

# BOOK REVIEW

## *THE NATURE OF THE JUDICIAL PROCESS*

*Learned Hand*<sup>†</sup>

Judge Cardozo has in this book tried his hand at one of those problems which have fascinated the mind of mankind since it began to ponder upon the meaning of law. The position of an English speaking judge, especially, presents an apparent contradiction that has always exercised those who are speculatively inclined. The pretension of such a judge is, or at least it has been, that he declares pre-existing law, of which he is only the mouthpiece; his judgment is the conclusion of a syllogism in which the major is to be found among fixed and ascertainable rules. Conceivably a machine of intricate enough complexity might deliver such a judgment automatically were it only to be fed with the proper findings of fact. Yet the whole structure of the common law is an obvious denial of this theory; it stands as a monument slowly raised, like a coral reef, from the minute accretions of past individuals, of whom each built upon the relics which his predecessors left, and in his turn left a foundation upon which his successors might work.

We have grown more self-conscious of late and can no longer content ourselves with fictions; and candid men like Judge Cardozo will not stomach those equivocations which keep the promise to the ear and break it to the hope. So, while he is aware enough of the limitations upon a judge's freedom, he is more acutely aware than many of his contemporaries of the extent to which he must choose responsibly. His essay tells us of the different factors which may properly enter into a judge's consideration. He must be faithful to

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<sup>†</sup> This review originally appeared at 35 *Harv. L. Rev.* 479 (1922). At that time, Hand was a District Judge on the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York.

the past, of which he is the inheritor, but not too faithful; he must remember that he lays down a rule of general application, – consistency for him is a jewel; but beyond all he must remember that he is a priest of his time, the interpreter of an inarticulate will, which accepts the past only in part, – no more of it than the present has not yet awakened to repudiate.

No quantitative valuation of these elements is possible; the good judge is an artist, perhaps most like a *chef*. Into the composition of his dishes he adds so much of this or that element as will blend the whole into a compound, delectable or at any rate tolerable to the palates of his guests. The test of his success is the measure in which his craftsman's skill meets with general acceptance. There are no *vade mecums* to this or any other art. It is in the end a question of more or less, and the judicial function lies in the interstices of the social tissues.

That a judge of Judge Cardozo's standing should so frankly own the way in which he works is itself a portent, though in fact he probably disposes of his cases by no saliently different methods from the judges who have preceded him. Indeed he is analyzing, not his own mind alone, but the ways in which all judges decide their cases. But the self-scrutiny which can learn how it works and the candor which will avow it, are rare in such high places. The masters assure us that ours is a time of change in the law, when it is to be recast; one of those periods when the bud is bursting its sheath and the flower unfolding. If they are right – and who are we to question them? – the development will be self-conscious as never before. How Demos will accept it is another matter. Hitherto he has been lulled to rest by unctuous protests of docility from his judges. Will he awaken in a rage when they admit that they are not all "mind," but entertain a "will" as well? Perhaps not; most judges are more pious than Judge Cardozo – and less sincere.

We, who are born in the faith, learned to lisp in our cradles that this is a government of laws, not men. Only yesterday the thunder broke from Olympus and reassured such of us as may have been shaken. From this postulate indeed it followed that the writ of injunction is one of those fundamental rights, any experimentation

with which the Constitution forbids. I must confess that this book does not seem orthodox measured by that standard. There is a scandal in so much subjectivity. Mr. Justice Holmes has somewhere said that the lawyer's problem is one in psychology; he must find the personal equation of his judge, a complex (it was before the days of Freud) of all those elements which may influence him, his dialectic propensity, his learning, his deference of the past, his docility to the present, his traditions, his individual habit. It is as if a man were to study the disposition of a pet tiger, another pursuit interesting though perilous, like life. He must reckon with the fundamental biologic tropisms of all sentient creatures; he must know the limitations and capacities of the *Felidae*; he must acquaint himself with the acquired instinctive responses of *Felis tigris*; but chief of all he had better understand the partialities of that particular tiger.

I fancy that if all this be true, the law, which is the greatest common divisor of the sum total of concrete judgments, must in some measure retain a strain of warm humanity about it, which sits a little oddly upon the heights where the Constitution of Massachusetts has placed it. The law is indeed not the creation of this generation, and those who should feel so have no proper place in it. But then this generation was itself scarcely parthenogenetic; and to be human is necessarily to be more than individual. However, after making all allowances, there will be excellent people who cannot help feeling that the voice of this book is in a way the voice of heresy. It will disquiet them even more to know that it emanates from a judge who by the common consent of the bench and bar of his state has no equal within its borders; from one who by the gentleness and purity of his character, the acuteness and suppleness of his mind, by his learning, his moderation, and his sympathetic understanding of his time, has won an unrivaled esteem wherever else he is known. They will be troubled at learning all this; and they will be right to be troubled. When Brutus strikes, we had best fold our togas over our heads and resign our spirits to the darkness. Of course, there is always an escape by concession, by ceasing to climb towards the snowy heights of eternal principles; but they may be unwilling to surrender the truths which have descended to them from the Fa-

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thers, tested in the furnaces of experience, burnished by the great hands of the dead, for an opportunism which seeks to cover its usurpation under an affectation of candor. Nor will it much reassure such loyal souls to point to the casual origin of all other institutions, or to let them peep into the unlovely undercurrents which run below the noble surfaces of even the great and 'good. But conversion is open to us all, and perhaps this book will prove to be a primer in introspection which may find a way even into the tents of righteousness. ❶