

**WHITHER FRANCE?
WHITHER EUROPE?**

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Whither France? Whither Europe? by Joseph Caillaux & K. M. Armstrong

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JOSEPH CAILLAUX & K. M. ARMSTRONG

WHITHER FRANCE? WHITHER EUROPE?

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WHITHER EUROPE?

A REMARKABLE INDICTMENT OF
FRANCE'S VINDICTIVENESS
TOWARDS GERMANY

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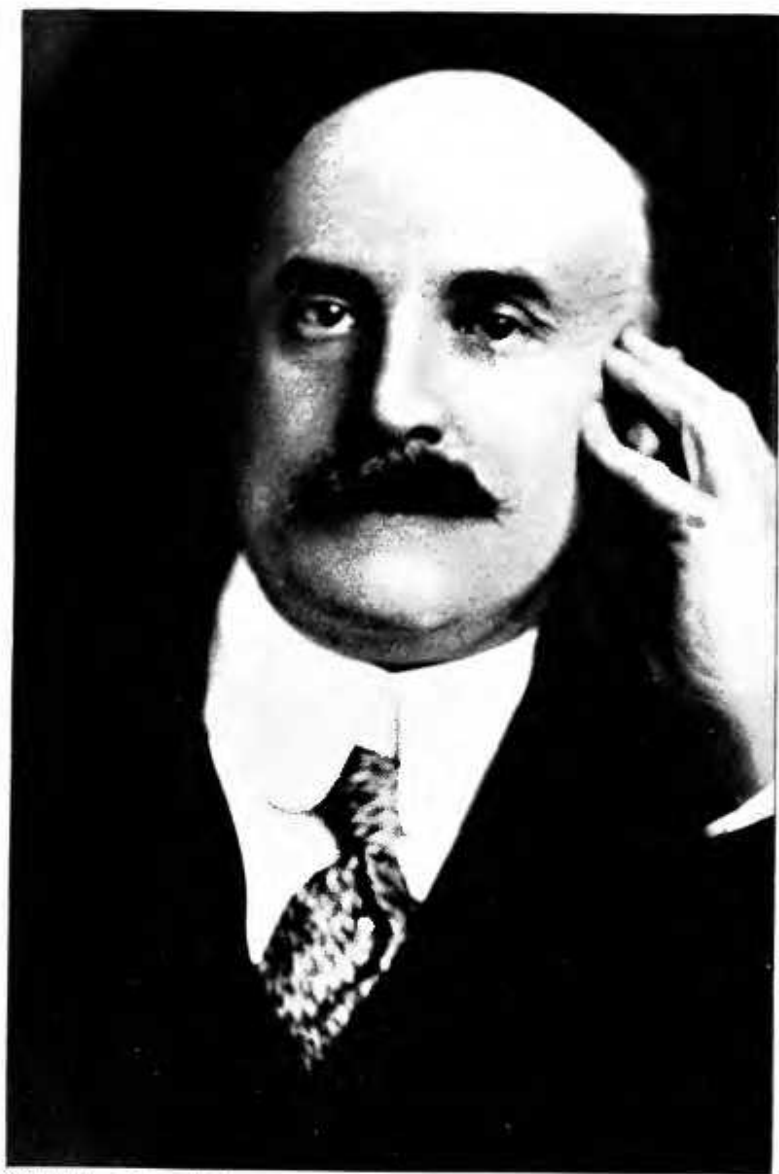


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J. Caillaux

WHITHER FRANCE? WHITHER EUROPE?

By JOSEPH CAILLAUX ♣ *Translated*
from the French by K. M. ARMSTRONG ♣

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PREFACE

THE wish has been expressed that my last book, *Où va la France? Où va l'Europe?* be translated into English, and it is both a duty and a pleasure to me to present it in a few words to those who, in Anglo-Saxon countries, will consent to read it.

Some explanations, and even corrections, would have been necessary, for the volume was written more than a year ago, and we live in such changing times, the peace which was vouchsafed to us in 1919 is so disconcerting, so fertile in vicissitudes, that the economist or the politician labouring at the problem of world reconstruction writes on sand. The miserable little slips of paper on which he writes, more or less happily, are likely to become faded and discoloured in a few weeks, to be borne away like leaves torn from a tree by the wind, whirling them into the air, only to let them fall again to the ground, curled and withered.

I yield perhaps to the illusions cherished by all those who hold a pen, but it appears to me that facts have given no denial of any kind to the opinions or previsions expressed in a book which I have just read through again. The only reproach which I can bring upon myself is in not having charged my palette with colours dark enough when I painted

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the state of Europe and when, coming into conflict with the beliefs current at that time, I showed the "economic rocks" towards which Germany was heading and also, through lack of complete details, for having too feebly portrayed the magnitude of the agricultural revolution which had come about in the east of the old continent.

It may doubtless be granted me that there are details and shades, and I may be permitted to hold that in every great question which I have studied, whether I have touched on the fringe of the economics of the universe or whether I have dealt with the problem of reparations, or even when I have predicted that Europe was on the eve of becoming an anarchic feudality, or when I have stated the direction to which Soviet Russia was leading, my opinions have not been contradicted by events.

An English publication of high standing, *The Economic Review*, describes, in a particularly friendly article, the good fortune which has fallen to me.

It attributes to me "the eye which can discern, in the obscure confusion of history, the which and the whither of human evolutions, not of course with an accuracy which no man can presume to claim, but with the eye of one who. . . ." I omit these last words in order not to bring ridicule upon them by an excess of eulogy.

Moreover I have only given the quotation because it *grasped* the main idea of the book. I shall resume it in this preface.

To master, while retracing to their origin, the

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coarse disputes between waif-plunderers, the quarrels of a day between political parties, or even between peoples, to define our civilisation, to seek the meaning and the rhythm of its movements, to discern the immense economic forces which weigh upon it, to show the danger to which they subject a man in bending him to their inordinate despotism, this is the theme of the book.

What are these forces ?

The Man in the Street replies: Finance, this mysterious International Finance which appears to him, or which is made to appear to him, as a sort of dragon of the Apocalypse.

The Communist, the Socialist who has not paused to reflect, cries Capitalism ! He imagines, naïvely, that all our ills arise from a system of production and distribution of wealth, that it only needs for these to be overthrown for the happiness of humanity to be assured.

I have written in this volume that Capitalism has been, and is, only a method of progress which was prodigiously efficacious and of which the future is uncertain—a gamble—but it is not that which gives the world its troubled physiognomy. It is the industrial disorganisation and lack of scientific discipline which cause the formidable economic instability, finding its echo in every condition of life, from which we suffer.

As to international finance, it is, in my opinion, far less menacing than national industry. A *hypothetical* control, exercised by a group of cosmopolitan financiers over the entire world, would