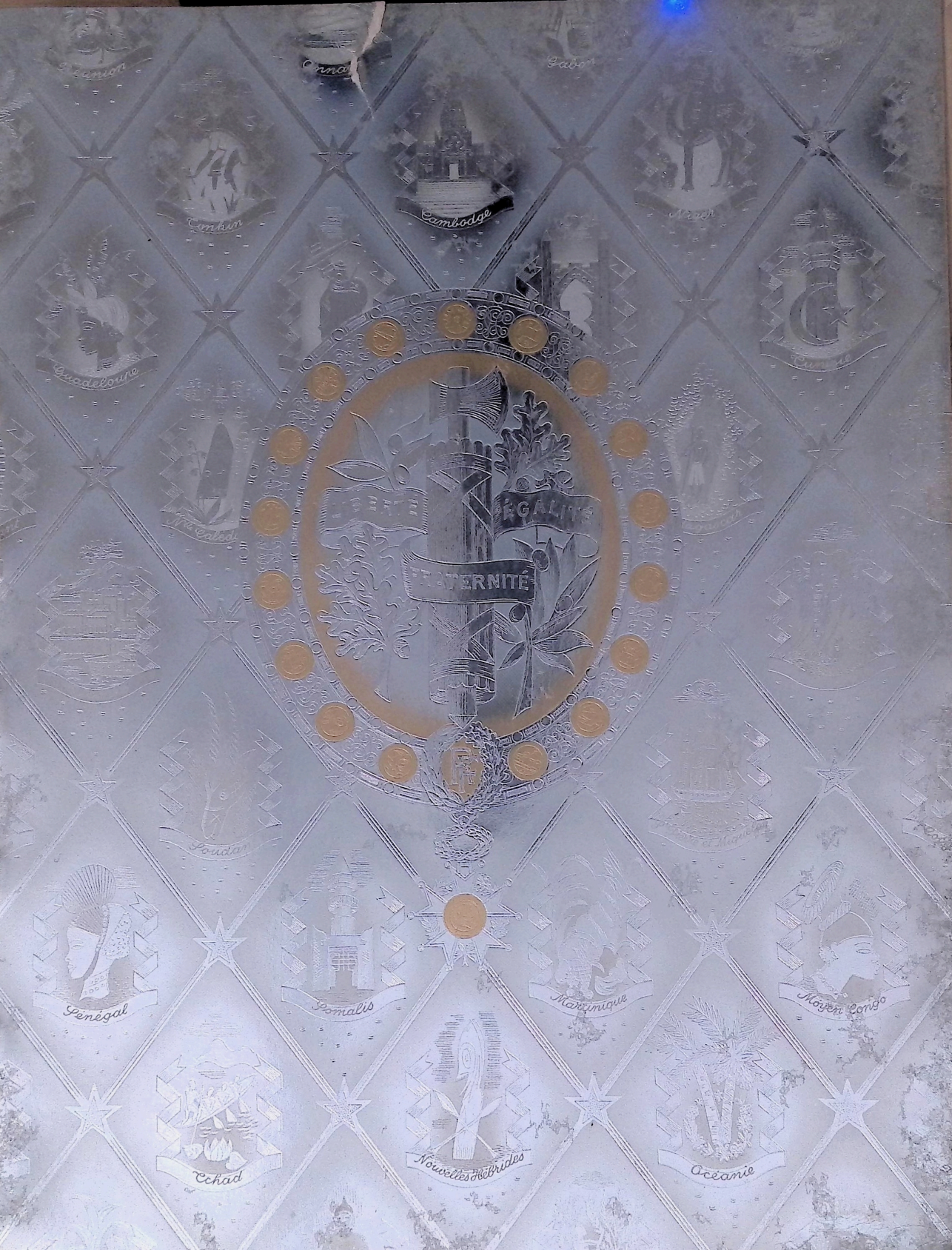
FRANCE

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1939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THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED TO
THE FRIENDSHIP
OF TWO GREAT
COUNTRIES – THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
AND FRANCE

F R A N C E

Ten thousand seven hundred copies of this work have been printed, in French and English editions, comprising: sixty presentation copies each inscribed with the name of the recipient, all-thread vellum from the Arches paper-mills, numbered I to LX; six thousand copies, for private circulation, reserved for the Prime Minister's Establishment, the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the Ministry for the Colonies, the High Administrative Council of the French Section at the World's Fair, and others ubscribers, numbered H. C. 1 to H. C. 6000; and four thousand five hundred copies on high-grade white vellum, numbered 1 to 4500. There have also been printed one hundred and forty copies, for private circulation, on high-grade white vellum, for the authors and collaborators, numbered LXI to CC.

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was specially printed

for

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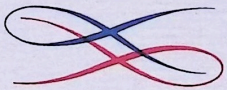
at the request

of

Madame Jacques Worth

FRANCE



TO OUR READERS

The aim of the High Council entrusted with the preparatory work for the participation of France in the New York World's Fair in publishing this volume has been to afford our friends beyond the Atlantic a faithful image of France.

From the articles, illustrations and maps therein contained is derived the portrait of a wise and orderly nation which, to quote one of its older kings has ever made a point of keeping within the bounds of reason, bending all its manual and mental activities to the works of Peace.

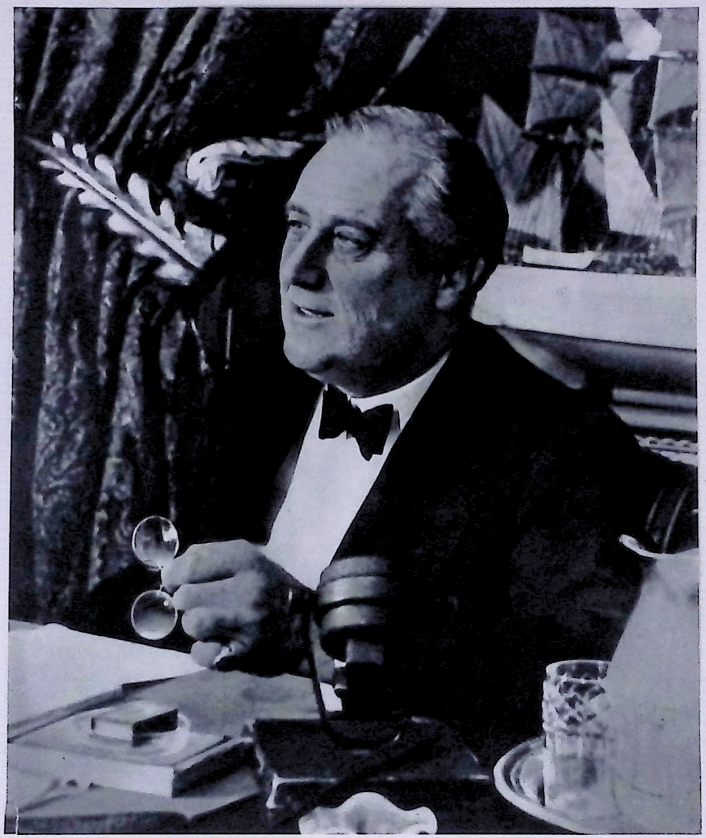
At the time when the present volume leaves the printers, that nation — France — has entered upon war, as a result of Germany's brutal aggression against Poland. All the more stirring will be its message to America and to the world, showing as it does what was until last August the will to Peace of France, a country which had but just repaired the ruins of the womld war-also caused by Germany's frenzied lust for conquest, a country, moreover, whose every thought was in accordance with the laws of human brotherhood and the universal conscience and which harbored no hatred against any race or people. I would, however, in these few words, added at the very moment when the last sheet is being printed, say this much to those who read the present book : France, now she has entered upon a war she never willed, is determined to fight on until nothing in the world can prevent her from thinking and living freely, and her countenance, henceforward, will be like unto that sublime statue of Nantes, by which Michel Colombe has symbolized Force under the features of a placid and beautiful woman who, without the effort furrowing her brows, strangles a snake with her bare hands.

JEAN MISTLER,

President of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber of Deputies,

M. ALBERT LEBRUN

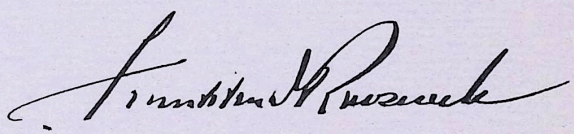
President of the French Republic.



M. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT

President of the United States of America.

THE *World's Fair at New York symbolizes to me the amity which should exist between nations. Here we have concrete evidence that where the will exists nations can cooperate in harmony for the improvement of civilization. Hate is born of ignorance; friendship is born of knowledge. No one nation has a monopoly of knowledge. Each nation has something to contribute to the betterment of man. By mingling here representative contributions to civilization from the various nations, knowledge is fostered and the basis is laid for better understanding between peoples. France has taken an enviable part in the development of the remarkable civilization which we see here portrayed. May she continue in the future to participate in this effective manner in that endeavor in which the world of today is so vitally concerned, which is the achievement of a better understanding between peoples.*



M. ÉDOUARD DALADIER

Prime Minister

Minister for National Defence and for War.

EVERY *time a great nation sets out to present a synthesis of man's achievements in the form of one of those International Exhibitions where science, art and technics display their latest triumphs, France desires to take a part in it.*

But this participation, welcome to us on all such occasions, is doubly welcome when it means linking up our efforts with those of a great and free nation, and when the presentation of high achievement on the mental and material planes is, by a sort of tacit understanding, intended, first and foremost, to bear witness to the virtues of liberty.

Such are the reasons why the entire French nation has been so whole-heartedly eager to co-operate in the New York World's Fair, 1939. In the atmosphere of liberty which is the national atmosphere of the United States of America, this concourse of all the creative activities of the Old World and the New can but serve that noblest of causes, the cause of civilization.

While France asks nothing better than to live at peace with all the world, and cherishes no dreams of territorial expansion, she none the less follows a dream vaster and more ambitious than that of conquest. She aspires to win the friendship of all the other nations of the earth, to command their esteem, and to conquer their affection. She knows that this bloodless battle cannot be won by the exercise of brute force, nor yet by intrigue, but only by fair dealing and respect for the dignity and independence of other nations.

It is in this spirit that we have come to-day to take the place that America has allotted our technicians, our savants and our artists alongside the magnificent achievements of her own creative genius.

Ed. Daladier

AS a sequel to our Premier's message to America, the home of freedom, the pleasant duty falls to me, as Minister responsible for the administration of our Eastern Provinces and North-African possessions, of collaborating in this fervent testimony to the friendship uniting our two countries. And I welcome the opportunity thus given me of pointing out how similar are the methods followed by the American democracy and ours in their efforts to ensure a better future for mankind.

While certain nations dream of subjugating the world, America and France, wherever their organizing genius has been brought to bear, have successfully constituted, upon a basis of mutual collaboration and progressive emancipation, communities shaped on the model of their own social structure.

It behoves me, as Minister for the Provinces restored to France, to set on record the serene courage and quiet confidence with which Alsa-

tians and Lorrainers have resisted foreign propaganda of an ideological order, and combined with our other Provinces in forming the four-square, inviolable *bloc* that is United France.

As Minister for North Africa I gladly pay a no less heartfelt tribute to the native population, which, without exception, during the formidable international crisis that befell us recently, proved its devotion to the Mother Country by profoundly moving demonstrations of fidelity.

For a great democratic nation, basing her methods of political activity not on constraint or tyranny but exclusively on freedom, nothing could be more encouraging, nothing bear surer witness to the success of her efforts to further civilization, than such spontaneous manifestations of loyalty on the part of races entrusted to her care and her protection, during a period of world-history so troubled and momentous.

To-day the free American democracy extends its welcome to the free democracy of France at the New York World's Fair.

May this memorable international event serve to strengthen the bonds of affection already linking the two nations.

And may it also prove that henceforth nothing great can be achieved save in an atmosphere of respect for human personality, of work undertaken and performed in freedom, and of peace.

C. Chautemps

I AM particularly glad of the opportunity afforded me by the New York World's Fair for evoking, in a few lines, the friendship that exists between my country and America.

As a former French Ambassador to Washington, I have had the privilege of being enabled to appreciate, from personal observation, the prodigious contributions made by America to world civilization and human progress and to assure myself that the extraordinary progress of material amenities which places the great Republic in the forefront of the nations, runs parallel with the fine idealism of the American people — that idealism which constitutes their most authentic greatness and true nobility.

The French exhibit at the New York World's Fair is indeed a panorama of French activity in the United States from the earliest stages of the exploration of the country up to our times; it is a continuous record of friendly intercourse, mutual trust, cultural give-and-take, and hardships shared in defence of a common ideal.

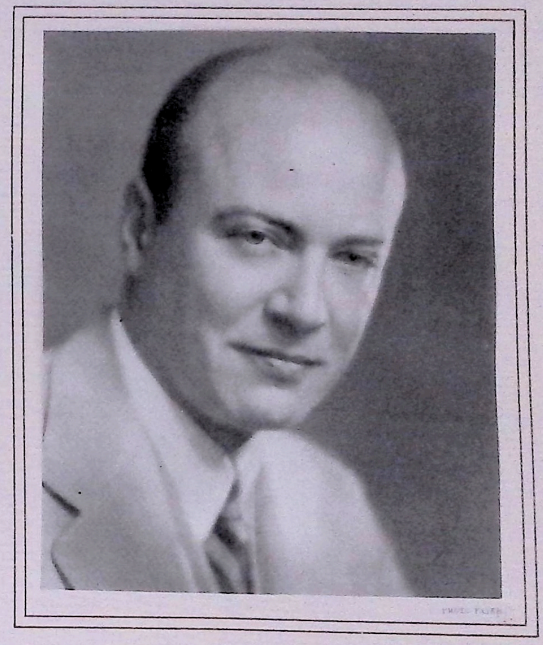
The stained-glass windows in the Hall of Honor of the French Pavilion eloquently body forth this pageant of the past. First come the epic adventures of Cavelier de la Salle and Father Marquette, pioneers who laid the foundations in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys of that civilization which was to be the *raison d'être* of the United States of America. Next we follow up the stream of ideas which, in the eighteenth century, brought your American and our French thinkers into such fruitful emulation. The logical conclusion of this collaboration on the intellectual plane comes with the picture of La Fayette and his companions proffering young America the service of their swords and their enthusiasm.

And presently we find the great Republic ready, in her turn, to throw her weight into the scales in favour of the ideas and ideals which she has at heart. What Frenchman but remembers those decisive hours in April 1917; which of us can ever forget President Wilson and his noble aspirations, the coming of General Pershing, the landing of the first American troops in our Atlantic ports, the blood of this young nation mingled with our youth's blood on European battlefields?

That America and France thus joined forces in a common enterprise was not due to a mere community of interests. The spirit which in France presided at the drawing up of the Declaration of the Rights of Man breathed the same inspiration as that which gave rise to the Declaration of Independence. And to-day we are conscious of being drawn together by our joint allegiance to this spiritual birthright, which we refuse to surrender; by the faith we share in what we look on as the very core of civilization; by our dogged fidelity to those "inalienable rights," spoken of by President Thomas Jefferson, amongst which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Thus it was France's bounden duty to make manifest the efforts she has always put forth—efforts in which now more than ever she is determined to persevere—not to fall short of her mission of upholding throughout the world, as do the United States, the supremacy of human enlightenment. May the French contribution to the World's Fair have served to convince our friends across the sea that France remains to-day absolutely worthy of her past.

Georges Bonnet



THE friendship of the United States and France has its roots in "far-off things, and battles long ago." Its trunk is strong in shared ideals of liberty, democracy and peace.

There is little to add to the words by which Thomas Jefferson, Envoy in Paris of the young American Republic, expressed his feeling for France:

"A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond anything I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence, too, in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of the general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society, to be found nowhere

else. In a comparison of this with other countries, we have the proof of primacy, which was given to Themistocles after the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valor, and the second to Themistocles. So, ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, in what country on earth would you rather live? Certainly, in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life. Which would be your second choice? France."

William C. Bullitt

FRANCE could not fail to respond to the United States' invitation, and to co-operate enthusiastically in the New York World's Fair. But she does not come to it alone. France overflows the "square meadow" bounded by the Atlantic and the Rhone, the Alps and the Pyrenees; she is an Empire with shores on every ocean. To continental France are added colonies and protectorates whose history goes far back into the past. For it was long and long ago, in the earliest days of world discovery, that her explorers, soldiers, colonists and missionaries first set sail for the winning of new lands and souls.

The old régime had bestowed on France a vast dominion, but in the aftermath of the wars which brought about the downfall of the French monarchy it was much impaired, and at the dawn of the nineteenth century there remained but few vestiges of that glorious past.

Nevertheless the colonizing impulse that had promoted French expansion ever since the achievement of national unity, weathered the

storm. It found again an outlet in Africa and Asia, during the past century, and the Third Republic gave it a new lease of energy. Year by year France gathered in the territories comprising Indo-China, Madagascar, "Black" Africa and North Africa—solid foundations of a new empire vaster than the old, twenty times as large as the Mother Country and with a population of sixty millions. And year by year she has enhanced the value of these new possessions, furnishing them with machinery, bringing to them the benefits of scientific and industrial progress, and causing soil and subsoil to yield their riches in ever-increasing abundance.

There used to be an impression that Frenchmen, for the most part, were averse on principle from adventures far afield; this impression was erroneous. Those who were against our colonial policy were so merely because they believed that such expansion, by dispersing our strength, would weaken French power in Europe. This view was put to the test in the World War and there can now be no two opinions on the matter. The solidarity uniting us with the native races living under the French flag has been emphatically brought home to every Frenchmen. And indeed each day brings new and stirring proof of the loyalty of the inhabitants of our colonies.

The reason for this is that our new Colonial Empire is based on principles quite other than the self-interest of the past. Guided by a spirit of fellowship, modern-minded "empire-builders" reject such policies of exploitation.

We have aimed higher still: at advancing our backward fellow-men in the cultural scale, helping them a stage further on the long road of progress. By ridding them of ignorance, by familiarizing them in our schools with western culture (while respecting their time-old traditions and religions), we foster without ceasing their intellectual and moral growth.

Does not this method of emancipation, of association and assimilation, derive from the selfsame principles as those which have guided American policy in the Philippines, in Hawaii and Porto Rico? And was not the task undertaken by the United States of bringing the benefits of civilization to these lands prompted by the same ideal as that which guides the French in their colonial administration—and, lastly, have we not here yet another proof of the community of outlook of our two nations?

Jouvenel

THE aim of France, in returning the visit paid her by the United States in 1937, has been to show her firm resolve to maintain and to consolidate the bonds of close amity linking together the two nations.

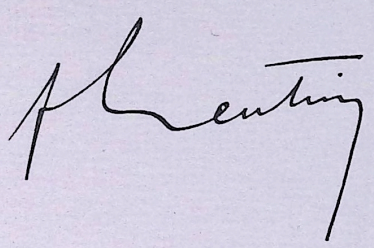
Another end in view was that our contribution to the New York World's Fair, in the very heart of which it is ocated, should constitute at once a demonstration of the unshaken equipoise of France and a synthesis of the efforts put forth by our industries to achieve this great pacific manifestation, without letting the daily anxieties of a troubled world distract them from their task.

The theme selected by the organizers of the World's Fair is a grandiose conception, being no less than an evocation of the structure of the World of Tomorrow. In this impressive manifestation which, while opening wide the portals of the future, sets also forth to give a summing-up of the great achievements of our own time, we desired, first of all, to

recall all that there is in common between the historical background of French culture and that of American culture; and, secondly, to set before the eyes of American visitors the masterpieces of French taste and genius, the manifold beauties that greet the tourist in our land, and in a general way all that enables those who dwell under our skies still to enjoy, despite the stubborn efforts every day entails, all the amenities of life.

On the sea-routes of the Atlantic, French ships and American ships continually pass each other on their busy ways, symbols of a never-ceasing commercial traffic. On the soil of America today French industry and art are met together still further to enlarge the activity of the give-and-take between the two nations.

We have been mindful to make plain that in this land of France, which so many ties of friendship, so many historical memories, bind to the United States, all are working with unflagging energy, with confidence unshaken, in orderliness and calm.



IT is to the World of Tomorrow that the young American nation has dedicated the New York World's Fair.

France, an old nation, has not hesitated to contribute to it a demonstration of her never-ceasing efforts for the development of the spiritual and material forces making for world welfare and towards a better future for mankind.

In the Pavilion she has erected France does the honours of her house to those who visit the great American exposition, revealing to them her capacities, so copious and so varied; and indeed this assemblage of French achievements brings out, and in the clearest manner, we hope, the vast and profound originality of our land.

For, while a highly important part has been allotted un the French Pavilion to the forward-looking tendencies that are the keynote of the World's Fair, a still greater place has been assigned to France's glorious past and the variety of elements she has contributed,

in the course of centuries, to the progress of science and the arts.

That seemed indispensable. It is impossible to divorce the past from the present. And it points, indisputably, to the future. Indeed, only its past explains a nation.

And it is of incessant explanation that the nations of the earth have urgent need; for a mutual understanding of each other is the necessary prelude, the imperative condition, of a community of ideas and feelings and solidarity in action.

Our great historian Michelet pointed out the course democracies must follow so as to establish durable bonds of friendship between themselves : first of all, education; secondly, education; always, education. He was profoundly right, for the mutual incomprehension amongst nations is fathomless.

Let us hope that France's collaboration at the World's Fair will furnish a new and stable link in the chain of democratic solidarity, so essential for World Peace.

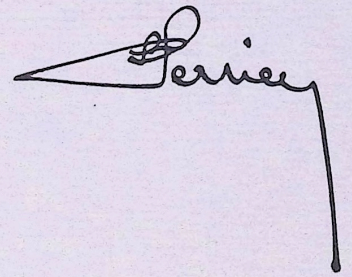
It is in this spirit and with these sentiments that the Governing Committee and Administrative Council of our exhibition have aimed at creating, above all, in the French Pavillion a French atmosphere and *ambiance*.

All that French intelligence and sensibility have given the world is here presented; nothing essential, it would seem, has been overlooked.

It is France herself, escorted by her young, rich, radiant Colonial Empire, who today is present on the other side of the Atlantic.

May these efforts France has put forth to affirm once more her feelings towards the great American Republic be understood by the American nation and bring home to them our faithful, cordial friendship.

May I add that this has been the hope and inspiration of all those who have worked with all their heart, with faith and with enthusiasm, to the end that the French democracy may be worthily represented at the New York World's Fair.



THE Federal Government of the United States celebrates the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its establishment in New York by an invitation to the nations of the world to show how, to their mind, the world of to-morrow will appear. How could France, the land of Voltaire and Diderot, of La Fayette and Rochambeau, and the faithful friend for centuries of the great Republic — how could France who, for all the wonderful achievement of her past, has always looked ahead, hesitate about accepting such an invitation?

The French participation in the New York World's Fair, 1939, is pre-eminently a landmark in the long sequence of friendly interchange between America and France — a give-and-take of men and of ideas, of produce and good offices — that goes back five centuries in time, extending from the epochs of discovery, of colonization and American independence, through the grim years of war on our French soil, up to the present time, when the *Normandie* berths at Manhattan

and we see in President Roosevelt the arbiter of certain European conflicts.

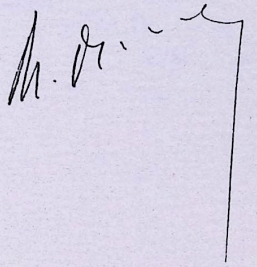
The task before us was to give our numerous friends in America a true, complete and vital picture of present-day France—already, in reality, the France of to-morrow. Our men of science, intellectuals and artists hailed this project with enthusiasm, and the ideal, psychological, dynamic aspect of the picture is exclusively their work. They have provided a magnificent epitome of the discoveries which open up such spacious vistas to human knowledge, of the refinements in the field of art which will beautify our children's homes. and of those charming miracles of the dressmaker's craft and rich adornment which vouch for the unfailing sureness of French taste.

Our engineering firms, in their exhibits of machinery, have had in mind to demonstrate what we are capable of in that field, and our various commercial corporations make splendid proof of their activity. Thus the picture will be at once explicit and synthetic.

Our great Colonial Empire, too, is represented and, if accomodation in the annexe allotted it is somewhat limited, the general effect is none the less impressive.

And so I venture to think that none of our American friends will feel we have disappointed them. Each will find in the French Pavilion what he comes there to look for. The tourist-visitor in quest of varied interest will find it in abundance as his wanderings take him to the dioramas and luminous photographs, and he halts to admire the exquisitely wrought marvels of the peasant museum and our craftsmen's stands. Business men will be given all information they desire by the most attractive and practical modern methods. On a more abstract plane, professors and students will find not only an historical survey of Franco-American relations, but a synthesis of all the essential qualities of French culture — a faithful mirror of the soul of our nation, in its humane activities and its inventive flights of fancy.

A hearty greeting from France! Such is the slogan appropriate to this exhibition which we have spared no pains to render the sincere self-portrait of a great country.



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of New-York World's Fair, 1939

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FRANCE
AT THE
NEW-YORK
WORLD'S FAIR
1939

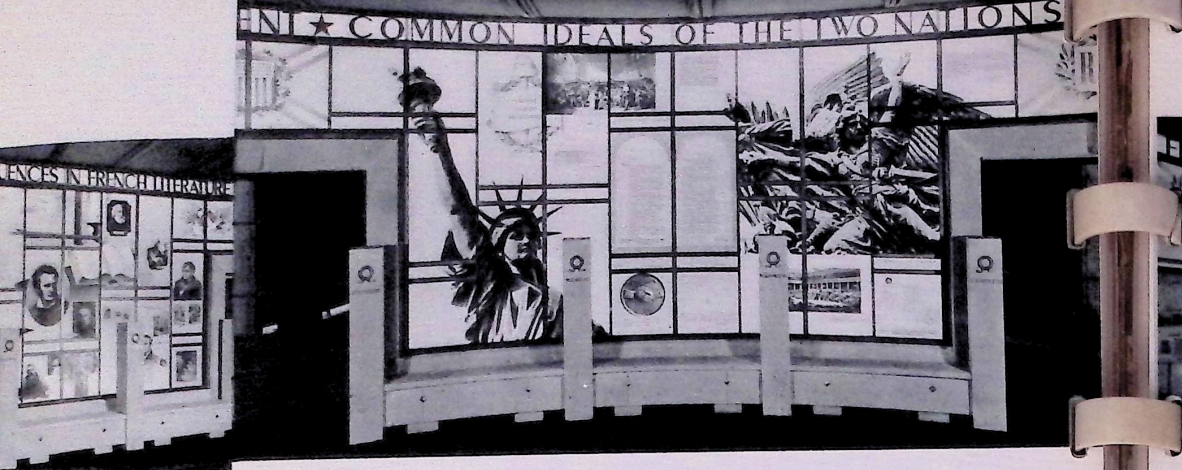
THE FRENCH PAVILION

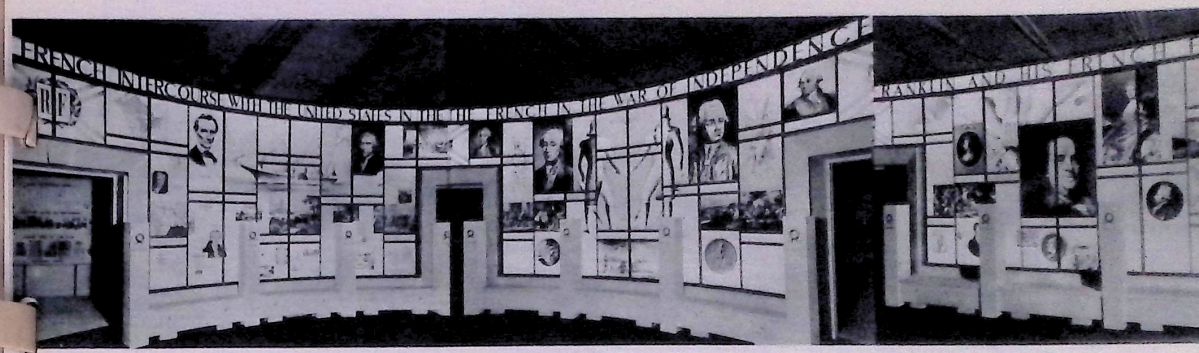
by

ANDRÉ MAUROIS DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

AS by way of the ingenious and intricate approaches of Triborough Bridge, and across Flushing Meadow, he draws near the World's Fair, the French visitor cannot shake off a sense of vague misgiving. How will his country rank in this worldwide international event? Naturally he hopes that France will take one of the highest places among the emulative nations, for he knows the importance of such ratings in the eyes of the American public. He has the utmost confidence in the judgement of the men responsible for the planning and execution of the French section, but he is sadly aware that France had to make her preparations for the World's Fair during one of the most perturbing periods of her history. And he cannot help wondering if the difficulties of the times may not have handicapped the realization of our artists' projects.

But, once he has passed the Flushing Gate and sees facing him, beyond the charming Roumanian Pavilion, across a stretch of water starred with fountains, the white façade of the French Pavilion, all his fears are at an end. The elegance of the lines, the simplicity of the lay-out, the skill with which the lie of the land has been turned to the best advantage by the architects, combine to make the House of France one of the most perfect buildings in the World's Fair. It would seem that the architects, MM. Expert and Patout, went for their directing principles, as did Lyautey when he built the town of Rabat, to Descartes and the *Discours de la Méthode*, and began by the question: what exactly was their task? The site allotted lay at the angle of a lagoon ringed round by handsome buildings and the nightly scene of a ballet of illuminated fountains. The obvious solution was to orient the Pavilion along a line bisecting this angle and,





by the use of sweeping, semicircular bays, to give it a spacious outlook over a most enchanting panorama.

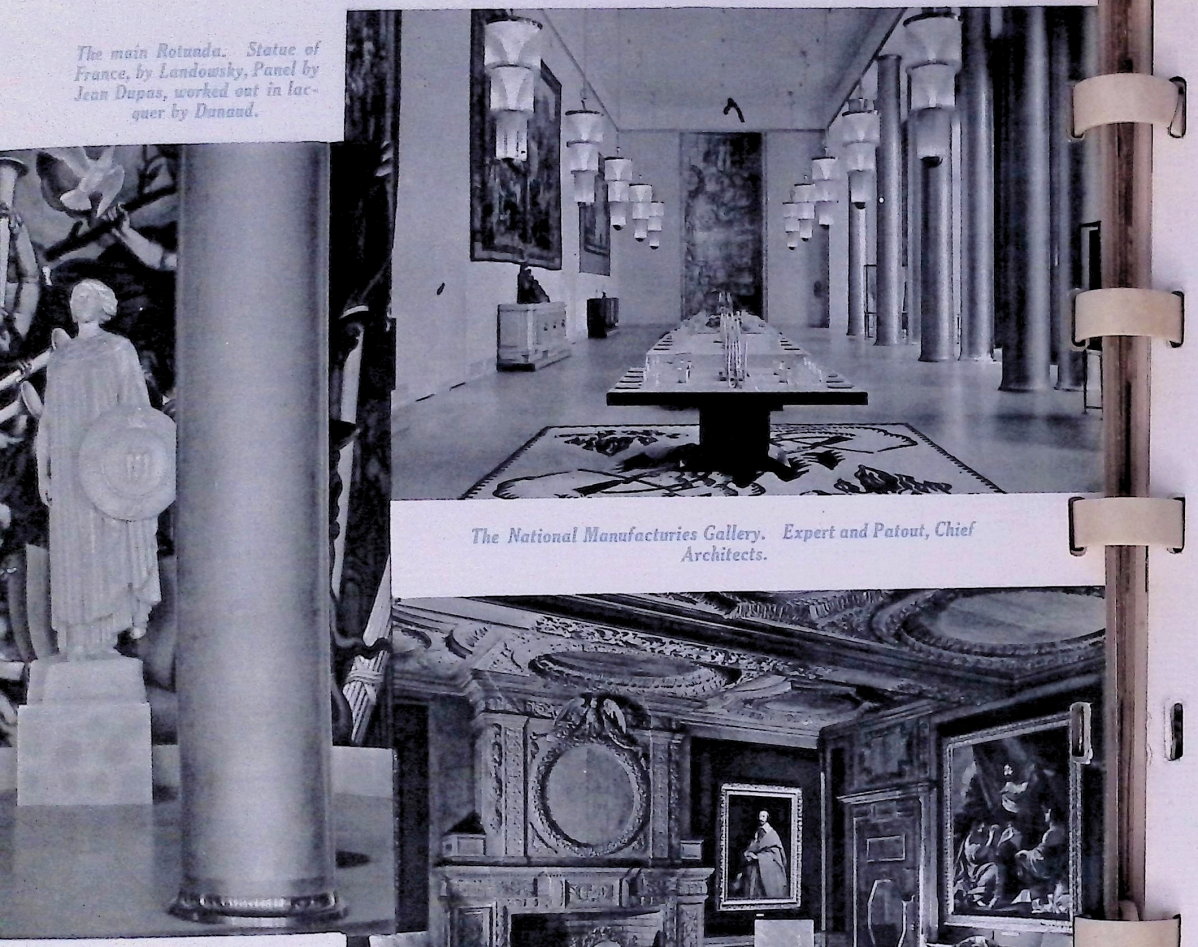
"Obvious" it may seem now—but someone had to think of it! The French Restaurant on the second floor of the Pavilion, with its tables set in rising tiers, is the only one whence every night you can watch, as from the front seats of a theatre, the fairy-play of shimmering wraiths of water dancing across the vast stage of the lagoon. The entire frontage of the building consists of enormous bow-windows pivoting on the white concentric arcs that constitute the several storeys and topmost terrace. By night, lit up within and open to all eyes, the Pavilion outshines all others and, by day, walls of glass disclose a graceful peristyle, tables and statues, welcoming the visitor's gaze before he steps across the threshold.

Thus the initial problem, that of harmonizing the building with the site, was happily disposed of. But, before summoning exhibitors, came the necessity of answering a second time the Cartesian question dear to Marshal Foch. What exactly was the task in hand; what were we setting out to demonstrate? To these questions, other countries, such as Great Britain, Italy and Russia, gave the answer: "Our task here is to display our strength and to implement our prestige. To this end, simple and striking methods must be employed. We will not show a great number of objects, for our aim here is not to stimulate our sales abroad; quite otherwise, it is to proclaim our national ideals in an impressive manner." Thus Great Britain is displaying in her huge Pavilion a small selection of historical exhibits: Magna Charta, the Declaration of Rights—foundation-stones of human liberty—, the armorial bearings of her great families, a genealogical tree showing that George Washington was a descendant of John Lackland, and an enormous planisphere on which are set out along the trade-routes models of all English merchant-ships. A simple, unadorned display, but remarkably effective.

France had to face a more complex problem. Obviously she, too, aspired to make good in this matter of prestige, to demonstrate her strength, evoke her past; but she could not forget that her *de luxe* industry thrives to a large extent on its exports to the United States; that her literary culture has in that country a considerable influence, which she could wish more widespread still, and that her artists are appreciated in America. Exhibitions have ceased to be what they were in the past—gigantic

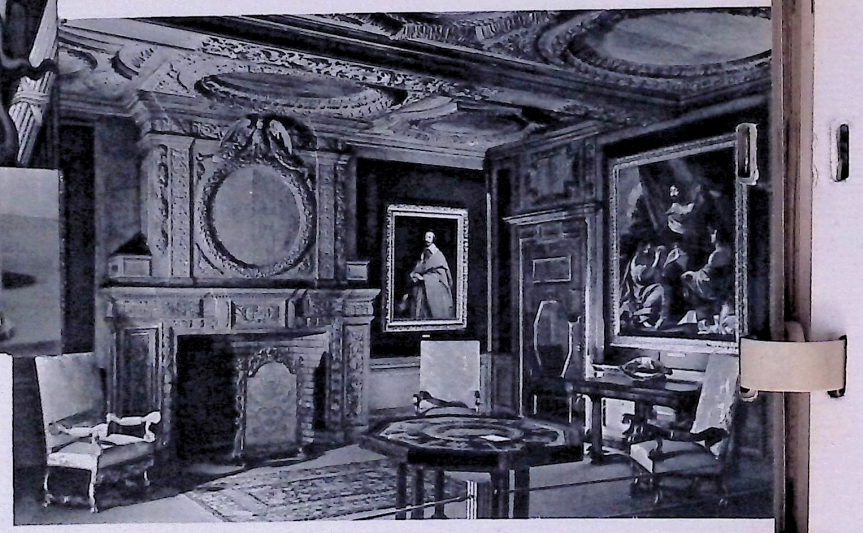
... A long succession of trustful and friendly relations, of sufferings borne Together in defence of a common ideal...

The stainedglass windows of the Historical Gallery. Camelot and Herbé, Architects.



The main Rotunda. Statue of France, by Landowsky, Panel by Jean Dupas, worked out in lacquer by Dunand.

The National Manufactures Gallery. Expert and Patout, Chief Architects.



A Room in the Section of Ancient Art. Camelot and Herbé, Architects. Willy Rémon, Decorator.

PHOTOS SAINT-THOMAS

selling agencies; but they can still be excellent publicity albums. The French Pavilion at New York is at once a work of art and a demonstration of prestige. This prestige is bodied forth in the magnificence of its conception, in the stately grace of the *Salle des Fastes* with its tall golden pillars, in the Pavilion of the French colonial Empire beside that of the Mother Country, in the pageant of Five Centuries of French History and Art, and finally in an evocation of the time-old bond of friendship between America and France. But the economic side of France is no less amply represented. And thus our two-fold aim has been attained.

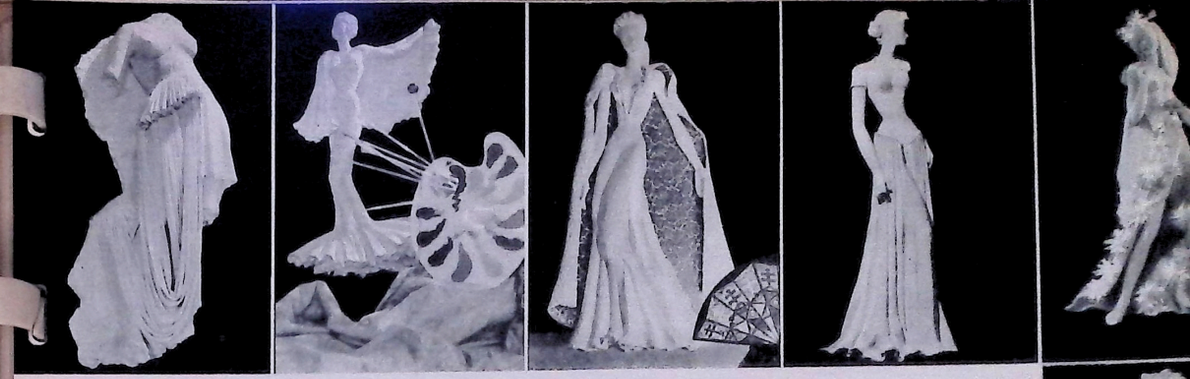
Let us begin with that aspect of our exhibition which stands for "prestige". The visitor is greeted on the Mezzanine (the "noble storey") by Landowski's fine statue of France shrined in a setting of great pillars. Around the statue is an exhibition of modern painting, organized by André Dezarrois, which gives an excellent idea of French art to-day. Indeed, when a Frenchman has just visited the Cloisters Museum in New York, which contains such admirable specimens of our mediæval art, and that prodigious Art Institute at Chicago where late nineteenth-century French painting is so triumphantly in evidence, and when, now, in contemplating the works of Bonnard, Vuillard, Jacques-Émile Blanche, Marquet, Vlaminck, Dufy, Braque, Utrillo, Marie Laurencin and a host of other artists, the range and splendour of French art in the twentieth century is brought home to him, he cannot but feel a certain pride in picturing the impression that this uninterrupted flow of high achievement through the ages may, and indeed must, make upon the American public. Other lands have expressed themselves more gloriously in poetry or music; the painter's art is the fairest flower of the so richly cultivated soil of France.

The art of earlier epochs is no less well represented than modern art in the Pavilion. In a suite of rooms on the first floor, a committee of which M. Wildenstein is president and M. Rémon technical adviser, has organized a presentation of Five Centuries of French History mirrored in Five Centuries of French Art. Each room embodies an art-period, with furniture, woodwork and pictures perfectly in keeping. Fouquet's portrait of Louis XI hangs beside a fifteenth-century tapestry; a charming bust of Henri IV ushers in Philippe de Champaigne's *Cardinal de Riche*

lieu. The "Seventeenth-century Gentleman's Room" *(la chambre de l'honnête homme)* displays in its setting of delightful old woodwork the scientific instruments of the epoch and an interesting portrait of Descartes. Two of Van der Meulen's battlepieces flank the profile of Louis XIV; above a *bergère* made for the Marquise de Pompadour, under a richly moulded ceiling, the work of Clodion, we see a Nattier and a Greuze. By way of Hubert Robert's period, across that of Boilly, of Ingres, and that of Corot, this miniature museum brings us speedily to the heyday of Manet, Cézanne, Degas and Renoir. Thus the wheel has come full circle and we are back in modern times, the period presented on the lower floor, after a comprehensive demonstration of the marvellous vitality of French art throughout the ages.

A view of the Dressmakers' Room. In the centre, a statue by Phidias, draped in blue, white and red velvet.

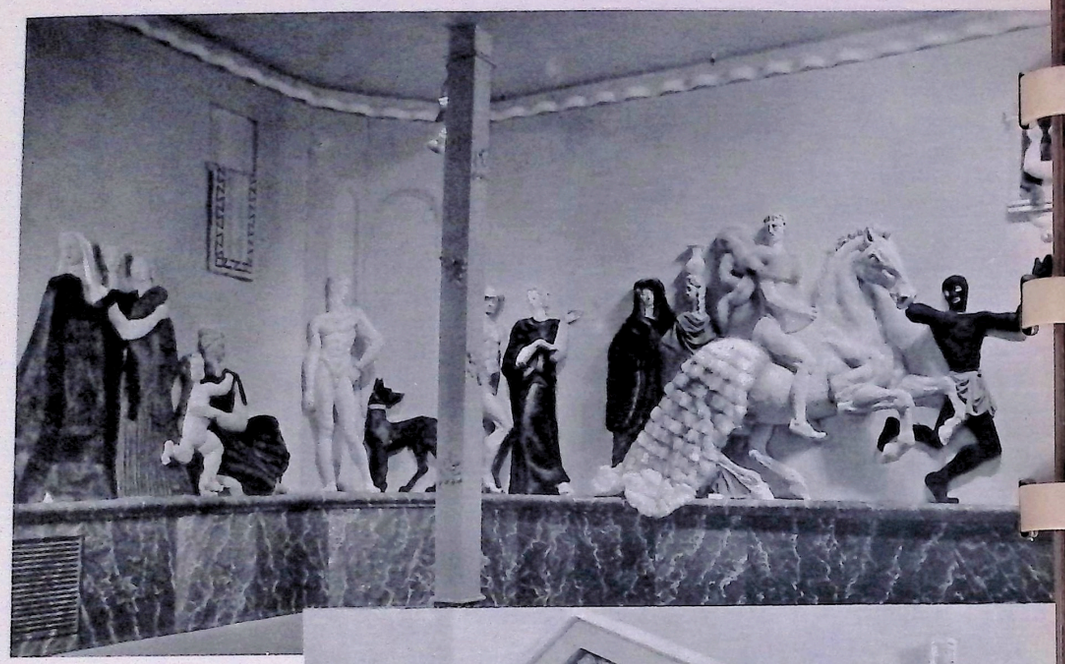
After art, nature. For the ground floor the theme propounded to the the organizers was: "The appeal of the French home and countryside. The soundness of our national structure." The main object here is to interest prospective visitors to France. With no less accuracy than ingenuity, M. Jacques-Henri Rivière has reproduced a whole series of rustic interiors typical of various parts of France: Alsace, Brittany, Provence, Savoy. A fisherman's cottage from the neighbourhood of Vannes stands near the Arlésienne's farmhouse. A youth hostel shows the kind of accommodation a young American "hiker" would find in France. The infinite diversity of our landscape is revealed in photographs. America is probably the only country in the world providing travellers with contrasts as sudden and dramatic as those to be found in France.



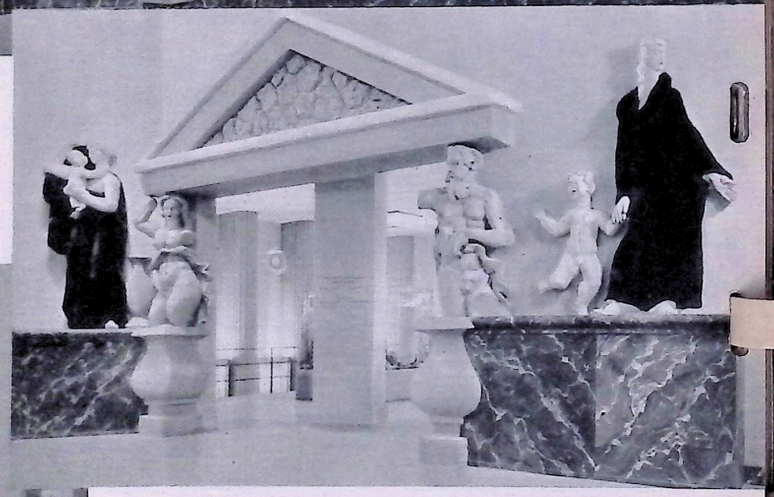
But picturesque scenery is not all; before making up his mind, the tourist wants to feel sure the means of conveyance are efficient. Our railways are exhibiting locomotives worthy of the respect of American engineers—excellent judges in such matters—and what is surely the handsomest of all rail motor-cars. Painted vermilion-red, gracefully streamlined, furnished in quite good taste and fitted with glass seats, this sumptuous car whets one's appetite for travel. In the same hall, we find models of airplanes, steamships and viaducts. It was fitting that alongside the pream-worlds created by our artists, proof should be forthcoming that in the world of reality our engineers are no less capable of mastering forms and forces. Not far away our chemists have their place; the task of illustrating the part played by color in the modern world was entrusted by our color-manufacturers to artists, who have given free rein to their fancy, with most entertaining results. I shall not soon forget an amusing poster on which all the lines are made of neon tubes.

A few models by the great Dressmakers: Alix, Maggy Rouff, Worth, Patou, Heim, Molyneux Anny Blatt, Marcelle Dormoy, Lucien Lelong, Paquin, Jeanne Lanvin, Robert Piguet

PHOTOS ZIPSITZVI, SEEBERGER ET ZUBER).



The Room of the Fur Section. Ailland and Kohlmann, Architect-Decorators.

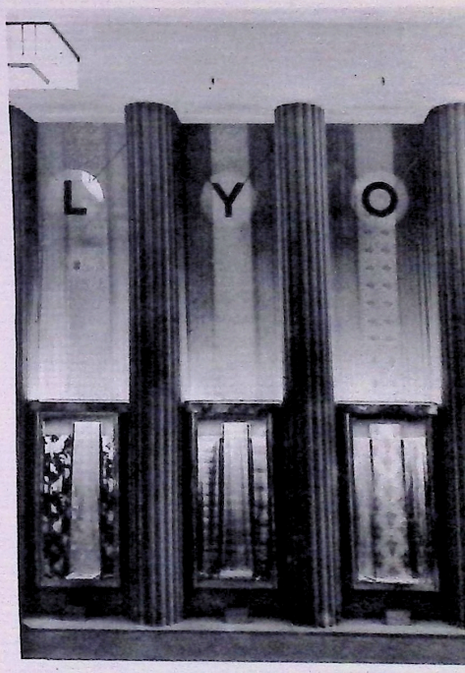


PHOTOS JOHN TOWER ET SAINT-THOMAS

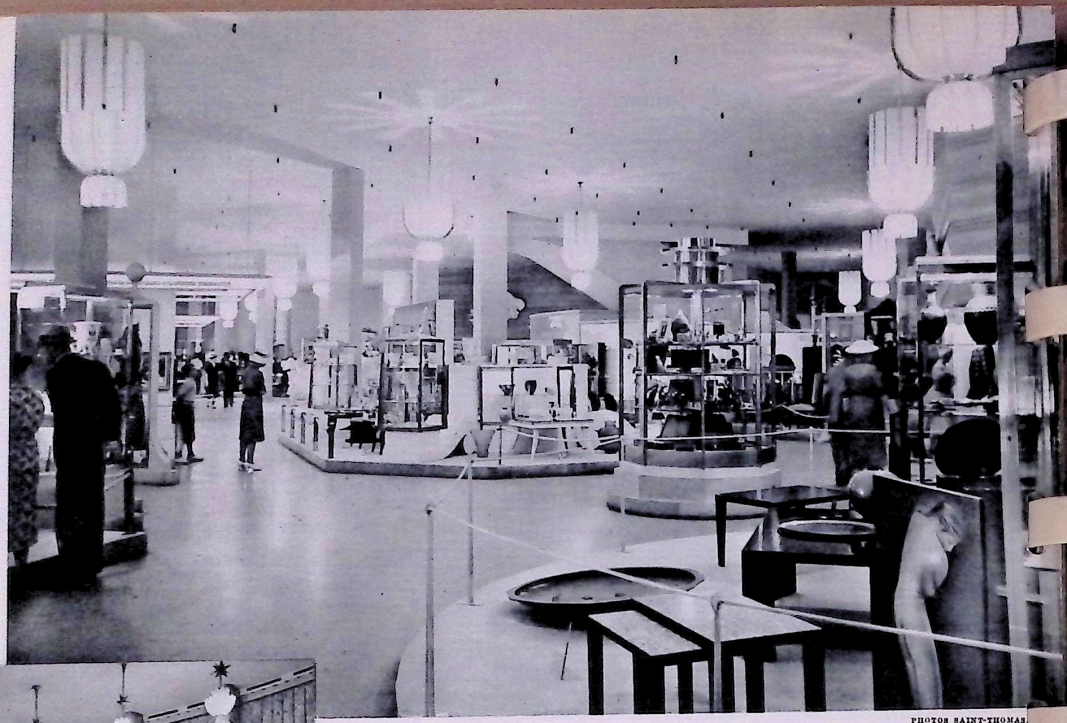
In the centre of the ground floor stands a map of France in plate glass, with rivers of frosted glass winding their pearly way across transparent plains. Our hydropathic spas are shown on this map, and at each there bubbles up a spring. (I almost wonder if realism be not carried to the length of feeding each spring with water from the place whose name it bears!) This map is very pleasing to the eye; the clean-cut hexagon of France makes a delighful centrepiece.

The luxury trades and that uncrowned queen, *la Mode*, occupy along with art, the Mezzanine. I have no doubt this section of the Pavilion will prove a "draw" for American women; for our French fashions have lost nothing of their glamour overseas. You have only to walk up Fifth Avenue to see in almost every window: "Latest Paris Creation" or "Model imported from Paris." The names of the great French *couturiers* are as familiar in the small towns of Missouri, Kansas and California as are those of cinema stars. And this is only as it should be; Parisian taste remains inimitable. There is something in the Paris air, in the *ambiance* of the Place Vendôme, the Rue de la Paix and the Champs-Élysées, making them the only places where masterpieces of dressmaking, of the jeweller's craft and of the lore of perfumes can materialize. Tradition has much to do with this and, perhaps, the setting—for it is a fact that, whenever one of our craftsmen deserts Paris, his genius soon forsakes him.

The Lyons Silks.



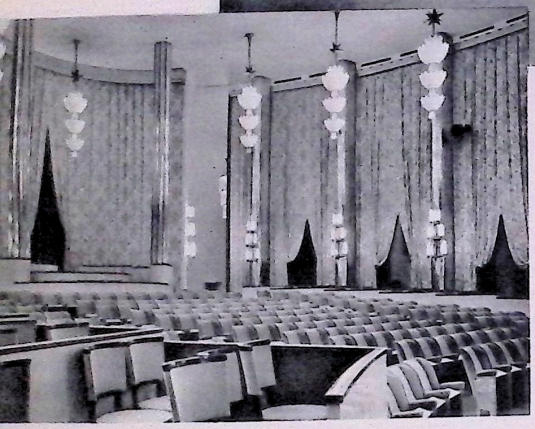
How were these various objects to be presented? The old system was for each firm to have its own show-window and the long row of cell-like recesses had a monotonous effect. Nowadays, they no longer exhibit individually, but in corporative groups. Dressmakers, furriers and per-



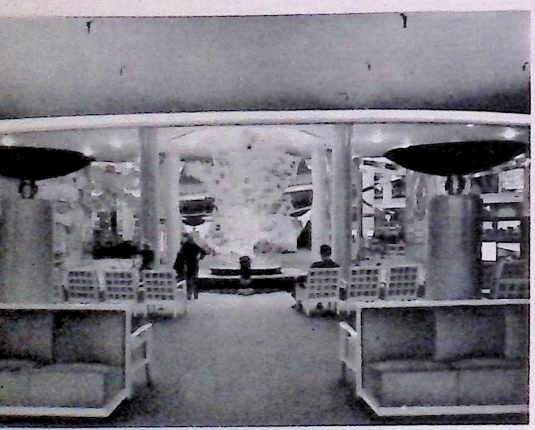
A view of the Art Crafts Hall, Michel Dufet, Architect-Decorator.

The Theatre, Expert and Patout, Architects.

PHOTOS SAINT-THOMAS

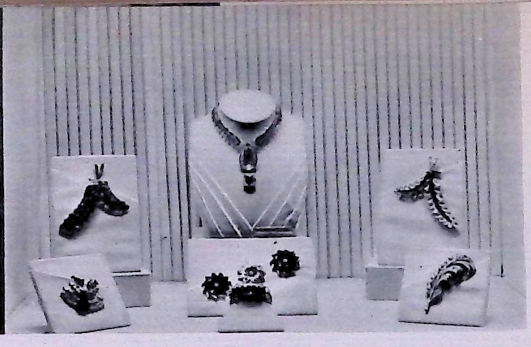


The Lounge and the Chart of Watering-places.



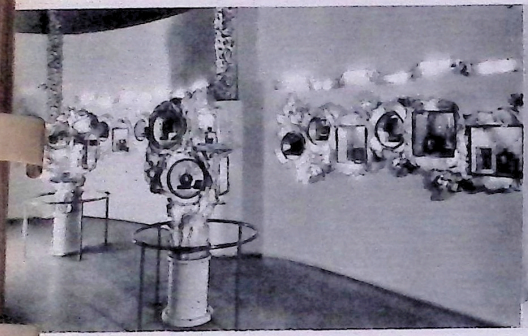
fumers commissioned decorative artists to plan "ensembles" for their respective industries. The methods adopted are nothing if not original. Thus the dressmakers exhibit no dresses, but only bas-reliefs synthesizing the "line" each adopts in his or her creations. An angel in stone clad in a chaste and ample robe presents the Jeanne Lanvin "line"; statues swathed in silk or velvet body forth the creations of Chanel, Schiaparelli, Lelong, Molyneux, Alix, Worth and several others. The furriers have sent in an enormous frieze depicting primitive tillers of the soil, women and children—not to mention dogs and horses —arrayed in the skins of animals.

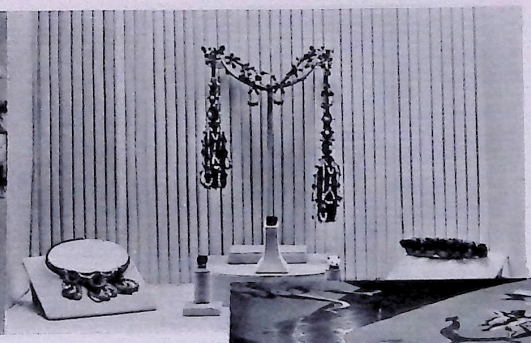
The methods adopted are no less novel and ingenious than commendable. Merely to have



The display of Perfumes. Montagnac, Architect-Decorator.

The Jewellery Room, the Boucheron and Cartier show-cases.



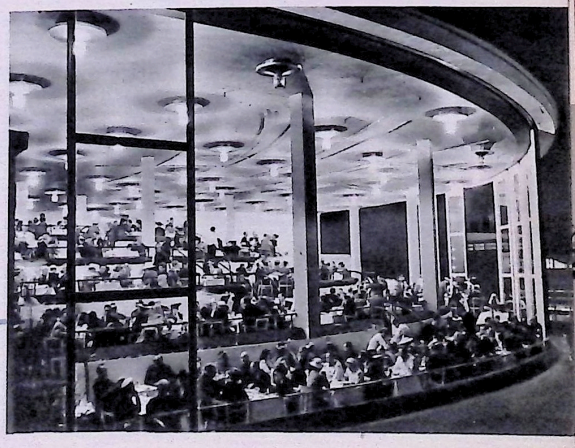


The Catering Department. "Gargantua's Board" and the Tasting Department. Camelot and Herbé, Architects for the floor.

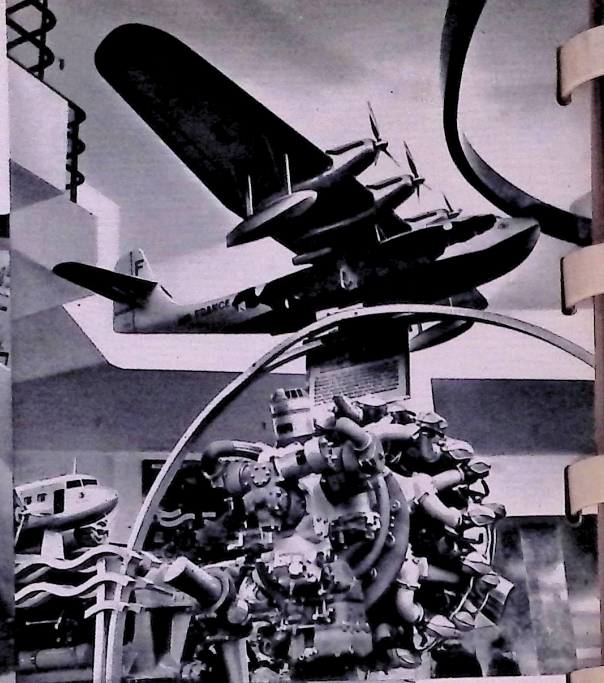
TOR SAINT-THOMAS.

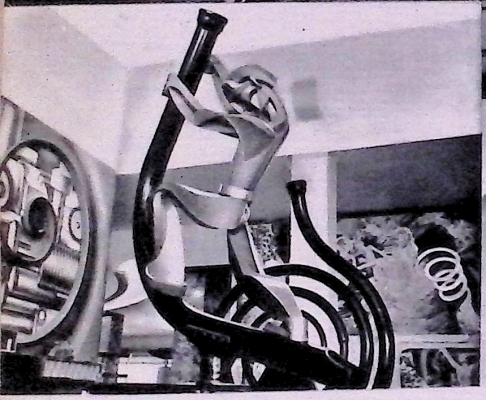
displayed the frocks and furs of the new collections without a special effort toward originality would have been a blunder. Fashions change, and very soon the exhibition would have lost its bloom, seemed out of date. Rather, the task in hand was to show "the achievement of our great Paris dressmaking houses as inspired by an art that outlasts the moment, as informed by culture, and subordinating its most daring flights of fancy to the dictates of moderation and good taste." And likewise to demonstrate the technical skill and knowledge of our furriers and the perfection of their work. Warm eulogies in the American Press have proved how successfully these ends have been attained.

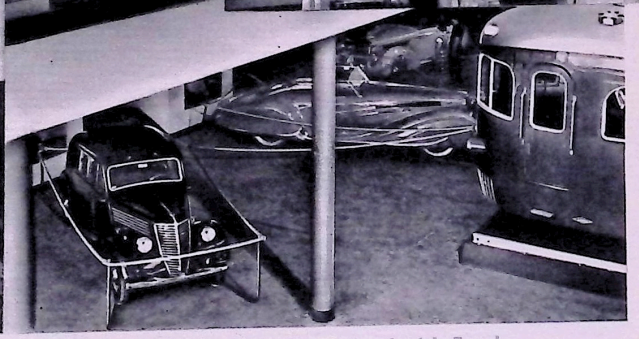
The French Restaurant. Expert and Patout, Chief Architects.



The Transports Section. The Stands of the Air Ministry and the National Company of French Railways.







The Iron and Steel Section. Symbolic Composition by the Brothers Martel, Sculptors (of Pont-à-Mousson.)

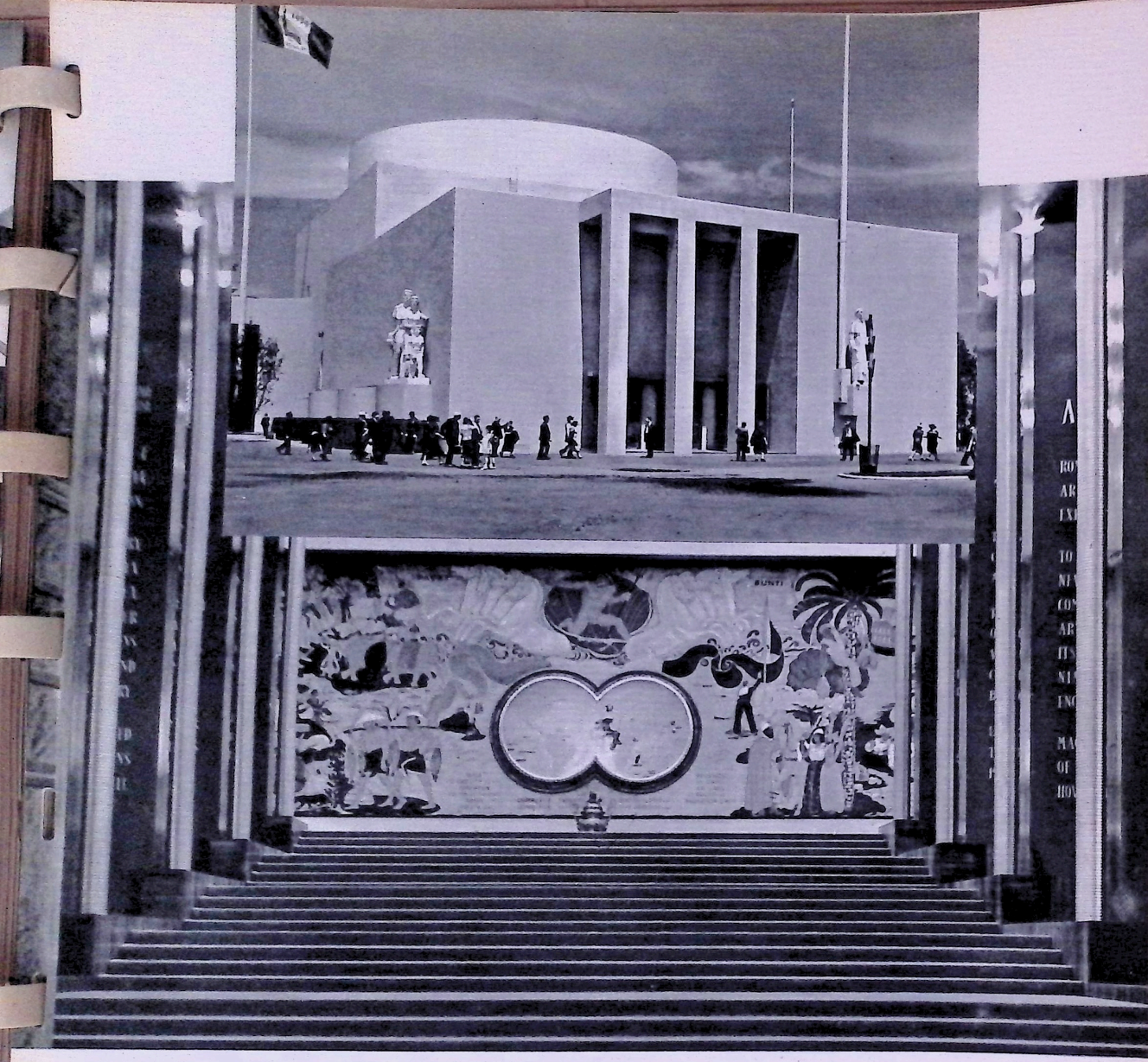
The "Air-France" Stand.—The Stands of the French Motor-car.

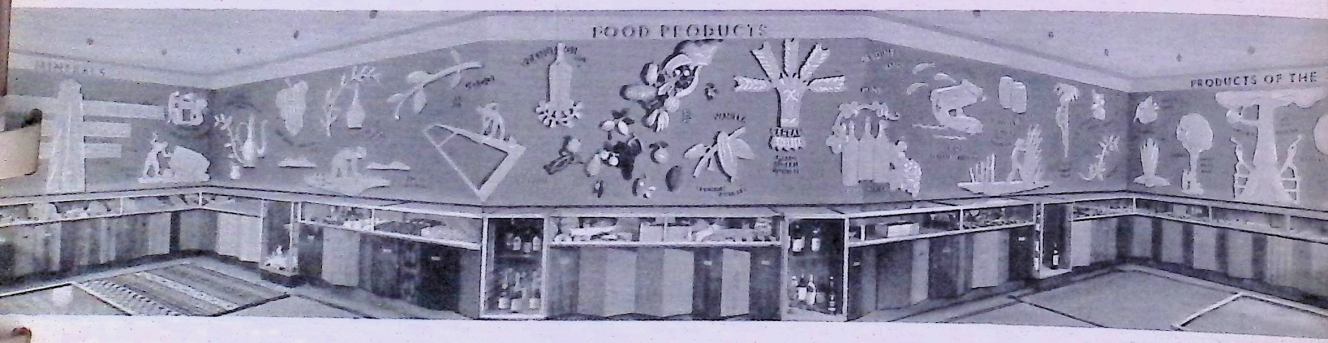
Electrical Section. Expert and Patout, Chief Architects; H. Vermeil, Architect - Decorator.

The Pavilion of Oversea France. The Main Stairway. At the back, J. Bouchaud's fresco and Labouret's Luminous Planisphere.

The Display of Oversea France's produce. F. C. Chevalier, Architect.

PHOTOS RENÉ DEAL, SAINT-THOMAS ET ANDRÉ VIGNEAU





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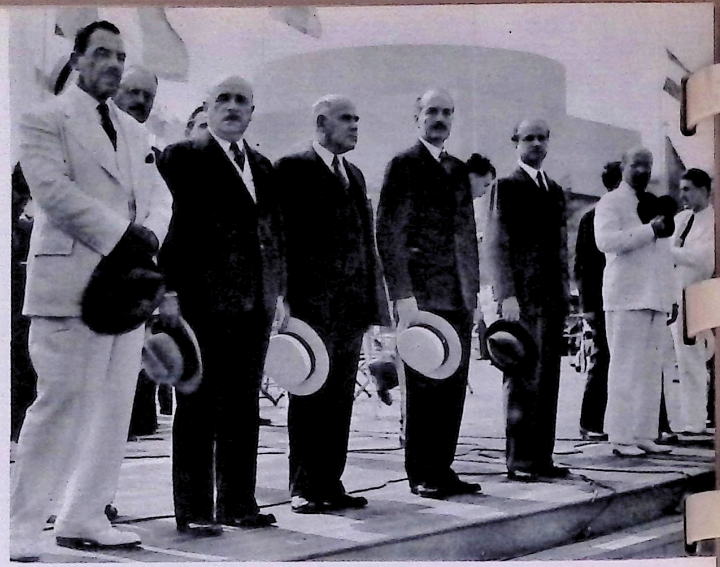


The Fêtes of July 14th. at the New-York world's Fair.

The Notabilities during the March-Past in the Court of Peace From l. to r. Messrs. Grover, A. Whalen; Governor-General Olivier, Commissioner-General for France; Lehmann, Governor of New-York State, Count de Saint-Quentin, Ambassador of France, Garreau - Dombasle, Commercial Attaché at the French Embassy.

Governor-General Olivier, Commissioner-General delivering his Speech at the Luncheon of July 14th., in the Gallery of National Manufactures.

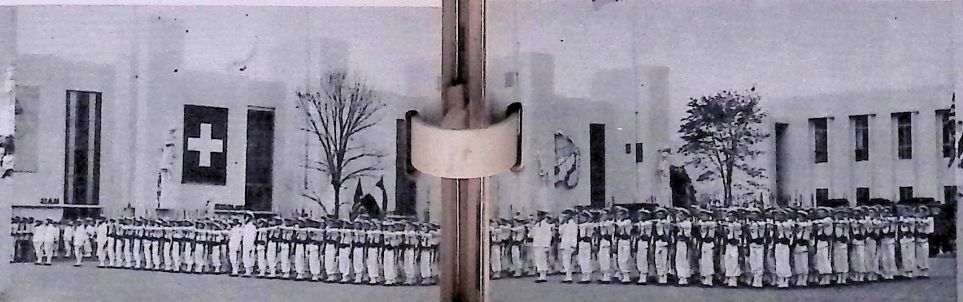
The March-Past of French ex-Soldiers.—The French Naval Companies presenting arms.—The March-Past of American Sailors.

On the same floor are the silversmiths, goldsmiths, glass and porcelain makers, and decorators. Sèvres, the Gobelins and Aubusson are exhibiting their rarest pieces. The remaining space is taken up by a charming little theatre all in fawn and pink, used for concerts, lectures, cinema and stage performances.

We have not forgotten the striking Museum of French Thought organized for the Paris Exhibition of 1937 by Julien Cain, Gaston Rageot and Paul Valéry. Owing to lack of space it was impossible to transfer it bodily to New York, but its most interesting features are presented in a condensed form. Thus here an American can study the influences and incidents which gave rise to symbolism; here, again, he will find an excellent synopsis of history or philosophy in France; elsewhere, all the information he can desire as to the relations between Literature and the State. Publishers, like the other exhibitors, have been wise enough to replace individual by collective exhibits, and we can now see in New York, as we did in Paris, a doctor's library, a musician's and an engineer's, each comprising the best works of a wide range of authors.

This is the place to mention a circumstance that does credit to all concerned. After the books composing these "Specialists' Libraries" had perished in the S.S. *Paris* fire, together with a splendid collection of *de luxe* and richly bound volumes, the whole consignment was replaced within three weeks thanks to the publishers' generosity and the workers' zeal. Indeed, on my return to France, I read in the *Nouvelles Littéraires* that the new consignment was even larger and more sumptuous than its predecessor. Nor must I omit mention here of the noble and true inscription that runs round this room: "France, land of liberty, of reason and of justice, where intellect finds refuge and religion peace."

Finally we have a long stained-glass window on which the history of Franco-American relations is portrayed, from the discovery of the New World up to our times, in the form of documents and pictures. This vivid record of the past gave me particular pleasure. Travelling in the Middle West, one is struck by the frequent traces of the French origins of American culture. The east coast of New England was colonized by the Anglo-Saxon Puritans, but the towns of mid-America often owe their nomenclature to French missionaries and officers. In Detroit, an hotel is named "Cadillac", in memory of the distinguished founder of that city. The capital of Iowa is Des Moines. I could quote a hundred other instances. It was important to stress this fact and to make clear that the solidarity between the two countries is not an artificial growth, but has its roots in history. And this is very well brought out at the New York World's Fair.



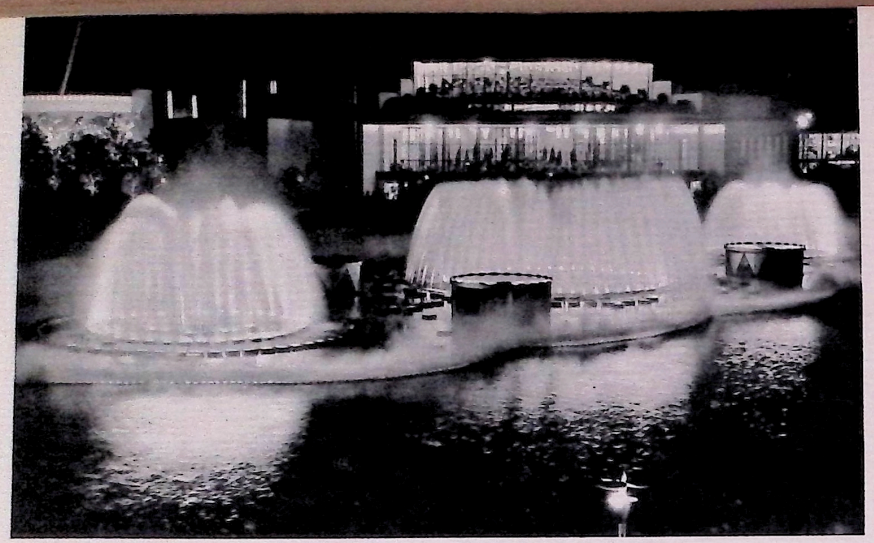


PHOTO SAINT-THOMAS

The French Palace and the Luminous Fountains, at night.

Is cooking to be reckoned one the fine arts? If Bacon's *dictum* be correct and man is art added to nature, cookery is an art. We need only scan the gulf that lies between raw meat, roots grubbed up from the soil, and the refinements of a noble meal. And that gulf has been bridged by man alone. There has always been a cult of delicate, ingenious cookery in France, and on this count she has won high favour in American eyes. It was impossible after the opening day to get a table at the French restaurant without reserving it in advance.

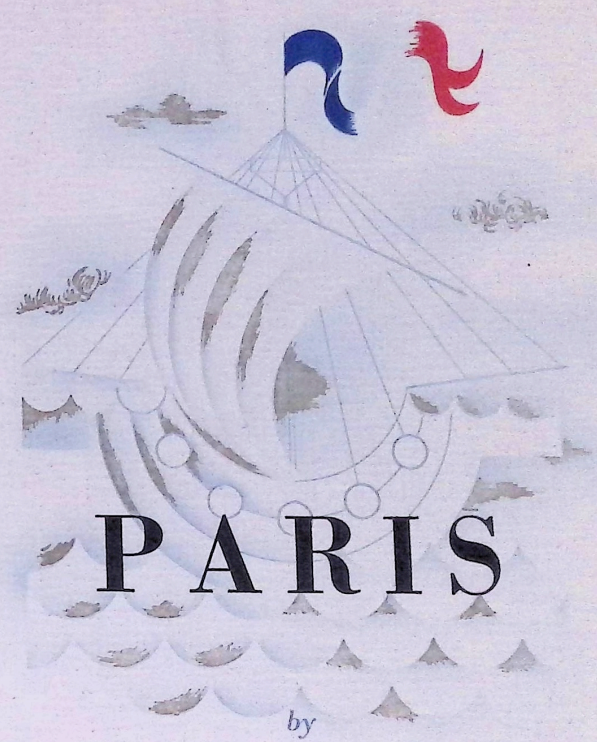
Under the restaurant is a refreshment-room for sampling French wines and local delicacies. A gargantuan buffet groans beneath a load of good things from our provinces, a mountain of good fare that recalls certain Flemish still-lifes. Jars of Alsatian *foie gras* rub shoulders with bottles of Normandy cider, Dijon gingerbread, truffles from Périgord. At the crescent-shaped bar visitors can relish the gamut of our wines: Burgundy, Bordeaux, Champagne, Rhone wine and Alsatian. Expert wine-waiters are at hand to initiate them into the gentle art of wine-tasting, without forgetting to crown the sequence of French wines with French liqueurs.

Thus, at the World's Fair, France is presented under her most varied aspects. Americans who are observant and well-disposed to France will find here a revelation of her temporal and spiritual power and an assurance that France to-day falls short in no wise of her glorious past.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

FRANCE



PARIS

by

LÉON-PAUL FARGUE
DE L'ACADÉMIE MALLARMÉ

AUTUMN brings early lamplight, winter draws everybody under cover, spring clears the air of toxins, summer abruptly puts the traffic on short commons. Seasons pass, the years pass, but beneath surface changes Paris is unchanging and remains a sentinel of History and Culture. I have capitalized those words, the first to settle on my pen, stirring the first flutter of inspiration. But hosts of other words press forward to personify the Capital of Capitals, boudoir of civilization and the arts, Stradivarius of the wide world and most susceptive point on earth, where men forgather to join issue with their destinies.

It is not easy to sum up in a few phrases, condense into a few ideas, the glories of that mellow, stalwart city, the syllables of whose name are perhaps uttered oftener than any other's. The renown of Paris, now regal and majestic, now intimate and memory-laden, now lurid and political, now fashionable and now artistic, now mysterious and musical, is indeed infinite in its variety. Staid decorum and affability alternate in her buildings, and with both, invariably, goes charm. Paris consoles and cheers, can break at will into a song or a display of fireworks.

Unfortunately we Parisians, feeling ourselves bound, as by our very flesh and blood, to the stones of the city, are perhaps little qualified to set forth the spell of our ancient home; it is too much like talking about oneself. Thus is it no paradox to hold that the foreigner is better placed than we are to voice the glories of the matchless city which bestows a meaning upon so much of the world's life.

Paris is by its very nature, by the interplay of its angelic and demonic qualities, one of the most difficult themes for a panegyric. Let us nevertheless seek to name the quintessence of that blaze of various

PHOTO BAUDOT-LAMOTTE

...the accumulation of centuries, of buildings, dynasties, successions of defeats and triumphs, has endowed Paris with a soul of her own...

Paris, a view from the Louvre.

prestige. We shall find it first in History, for it is from the magnitude and richness of its past that Paris draws the sap of its significance, the brilliance of its many-faceted diversity. By the accumulation of centuries and their record in its buildings, by dynasties of kings, successions of defeats and triumphs, has Paris been endowed with a living soul, the pulsing life of which seems quivering in every nook and corner of the city like fledgling nests in hedges. A richly limned history it is, heroic and chivalrous, startling in its derring-do, its unexpected leaps, its errors, its fateful continuity; a chronicle that has been scattered like a golden pollen thousands of miles distant from Notre Dame and the Place de la Concorde, becoming an integral part of minds utterly foreign to the Ile-de-France. Parisian children have no real need to know the history of the civilisations of India, the romance of South Africa, the story of the rise of the Incas or even the history of Warsaw, say, or that of Dublin, Moscow, or The Hague. But by subtle processes not always apparent at first sight, yet unequivocal as the brilliance of a rainbow, facts in the history of Paris have become a necessary part of other cultures and, far beyond the bounds of frontiers, haunt the imaginations of even the least francophile of persons.

In order to see those facts sparkling like golden trout in a stream, you have only to lean from the window with me, to gaze at the river of years flowing by, dense with driftsam of the past. Look, there is Francis I, and Henry IV, there is Molière seated at the table of Louis XIV, and there is the taking of the Bastille, there Napoleon engaged in furious adventure, and there are revolutions, royal visits, sieges, treaties, the Eiffel Tower, scenes such as the death of Clemenceau or the death of Marshal Foch a few years after the visit of the American President. In distant parts of the world, in Lithuania, Chili, and Indo-China, there are people little and great whose thoughts dwell upon those historical frescoes, which may almost be regarded as indispensable to the decoration of the world.

...treasures deposited by ancient tides...
The Church of Saint-Étienne-du-Mont.

PHOTO PIERRE ADAM

The glory of Paris thus derives from the fact that the most important events that have taken place upon the planet have elected to happen here, whether as a result of the gods' favouritism or of some strange run of chance persisting since the dawn of time.

Monuments, libraries, façades, mascarons and gargoyles, roofs, colonnades, stupendous shadows, flights of stairs issuing from the bowels of the earth, wood-carving exquisite as a woman's smile, glimpsed murals dark with dignity, avenues, bridges, basilicas—such are the fruits of a vast historical harvest, such the treasures deposited by ancient tides. A back-drop, if you will, before which sometimes unfold dramas death-incarnadined, but the back-drop of a most magnificent theatre. So true is this that of all the historical films released each year throughout the world, those which have Paris for their central scene are the most assured of success and touch most closely human reality. Both you who read this and I who plunge anew into the life of Paris so as to talk to you about the city, know this well, for ever we come upon uncharted hinterlands, backwoods of vivid actuality. The paradox is only apparent: Paris, bowed with the burden of the past, of antiquity, has been chosen by the cinema—most modern of industries—as the setting of countless adventures. I mention the film industry because it addresses twelve thousand million spectators yearly; and that counts. But I might have cited novelists, poets, captains of industry, lovers, revolutionaries: all have found in Paris the well-spring of their inspiration. They find there what is called "atmosphere"; likewise, friendships, sympathy, light and shadow, infinite perspectives.

...monuments, libraries, façades, bridges and basilicas, Notre-Dame-de-Paris and the Seine river banks.

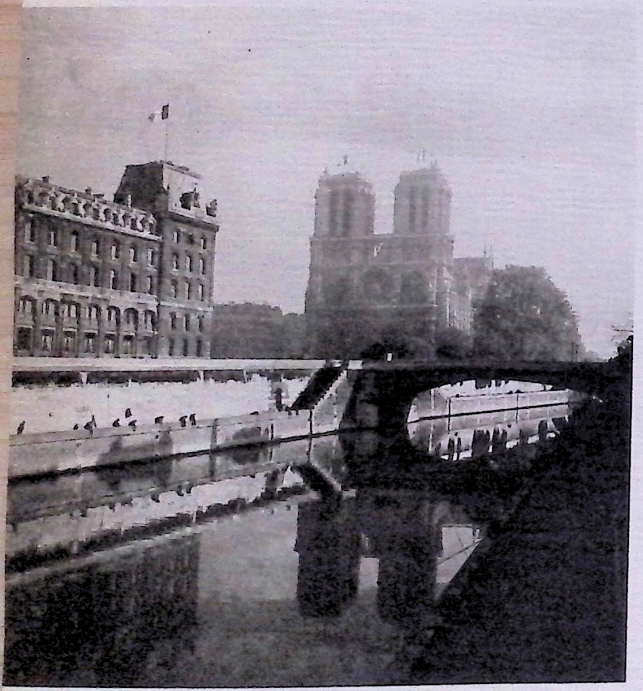


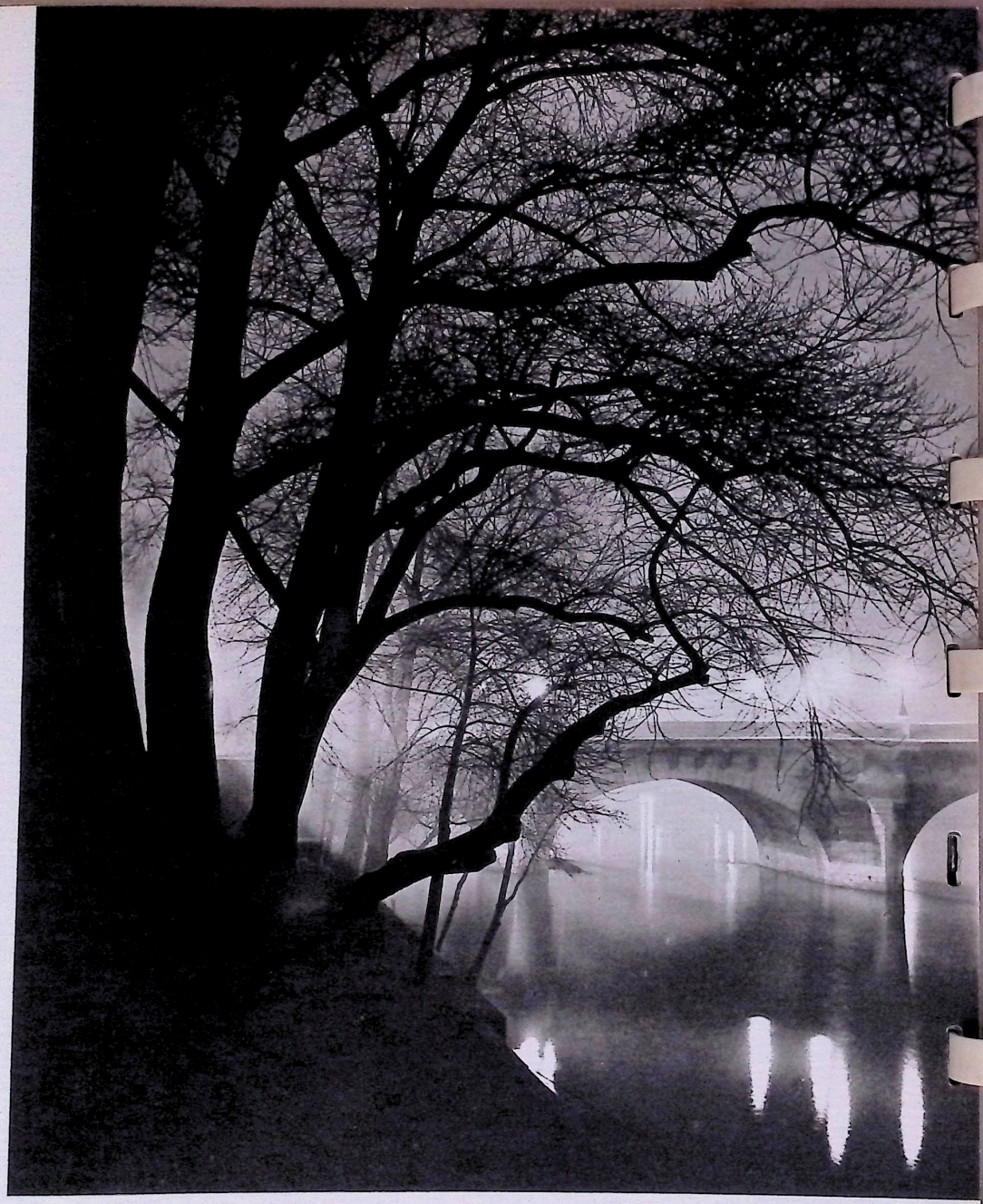
PHOTO L. ALBIN-GUILLOT

And history is but one branch of the magic tree of life, one aspect of its form. History is the orchard close beside the dwelling-place, its storehouse, an inventory laid before all eyes. There is no corner of Paris where those delightful archives may not be spelt out by the passer-by, pages gemmed with precious metals and pearls; and flags, inscriptions, documents flourish here at will, as though to tell men that all that has taken place within the winding labyrinth of the Seine has been ordered by enlightenment, by noble minds, and high ideals. And, be it said for the greater glory of Paris, these ideal flavours have not been absent even from certain of our aberrations, of which, as a result, we are hardly less proud. For the essential is to move ever forward toward better times, as wrote the novelist who chose to call himself by the name of France. The law of our existence is to keep within the zone of clear commonsense, to march through mire at times, but always in the light, and boldly. That is the essence of our nature.

Such a nature has favoured a diversity of attainment. But I would place first among the boons which Paris nurtures and disseminates that which we call charm. In that respect it is with a city as with a woman. In what does charm consist, where does it begin and end? For charm, rightly understood, is as much as history an ingredient of the renown of Paris. It is the city's lustre, lighting it as a smile lights up the features of the beloved. The world-famed charm of Paris comes from the contact of the city with the river of time; of its edifices with the changing seasons. Spring and summer furnish those rich palettes, those orchestrated

fruits of a vast historical harvest-home...
The Basilica of the Sacré-Cœur, Montmartre.

PHOTO L. ALBIN-GUILLOT



...satin draperies drop from the timeless skies; autumn wakens lumbering genius...

PHOTO BRASSAÏ

harmonies of colour which change streets into pictures. Women, flowers and fountains seem to dance out of each successive season like ballerinas from the side-scenes. Our window-shutters fly open on the twittering of sparrows, the tripping of dainty feet, a riot of lilacs or of roses. To our ears comes a soft love-music, a music of the mind so faint that the least murmur quells it. Then I know from experience that good humour is abroad, and that cordiality is quoted like a share on the Stock-Exchange. I inhale wafts of joy and independence, that make of me, and in the same breath of all Parisians, something both human and subtly godlike.

Then comes the falling of the autumn leaves upon time-old marble. A new stage-setting falls round human destinies, with new doors on whose handles eager hands are laid. Even the motorhorns have a defunctive sound. One looks to the city for mothering care; for autumn is to Parisians the season of intimacy, it is the friendly room to which one returns after the buffetings of the open air, the stress and strain of hectic nights. The Paris autumn goes to a tranquil, never-ceasing undertone. The spread of russet branches, the displays of faded beeches put one in mind of cosy interiors with wainscot walls and pleasant furnishings. Along the avenues and squares workmen roll up carpets of dead leaves. Planes and chestnuts scatter leaflets on the passers-by. Satin draperies drop from the timeless skies over the dome of the Invalides, the church of Saint Germain-des-Prés, the waspwaist of the Eiffel Tower. The idling forms of loiterers nurse secret dreams; dreams of a long, delicious respite in the reading of our many matchless books. It is the heyday of editors, art-dealers, theatre managers, dressmakers, the organisers of renown and novelty. The October winds stir the men of genius drowsing in blind alleys, waken slumbering brains. On women's bodies soft warm garments seem to grow. Paris becomes again of all the beacons of the world the focal point of art and fashion, whence issue their decrees and whims.

...all has been ordered by enlightenment and high ideals...
The Palais de Chaillot seen from the Eiffel Tower.

PHOTO BAUDOT-LAMOTTE

In few of the world's capitals is the arrival of dun-cloaked autumn more rife with aspiration than in Paris. It holds forth the hope of a new love—or of a new apartment. Have you ever noticed the tone of careless confidence with which, on discussing any proposal in July, you are told that the matter will stand over to October? It is as though between summer and autumn Parisians were in the habit of intercalating, in one of those time-gaps so well noted by Paul Claudel, a sort of prolonged week-end. The Paris autumn is, thus, the first letter of our alphabet, the first move in our round of glamour.

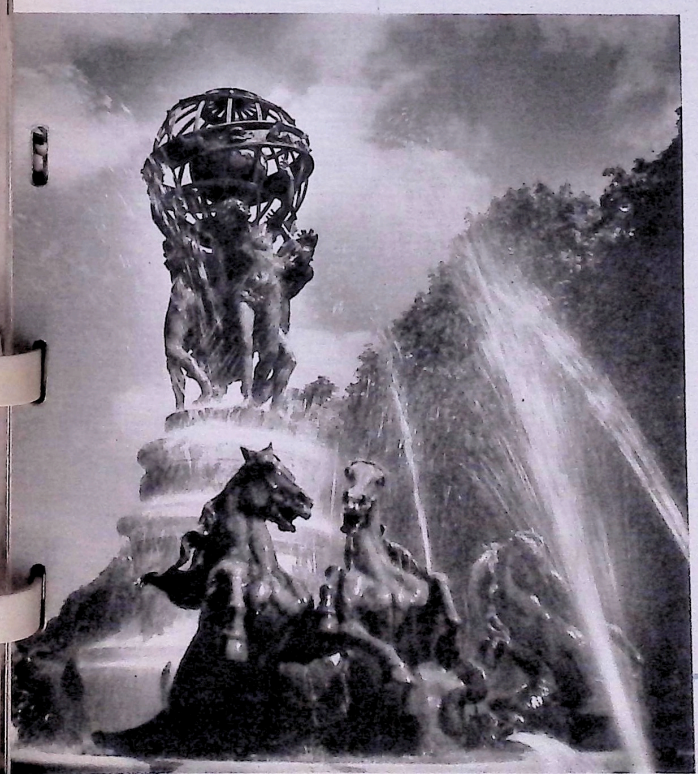
Winter is the time when reputations are made or marred. The social and artistic importance of the capital demands that whosoever chooses to establish himself there should justify his existence by some new avatar, some novel ballet or eccentric dinner-party, some overflow of himself, proving his quality. The great city is as cruel for those who merely mark time as it is indulgent to those who succeed. Yet each day, between Montmartre and Montparnasse, between the Madeleine and the Bastille, is the beginning of a momentous prelude. At any moment all may be plunged anew into the grandiose melting-pot.

This extreme diversity makes it scarcely possible for any of us nowadays to be a complete Parisian. To do adequate duty to the traditions and the novelties of Paris would require superhuman strength. Each day offers on one program too many festivities, too many subjects of gossip, too many enterprises and too many trophies, and those who are concerned with social activities, culture, salons, embassies, sports or clubs are faced with the distasteful task of choosing. For it is one of the features of modern Paris, that glittering abundance wherein sport jostles art and politics, while an exciting concert, a not-to-be-omitted function or the release of a fashionable film encroaches on the same crowded hour. By dint of engagement-books, swift cars, telephone calls and flying visits to the places where one must be seen, the modern Parisian manages somehow to keep brilliantly abreast of his engagements, amid throngs of notabilities, cabinet ministers, savants, artists, eminent surgeons and social lights of Paris, the supreme observatory of our restless Old World. There are, to be sure, other huge capitals, cities of wealth and power. But there is none other where the attractions and the calls of social duties are more abundant than in Paris. Thousands of people exist who have never even seen Philadelphia, Constantinople, Odessa, Bucharest, or Toulouse. But it would be hard to conceive of a man built to the modern measure, of a globe-trotter of moderate means, who had not at least once in his life known Paris before making up his final account. To know Paris is a sort of world-knowledge-test; a Last Judgement. And he who is plucked in that test is doomed to live with only a half-fledged soul.

Let us not, however, overlook the moderation which is an important *motif* in this many-hued tapestry that Paris weaves. It is visible no less in our churches and uniforms, in our discontents and satisfactions, than in our parks and schools. That sense of moderation is bred in the brain of France, in other words, the capital. It enables us to judge and to appreciate with serene detachment. It enables me, that moderating force, to wander

...bronze streaming with light and pearls...
Obelisk and Fountains at the Place de la Concorde

the Fountain of the Avenue de l'Observatoire.



...charm is as much as history an ingredient of the renown of Paris...

The Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel and the Tuileries.

Place Vendôme.

PHOTO BAUDOT-LAMOTTE ET SCHALL

calmly in the sixth *arrondissement*—my Paris quarter—where in countless bookshops philosophers and thinkers are enshrined in their eternal paper tombs. This, even at a time when the world's milk-pot looks like boiling over.

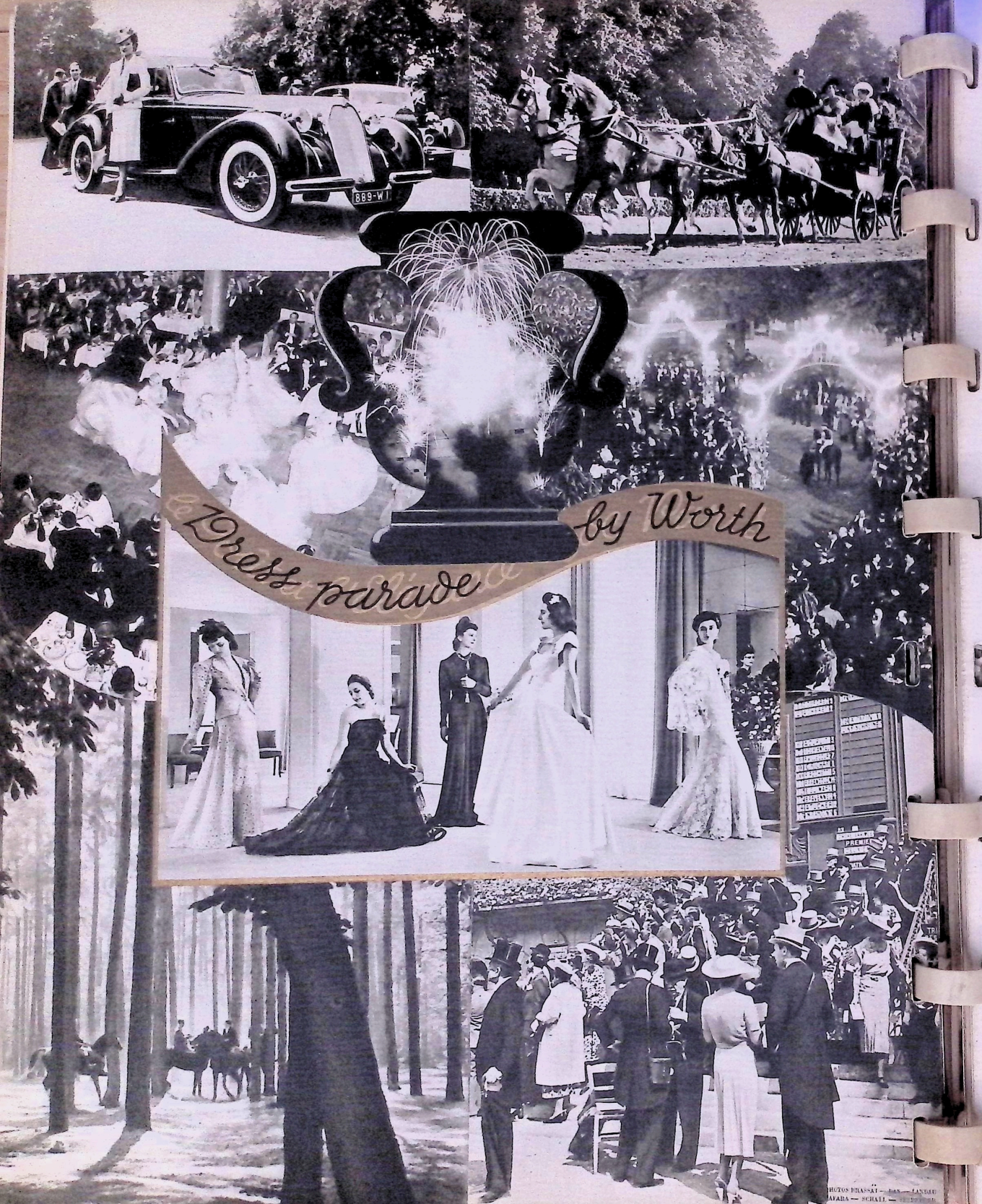
Were I to lay my ear to the ground like an Indian listening to the galloping of distant hosts, I should hear the echoes of our intellectual unrest in restaurants, salons and newspaper offices; in theatre, drawing-room and garret. No sooner is one problem talked out than another crops up. But one has only to raise one's head to hear the whispers of common-sense, a covey of ideas hovering around the monuments of the city like a flight of birds. Echoes of the past admonish us repeatedly to be calm. Standing everywhere about us are reminders of the capital's unconquerable will, its moral victories, its revolutions, its great men, its artistic, scientific, political, and social life. The most seductive and mysterious details cluster round the figures of our past. Everywhere one finds some great spirit immanent: at the Place du Panthéon, at the Sorbonne, Porte Saint-Martin, the Palais Royal, the Archives, the Louvre, the *quais*, Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre; is it Saint Louis, Jeanne d'Arc, Saint Geneviève? Or old Hugo, or Clemenceau? Or is it Turenne, or Hoche, Descartes, Balzac, Joffre, or Barrès? No matter. Their presence dominates our presences. From glories of our past and of to-day issues a tranquil watchword: Paris will not accept confusion, fear, despair.

From the hearts of all the denizens of Paris wells up incessantly a hymn of faith and admiration, solacing as a caress.

Last but not least of its glories, is the innate good taste and elegance of Paris. There are no myriad ways of cabling the fact to the four corners of the earth. It is self-evident and simple, like a lover's declaration. But the derivatives and byways of that elegance, its infinite moods and varieties, are impossible for us to describe. Only by sensations rather than words could we define it. Suffice it to say that Paris is "a good address" in the most aristocratic and worthiest

Paris Gardens... smiles on the city's face... Bagatelle, the Bois de Boulogne.

PHOTO DEGANDRE


889-W1
Dress parade
by Worth

sense of the term. The whole world luxuriates in Paris. For besides the monuments of Paris are its shops, its industries. You have, in the ochre-coloured dream that is the Place des Vosges, the house of Victor Hugo; and you also have the wardrobes and show-cases of the Place Vendôme and the Rond-Point of the Champs-Elysées. There Paris triumphs by its creations as a brain does by its ideas. Let the eye turn for a moment from the silhouettes of women, and rest upon the contents of the shop-windows, it is dazzled by sights worthy of a rich museum. Here are rich fabrics, silks, carpets; here a toilet-table or a dress, here the goldsmith flaunts his craft, here the saddle-maker, here the jeweller. There to the left you see a name as famous as that of any military leader; the rooms he decorates look as though they had been conjured into being by a fairy wand. Here is an illustrious perfumer; his name is as unforgettable as that of any poet or musician. He it is whose essences and extracts allure the most discriminating noses in the universe. Let him invent a name for them—that name immediately becomes winged. And all along the avenues are reminders of women's dress, that truly great creation of the city of wonder-working fingers and enchanted scissors. Parisian dressmaking enables more than three hundred thousand people to live each year: designers, braid-makers, dyers, apprentices, and mannequins. It is the play of fountains in a park. It is the full orchestra of applied elegance which Paris leads. No tourist should fail to spend one day at least in visiting the showrooms of those great *couturiers* who have thrown round the world, like a lasso, their subtle catchword: elegance of line. Each season, more perfect and ever more ravishing, Eve comes down from Eden, wearing I know not what, but certainly something which she bought in that most elegant of quarters, the eighth *arrondissement*. It is only after having seen a presentation of new models that one becomes aware of all the varieties of handicraft which gravitate around women's dress: glass, wood, leather, hats like flights of birds or a butterflies' ballet, shoes, travelling accessories, jewels, bookbinding, tortoiseshell, rugs, gloves—down to the very lighting arrangements which turn our streets by night into star-charts. All this manifold refinement is there "for to admire," in the tangled mazes of our byways, at the races, at the Opera, at those typically French functions known as

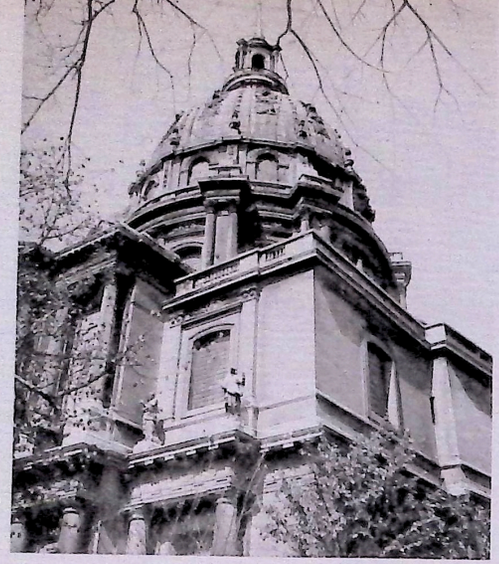


PHOTO ROLLAR

...from glories of the past and of today issues a tranquil watchword: Paris will not accept confusion, fear, despair... The Invalides Dome.

"receptions," or in the shops in streets such as the Rue des Saints-Pères, where elegant women go to gaze upon the luxuries of a bygone age.

It goes without saying that this luxury of which I speak is not to be confounded with futility. Dignity is no more absent from the most trifling than from the most imposing Parisian manifestations. It is to be found in the wording of a lecture as well as in the third act of "*Louise*", an opera dedicated to that glory, that mystery of clarity, which I am endeavouring to describe. Dignity, elegance, moderation—to that trio I suppose one must add the looked-for word: frivolity. I set it down regretfully. Paris, as one of our academicians once pointed out, is a profoundly serious, religious, thoughtful city. The frivolity which is frequently laid to her charge is but a word, a term concealing treasures of patience, perseverance, and genius. Still, be it said to her added glory, while Paris contains within her immemorial walls such august buildings as the Collège de France, the Ecole Militaire, the French Academy, the Louvre Museum, Napoleon's Tomb, the Pasteur Institute and the Bibliothéque Nationale, she is something more than all these famous names convey. *Paris is the smile on the face of the earth rolling in the night of Time.*

LÉON-PAUL FARGUE

DE L'ACADÉMIE MALLARMÉ

THE FRENCH PROVINCES

by

JEAN PRÉVOST

IN the life of our provinces survive traditions of very great antiquity. France is essentially a land of spontaneous local growths, and it is through a study of its provinces that we arrive at a right understanding of this country where a greater balance and harmony in every phase of its life tends unceasingly to be established.

The French provinces are preeminently agricultural. There are, in France, seven million landowners, a number which appears to be as stable as the population itself. Except for a few sections of the West and Centre—generally the least fertile sections—small properties everywhere predominate. Thus, apart from the north and in the vicinity of large cities, landowners are in the majority. In this country of small holdings, land is dear because each foot of land is loved and coveted. The purchaser of a piece of land does not expect to draw a normal profit from his capital investment. Only by a miracle, or provided the owner himself does the work, do the net returns on cultivated land exceed two per cent. Lawsuits, formerly so frequent in France, turned chiefly around ownership of land. Work on the land, therefore, be it Norman pasture-land, cornfields of the Beauce, or Burgundian vineyards, is not so much a source of income as a life's vocation.

The tourist who travels in the French provinces may be misled by the apparent equability of climate and fertility of soil. In reality, this ease and opulence are in great part man's creation, the fruit of generations of toil. In going from Havre to Paris we admire the soil of upper Normandy, its screens of trees, its cattle. Now, this land is pierced by thousands of marlpits which have improved the clay surface by mixing it with a chalk subsoil; the screens of trees are a protection patiently contrived against the violent north-east winds which without these shelters would prevent the apple-trees from flowering; and, lastly, the need of water

for man and beast in a region devoid of springs has necessitated a whole series of laborious undertakings—the construction of artificial ponds, deep wells, and pumps—which are only today nearing completion. Or visit a poorer province: Brittany, or the Ardèche. There you will see innumerable drystone walls, the first use of which was to clear the fields of stones. In the Ardèche, these walls form terraces which prevent erosion of the soil by the mountain streams. Similar walls have been built round the chestnut trees which have been planted to feed man, house him, and improve the soil. In Brittany you will find tracks of seaweed leading up from the sea; each year for centuries the sea-wrack has been gathered so that the ocean may enrich the earth. As to the pine forests in the Landes, they are the result of man's struggle against the sand-dunes. Indeed, every region of France has had to earn its fertility. Where the land is not cultivated by its owner, long-term leases give the farmer an interest in improving it. Beside which, French farming legislation exercises a protecting control over such improvements: the breaking of a contract allows neither the farmer nor the landlord to destroy them. The laws are for the protection of the land as well as of the inhabitants. Custom and public opinion in these matters go farther even than the law. Thus we see that the soil of each province is a veritable artificial creation.

...the fertility of the land of France is...

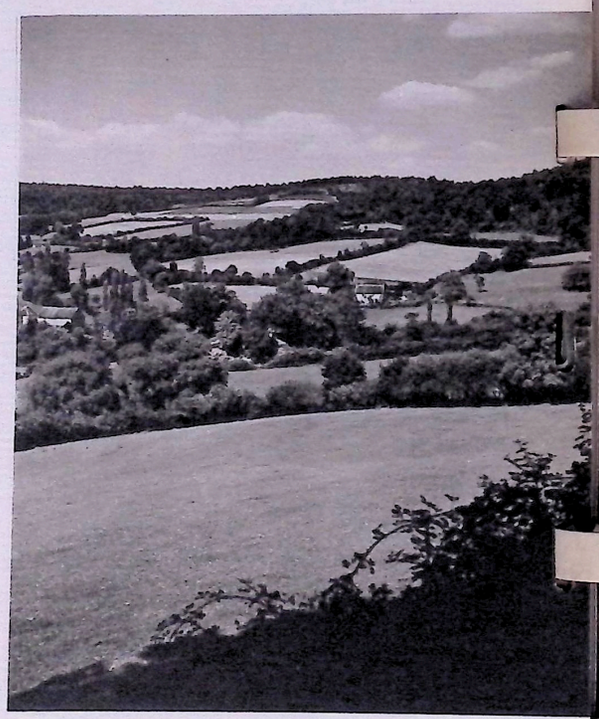


PHOTO SCHALL

The soil in its turn has reacted upon the customs and habits of the men who till it. A French village is a rural centre. It is moderately

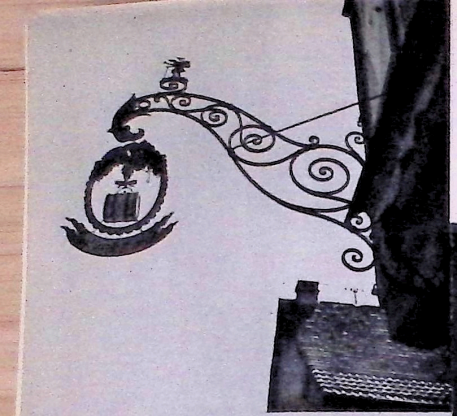
PHOTO KOLLAR

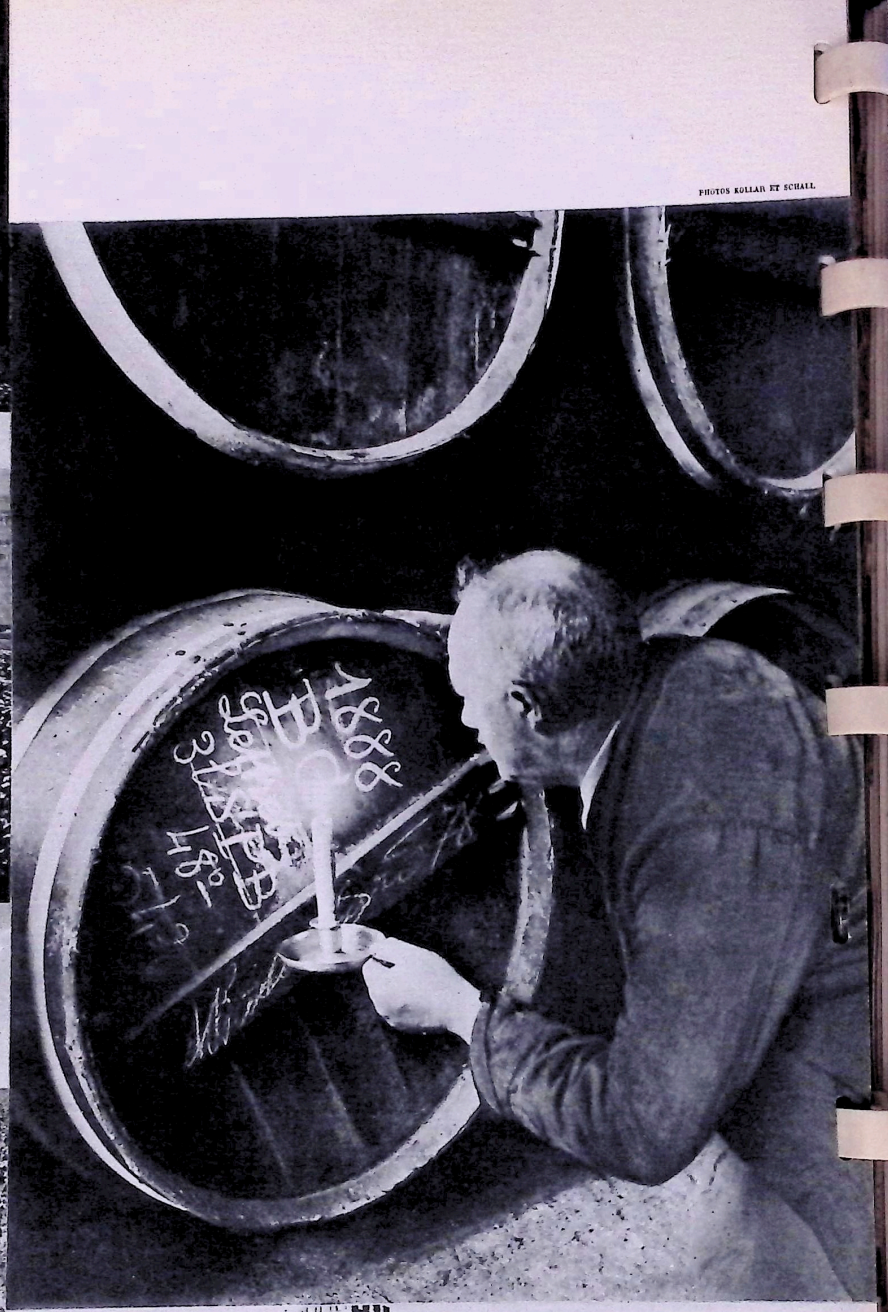
...the fruit of generations of patient toil...

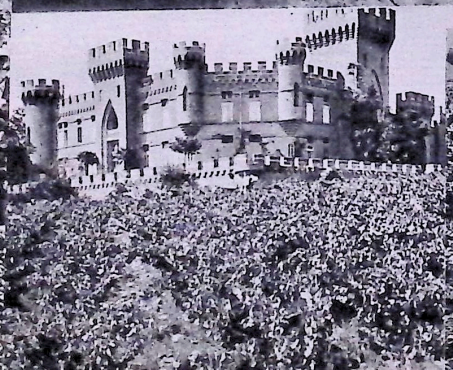
animated on Sundays, on market-days much more so. The market, more than anything else (this does not apply to certain wine-growing districts and those whose produce goes to industry), takes us back to old-time provincial life. At the "little market" the women sell their butter, eggs, poultry, fruit; and with the proceeds they buy groceries, drygoods, all the little minor necessities. On their side the men, at the big market or the fair, sell their crops, buy seed, buy and sell cattle, and buy machinery. They are responsible for the larger family budget which provides for the purchase or leasing of land, payment of taxes, the accumulation of dowries. They leave to their wives the management of the children and female servants, and keep for themselves the direction of constructive work on the land and property. Thus, in the provinces, the women's work is different from the men's without being inferior.

The French village, as it exists still in upper Normandy, in Brittany, in Périgord, in certain of the western regions, in the Nivernais, as well as being a place of communication and exchange, is the centre of the essential industries: there the baker, blacksmith, cartwright, cobbler and tailor ply their trades. Material progress, during the past fifty years has, with the bicycle and the automobile, increased facilities of transportation. Nowadays, too, the garage, the ironmonger, and the haberdasher offer ready-made what the rural artisan formerly produced. As a result, villages of less than two thousand inhabitants (which, according to statistics, formerly comprised exclusively the rural population) are becoming ever more rare.

PHOTOS KOLLAR ET SCHALL.







The real rural centre is now a more populous town, of five or ten thousand inhabitants, or even more. Some big French towns—Le Mans, Chartres and Dijon, for instance—are but large rural centres at the junctions of important highways.

Rivers, Roman roads, and medieval pilgrim-routes gave most provincial towns their earliest features, the beginnings of their wealth, their essential character. To consider the great towns of the provinces as former capitals of little states which later united to form the French nation would be to commit a grave error. Gallic unity, which lasted until the Tenth Century, was never really disrupted by feudalism. French feudalism must be understood as a kaleidoscopic sequence of local alliances, of ephemeral suzerainties, moving in the same orbit of trade and culture, dominated always by a great moral force, the King's overlordship. Thus the regional peculiarities of France—costumes, fêtes, folklore, dialects—are always of peasant origin. The differences between provincial towns are more the result of material conditions than of differing cultures or any real autonomy in the past.

For instance, the uniform aspect of the Seine valley from the confluence of the tributary streams of the East and North-East (Paris) to the sea, is striking. The river has made its bed by the erosion of chalk cliffs—earth rich in chalk deposits has always implied sheepraising; hence the Seine valley, with Rouen as its base, has always been and still is one of the great textile regions of France. But to-day the same region, planted with cider apples on both banks, possesses at its southern extremity rich pastures where cattle graze, and produces milk, butter, and cheese; while the northern plateau raises wheat and produce for the factory.

The Seine is the highway to the Atlantic and the western seas. The Normans, who ascended its course as far as Paris, have left their mark upon both banks. Then came the English invasion in the Hundred Years War, which also

...the French village is a little world in itself...

PHOTO JAHAN

The matchless wines of France: An old sign for the wine of Riquewihr, in Alsace. Low Hills in Champagne.—The Château-Yquem vineyards in the Bordeaux Area. Gathering the grapes in Burgundy.—Château des Fines-Roches (Châteauneuf-du-Pape).—The huge vineyards in the South of France.—The casks for the maturing of Cognac.

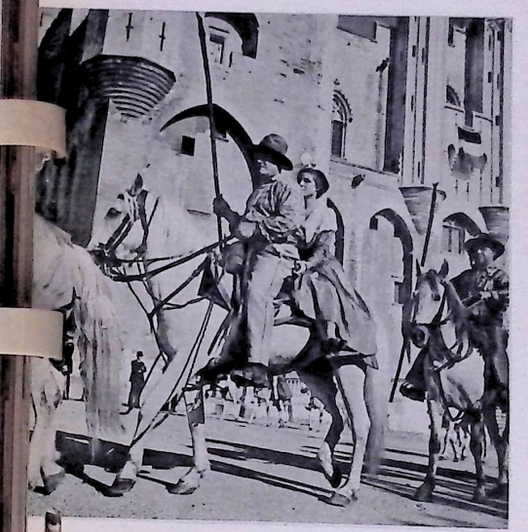
followed the river up to Paris, retreating after the burning of Joan of Arc at Rouen. From the days of Francis I to the *French Line* of present times, following the discovery of the New World, the Seine, from Havre to Paris, has become a sort of continuous port, implemented by a highway. Towns such as Bayeux and Falaise are far more Norman in character, and Caen was once the administrative capital of Normandy. But their importance is less than that of the cities of the Seine, which have turned France into a country of enterprise, adventure, and of trade with the Western World.

In the same way we find, from the Nivernais to Anjou and in the region of the Pyrenees, a diversity of provinces. But one has only to visit the châteaux of the Loire to realize that here was once a string of noble cities, at their apogee in the XVth and XVIth centuries, linked up and unified by the river. Touraine is not exactly like Anjou in its folklore and customs; but two cantons of Touraine—Loches and Chinon, for example—differ more from one another than do Angers and Tours.

This is the garden of France, a land of teeming fields and orchards, of delicate light wines, from the vinegar-wine of Orleans to the Vouvray of Tours, the *pineau*—the black grape wine which Rabelais glorifies—and the Muscadet of the lower reaches of the Loire.

The civilization of the Garonne region more closely coincides with that of Languedoc. But again it is the river, from Toulouse to Bordeaux, which gives its unity. From the valley of the Garonne come many of our most illustrious wines: the *Entre-deux-mers* from vineyards at the mouth of the river, the great

...the provinces remain faithful to tradition...



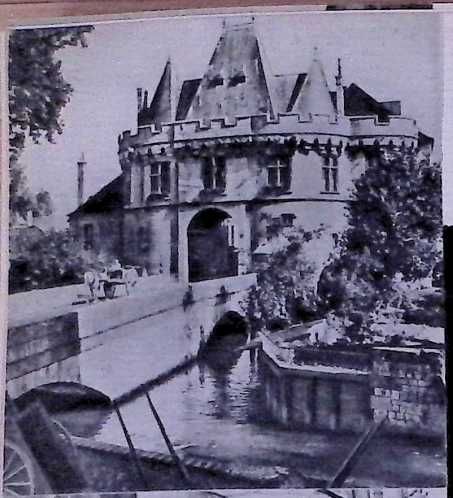
...to their local customs and their oldworld houses...

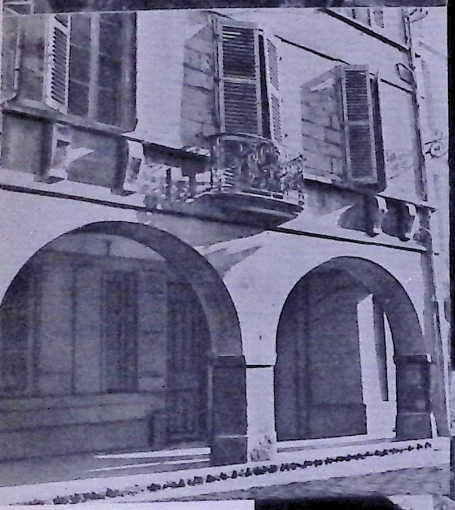
PHOTOS M. MAGET ET SCHALL

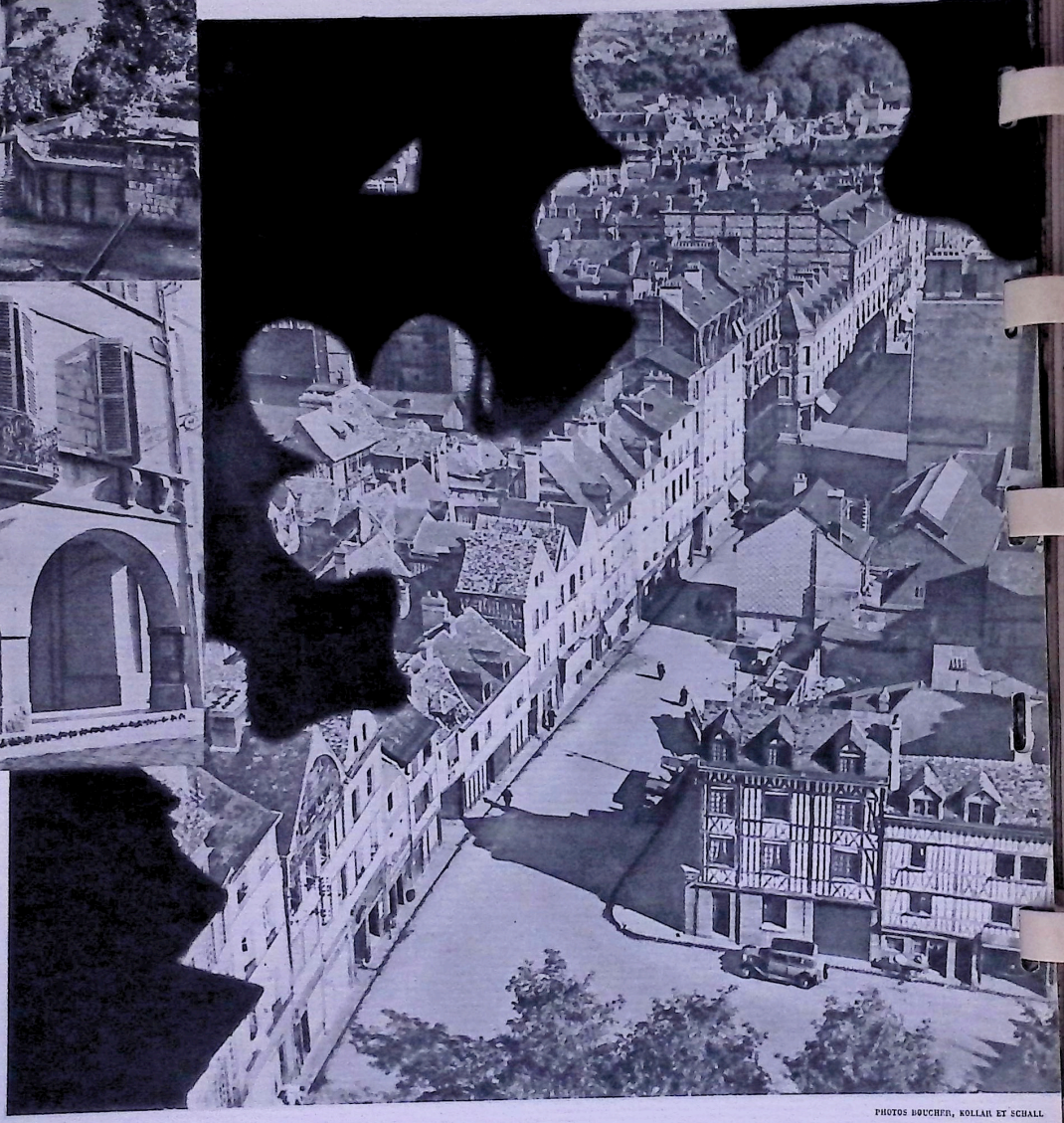
red wines of Bordeaux, and, nearer its source, the sweet white *Sauternes*. Farther still inland, towards the south-east, extend vast vineyards which produce the light red wines of France.

In the same way on may speak of the civilisation of the Rhone, of which Lyon, Vienne, Pont-Saint-Esprit, Avignon, Arles and Marseille are the great centres, cities which by easy stages link the North to the Mediterranean. To-day in its terraced valley grow many vines of various types. The river Saone feeds the great vineyards of Burgundy, that land of full-bodied, mellow wines; to the south extend the vineyards of the genial wines of Beaujolais, then come the *Côtes Rôties*, the *Châteauneuf-du-Pape* in Avignon, and last of all the *Tavel* of Arles. The Rhone valley has in the past been a land of silk and of gold. Nowadays the mulberry trees are no longer stripped; silk imported from abroad is treated and dyed. And if the river no longer contains gold, there is aluminium, and the electric power generated by its affluents brings into being new industries. The various sections of this great European artery leading from the north to the south have the same historical traditions, and differ only in their climates. And the narrowing of the valley of the Rhone between the Alps and Central Plateau has created currents of civilization as strong and turbulent as the mistral gales which blow there.

Finally, the Meuse and the Rhine contain, between their parallel courses, the cities and vineyards of the northeast section of France. The Rhenish and the Flemish civilisations are sister cultures that have throughout history been constantly exposed to dan-

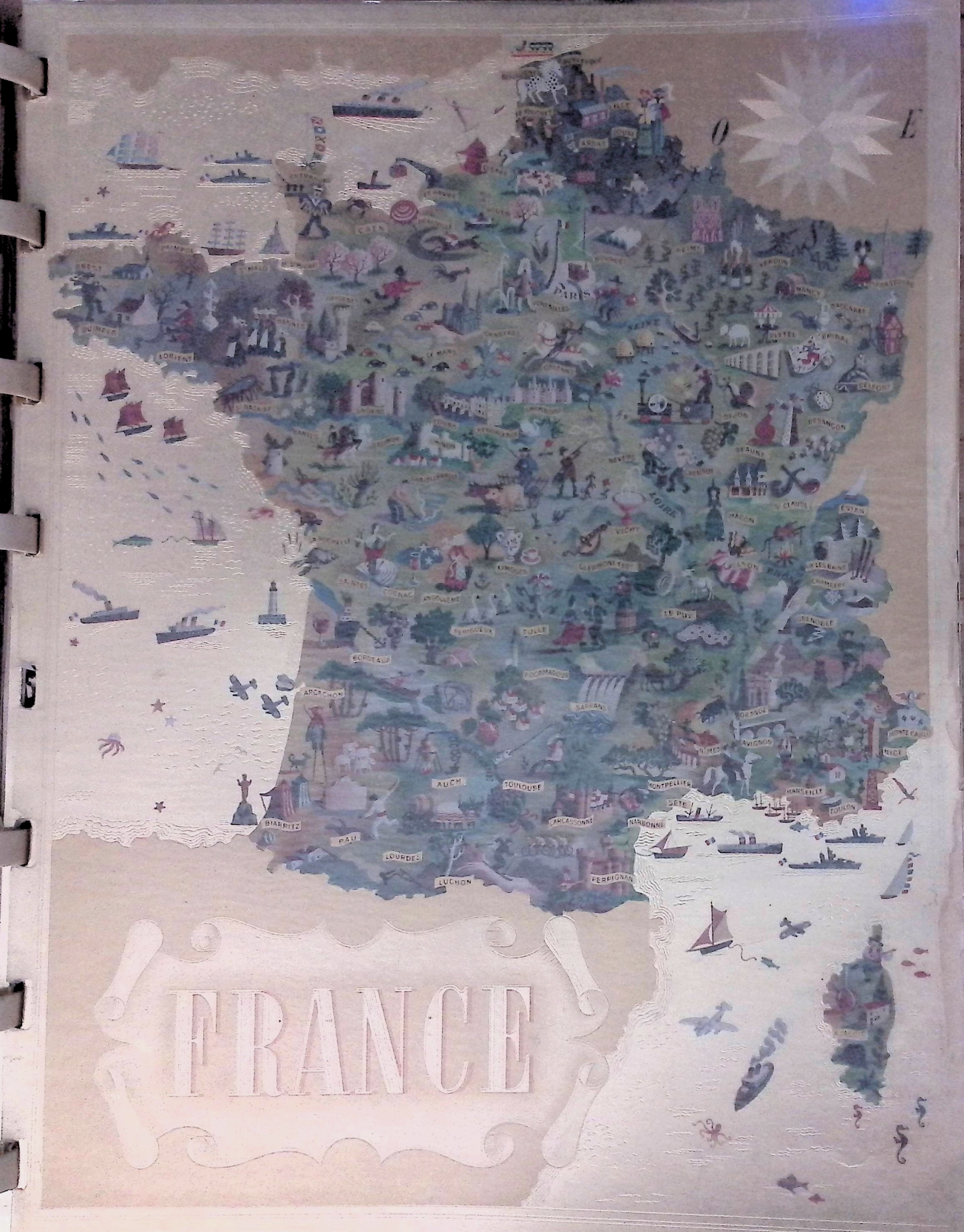






...provincial life is stable, little affected by passing fashions...

PHOTOS BOUCHER, KOLLAR ET SCHALL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PARIS
BREST
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CAEN
ROUEN
LE HAVRE
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BACCARAT
BELFORT
BESANCON
DIJON
BEAUNE
NEVERS
VICHY
MACON
ST CLAUDE
ANNECY
LYON
ST ETIENNE
LIMOGES
CLERMONT FERR
ANGOULEME
COGNAC
LA ROCHELLE
TULLE
LE PUY
BORDEAUX
ARCACHON
AGEN
CARCASSONNE
SARLAT
ORANGE
AVIGNON
ARLES
NIMES
MONTE CARLO
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MONTPELLIER
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ger and aggression but have always remained prosperous, industrial and industrious, always peopled abundantly with artisans. The dead prehistoric forest has left its carboniferous strata in the depths of the soil, turning the country into a region of heavy industry. Alluvial deposits have encouraged the cultivation of wheat and flax and other produce for industrial use; flax and the manuacture of linen blazing the trail, as it were, for the other textile industries.

If the great currents of French provincial civilisation and all the large cities coincide with the great rivers (and, save for the Seine, with the important wine-growing regions), the other aspect of provincial life, that most deeply rooted in the past, is to be found outside, in what might be termed the bastion-provinces. The ore of St. Etienne and of Montceau, the clay of Limoges have created zones of industry in our *Massif Central* without destroying the innate character of the civilisation there. Brittany and Auvergne, for instance, are the two Celtic bastions. The Basques in the south and the Francs-Comtois in the east also have their little strongholds: regions nowadays permeated by the national life, but still richly picturesque in their remote corners. Less marked than these bastion-provinces are the calcarious plateaux, such as Brie, La Beauce, and the hillsides of Champagne. Technical methods may have changed, but none the less they still devote themselves to the production of wheat and of wine—which always imposes its own pattern on men's lives. Among the provinces which stand aloof from the great currents Perigord is, perhaps, the most characteristic. Nothing there reminds one of any given race, or a great migration, nor such and such a conquest. Mankind lived there, cultivated and civilised, long before Greece or Egypt; and still today the farmer lives almost entirely upon the fruits of his little steading, modestly dressed, but fed like a king upon *foie gras* and truffles,

PHOTOS LE ROYER ET KOLLAR

...french life, cultured, forceful and serene, unified by the land...

Aspects of France

paying his baker in wheat, his butcher in cattle, and is practically immune from economic crises. And, since he employs no outsiders, but works his own land, social laws and regulations affect but little his condition.

In what manner does this typical provincial participate in the life of his country? Not much in respect of its material side, but rather in regard to its higher aspects. He is French through schooling, newspapers and books. He knows that M. Pasteur, M. Roux, and M. Calmette, together with a few others, have suppressed the risks he runs of rabies, diptheria, and the majority of contagious diseases. These savants, personified for him by the village doctor, have prolonged his life by a third. On the other hand he knows that from time to time his country is invaded or runs the risk of invasion; and he performs, in times of war and in times of peace, an onerous military service. What influence has he upon the course of events? Unlike Parisians, he never has recourse to direct manifestations, to "movements." On the other hand his vote, equal to that of Parisians in the election of deputies, is more efficacious, though indirectly so, in the election of senators. The stabilising influence which the Senate exercises proves, above all, the political stability of the Provinces.

Moreover, every young, educated and energetic Frenchman is a sort of provincial delegate to Paris. This, not simply because of the non-existence, in the capital, of closed clans or aristocracies, nor even because the Paris-bred Parisian is in a minority, but because the tie with the home province is never cut. Daily young Frenchmen arrive in Paris who feel as Giraudoux felt when his professor, at the top of the Eiffel Tower, assured him that the winning of the inter-school prize in Greek would make the city his fief! And like Giraudoux who, at once the most Parisian and the most international of our writers, has remained at the same time a pure Limousin, each one of these young Frenchmen remains proud of his origins. It is not true nowadays that the provincial is uprooted when he leaves his country home. More and more frequently he returns to it, sometimes for short stays, sometimes for ever.

It is true that, since the days of Louis XIV until our time, the provinces have steadily become more uniformly French. But this process is the very opposite of a colonising process. The French provincial resists all material standardisation. He clings as far as possible to the habit of living on the produce of his own land; he holds to his native and familiar cookery; to the

The Amphitheatre of Nimes. — Calvi, Corsica. — The Seine at Rouen. — In the Orne. — The Cliffs of Brittany. — Mont Saint-Michel. — A Street in Riquewihr, Alsace. — The Riviera, Monaco. — Snow-peaks of the French Alps. — The Old Canal at Annecy. — The Côte des Maures, Var. — The Château of Chenonceaux. — Apple-trees in flower in Normandy.

PHOTO FEHER

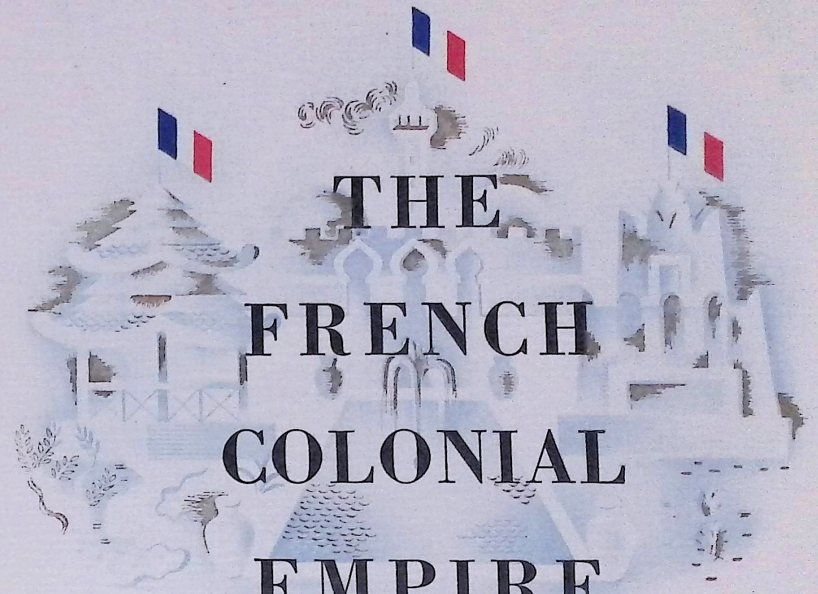
...doors open all the wider, in genial welcome, for having been so strictly closed before...

local wines and customs, to his homestead and the family furniture. But there is a constant coming and going of the younger generation. Military service, an institution which has over a period of a hundred and fifty years become an accepted part of our life, has disseminated not only discipline, but a real feeling of national solidarity. Civil servants have brought to every corner of the land identical laws, standard weights and measures, classical and mathematical education, and a uniform language. Yet, despite all this, our countryside remains quite different from Paris, because it is much more stable and conservative, far less affected by passing fashions.

It is difficult for a foreigner to recognise in our provinces signs of a characteristic intellectual life. We do not have in France that privileged life of universities, nor that club life which counts for so much in certain English and American towns. Groups are more exclusive: societies of bibliophiles, of naturalists or archæologists, may explore the local resources, work hard and well, and be quite unknown except to specialists. And it so happens that the élite of French provincial towns has the reputation of not being much given to hospitality.

The fact is that the hospitality of the local élite is little influenced by official recommendations or letters of introduction, even between friends, but rather by an interest in common, good work done, proved talent. As soon as the notables of a region recognize in a newcomer a man of taste or talent, then the doors open all the wider for having been so strictly closed. The experience is well worth the testing, for under its placid, taciturn, thrifty exterior our French *province* is one of those favoured places in this world where men still cherish, like a secret, the taste for things of abiding value.

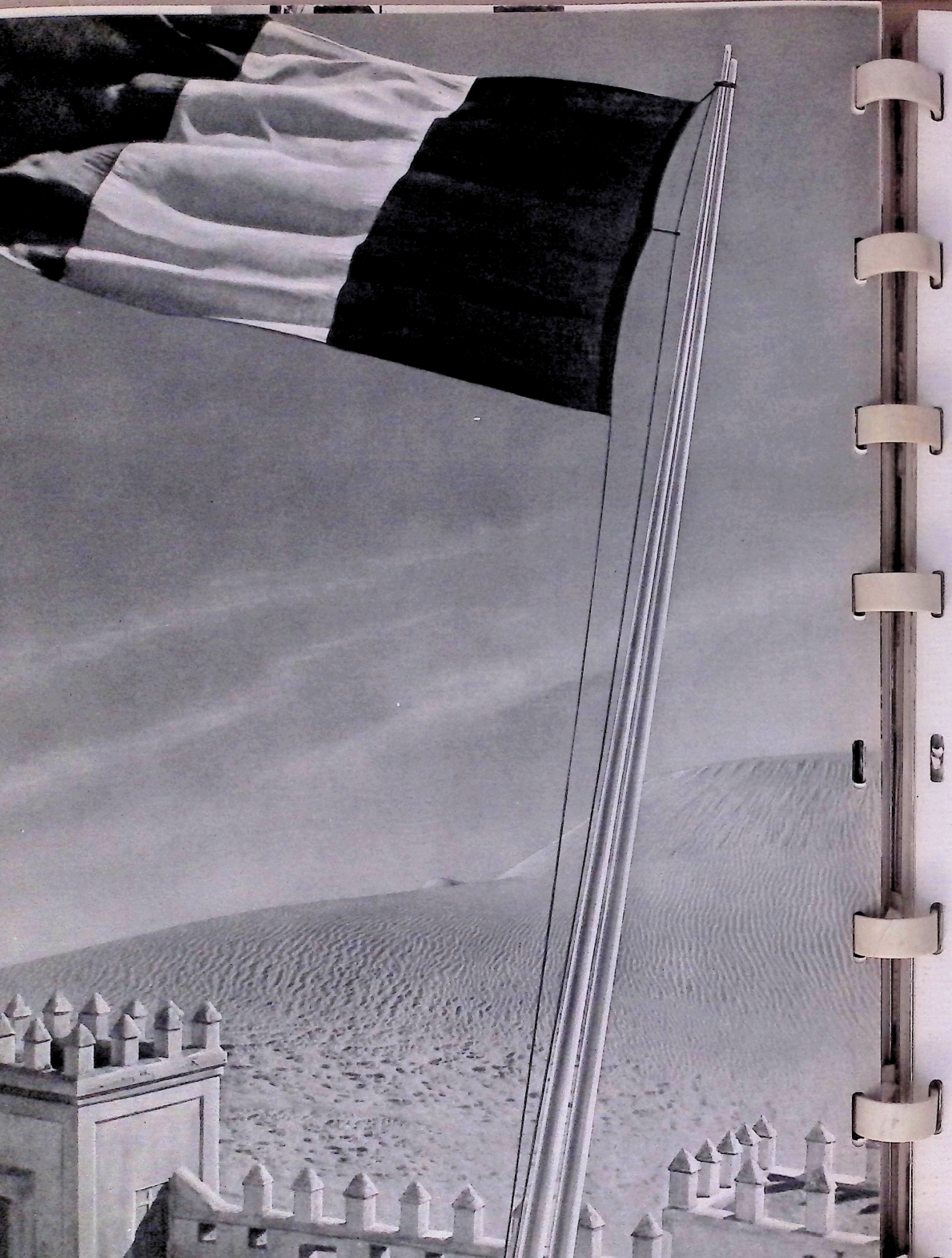
J E A N P R É V O S T



THE FRENCH COLONIAL EMPIRE

by

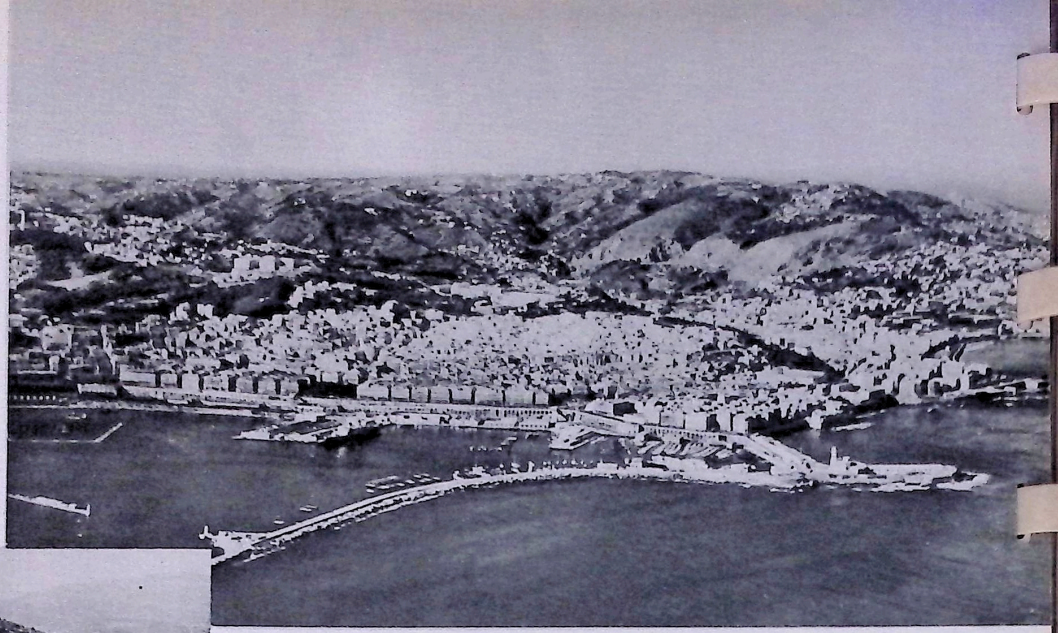
ANDRÉ DEMAISON



SHOULD he enter for a moment the native schools of any part of the French Empire—from Indo-China's tropical profusion to frost-bound Saint-Pierre and Miquelon, from voluptuous Pacific isles to the great southern island-continent of Madagascar, from Mediterranean shores and Atlas mountains to the jungles of the Ivory Coast, Cameroon and Gabon, from the West Indies to Jibuti and to New Caledonia—everywhere the selfsame rhythm will greet the tourist's, traveller's, or emigrant's ear and mind, the rhythm of the French tongue and of French thought. Upon returning home and having taken account of the continuous coming and going of men and exchange of raw material and goods between those distant lands and the metropolis, which acts as the central brain of that vast Empire, he will, as the result of his observations, behold it as a single whole, like the constituent cells of a single organism which, in the "united states of the living body" coordinate functions so various, and thus assure the life of the complex being that is man, as of the humblest animal.

This unity of the French Empire could not exist were it possible to separate its inhabitants clearly into a slave-class and a ruling class. It is not due merely to the fact that, by means of the aeroplane and the radio, civilised man can with ever-increasing speed transmit and implement messages sent from one end of the Empire to another. That unity is, rather, the result of a close collaboration between the diverse elements of these far-flung territories; a collaboration which, happily, is very different from fusion. For the fusion of colonial elements with the pristine forces of the mother-country would give rise to serious dangers for the latter. On the other hand, a collaboration of elements deriving from the four points of the compass, which have each moved a step higher in their own scale of values, constitutes an imperial unity as rational as it is solid and harmonious.

ALGERIA. — Algiers harbour, as seen from the sky. — On the way to this Oasis. — The Beni-Bahdel dam, Oran. — A street at Bou-Saada. — A market-place in Kabylia.



PHOTOS L. ALBIN-GUILLOT, A. DIÉNES, P. ICHAC, OFALAC ET ZUBER

This point of view will help us to understand the true worth of the French Empire, which today numbers 110 000 000 inhabitants. Let us now make a tour of inspection round this French world.

First, facing the southern coast of France, are our North African territories, comparable in importance only to Egypt or South Africa. Algeria, delivered in 1830 from the domination of the Turks, now forms three French departments. Thanks to the peaceful rule which we have established there, five million Kabyles and Arabs, whose number has tripled in a hundred years, together with one million Frenchmen, the descendants of those who crossed the narrow sea in quest of adventure, have succeeded in creating a French country on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, on the mountainous African plateaux which know both sun and frost, and on the fringe of the Great Desert.

To the east of Algeria lies Tunis which has remained under our protectorate, subject to the Ruler of the Kingdom of Tunis. There, too, we abolished a feudal system under which the masses slaved for small groups of bold and cunning men, liberating two million Tunisian peasants; and today 100 000 Frenchmen continue to set then an exemple of large-scale cultivation, of mining engineering, and of local enterprise. The vine, the olive and wheat figure on the scutcheon of this province, where we have re-established by peaceful means the ancient power of Carthage, and compassed its revenge.

Not until the early part of the XXth. Century did circumstances lead to our occupation of Morocco, a country that had for years suffered alternately from anarchy and tyranny. It was set, along with Algeria, Tunis, with the cooperation of French workers, in the path of constructive and peaceful labour. For us, Mo-

El Kemal.—Bou Saada.—In the Algiers Market.

PHOTOS LAURE ALBIN GUILLOT

TUNISIA. El Djem and its Roman Remains. — Tunisian roads and olive groves.

Sidi Bou Said.—The Belvedere Marabout, Tunis.

rocco teems with lessons of nobility and grandeur. Forever associated with the destinies of the Empire of the Setting Sun, the name of Lyautey has become as famous as that of any of the great conquistadores of an older age. This splendid man, who sought ever to obtain by peaceful means what others might seek by force, this peace-loving soldier perceived the value of enthusiasm, organisation, and a complete respect for native traditions, sentimental and artistic. His personality dwells, like his ashes, commingled with that wondrous land whose shores are bathed by both Mediter-

ranean and Atlantic waters and fanned both by the breezes of the greatest of inland seas and the mighty ocean gales.

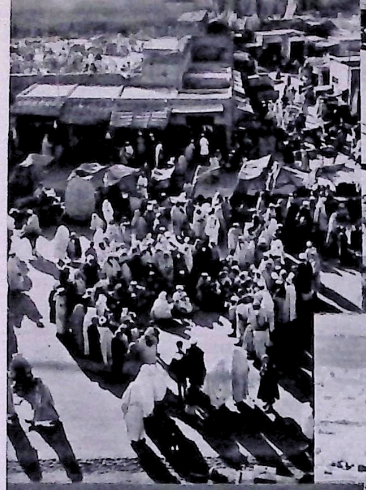
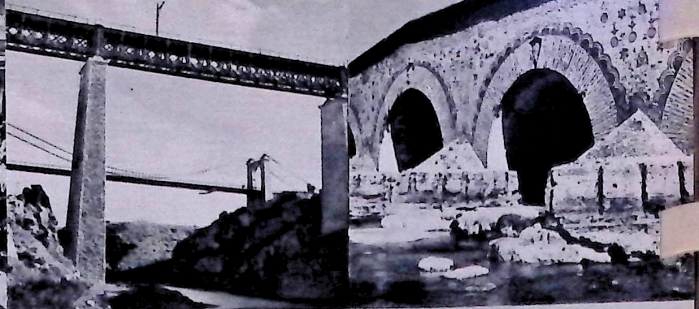
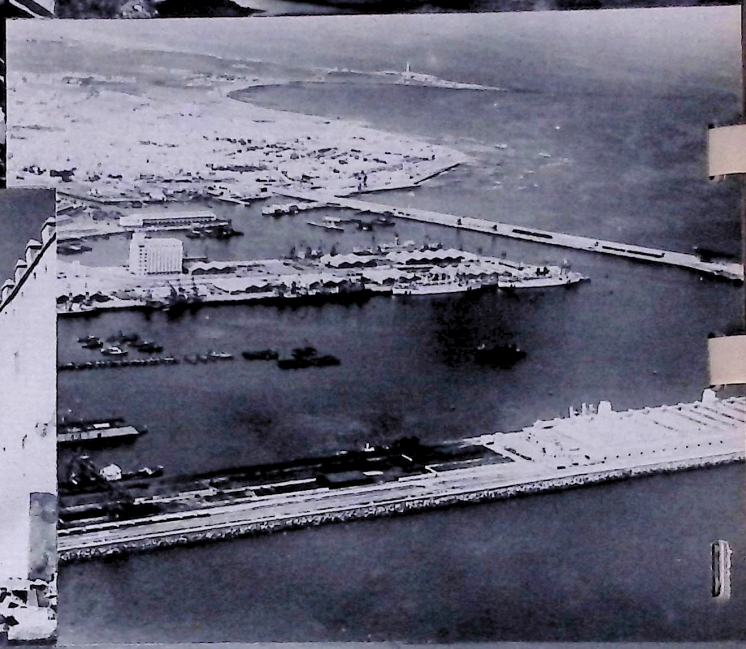
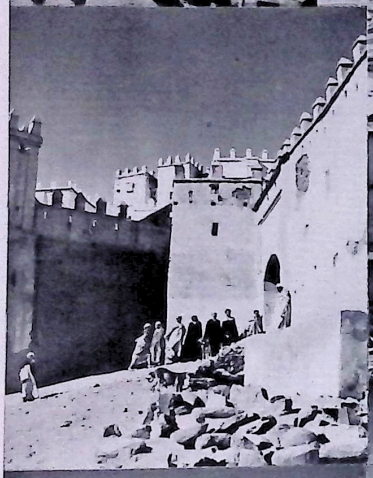
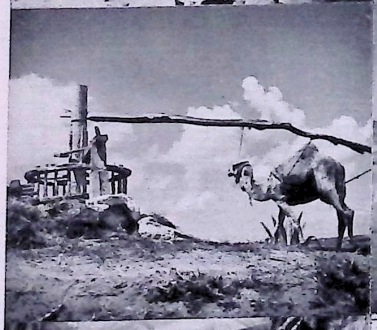
To employ justifiably a modern term, these North African countries may be said to be "vital space" of France, a space of which she could not be deprived save by an all but mortal amputation. Thus North Africa constitutes, in short, the prolongation of our southernmost provinces to the further shore of the great Mediterranean lake. Its spring precedes ours. And so congenially does the sequence of seasons harmonize with that of the French climate that, in order to enjoy pleasant weather without undue extravagance, one need only move according to the season along the meridian of Paris, the central axis both of the French provinces and their African annexe.

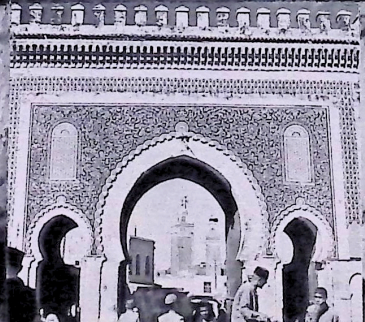
We have but to follow further towards its base that meridian which unites in a straight line Paris and Dahomey to come upon another notable constituent of the Empire: our possessions in "Black Africa".

In films and literature much has been made of the Sahara; in reality, it is little more than a sea of sand. On the other hand, "Black Africa," which extends from Dakar to the Congo, constitutes a domain twelve times as large as France and supports about twenty million inhabitants—peasants, artisans, fishermen, foresters, and shepherds. Its population has no resemblance whatsoever with the negro elements of North and South America: it is composed solely of free blacks, living in tribal groups, speaking so many different dialects that the diversity of language in this immense country is equalled only by the diversity of climates and customs in Europe. The Senegalese knows nothing of the inhabitants of the Congo save what he has learned from our books; the peasant of Dahomey regards the Fulani of Guinea as a man of the Far North; and the farmer at the

Kairouan.—Native Musicians.—In the Street.—Spahis in the South.

PHOTOS J. DUBOIS, P. POPPER ET F. TUEFFERD

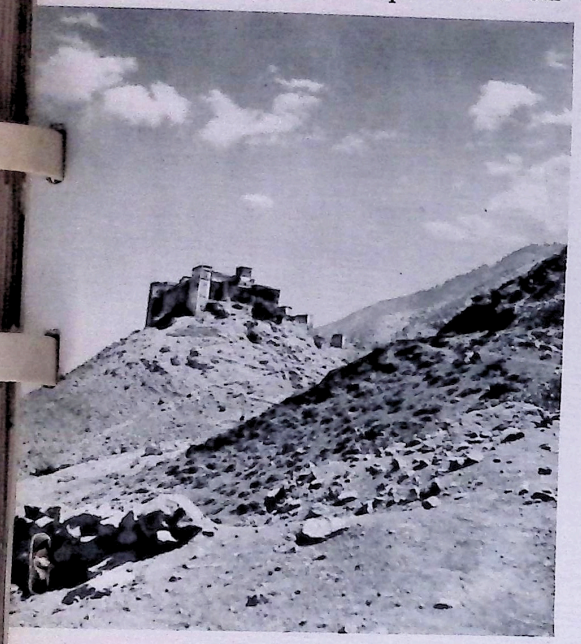


*MOROCCO.—The Market.—A Moroccan Railway Bridge.—Old Bridge near Mekn*ès*.—Talouet.—Casablanca Harbour, seen from above.—A watermill.—A wealthy merchant of Marakech.—The Oudayas Gardens at Rabat.—Arab women at Fès.—The Bou Jeloud gate at Fès.—A Fountain at Fès.*

PHOTOS DENISE BELLON
P. BOUCHER ET DE LA RESIDENCE

bend of the Niger, were he to find his way into the forests of the Ivory Coast would feel as bewildered, out of his element, as he would feel in France.

The complement of our Black Africa is to be found at the other end of the African continent: in Madagascar.



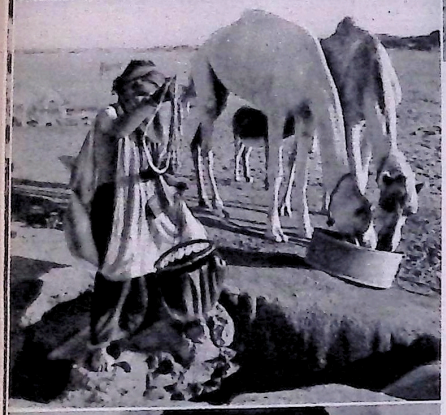
An old Kasbah in the High Atlas.

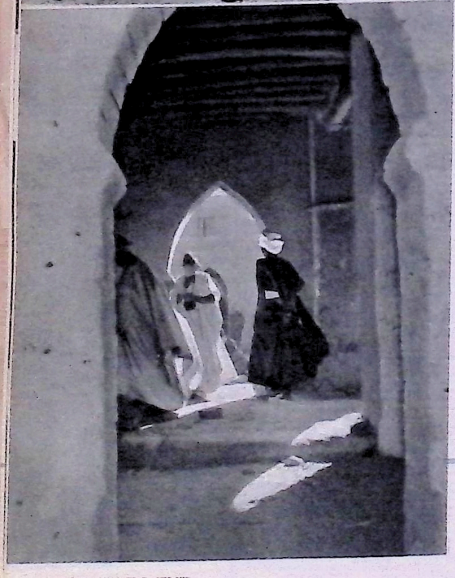
This island, large as France, Belgium, and Holland together, supports at present only four million inhabitants. But among this population there is an extraordinary diversity of races, due to the variety of climates. For Madagascar enjoys both an equatorial and a temperate climate. The coasts are torrid, while the highlands are so cool that one can only sleep at night there under warm woollen blankets.

Had the Suez Canal not been constructed, Madagascar would have become one of the most important islands in the world. Today, isolated as it is from the great sea routes, this little continent is devoted chiefly to cultivation of the soil and mining enterprises. Madagascar leads the world in the production of vanilla, and rivals Ceylon and Canada in the production of graphite and mica. The climate of the uplands permits the cultivation of roses, of European fruits, maize, rice, manioc and sweet potatoes. Oxen are so common there that one may count four animals to each man. If the same were true of Europe, the roads would be blocked with them.

This great island of many aspects, covered with savannahs and dense forest, reminds us of our most ancient possessions, those other islands of ours on the opposite side of the world—the West Indies: Guadeloupe and

Two Touareg Natives at the foot of the Hamen Peak, in the Hoggar.— A Touareg Chieftain, at Kidal.— Timbuctoo, Sudan.

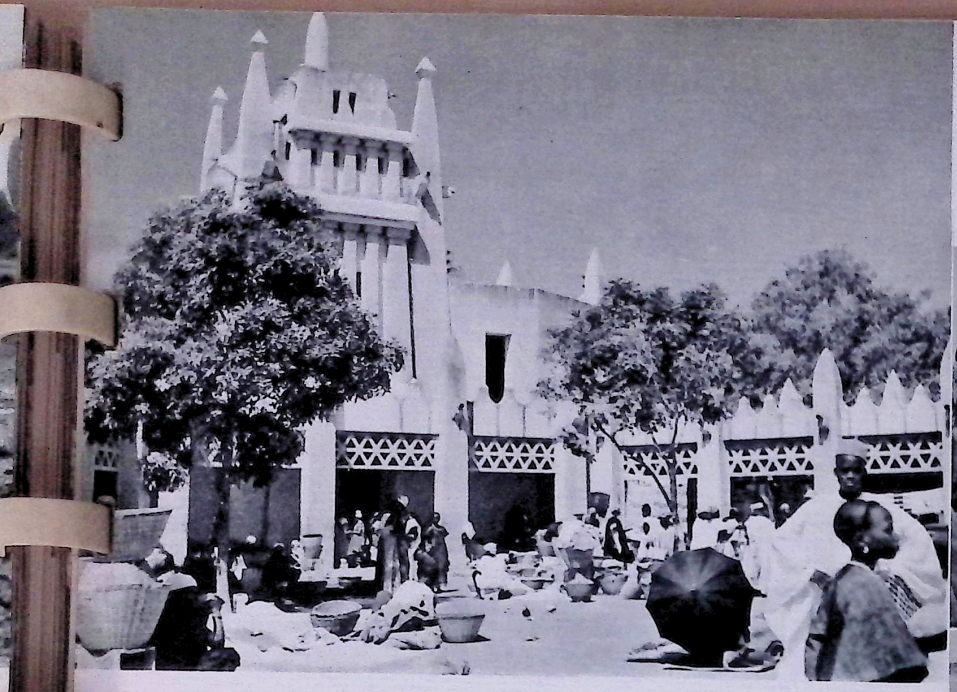




Martinique; and, on the mainland of South America, French Guinea, where live nearly a million men attached by many ties to France.

For the traveller who does not mind a week at sea without a landfall, the discovery of these oceanic islands is a magical experience. Although the influence of Australia, America and China has made itself felt in these islands—relics perhaps of a lost continent—lying as they do on the great sea routes, Tahiti, the Marquesas and the Windward Islands are none the less far-off outposts of France where, in a climate like no other on the earth, still floats our flag. The population of these islands, Maori and Melanesian, displays a diversity of races which astonishes the traveller. Indeed a study of it has led me to believe that the great division of the white and black races of the earth had its origin here.

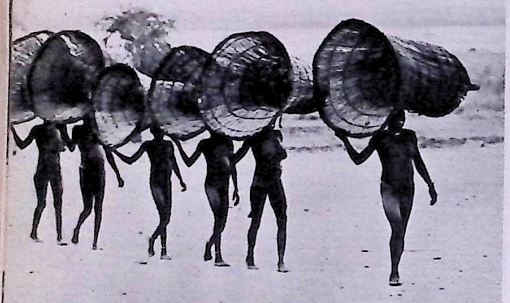
And now, to complete this world-tour of our Empire, let us visit Indo-China, the colony which,

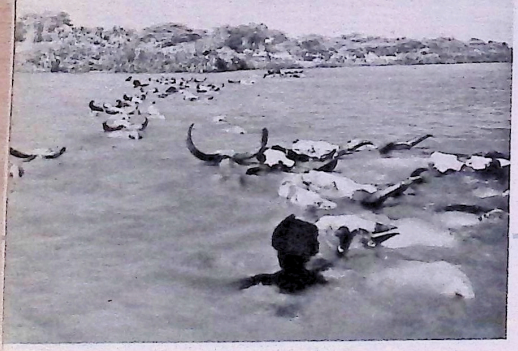


Bamako market. — A Chieftain of the Ouahigouya tribe. — The native canoes at Mopti. — Village in Sangha.

aside from our North African possessions, is the most valuable. The air-route provides for a stop in the protected territories of Syria, where our ancestors the Crusaders have left traces as glorious as they are enduring. It is a land of peace-loving, hardworking folk who stake their hopes on us; a land which, in its southern parts, is a veritable sponge of oil, capable of supplying enough petroleum for all our needs. The traveller by sea, having passed through the Suez Canal, stops off at Jibuti, a trading-station which we might be said to have "invented", where live the slim, tall, handsome Somalis, half-negro, half-Semitic; Jibuti, key-city of the Red Sea's outlet on the Indian Ocean.

Indo-China, with its twenty-five million inhabitants, is France's foothold in Asia; it is the link which binds our occidental civilisation (in part Latin, in part Frankish, Norman and Celtic) to the very ancient civilisations of China and Cambodia. Indeed the union of these two manners of life, often sublime and always nobly human, vouches for a prosperous future.



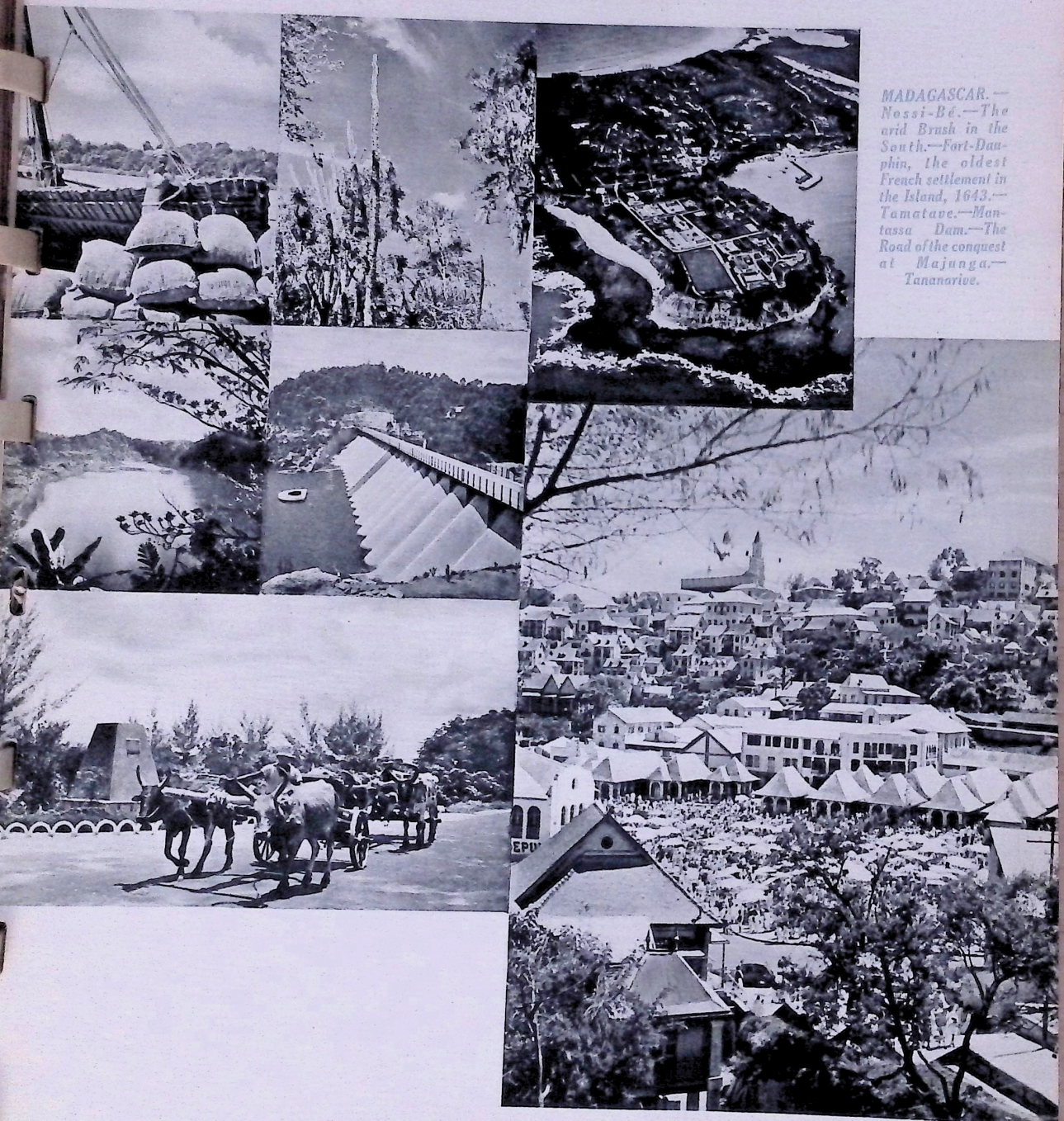


Village in Tahoua, Niger.—Bassari, Togoland.—Home-coming of the Fishing Fleet in the Tabouri country.—A Drove of Oxen crossing Lake Chad.

Five large provinces impart a variety of aspects to our Indo-Chinese possessions. The peasant and the Tonkinese mountaineer live under the same rule of justice and liberty as does the rice-grower in the marshes of Cochin-China, the hunter in the Cambodian forests strewn with lakes and sacred temples. And the Lao living on the highland traversed by the Mckong River can now, thanks to well-constructed highways, communicate with the mountainfolk of Annam and make contact with the riverine populations of the rolling country facing Southern China.

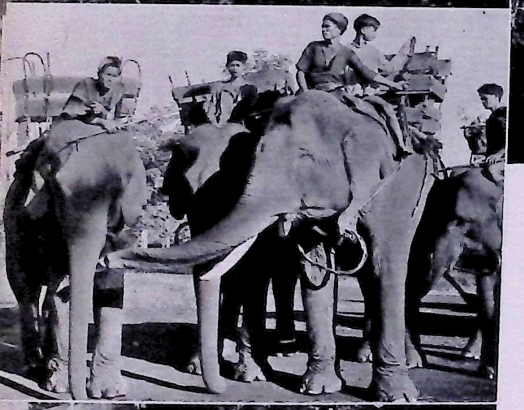
Whether it be tea, rubber, rare woods, or the immense output of rice—that daughter of sun and water—whether it be works of art, farm or factory produce, or the gold, tin, coal, and other metals from its mines, the twofold profit of all these things goes to the yellow

PHOTOS P. ICHAC ET P. VERGER



MADAGASCAR.—Nossi-Bé.—The arid Brush in the South.—Fort-Dauphin, the oldest French settlement in the Island, 1643.—Tamatave.—Mantassa Dam.—The Road of the conquest at Majunga.—Tananarive.

PHOTOS P. VERGER ET MUSÉE DE L'HOMME, CLICHÉ TH. LE PHAT

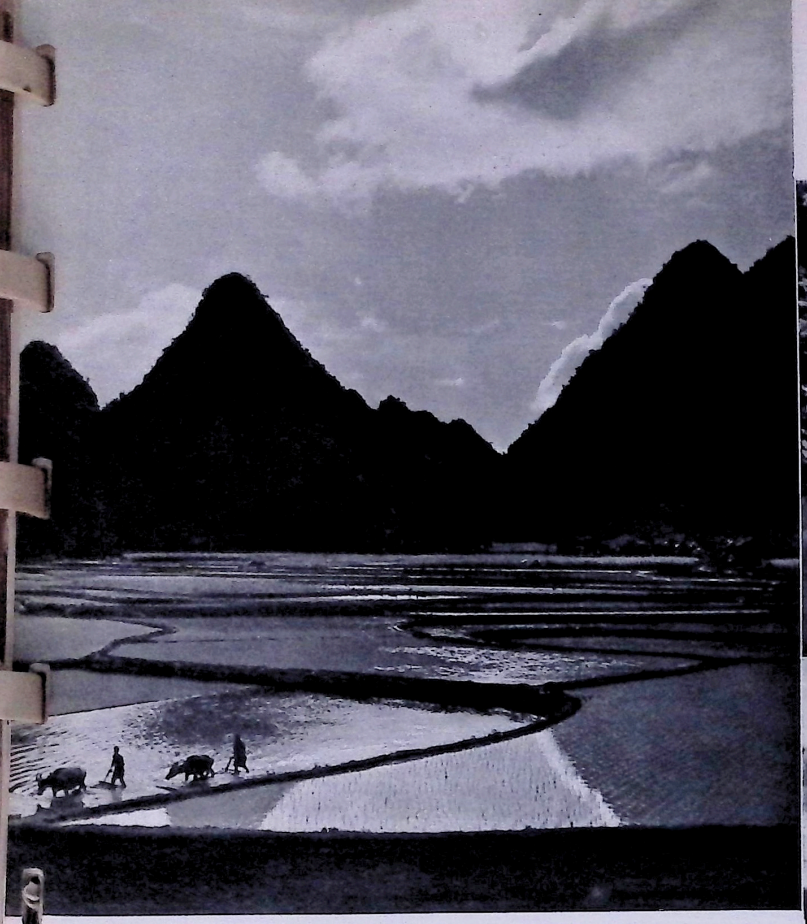


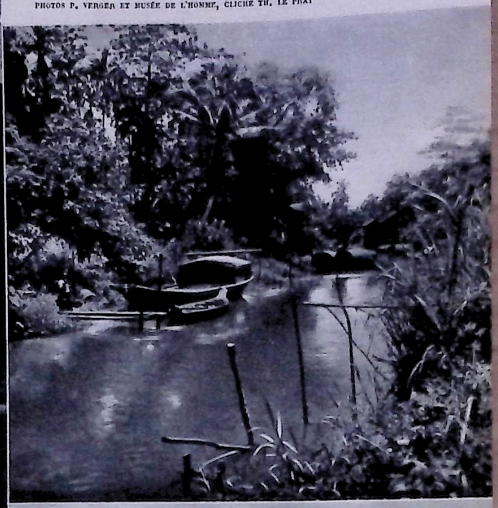
The Lotus-trees in the King's Gardens, at Huć.—The River of Perfumes, Tonquin.—The Tea Harvest, Kontum, Annam.—Ban Methaot, Annam.—Louang-Prabang Market, Laos.

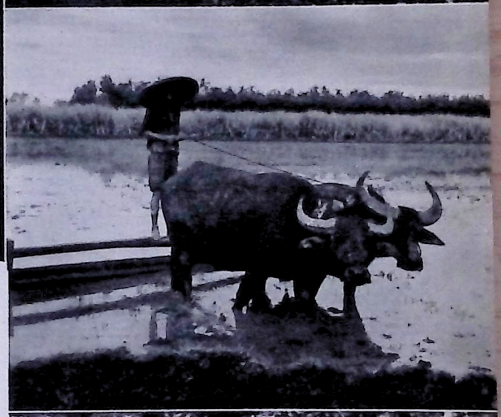
man of Indo-China and the French workman using these commodities, which France takes in exchange for her own wares.

Moreover, it is to France's credit that she has awakened from its age-long slumbers this Asiatic peninsula where once flourished one of the most splendid civilisations of the Far East.

PHOTOS P. VERGÉS ET MUSÉE DE L'HOMME, CLICHÉ TH. LE PHAT

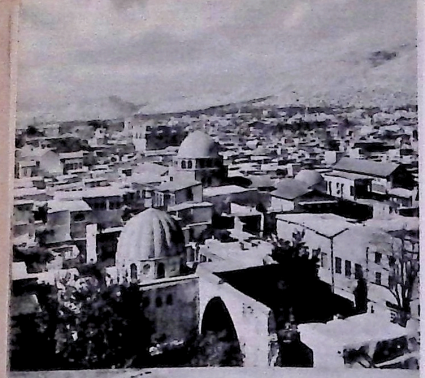


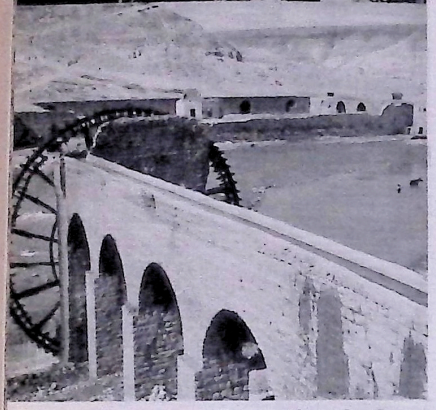




The rice-fields at Trung Khanh Phu, Tonquin.—In Cambodia, The Leper King.—Angkor, Cambodia.

Angkor Vat is today one of our art treasures, no less than the Louvre. And if our French cathedrals be included in the total output of our united cultural inspirations, the artistic unity and the ethnic and scientific collaboration of the Empire is no less evident than its economic oneness.





View over Damascus.—Water-mill on the Oronte.

Djibouti.—Types of Somaliland Natives.

PHOTOS P. VERGER ET R. ZUBER

Nothing is more impressive than to consider the deep, atavistic unity of the peoples of Indo-China, Madagascar, the West Indies; of the tillers of the soil in Black Africa or on the hillsides of our old colonies and the Mandate Territories such as the Cameroon and Togo, which we have enormously developed. The Berber wrestling with his rugged mountain soil, the Moroccan tilling his flat lands which border on the ocean, the Tunisian and Algerian pruning their vines and olive trees, the flower-crowned Polynesian harvesting his copra and vanilla, all these men are at one with France. The colonial trade with France—exports and imports—has risen from seven thousand million francs (present value) in 1900 to thirty-six thousand million in 1938. This unification of races so diverse is based, however, on something more than economic advantages; it rests on the fact that all these peoples plying spade and sickle are also capable of taking a sword in hand to safeguard their liberty and their common love of justice.

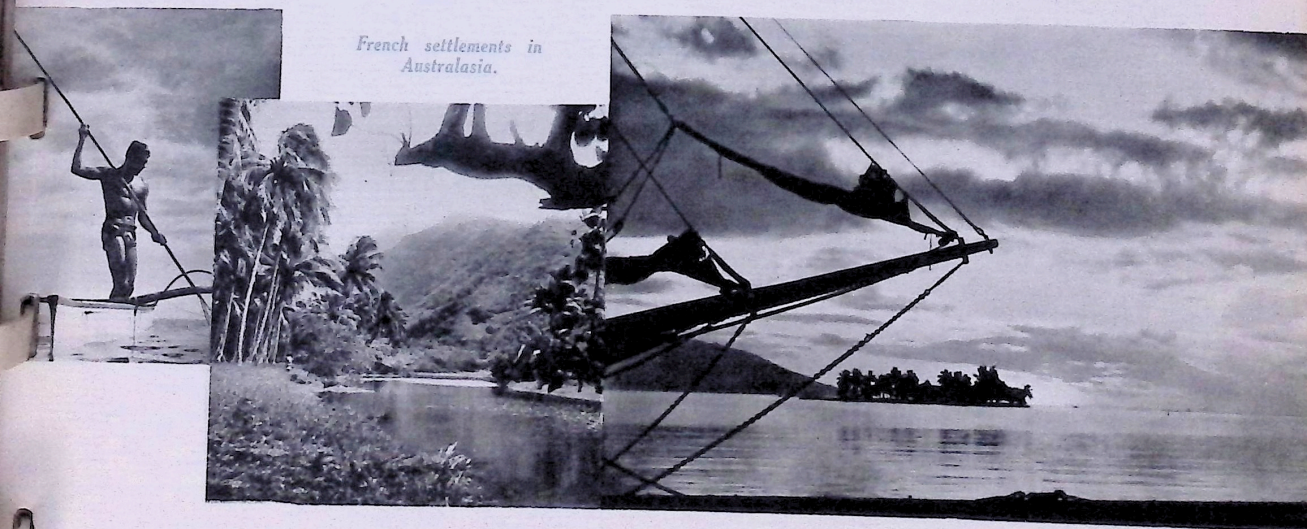
To cultivate the land and to defend it: such is the purpose which binds all the peoples of the French Empire far more closely than ephemeral ideologies and notions imported from abrood. Colonisation had long ceased to mean exploitation. We recognized long ago that the theory of a "Colonial Pact" was out of date and the possession of a colony meant an exchange of ideas and commodities with well-to-do, free and contented folk. Today the significance of the French Empire goes further still. Our purpose is not to turn our Arabs, Berbers, Annamites and Blacks into "little Frenchmen"—however much this catchword pleases the masses and the demagogues. More than anything else we want to help them to

FRENCH COLONIAL EMPIRE
NORTH AMERICA
SOUTH AMERICA
EUROPE
ASIA
AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
N
W
E
S
OTTAWA
CHICAGO
NEW-YORK
WASHINGTON
SAN FRANCISCO
MEXICO
HAVANA
GUATEMALA
SAN SALVADOR
TEGUISGALPA
MANAGUA
SAN JOSE
PANAMA
PORT AU PRINCE
SID OMINGUO
BASSE TERRE
FORT DE FRANCE
MARTINIQUE
CARACAS
CAYENNE
BOGOTA
QUITO
LIMA
LA PAZ
CHUQUISACA
NATAL
RIO DE JANEIRO
ASCUNCION
SANTIAGO
MONTEVIDEO
BUENOS AIRES
MARQUESAS Is
TAHITI
SOCIETY Is
TUBUAI Is
GAMBIER I.
RAPA I.
ST PIERRE
MIQUELON
LISBON
MADRID
PARIS
BRUSSELS
AMSTERDAM
BERLIN
WARSAW
VIENNA
BUDAPEST
BERNE
BELGRADE
SOFIA
ATHENS
ANKARA
TRIPOLI
BEIRUT
JERUSALEM
CAIRO
BAGHDAD
TEHRAN
MECCA
KHARTUM
ADDIS ABABA
ENTEBBE
NAIROBI
DAR ES SALAAM
S PAUL DE LOANDO
LEOPOLDVILLE
LAGOS
FREETOWN
MONROVIA
WINDHOEK
LORENCO MARQUEZ
DURBAN
CAPETOWN
MADAGASCAR
ANTANANARIVO
ST-DENIS
REUNION I.
KERGUELEN
CHANDERNAGOR
YANAON
PONDICHERRY
MARIKAL
KOUANG-TCHEOU
EQUATORIAL SCALE 1:70.000.000

The Case Pilote, Martinique.—Basse-Terre, Guadeloupe.—Fort-de-France, Martinique.

become the finest Arabs, Berbers, members of the yellow race, and negroes in the world.

These elements of our Empire, which ramifies over all the habitable parts of the globe, are not united only by moral and administrative ties. Great steamship companies connect our colonies with the metropolis. The *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique* insures communication between France and its North African and American territories. The *Compagnie Paquet*, the *Fabre Line* the *Chargeurs Réunis*, the *Transports maritimes* and the *Compagnie Touache* connect North Africa, West Africa, and Equatorial Africa with Marseilles, Bordeaux and Le Havre. The *Messageries Maritimes* ensure communication with the Levant, Jibuti, Indo-China and Polynesia. Impossible to name here all the companies whose cargo-boats ply between the mother-country and her outlying territories, laden with agricultural produce, wood and minerals. Not to mention the network of air-line which daily bring Dakar, the Bight of Benin, Madagascar, and the Asiatic coasts



French settlements in Australasia.

PHOTOS P. VERGER ET MUSÉE DE L'HOMME. CLICHÉ TH. LE PRAT

one Empire

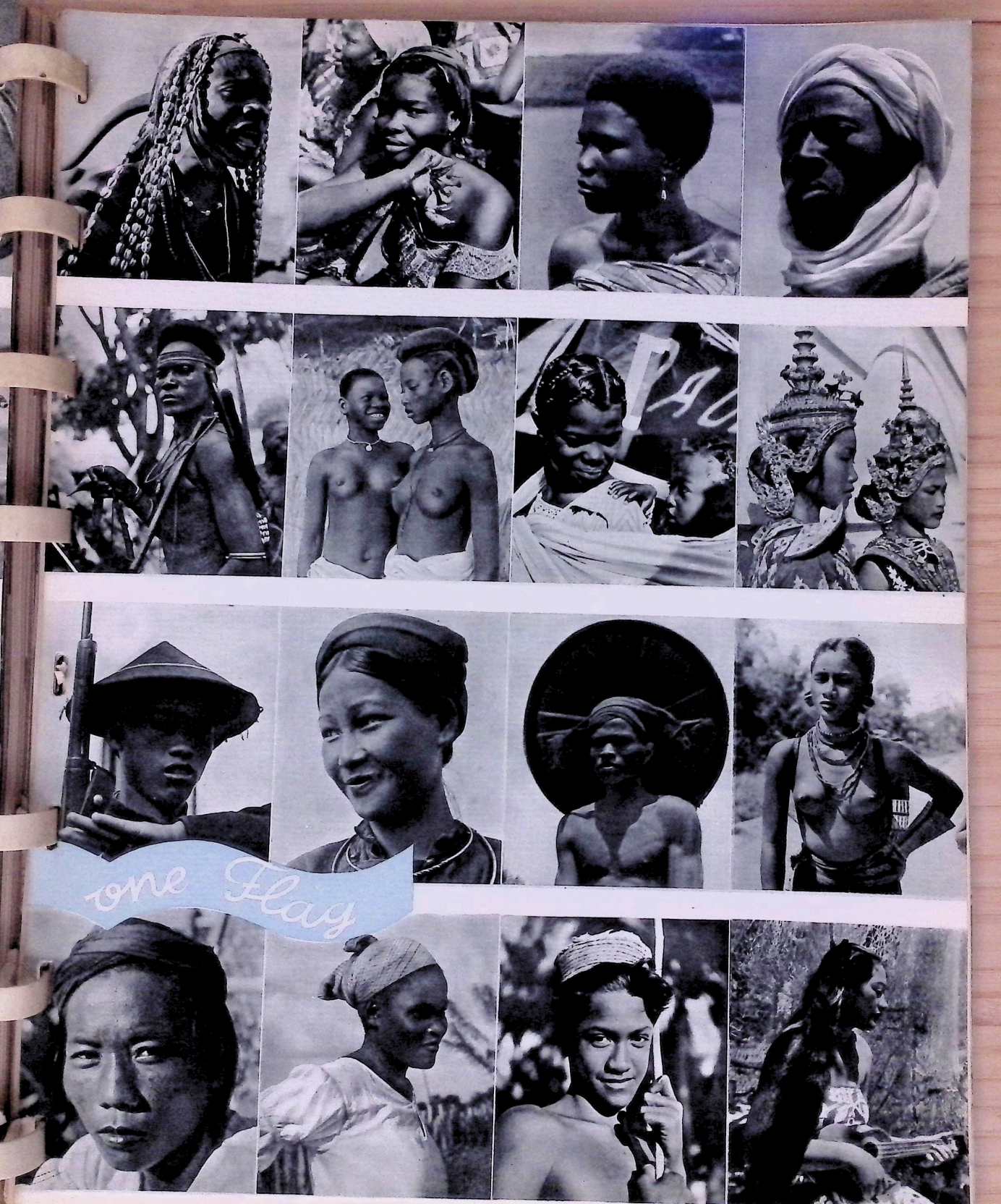

one Flag

PHOTO PIERRE VERGER

...The Loyalty of the Empire...

nearer to Paris than were Provence and Languedoc in olden days.

These facilities of travel are not for the sole benefit of trade and the government of our far-flung colonies; the tourist, too, employs them more and more, whether in the desire to enlarge his field of knowledge or to find sport in hunting exotic game, and the paths thus opened to him are as safe as they are picturesque. There is no reason why I should omit to say that I myself visit each year these distant lands to refresh my mind with the contemplation of nature undefiled, and to replenish the faith I have in my country, which has built up so glorious an Empire in the four quarters of the globe.

ANDRÉ DEMAISON

FRANCE AT WORK

by

RAOUL DAUTRY

AFTER the war of 1914 and the prodigious efforts it entailed for furnishing the army with munitions, France showed her originality by remaining, as M. Edouard Herriot put it in a happy phrase, "a country of two storeys, a factory and a field," with a little over half her population still at work on the land—and thus maintaining a perfect balance between her agriculture and her industry.

Though he is not aware of it, the French peasant is a pillar of the law and of tradition; nothing will ever persuade him to consent to being dispossessed unlawfully of a single inch of his land. The civil judges in our rural districts know this well and spare no pains, no skill, in satisfying—without, however, intensifying it—the peasant's passion for the soil, that soil which is to him a beloved, infinitely desirable object, to whose improvement he devotes himself year in year out, body and soul. The French peasant is custodian of the secret of our race, understands it more profoundly than does any other, and lives in close communion with pasture-land and tilth, with his flocks and herds and trees.

He adapts himself to his fields, his vineyard; and the care he lavishes on them bespeaks his love for this given spot of earth, the task with which he has identified himself, which has indeed become part of himself.

That is why the soil and the tillers of the soil are the foursquare foundation, economic, ethical and social, of the well-proportioned structure that is France. For it is not only—as our school of "physiocrats" used to assert—our natural wealth that comes from the soil; it furnishes our race with its physical and moral stamina as well, and with the finest elements of our manhood. It is the sons of peasants who, in a continuous advance through intermediate social strata, recruit the ranks of our leading statesmen and writers, engineers and scientists. An old adage of the French nobility ran: "We all spring from the plough." And that holds good still of all our forms of aristocracy, including that of intellect.

Twenty million peasants constitute the loam which nourishes all that makes France what she is to-day. Twenty million peasants with two ruling passions, thrift and order : guarantees of recovery in the hardest times and the bedrock of our strength.

The diversity and unity of the soil are the sources of its bounty and its inexhaustibility. Of this diversity ample proof is given by the produce of this much-favored land. On the soil of France you will find both oak and olive-trees, apple-orchards and orange-groves, vineyards and beetroot fields. The water-supply, too, is well distributed throughout the country, and at numerous points provides huge reserves of power. Moreover, France is a land where cattle-breeding prospers and the rivers are a fisherman's delight, a land of plain and mountain, field and forest, a land "which nature seems to have devised to be self-sufficing, thanks to the variety of its resources, the range of its amenities, and the way in which all its energies seem spontaneously to work together towards unity and well-being."

s in close communion with hish tilt...

For the diversity on which we have laid stress would not be an unqualified advantage if the leading characteristic of France—a characteristic which not only is brought home to every youngster in our schools, but is one of the first things to strike our foreign visitors were not its unity. In fact no other European country won through to unity earlier than France.

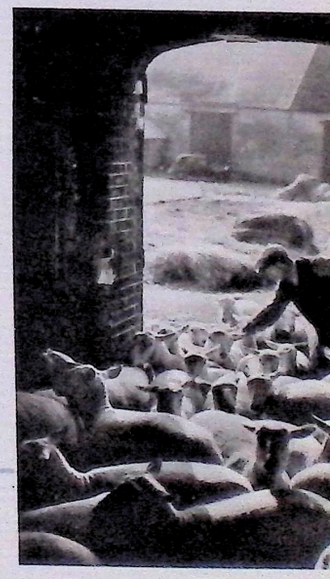
The very life of France, the collaboration and the contrast between Paris and the provinces, illustrate this unity in diversity. Paris is a seething maelstrom of ideas, theories and rival systems that meet and clash, fusing together races, languages, religions, the mystical aspirations of every age and clime, in a vast melting-pot, worthy of a Dante's vision, from which, tried by the fire,

emerge ideals that stimulate mankind, a faith that holds in check the powers of darkness, and forces that give an impetus to the nation's progress. Whereas the provinces, patient and industrious, wise with the lore of immemorial years, serve not only as the nursery-garden of our men of science, artists, engineers, lawyers and government officials, but also as a filter, reducing all things to their proper scale. For our provinces have also the function of a censor; quietly, methodically, they sift out and discard false ideas, catchwords of a day, and retain only such as are worthy of the national heritage, ideas that the years to come will automatically endorse.

As Henry de Jouvenel once said : Without Paris nothing happens, without the provinces nothing endures.

It is from this twofold national trend, towards diversity and unity, that the Frenchman gets his taste for independent thinking, his sense of freedom as he goes about his daily tasks, and his instinctive, spontaneous enthusiasm for joining in the defence of noble causes, however great the risks involved. Thus he is enterprising but without indiscipline, disciplined without being gregarious, individualistic without anarchy.

his vineyard, his livestock and



It is probably his experience as a tiller of the soil—long spells of labour given to slow-growing crops, of waiting for the season's turn, of observation of the clouds and winds, humble subservience to nature—that has given the French poet, scientist and engineer, the craftsman of yesterday and manual worker of to-day, the taste for work, the efficiency and the doggedness that are their never-failing virtues. When the French peasant restores our noble vineyards, ruined by the phylloxera epidemic, to their former prospe-

...France has won and holds a high place in the field of industry...

Blast-furnaces at Pont-à-Mousson.

rity within the space of twenty years, or proves his adaptability by switching over from silkworm-breeding and the cultivation of madder to growing early vegetables, does he not qualify to rank as a "technician" of no mean order? When the engineering staff and their personnel of foremen and workmen in one of our automobile factories set to turning out the first French mass-production car, of a new and purposely simple type[1], and made of it, despite the limitations inevitable with standardized production, a beautifully finished piece of machinery, equipped with all the refinements that could be desired, did they not demonstrate the traditional qualities of the race: our love of beauty and of "doing a good job?" In a Paris garage I have seen a garage-hand, whose humble task is that of washing cars, taking as much pains to make the body-work of a ten horse-power car flawless and mirror-bright, as his grandmother must have taken to dust and polish the dresser that was the pride of some Burgundian or Norman cottage.

It is due to his peasant background that the French worker, transplanted into the field of industry, rarely appraises technical achievements by mere size. As with the tillers of the soil or stock-breeders who were his forbears, what alone counts with him is the durability of the work done, and the beauty of the thing produced. His standards are those of originality and permanence and also—paradoxical as this may sound—of the difficulty to be faced and boldness shown in overcoming it: standards of perfection deriving from the traditions of our social life and a long artistic past.

This patient, individual toil has given the wines of France their exquisite varieties of flavour, and it is this capacity for hard work that enables the French peasant to harvest fifteen hundredweight of wheat to the

1. *It was an American who observed that if the world owes to Ford the first mass-production car, to Citroën falls the credit of having been the first to "humanize" it.*

...a railway system a hundred years old but thoroughly rejuvenated...

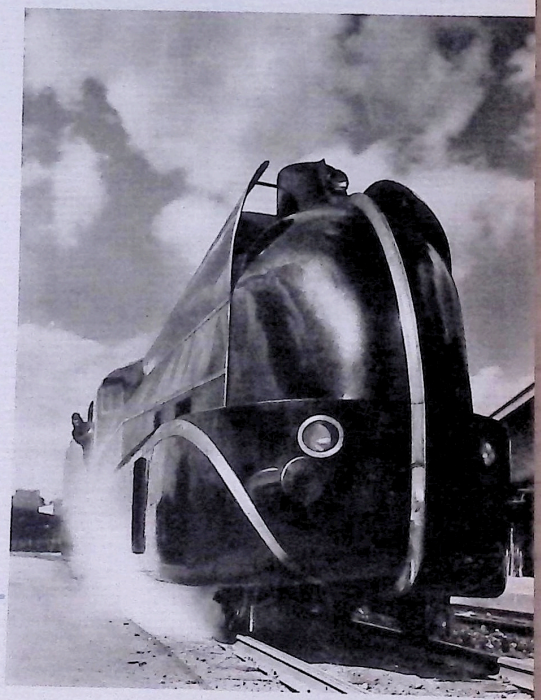


PHOTO H. LACHEROY

...french architecture has achieved a thorough renovation and now meets the most modern requirements... — Beaujon Hospital (Architect: Jean Walter).

PHOTO SCHALL

hectare (two and half acres). To it is also due the world-wide renown of our silks and textiles, of French cookery and fashions.

This excellence, accruing as it does from a quest of perfection, of quality and constant amelioration, that has persisted through many centuries without a break, is to be found in other branches of French activity. It is no less apparent in our decorative art—which, with sculpture and painting, shares a sort of triple suzerainty in France—than in our architecture, which has undergone a thorough renovation and now meets the most modern requirements. Though perhaps less known and less commented on, our progress in this field is to be seen in the recent improvments to our ports, canals and highways, which foreigners still, as in the days of Arthur Young, declare "the finest in the world." This is true also of our railroad system, a hundred years old but thoroughly reconstructed and rejuvenated as to its equipment, rolling stock, working methods and corporate organization.

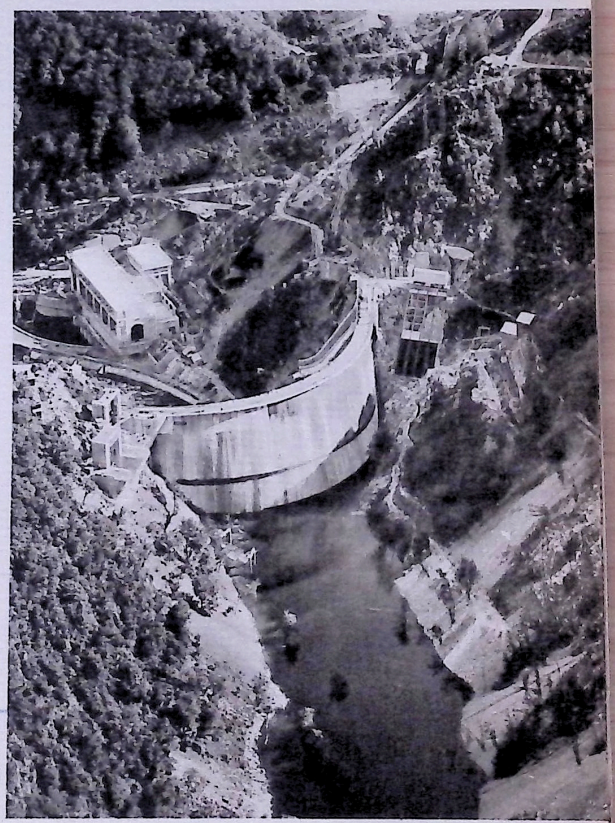
Doubtless we must admit that in certain branches of industry France cannot claim a front-rank place. The fact is that the many inventions and discoveries placed at the free disposal of the world to-day—a circumstance over which we can but rejoice—serve primarily as a starting-point for new techniques, which each nation develops in terms of the resources and the outlets peculiar to it, and on the lines of its own genius.

It is all the more striking that France has won, and holds, a very high place in certain fields of industry which derive from French inventions and discoveries: the production of Rayon artificial silk based on the work

of Chardonnet, the important developments with calcium carbide and acetylene founded on the work of Berthelot and Moissant, likewise the processes involved in the utilization of aluminium, the liquefaction of air and the generation of rare gases. Among so many others, which need not be enumerated, the two technical achievements which have so profoundly modified the face of the earth since the beginning of the century, the automobile and the distribution of electric energy, call for mention here. The motor-car was born in France of the work of de Pecqueur, Lenoir and Beau de Rochas, Forest, Bollée, Renault and Michelin. And even though to-day France no longer dominates the world markets, she produces annually over 220. 000 cars, and has a motor vehicle for every twenty inhabitants.

As for electro-technical developments, thanks to the work of Fourneyron who invented the turbine, of de Sasilly and Delocre to whom we owe the technique of high-level dams, of Aristide Berges who installed the first hydro-electric conduit, of Marcel Desprez who built the first long-distance electric transmission line, and of Gaulard who invented the transformer, France has won and keeps a place in the first rank with more than 95 per cent of her country towns and villages electrified.

...the distribution of electrical energy has profoundly changed the face of the earth... — The Marèges dam.



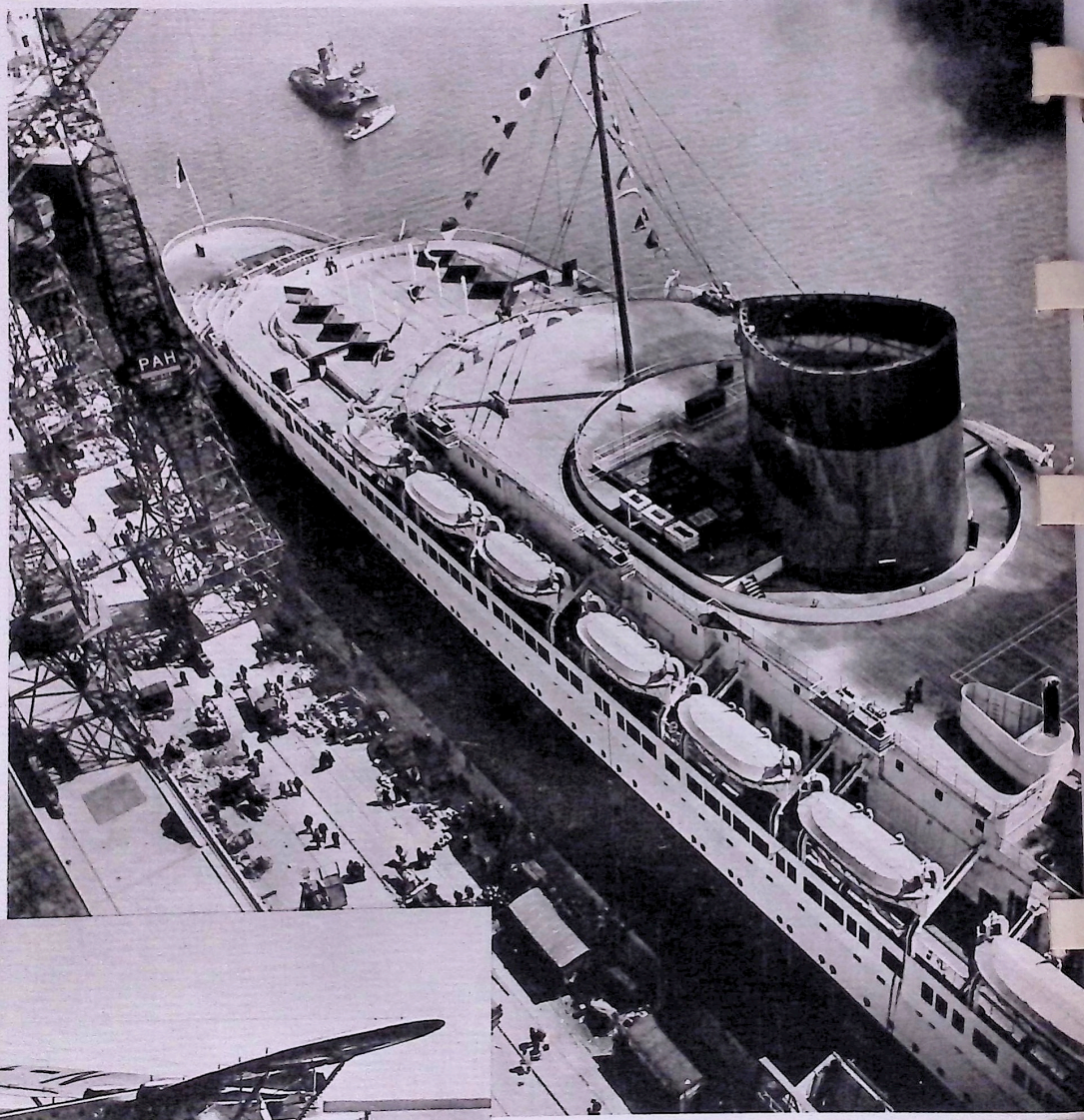
Moreover, France has a long record of achievements associated with boldness in the public mind: the Suez Canal no less than the *Normandie*, the great tunnels through the Alps, the Eiffel Tower, the Orly hangars, the Plougastel Bridge, and the Marèges dam.

Finally, we must not fail to cite an achievement which the magnitude of the task involved makes particularly impressive. Unforgettable is the story of the devastated areas, for the restoration of which France put forth an

PHOTO C. A. F

...France has a long record of achievements associated with the idea of boldness in the public mind...

S. S. "Normandie" in Havre Harbour. "Lieutenant-de-Vaisseau Paris", transatlantic hydroplane.



PHOTOS SCHALL ET TUEFFERD

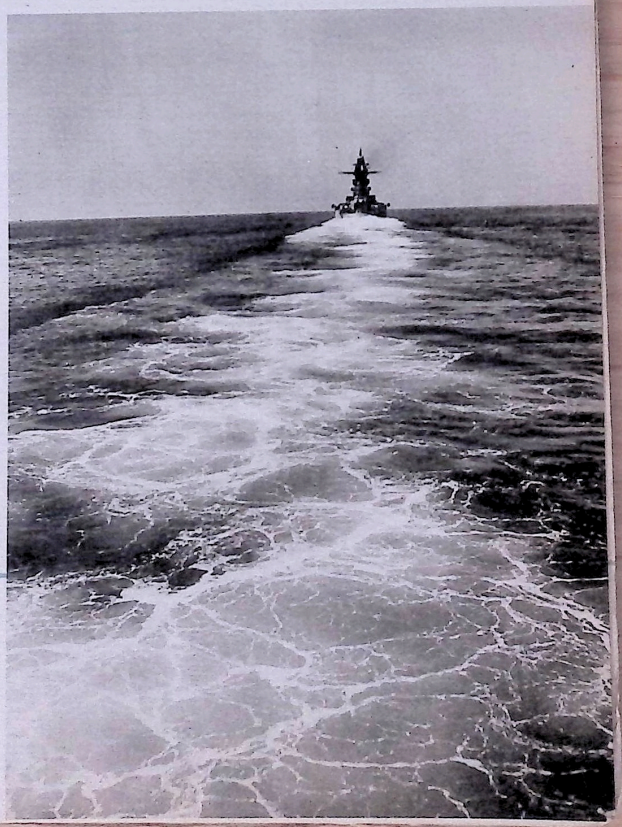
effort that, considering the country was exhausted by four years of war, we can only call prodigious. Within an extraordinarily short period more public buildings, houses, roads, railroads, bridges and factories were constructed, more mines restored to working order, and more farmlands brought once more under cultivation than many an important European country contains within its borders.

This sketch of French activities would be incomplete if, to the material activities mentioned above, we failed to add those on the plane of intelligence. Most to be considered in this connexion is the French character. Like all other types of human character it has its failings. Taking after his native soil, the Frenchman is an individualist—sometimes to excess. But it is to this "rampant individualism" of his that he owes one aspect of his nature, his intense creative impulse. In the field of pure science France may well be proud of the pioneers of high discovery she has given to the world. With Ampère and, following him, Curie, in the field of physics, with Bichat in that of general anatomy, Claude Bernard in physiology, Cuvier in zoology, Pasteur in medical, and Berthelot in chemical research, France has largely contributed to the establishment of modern science on henceforth indestructible foundations.

Nowadays this creative impulse of the French mind is sometimes called in question; some go so far as to say that the Frenchman, product of a too rich, too favoured land, has "gone to sleep" over his vested interests. They talk of him as a "provincial-minded European," whose one desire is for "an easy time of it" and who is now incapable of making that constant readjustement to future needs which alone ensures the permanence of a race. People who talk thus know little of the French temperament; they do not realize how alert it is, tuned in to catch the faintest whisper borne from the furthest corners of the earth.

The Battleship Dunkerque, launched in 1935. 26,500 tons.

PHOTO GASTON PARIS



The French workman and artisan

With a moral and intellectual, material and psychological equipment of this order at her command, France should keep abreast of her task easily enough. Not only the daily task that ensures her own existence and her children's welfare, but those "major works" that stand out in the record of a nation's life as landmarks of her genius. From the cathedrals to the *châteaux* and the citadels of Vauban, and from these to Haussmann's city-planning, to our railroads, highways, harbours and vast colonial enterprises, in all this pageant of the past and present, France has never fallen short of her illustrious task.

What of to-morrow? Pessimists will tell you, "French commerce and industry are on the down-grade, the influence of the French tongue is waning. Over three million foreigners are employed in France on work that French labour is inadequate to cope with, or, else, pampered as it is, disdains to undertake. And the birth-rate is falling."

Certainly, if this were happening elsewhere than in France, there would be good cause for alarm. But, as Jean Giraudoux said recently, "If our 617000 births are taken as a *terminus*, the outlook's black; but if we view them as a *starting-point*, it's bright indeed!" Especially as it is the lean years due to the war that account for these particularly low figures; and more especially because our present death-rate is the lowest ever registered in France.

Work in France may be viewed under two aspects: as a concrete reality and as a potentiality. As for the former, the work being done in

...with splendidly equipped installations... — Oil-refinery at Port-Jérome.

PHOTO H. TACHEAUX

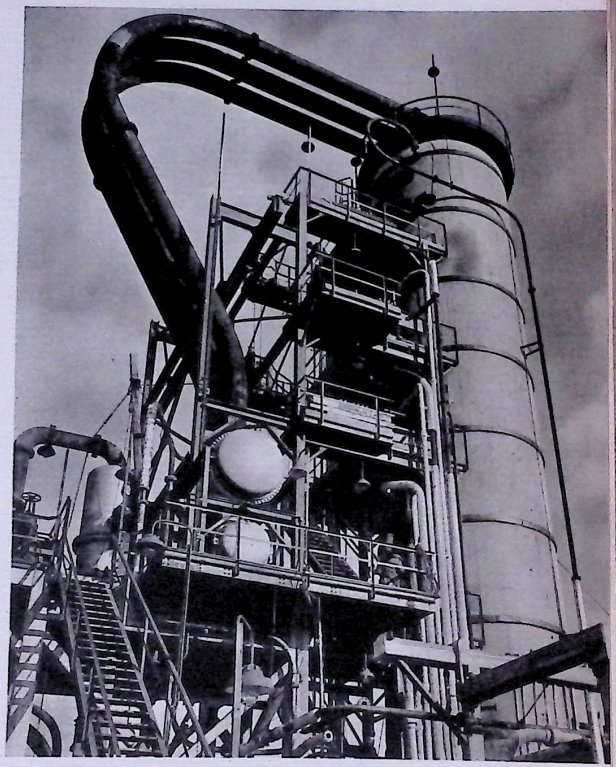


PHOTO JEAN ROUBIER

..France has contributed largely to the establishment of modern science on indestructible foundations...

France to-day following up the work done in the past, we have seen what is its result; its result is France. As for the potential work, the work of to-morrow, we can say this: together with the multifarious, incessant forms of daily labour that promote the nation's life, the fortification and armaments that protect it, "major works" will be embarked on to prolong and stimulate it. These "major works" will be pacific ones and more than pacific, symbolic of a better future. Nor will reaction or self-seeking enter into them. They will include not only town-planning, better homes, playing-fields and rural sanitation, but a Trans-Saharan railroad, the Channel Tunnel, a highway across the Alps; they will create new links between man and man, new trails blazed towards the world of a happier to-morrow by the unflagging genius of France.

RAOUL DAUTRY

FRENCH THOUGHT AND ART

by

PAUL VALÉRY
DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

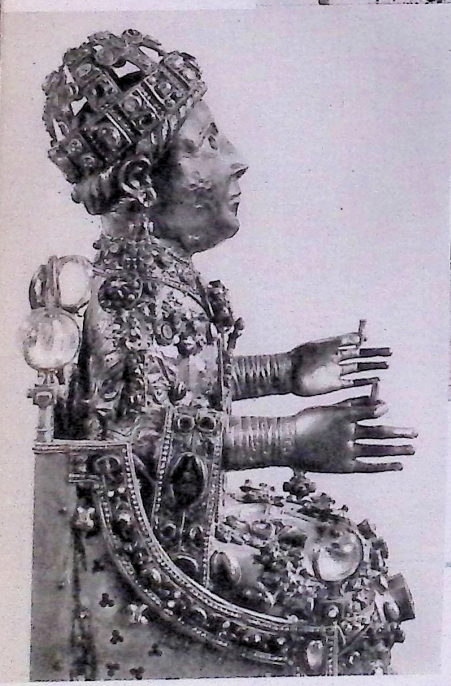
SUPPOSE one wished to give an idea of all that France has accomplished in the world of thought since ever there was a land called France; suppose one tried to sum up the extent and value of this achievement in its particular and its universal references; suppose one "boiled down", as the phrase goes, centuries, schools and styles, personalities and fashions, till all that remained might be included in the compass of a few pages—supposing one decided to embark on such an enterprise, I wonder how one ought to set about it and what results might be anticipated. It comes to this, in short: one would have to define or create an Entity, an Author (in the wide sense of the term), styled "France", which in the course of a thousand years' career had brought into being that aggregate of buildings, monuments and masterpieces of all orders, those manifestations of intellect and knowledge, which we regard as our national birthright of pride and of tradition.

That, I suppose, would be the way to set about it. For it would be a hopeless, indeed an interminable task, trying to solve the problem by a chronological enumeration of great men and great works, a list of names, a catalogue of French achievements.

Thus the best course open to me is to feign a certain aloofness from our intellectual and artistic heritage; to stand back far enough from it to perceive only the general aspects of our profusion of things of beauty and accumulated treasure, without splitting it up into separate creations, individual great men and exceptional happenings capable of being isolated from the system within which they arose. In a word, to see France steadily and whole, to determine the part played by France in building up the intellectual capital of mankind; but always confining myself to what belongs to France and to France alone, and leaving out everything too close for a perspective view.

The Church of Notre-Dame-la-Grande, XIIth Century. — Poitiers.

Saint Foy. — Statue in gold, adorned with gems and enamels, Xth Century. — In the Conques Church.



PHOTOS ARCHIVES PHOTOGRAPHIQUES D'ART ET D'HISTOIRE

It is common knowledge that the land of France may be reckoned one of the most varied in the world, if we compare its variety with its extent. No geographical feature but has its illustration here, from our high mountains to our coastline, which includes every known type of littoral. The geological and mineral structure is no less rich in strata of all ages and rocks of many orders. And the wide range of climates and flora matches this muster of harmonious contrasts.

The successive influences that went to the shaping of the population of this so varied land have produced a remarkable amalgam of human types. Without invoking that indefinable concept of "race", the most superficial observation of the population of France shows that it includes types obviously and thoroughly dissimilar. Many dialects totally foreign to each other are still surviving in our provinces, and quite distinct customs, modes of living, methods of agriculture and house-building have persisted more or less intact.

In a word the "formula of composition"—if I may borrow an expression used by our chemists—for the French nation is one of the most complex in the world, though the population it applies to reveals itself extraordinarily *one* whenever foreign events call for such unity.

The intellectual firstfruit of a people is its language, and it is the language that we should begin by studying if we want to take the measure of a people's intellectual life and of the progress of that life parallel to the eventful course of its history. A nation's language is, so to speak, a statistical formation, and would tend to be unstable—sometimes indeed to change with extreme rapidity—if its mobility and its local, anonymous variations, getting out of hand, were allowed to gain ground, to alter the sound and meaning of words, and the syntax too, without encountering any opposition. But, in actual fact, persistent though it is, this trend is kept more or less in check by the determination and feeling for the language of the upholders of a high standard, whose influence takes effect on the multitude, whether that influence derives from individuals or from institutions, or even from large groups of people amongst whom the exchange of ideas is particularly active. For as in the world of commerce, the more active trade is, the more necessary it is that the currency and weights and

PHOTO JEAN ROUBIER

Amiens Cathedral, by the master-masons Robert de Luzarches, Thomas and Renaud de Cormont, XIIIth Century.

measures should be stable and well defined—so with the exchange of ideas.

In France, at various epochs, and concurrently with the influence exerted by contemporary books, the language was stabilized, or else deliberately modified to some extent, sometimes by the Court, sometimes by the Academy, sometimes by educational institutions controlled by Government, and last but not least (as are so many things in France) by the direct action of Paris and the centralizing in Paris of the production and publication of ideas.

All these influences tended to have a mutually tempering effect on the various elements I mentioned above, with the result that the French language has certain characteristics peculiar to itself and differentiating it somewhat profoundly from other western tongues.

There is no "singing" quality in properly spoken French. It keeps within a limited vocal compass; words are uttered on an almost level tone. All our consonants are extraordinarily softened. As for our vowels, they are more numerous and have a wider range of inflexions than those in Latin and Germanic languages. Our usage of the silent "e" in poetry is a convenience peculiar to French.

No syntax could be more rigid than ours. In the strict observance of conventions it equals our classical prosody. It is a singular fact that a people so renowned for extreme freedom and rationality of thought should let its spoken language thus be trammelled by restrictions many of which seem unaccountable. Perhaps the French have felt that there exists a higher freedom, a freedom based on order, which manifests itself and is attained by way of handicaps, futile though these may appear.

However that may be, our language, with all its aversion for the fabrication of compound words, for the conveniences of apposition, and manipulations of the word-order in a phrase, and although contenting itself readily enough with a rather limited vocabulary, is justly famed for the clarity of its structure. This clarity it is which, in conjunc-

Angel. French XIIIth Century School. — Louvre Museum.

PHOTO ARCHIVES PHOTOGRAPHIQUES D'ART ET D'HISTOIRE

Château of Azay-le-Rideau, XVIth Century.

Statue of Judith, XVIth Century. — Hôtel d'Ecoville, Caen.

PHOTOS LE BOYER ET SCHALL

tion with the taste so prevalent amongst us for definitions and niceties of abstract thought, presided at the creation of so many masterpieces of verbal organization, of so many pages of such architectural perfection that they seem to win our admiration quite independently of their meaning, of the mental images and ideas they embody—even indeed of their sound effects.

I have referred to "architecture", and this is perhaps the place to set down an observation directly bearing on it. I have just been considering in our literature, in what is its most essentially French quality, a type of literary work deriving from the great collective work embodied in our language. Very often our language does not lend itself to a simple, direct expression of an idea, but necessitates the nice adjustement of what we have in mind and want to say—a task that is probably more arduous, and more personal, than that which writers in other countries are confronted with. But the "constructions" which result from this necessity and could not have been thus achieved except under the stress of adverse conditions, and which have called for no less knowledge, lucidity and determination than inventiveness—such "constructions" evoke in many cases the impression of an exquisite adjustement between life and time's duration, between light and matter, form and substance.

Are not these the very qualities which cause French architecture of the best periods to rank beside that of Greece at her splendid best, and set it in the forefront of the world's constructive art? At its origin lies a gift of nature, of our French soil, in the form of a really fine quality of stone, than which none could be more suitable for accurate and skilful cutting. The grain is perfect, without either the harshness of marble or the crystalline toughness of the various granites. It is a stone which charms the eye and adapts itself no less to elegant transitions and charming *modenatura* than to every bold effect which may be aimed at. France is a land of great forests,. with oak and chestnut in profusion, that furnish stout material for beams and rafters, all the structural elements and trusses that support the roofs of buildings.

Such materials spur the craftsman to good work, and good work is, in the last analysis, a long struggle whose achievement is the transformation of the man into an artist and what is in the making into a noble object.

In both domains of art, architecture and literature alike, it should be noted that there exists in France a tradition—more than that, an instinct—to turn out "good work".

From the sixteenth century onwards there has steadily developed in our country a critical spirit towards all that pertains to "form". During the so-called classical period, it exercised a strict control over our literature, and thereafter never ceased to have an influence, direct or indirect, on all estimates of literary values, and as a result, on the literary works themselves. France is a land where considerations of pure form, a deference to form for its own sake, have been paramount up to our times. "Writer" in France means something more than a man who writes books and gets them published. An author, even though very highly gifted and successful, is not necessarily a "writer". And all the wit and learning in the world do not equip him with a "style".

Hall of Mirrors. — Château de Versailles, XVIIth Century.

PHOTO JEAN ROUBIER

Style is the product of a very special feeling for language. It cannot be acquired, but it can be developed. In our country this development has been fostered not only by the artist's self-communings, when in solitude he reviews his ambitions and available vocabulary, but also by the stimulation of competitive talents and by the standards set at various periods by eclectic groups—such as the Court, *Salons*, *Cafés*, and literary coteries, all of which have acted, each in its time, as all-powerful arbiters of style, and forcing-grounds of the most virulent criticism. The exigencies of such groups, their conservative or revolutionary traditions, have had far-reaching effects on our literature and on our arts. The subject is a vast one, calling for extended treatment and factual details which would take me too far afield. I must confine myself to indicating the significance of this typically French organization of literary activities, in a few brief phrases. In France an outstanding intellectual personality rarely takes form as something apart from the main stream; as a phenomenon wholly unrelated to prevailing modes of thought and taste and fashion. It has got either to stand by them or to declare itself against them. For the last four centuries the evolution of our art has proceeded by way of successive schools, of action and reaction, pamphlets and manifestos. We like novelties to justify themselves, tradition to defend itself. A cavalcade of prefaces, pronouncements and theories ushers in, with a flourish of arguments, each forward step and each new standard. In this respect, our literature falls into line with our politics. The result has been, oddly enough, that for over half a century literature in France has been a sort of testing-ground on which all possibilities (by the same token, impossibilities) of language and poetic form have been tried out, with considerable boldness and varying success. In successful cases the innovation was the result of profound analysis of thought and the methods of expressing it; the others were mere leaps in the dark, inspired solely by the keen desire to do something that had not been done before.

Detail from the parterre d'eau. — Château de Versailles, XVIIth Century

PHOTO LEGRAND

The attempt that I am

Palais du Gouvernement and Place de la Carrière. Architect : Emmanuel Héré.

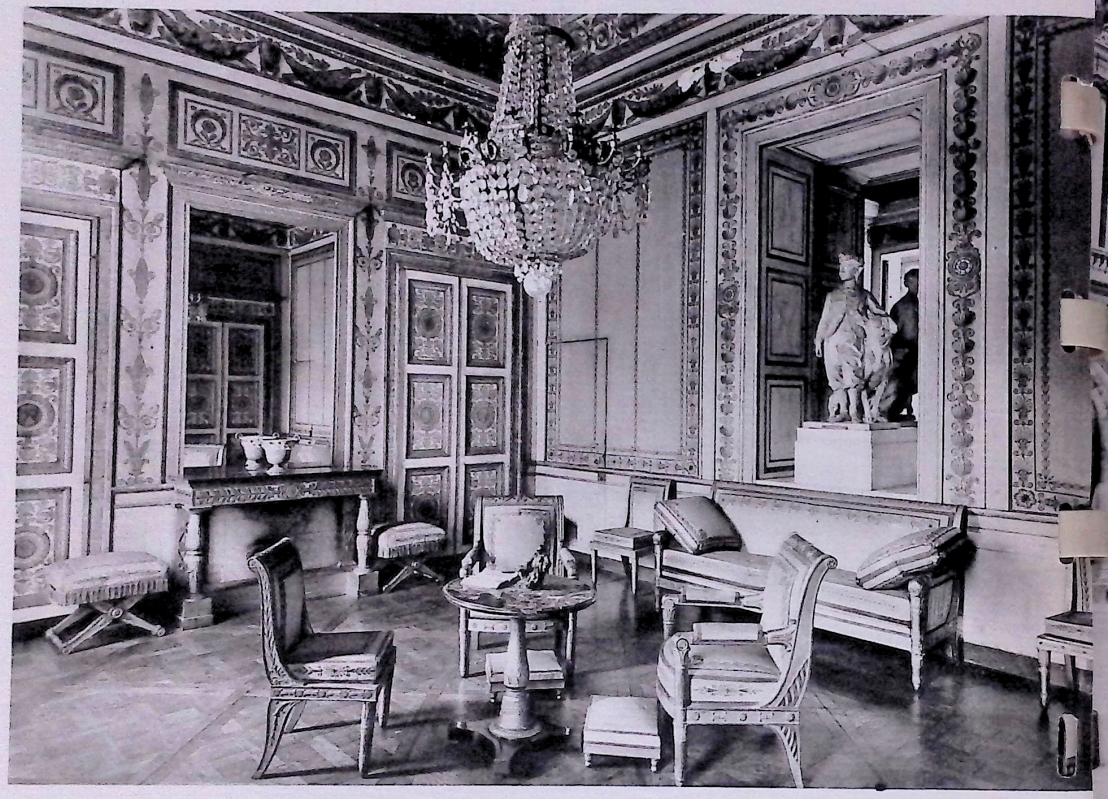
Detail of an iron gate, by Jean Lamour — Place Stanislas. Nancy, XVIIIth Century.

PHOTOS ARCHIVES PHOTOGRAPHIQUES D'ART ET D'HISTOIRE ET SCHALL

making here to discern, to isolate and to define in a few words that element in the vast output of France which is peculiar to my country, becomes, in the nature of things, more arduous and less reliable (if indeed the whole attempt be not chimerical) when I come to deal with the creations of science and speculative thought. It is obvious that philosophic speculation, no less than scientific research, aims at discoveries that are universal, easy to impart to all men—a circumstance that tends to withdraw such products of the mind from latent influences of a national lineage, of local customs and environment. The efforts of the abstract or "pure" thinker, like those of the technician, are directed to effacing or submerging all that the thinker gets primarily from his nation or his race, since their object is to create values independent of precise localities and persons. Doubtless it is not impossible to detect (or to seem to detect) in any given metaphysical or ethical system, elements that can be ascribed to a particular race or nation; indeed we often feel that nothing can give us a better insight into a race or nation than the philosophy it has originated. Indeed, it is sometimes asserted that certain ideas, though claiming universal application, are almost incomprehensible outside the climate of their birthplace. Like tender growths they wilt when uprooted and transplanted, and cut a sorry figure in their new surroundings. There is much to be said for such a view.

If we are to isolate from the abstract thought of our philosophers that part of it which is intrinsically French (while attempting, so far as may be in such matters, to avoid vague or arbitrary assumptions), we must confine ourselves to the simplest observations; but also I must ask for the acceptance of a certain postulate, far from self-evident, which, I suspect, few will grant me.

It is this. In my opinion (an opinion for which I can but apologize) philosophy is a *matter of form.* It is in no sense a science and should, perhaps, repudiate any unconditional affinity with science. Indeed as a handmaid of science, philosophy is no better off than as a handmaid of theology. When I call philosophy "a matter of form," I mean this: that, if I look inside myself for a system, a scheme of living, a formula that sums up for me the totality of my personal experience, inward and outward—that formula is my philosophy, and my quest is the quest of a *form.* I do not say that I am right; in any case, to say so would be

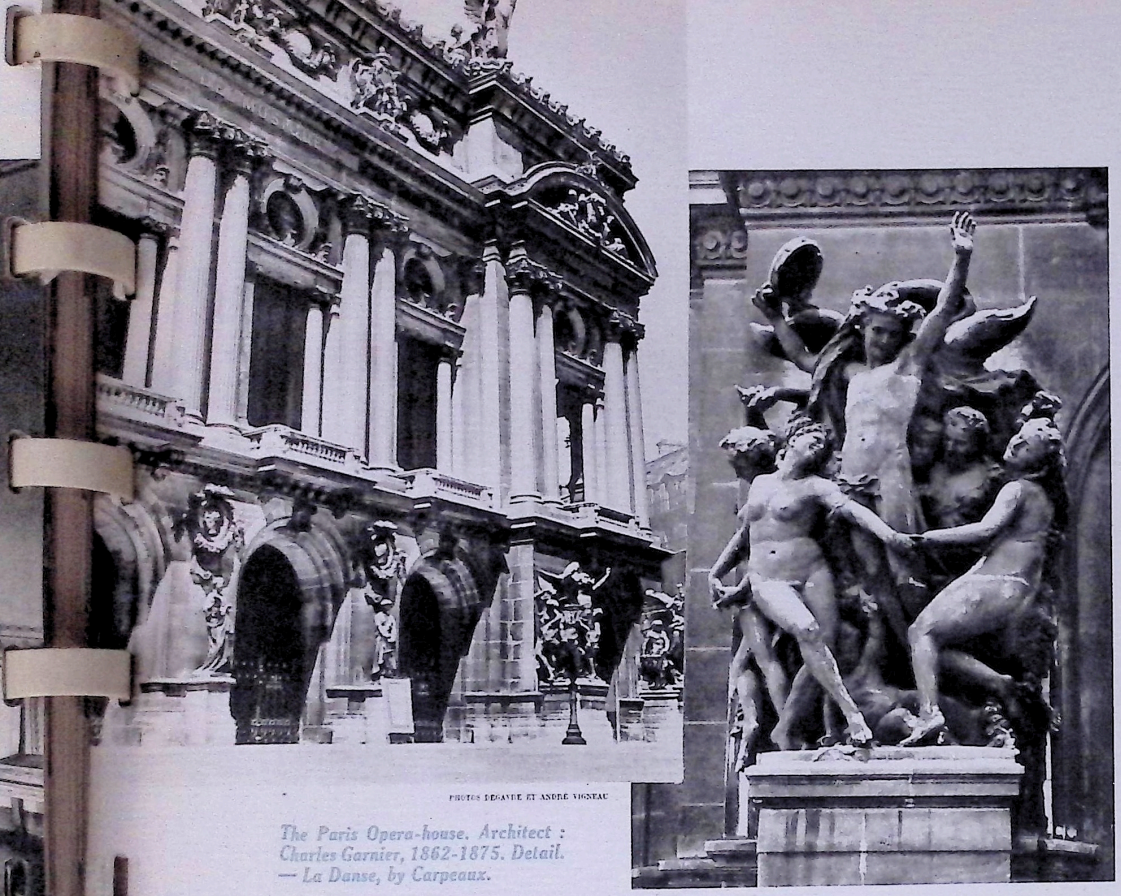


Château de Compiègne. Salon of the Roi de Rome, early XIXth Century.

PHOTO ARCHIVES PHOTOGR. D'ART ET D'HISTOIRE

pointless. But what I may say is that, for my present purpose, this disputable theory of mine stands me in good stead and enables me to regard the form in question as one of those that fit in with the capacities of the language; and to say also that anyone who talks and thinks in that language can neither outrun its capacities, nor clear his mind of the subtle suggestions and associations latent in it.

At that initial stage of thought when thoughts arise and commune with themselves, my thought, since I am French, takes form in French, is cast in the mould of French and tempered by its possibilities. This language has its qualities and defects (both relative); it is not allowed



PHOTOS DEVAUX ET ANDRÉ VIGNEAU

The Paris Opera-house. Architect : Charles Garnier, 1862-1875. Detail. — La Danse, by Carpeaux.

to coin new compounds and is rather short of psychological terms.

Now when a man thinks in any given language, he begins by sampling phrase after phrase, in quest of a perfection, an inward satisfaction that, he hopes, one of these phrases will provide. But the phrase thus selected, whatever it be, will fall into line with the requirements of that language, modified by its propensities, suborned by its allurements. The thinker will not feel satisfied till his thought crystallizes at a certain crucial point *within that language*, and it is this form of expression that he will finally adopt, then write down and make public. Thus the language, in the making of which the whole race has indiscriminately collaborated,

The Palais de Chaillot.

Architects : Boileau Carlu and Azéma, 1937.

PHOTOS L. ALBIN-GUILLOT ET DEGAVRE

will in the end have imposed on the individual thinker the terms of the expression he decides for, and the terms on which he has accepted it—terms of which he himself is unaware. Let us assume that our tongue does not allow us Frenchmen to accept any expressions that are not clean-cut and definite, or to tolerate any verbal structures the framework of which is not plain to see; obviously such restrictions would be bound to influence the whole trend of our metaphysics. The transition from the blurred to the lucid idea, to which our metaphysic would be constantly aspiring, would be more arduous for us than for other races; our concepts would embody more reserves, with doubt playing as large a part in them as any metaphysical system can, without imperilling its

very existence, allow to doubts. What is called deep thinking (without any clear idea of what abysses lurk under that portentous term) would hardly be esteemed, amongst us, as *per se* a virtue.

Here we touch on a great controversy which can have no issue. "Depth" and clarity, consciousness and the unconscious, introspection and objectivity, logic and—whatever it may be that defies logic, these rank indeed as classical pairs of opposites in all philosophies, but, with us, these antitheses have come to be national characteristics.

Let me sum up here my general impressions of this part of my subject. It seems to me that the French mind tends to mistrust and turn away from any concept that has no likelihood of being reduced to a clear, unambiguous formula; and this conditions the success of any philosophy in France. I do not mean to say it is impossible for any system of ideas that does not conform with this principle to arise in France; but I do say that such systems are never (so to speak) organically assimilated by us. In politics and in the fine arts also, I note that French reactions are much the same.

It is perhaps by the way a nation regards Man that one can best appraise the national temperament; legislation, politics, literature and styles are always directly inspired by this implicit attitude. The French have more faith in Man than illusions about men. The effect of this is a rather curious contrast between the theories that attract them and express their faith in human nature and the harsh judgements and rather gloomy opinions on the subject that many great French writers have embodied in such elegant and effective aphorisms.

I now leave the domain of Letters to cast a glance over our achievement in the arts of direct emotion: painting, sculpture, music, decoration.

The abundance and variety of our output in this field discourage one from attempting to distil the essence of ideas behind it, for, in the case of works intended to appeal directly to the feelings, is not an attempt to sum them up in any brief "appraisal" almost an act of vandalism?

French art has essayed, with outstanding success, all *genres*: from stained glass to engraving, from the cathedral to the lady's writing-desk, from high-warp tapestry to enamelware, from ceramics to typography.

The mere list vouches for a diversity of talents through the ages as

copious as the variety, already noted, of climates and racial elements in France. We can best realize what this abundance means by considering the vast number of inventions of forms, combinations and processes that have gone to make it and, after these, the craftsmanship needed to bring into actual being so great a range of possible, imagined forms.

The French craftsman's hand has indeed worked wonders, whether set to carving stone, or illuminating parchment.

This profusion of discoveries and inventions in the pursuit and practice of creative art finds a striking illustration in the course of French painting from the year 1800 to our times. I have resolved to cite no names, and I refrain from doing so now. Names, whose true function is to send us back to the things themselves, only too often serve as dispensations from that duty. Did space permit, this would be the place to discuss the prodigious variety of solutions to the problem painting sets the artist that have been propounded during those hundred and thirty years or so; form, light, colour, life, rigidity, the passing moment, pure harmony—each in turn has served the artist as a Magnetic North, a stimulus to his talent. And here we have a close parallel with the host of experiments made, over the same period, in our literature, particularly in the field of poetry.

Diversity and continuity, these seem to me the salient features of French achievement, viewed as a whole. Each generation produced first-class works of every order. For over a thousand years there have been no breaks, or practically none, but a constant evolution, with phases of instability and phases of conservation, during which once again the spirit of unrest gave way before the striving for perfection.

PAUL VALÉRY
DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

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THIS WORK PUBLISHED UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE HIGHER COUNCIL OF THE FRENCH SECTION OF THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR, 1939, WAS DEVISED AND CARRIED OUT BY THE ART PRINTING AND PACKAGING WORKS, JACQUES MAKOWSKY, MANAGER, 34, RUE DES PEUPLIERS, PARIS, UNDER THE GENERAL SUPERVISION OF NICOLAS H. DE LARIE-MASSENEF, IN COLLABORATION WITH MARCEL THIÉBAUT, GEORGES MOUNIER AND AUGUSTE MARY. ISSUED FROM THE PRINTERS', SEPTEMBER 30 th 1939.

PRINTED IN FRANCE