thirty years his senior. "Dear George" and "My dear George" at last give way to a shocked "George! . . . Is this the method to resemble me? Is this the method to retain me your loving brother? No, I'll assure you, it is not."

Nothing annoyed this pompous M.P. more than George's misspelling of their surname with two k's—a matter which never troubled the Elizabethans. One wonders what he made of his step-mother's spelling. "I wind send my boy a porpus to bring word how you dow," writes Lady Shakerley in a sentence which Mr. Bryant quotes in excuse for having modernised the spelling: the only point in his editing of a delightful book with which one might disagree.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE LEGEND OF THE CORPORATE STATE

Under the Axe of Fascism. By GAETANO SALVEMINI. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

This is a bitter book by one of the most distinguished of Italian *émigrés*. In his earlier writings Professor Salvemini has taught us to expect from him a high standard both of style and scholarship. He has not lost these gifts and has now given us one of the most brilliant attacks on Italian Fascism which has yet been written. The first part of this book deals with the theory of the Corporate State in Italy and with its practical realisation, the second part with the economic achievements of the *régime*.

"Before the eyes of a world horrified by the tragedy of Russia, Italian Fascism assumed the rôle of the knightly Saint George who had slain the red dragon of Communism. The legend appealed to the imagination and soothed the fears of all the good people of Europe and America. It became the sacred myth around which was woven the early Fascist propaganda." This myth is being vigorously exploited to-day far outside the boundaries of Italy, though with even less justification and with much greater danger to the peace of Europe.

Professor Salvemini has no difficulty in showing that in Italy itself "the Corporative State" has remained a fiction and a mere tool of propaganda. Not till 1930, eight years after the March on Rome, was the National Council of Corporations created. And at that time there were no Corporations! The first of these, that of the Stage, was not set up till 1931. Twenty-two Corporations, encompassing the whole national life, were created, on paper, in 1934. But on July 21st, 1935, in the *Echo de Paris*, Monsieur Kerillis, one of the most ardent of Signor Mussolini's French admirers, remarked that the Corporations were merely "a façade behind which there was not much of anything" and that "half at least of the twenty-two Corporations had never been convoked." Professor Salvemini adds that "on none of the economic and financial provisions which were made in connexion with the Ethiopian War, was ever any Corporation asked to give its advice. Everything went on as though no Corporation ever had been set up in Italy." The National Council of Corporations, moreover, has no powers. It is purely advisory to the Head of the Government and it seldom meets. As for the syndicates of employers and employed, which it is the avowed purpose of the Corporations to weld together, their officials are all appointed by the Government. In the Fascist Trade Unions, "the rank and file have no greater authority than the animals in a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals." The plain truth is that Italy is run, not by any elaborate Corporative machinery, but by Mussolini himself, and by the small group of men who at any given time enjoy his confidence.

Some of the best things in Part I of this book are the scathing exposures of the gullibility and gross misstatements of certain non-Italian writers on the Italian Corporative State.

So far so good. But Part II is a little less convincing. "The objectionable point in Fascist propaganda," says Professor Salvemini, "is that it claims that nothing had been accomplished before Mussolini, and that since his advent all problems have been speedily solved." This is true. But Professor Salvemini goes to the other extreme, natural enough in anti-Fascist propaganda, and claims, in effect, that since the advent of Mussolini nothing of economic value has been accomplished. And this, even after all legitimate subtractions have been made, remains an exaggeration which we delude ourselves in harbouring. Much of the Public Works, in particular, has been admirable, both in conception and execution. And it is no answer to say that there were Public Works before Mussolini.

HUGH DALTON

THE INNOCENT CONVICT

The Innocence of Edmund Galley. By R. S. LAMBERT. *Newnes.* 10s. 6d.

"We must be free or die," exclaimed the poet in an expansive mood. In the early nineteenth century this was still a mortal hard alternative. Since 1740 the common man in England had been intoning under his breath, "Britons, Never, Never, Never Shall Be Slaves," since 1834 he had been paying for Emancipation in various parts of the Empire; after 1832, if he were an honest fellow and industrious, he was at least half enfranchised; but in 1836, if he were poor and attempted to form a trade union he was in danger of being transported, if he were poor and feckless and came up against the law, he was lucky to escape hanging. Prosecutions were still conducted by privately hired lawyers—hired to be ferocious and to strain for a conviction. The accused man's counsel was not allowed to address the jury on his behalf. The appeal from the assize courts was directly to the Home Secretary; and he, however liberal and humane he might be, would feel naturally reluctant to upset a jury's verdict and thereby censure the competence of a Baron of the King's Bench. The system was bad, but in spite of it the innocence of Edmund Galley was apparent. It was his crowning misfortune—had it not been for a generous-hearted rogue, this misfortune would have been the death of him—that he was tried by Mr. Justice Williams. According to Mr. Lambert, Williams was "neither an accurate nor a merciful judge," though we know that he was patient, urbane and fond of putting allusive colour into his summings-up. The mercilessly literary judge we still know, but thanks to agitations, such as the one this book recounts, and to the Court of Appeal, such incompetence and callousness as Galley suffered are not likely to recur to-day. Forty years later, speaking in the House of Commons, Sir Henry James referred to Mr. Justice Williams as "the most comic judge that ever sat on the Bench." To the poor, the faint and the helpless he was no joke.

By chance the story spans the humanitarian revolution in England. Low life and public hangings of the early phase give way to the sturdy Liberals and the well-meaning ruling class who took the case of dim, far-distant Galley (for he had been transported to Australia) into the House of Commons. It was a transition from a Smollett world to a Trollope world—after the speeches of Mr. Home Secretary Cross and the Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe, it was a surprise to find Planty Pal taking no part that day. So the Government was shaken in a full-dress debate about a forty-year-old injustice, by a personality so faint in the head that he could not remember for a year, where he was on the night of a murder for which he had been condemned to death. Perhaps this wispiness more than anything else was responsible for his troubles. The judge, in his fatal blundering summing-up, clearly had thought of the two in the dock as indivisible in the person of Buckingham Joe, the highwayman. But it was all one in the end, Parliament voted free pardon and compensation. Edmund Galley found himself at the age of seventy-five, respected—even married—rich and established in his new country. No one who saw him in his thimble-rigging days could have foreseen such an end—he was misfortune's luckiest child.

Mr. Lambert has made his story into a very readable book.

A PRACTICAL ANTHOLOGY

The Gardener's Companion. By MILES HADFIELD. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

By all the proper laws of reviewing I should not review this book, since I have the honour to be in it. I say honour advisedly, and the word is my excuse for saying something in praise of Mr. Hadfield's anthology. For this is, to my mind, the best sort of gardening book. Wide in scope, informative, witty, historical, curious, nicely but essentially embellished, it is a proper study of gardening art. I am aware that Mr. Compton Mackenzie has done his best to introduce some improprieties, but more of that later. The book is cultured, but democratic. It caters for all classes, from the novice to the epicure, and treats of almost everything in gardens from the lily to the slug. And while I am on the subject of what the book is, it may be well to indicate what the book is not. *The Gardener's Companion* is not, therefore, sloppy, dilettante, ill-informed, sentimental twaddle, the sort of book to be bound in velvet and reverently laid at the feet of genteel aunts. It assumes in the reader a genuine love of flowers and earth, a proper passion for gardens, and some adult desire to improve

the mind. It provides knowledge, useful hints, colour, fragrance and, from Mr. Mackenzie, some horseplay.

For epicures Mr. E. A. Bunyard, who might, by the way, tip us the wink as to where his epicurean seeds may be bought, has written an entirely admirable dissertation, dry and sharp as a russet newly gathered, on all the most aristocratic fruit and vegetables. Mr. Eric Fitch Daglitch follows with *The Gardeners' Botany, Garden Animals, Birds in the Garden, Bird Tables and Nesting Boxes*, and *The Garden Pond*. Mr. Miles Hadfield, to whom all the bouquets are due anyway, contributes all over the place, with splendid diligence, sections such as *Plants and Periods, Gardeners' Societies, A Gardeners' Bibliography, How Plants are Named*, and a *Short History of Specific Names*. In addition he supplies the whole middle section of the book, *The Gardeners' Anthology*, in which almost anybody of some consequence in horticultural literature, Robinson, Farrer, Wilson, Wallace, Jekyll and a lot of people of consequence in contemporary literature have something to say, the section beginning with Shakespeare and ending with the irreverent Mr. Mackenzie.

To get down, at last, to this business of Mr. Mackenzie. His part is no more or less than an unseemly contribution called *The Mighty Fallen*, in which the great are caught napping. I am happy to say that I do not figure in this section, which involves such august names as Michael Drayton, Leigh Hunt, Sir Thos. Browne, Miss Claire Leighton, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Mr. Max Beerbohm, the great Darwin, the great Nichols, and the great Walpole. Altogether a merciless bit of tomfoolery, compiled by a man whose botanical knowledge, as I know to my cost, it never does to question.

This then, I repeat, is the best kind of gardening book. Sound and catholic, witty and fragrant, it will meet all demands.

H. E. BATES

CAMERA STILLROOM

Movie Parade. By PAUL ROTHA. *The Studio.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Modern movie or cinema—to write like Mr. Rotha, depriving the words of the indefinite article, as one would say poetry, art or polo—has developed from a sneeze; for the first motion-picture recorded the sneeze of Mr. Fred Ott, we are told. In its forty years of life then, movie has travelled far, to become a vastly profitable industry and the favourite time-killer of our age, with a weekly following of 200 million addicts. Born in 1895, the cinema's first eight years of infancy were spent "reproducing the actual, showing a record of prize-fights, funerals and everyday events" and also, quite soon, in playing the fool, for it was always a magic-lantern as well as a newsreel, with a leaning towards fantasy and a simple interest in fact. Both tendencies would have ended in the cinema's collapse, Mr. Rotha assures us, if in 1903 a story (*The Great Train Robbery*) had not been introduced—introduced with such effect that to represent Films of Fiction in this book Mr. Rotha has collected "stills" from close on five hundred films. Including his specimens from Films of Fact, he has marshalled the work of 300 directors of nearly 600 pictures, chosen from ten times that number. Let it be said at once that this great labour has given an admirable result; *Movie Parade* is an attractive and highly interesting record of the film till now.

However, a collection of stills is only as instructive to the film-fan as a number of flowers picked in various forests, withered and pressed between the pages of a book, would be to a botanist. Most stills are not enlarged fragments of a live film, but veritable "studio portraits" of certain scenes, deliberately posed. A still tells us next to nothing about a film we have not seen, and can only serve to jog our visual memories of what we recall, if we have seen it as a motion-picture, a thing of movement. Mr. Rotha fully realises this natural disadvantage of his book: that it must attempt to indicate statically "those exciting virtues which spring from the film's inherent capacity for showing motion"; it also cannot illustrate the special devices of the cutting bench nor record "the imaginative effect of the marriage between sight and sound." These frames are projected on the screen at the rate of sixteen or more to the second, so that a still, except that it is faithful to the art it represents in its colour, is no more expressive of the thing as a whole than a press photograph of sport or ballet. We may therefore suggest that such pictures should be chosen primarily for their beauty as photographs, since they can seldom be relied on to give an adequate impression of atmosphere or method. It is a pity, for instance, that the still from *The Student of Prague* should be as poor as any in the book.

Of the three possible ways of ranging his exhibits—chronologically, by nationality, or according to subject and form—Mr. Rotha chose the last, which was probably the best, although he claims that it reveals "the cycles of subject-matter which are so typical of the commercial cinema," whereas clearly that purpose, though not particularly important, would have been better served by either of the other methods. This arrangement divides his book into three parts, thirteen sections, and twenty-four sub-sections, each of them prefaced by a pungent critical précis of the type of film about to be shown. This naturally involves a certain amount of overlapping and arbitrary classification; it also makes for a somewhat repetitive dudgeon in the critical asides; but his plan is intelligently carried out, and his dissatisfaction with most of the uses to which the cinema is put, although he rather overstates his case, is one which all sociologists and many picturegoers will share. The latter, however, will probably be surprised to find that, among others, *City Lights, The Kid, La Bandera, The Ghost That Never Returns, Fury, Trouble in Paradise* and *Crime Without Passion* have been left out of Mr. Rotha's anthology culled from close on six thousand films.

We have hinted that Mr. Rotha is a little too hard on the films. They are frequently attacked on three separate grounds: as morally, politically, or intellectually degrading. It is clear from this that they must be bad art. We know they are. But certainly Mr. Rotha knows, too, that a few exceptional films—not only propaganda and documentary films, but comedies, romances and dramas—have been what they set out to be: fine entertainment—and at the same time as inspiring as Mr. Rotha's own superlatively good film, *The Face of Britain*. We recognise that "the current cinema," week by week, is Western capitalist civilisation's sop to the masses; and that, as Mr. Rotha repeatedly points out, is really why it is bad. A cheap drug to buy, expensive to produce—but profitable: no wonder that it's mightily monopolised! Ninety-nine out of a hundred films embroider or deny reality, avoid major sociological issues, and draw a veil of dreamy make-believe across the ugliness and despair of millions. This wink of the camera's eye may be shameful and deliberate—but, after all, who buys the wink? Madame Boxoffice dictates in her own house, but she does her crafty, ignorant best to content her customers. In a portrait-gallery of her wares it is perhaps enough to remark, without going on about it, that they would be better if this were a better world. For further discussion of that deplorable fact there are surely other, more ample occasions. JOHN MARKS

SHORTER NOTICES

The Law. By THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY SLESSER. *Longmans.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

It is not easy for a lawyer immersed in the administration of the law to write a book about it which will be understanded of the people. Lord Justice Slesser has made a first-rate job of the task he has set himself in this little volume. He traces skilfully and clearly the slow development from the earliest days of that remarkable thing—the Common Law—of equity and other jurisdictions, of judge-made law and statute law, and of international law. His chapters on crime, torts, contract, and the rights of property (though they are necessarily only bare outlines), will enable the lay reader to clear up many confusions and perplexities, and even to find a new interest in the study of the law reports. There will doubtless be some who would like a little more criticism, for though our law may be, as Sir Henry calls it—a "unique ordered moral system which is the custodian of English Justice"—it is far from perfect. But the main purpose of the book is not to criticise, but to explain, and that it does admirably.

German Journey. By CHRISTOPHER SIDGWICK. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Though the present generation of British explorers has accustomed us to the notion of travelling with a spy glass and a .22 rifle, it comes as something of a shock to find Mr. Christopher Sidgwick setting out for Germany with a "Zeiss and a Remington" in his bag. Later it emerged that these were no stalking tools, but the camera and typewriter of the impartial observer. It is this quality of impartiality that gives his book its main value as a plain man's view of present day Germany. Rather than appear too knowing, Mr. Sidgwick poses lightly as a duffer, "I miss trains," he seems to say, "people are in league to misinform me," "I know nothing about art." On the eve of his return to England, he felt that he had perhaps been "hoodwinked" all round. The Nazis had been nice to him, but he realised that their consideration "did not extend to the Pole in the corridor." He went over the concentration camp at Dachau—the conditions he describes would compare favourably with those in many English prisons. He saw no Jew-baiting and felt that things had improved since the early days of the Nazi terror—and then nullifies his judgment by saying that nothing the Nazis have done is more savage or disgusting than the American habit of gambling on murder trials. He found that in the main the Germans liked Hitler, not