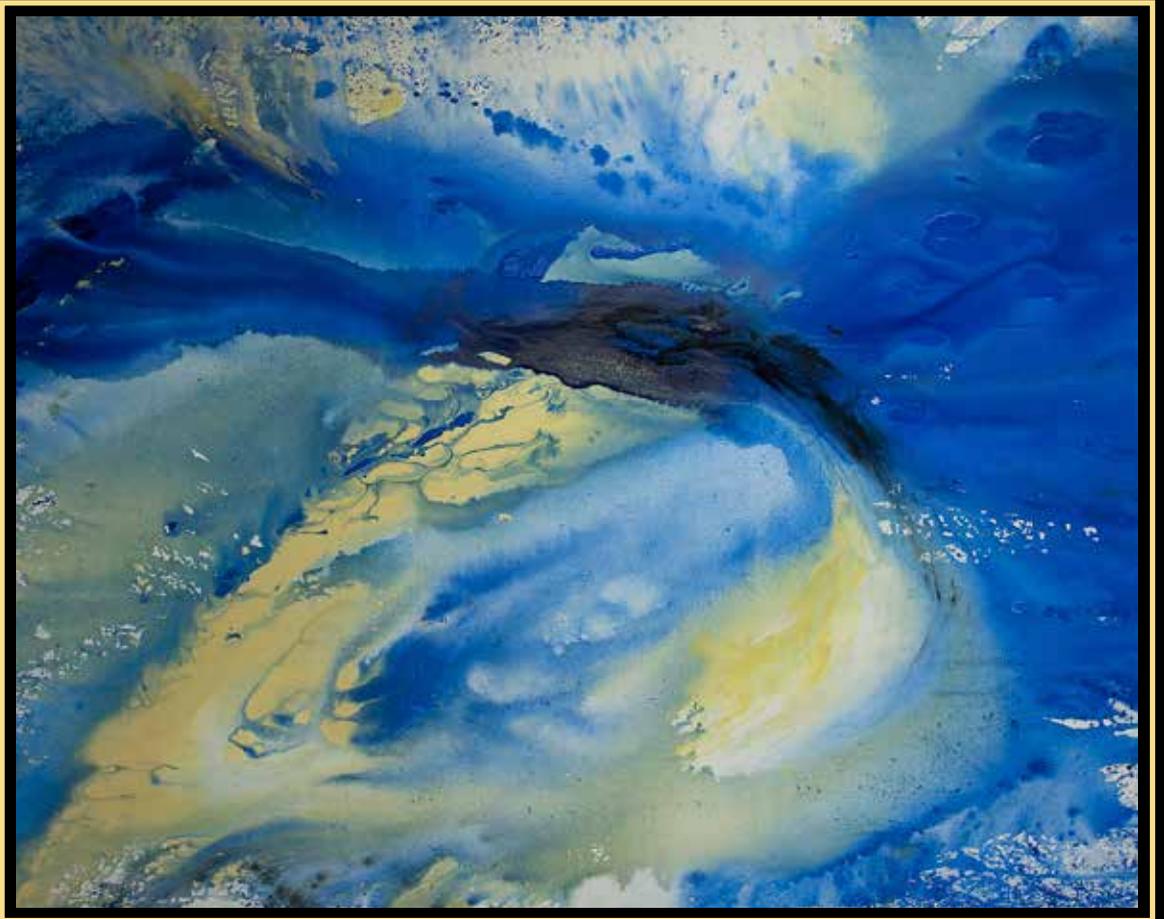


FALL 2022

VOL. 37, NO. 2

# KETTERING REVIEW

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A journal of ideas and activities dedicated to improving  
the quality of public life in the American democracy

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The *Kettering Review* ® is published by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation, 200 Commons Road, Dayton, Ohio 45459.

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ISSN 0748-8815 (print)  
ISSN 2471-2914 (online)

KETTERING  
**REVIEW**

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Fall 2022

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# Our Declaration: A Reading of the Declaration of Independence in Defense of Equality

by Danielle Allen

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*The Declaration of Independence makes a cogent philosophical case for political equality, a case that democratic citizens desperately need to understand.*

**T**he Declaration of Independence matters because it helps us see that we cannot have freedom *without* equality. It is out of an egalitarian commitment that a people grows—a people that is capable of protecting us all collectively, and each of us individually, from domination. If the Declaration can stake a claim to freedom, it is only because it is so clear-eyed about the fact that the people's strength resides in its equality.

The Declaration also conveys another lesson of paramount importance. It is this: language is one of the most potent resources each of us has for achieving our own political empowerment. The men who wrote the Declaration of Independence grasped the power of words. This reveals itself in the laborious processes by which they brought the Declaration, and their revolution, into being. It shows itself forcefully, of course, in the text's own eloquence.

When we think about how to achieve political equality, we have to attend to things like voting rights and the right to hold office. We have to foster economic opportunity and understand when excessive material inequality undermines broad democratic political participation. But we also have to cultivate the capacity of citizens to use language effectively enough to influence the choices we make together. The achievement of political equality requires, among other things, the empowerment of human beings as language-using creatures.

Equality and liberty—these are the summits

of human empowerment; they are the twinned foundations of democracy.

What fragile foundations they are!

Political philosophers have taught us to think that there is an inherent tension between liberty and equality, that we can pursue egalitarian commitments only at the expense of governmental intrusions that reduce liberty. What's more, in the last half century, our public discourse has focused on burnishing the concept of liberty, not equality. Consequently, we understand the former idea better. We have ideas ready-to-hand about the danger posed to personal freedom by excessive governmental regulation and the value that lies in autonomy and self-creation. What do we know any longer about equality?

Because we have accepted the view that there is a trade-off between equality and liberty, we think we have to choose. Lately, we have come, as a people, to choose liberty. Equality has always been the more frail twin, but it has now become particularly vulnerable. If one tracks presidential rhetoric from the last two decades, one will find that invocations of liberty significantly predominate over praise songs for equality. This is true for candidates and presidents from both parties.

Political philosophers have generated the view that equality and freedom are necessarily in tension with each other. As a public, we have swallowed this argument whole. We think we are required to choose between freedom and equality. Our choice in recent years has tipped toward freedom. Under the general influence of libertarianism, both parties have abandoned our Declaration; they have scorned our patrimony.

Such a choice is dangerous. If we abandon



equality, we lose the single bond that makes us a community, that makes us a people with the capacity to be free collectively and individually in the first place. I for one cannot bear to see the ideal of equality pass away before it has reached its full maturity. I hope I am not alone.

### Night Teaching

For exactly a decade at the University of Chicago, I taught by day some of the nation's most elite students—many with tousled hair, often rolling from their dorm room beds right into class, one even showing up casually in his boxer shorts. By night I taught adult students who were without jobs or working two jobs or stuck in dead-end part-time jobs, while nearly always also juggling children's school schedules, undependable daycare arrangements, and a snarled city bus service. They should have seemed bone tired when they arrived at class, but they pulsed with energy.

I taught both groups the same books—by Plato, Sophocles, Toni Morrison. We met in the same rooms—sometimes wood-paneled neo-Gothic chambers that heightened for both

sets of students the sense of occasion for our conversations; sometimes in the nondescript, fluorescent-lit boxes of mid-20th-century collegiate campus architecture. Yet there, too, the conversation itself, by the end of our two hours, would inevitably generate the feeling

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In both circles, we were making worlds: naming life's constitutive events, clarifying our principles, and testing against one another's wits our accounts of what was happening around us.

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that something meaningful had transpired.

In afternoons our heated talk kept traffic noise at bay. On winter evenings our small but ever warmer circle of light rolled back the deepening dark. In both circles, we were making worlds: naming life's constitutive events, clarifying our principles, and testing against one another's wits our accounts of what was happening around us.

Yet if you had peeked in on us, what would you have seen? By and large all we were doing was reading texts closely, and discussing them.

We scrutinized single words. When Antigone, in Sophocles' play from fifth-century Athens, decides to stand up to King Creon and bury her brother, the chorus describes her as making laws for herself. She is autonomous, they say,

which is simply Greek for "making your own laws." This is the first instance of the word *autonomy* in written literature. What does it mean? Is Antigone's autonomy a good or a bad thing? My day students wanted to know what it meant for Antigone, as a woman, to stand up for herself in the male-dominated world of ancient Greece. My night students wanted to know whether Antigone's courage was something they could learn from to stand up for themselves, for instance, with their bosses.

We engaged such mysteries as what Shakespeare means in Sonnet 94 when he writes,

*They that have the power to hurt and will do none*

.....  
*They are the lords and owners of their faces.*

How does restraint in the use of one's powers lead to the preservation of one's best self? Neither my day nor my night students felt they had much power, yet my day students had some instinctive sense that, to quote the sonnet again, they might well one day "inherit heaven's graces." My night students were more likely to have seen how power corrupts.

Then there was this mystery: Does Toni Morrison want us to believe in the ghosts in *Beloved*? Does she want us to believe there are ghosts in our own worlds? Or are they merely symbols? My night students' lives overran with death—from gunshots and overdoses and chronic disease and battery. They were indeed haunted. My day students, many of them well-heeled and all of them well-insured, were still mostly too young to understand what it means to carry the past around within you.

We listened to music. Again to another Shakespeare sonnet:

*That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against  
the cold,  
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet  
birds sang.*

Or Sarah Vaughan singing Rodgers and Hart's "It Never Entered My Mind."<sup>1</sup> Both groups recognized the musicality in sonnet as well as song, but they brought very different reference points to bear in explaining that musicality. The two groups of students were, I found, experts at different kinds of things.

From my students, I also had much to learn, as teachers often do. They showed me things that I had never seen in texts that I thought I knew so well, as when one of my day students pointed out that the biblical story of the warrior Jephthah's sacrifice of his daughter is used by several of the most important political philosophers of the 17th and 18th centuries to talk about the founding of nations. Jephthah had sworn to God that, if God gave him victory, he would sacrifice the first thing he saw upon his return home. And his daughter ran out to greet him.

My students also taught me things about learning that I had never known, as when one of my night students, after months of mediocre performances, turned in an essay that was light-years beyond what she had been able to do just a week earlier. From then on her performance remained consistently on that new and suddenly exalted level. To this day, I have no

idea what flipped the switch. Now I know that I cannot predict individual learning trajectories and that such inexplicable improvements are among the most fundamental mysteries of human life.

Yet the single most transformative experience I had came from teaching the Declaration of Independence not to my bright-eyed undergraduates but to my life-tested night students. I sometimes taught it as part of the US history unit, sometimes as part of the literature unit, and sometimes as part of the writing unit. Like the huge majority of Americans, few of my day students had ever read its 1,337 words from start to finish. None of my night students had.

I started teaching the text instrumentally. That is, I thought it would be useful. These students with jobs were busy. The Declaration is short. No one would complain about the reading. I could use it to teach history, writing, or political philosophy. And so I began.

My night students generally entered into the text thinking of it as something that did not belong to them. It represented instead institutions and power, everything that solidified a



world that had, as life had turned out, delivered them so much grief, so much to overcome.

As I worked my way through the text with those students, I realized for the first time in my own life that the Declaration makes a coherent philosophical argument. In particular, it makes an argument about political equality. If the pattern of books published on the Declaration is any indication, we have developed the habit of thinking about the Declaration mainly as an event, an episode in the dramatic unfolding of the American Revolution. But it makes a cogent philosophical case for political equality, a case that democratic citizens desperately need to understand.

What exactly is political equality?

The purpose of democracy is to empower individual citizens and give them sufficient

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The best way to avoid being dominated is to help build the world in which one lives—to help, like an architect, determine its pattern and structure.

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control over their lives to protect themselves from domination. In their ideal form, democracies empower each and all such that none can dominate any of the others, nor any one group, another group of citizens.

Political equality is not, however, merely freedom from domination. The best way to avoid being dominated is to help build the



world in which one lives—to help, like an architect, determine its pattern and structure. The point of political equality is not merely to secure spaces free from domination but also to engage all members of a community equally in the work of creating and constantly recreating that community. Political equality is equal political empowerment.

Ideally, if political equality exists, citizens become cocreators of their shared world. Freedom from domination and the opportunity for cocreation maximize the space available for individual and collective flourishing.

The assertion that the Declaration is about such a rich notion of political equality will provoke skepticism. Is it not about freedom? The text, after all, declares *independence*.

The Declaration starts and finishes, however, with equality. In the first sentence, the Continental Congress proclaims that the time has come for the people, which they now constitute, to take a “separate and equal” place among the powers of the earth. The last sentence of the Declaration finds the members of the

Continental Congress, as representatives of their newly designated “states,” “mutually” pledging to each other their lives, their property, and their sacred honor. They stake their claim to independence—to freedom—on the bedrock of an egalitarian commitment to one another. Only on the basis of a community built with their equality can they achieve their freedom.

And, of course, there is also the all-important second sentence, which begins, “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.”

As my night students metabolized the philosophical argument and rhetorical art of the Declaration, many of them, and I along with them, experienced a personal metamorphosis. They found themselves suddenly as political beings, with a consciousness that had previously eluded them. They built a foundation from which to assess the state of their political world. They gained a vocabulary and rhetorical techniques for arguing about it.

In reading the document with me, my students in fact regifted to me a text that should have been mine all along. They gave me again the Declaration’s ideals—equality and freedom—and the power of its language. They restored to me my patrimony as well as their own, and ours.

### **Patrimony**

Yes, I claim the Declaration as patrimony, as can anyone. Many people—for diverse reasons—will be skeptical of such a claim, especially when made by a mixed-race (but aren’t we all?) African American woman. Didn’t the Declaration defend the liberty and equality only of white men of property?

That the Declaration is my patrimony I nonetheless insist. Five generations back, not long before the Civil War, a forefather, Sidiphous, came to the United States from the Caribbean on the promise of work. The only trouble was, when he got to Florida, he found that the job was a slave’s. Soon thereafter came

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## That the Declaration is my patrimony I nonetheless insist.

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the Civil War. Four generations of my family’s grave markers lie beneath trees trailing Spanish moss on the headland of an island just north of Jacksonville. Beside their stones lie those of two Black men from Florida who fought for the Union. Two generations later the fight continued. In the 1930s my Baptist preacher grandfather helped found the first NAACP chapter in his north Florida region. And two decades after that my father left Florida because, as he once told me, he was tired of constantly looking over his shoulder, always expecting at any moment to see a posse jump from behind a tree hollering, “Get that nigger.” Is that not wanting to be free?

From the WASP side of my family—my mother’s side—I inherited antiques and china, among other things. My elegant, inquisitive, 1980s supermom mom idolized her suffragette grandmother, and I always connected my mother’s name—Susan, also my middle name—to my great-grandmother’s political hero, Susan B. Anthony, campaigner for women’s right

to vote. When my great-grandmother found herself in the hospital having a baby on a day scheduled for a suffragettes' march, my great-grandfather, an attorney and social worker, went to the parade in her stead. So goes the family lore. That same suffragette great-grandfather served in a Progressive-era Michigan administration—his distinctive ambition being to reduce

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## I never read the Declaration slowly until I did so with my night students.

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juvenile delinquency. During all my growing up, my mother had hanging in her bedroom, as she still does, a framed piece her great-aunt had embroidered that read, "Let me live in the house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

Equality and freedom. Love of these ideas made my people.

Both sides of my family tied their ideals, these ideas—and their diverse pursuits of freedom, equality, and opportunity—to a love of education. Although I never met my father's mother, a nurse, I've heard from many people that she inspired a love of learning in all around her. The traces of a striking generosity live in the stories her children, my many aunts and uncles, tell about her. She dreamed that my father might go to Harvard. Given where he'd started in life, this was not possible, but he did leave the South for college and earned a doctorate in political science. My mother's side of the family included

women college graduates (the University of Minnesota, Wellesley, and the University of Michigan) beginning in the late 19th century. My mother, a librarian, followed the reading-obsessed path of her own mother, a high school English teacher.

We were, in short, a family steeped in books. We were also a family of *The Book*. In my childhood, at an early point, we twice read the Bible through from start to finish. Before we cleared the dinner table of its dirty dishes, still seated each in our nightly seat, in positions that would remain unchanged for nearly 18 years, my father, mother, brother, and I read a chapter a night, taking our turns verse to verse. It took a couple of years to complete the double cycle.

Slow reading. This too is my patrimony.

Over dinner, my parents often said to my brother and me that when we turned 18, we would be on our own. Independence was a real prospect from an early age. Our education, they said, would be our inheritance, and my parents invested everything they had there. We also talked a lot at dinner about freedom and equality. We even talked pretty frequently about the Declaration of Independence. Sometimes we argued over whether the phrase "all men" could refer to everyone or just white men of property. From that discussion flowed other debates, for instance, about the value of the gender-neutral language emerging in the 1980s.

To my embarrassment, however, I never read the Declaration slowly, the way I had been taught to read, until I did so with my night students. It's a cliché to say that we fell in love, but we did. Its words became necessary for us; they became *our* Declaration. Through reading

them slowly, we came into our inheritance: an understanding of freedom and equality, and of the value of finding the right words.

### Loving Democracy

It's not enough, though, to say that I inherited—as if through genes—my love of freedom and equality. These things don't pass in DNA, so figuring out exactly how I came to love democracy demands some further thought.

To my great surprise, I think I may owe these passions to my grandmother, my mother's mother. She was the so-called black sheep in a family of genteel and gentle people, suspended from kindergarten, as one story goes, for treating other children badly or, as another tale tells it, in receipt of failing grades in elementary school for self-control. Very late in her life she was diagnosed with some form of bipolar disorder, was medicated, and became kind. I was glad to get to know her then and find something in her if not to love then at least to feel some affection for. For when I was small, she was not kind.

After my grandfather died, and my grandmother finally decided, I think out of necessity, to overlook the fact that her daughter, my mother, had married a Black man, she began to visit us. I was probably around eight. She insisted on bringing and making us drink Tang because this is, apparently, what the space shuttle astronauts survived on. I recall she generally smelled pretty rank—and she was full of criticisms, particularly of me. I drank too much water. I could be expected, for reasons unspecified, to become an alcoholic. The worst, however, was that I should shave off all my kinky hair and wear a wig; if I chose not to do that, I should expect to

get nothing from life. No love, no job, nothing. She tended to write letters with key words set out in uppercase: NOTHING.

My mother had an inspired way of dealing with this bullying. She changed the table's seating arrangement to seat my grandmother next to me, instead of across from me. Seated beside me, my grandmother could no longer see me. The thought was that perhaps, if she could not see me, she would not criticize me. This turned out to be true. Invisibility brought at least a lessening of affliction.

It was my younger brother, though, who rescued me finally, after a few years, from my torment. One day, in the wake of another tear storm occasioned by my grandmother's harsh words, he said—and he couldn't himself have been more than eight at the time—"It will only bother you if you let it; you just have to ignore it." In this instance, since my grandmother's words were truly only words and had no other material effects, he was right. I found a way to free myself by ignoring my grandmother; by refusing to take her seriously, I established for



myself a platform for agency equal to hers, even if she didn't know it. I could feel for myself how much stronger I was for knowing that my way of seeing the world was equal to hers and that my way, not hers, could be the basis for my life.

I cannot abide seeing someone bullied. Perhaps it is there—in that small but fundamental instinct—that my own driven commitment to egalitarian democracy was born. Even the most intimate relations bring to light how fundamental to human flourishing is equality.

This point, however, simply leads to another question. What seven-league boots can take us from personal to political? How and why does one leap from a concern—which surely we all have—for decency in human relations to a love of democracy? How does one come to understand that these things are connected? And how might this all happen in childhood? Because I did love democracy and, above all, equality before I left youth behind. Working with my night students brought me back to my origins.

My father certainly took up my political education from an early point. The summer I was seven he had me read *Ivanhoe* and—let's go ahead and rehabilitate another repudiated text—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But that can't explain my love of democracy. All I remember of *Ivanhoe* is dark forests; all I got out of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was the notion that good girls die young. From this I drew the lesson that it was best not to be too good.

I think it was a different story of slavery that moved me: the Hebrew Bible tale of Joseph, who was sold by his envious brothers into slavery in Egypt and there achieved a near equality with the Pharaoh. On the basis of his success and

having reconciled with his family, he brought them too to Egypt, but then Joseph died. Soon “there was a new king of Egypt that knew not Joseph.” Without the accidental protection of a bond between Joseph and the king, the Israelites were enslaved.

And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour:

And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour.

And the Pharaoh commanded that all their sons be killed on birth. I think this is the story that crystallized for me the notion that there is no freedom without political equality. It did not matter how rich, how successful, how powerful Joseph had been. He was still a servant. He could not protect his own. The desire to escape from abusive power was alive in me. Even in my own small circumstances, I had that—a little spit of flame. And somehow I wanted that release for all people. I could free myself



from my grandmother by ignoring her, but this was a far remove from what is necessary for escaping tyrannical power. I started banging my head then, I believe, against the question of how people might slip such bonds.

I worked on that question for years—in an undergraduate degree, two master’s degrees, and two PhDs as well as books I wrote on punishment, on citizenship, on rhetoric. I pursued it by teaching courses on Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau; on Du Bois and Ralph Ellison, on Aeschylus, Herodotus, Plato, and Aristotle. I sought out the solution through the hell of doing mail order courses about Homer’s *Hades* and Dante’s *Inferno* with my 10-years-imprisoned-only-to-be-murdered-soon-after-baby-cousin. But I didn’t get my answer until I read the Declaration of Independence with a group of adults struggling to survive, for whom nothing was given but who nonetheless believed in the possibility, the necessity, in fact, of their survival.

### **Animating the Declaration**

After the first year of reading the Declaration with my night students, my teaching mission changed. I no longer wanted to use the text merely instrumentally to teach them about other topics. Now I wanted to teach them the Declaration itself for its own sake. I wanted my students to claim the text. They were so much in need of it. I wanted them to understand that democratic power belonged to them, too, that they had its sources inside themselves. I wanted to animate the Declaration, to bring it to life for them, and perhaps even bring them through it into a different kind of life—as citizens, as thinkers, as political deliberators and decision-

makers; I wanted them to own the Declaration of Independence. I want that for you, too, because the Declaration is also yours.

*Our Declaration*, then, tries to give that experience of taking possession of the ideal of equality to everyone who cares about democ-

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I wanted them to understand that democratic power belonged to them, too, that they had its sources inside themselves.

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racy, whether in the United States or in the world at large.

Reaching such an audience is a challenge in our contemporary world. Despite globalization, the globe is more than ever a tower of Babel, and even in the United States our culture is also fragmented. We are not all readers, and the reading habits of those of us who are diverge markedly. Bookstores display novels and self-help books to stoke Mother’s Day sales; they put out history and politics for Father’s Day. History buffs can tell you that George Washington wore clothes made out of North American products for his inauguration; they can tell you he always traveled with seven razors for reasons nobody knows. But other readers don’t know who George Washington, the first president of the United States, was. Nonetheless, wherever we may live, freedom and equality are necessary for effecting our safety and happiness.

I am trying—working against the forces of marketing strategies and our culture—to draw different circles of readers together: the sophisticate and the novice; the frequent and the occasional reader; the history buff and the self-help seeker; the lover of democracy whether

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## Are we not all democrats? Do we not all need, at some level, to understand what it means to be part of a democratic polity?

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at home or abroad. For are we not all democrats? Do we not all need, at some level, to understand what it means to be part of a democratic polity? What concepts, what ideas, do we need to understand the part we play? It is these concepts that I am trying to resuscitate—to renew understanding where the ideas are familiar, to elucidate them for those readers to whom they arrive as new gifts.

The Declaration of Independence makes a coherent philosophical argument from start to finish. It is this: Equality has precedence over freedom; only on the basis of equality can freedom be securely achieved.

That the Declaration is centrally about freedom and equality is clear from two basic facts. The title—a declaration of *independence*—establishes that the text is about freedom. But the first sentence, the most memorable sentence, and the concluding sentence are all about equality. The most important question

to ask about the Declaration, then, is how it helps us understand the relationship between freedom and equality.

Political philosophers have generated the view that equality and freedom are necessarily in tension with each other. As a public, we have swallowed this argument whole. We think we are required to choose between freedom and equality. Our choice in recent years has tipped toward freedom. The vocabulary of presidential candidates routinely places far more emphasis on freedom than on equality. As I said at the start, such a choice is dangerous. If we abandon equality, we lose the single bond that makes us a community, that makes us a people with the capacity to be free collectively and individually in the first place.

What exactly does the Declaration have to say about equality? First of all, the text focuses on political equality. In the 20th century we came to understand political equality as meaning primarily formal civic rights: the rights to vote, serve on juries, and run for elected office. These political rights are, of course, fundamental, but civic rights are only a part of the story about political equality. The Declaration has much more to say.

As it moves from its opening salvo for divorce to its closing recommitment of the colonists to one another, the Declaration first sets its sights on achieving freedom from domination for the polity as a whole, and for individual citizens. It lays out egalitarian access to the instrument of government as crucial to the pursuit of happiness. There we find the familiar emphasis on civic rights. Then the Declaration moves on to argue for an egalitarian cultivation of collective intelligence as well as for an associational

egalitarianism that establishes norms and practices of genuine reciprocity as the baseline for decent interactions with one's fellow citizens. Finally, the Declaration shows us the egalitarianism of cocreation and co-ownership of a shared world, an expectation for inclusive participation that fosters in each citizen the self-understanding that she, too, he, too, helps to make, and is responsible for, this world in which we live together. That rich and expansive notion of political equality is the ground of independence, personal and political.

That the achievement of equality is the sole foundation on which we can build lasting and meaningful freedom is a fundamentally antilibertarian argument. Since libertarianism currently dominates our political imaginations, this first argument runs against the grain of our contemporary culture.

Importantly, the Declaration gives us a reason to believe its argument about human equality and the capacity of all of us to participate in political judgment. If the Declaration is right that all people are created equal—in the sense of all being participants in the project of political judgment—then all people *should* be able to read or listen to the Declaration, understand the work that it is doing, and carry on similar work on their own account, with no more help in unleashing their capacities than can be provided by the example of the Declaration itself. And this, in fact, seems to be true. The Declaration and its import are accessible to any reader or hearer of its words.

My second argument, conveyed through my expression of love for the Declaration, is that I endorse its egalitarian case. I judge it valid and worthy. It is in the hopes of conveying the

Declaration's egalitarian argument as clearly and succinctly as possible that I have written this book.

With my reading of the Declaration, then, I hope to have brought us into awareness of our own democratic powers. I hope to have inspired the conviction that their source is inside us, all of us. I hope I have made visible the democratic art of doing things with words. I hope, in sum, to have brought the Declaration to life and at the same time to have brought all of us together into a different kind of shared life—as citizens and thinkers, as political deliberators and decision-makers, as democratic writers and group artists. I hope that collectively we will reclaim this text as *ours*.

I also, however, understand the limits of words; I understand the entanglements of desire. When articulated in 1776, these words made only modest inroads against the desires of white Americans to dominate Americans of color, whether native or non-native. They made scant inroads against the desires of men



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to maintain patriarchal social structures, or against the desires of communitarian monitors to regulate private intimacies.

Yet these words also supported the cultivation of solidarity among people committed to their principles, people who could see new ways of being in a world that more fully embodied these ideals. And in supporting the cultivation of solidarity, the text built roads to action that changed worlds. Hosts of abolitionists were, for instance, inspired by the Declaration. Members of the Indian Congress Party took it as a model when they decided to launch their own independence struggle against Britain in 1930.

In an important way, the Declaration itself acknowledges the complex entanglement of ideals with desire. Human beings, it argues, are masters enough of their own fate to *inch* their

way toward happiness—this is a supremely optimistic document. At the same time, though, it makes clear that the best we all can do is inch in that direction. Humans are long-suffering; evils are long suffered. The Declaration reins in its own optimism. On its own, it admits the halting, partial nature of human progress. This is another reason it is worth reading. The Declaration tells the truth about itself.

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*Danielle Allen is the James Bryant Conant University Professor at Harvard University and the director of the Edmond J. Safra Center for Ethics. This essay is excerpted from Our Declaration: A Reading of the Declaration of Independence in Defense of Equality by Danielle Allen. Copyright © 2014 by Danielle Allen. With permission of the publisher, W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. All rights reserved.*

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### Endnote

- <sup>1</sup> I had hoped to provide you four lines from this song from the 1940 musical *Higher and Higher*, but the permissions charges were exorbitant.

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REVIEW FALL 2022