RIGHT AND WRONG IN FOREIGN POLICY

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To John Holmes

1

The Ways of Statecraft

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IT IS MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED YEARS since Machiavelli advised his Prince in what ways he should keep faith, and in what ways not. During this time, the scope for wrong-doing in foreign policy has greatly expanded; and of its expansion governments have not been reluctant to take advantage. In their dealings with other governments, and with other peoples, their behaviour is characteristically bad. It is deceitful. It is treacherous. It is cruel.

Deception is central to most of the techniques of statecraft. Consider negotiation. I am not concerned with the white lie, the half-truth, the repression of what one really thinks. Without such mild deceptions, there could be no diplomacy at all. No, I am thinking of the *grand guignol* of negotiations. Of Japanese ministers smiling and bowing at their American colleagues even as the Imperial Fleet steamed towards Pearl Harbor. Of the British refusal to disclose to their closest ally their plans for the

imminent invasion of Egypt. Of Andrei Gromyko's assurance to the President of the United States that no strategic missiles had been sent to Cuba, while locked in a safe ten feet from where they talked was indisputable evidence that Gromyko was lying. Of the First Minister of Kenya promising the British that once independent, Kenya would work for federation in East Africa—a promise, Jomo Kenyatta later gleefully told his countrymen, he had never intended to keep. The examples fill a book. No one government, no type of government, has a corner on the market. Great Powers do it. Small Powers do it. Even Middle Powers do it.

Consider propaganda. Not all propaganda is deceptious—though much of it is. But all propaganda is tendentious. Governments do not wish to tell the world of their shortcomings. In deciding what to tell the world—the truth as one sees it, part of that truth, what is known to be untrue—expedience prevails over ethics. What matters is not the truth of the message but the credibility of the message. And the estimate of the credibility of the message is determined by the estimate of the gullibility of the masses.

At one extreme is the assessment of fascism. The masses are craven and gullible. They lack the independence of mind and spirit to denounce as false anything bearing the hallmark of authority. The greater the falsehood, the more readily acceptable as fact, once stamped with the imprimatur of state. Propaganda to be credible should be a compound of

monstrous untruths. And Hitler and Goebbels made it so.

At the other extreme is the assessment of liberal democracy. It thinks not of masses but of the man in the street—Bagehot's bald-headed gentleman at the back of the bus. Of his intellectual discrimination it takes a lofty view. It believes he can distinguish not merely between truth and falsehood, but among shadings across the spectrum of veracity. Propaganda to be credible should be scrupulously fair and rigorously unbiased.

Some governments today cling to the technique of the Big Lie, practising without remorse a sort of psychic genocide. A few—a very few—try to be fair. Most fall in between. Their apparatus for persuasion, usually called ministries of information, might better be called ministries of mendacity. They accept with zeal the job of putting out versions of events they know to be untrue. Never before have so many statesmen with so little scruple been engaged in the deception of so many people.

Deceit is commonplace in foreign policy. Betrayal no less so.

Treachery, in private ethics, is a grave offence. You do not flatter a man by calling him Judas. Jean Genet, casting perversely about for ways of soiling the moral precepts of a society from which he is so spectacularly alienated, settles unerringly upon betrayal which forms, with thievery and homosexuality, his satanic trinity of categorical imperatives.

Treachery, in foreign policy, is not such a grave offence. Consider three cases, in an ascending order of moral difficulty.

The betrayal of Abyssinia, in 1935, was easily done. A remote country. A people alleged to be of inferior race. Benighted creatures, they were thought to be scarcely capable of knowing whether they were betrayed or not. "No interest in Ethiopia, of any nature whatever, is worth the life of a single Canadian citizen." So said Ernest Lapointe in Quebec City, with Mackenzie King nodding approval at his side. That was one judgment, and it happened to prevail. But it was not the only judgment. The next day, from the rostrum of the Palais des Nations at Geneva, the delegate of Haiti uttered another: "Great or small, strong or weak, near or far, white or colored, let us never forget that one day we may be somebody's Ethiopia." But on this occasion, as on many others, it was not easy to apply to foreign policy even so diluted a version of the Golden Rule.

The betrayal of Czechoslovakia, in 1938, was less easily done. The operation was delicate and tricky. It involved the dismemberment of a state at once an ally and a friend. Here was a civilized country in the heart of Europe, free, white and—dating its independence to the Peace Treaties—almost 21. Canada considered it remote: Lapointe cabled frantically from Geneva to insist that "immediate cause of war namely minority problems in Eastern Europe not of a nature to enthuse our people." Britain and France found it too close for comfort. Gratefully their

governments fell upon the doctrine of national self-determination: wasn't Sudetenland full of Germans? But that was dangerous doctrine: wasn't Scotland full of Scotsmen, Algeria of Algerians? No, the justification for the betrayal of Czechoslovakia had to be found elsewhere.

We all know about Munich, so we all know what it was. The sacrifice of Czechoslovakia was said to be a small price for peace. (That it had bought not peace but time to prepare for war is an argument contrived after the event.) There was no more ecstatic endorsation of the deal than the Canadian. "On the very brink of chaos," Mackenzie King cabled to Chamberlain, "with passions flaming and armies marching, the voice of Reason has found a way." Again this judgment prevailed, though not for very long. But it was not the only judgment. Out in Winnipeg, one of the greatest of Dafoe's editorials asked rhetorically "What's the Cheering For?" A free people had been handed over to a tyrant: that, said Dafoe, "is the situation; and those who think it is all right will cheer for it." Almost everybody did.

The betrayal of large numbers of Rumanians, Hungarians, and Bulgarians, in 1944–45, consigned against their will to the kind of people's democracy favoured by Stalin, was assented to by the United States and the United Kingdom governments as the price to be paid for appeasing the Soviet Union. What was done at Moscow and at Yalta differed in degree of wrong-doing from what was done at Munich: what was betrayed on this occasion was

not so much a people already under the yoke of the Red Army as the ideals for which the war had ostensibly been fought. The Atlantic Charter makes painful reading when set beside transcripts of allied negotiations four years later. Of what then went on Winston Churchill has left a dramatic account:

> The moment was apt for business, so I said [to Stalin]: "Let us settle about our affairs in the Balkans. Your armies are in Rumania and Bulgaria. We have interests, missions, and agents there. Don't let us get at cross purposes in small ways. So far as Britain and Russia are concerned, how would it do for you to have ninety per cent predominance in Rumania, for us to have ninety per cent of the say in Greece, and go fifty-fifty about Yugoslavia?"

During the translation, Churchill wrote out the percentages on a piece of paper. His account continues:

> I pushed this across to Stalin, who had by then heard the translation. There was a slight pause. Then he took his blue pencil and made a large tick upon it, and passed it back to us. It was all settled in no more time than it takes to set it down. . . .
>
> After this there was a long silence. The pencilled paper lay in the centre of the table. At length I said: "Might it not be thought rather cynical if it seemed we had disposed of those issues, so fateful to millions of people, in such an offhand manner? Let us burn the paper." "No. You keep it," said Stalin.

The people of small states, with a faith more touching than reasoned, believe such inequities to be the failing of Great Powers only. That is not always true. A former American Minister to Canada has recorded his shock on learning how cheaply the Department of External Affairs appeared to value the liberty of the Baltic countries in 1942. He was

told by the permanent head of that Department that "nobody [in London or Ottawa] worried about Finland, and that Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania was a small price to pay to convince Russia of Britain's trust and earnestness. . . ." He remarked that ". . . what the British Government was suggesting and what [the Canadian Government] was endorsing could certainly not be reconciled with the Atlantic Charter." But the Canadian Government, or at any rate the Canadian Prime Minister, did not hold the Atlantic Charter in such high regard. "To me," wrote Mackenzie King in his diary, "it is the apotheosis of the craze for publicity and show."

I have spoken of deceit, and of treachery; I shall speak now of cruelty in foreign policy.

Cruelty is not confined to the maiming and killing of innocent people—though we know only too well how often governments practise this kind of cruelty. Those who passed indifferently by that certain traveller between Jerusalem and Jericho were cruel in their behaviour—this is the point of the parable—even though they were not guilty of his wounds.

The ethic that it is wrong to be cruel is more widely accepted today than ever before. Few of the world's religions, few of its ideologies, remain unaffected by it. The injunction to love one's neighbour has been sent bounding across the world's communications systems. Only about half its inhabitants have never heard of Jesus; and of them maybe half have heard of Gandhi. All the same, the scale and scope of cruelty in statecraft are greater today than ever before. Why is this so?

Twentieth-century war is increasingly an instrument of doctrinal conviction. Doctrinal war, more than war fought for gain, or to pre-empt attack, is likely to be total war and brutal war. Crusades are notorious for their cruelty. "I implore you," Martin Luther wrote to a friend, "if you rightly understand the Gospel, do not imagine that its cause can be furthered without tumult, distress, and uproar." Luther meant the gospel of the New Testament, but his words apply to other gospels and to other testaments, to Lenin's and Mao's, Wilson's and Johnson's —to all who wield great power linked to an idea. "Bismarck fought 'necessary' wars," an historian has noted, "and killed thousands. The idealists of the twentieth-century fight 'just' wars and kill millions."

When wars are fought for ideals, everyone gets hurt. The distinction between soldier and civilian becomes obliterated. The battlefield is everywhere: in village huts, a market square, a smart restaurant, an embassy compound. Terrorism begets yet more savage terrorism; reprisal yet more insensate reprisal. We know this warfare well, from our newspapers better than from our history books. None know it better than Albert Camus knew it; he wrote in 1956 of the anguish of guerrilla war: "Anguish as we face a future that closes up a little every day, as we face the threat of a degrading struggle, of an economic disequilibrium that may reach the point where no effort will be able to revive. . . ." To revive what shattered country? Camus meant Algeria. But he could just as well have meant Ireland forty years

earlier, Vietnam ten years later. Clemenceau once wrote of "the grandeur and misery of war." Guerrilla war is devoid of grandeur. There is only misery—and cruelty.

As Camus is the laureate of guerrilla warfare, so Auden is the laureate of the nuclear age, the age of anxiety. In 1947 he wrote of the barbarity which had already settled upon an atomically armed America, a barbarism unlike any the world had ever known:

> . . . the new barbarian is no uncouth
> Desert-dweller; he does not emerge
> From fir forests: factories breed him;
> Corporate companies, college towns
> Mothered his mind, and many journals
> Backed his beliefs. . . .

And, on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the ordeal of Hiroshima and Nagasaki: "Our world will be a safer place and healthier place when we can admit that every time we make an atomic bomb we corrupt the morals of a host of innocent neutrons below the age of consent."

As to safety, Auden is no authority: strategists better than poets may determine whether we really would all be safer by unilaterally dismantling the apparatus of deterrence by which we believe ourselves preserved. But as to ethics, Auden is as good a guide as any strategist, possibly more reliable. Surely he is right to force our attention upon the plight of the innocent. Why do we punish a kidnapper more condignly than a robber, even sometimes a murderer? It is because we abhor, and

properly abhor, the crime of holding innocent life as hostage. By what sort of reasoning, then, does our society not only condone but indulge in the holding as hostage the lives of millions of innocents?

The issue has been posed in this way: "Nuclear-missile weapons hold out the prospect of conflict which may be neither subject to restraint nor meaningfully described as defensive. Can such a war be justified? Can there be a moral sanction for threatening to take a measure which, if circumstances ever required carrying it out, could find no justification?" On 22 October 1962, speaking on television with all the emphasis at his command, the President of the United States uttered the following words: "It shall be the policy of this nation to regard any nuclear missile launched from Cuba against any nation in the Western Hemisphere as an attack by the Soviet Union on the United States, requiring a full retaliatory response upon the Soviet Union." By what moral law, by what sacred text, by the precept or example of what saintly figure, in response to what promptings of his own conscience, could John Kennedy dare to serve a national interest by risking the mutilation of mankind?

If you put this question to a statesman, he will have an answer—of sorts. He will say that it is not a fair question.

If you put it to a strategist, he will lecture you on the distinction between "action" policy and "declaratory" policy. Action policy, he will tell you, is what a government intends to do. Declaratory policy is

what it says it intends to do, very likely without intending to do it. The President's statement, he will assure you, is declaratory policy, not action policy. This answer is hardly more satisfactory than the statesman's answer. It does not explain how the distinction between action policy and declaratory policy, which the enemy is not supposed to understand, will be readily apparent to those who are not the enemy. Nor does it answer the question of the ethical right of any statesman in any circumstances to indulge for whatever reason in such dire and dreadful threats, action or declaratory as the case may be.

So what happens if you put the question to a moralist? Up to now, the moralist has asked to be excused. He has no answer to the question. He has not even considered the question. "I find myself profoundly in anguish," an American scientist has lamented, "over the fact that no ethical discourse of any weight or nobility has been addressed to the problem of nuclear weapons. What are we to think of such a civilization, which has not been able to talk about the prospect of killing almost everybody, except in prudential and game-theoretical terms?"

Not without reason have moral philosophers and theologians shied away from questions of this kind. The predicaments thus posed are so macabre, so horrific, that to apply to them the traditional apparatus of ethical discussion results only in black humour and sick jokes. Our playwrights, frustrated because reality is so much more lurid than any plots they can

devise, have created the theatre of the absurd. We are still waiting for our moral philosophers and theologians to create an ethics of the absurd.

The work may have already begun. At the meetings last year of the Ecumenical Council of the Roman Church, the committee charged with formulating positions for the Church in the modern world was faced with the task of contriving some ethical precepts for nuclear warfare. The committee could not reach agreement. One of the formulations causing its members to set the task to one side was the following:

> Although, after all the aids for peaceful discussions have been exhausted, it may not be illicit, when one's rights have been unjustly hampered, to defend those rights against such unjust aggression by violence and force, nevertheless, the use of arms, especially nuclear weapons, whose effects are greater than can be imagined and therefore cannot reasonably be regulated by men, exceeds all just proportion and therefore must be judged before God and man as most wicked.

This may not seem an extreme position for those who profess devotion to the gentle Carpenter of Galilee. But it was too extreme for some of the more worldly Churchmen on the Council. "It is important to make clear," one of the dissenters argued, "that there may well exist objects which, in a just war of defence, are legitimate targets for nuclear weapons, even of vast strength. . . . To attack a ballistic missile or a satellite missile in the outer atmosphere would be a legitimate act of defence, and with just proportion duly preserved might require the use of a

weapon of vast power. . . . The Council should not condemn the possession and use of these weapons as essentially and necessarily evil."

At the deliberations of these divines, solemnly debating the morality of a nuclear anti-missile system, one does not know whether to laugh or weep. They recall recondite discussion within the thirteenth-century church. They recall as well Oppenheimer's image of morality as a flying trapeze, and Kierkegaard's comparison of the man of faith to an acrobat. But funambulism is not enough. If we keep our balance, if we keep our faith, if indeed we keep our sanity throughout the ethical inanities of the atomic age, it is not by acrobatics but by an operation on the inner ear of conscience, rendering us impervious to height, and to the depths below.

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Suppose we assume, with Niebuhr, that within the immoral society which is the states-system there dwells a moral mankind. How should we react? Should we accept its inequities with resignation, or with indignation? Ought we to come to terms with it or ought we to declare war on it? Is it a condition to be borne or a situation to be changed?

The literature of political theory provides two traditions in which to find an answer. They are

usually described as the realist tradition and the idealist tradition. I shall accept this terminology for convenience, but so as not to over-simplify I shall identify the principal strains which occur in each.

Plato's Thrasymachus, asked to define justice, replied that it conforms to the interests of the stronger. Here we have the first two strains of the realist tradition. I will call it brutal realism.

The brutal realist is a *realpolitiker* of an extreme kind. Ethics, he insists, have no place in politics. Might makes right. What is good for the state is good. Characteristically, the brutal realist takes pleasure in his brutal realism. He prides himself on his tough-mindedness. His nose is hard. He enjoys the company of hawks.

The brutal realist is not so fashionable a figure as he used to be, perhaps fortunately; specimens are hard to find. But not that hard, for there is at least one old State Department hand, still an important figure in the Washington policy community, who waves his brutal realism about like a bull-fighter's cape. Some months ago, Mr. Dean Acheson recalled with evident satisfaction how lightly moral considerations weighed with those, among whom he was one, who in 1949 took the decision to produce the hydrogen bomb:

> A respected colleague advised me that it would be better that our whole nation and people should perish rather than be a party to a course so evil as producing that weapon. I told him that on the day of Judgment his view might be confirmed and that he was free to go forth and preach the necessity for salvation. It was not, however, a view which I could entertain as a public servant.

Here is the authentic voice of the brutal realist: rasping in tone, sardonic in debate, crushing in rejoinder, sure that he is right.

To belong in the realist tradition one does not have to be a brutal realist. There is another strain, which we may call sceptical realism. The sceptical realist is no disciple of Thrasymachus, proclaiming the mighty to be right and throwing the weak to the wolves. Still less is he a disciple of Nietzsche, extolling an anti-ethic of force and violence. He is realistic not because he is sadistic, but because he is sceptical.

He is sceptical of the supposition that if his own government dealt impeccably with others, those others would deal impeccably with it. A unilateral declaration of morality would cause the rest to take advantage of such a curiosity as a government determined to make its foreign policy conform to what is right. Machiavelli, often thought to be a brutal realist, is for this reason a sceptical realist. He does advise his Prince "not to keep faith when it would be against his interest": but this is counsel not of perfection but of necessity. "If men were all good," he immediately concedes, "this precept would not be a good one; but as they are bad, and would not observe their faith with you, so you are not bound to keep faith with them."

He is sceptical, as well, of the supposition that moral judgments may be made with confidence in such a welter of confusion. The skein of history is so tangled, the motives of statesmen so mixed, the cause of events so obscure, that rarely is he sure of

what is right and what is wrong. If a gifted historian can trick out so obvious a villain as Hitler in such a way as to exonerate him from responsibility for the Second World War, with how much less assurance does one approach the more morally ambiguous figures of our times. Lenin, for example. Or Neville Chamberlain.

Hard as it is to judge the statesman, it is harder still to judge his statecraft. "There is no standard of right and wrong applicable to conflicts of political interests," wrote the permanent head of the British Foreign Office in 1912. "Was Alexander right or wrong in invading the Persian Empire and erecting on its ruins the foundations of a flourishing Greek civilization? Was William III right or wrong in putting an end to the reign of James II? Is Great Britain right or wrong in holding dominion over India?" There is no shortage of similar examples in our own day. In the conflicts over Kashmir, over Berlin, over Rhodesia, over Vietnam, each disputant is convinced of the justice of its cause, and views the struggle as one between good and evil, right and wrong. The sceptical realist views the struggle as one between two conflicting conceptions of right.

It has been said that when John Kennedy was President, it was his habit to ask not whether a proposed course of action was good or bad, right or wrong; he asked instead: "Can it work? Can it help? Can it pass?" Such are the concerns of the sceptical strain in the realist tradition.

I now turn to the idealist tradition, where again

two strains are found. One is brightly hopeful, blithely optimistic. I will call it the strain of liberal idealism, for it carries within itself two of the tracers of liberal thought: belief in the sweet reasonableness of mankind, and belief in the certain improvement of mankind. Keynes has told of how he and his young friends at Cambridge at the turn of the century believed so passionately "in a continuing moral progress, by virtue of which the human race already consists of reliable, decent people, influenced by truth and objective standards," and Stephen Spender relates in his autobiography how he was taught at school of the

> terrible things which had happened in the past: tortures, Court of the Star Chamber, Morton's Fork, Henry VIII's wives, the Stamp Tax, the Boston Tea Party, slavery, the Industrial Revolution, the French Revolution, Bismarck, the Boer War. Weighing in the scale of human happiness against these were the Reform Act, Wilberforce, Mr. Gladstone, Home Rule, Popular Education, the United States, Health Insurance, the League of Nations. If the history books were illustrated, they gave the impression that the world had been moving steadily forward in the past thousands of years, from the vague to the defined, the savage to the civilized, the crude to the scientific, the unfamiliar to the known. It was as though the nineteenth century had been a machine absorbing into itself at one end humanity dressed in fancy dress, unwashed, fierce and immoral, and emitting at the other modern men, in their hygienic houses, their zeal for reform, their air of having triumphed by mechanical, economic and scientific means over the passionate, superstitious, cruel, and poetic past.

For the future of international politics such an

outlook was heartening. Every day in every way international politics would get better and better. Its inequities stemmed from some mere malfunction of the system, not from some inherent defect or fatal flaw in human nature. In a speech to the Congress on the eve of war in 1917, President Wilson forecast what the future surely held in store: "We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states." Only a liberal idealist could risk so reckless a prediction. Two decades later, nations and their governments stood silently by while Italian airmen dropped mustard gas on Ethiopia, and Nazi troopers killed Jews on German streets. Much worse would follow.

The strain of liberal idealism accordingly has weakened in the West; but elsewhere flows more strongly than ever. Leaders of newly independent states in Asia and in Africa do not accept *realpolitik* as real. Its characteristic deceptions, betrayals, cruelties, they construe not at all as characteristic, but as a species of deformity. For the deformation of international society they blame the shackles of colonialism. When these are cut away the system will be transformed.

But what if the shackles are cut away and the system remains? If nations are freed but keep on fighting? There is still no need to despair. Colonialism has given way to neo-colonialism. Its shackles

are less visible but no less deforming. And in time these, too, can be cut away. And then the day will dawn.

The second strain in the idealist tradition I will call pharisean idealism. (Luke's Pharisee, you will remember, "prayed thus with himself: 'O God, I give thee thanks that I am not as the rest of man, extortioners, unjust, adulterers. . . .'") Pharisean idealists, like liberal idealists, are optimistic. There are such things as right and wrong in foreign policy, for is not their foreign policy nearly always right?

Pharisean idealism in recent years has been practised most spectacularly by the United States government; and of all Americans, John Foster Dulles has the most celebrated reputation for pharisean statement. But the pharisean idealism of which his speeches are so perfect an epitome by no means ceases with his death. One of President Johnson's addresses dealing with American policy in Vietnam provides an exquisite example:

> For centuries nations have struggled among each other. But we dream of a world where disputes are settled by law and reason. And we will try to make it so.
>
> For most of history men have hated and killed one another in battle. But we dream of an end to war. And we will try to make it so.
>
> For all existence most men have lived in poverty. . . . But we dream of a world where all are fed and charged with hope. And we will help to make it so.

And a month later, explaining why he found it necessary to send troops into Santo Domingo, the President declared: "This is required of us by the

values which bind us together," and went on—or rather, his speech-writer went on—to quote the great Bolivar: " 'The veil has been torn asunder, we have already seen the light, and it is not our desire to be thrust back in darkness.' "

The Pharisee of whom Luke tells us may have been a hypocrite, and pharisean idealism may be hypocritical. But it does not have to be, and in its American manifestations there is usually no hypocrisy at all. When Conor Cruise O'Brien writes that the face of Adlai Stevenson at the United Nations, "with its shiftily earnest advocate's expression," was "the ingratiating moral mask which a toughly acquisitive society wears before the world it robs," he gets it all wrong. The pious utterances that I have quoted are not at all a façade behind which a cluster of cynical manipulators go about their dirty business. Dirty business it may be, but it is not thought to be so and it is characteristic of pharisean idealism that it is thought not to be so. What caused the look of pain that from time to time crossed the features of Adlai Stevenson when defending the United States at the United Nations was not his hatred of hypocrisy: it was his distaste for the insensitivity of his political masters, whose voice he had allowed himself to become. When McGeorge Bundy remarks that "measured against the record of others . . . the break-down in the relation between what we do and what we believe seems less severe in the United States than in any other major nation," there is no reason to think him insincere. He really believes it. That may be the problem.

Between realism on the one hand—whether brutal or sceptical—and idealism on the other—whether liberal or pharisean—is no easy choice. We face not an embarrassment of riches but an option of difficulties. Still, I would not be the good Canadian I like to think I am if I did not try to open up a middle way. Let us call it practical idealism.

The practical idealist knows the ways of statecraft well. He knows their deceptions, their betrayals, their cruelties. He knows how pitiless are their laws. He cannot hope to do away with them. He cannot, accordingly, share the outlook of the liberal idealist. He cannot hope to be exempt from them. He cannot, accordingly, share the outlook of the pharisean idealist.

But the practical idealist knows just as well how much wrong-doing may be done by statesmen whose moral mandate is too permissive. He will on this account refuse to allow *raison d'état* to be their guide. They are not to be trusted with so dangerous a doctrine. It leads straight to massacre and genocide, to total war with terrible weapons.

And so the practical idealist, his idealism at once prompted and tempered by his realism, clings to a more stringent ethic in international life than may be warranted by the facts of international life. If international morality did not exist, he would find it necessary to invent it; for he knows that if international morality did not exist, people might not exist.

Practical idealism may be found in the thought of Ernst Troeltsch who, knowing how obvious are the

philosophical difficulties of the concept of natural law, urged its acceptance in a last despairing effort to save Weimar democracy from fascism. It may also be found in Freud, to whom ethical systems are shocktroops of the reinforcements called up by culture for battle against the aggressive instincts of mankind.

Imagine, then, a meeting of the Cabinet. A crucial foreign policy decision is to be taken—whether or not to run the blockade of Berlin, send troops to Korea, send troops to Vietnam. Various divisions of labour take place. The Prime Minister worries about national unity. The Finance Minister is concerned at the cost. The Defence Minister is anxious about logistics. The Secretary of State for External Affairs frets about effects on friends and foes. But there is no Secretary of State for Conscience to speak up to ask two crucial questions: Is it good? Is it right?

Lacking a Secretary of State for Conscience in the organization of our government, we should, as practical idealists, insist that his function be performed by statesmen whose portfolios bear more prosaic titles. Otherwise we are in trouble.

2

The Ways of Keeping Faith

"IN EVERY SYSTEM OF MORALITY, which I have hitherto met with, I have always remark'd, that the author proceeds for some time in the ordinary way of reasoning . . . when of a sudden I am surpriz'd to find, that instead of the usual copulations of propositions, *is* and *is not*, I meet with no proposition that is not connected with an *ought*, or *ought not*. This change is imperceptible, but is, however, of the last importance." So David Hume complained two centuries ago. It is a fair complaint, and I am anxious not to give you cause to reproach me with it. Let me therefore announce that I am changing gears. Before, they were (more or less) in neutral: now, they are engaged. They are shifting from the *is* and *is not* to the *ought* and *ought not*. In my first lecture I attempted to describe the ways of statecraft. Tonight I am concerned with the ways of keeping faith. What ought we to expect of moral man caught in the coils of the inequitous states-system?

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A critic of the policy of appeasement practised by the governments of the United Kingdom and the Dominions before the Second World War wrote of its practitioners: "One could not blame them, one could not admire them, one could not admire anybody." Why not blame them? Is it just because they did their best? Are statesmen to be excused their follies if they act in good faith? Are we to judge them for effort in a world which usually judges for result? What is so special about statesmen that when their plans miscarry and their statecraft goes awry we are not to call them guilty men?

A theological answer holds that statesmen, being instruments of God, are beyond reproach by lesser mortals. Thus the Professor of Religion at Princeton University opens a discussion of the ethics of intervention—by which he means Suez, and the Bay of Pigs, and Santo Domingo, and Vietnam—by observing: "Religious communities need to stand in awe before people nowadays called political 'decision-makers,' or rather before the majesty of top-most political agency. Political decision and action is an image of the majesty of God."

A secular version of this doctrine requires not so much deference to the makers of policy as compassion for them. It is not the divinity of their position but its poignancy which entreats our indulgence. Those who ask this of us are usually those set in authority over us: naturally so, for they stand to profit by our forbearance, just as they stand to lose

by our condemnation. And so they say to us: "Look —you do not know, you cannot know, how it is. You do not understand the agony of taking decisions in an imperfect world. If you knew, if you were one of us, you would not judge so harshly." Or else they say: "Unless you have been one of us, you have no right to judge so harshly." They may even say: "Unless you have been one of us, you have no right to judge at all."

What are we to make of special pleading such as this? Is it simply self-pity? Is it, less simply, part of the defensive fortification by which statesmen seek to protect their niche in history? Or is it a genuine manifestation of the poignancy of power?

Much depends on circumstance, much depends on personality. Certainly in reading those portions of Mackenzie King's diary where he compares his lot as Prime Minister of Canada to Christ's agony in Gethsemane, one's inclination (if not too offended by the blasphemy) is to recall Harry Truman's advice: "If you can't stand the heat, get the hell out of the kitchen." But this is not really very helpful. Cooks are temperamental creatures; some of the best chefs give notice at the crucial stage of the preparation of a banquet. But a prime minister who quits in the middle of some grave international crisis just because he finds the awfulness of taking decisions too heavy to be borne doesn't deserve our gratitude, and doesn't get it either.

But perhaps the advice is harsh as well as unhelpful. Power *has* its poignant aspects. Those who dispose of it can never do the perfect thing with it.

Always the policy-maker is robbing Peter to pay Paul, the poor to pay the veterans, the old to pay the young, the farm to pay the factory, the Maritimes to pay Ontario. (Or, of course, the other way around.) Nor, it is said, can he do the generous thing with it. Behaviour admired in individuals—kindliness, compassion, benevolence—is not permitted to statesmen. An individual who gives everything to the poor, who lives his life by the Sermon on the Mount, may be as admired as he is hard to find. But a statesman who guided his statecraft by the Sermon on the Mount would bankrupt his country within a week, invite aggression within a month, accomplish the destruction of his country within a year.

If the profession of statecraft is unlike other professions, should we then not judge the statesman by more lenient standards? A physician whose patient dies through malpractice or neglect faces an inquest or a suit for damages; an engineer whose bridge collapses through faulty mathematics or through too much sand and too little cement faces a Royal Commission or a penitentiary sentence. But the statesman whose policies bring ruin to a nation does not even ask forgiveness. There is, he says, nothing to forgive.

Why this should be is hard to understand. No doubt the purely political leader cannot perform the purely perfect act. But there are no purely political leaders, just as there are no purely perfect acts. These exist as constructs and abstractions only; they are not found in this world. For analytical purposes

we may separate the public figure and the private man. But there is always a private man in every public figure; and often he bursts through to tell the public figure what to do. Not even the most dedicated, the most ruthless, the most public-centred, the power-hungriest of statesmen can always keep his emotions from intruding upon, and giving final form to, his statecraft. Nor is it desirable that he should.

In 1946, the British Government entered into negotiations with New Zealand. It needed food badly, and had very little to pay for it. The minister involved has since recalled what happened:

> I expected a bargaining session as difficult as any other. Instead, the leader of the New Zealand delegation opened the proceedings in words I shall never forget. "We have not come to ask you, 'What can you give?' We have come to ask, 'What do you need?' When you stood alone, you preserved our freedom for us. Now tell us what butter, what meat, what grains you need, and—whatever the sacrifice may be for the New Zealand people—we will supply it."

And they did. Some years later, the New Zealanders were the beneficiaries of magnanimity in statecraft. In 1962 the delegates to the Common Market discussed the probable effects of British entry upon New Zealand's economy. These were thought to be disastrous, but the foreign minister of France remained unmoved. "What obligations," asked M. Couve de Murville, "have we towards New Zealanders?"

The Foreign Minister of Belgium answered: "The

fact that twice in our lifetime their men have come over to be killed for freedom."

M. Couve de Murville was unimpressed. "Why are we bound," he persisted, "to do anything for them?"

"Because," M. Spaak replied, "because we are sitting around this table organizing their ruin."

For no good reason, then, theological or secular, are statesmen exempt from judgment. But how are they to be judged? What is the criterion of guilt? Not, certainly, failure. The history of foreign policy is replete with failures, of which some are ignoble and others magnificent. Churchill's failure to prevent appeasement; Attlee's failure to prevent partition; Hammarskjold's failure to prevent war—these are magnificent failures. In each case the statesman concerned tried to do the right thing. He is not guilty just because he did not succeed.

Not the failure of his enterprise, but the pursuit of the wrong enterprise, ought to bring upon the statesman the wrath of others. And he pursues the wrong enterprise through asking the wrong questions. In my last lecture I spoke of the creed of the sceptical realist, of which I was critical; and of the creed of the practical idealist, of which I was not. The sceptical realist asks: "Will it work? Will it pass? Will it help?" To the practical idealist, the last of these questions is of the first importance, and he asks it in an amended form. Not just: "Will it help?" but: "Will it help to relieve human suffering, here and now?"

The statesman who treats this question cynically,

or to whom it seems irrelevant, or to whom it never occurs, has broken faith with the political community which is his trust. He does not deserve its admiration, and he should not escape its blame.

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Political obligation is for Machiavelli a problem for people at the pinnacle of power: he is concerned with the way princes keep faith. But what of people lower down? What of those who serve the Prince and execute his commands? How may they keep faith?

"A diplomat is an honest man sent to lie abroad for his country." This weary pun, now more than three hundred years old, may not flatter the profession, but it conveys well enough its occupational hazard. It is striking how few of its members protest against the sort of things it requires them to do. This is not at all because what they are required to do is always clean and decent. Rather it is because the whole ethos of the profession is designed to quell the moral sensibilities of its members. It is as though foreign offices have built into their basements some sort of low temperature chamber where fledgling foreign service officers deposit their consciences on recruitment for redemption only on retirement. By then they are too deeply frozen to thaw out in time.

Satow's *Guide to Diplomatic Practice* tells how to write despatches and warns against accepting bribes (though not against accepting gifts). But it offers no hints to the junior diplomatist on how to go about expressing to his superiors his qualms about his country's policy. These are dangerous thoughts which the seasoned diplomatist will long since have learned to suppress. For, as Satow cautions, "those in whose hands is placed the supreme direction of foreign relations are alone able to decide which should be the main object of state policy."

Diplomacy is not an art but a craft. Its practitioners, with loving attention to detail, take satisfaction not in creation but in workmanship. If the object of their labour turns out to be some hideous gargoyle, that is not their fault. They are executants of the designs of others. These may be squalid as well as grand.

The modern diplomatist is fortunate in having little time for brooding. If there were not so many cables to read and despatches to draft and parties through which to whirl, he might go quickly to pieces. Even so the strain is great. Occasionally it shows.

The local equivalent of Satow's *Guide* is Cadieux's *The Canadian Diplomat.* This contribution to the literature by the present Under Secretary of State for External Affairs alludes to "a certain tenseness, an uneasiness, which can be occasionally glimpsed beneath the unruffled exterior of the diplomat, whose profession consists in a curious blending of

freedom and of restraint, of the changing and of the stable, of splendour and of simplicity, of crests and hollows, of coming and going." M. Cadieux is himself too much a diplomat to explain just what he is getting at in this mysterious passage, but what he really means is this: the diplomatist is a tragic figure. An artist compelled to be an artisan, a painter forbidden to paint, a poet who must spend his most creative hours grinding out the gibberish of state.

Not for a moment is any foreign service officer on this account entitled to our sympathy. "The tragedy of his position," Louis Halle has written, "is implicit only. Since the measure of tragedy is always the quality of the victim, the implicit tragedy is realized only to the extent that the diplomat represents intellectual and moral disinction. Most career diplomats, like most of us others, have no aim except to get on with their careers." But there are exceptions.

I spoke in my last lecture of Adlai Stevenson. As a politician his career is among the select company of magnificent failures. As a diplomatist it was a tragedy. "For six weeks I had to sit there in the United Nations," Adlai Stevenson told a friend soon before his death, "and defend the policy of my country in Santo Domingo although it was a massive blunder from beginning to end. . . . Those six weeks took several years off my life."

My other exception is a Canadian. In 1938 Loring Christie was the second ranking member of the Department of External Affairs. Like one or two others who have climbed to the top of that greasy

pole, he was a man of profound and even passionate sensibility, which he went to great lengths to conceal. What happened at Munich was too much for him to bear in silence, and he poured out his feelings in a letter to a friend:

> I have been reflecting on what I have to do to earn my keep. I am a member of one of these sovereign creatures—Canada. I am paid by the other members, the people of Canada, to help manage and express their creature in its relations with the others. The ultimate test on my desk is: "Will this 'save' the people of Canada? Will it advantage them?" The chain of responsibility allows no escape from this.
>
> I am not at the moment recoiling from having to mess around in the filthy mug's game which is called "diplomacy" and "international relations." I am simply illustrating. . . . I have seen the inside of this creature; I have had to concoct and even mouth his gibberish; I *know* how lost these monsters are. . . . I do not yet know what the job of being one of their servants will eventually do to me. . . .

Those who serve the state as warriors are largely spared these emotional stresses and strains. They are protected by their training and their ethic which, more than in any other profession, cultivate the ideal of unquestioning obedience to higher command. They are protected as well by the nature of their mission. The diplomatist may well experience malaise when required to execute policies which seem to him likely to result in war; for the onset of war is to him a signification of his failure. But to the military the onset of war signifies opportunity, not failure. It enables the military to serve the state in the traditional way. The motto of the Strategic Air Command notwithstanding, war is its profession.

Even so, the military servant of the state is not wholly free of ethical dilemmas. The most disciplined warrior may confront the issue of conscientious objection. It does not happen often. After all, the soldier is trained to kill. He is a professional at cruelty. He does not balk at bloodshed. To be sure there are exceptions. General de la Bollardière resigned his command in Algeria because, as he said, he was a paratrooper, not a Gestapo torturer. But such men are rare. The bombers of Hiroshima and Nagasaki (leaving aside the curious case of Major Eatherley) seem marvellously untroubled. The airmen who daily scourge the villages of Vietnam have ready replies to those who exhibit concern on their behalf: this, they say, is war, and war, they say, is hell. There is a story that at the time of Suez, when the Soviet Union threatened the United Kingdom with nuclear bombardment if the Egyptian operation was not abandoned, President Eisenhower called his Strategic Air Commander to order an attack alert. "Very good, Sir," came the instant reply. "Which side?" General LeMay was a real professional.

The amateur warrior, unused to the cruelties of war, is less able to rise to such heights—or to sink to such depths. And since much military power is today provided by amateur warriors—civilian soldiers conscripted by the state—their situation is worth attention.

Civilized society makes provision for conscientious objection. That might be more strongly put. Civilized society demands conscientious objection.

It holds that when a citizen finds he has to disobey the state in order to obey his conscience, he is the better citizen for obeying his conscience.

When conscientious objection becomes a virtue, so that the conscientious objector is in a sense the ideal citizen, it is because society holds as valid two basic assumptions. First, that the defection of a small number of conscientious objectors will not imperil the safety of the state. Second, that the society, being civilized, will not act in such a way as to provoke conscientious objection on a large scale.

Neither of these assumptions can today be held with much assurance. The behaviour of states in the modern states-system, characterized by deceit, by treachery, by cruelty, is precisely of a kind to provoke large-scale protest among any morally sensitive citizenry. And small-scale defection may have the gravest consequences. When a nuclear physicist goes over to the enemy, taking his secrets with him, the entire balance of power may be changed. When a civilian soldier refuses to embark for a theatre of war because the war to him seems evil, his refusal may touch the national nerve, causing it to fail; or touch the national conscience, causing it to stir.

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That publics more than statesmen are morally fastidious about foreign policy was the confident belief

of those liberal idealists who survived the First World War. "Throughout this instrument," said Woodrow Wilson of the League of Nations, "we are dependent primarily and chiefly upon one great force, and that is the moral force of the public opinion of the world—the cleansing and clarifying and compelling influences of publicity." And Lord Robert Cecil: "The great weapon we rely on is public opinion . . . and if we are wrong about that, then the whole thing is wrong."

It turned out they were wrong about that. Public opinion between two world wars was not cleansing; it was not clarifying; and if it compelled at all, it compelled as often as not in the wrong direction. Expected to exert a constructive influence upon the conduct of foreign policy, public opinion proved instead to be fitful and gullible, fickle and craven. When the need was to rearm, the public clamoured for disarmament. When the need was for belligerence, the public was pacifist. When the need was for defying the dictators, the public was for appeasing dictators.

Has it done much better since? That, I suppose, is a matter of opinion; my own is that it has not done much better since. There is as much gullibility about as ever; and there is something else. We seem to have developed an addiction to violence, a morbid fascination with crisis. Albert Camus has noted the reaction of people during the Hungarian Revolution: they spared "neither applause nor virtuous tears before returning to their slippers like football enthusiasts after a big game." The week must be

crammed with catastrophe, so that at its close the hour may have seven days.

A new form of public protest has recently appeared among us. It operates in a twilight zone between violence and non-violence. Its techniques are varied, sometimes very daring. The protestants paddle tiny boats where great powers prove their nuclear prowess. They cling to the hulls of atomic submarines. They march on missile bases and lie on tracks in front of troop-trains. They withhold taxes. They burn draft cards. Norman Morrison has burned himself.

Of their effectiveness it may be too soon to speak. Their ranks, we know, are few. They consist of knaves, and fools, and heroes—in what proportion who can tell? They may give aid and comfort to the enemy. They may give the President sleepless nights. But will they change his mind?

> Hey, Hey, LBJ!
> How many kids did you kill today?

If this cruel rhyme is representative of their attitude, one would think not. They may mortify; they will not convert.

Nor will they reach, save as irritating noises, the ears of the man in the street. He has neither taste nor temperament nor time for such shenanigans; he is preoccupied with second cars and second mortgages. He is likely to look upon the protestants for peace as shrill and sour and cranky, outside the mainstream of national life, offering nothing of relevance to the making up of his own mind.

Foreign policy, in societies like ours, is meant to be an expression of the contents of that mind—biased, addled, empty as it may variously be. Only when it is straightened out will foreign policy straighten out. But can we wait so long?

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If, as I have argued, neither the public service nor the public at large is specially equipped, and therefore specially obligated, to confront statesmen with their wrong-doing, can no one do the job?

Some one can. The intellectual.

There may still be Canadians who smile or snigger at this suggestion. I suppose them to be in the same condition of arrested development as Canadians forty years ago who thought a professor was "a man who plays the piano in a house of meretricious entertainment." All of you will share my conviction that the intellectual is uniquely a custodian of the national conscience. All of you will be more interested in discussing the difficulties the intellectual faces in carrying out this assignment than in arguing over whether or not it is properly his to carry out.

There are as many ways of defining intellectuals as there are intellectuals to define themselves. I like the definition Camus once jotted down in his notebook: "An intellectual is someone whose mind

watches itself." An intellectual breaks faith when he allows his mind to give up the watch, to go off duty.

No kind of intellectual has more spectacularly broken faith than the scientific intellectual. The scientist has lugged Pandora's box into his laboratory and left the lid open for years on end. Only a fiend could knowingly do this; and it is fitting that the Arch-Fiend in Hochhuth's drama is not a Nazi politician, not a storm-trooper, not even Eichmann, but a doctor:

> Brain tissue from a pair of Jewish twins,
> two kids from Calais, preserved in formaldehyde.
> Rather interesting comparative sections.
> I brought the specimen with me for a girl
> who's taking a first course in histology. . . .

In the presence of such a monster we are in the presence not of sin, but of Absolute Evil. It knows no guilt. It knows no shame.

But there is another kind of scientist who knows both guilt and shame. Typically he invents and produces weapons of mass destruction. Typically he is a physicist, a nuclear physicist.

It is not his intention to do wrong and, at the beginning, he was not conscious of doing wrong. One is struck by the gusto, the enthusiasm, the almost school-boy exuberance of the scientists of the Manhattan Project, working to perfect a product to kill one hundred thousand people. Only the deed itself shocked them into recognition. Then guilt fell on them like radioactive rain. Many of those who had cheerfully worked on the atomic bomb shrank from work on the hydrogen bomb. A majority on a

scientific committee advised the President not to make the hydrogen bomb: such restraint, they argued, might help to end the arms race. A minority flatly proclaimed that "this weapon is an evil thing. . . . We think it is wrong on fundamental ethical grounds to initiate development of such a weapon." But their protest was ignored. The work went forward. Thermonuclear weapons were designed, built, tested, mass-produced.

It could not have been done without scientists to do it. Enough came forward, their moral burden lightened by a minute division of labour. "Men work on gyromechanisms," Ralph Lapp has written, "on micro-miniaturized electronics, on plasma physics. It is easy to forget the monstrous machines of destruction to which their work is a contribution." Fragmentation is the mother of amnesia.

But in the subconscious guilt remains, never to be driven out. "In some sort of crude sense which no vulgarity, no humour, no overstatement can quite extinguish," one of their number has testified out of the depths of his torment, "the physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose." No wonder the dramatists have had a field-day with physicists: Brecht, and Durrenmatt, and now a play based on the transcript of the proceedings in the case of J. Robert Oppenheimer, than which no stage drama could be more bizarre, or poignant.

First cousins to the scientific intellectuals, often coming from their ranks, are the defence intellectuals—that group of scholar-strategist-consultants

(not necessarily in that order) who, it has been said, prowl the corridors of the Pentagon as Jesuits moved through the Courts of Vienna and Madrid three centuries ago. Their profession is to think about the unthinkable—about the circumstances in which nuclear wars might be fought, about the consequences of nuclear wars being fought. It is not a pretty subject. But can one fairly be charged with lacking moral scruple just for thinking of such things? Herman Kahn's lectures on thermonuclear war were treated as Hitler's *Mein Kampf* ought to have been treated (but, alas, was not): an "evil and tenebrous book," someone called it; "a tract on mass murder: how to plan it, how to commit it, how to get away with it, how to justify it." I add at once that no reading of the book undertaken with any intellectual discrimination could possibly sustain so perverse an interpretation of its thesis and its purpose.

All the same, preoccupation with the problems of nuclear war, while not itself morally reprehensible, tends to make those so preoccupied somewhat deficient in moral sensitivity. All too easily, all too frequently, they succumb to the sickness of brutal realism in its most sadistic and disagreeable form. Consider the sort of scenario on which the members of the Hudson Institute are wont to sharpen their wits:

> The military balance of power has changed and U.S. forces become so vulnerable that after a Soviet first strike at U.S. forces the U.S. no longer has a devastating second strike capability. At that point the Soviets warn that for every Soviet city we destroy, they will demolish five of its

American counterparts. The ultimatum concludes: "You know better than we do what kind of country you want to have when the war is over. Pick whatever major cities you wish to be destroyed and we will destroy them."

The exercise consists in figuring out what Washington does next. The game is called "Urban Renewal."

I recognize, of course, the need to allow to intellect the freest possible play and the widest possible latitude. But surely its prolonged attention to these sorts of problems is not very good for the human spirit. It may not be so very good for the human race either.

But what of the rank-and-file, run-of-the-mill, intelligentsia—those of us who work well within these outer limits of science and strategy? Our moral dilemmas are less spectacular. But they are no less troublesome.

One temptation is to enter the service of the state. It is a temptation to be resisted.

Before this audience especially, under these auspices especially, I do not intend to demean the public service in any way, or to diminish the importance of what it does. I am told that the life of the civil servant is deeply satisfying. Dean Acheson testifies that "to everyone who has ever experienced it the return from public life to private life leaves one feeling flat and empty." It may well be so. I take his word for it.

But the public service is no place for the intellectual. The intellectual cannot do it justice. The environment is alien. Particularly the environment in which foreign policy is made.

An intellectual, displaced from his proper preoccupation to advise governments on foreign policy, tends characteristically to under- or over-react. He under-reacts if, as is likely, he is unduly deferential in the presence of power. Arthur Schlesinger tells in his memoirs of the Kennedy presidency of his failure to protest against the Bay of Pigs operation despite a strong premonition of disaster:

> One's impulse to blow the whistle on this nonsense was simply undone by the circumstances of the occasion. It is one thing, for a special assistant like myself, to talk frankly in private to a president; and another for a college professor, fresh to government, to interpose his unassisted judgment in open meeting against such august figures as the Secretaries of State and Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Or else, and just as likely, he is unduly scornful of events and circumstances, ignoring or belittling their capacity to frustrate his favourite project. "As he could mould the printed word to suit his ideas," Hans Morgenthau points out, "so he now expects the real world to respond to his actions. Hence his confidence in himself, his pride, his optimism"—his over-reaction. Hence also his almost invariable record of failure. The history of recent international relations is strewn with the litter of the schemes of intellectuals-turned-policy-makers, or of intellectuals-turned-policy advisors: schemes contrived in haste, put forward in conceit, and abandoned, as soon as may be decently possible, by the professionals in government who know from hard experience what policy-making is all about.

But the intellectual as policy-maker not only makes a mess of policy; he largely destroys himself as an intellectual. "It is only knowledge freely acquired that is disinterested," Walter Lippmann wisely remarked many years ago. "When those whose profession it is to teach and to investigate become the makers of policy, become politicians and leaders of causes, they are committed. Nothing they say can be relied on as disinterested. Nothing they teach can be trusted as scientific." It is a harsh verdict, but fair.

So if the intellectual is to remain a useful critic of foreign policy, retaining his capacity for detached analysis and informed condemnation, he must stay out of government.

He must also stay out of the consulting business. A mind whose function it is to keep watch on itself cannot function properly when rented out to special pleaders. The practice is too common for comfort, too common for comment. A conspiracy of silence muffles the activities of what one authority has described as "a new kind of *condottieri*, mercenaries of science and scholarship hooded with doctorates and ready for hire on studies to contract specification." The intellectual should keep his distance from those who want to buy his thoughts. Keeping his distance will help him keep his principles and, in keeping his principles, he keeps faith.

If the intellectual experiences the crudest kind of degradation when he delivers his mind to someone else's payroll, or to someone else's charge, he is

exposed to degradation at its deadliest when he is self-employed. Then it is that he may allow his capacity for moral protest to serve himself more than the community.

An article lavish in its praise for the first of the American teach-ins describes its origins in "an idea which permitted the concerned professional to envision himself as the conqueror, not of governments, but rather of his own sense of impotence." Motives are always mixed, and it is foolish to expect simon-purity. But when the motive of protest becomes primarily therapeutic it places in jeopardy that sense of moral discrimination which it is the first duty of the intellectual to develop. He develops instead a craving for protest. The time comes when any cause will do. Unscrupulous parties flourish the appropriate symbols and imagery before him, sure of his response. Moral protest becomes moral pot. The intellectual, hooked by the needs of his addiction, no longer is able, no longer cares, to distinguish right from wrong. Here is the ultimate in *trahison des clercs.*

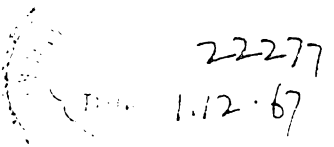
Confronted in my last lecture with a dilemma of my own devising, I sought escape through the device, so typically Canadian, of the middle way. This time there is no such exit.

Before the intellectual are two life-styles, and two alone. One is the life-style of detachment. The other the life-style of commitment. One has to choose.

My late teacher, Harold Innis, knowing better

than anyone else how heavily mined and menaced are the slopes of commitment leading away from the ivory tower, begged the intellectual to remain within its precincts.

I used to think this good advice. Now I think otherwise. It is the intellect of commitment which in spite of all my cautionary tales I must finally commend to you. Not just because it is in short supply—although in Canada, God knows, it *is* in short supply. But rather because it alone enables the intellectual to do his job. A detached mind may keep watch upon itself, but it watches over wasteland. Only a mind ethically anaesthetized, morally lobotomized, remains detached from what statesmen are doing to our world.



Right and Wrong in Foreign Policy

JAMES EAYRS

The Plaunt Lectures for 1965 deal with the perennial problem of moral man in immoral society, the society in question being the international states-system. An examination of the working of that system discloses that the scope for wrong-doing by the makers of foreign policy has, since 1945, enlarged rather than contracted. Deceit, treachery, and cruelty are held to be the characteristic manifestations of modern statecraft, rather than exceptional or aberrational. An attempt is made to discover why this should be so. The traditional attitudes towards the discrepancy between private ethics and the ethics of statecraft is assessed, and found wanting; a new attitude is outlined, and recommended. Finally, the Lectures seek fresh answers to Machiavelli's classic inquiry into the ways in which statesmen should keep faith; the inquiry is broadened to include not statesmen only, but public servants—diplomatic and military—the public at large, and intellectuals (in whom a special responsibility is discerned).

The range of application of these lectures is immense: argued closely, and yet from a broad intellectual base, they pertain directly to all who exercise and influence public authority.

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