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Manifesto; Wage-Labor and Capital; Value, Price, and Profit; Feuerbach; Socialism Utopian and Scientific, essays by Lenin on Marx, Engels's prefaces to *Capital*, Stalin's pithy remarks on Marxism to the First American Delegation, and excerpts from the Marx-Engels correspondence, makes us eager for the second, which will contain the historical writings. Welcoming this new collection, is it not a good time to inquire once more when we are going to get authoritative editions in English of such classics as *Die Deutsche Ideologie*, *Die Heilige Familie*, *Natur und Dialektik*, and Marx's critique of Hegel's philosophy of law, the *Theorien über den Mehrwert*, let alone the complete correspondence, *Herr Vogt*, the articles in *Die Neue Zeit*, etc. The publication of these works would have an immediate effect on American intellectual life, and they would sweep into a deserved oblivion some of the more pretentious of the recent hybrid Marxist-pragmatists who can flourish only in the absence of these basic documents of revolutionary theory.

MILTON HOWARD.

Thumbs Down

THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT, by Jolán Földes. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

THIS novel by a Hungarian woman has been awarded the All-Nations Prize, amounting to the healthy sum of \$19,000. Although the book has no positive social content whatever, its selection by the International Committee (American member: Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch) may be taken as a back-handed tribute to the prestige of the authentic left-wing novel; a tribute and also perhaps—so help us—a rebuke. The tribute is plainly conveyed in the fact that the materials of the book are proletarian. The rebuke, then, would lie in the unorthodox treatment given those materials.

The plot has promise. It deals with a worker-family in exile from Hungary; their struggles to make a life for themselves in a Paris charged with post-war hostilities and crowded with hungry refugees of every nationality and political complexion. Given such a situation the question would seem to be whether the Barabás youngsters will become class-conscious under the hardships and the clash of social opinion that confront them, or whether they will emerge at last as spotless little bourgeois.

However, no such dilemma develops. Miss Földes is so indifferent to the class struggle that she won't even admit it as a temptation to her characters. She liquidates it by the humiliating device of putting it in front of you, obviously and deliberately, and then inviting you to ignore it. Accordingly, two of the young Barabáses shoulder their pretty, sunny, insensitive way through poverty, politics, and heartburn to success and to reconciliation with the French who have snubbed them. Jani becomes an engineer with his face turned toward the land of opportunity, Africa. Klari, having learned to move about "with the perfect grace of a French hostess," marries a Frenchman.

The less fortunate Anna falls victim to the sad but after all thoroughly enjoyable frustrations of expatriation.

As for Miss Földes's gallery of elder exiles, each of them plainly tagged with his particular political affiliation—

Here they are living, fugitives, their life but a wingless semblance of the life for which they had been born. Every year the construction of another empire collapses around them, and buries a few thousand or a few hundred thousand, buries them and condemns them to this shadowy form of death-in-life existence. . . . In the meantime their greatest concern is whether or not Anna has taken a liking to the long-legged German.

Exile, you understand, has softened their old partisan ferocity. Cathrina, the Finnish Communist (who is lame), hobbles around making matches among the young, accompanied everywhere by the endearing knock-knock of her brace of canes; while Liiv, the morose Lithuanian Socialist, has the curious fate of succeeding in the world in spite of himself. Amusing idea! Topsy turvy world! In short, they are just such a lovable band of ex-revolutionists as some nervous member of the ruling class might hope to find at the bottom of his garden.

In all this there is, of course, no malice on Miss Földes's part. It is only, as Mr. Krutch explains on the jacket, that she "is interested in the human rather than the political value of her story." Does "human" mean impotent?

F. W. DUPEE.

Thumbs Up

THE GLITTERING CENTURY, by Phillips Russell. Scribners. \$3.50.

HERE is a bird's-eye view of eighteenth-century Europe and America: the death of aristocracy, the rise of industrialism, the French Revolution, and our own particular rumpus. More than a simple political panorama, it is a complex, vivid, very readable cinematic presentation of eighteenth-century life in all its aspects.

It seems the eighteenth-century folk, both aristocratic and rising bourgeois, were rather a lively crowd. Defoe wrote about it in *The Review*, although college teachers still prefer to quote the politer *Tatler* and *Spectator*, which said less about moral and political degeneration. It was during this period of the good Queen Anne that Swift wrote about the Yahoos in *Gulliver's Travels* and Hogarth put them in unforgettable cartoons. Anyway, Phillips Russell gives us evidence that this jolly folk were so corrupt they could give cards and spades to our own high livers and lovers. You can imagine that all this makes rather Winchellish reading.

But there is always the danger that in history highly spiced, there is often less history. While Phillips Russell's account is enlivened enough to give us intimate scenes of "Boudoir rule," it must be noted that often it does so at the expense of more fundamental issues.

I advise that you take this book with that one reservation. But if you can afford it, you'll find *The Glittering Century* a very

worth-while, imaginative picture of the first hundred years of the rising bourgeoisie which, contrary to current wise-crack, was by no means the hardest.

What should be of particular interest to our intelligentsia is the very intimate way in which Russell presents the writers, the literature, artists, and other cultural aspects of the day as warp and woof of all eighteenth-century life. There is no question here of art and propaganda, is it or isn't it. The bourgeois "engineers of the soul" spoke for the rising industrialism and the hell with the fuzzy eighteenth-century Union League Club aristocracy. Addison, Pope, Defoe, Swift, and Hogarth; Voltaire, Diderot, and other eighteenth-century New Deal writers, artists, and writer-artist-politicians were frankly in a class struggle and they were not being bothered about a Joe Wood Krutchian finesse. In this particular feature of the book one will happily find Phillips Russell not the university professor of English (North Carolina) but essentially the writer with an honest feeling for literature.

Of special interest are the literary portraits of the French fourteenth and fifteenth Louis; the Russian Peter the First and Catherine the Great; the German Frederick and the Philadelphia Ben Franklin; and all the eighteenth-century Englishmen, with Swedes and Dutchmen to complete the picture. To the author's credit is the fact that there is always a systematic presentation of the fundamental struggle of the land-owning aristocracy and the new industrialism on the make. But there is also too little of what a royal rooking the working class and peasantry suffered.

The author concludes that following the glittering eighteenth century "America did not walk upon the world stage again until 1898 in the Spanish war, and more emphatically in 1917 when it entered the World War, thus uniting two hemispheres in a single convulsive struggle that signalled the approaching birth of a totally new arrangement of human strata." Quite right. As more than rumored there is a new and final struggle in the making in this no less glittering twentieth century with the rising working class taking issue with the industrialists who are historically somewhat shopworn now.

As a whole, Phillips Russell gives us the eighteenth century with perhaps a bit more glitter than depth. It is, however, a readable, thumbs-up book. WALT CARMON.

Anodyne

GIVE US THIS DAY, by Louis Zara. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50.

THERE is some reason to believe that the author intended this novel to be a serious portrayal of middle-class life. He deals with serious matters: greed, fraud, brutality, the disintegration of the family, the ugliness of bourgeois sex conventions, strikes, the hardships of the depression. He would seem to be troubled by the contradictions and moral disorder of the contemporary scene; and his interest in economics suggests at least that he is

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