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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT. CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of NEW MASSES, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1938.

State of New York ss.

for October 1, 1938. State of New York st. County of New York st. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Willner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Weekly Masses Co., Inc., publishers of New Masses, and that the follow-ing is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: I. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Weekly Masses Co., Inc., 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C. Editor, Herman Michelson, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C. Editor, Herman Michelson, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C. Editor, Herman Michelson, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C. Businss Manager, George Willner, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C. 2. That the owner is: Weekly Masses Co., Inc., 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.; George Willner, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.; George Willner, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.; George Willner, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.; George Willner, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.; George Willner, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.; George Willner, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C. Jat the two paragraphs next above, giving the security holders owning or holding 1 per cent of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the so that on only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company sate they appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fauciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is giver; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embra

GEORGE WILLNER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1938. Evelyn Cooper, Notary Public.

My commission expires March 30, 1939.

sis, osmosis, and, in extensive detail, to the hydrocarbons.

The third part, entitled "The Conquest of Power," contains 224 pages and 114 illustrations. Of these, 140 pages and eighty illustrations are devoted to electricity and magnetism. The remainder deal with the steam engine, the perfection of the thermometer, various aspects of the weather, the utilization of glass, the establishment of the mechanical equivalent of heat, thermodynamics, and kinetic energy.

In Part Four Hogben is on his own home ground but is the most chaotic. He calls this section "The Conquest of Hunger and Disease." It contains six chapters and 234 pages and eighty-six illustrations. It discusses plagues, sanitation, Harvey's great synthesis and medicine (only thirty-three pages), crop rotation, botany, biology, cytology, the protozoa, Pasteur, fermentation, the overthrow of the idea of spontaneous generation, immunization, the nitrogen cycle, plant growth, carbon accumulation, human digestion, vitamins, evolution, geological succession, and genetics. In that order.

The fifth and last part is entitled "The Conquest of Behavior." It consists of only sixty-one pages and thirteen illustrations. It deals with the physiology of the nervous system, reflex arcs, sensations, a little about the learning process, and some sound remarks on eugenics. The various schools of psychology are not discussed.

Then comes the epilogue of fourteen pages in which Hogben abjures Marxism and plugs for Scientific Humanism.

In a work of such scope it is inevitable that different readers will regret different omissions. For my part I think Hogben should have paid much more attention to atomic physics, to radiation, aviation, photo-electric effects and vacuum tubes, television, agrobiology, endocrinology, and to medicine and psychology.

It is difficult to appraise a book of this sort. Most of the reviewers will avoid any attempt to do so and will give the tin pan of the publisher's ballyhoo a confirmatory whack. The people who bought Mathematics for the Million and never read it will buy again. It is soothing to have such books around the house, and there is always the chance that a child will find them and have his whole life changed thereby. But that Science for the Citizen will more than cursorily affect the scientific illiteracy of any considerable section of the population is dubious. I venture to remark that this is largely due to the political weakness of the author, and to those personal foibles from which he would be free did he not repudiate the inescapable political corollary of his main thesis.

It is imperative to add, however, that Science for the Citizen is a valuable compendium of unusually useful information. There is no person now living who cannot learn something from it. I know of no other book which assembles so many examples of the social origin of scientific thought. To many

cultivated readers, who have been insensitive to the effects of society upon themselves and their ideas, it will undoubtedly reveal some of the economic facts of life. Persons other than Hogben must carry them on from there. HENRY HART.

Revolutionary Artists

THE PAINTING OF THE FRENCH REVOLU-TION, by Milton W. Brown, Critics Group Series No. 8. 50 cents.

MOST glorious page in cultural history A was written by the artists of the French Revolution. They suffered the miseries of the revolution and the wars of intervention; yet not a single artist of merit followed his patrons in their emigrations. Like the artists of Spain today, they joyfully hailed the birth of freedom, and undertook to preserve and make public the great works of the past, to give free art-instruction, and to devote their talents towards making a weapon for the revolution out of their art. David, Robespierre's friend, was their indisputable leader. For too long posterity has known him as an opportunist, a coward, or a tyrant, but today we are realizing that our revolutionary ancestors either have been adopted by the reactionaries for our own confoundment, or so blackened that we ourselves have repudiated them. We have had to snatch Jefferson from Tammany Hall, Lincoln from the Liberty League, Robespierre from the Devil, and now David from the Academy.

Milton Brown, in his essay The Painting of the French Revolution, introduces his subject by analyzing the various artistic tendencies of the eighteenth century-rococo, la grande manière, genre, and classicism-as expressions of class tendencies. The body of his book is devoted to several exciting chapters on the position of the artist in the revolution, the esthetics and criticism of the period, and the character of the painting of the revolution. This essay is a remarkable piece of work in many respects: remarkable for its excellences, its scholarship, its penetrating analyses, and its richness, but also remarkable that it can be so fine a piece of work in spite of its flaws. There can be no question that the author intends to present a Marxist analysis of his study, yet too frequently he allows himself luxuries in a field where he is not a master, and wanders from the discipline of dialectic materialism. There are frequent unnecessary generalizations, such as "Doing, which is essentially the materialization of thinking ..., which give his analyses an unfortunate idealistic framework. These generalizations are caused by a laudable desire to search out prime factors. However, instead of appreciating them as factors, the author makes independent entities of them. In his last chapter, he states, "The art of the French Revolution was a sort of synchronization of the various social, economic, cultural, and esthetic currents. . . ."



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Yet, I am certain, it is not his understanding that cultural and economic currents are independents to be synchronized with one another.

It would be a great mistake to lay undue emphasis upon Brown's idealistic errors. The entire conception of the study—an interpretation of art in terms of class forces—is Marxist. The author is a young scholar, and as he matures we can expect a deeper understanding of Marxism. In his Marxist Approach to Art (Dialectics, No. 2) written after the present work, there is a much more consistent Marxist approach.

Brown devotes much of his essay to a consideration of the esthetics of the period, and shows how the very foundations of bourgeois society prevent an adequate solution of the problems raised during the revolution. Liberty, the great slogan of the revolution, became a source of controversy. The active revolutionists found liberty in service to the revolution. To David there was no conflict between freedom and utility. To him, liberty meant furthering the revolution. To many, however, liberty meant freedom to paint as they chose. "The characteristic of genius is independence" and "artists are free in essence" was their position. This controversy of liberty versus utility can give us much insight into our own variation of art versus propaganda.

The great contributions to painting, it is important to know, were made by the revolutionary artists for whom this problem did not exist. David is slowly gaining recognition as the giant he really was during the revolutionary period. His Oath of the Horatii, the Death of Marat, the Death of Lepelletier, and the La Maraichère (probably also by David) are indisputable masterpieces which in their time were the cause of public demonstrations. No artist since has painted so powerful a figure as La Maraichère, the woman of the people. Here is a portrait filled with the assurance, the nobility, purposefulness, and ruggedness of the revolution. Here, in this simple portrait is expressed the strength of the revolution.

The great significance of this study of French Revolutionary painting is that it is the first study in English where an entire period in all its complexity is sincerely studied, with an effort at understanding the character of



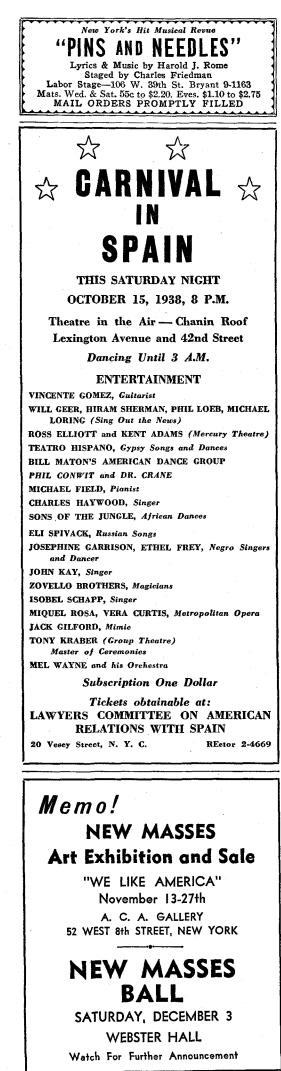
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the period and its art. In practically every other lengthy study, the authors do violence to their subject in order to make it fit some preconceived notion of what a Marxist interpretation of the period should be. Brown, however, goes to the richness of the source material, studies the painting with the insight of the scholar and artist, and thus can make a most stimulating and valuable contribution to the understanding of an important period in history.

The book is well illustrated, and the Critics Group should be complimented for making it possible to obtain such a volume at so low a cost. MARGARET DUROC.

London Tower

THE MONUMENT, by Pamela Hansford Johnson. Carrick & Evans. \$2.50.

T is heartening to see writers whose deli-T is neartening to see matters cate talents would once have confined them to the portrayal of small psychological intricacies now attempting to move in a larger world. Increasingly, the sensitive mind turns not inward but outward. It is tortured not so much by personal conflict as by events in Spain and Czechoslovakia, and it has been forced to realize that inner problems are world disturbances seen through the wrong end of the telescope. I should say that a writer like Pamela Hansford Johnson would, ten years ago, have been smoothly turning out stories only a few levels above women's-magazine fiction. Now she has written two novels transcending her present ability in their honest recognition of the forces which mold and move her harried people.

In her former book, World's End, Miss Johnson wrote a sentimental but moving account of a young English working couple whose love was destroyed by fear and insecurity. In The Monument, she extends her scope, with an unfortunate loss of the poignancy which the very simpleness of World's End achieved. For while the author's emotional sympathies and convictions are wholly right and true, there is no gain in intellectual grasp to fit her for a larger field. The Monument is diffuse, often merely slick in its always competent narrative: it never gathers itself together to make a whole.

In the book are four people living in contemporary London. A wealthy Jew and his son, Rafael, refined dilettantes in living, desirous only of personal escape and peace, refuse to take sides, even as they see the tides of anti-Semitism sweeping upon them, for at the moment money can buy them aloofness from the battle. Contrasted to these is Albert, the clerk, for whom any private life at all is made impossible by harrowing economic responsibilities. There is Mrs. Sellars, a lifelong worker in the Labor Party, to whom a temporary release from insecurity means an opportunity for more devoted work in the move-

ment. And finally, Mary Captor, a successful young novelist, whose marriage to Rafael brings tired flight from the demands of a confused parlor Socialism.

While all these are clearly symbols of ideas, the ideas themselves fail to jell. The book deteriorates for pages on end into a finicking insistence on insignificant detail, into merely superficial story telling. On one hand is political emotion, on the other "human interest," and the two never quite fuse. It is as if clarity in social thinking were inimical to creation instead of its nourisher.

The reader cannot help feeling that the author is often in the same position she attributes to her novelist who abandons direct propaganda for a theme "sociological but nonpolitical" with relief, for "she had not the knowledge and courage to plow further on towards the goal she had chosen." This fear of coming to grips with her own implications means that the writer cannot make her points within the framework of her story but is driven to such wooden devices as making them through a mystic voice from "the monument," the ivory tower, which at last decides that one must descend into the street and beat one's pen into a plowshare. But this transformation must be guided by rigorous thought as well as by a generalized good will which reiterates the axioms of progressive movements. Theory is also an instrument of passion, for without it such writing as this loses in impetus and warmth and is overwhelmed by the very mechanization the avoiders of theory fear.

MARJORIE BRACE.

Brief Review

DYNASTY OF DEATH, by Taylor Caldwell. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

This novel offers a realistic if not very new picture of the growth and operation of a munitions firm from 1837 to just before the World War. It is all there: the war propaganda, treason, international intrigue, buying of public opinion, business unscrupulousness, monopoly, labor oppression—everything, in short, that has been turned up in congressional investigations and publicized in books like *Merchants of Death*. And these particulars are presented credibly and, on the whole, forcefully.

The trouble is, the author has all but smothered his story with a "plot" fantasy involving some thirty-five members of the dynasty's families, practically all of whom marry their cousins. They wrangle continually: the cynics fight the idealists, the philistines battle the poets, and ambition triumphs over true love. They also clench their fists, turn white with anger (or jealousy or terror), utter death-bed curses, and slap faces, until you begin to wonder whether more aspirin isn't the best solution for the munitions problem.

Ernest Barbour, the ruler and genius of the firm, is built up from a fairly plausible figure into a bogyman at which children would more likely laugh than quake. It is a pity that the author, who shows he is aware of his capitalist villains' readiness not only to kill people in wartime but to shoot them down on the picket line and let them die from the diseases of poverty, still presents little better motivation for their actions than one finds in the born-cussedness theory of old-fashioned moral melodramas.

BARBARA GILES.