



THE GENERAL MOTORS GROUP

Father Knickerbocker's BLOCKS

Woodcuts by
HOWARD COOK

IN THESE WOODCUTS Howard Cook has caught the spirit of the fabulous city. He sees its buildings as gigantic piles of blocks, as a mass of tilting planes which cast deep shadows on the scurrying life of the streets. By eliminating detail, he creates an amazing effect of stark simplicity and power.



THE CANYON



THE DICTATOR

Our Muddling World



Drawings by Wilfred Jones

by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

THERE IS an English Member of Parliament who has devoted his life to a crusade for Free Trade. By some mysterious law of linguistic physics, some words seem to attract to them all the damp mists of the intellectual atmosphere, so that as soon as they are inserted into a phrase, the mental view becomes fog-bound and no idea can be seen beyond the nose of the speaker who utters them. One of the most efficient mist collectors of the English language is the word *free*, which explains why such expressions as Free Trade, Free Arbitrator, and Freedom of the Seas should be among the thickest and most dangerous fog centres in the seas of dialectics.

Your Englishman was always a born navigator, and fog — whether of the sea or of the mind — never troubles him overmuch. He lives in an island in which the moderate size of hills, valleys, and plains, as well as a climate neither too dark nor too luminous, limit his horizon to short distances; and his mind, perhaps taught by his eyes, is most at home also within short distance of its starting point. Landscape and intellect are therefore with him what we might call empirical, and the most he worries about when on the road (head-road or foot-road) is the turning of the next bend. In these conditions, fog is no particular drawback to the Englishman and that is why all kinds of freedom find their most ardent champions in England.

To that bold phalanx, no doubt, belongs the English member of Parliament who has devoted his life to the service of Free Trade. His faith is moving in its sincerity, immovable in its simplicity. With that ardor for incarnation which is one of the profoundest features of the English character, he has materialized the idea which possesses him in the form of a map of Europe on which frontiers are marked, not by mere flat lines, but by neat little walls rising above the plane of the map to heights proportional to the tariff of the nation concerned. There were difficulties of course. How, for instance, was the height of the wall to be defined when within any one nation tariffs are so different, so changing, so dependent on the commodity, the country of origin, and a host of other factors? The champion of Free Trade got through that fog creditably enough. Then, of course, he had to build a double wall around every nation, one made up of the real image of its protective tariff, the other of the sum total of the portions of neighboring walls. In this way, every nation appears surrounded by two obstacles to the circulation of goods, its own and its neighbors' tariff walls. The map was built. It was conveniently contrived to be exhibited in all its beauty on a table or stand, or to be packed up in a trunk and sent somewhere else to spread its beauty again beyond one or another of the walls which it pictured. And the Knight of Free Trade sailed forth to