Now a few personal words. I have spoken of de Tocqueville's America--that of 1831 at the time of Jackson. I want to say a few words about the America I was brought to. I was born in Russia, and was brought over as a 4-year-old child, in 1907. It was at the height of the great immigration wave at the first decade of the 20th century. My father came over 4 years before the rest of the family, so that he could earn enough to bring over the rest of us. He got about $4.00 a week during most of those years, and in his last year he was making $12.00 a week. We came over on steerage, of course; I can remember bedding down on the floor against whatever few possessions we had. We were met at Ellis Island by our relatives, and were inducted into the larger culture of America. It was a tragic experience for many immigrants like this little family of ours. Someday I should like to write some of my memories of those early years.

Something to remember is that much of what has given tragic depth to American life, and much of the struggle which characterizes the whole of American history comes from this immigrant experience. I can recall the cleavage between myself and my family as I grew up because they remained in the subculture they had brought over from the Jewish communities in Russia. I went through high school and spent 5 years at Yale. It was a college with a tradition of great gentility. I studied mostly English literature. I remember being taken aside toward the end of my senior year by one of my favorite professors. He knew that I wanted to teach English literature at one of the universities. He said to me rather sadly but quite candidly, "I don't think you ought to go on with this; you might as well face the fact that in the Ivy League colleges at the present time--given your origin, your religion--you are not going to have an easy time. It is going to be a real struggle. If I were you I would not try it; I would try something else." I heeded him (I don't know whether I should have) so I went off to some other things--to law school and graduate work in economics.

This was 90 years after Tocqueville. It was just 40 years ago, and the anti-Jewish feeling I have described was still considerable. If I may jump 40 years to the present, that would not be true now in any American university. There are few American colleges of any quality left which still have a taboo on religious belief and ethnic membership for the faculty. Actually the Jews today represent a considerable part of the American intellectual elite. At a time when the scientific humanist elite is very much in demand, and