

## A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

M. JEAN MARTET, who was Clemenceau's secretary for some years after the war, has published "Le Silence de M. Clemenceau," and "M. Clemenceau Peint par Lui-Même" Albin Michel).

"You will note," says Jean Martet, "that, like all aged men, M. Clemenceau remembered more vividly and more willingly the first years of his life than such and such recent happenings." But this happens to be the reason why Jean Martet's second book appeals to me.

I hail from the same village (in Vendée) as Clemenceau. My first eighteen years were spent at Mouilleron, where he was born, and Mouchamps, where he lies buried. ("The two poles of his life," as he said.) My (adoptive) grandmother was a friend and my mother a favorite of Clemenceau's maternal grandmother, Madame Gautreau, the Huguenot housewife whose influence was profound in his development. He used to say: "I prefer my Gautreau blood to the other." He had left Vendée (forever, as it then seemed) when I, thirty years younger, was growing up. But his name was a household word in the whole district. He was much discussed and not a little feared by the good bourgeois, Catholic, and more or less reactionary families of our neighborhood. I need not say that, to some young people like me, belonging as his grandmother to a tiny minority of emancipated Calvinists, Georges Clemenceau was something of a hero.

I never met him until I was more than forty and he more than seventy. I was then consul-general in South Africa, and happened to be on leave at the moment he had become Prime Minister for the first time. Three years later, being then in charge of the American department at Quai d'Orsay, my intercourse with Clemenceau became closer and, in one case at least, contributed to safeguard Franco-American amity. But of this, more some day. . . . I see from Martet's book that Clemenceau never wavered. The trend of his political thought, or rather sense—and sensibility—, remained the same after the war.

His references to his family, youth, and milieu, in Martet's book, are in some places mischievous. Their subtle dryness is irresistible, chiefly when he speaks of his grandfather. But he says precious little about the very Balzacian aspect of his own clan life. No real biography of Clemenceau can be attempted for some time yet. Some picturesque episodes where he was not directly or immediately concerned may come to light before other and more personal incidents. I wonder how many people are aware of some little romantic affairs (such as "La Dame Blanche" of Mouilleron) in which he took an avuncular interest.

M. Jean Martet shrewdly notes that "M. Clemenceau was not particularly well-informed as to the history of his own family." This is true but in one sense only. History is one thing, "Story" is another; even, said Prior,

*The solid Story and severest Truth  
That's no Poet's thought, nor flight of  
Youth.*

Clemenceau's baffling personality would stand clearer in the eyes of posterity if it were remembered that, like all people born in Vendée, he was, from birth to maturity, a sort of Montagu-Capulet. For instance, he liked to play at times with the idea that the Mongol invasion reached the sea near our birthplace and, stopping there, permeated the Celts with Asiatic blood. The fact that there was something of the Hun in his own features (high cheek bones, slanting eyes, etc.) tickled his fancy. Clemenceau a Hun! A Hun at war! Yes, at war with himself.

The Renaissance hardly touched Vendée. Yet the first printer who set up a press in that "closed" country was a Clemenceau. The Reformation reft his descendants into alien groups. The Calvinists were decimated, ruined or exiled. Another Clemenceau died penniless in London. One (never mentioned, but why?) was a great slave-dealer in the eighteenth century; others, Rousseauists.

M. Jean Martet is full of ideas. But in his books there is little of Jean Martet. All is Clemenceau's, which shows that Jean Martet is not only a very able writer but also a very clever journalist.

I am not sure that anything has yet been published about Marcel Proust that can compete for wealth and range of ideas with Arnaud Danieuf's "Marcel Proust" (Humphrey Milford, London, and Firmin-Didot, Paris). This short book transcends its own title by so far that it can be considered as an epitome of the processes of artistic crea-

tion, or other "revelation." The first edition was sold out in a week, before any review appeared, and the book had to be reprinted at once.

It has nothing to do with Marcel Proust as a chronicler of sexual aberrations and salon life; very little with Marcel Proust as an analyst, stylist, or even novelist in the book-selling sense. Its appeal is far more universal. Marcel Proust has been called a dissociator of personality. True in a sense. But the sort of personality that he dissociated is that which, manifesting itself in action, mental or physical, is constantly dramatic and irreducible to identity. The real personality, the only one that is concrete and endures, he has spent his whole life and work in trying to reconstitute and invigorate. When he says: "Temps perdu," "Temps retrouvé," he means: Reality lost; Personality recovered. I need not insist upon the affinity of that position with contemporary philosophies.

How did it come to pass that an invalid, a recluse, an apparently snobbish slobberer, an inveterate lingerer, compelled the hard world of after war not only to admit him, but to remodel its attitude towards artistic creation? Dandieu's book is an answer to that query. He explains how Proust has re-invented, for us all, the magical process by which children and primitives apprehend reality. Frazer and Lévy-Bruhl, Loisy, Paget, incidentally Freud and his followers, Meyerson, Minkovsky, are brought up as witnesses. The power of "metaphor," that is transposition in all its aspects, was Marcel Proust's instrument. In wielding it he went to the root of all art: affectivity, not intellect. To speak of Proust's infantilism is to beg the question. Why did he triumph? It is true that he was finally led to isolation and self-immolation, not merely physical. This is another aspect of the sacrificial rite that lies at the bottom of artistic achievement. Either kill revealers, or, if you want them, accept their conditions. Marcel Proust played the whole game and Dandieu's book contains the main key to his work.

"Eva," by Jacques Chardonne, is rightly considered here as a masterpiece of the same importance as "L'Épithalame" by the same author. Jacques Chardonne is the pseudonym of one of the partners in the Librairie Stock. He writes at leisure, flatters not, and is greatly admired. His books belong to a type which even well-informed foreigners do not associate with the French reading public, though it is quite in the national tradition. They are purely mental and sentimental adventures, fertilized by an undercurrent of culture and learning, illuminated by frequent references to the art both of thinking and writing. Their poignancy is, however, so true to nature that they appeal to all lovers of fiction. "Eva" is the story of a couple told by the husband, Bernard. He sacrifices everything to the wife he loves. But the wife he loves is his creation. She cannot entirely desert him.

"Robert," by André Gide, is the second part of "L'École des Femmes," which I have reviewed at length. It is the husband's journal. His self-revelation is an accomplished piece of work. One feels almost sorry for him. Yes, decidedly, André Gide is still the greatest, I mean the most universally accessible and admirable, of our fiction writers.

The Hawthornden Prize for the year 1929 was recently bestowed upon Lord David Cecil, for his book "The Stricken Deer." The presentation was made by Stanley Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin, it appears, had read it on its first appearance, and especially delighted in the subtle and memorable prose of its first chapters. This was the eleventh award of the Prize since Miss Alice Warrender first established it in 1919. The previous winners were Edward Shanks, Romer Wilson, John Freeman, Edmund Blunden, David Garnett, Sean O'Casey, R. H. Mottram, V. Sackville-West, Henry Williamson, and Siegfried Sassoon. The second and third of these, still young, have died since last year's presentation was made. Amongst those who have made speeches awarding the Prize have been Sir Edmund Gosse, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. W. Mason, Gilbert Murray, Augustine Birrell, John Drinkwater, John Masefield, John Buchan, John Galsworthy, Walter de la Mare, and Lord Lonsdale.

Thirteen scholars, financed by the American Council of Learned Societies and directed by the Medieval Academy of America, are to undertake a study project of "The English Government at Work, 1327-1336." They are to be led by Professor James F. Willard of the University of Colorado.

Books to buy  
Books to read



Books to keep  
Bear this label

WE opened our Fall Season a week ago . . . . . It was something of an event in the world of literature . . . . . An event . . . because everyone interested in poetry . . . in biography . . . in the history of American Letters . . . has been eagerly awaiting the complete, authentic account of

## The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson

by Genevieve Taggard

You will welcome it not only because there is much new material on Emily Dickinson's life . . . not only because Miss Taggard has cleared up this long standing mystery . . . given the world the real woman . . . not the cold figure of myth and legend . . . but because she understands the spirit of this delightful recluse . . . and the forces which controlled her life . . . . . Through her book one can enjoy Emily Dickinson's poetry to the fullest . . . . . Miss Taggard's appreciation is unique . . . her criticism of the finest . . . . . Price \$4.00

BUT in the excitement over this remarkable piece of work . . . we must not forget another book . . . a novel of unusual distinction . . . of literary excellence . . . that has attracted the attention and the praise of all the critics in England and America . . . . .

## A True Story

by Stephen Hudson

is the story of Richard Kurt . . . sensitive . . . dependent . . . always at odds with his environment . . . . . It tells of his trip to America . . . his unfortunate marriage . . . and his lonely, wasted life . . . then of the tragedy of his affair with half primitive Virginia on the Lake of Como . . . his return to England and the hope of happiness with Myrtle . . . . . An amazingly convincing story . . . . . \$3.00

AND on the subject of unhappiness . . . frustration . . . the reasons for wasted lives . . . from the psychoanalytical standpoint there is only one book . . . . .

## The Structure and Meaning of Psychoanalysis

by William Healy, M.D., Augusta F. Bronner, Ph.D., and Anna Mae Bowers, A.B.

It is already the definitive work . . . the source book for both students and laymen . . . and is most absorbing . . . . . No conclusions . . . only the facts . . . the contentions of the various schools . . . their theories . . . . . \$5.00

BOTH students and laymen have been interested . . . particularly those interested in history . . . in two more of our books . . . . . One of them is

## World Politics in Modern Civilization

by Harry Elmer Barnes, Ph.D.

A revisionist's survey of the causes of the World War . . . the plans for peace . . . propaganda . . . international debts . . . and all phases of the political situation. \$6.50

THE other one is equally important . . . not quite as wide in its appeal . . . but indispensable to the student of history . . . . . Based on material from original sources

## The Decline of the Medieval Church

by Alexander Clarence Flick, Ph.D., Litt.D. LL.D.

is an exhaustive study of all the causes of the decay of the Church before the Reformation . . . . . A panorama of medieval life . . . . . 2 vols. \$12.50

At all Bookshops

750 5th Ave. · ALFRED · A · KNOPF · New York





In recognition of  
high literary  
attainment

**HITTY**  
has been awarded  
**The Newbery Medal**  
given each year  
to the best book  
for Boys and Girls



**HITTY: HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS**, by Rachel Field, illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop, has proved itself to be a book for grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts, uncles, cousins, sisters and mothers as well as boys and girls.

The author is none other than the Rachel Field who conducts the Gossip Shop of *The Saturday Review* and who is the author of many other books for boys and girls. Miss Lathrop's illustrations in this book are among the most delightful she has ever made.

Margery Bianco writing of Hitty in *The Saturday Review* says:—"Like all imaginative writers who find freedom under the covering phrase, 'a children's story,' Rachel Field has spread her canvas far beyond its acknowledged bounds and created something real, truthful, and enduring—a philosophy of life."



The American Institute of Graphic Art chose Hitty as one of the fifty best books of the year.

So glorious a career will not be cut short. Her publishers join with Hitty when she remarks, "I feel sure that many more adventures are awaiting me."

Price \$2.50

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**  
New York Boston Atlanta  
Chicago Dallas San Francisco

## Points of View

### A Reply to Mr. Batchelder

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

I think the readers of Mr. Charles Batchelder's review of my book, "India in Bondage," in your issue of May 24th, will be glad to be informed of some interesting facts about the book which he does not mention, and also to be given a glimpse of "the other side of the medal" in connection with some of the points which he makes.

Let me say at the outset, that the review is a very difficult one to deal with, because it is so long and because it mentions so many different matters and touches on so many different points. If space permitted, I should be glad to consider all; but, in the amount of space that I have a right to ask for, this is impossible. All I can do is to select a few of the most important and confine myself to them. Fortunately, however, with these answered, the others have little significance.

Mr. Batchelder begins his review of "India in Bondage" by calling attention to the interesting fact that the book, now published in America, was first published in India, and that, after achieving much popularity and reaching a large sale there, it was suppressed by the Government as seditious. But he does not give his readers the still more important facts that its suppression was followed by a storm of protests, among the rest, from Gandhi, from Presidents of the All India Congress, and from other highest Indian authorities, who declared the book true, fair, and just; that in the court trial in connection with its suppression, it was pointed out that if the book is seditious, Ramsay MacDonald and the British Labor Party are also seditious, for it contains nothing of a more seditious nature than quotations from their utterances; that a little later more than a score of distinguished Americans, with John Dewey and Norman Thomas at their head, protested against its suppression as an outrage against the freedom of the press, and finally that the book has been defended in the British House of Commons as being true and without exaggerations.

Mr. Batchelder claims that the book is faulty in representing that the Indian people are ruled against their will. He asks, how can anyone believe it possible for an army such as Great Britain maintains in India, of some 229,000 men, to hold in subjection a nation of 320,000,000, unless they are fairly well satisfied with the rule? The explanation is simple. The nation is wholly disarmed; and the country is strongly guarded by forts and troops at all strategic points, equipped with the most deadly modern weapons—machine guns, armored tanks, bomb-bearing and poison-gas-bearing aeroplanes by the hundred, everywhere within quick and easy reach, and by battleships in all harbors. Everybody who has any knowledge of India at all knows that if the Indian people were not thus disarmed and overawed by these powerful and deadly armaments, they would quickly enough throw off the foreign yoke under which they all alike groan—Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Parsis, the Native States, as well as British India, and take their place once more among the world's free, self-ruling, and great nations.

Mr. Batchelder charges that my book is incorrect in estimating the salaries and pensions which British officials draw from India at \$100,000,000. The book makes no such estimate. What it does do is to point out that the highest economic authorities estimate the annual remittance, or drain, from India to Britain, to pay salaries and pensions to Englishmen whose places could be filled by equally able Indians with salaries less than half as large, and to cover enormous military, imperialistic, and other expenditures that do not benefit India, is from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000, which is equivalent to half the net revenue of India. Here is the chief source (I do not say the sole source) of India's shocking poverty, a poverty so terrible that, according to the most reliable British authorities, from forty to seventy million people never know what it is to have a full meal. Is there any country on earth that could endure the loss of half its net revenue without serious impoverishment?

Mr. Batchelder condemns my book because it claims that India is competent to rule herself, and gives as his reason for denying her competency the fact that only seven per cent of the people are literate. Why does he not tell us that it is the British who are responsible for India's illiteracy; that India begs for education as for almost nothing else, and that one half of the money

spent to maintain an army to hold her in subjection would give education to every child in the land?

Just what is the number of literates in India? It is between 23,000,000 and 25,000,000. These are scattered throughout all sections. In the nature of things, are not these millions of literate men, who are born in India and live there all their lives, who are the natural leaders of the people, who understand the people's needs, and whose interests are in India, more competent to govern their own country than are, or can be, a few thousand foreigners, born in a far distant land, who knew practically nothing at all of India until they came there, who while there isolate themselves from the Indian people as much as possible in exclusive clubs and social circles of their own, and whose interests are primarily not in India, their "land of exile," but in a distant "homeland"? Edmund Burke called these Englishmen in India "birds of passage and of prey." Is it not amazing that any person can believe that these comparatively ignorant foreigners can rule India better than can her own intelligent, equally able, and loyal sons? One fact alone, if there were no others, should settle the question for all time of India's competence to rule herself. That fact is, that for whole millenniums before the British came, she did rule herself, and held a place among the world's most illustrious nations. Has British rule so debased her that she is not able to do the same now?

Finally (and this point is the most important of all), Mr. Batchelder is wholly wrong in giving his readers to understand that "India in Bondage" is anti-British, is an "extremist" book, is in sympathy with and advocates "the extreme Indian point of view," which he even connects with "Bolshevism." Doubtless he believes his statement to be true. But how he can do so seems inexplicable unless his reading of the book has been either very superficial or accompanied with strong prejudices.

What is the "extreme Indian point of view"? It is the view which sympathizes with, and advocates, revolution, hatred of the British, driving them out by force—expelling them by any necessary degree of violence and bloodshed. Does my book contain one word which is in sympathy with anything of the kind, much less which advocates it? It certainly does not. While it is everywhere fearless, while it offers no apology for its plain speaking, it everywhere counsels and urges methods of peace and reason, of justice to England as well as to India, and nowhere does it countenance violence. Instead of taking the "extremist" view of the Indian situation, it takes the distinctly medium and moderate view—that of Tagore, of the Rev. C. F. Andrews, of Mrs. Besant, of nearly all the careful and responsible Indian leaders (members of the All India National Congress and others); and, as has already been said, it takes the view of Ramsay MacDonald and the British Labor Party, as expressed distinctly and repeatedly in their past utterances. Is such a book "extremist" or "anti-British"?

Speaking more in detail, the position that the book maintains throughout is that India belongs to the Indian people and not to any foreign nation, and therefore that no foreign nation has a right to dominate her; that she has as much right to freedom and self-government as has England or America; that of the two forms of self-rule which offer themselves for her choice, namely, absolute independence, or dominion status like that of Canada, within the British Empire, she has a right to elect the one which she prefers, and neither Britain nor any other nation has a right to force her to do contrary to her own will. But (and this is what I am amazed that Mr. Batchelder does not see), the preference of the book all through is for *dominion status*, if only it be real and not a mere name; if it is given her in such form and with such guarantee as will ensure to her real freedom of self-determination such as is possessed by Canada and Britain's other self-ruling Dominions. The book points out, over and over again, that up to recent years, if not up to the present time, India has *desired dominion status*. For this she has persistently agitated, pleaded, and petitioned. But she has been put off so long; she has so long been fed with vague so-called promises which have meant nothing; a real promise of dominion status at some fixed time and therefore having value, has been so long denied her, that her patience at last has become exhausted and she is now striking for independence. But for this Britain is responsible, not she.

Nothing in the book is so conspicuous

or so strong as its arrayal of facts and arguments, in chapter after chapter, urging Great Britain to change her policy, and warning her of her danger of losing India unless she is wise enough to grant her dominion status without further exasperating delays. The time for that may now be too late, though I am unwilling to believe so. Certainly it was not too late two years ago, or a year ago, or when the last All India National Congress met at Lahore in December, 1929.

Mr. Batchelder represents "India in Bondage" as hostile to England. But how can it be? Its author is English by birth; all his inheritances are English; after his love for America, the land of his adoption, and possibly after India whose wrongs he so deeply feels, his warmest affection is for England. It is true that there is hostility in the book; but not toward the British nation; it is solely and only toward the British policy of extending to India the mailed fist instead of the friendly hand. The book advocates freedom and self-rule for India. It does so in Britain's interest as well as in India's. Responsible leaders in India have stated that the Indian Government never did a more insane thing than when it suppressed "India in Bondage." It is their expressed opinion that had the Government opened its eyes to the facts contained therein, however unwelcome, and heeded its wholly friendly warning, there would have been today no Indian revolution; the British Parliament would not have had hanging over it, as now it has, one of the most menacing clouds in all its history; and the future of the British Empire would certainly have been much brighter than at present it is.

J. T. SUNDERLAND

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

### Arthurian Conference

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

Arthurian Romance, the fountain head of medieval and modern romantic fiction, has claimed in its historical, legendary, and literary aspects a good deal of attention from scholars in Germany, France, Great Britain, and America. The time seems opportune for a gathering together of those concerned with Arthurian studies in order to discuss the many problems of their work.

A conference of Arthurian enthusiasts has been planned for August, 1930, to be held in Somerset. The Council of the Institution of Cornwall is willing to help, and several distinguished scholars have promised to attend.

Those interested should communicate with Dr. J. Hambley Rowe, F. S. A., Bradford, Yorkshire, or with Dr. E. Vinaver, 44 Chalfont Road, Oxford, who will also gratefully receive for the purposes of the conference any spare literature dealing with Arthurian subjects.

ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS  
Columbia University.

### What Is Due?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

May an instructor of youth seek some information before he attempts to wield a blue pencil again? Without having an ideal of barren correctness in writing, I have often begged classes, if they insisted upon using "due to," to recognize that "He came in due to the rain" is wrong, and that "His coming in was due to the rain" is right. But it is disconcerting to find that the former model prevails more and more, in the *Saturday Review*, *The New Republic*, *Scribner's*, everywhere; it has the authority of such literary gentlemen as Mr. Lewis Mumford, "The Phenician," and many others. I am not a grammarian, and am aware that usage precedes grammar. At the same time this particular use of this particular phrase makes some people grit their teeth. May one ask if it is still to be regarded as an ugly solecism, or if it is merely another standard American idiom?

DOUGLAS BUSH.

University of Minnesota.

Columbia University has acquired a library of weights and measures, including works from 1520 to the present, forming what is said to be the most comprehensive collection on the science of weights and measures in the possession of any educational institution. The collection is the gift of Samuel S. Dale of Boston, former editor of *The Textile World Record* and an authority on weights and measures. The works number between 1,100 and 1,200 volumes together with some 700 pamphlets, and represent the accumulation of thirty years' research in this country and abroad.