has come from questionable sources may have helped the cause of neo-isolationism more than it hurt it. The "Best and the Brightest" are a protean lot, capable of sloughing off old mistakes as if they had never happened and donning the armor of the latest trendy movement.

Americans have always admired repugnant reprobates, and American neo-isolationists are no exception to this rule. Operating under the polite assumption that old hawks can indeed be taught new tricks, that portion of the progressive community that never fully embraced the liberal interventionism of Kennedy and his whiz kids has increasingly turned to the aficionados of that policy, the hawks of yesteryear (Hubert Humphrey included), for the kind of political leadership that was lacking in such old doves as William Fulbright and George McGovern. Together, the old hawks and the old doves now march down the same fundamentally isolationist path, excusing their old animosities and advocating policies that are, on occasion, reminiscent of those subscribed to by the leaders of the America First party. Those old hawks who have refused to jump on the isolationist bandwagon—and they do exist—have been consigned to cozy entry or, in some notable cases, the Op-Ed page of the New York Times.

The neo-isolationists and their revisionist colleagues are certain about
one thing: The old foreign policy priorities, because of Vietnam, have ceased to inspire the public imagination. Hence, it is argued, they make for bad politics and worse foreign policy. Those priorities were based on the false postulate of American omnipotence (a state never fully achieved, Luccan *braggadocio* to the contrary) and on the pietistic Wilsonian credo that America—because of its virtuousness—really could make the world safe for democracy, merely by, as it were, showing the flag. Vietnam and its attendant frustrations, according to this school of thought, exposed the artlessness of this approach and the impossibility of a Pax Americana in a nuclear age.

Having discovered, with heuristic suddenness, that there are, as one frustrated ex-hawk put it, limits to America's interventionist capabilities, the neo-isolationists have yet to formulate a realistic new set of foreign policy priorities to replace the old. Lacking such new priorities—priorities that take account of America's central position in the modern world—the neo-isolationists often tend to lapse into postures that might be best termed oxymoronic, since there is nothing all that new about isolationism in American history, and there is no reason to believe that neo-isolationism will be more effective than paleo-isolationism was in its day. This may explain why the disciples of this movement shy away from the tag, despite its obvious accuracy. One is tempted to say to the followers of this latest isolationist permutation what Cromwell said to the rump of the Long Parliament in 1653: "For shame, get you gone; give place to honest men; to those who will more faithfully discharge their trust." That admonition, I am convinced, would have appealed to the late President Kennedy.

Of course—and this is indeed fortunate—America has no Lord Protector to drive the isolationists out of the assemblies of power, and we may thus expect that their pontifications will continue to reverberate through the land. With this in mind, it strikes me as very odd that the devotees of this position have not tried to augment their arsenal with the kind of learned passion and intelligence that marked the old isolationism at its best. I have never heard Senators McGovern, Fulbright or Kennedy refer to the old isolationists in any of their speeches and writings—even when their arguments were virtually consanguineous. To date they have produced no champion comparable in eloquence or intellect to, say, the most learned and venerable advocate of the old school, Henry Cabot Lodge the Elder. This, I suppose, is not surprising, since Lodge's frankness would not win many elections in contemporary America, and the neo-isolationists are motivated primarily by the predictions of the psychologists.

Historians, after all, have not looked kindly on Lodge's memory. His many writings gather dust in obscure corners of university libraries, and his often brilliant political and historical insights have long since been forgotten. Few today bother to ponder his extraordinary career. He is best remembered today as the pedantic New England reactionary—perhaps the last of the breed—who passionately opposed woman's suffrage, free silver and the League of Nations, while supporting such things as protective tariffs, the acquisition of the Philippines and the development of the incipient military-industrial complex. Above all, he is remembered for his successful fight against American entry into the League of Nations and for his stern warnings against American involvement in foreign wars. Yet his obituary may not be permanent. While the isolationist politicians are unlikely to sing his praises, I would not be surprised if some of the more prescient revisionist historians resurrected him for the sake of argument, just as they are presently resurrecting Herbert Hoover and Robert Taft.

The American conservative community, Lodge's natural constituency, never fully opted for his brand of isolationism. When Lodge declared, toward the end of his famous attack against the League of Nations, that he could not "give affection to the mongrel banner of the League," he garnered some conservative support. But when he added "Internationalism is to me repulsive," he began to lose his audience. By the 1950's the Republican Party was as internationalist, if not more so, as the Democratic Party; and the Republicans' best-known internationalist during that period of transition was Lodge's grandson, who served as Eisenhower's combative representative to the United Nations, itself the offspring of the shattered League of Nations. Indeed, it is one of the odd caprices of American history that Henry Cabot Lodge the Younger owed his political success to his internationalist reputation, just as his grandfather owed his to his isolationism.

The two Lodges, the isolationist Massachusetts senator and the cosmopolitan ambassador to the United Nations, tell us a great deal about the changes that have taken place in America in this century. One need only recall that Lodge the Elder held what might be called a "safe seat" in the Senate in the days when Massachusetts was still dominated by the Mayflower aristocracy; while his talented grandson was turned out of his Senate seat by the son of a mere Irish parvenu, young John F. Kennedy.

It is one of the virtues of Lodge the Younger's memoirs, *The Storm Has Many Eyes*, that it is fully cognizant of how America and her position in the world have changed since his grandfather's time. These changes, Lodge argues, are the best arguments against the positions advocated by his grandfather. Those positions may have proved viable in 1920; but to resurrect them under the banner of neo-isolationism in the 1970's is sheer folly. Our recent foreign policy failures—most specifically in Vietnam, where Lodge served two stints as our proconsul—are not the result of internationalism or even interventionism; they were simply the result of quixotic and, occasionally, stupid leadership. Many of the old hawks were no more enlightened as internationalists than they are as isolationists.

With the possible exception of
Averell Harriman, Lodge is America's most senior foreign policy functionary, having served in major positions under Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon, as well as President Eisenhower. He served Eisenhower during a period when the Republican Party shed its last isolationist remnants during the Korean War; and he served Presidents Kennedy and Johnson during a period when major elements of the Democratic Party began to question the premises of the internationalism that had made the American presence a vital factor throughout the world. Just as he rejected the isolationism of Robert Taft during the forties and fifties, he came to reject the neo-isolationism of the progressives who railed against our Vietnamese intervention in the sixties.

Lodge was no hawk; he was simply a political realist who recognized that the days of "Fortress America" were finished. His internationalism was of a practical nature, predicated on America's self-interest and tempered by old-fashioned patriotism. He believed that the Indochina question had been bungled since 1945, and while he was never very enthusiastic about our initial involvement in Vietnam, he recognized by 1963, when he became our ambassador to that country, that "regardless of how they got there, Americans were in Vietnam and were in combat." "My view," he writes, "was that the people of South Vietnam had a right to exist independently of North Vietnam and that South Vietnamese rights were being threatened by aggression from North Vietnam." He did not view the Vietnam war as a war against communism. Indeed he recognized that a social revolution was desperately needed in both South and North Vietnam. He was convinced from the beginning that a military solution to the problem of Vietnam was impossible. Eventually, he recognized that we had to withdraw our troops and reach a political rather than a military solution.

Although he tells us little in his memoirs about his role as President Nixon's representative at the Paris Peace Talks on Vietnam, it is clear from what he says elsewhere that he greatly preferred that role to being ambassador in South Vietnam. For Lodge, like all good internationalists, believed military intervention to be the worst possible gambit in any difficult international situation. Diplomacy was his game, and he was convinced that through diplomacy we could reach a solution—even if it was an imperfect solution—to the Vietnamese conflict. But a diplomatic solution, Lodge recognized, was quite different from a precipitate withdrawal, unilaterally decided upon as a means of quieting domestic opposition to the war. While such a unilateral action might have proved good politics in the short run, its inevitable consequences would have badly crippled the conduct of American foreign policy and the good interests of the United

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States. This was Lodge's position, as it was also the position of Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon.

More than any other foreign policy functionary now living, Lodge personifies the continuity of American foreign policy in the post-World War II era. His familial relationship to the most ardent of the old isolationists reminds us of the impossibility of returning to the political nostrums of yesteryear. Henry Cabot Lodge the Elder, as his grandson reminds us, was quite simply wrong. His policies inevitably failed both America and the world as a whole.

In addition to underscoring the continuity of American foreign policy since World War II, Lodge's memoirs provide a great deal of information about a very interesting and intelligent man. He recalls an era in American life that seems as distant from our contemporary situation as the world of ancient Rome. It is hard to accept that the vigorous looking man on the dust jacket grew up in a Washington that still had the flavor of Henry Adams's Democracy. Indeed, as a child he knew Adams, whom he called "Dordy," and who dubbed young Lodge "St. Thomas" after St. Thomas Aquinas. He also knew Brooks Adams, who had married his grandmother's sister and who, Lodge informs us, had a mania for bran muffins. There was also Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote an introduction to the collected works of Lodge's father, and Edith Wharton, who arranged for Lodge's family to go to Paris after his father's untimely death, and John Hay, and a host of other figures from our dim past.

After the customary Harvard education, Lodge entered journalism, working for the late Boston Transcript and the New York Herald Tribune, both bastions of a Republicanism that has long since ceased to exist. He served two terms in the Massachusetts Legislature from 1933 to 1936 and in 1936 was elected to the U.S. Senate, defeating Governor James M. Curley. As a member of the prewar Senate, Lodge, like his mentor Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, took a fundamentally isolationist line. "Although I would have regarded the conquest of Western Europe by Hitler as a mortal threat," he writes, "I could not conceive that the Germans would take Paris and sweep over all of Europe—and how wrong I was!"

The coming of war shattered any illusion Lodge had about the correctness of isolationism, and when America entered the war he resigned from the Senate, with the blessing of FDR, to serve with great distinction in the Army, winning the Bronze Star and the Croix de Guerre. After the war he returned to the Senate, where he served on the Foreign Relations Committee under Senator Vandenberg, who had also come to see the danger of isolationism. America was now the leader of the free world, burdened with responsibilities that would have been inconceivable to Lodge only a few years before.

There were still politicians in both major parties who refused to accept the reality of America's changed position in the world. Lodge recognized that the Republican Party, which at that time still contained many isolationist elements, had to face facts and modernize itself if it was to survive. If the views of the Taft wing of the Party prevailed, Lodge contended in an article in the Atlantic, his party would either disintegrate or shrink to the status of a minority party, dominated by reactionaries. With this in mind he took it upon himself to persuade General Eisenhower to seek the Republican Presidential nomination and later served as the General's first campaign manager, devoting more time to that task than to his own campaign for reelection to the Senate, a fact which may explain why the popular Lodge was defeated by John Kennedy in 1952.

Lodge's post-Senate career at the United Nations, and later in various diplomatic posts in Europe and Asia, marked the real high points of his career. His brilliant performances at the United Nations, many of which were viewed by millions of Americans, did much to raise America's interest in foreign affairs and in the workings of the U.N. itself. So popular was he as Ambassador to the U.N. that he was nominated as Richard Nixon's running-mate in 1960. Many Kennedy voters openly expressed their preference for the dignified Lodge over Kennedy's running-mate, Lyndon Johnson; and more than a few Republicans would have preferred Lodge at the top of their ticket instead of Nixon.

Lodge belongs to a generation of American politicians who came of age during the period when America was grudgingly forced to assume the role of world leadership. His political career and life witness to the struggles that have marked our politics in this century. He was, like Dean Acheson, "present at the creation." He was never a believer in the redemptive possibilities of politics, and as an Eisenhower Republican he was a traditional opponent of Arthur Schlesinger's Imperial Presidency. His politics were suffused with a quality of old-fashioned moderation and tough Yankee pragmatism, augmented by a dose of worldly sophistication rare among the politicians of his generation.

In Lodge's memoirs we hear the voice of the old Brahmin ruling class at its best, devoid of humbug and cant. He recognized his own limitations and his ability to err. This quality, perhaps, may explain why he made so few mistakes. The hubristic element of apologia, so evident in the memoirs of many of Mr. Lodge's diplomatic colleagues, is nowhere to be found in this book. The pompous punditry one usually expects in the memoirs of an elder statesman is also not here. One comes away from these memoirs wishing Lodge had been able to play a greater role in formulating our Vietnam policies, instead of being President Kennedy's token Republican. He was not with the Best and the Brightest in the halcyon days of our intervention in Vietnam, and he is not with them today. For that reason, among others, Americans would do well to ponder his life story.