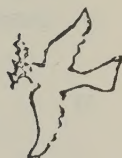


new foundations

A STUDENT QUARTERLY



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

FALL 1949

**VOLUME THREE
NUMBER ONE**

The Principles . . .

NEW FOUNDATIONS is a publication devoted to the political, cultural and intellectual problems of American students. Its purpose is to stimulate clear thinking and progressive social action in all fields of study and activity and to express the needs, activities and aspirations of student America. NEW FOUNDATIONS actively combats reactionary and fascist ideologies in all their manifestations and presents a positive approach to the solution of the problems of American students—an approach infused with the creative spirit of socialism. The orientation of this magazine will be militantly progressive, with the aim of stimulating Marxist thought and practice.

The Staff . . .

Editor: Ann Williams • *Editorial Board:* Walker Baker • Marion Chandler • James Coleman • Bert Edwards • Jack Kroner • Al Leonard • Elizabeth O'Brien • *Foreign Editors:* Alfred Greenberg, *Paris* • *Staff Members:* Stanley Aronson • James Elmer Hutchinson.

COLLEGIATE EDITORS

Southern California, John Wilson
Chapel Hill, Hans Freistadt
Howard, Eunice Johnson

Michigan, Ernie Elliston
Philadelphia, Vivian Parris
Texas, Ruth Addington



VOLUME 3
NUMBER 1

new foundations

THE EARTH SHALL RISE ON NEW FOUNDATIONS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FREE THE ELEVEN	<i>The Editors</i>	2
WAKE UP STUDENTS!	<i>The Editors</i>	5
BUDAPEST — RALLY ON THE ROAD TO PEACE		11
BUILD THE STUDENT LABOR YOUTH LEAGUE	<i>Ann Williams</i>	19
HOMESTEAD — AN INCIDENT IN THE AMERICAN CLASS STRUGGLE	<i>Al Leonard</i>	23
SCIENCE AND THE STUDENT	<i>NF Science Staff</i>	26
BEEBOP — A NARCOTIC	<i>James Hutchins</i>	37
BLOOD AGAINST GOLD	<i>Letters from Greece</i>	44
ROOTS (story)	<i>Bob Nemiroff</i>	46
THE AMERICAN WORKING CLASS (Bibliography)		58

NEW FOUNDATIONS is published quarterly at 575 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y., by the New Foundations Cooperative Press. Subscription \$1.00 annually; single copies, 25 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter November 26, 1947, at the post office in New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright applied for by the New Foundations Cooperative Press, 1949. Permission to reprint in whole or in part must be obtained from individual authors.

FREE THE ELEVEN

Eugene Dennis, one of the 11 Communist leaders on trial at Foley Square in New York, stood tall and dignified as he declared in his summation to the jury:

"It is a political trial, a thought-control trial, a trial of ideas and political doctrines. . . .

"We are not guilty of committing any overt act to overthrow the Government by force and violence, and indeed we have not been so charged. . . .

"Our teaching has nothing to do with (the prosecution's) *Mein Kampf* caricature. The evidence shows we taught how scientific socialism could be applied in the interests of peace and democracy for the American people."

But the hand-picked jury, after nine months of testimony directed by the biased judge, accepted the prosecution evidence by paid informers and stool pigeons. Everything the defendants were able, over prosecution objections, to get into the record proving the frame-up nature of the trial was apparently ignored as "aesopian." A month before hearing the evidence, one of the supposedly impartial jurors had called for a "crusade" against Communists. The 11 defendants were found "guilty" of teaching and advocating the principles of Marxism-Leninism.

Immediately after the verdict was rendered, the Judge, reading from a prepared paper (obviously he was sure of the verdict before it came), remanded the defendants to jail without bail and sentenced their lawyers to two to six months in prison for contempt because they had tried to protect their clients from his prejudiced rulings. A week later, Judge Medina sentenced 10 defendants to five years and the eleventh to three years in jail, and fined them \$10,000 apiece. He refused them bail pending appeal. Among these eleven are the only Negro Councilman in New York City, Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., who was thus deprived of campaigning for re-election, and four veterans who had distinguished themselves defending our country in the last war.

Every student, every patriotic American, must be shocked by the jury's verdict and the judge's vindictive actions. The verdict and the sentence open the door to persecution of every person in our country, not because of overt acts which attack the welfare of the people, but for beliefs or ideas contrary to "official" doctrines. They undermine the very foundations of our Constitution and democracy: the right to freedom of thought, speech, and assembly. For us as students, this aspect of the verdict has special significance; it denies us the right to

study an entire body of ideas, the principles of Marxism-Leninism.

Why did this political thought-control trial take place in our country—"the land of the free"? In an atmosphere of manufactured hysteria, of lies and distortions blown in "monstrous plots" by press and radio, we have been repeatedly told that Communist "agents" threaten our democratic institutions, seek to embroil us in a devastating war.

But what are the facts? The American Communists are the leaders of the working people of our country, of all democratically-minded Americans who demand better living and working conditions. As they showed during the trial, they are the staunchest opponents of Jim Crow, segregation and terrorization of the Negro people. *They are in the forefront of the fight for peace.* They expose the decadence of monopoly capitalism today. They show how its drive to "solve" its economic crises and "destroy" socialism will, if not stopped, involve our people in destructive world-wide slaughter. Pointing to the example of the great socialist Soviet Union, they maintain that only under socialism can the American people hope to achieve real freedom, peace, and security.

For these reasons, the bi-partisan Administration, seeking favor with the big business forces of our land, hope to decapitate the Communist Party. Especially, it fears the Communists' leadership in the fight for peace. Now press and radio attempt to lull us into accepting the verdict by repeating that the jailing of the 11 was simply the "just" conclusion of a "criminal conspiracy." But every step since the verdict—the maximum sentences, jail without bail, and attempts to remove Councilman Davis' name from the ballot—make it clear that reaction aims to use the verdict to outlaw the Communist Party. Still, the Communists refuse thus to be illegalized; instead, every day, they are winning wider support in their struggle to preserve American democracy.

Moreover, it is clear that the verdict and the trial were not directed solely at the Communists. Step by step, the forces of reaction will try to use the verdict to undermine and destroy every organization labelled "Communist front" by former Attorney-General Clark—the same Tom Clark who originally indicted the 11 and who has been rewarded by President Truman with appointment to the Supreme Court. The verdict of "guilty" is aimed at every organization of the people which fights for their rights.

As students of history we know that every ruling class has sought through witch-hunts, inquisitions, and finally force and violence, to destroy its progressive opposition. In Rome, hundreds of Christians were murdered. In feudal Europe, heretics were burned and hanged for seeking freedom from the Catholic-feudal domination. In the United States, the slave-owners brutally tortured their slaves and

finally embroiled the nation in Civil War to maintain their power. And, in our own lifetime, the Nazis murdered thousands of people in concentration camps and gas chambers as the German financiers and industrialists sought to destroy all opposition to their drive for world domination. Thus, through force and violence, the ruling classes of other nations have sought to hold back the march of history.

As have other ruling classes, the monopoly capitalists in the United States aim to maintain and enlarge their power—if necessary through force and violence too. The hysteria generated by witch-hunts, loyalty purges, and the trial at Foley Square has already stimulated the fascist-like forces of our own country. Their growth was symbolized by the anti-Communist, anti-Negro rock-throwing hoodlums of Peekskill. And it has been reflected in the campus community in purges of teachers, oustings of students, and abridgments of students' and teachers' rights to unhampered thought and action. The stimulation of fascist-like forces on the campus is exposed, too, by such incidents of violence as the murder of Dan Cirotta, a YPA member, by drunken fraternity boys at Dartmouth, and the attack on Bartha Watkins, a Negro youth, waiting for a friend at Los Angeles City College. Every student who believes in the traditions of his country and his student community must raise his voice in protest against these vicious attacks stimulated by the trial of the 11.

As students of history, however, we also know that the forces of reaction have always been defeated ultimately as the people mobilized to defend and advance their welfare. Our own United States was founded in the defeat of the mercenary armies that sought to maintain our land in bondage to British profits; our people and our traditions were steeled in the struggle to end southern slavery when it threatened to strangle our nation's growth. Although it is a blow at democracy, the trial and the verdict of the 11 signalizes the weakness of reaction in our country today. Pouring billions of dollars and arms into supporting crumbling capitalist regimes in Europe and Asia, baffled by the deflation of atomic bomb diplomacy, it seeks desperately to maintain its control by trumped-up charges and thought-control trials of progressives.

We can have confidence that our people will unite today, as they have before, to defeat the forces of reaction and to win peace and democracy and, ultimately, socialism. We call on our democratically-minded fellow-students to join the forces of peace and progress to fight for the freedom of the 11 and a return to the path of our American traditions of democracy.

- Write to Attorney-General McGrath to quash the indictments of the 12!
- Demand an end to the vindictive jailing of the lawyers!

WAKE UP STUDENTS!



On a Friday afternoon, not long ago, Bob Fogel stepped up on a wooden stand near New York University and raised his voice to reach the large crowd gathered around to hear about the Trial on Foley Square. Bob told the group of students and workers from the neighborhood how the Trial was an active menace to academic freedom and civil liberties. He discussed the manifold repercussions the Trial has already had in all areas of American life. Suddenly, a voice burst forth, rasping and heckling. Bob spoke louder, paying no attention to the disrupter. Another voice joined the first, and then another—until there was a harsh and steady barrage of callous name-calling and interruption. Bob raised his voice again, in order to be heard above the din of this small but vocal crew. Half a dozen hoodlums pushed their way through the crowd, elbowing people aside. One of them tore furiously at the American flag on the platform. Another, shouting a vile, anti-Semitic epithet, jumped onto the stand and brought it crashing to the ground. A momentary hush fell over the crowd. Then, as they realized what had happened, eager hands wrenched the flag from the attackers and halted the demonstrators. Bob leaped to a nearby step. *"This is force and violence! This is one result of the anti-Communist hysteria!"*

Control had been established by the time the police arrived. The hoodlums stood by, bragging defiantly of their achievements. In the Peekskill manner, the police closed their ears to the culprits, and proceeded to break up the meeting. What the hoodlums could not accomplish, their uniformed counterparts did with the deftness of the storm-trooper.

What happened that afternoon burned in the minds of those who had seen it. And they spread the word. Before a week was up the campus was flooded with leaflets condemning this attempt to curb the rights of Communists. Dozens of student leaders issued statements

denouncing the hoodlums. The campus bristled in united protest against this attack on student democracy.

By the following Friday another meeting had been organized. The students came to hear Bob. The hoodlums stayed home.

The nationwide attempt of monopoly capital to stifle freedom of thought and drive the people of America into submissive silence was reflected in this hoodlum attack at NYU. But students everywhere refuse the harness and fling off the blinders. They hurl a brave "No!" at those who want only a frightened "Ja." On the campus as in the factories and on the farms Wall Street, headquarters of American reaction, is waging a battle to win the adherence of the American people to its program for war and oppression. Today the agents of Wall Street find no other "solution" to the crisis now engulfing America than to embark on an imperialist blood bath of destruction. They pretend a wartime necessity to silence opposition by thought control bills, police brutality, and red-baiting. By deluding us and focusing our attention on non-existent "aggressor nations," United States imperialism hopes to divert our attention from its degeneracy and corruption.

Reaction is soliciting salesmen for its vile program among the three million students on the American campus. The teachers, doctors, and scientists of the future are being molded on the campus today. Will they become the docile servants of imperialist ideology or will they align themselves with the forces of peace and progress? This is the question reaction is attempting to answer with force and violence on the campus. When those hoodlums attacked Bob at NYU they were attacking all students.

Reaction's planned drive on the campus has been sharply increased over the past year. At least sixteen teachers have been fired for political reasons. Progressive organizations have been banned in thirteen colleges and universities. Fourteen progressive books and magazines have been excluded from school libraries. Little men with bought brains stampeded the National Education Association into a resolution which means suspicion and spies on every faculty, in every classroom. Goaded by the professional hate-mongers and spurred by the Catholic hierarchy, the John Nortons (Policies Chief of the NEA) and their counterparts all over the country screech "Red." Unable to explain their failure as educators and intellectuals they scurry for cover. Like true bureaucrats they trample on us to curry favor with their imperialist generals.

But reaction does not limit itself to illegalizing critical ideas. It seizes the opportunity to use the classroom as a sounding board for obscurantism and confusion, lies and distortion. What else can the bourgeoisie teach? We learn such trash as that the electron has free

will (Schroedinger, *What Is Life?*), or one of the causes of mass unemployment is that workers are lazy! (Hunter College, Economics 101). The universities glorify the Henry James ideal of a hero, torn asunder with contradictions and unable to act. This helpless rendition of man's position in society is one way of negating the tremendous social changes which have been wrought in almost half the world by the heroic men and women of the Soviet Union, China, and the Eastern Democracies. This is the prime content of most bourgeois ideology on the campus—or else it is blatant exhortation by certain professors for war against the socialist third of the world. But this social-democratic “objectivism” which scorns partisanship and pleads for detachment and “rationality” is really irrational and reactionary. The main aim of this approach is to immobilize the students and make them incapable of action—action, by the way in which the capitalists are constantly engaged. This is the “science” of capitalist intellectuals—the perverted apologetics of a dying class. The lie and the boot have become the two major weapons of reaction on the campus. If you do not adhere to the lie, you get the boot.

American students resent these assaults on their rights. They are uniting to thwart the drive of the war-mongers on the campus, as they demonstrated at NYU and elsewhere. There is a growing realization that our rights as students are the focus of this attack. By militant defense of these rights we contribute much to the American people's fight for peace. And this fight will grow more intense. The economic crisis is hitting the campus. Many veterans have used up their GI Bills and part-time jobs are increasingly hard to find. Now more than ever, state and federal aid to education is needed. While reactionary spokesmen claim that education should be limited to an elite, our claim as students is for more and wider education. Reaction breeds on ignorance and confusion. Progress can only thrive on a clear understanding of reality. In the classrooms and on the campus students armed with the incisive weapons of Marxism-Leninism must lead in the exposure of the fatuousness of bourgeois ideology. While the bourgeoisie teaches that society is inexplicable and unknowable, Marxism shows that by mastering an understanding of the real world we can change it for the welfare of the people. Inspired with the confidence that comes through understanding, Marxist students can cut a swathe through the morass of idealist lies and illusions.

In the struggle to defeat the intensified drive towards war, the shocking growth of fascism, the students must turn to the strongest force for peace and democracy for leadership, the working class. The working class in every capitalist country has historically been, and is today, the leading progressive force because, as Karl Marx

declared over 100 years ago, it "has nothing to lose but (its) chains." Every day the workers work in the factories of our land for inadequate wages, turning out the goods which the factory owners sell for immense profits. They have been the first to feel the effects of skyrocketing costs of living. They are the ones who must live in the rat-infested slums which disfigure the cities of our nation. In the developing crisis of "overproduction," they are the thousands who are taking their places on the lengthening breadlines. As the drive towards fascism grows, they are the first to suffer Taft-Hartleyized attacks on their unions, on their rights to organize collectively to win better working and living conditions. They are the first to feel the effects of intensified white chauvinism as their bosses pit white against Negro to split their unity. And, as the profit-makers seek war as the solution to the growing economic crisis, as the means of destroying the people's movements of the world, the American workers are the millions who must produce the weapons of war, man the guns, and lose their lives. . . .

For these reasons, the workers are fighting back. They are going out on strikes against speed-up, even without their so-called "leaders'" sanction. They are manning the picket lines to defeat the big coal and steel monopolies' attempts to break their unions. And 1500 rank and file union members and local union leaders met together at the historic October first weekend Labor Peace Rally in Chicago to demand *peace*. The working people of our country are in this way placing themselves in the path of the drive towards war and fascism.

But American workers do not fight alone. In this struggle the American workers have as allies the powerful peace forces of the Soviet Union, the New Democracies, China and the oppressed colonial peoples of the world. In the United States the oppressed Negro nation is the most important ally of the white workers; without this alliance the fight against fascism cannot be won. Along with them, middle class progressives, including the students, must play a vital role in a people's front which, alone, can assure us freedom, security, and peace.

There are three main illusions which hinder effective cooperation and alliance of the working class and students. First is the idea that because students are educated they are superior to workers. How ridiculous! As if mere college attendance indicated superior intelligence. Remember the economic barriers which are erected to prevent working class youth from attending college and which are designed to preserve the *status quo*. Education and culture in a capitalist society are reserved mainly for a leisured few. When it comes to combatting oppression and struggling for democracy, where do we learn the forms for activity? Did an "intelligent student" invent

strikes, mass demonstrations, or picket lines? A second prevalent illusion is class collaboration, which is rammed into us from the primary grades on up. It is based on the fallacy that our society is not made of opposing classes. Rather we are taught that workers, who own nothing but their own labor power, are as interested in their own exploitation as the capitalists who own the means of production. This nonsense is buttressed with the arguments of the labor aristocrats like Green of the A. F. of L. and Murray of the C.I.O. But once the conditions are defined, the poverty of this argument is obvious. Only when it is cloaked in the subtle equation of "*free enterprise*" = "*democracy*" = "The American Way" can it mislead. Behind this sinister myth lies the class struggle, and once the existence of the class struggle is clear the myth falls to the ground.

Lastly, many students believe that they will be privileged professionals or big businessmen. True, some of us will become professionals. But as such are we exempt from death in war? If we do not play ball with the moneyed few, how long will we remain privileged? And certainly the majority will not become professionals or millionaires. Most of us will join, at one time or another, the working class. If we are involved in the struggle of our class, as we cannot help but be, we will be of utmost value to the fight for peace and socialism.

The barrier between the campus and the working class is not so large as it would seem. Once we penetrate the myths of detachment and isolation we can see that it is but a short step from the classroom to the factory. But a great deal of work is required to bridge that small gap. It may be facilitated by having trade union leaders speak on campus and by wide participation of students in workers' struggles. Such contact breeds understanding, for one experience on a picket line, for example, outweighs a thousand lectures. In these activities unity between working class and student youth can be furthered; the common problems of all youth will become clearer. In this regard the Labor Youth League is a natural and necessary medium.

On the other hand we must strive for wider support of trade unions and community organizations for our student struggles. Remember the importance of the aid rendered City College students in their fight against Jim-Crow by the Furriers Union and community organizations. The entire struggle against the bulwarks of reaction is strengthened by such unity.

When the hoodlums rushed Bob that afternoon at NYU they acted in the tradition of their inciters—big business. Their "Americanism" consisted of attacking free speech and assembly. When they tore down the American flag they symbolized the import of the reactionary attack on democracy. But symbolized also in that minor skirmish was the

victory of the democratic forces. The students, like the American people, will not submit to fascism, whatever the guise, provided it is exposed to them for what it is. No amount of demagogy will shield its real nature. The Bob Fogels all over the nation will continue to speak. And the American people will drive the hoodlums out of existence. For the forces of peace are the masses of the people. Their opponents, like the big business agents and hoodlums, are a sotted and selfish few, who in their death throes, are trying to drag us all down with them.

We as students can help to abort the insane plots of the fascist elements by the action that we take in the near future. We must end the false separation between the working class and ourselves. This means that we combat in our classrooms and on campus alienating ideologies and practices. We Marxist students must take the initiative in sponsoring forums which show the relation between the working class' struggle and our own interests.

Marxist students must also recognize the necessity to actively join forces with the powerful American workers. They must, by going into factories and shops in basic industries and the South, help the people achieve the correct theoretical understanding of the class struggle. At the same time Marxist students will learn revolutionary practice from these real experiences with the American working people and their struggles. This realistic action on the part of students is necessary for effecting unity of theory and practice. The degree of unity between intellectuals and the working people, the only class capable of implementing this theory, will determine how successful we are in thwarting and routing the fascist forces of America.



BUDAPEST — RALLY ON THE ROAD TO PEACE

Picture a city of one million people turned completely over to 10,000 young people from 84 different countries. Picture every restaurant that seats over 100, every available hostel and hotel, feeding and housing these delegates for peace. See the delegates themselves, in their colorful national costumes, walking and talking in the streets at all times of day. Every building is decorated with flags, pictures, slogans—even the streetcars are covered with flowers. Imagine the warmest welcome ever possible—and you have Budapest and the Hungarian people opening their arms and heart to the World Youth Festival, August, 1949.

Budapest was ours! The people were completely devoted to making our stay comfortable and enjoyable. As delegates, we all had passes to movies, theaters, bath houses, even the subway and trolleys. Most of the time we didn't even have to show our Festival card—all we had to say was, "VIT, VIT!" (the initials of the Hungarian words for World Youth Festival), and often the conductors on the trams would shake our hands and shout, "HURRAH!" The slogan of Budapest was, "VIT, VIT HURRAH!"

The Hungarian youth were everywhere, helping, singing, dancing, marching, applauding, enjoying the peace demonstration they had helped to organize. Every delegation had a staff of interpreters composed of young Hungarian students and workers. Their awareness and understanding augers well for Hungary's future. How clearly they explained the nature of the People's Democracy, and the road they had chosen to socialism! They introduced themselves by telling their names, what their parents' work was, and what they wanted

* This article has been prepared by a number of the delegates who attended the World Youth Festival this summer at Budapest. The Festival was held by the World Federation for Democratic Youth (WFDY) and the International Union of Students (IUS). Both were organized by the democratic youth of the world who after the last war, were determined to build a powerful world-wide unity of young people to guarantee peace and democracy.

to become. Zsuzsi, whose father worked in a factory, was studying medicine on a government scholarship. Sixteen-year-old Wilhelm's father had died fighting the Nazis. He spoke 5 languages fluently and wanted to become a teacher. Our chief interpreter, Otto, was an engineer on leave from his factory to help our delegation.

Our two hundred delegates came from nearly every area of the United States. The majority of us were young workers. About forty percent of us were students. The delegation, organized by the United States Office for the World Youth and Student Festival, was the joint effort of the American Youth for a Free World and the Committee for International Student Cooperation. Our first day in Budapest, we elected a Steering Committee of 15 delegates including official and non-official representatives of trade unions, youth organizations, nationality sections and student groups. On the Committee were eleven young workers, two students, a priest, and a cultural leader. Six of its members were Negroes, nine were women. Our co-chairmen were Mrs. Grace Tillman, Negro representative from the Southern Negro Youth Congress, and Dr. Sheppard Thierman, Vice-President for International Affairs of the Association of Internes and Medical Students. (Dr. Thierman did not officially represent his organization at the Festival.)

Our delegation was greeted with great warmth, showered with flowers, and cheered constantly. Everywhere we went we were surrounded by crowds of people who wanted to hug us, to shake our hands, to ask us to sign our "autogram Amerikanski." It was obvious, however, that we were not welcomed as emissaries of our government, of Truman Doctrine-Marshall Plan America, but as democratic, anti-fascist, peace partisans of the American youth, representatives of peace-loving Americans. Our Negro delegates received special welcome. The shameful oppression which keeps the Negro people of our country in semi-slave conditions are well-known throughout the world. For that reason, when our delegation paraded with our co-chairmen, Negro and white, leading with hands clasped, everyone from every country cheered us with tremendous ovations. "We love you so much because you get so little love in your own country," was the way one young Hungarian woman expressed her feelings.

We were most anxious to meet the Soviet delegation. On the day of the official opening ceremonies of the Festival, when all the delegates and many of the citizens of Hungary massed at the Stadium, we found ourselves next to the Soviet youth. For the first several moments we stared at one another. Then we drew together. We sang and danced for each other, compared notes on our athletic stars, and chatted in fluent or halting French, English and Russian. We saw the Soviet delegates many times during the two weeks that followed, but

in those first few moments we knew how much the youth of the United States and the Soviet Union share in common. They want peace to build their country—a mighty example of the possibilities socialism holds for the world. Standing there, on the hard dirt field, talking and laughing with them, we found it incredible to remember those who want us to destroy their cities and murder their people. These were the gallant young men and women who had helped to turn the tide of Nazism at the gates of Stalingrad.

But the Hungarians, who had received the Soviet delegation in cheering, joyful crowds at the station, had not forgotten. The Soviet soldiers had freed their country from the scourge of fascism. And they cheered the Soviet youth as representatives of the country to which they look for leadership in building socialism.

None of us in the United States delegation will ever forget our meetings with them, the patient and frank answers they gave to our many questions about religion, psychiatry, youth movements, and the opportunities for youth under socialism. We will all remember vividly how Mihailov, the general secretary of the Komsomol, told us of the new kind of youth growing up in his country, of their assured and constantly improving education, of their ever-growing cultural activities, and of their exciting hopes for the future. But we were most impressed by the importance attributed to young people in this great socialist country, an importance demonstrated by their magnificent cultural and artistic contributions to the Festival.

We learned many things from the young people from the Soviet Union. Above all we learned from their outstanding contributions to building understanding between the youth of all nations, and from their intense desire for peace.

Our contacts with the other delegations taught us many things, too. We felt that U.S. shrapnel in the face of a young Greek Partisan. We saw the leader of the Greek Partisan delegation limp—he had lost his leg when it was hit with bullets fired from a machine gun of the latest American make. Even while we talked to these brave young Greeks, United States military aid to the monarcho-fascist Greek government was maiming and murdering men and women, half-grown boys and girls—the comrades of our friends at the Festival, our allies in the struggle for peace and a better future.

We talked, too, to the delegate from Puerto Rico. He had been refused a visa through Germany by the American Military Government, but we had raised enough money to enable him to fly, literally over the heads of the U.S. Government, from France to Budapest. He told us of the shocking conditions in his country caused by 50 years of domination and control by United States imperialism—the terrible working and living standards which slash the average life expectancy of a Puerto

Rican to 24 years. The people of his country are forced to buy and sell to the United States at high prices dictated by United States interests. From a diverse economic structure, Puerto Rico has been turned by U.S. imperialist investments into an impoverished sugar-cane producing island. Any young people lucky enough to attend school are taught, not the history of Puerto Rico, but of the United States. They must learn in English, instead of their national language.

The 50 members of the Italian delegation—which had been cut in half by passport denials—poured from the buses in front of our hostel singing “Avante Popolo.” We talked to them for hours. They described to us at length the poverty and unemployment being caused by the Marshall Plan in their country. When the Marshall Plan was first introduced, they said, there were a million and a half Italians out of work; now two million, three thousand unemployed enjoy its “benefits.” Five thousand partisans who had fought fascism are now in prison. These young Italians reminded us that the Marshall Plan links their fight for freedom directly to our own fight to free the 12 Communist leaders and maintain democracy in our own country.

We met the young Spanish Republicans when they marched into the restaurant where we were eating, singing “La Quince Brigade,” and carrying the flag of the Republic of Spain. Some of them had been exiled from their country for as long as 12 years, but when we remarked that it had been a long time, they smiled and said, “Yes, but we shall return very soon.” They asked us why the United States refused to aid the legitimate government of Spain. Why, instead, had the Chase National Bank been encouraged to make a tremendous loan to Franco? Our answer could only be that we would fight to bring the truth to our fellow Americans and demand a halt to such aid to the former ally of Hitler and Mussolini.

And time and time again, the delegates from countries dominated by the United States would ask us, “Do you know, do you really understand, the job you must do?” Our role was most clearly pointed out on the fourth anniversary of the Indonesian Declaration of Independence. The delegate from West Africa, looking directly at us, said in clear English:

You have seen young people from every colonial nation come one by one to the podium and present flowers to the Indonesian delegation as a symbol of their solidarity with the just struggles of their people. I hope that you realized that each of these people in each of their countries is also demanding their own independence. You must tell your people when you return that the day of the ‘white man’s burden’ is over. You must take out a map of the world and point with your pencil to those places where we live. For yours is a special responsibility. As you have seen us come forward, and as you look over the map, you must come to understand that it is

your government, through direct or indirect support of every reactionary power, which frustrates our demands for our full nationhood. Do not forget either, my friends, that Sufiano, whose hand you so warmly clasped in friendship, might not be alive tomorrow. And that if he is murdered, it will have been by arms bearing the mark—"Made in the U.S.A." Here today we have taken stock of our collective strength. Please tell your people that we are strong, and that we shall win our just struggle following in the path of the glorious Chinese people's victory.

The young people from every country, especially colonial and semi-colonial nations, were full of praise for the brave people of China who today are freeing themselves from the yoke of imperialism. Delegate after delegate who attended the conference of mideastern countries declared, after describing the struggles they are waging for their own freedom, "Thus we hope to follow in the glorious path of the Chinese youth and the Chinese liberation movement."

We first met two Chinese delegates on a streetcar in Budapest. We couldn't speak Chinese, they couldn't speak English. But we shook hands warmly, they whose people's struggle against United States-supported reaction is daily more successful, we who spoke in the name of the peace-loving people of our country. And we spoke to each other in the two Hungarian words we knew of our warmth and lasting friendship: "Hello!" "Freedom!"

The Chinese delegation presented one of the most thrilling cultural performances of the entire Festival. One hundred young men and women, all wearing white turbans, massed on the big stadium field, moving their bodies and heads rhythmically as a unit. The power and beat of the "Flag Dance," a dance being done around hundreds of campfires of the liberating armies of China, expressed fully the mighty pulse of the great Chinese people's revolution.

And so we learned, at every party, every reception, every time we went out into the streets or to a cultural presentation, of the rich and varied cultures of peoples who had before been only names in the small print of newspapers. The Mongolian delegation presented their folk opera, dances, and acrobatics. The French, the Viet-Nameese, the Indians—each group from every country, those still fighting for their freedom as well as those on the road to socialism, had its fighting spirit, its message of hope, of the growing strength, of the people and their future.

We gave our own cultural presentation which received wide welcome and acclaim. Our two-hour program traced our people's struggles for freedom from colonial days to the major struggles of today for peace and against fascism. We showed how our cultural heritage stems from every part of the world, that the peoples of almost every country have contributed to our cultural background. Although our delegation was not specialized as the others were, we set to

work enthusiastically as soon as we arrived in Budapest and were very successful within the limits of our inadequate prior preparation. Our chorus even won honorable mention in the Festival's cultural competition.

We worked on our exhibit long and late until, despite many weaknesses, we could be proud of it too. It is now on tour in Hungary. Two panels flank the entrance to it. One is a map of our country with pictures of our youth square-dancing in Wallace caravans. It includes graphs comparing the disparity in the national budget between the funds allocated for war and for the needs of the people. The other panel, opposite, is a draped picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt with his statement, "We cannot consider that we have achieved total victory over fascism until every vestige of it is wiped from the face of the earth." This is in four languages and is followed by a statement recognizing the dangerous regrowth of fascism and our responsibility for curbing our war-mongers. A replica of the Statue of Liberty behind bars is shown with the trial at Foley Square, the Trenton Six, and the witchhunt hysteria. The exhibit concludes with a huge scroll addressed to President Truman and Congress calling for peace pacts, not war pacts. This scroll has been signed by over ten thousand people who viewed our exhibit.

Since our delegation had never met in a body before arriving at Budapest, we decided to concentrate on preparing a good cultural program and exhibit. We wanted to enter the World University Summer Games, but it was too late. We did have an unofficial basketball team which was beaten 62-61 by a Hungarian team of two men and three women. The sports program, however, was an important part of the Festival. The youth of the world prefer to battle on a soccer team with a ball rather than on other fields with guns.

The Festival was a tremendously valuable experience for all of us. We learned, by meeting and talking to representative youth from all over the world, that there is a powerful peace movement which is fighting the war mongers at every turn. This movement is intimately bound up with the growing struggles for national liberation, democracy and progress.

A major focus of our attention will be to win freedom for the oppressed youth, particularly of the Negro people in our own country, of Puerto Rico and Latin America, of Southeast Asia and Africa. We cannot, we now know, achieve our own freedom if we do not help those whom U.S. imperialism oppresses to win theirs. We will work to develop a greater consciousness among the young people in the United States to the fact that internationalism is a powerful weapon in the fight for peace.

The World Youth Congress which followed the Festival formu-



REMEMBER STUDENT MASSACRES IN PRAHA

On November 17, 1939, Hitler ordered his Czech puppets to destroy the rising student movement which protested the murder of one of their fellow students. 157 students were murdered, every university was closed. Ever since, democratically-minded students throughout the world have commemorated that day by resolving again to defeat fascism wherever it appears, and to win lasting peace.

lated the tasks and programs of the international youth peace movement. But all of us at the Festival were spurred to action. We returned with a determination to carry the enthusiasm and meaning of Budapest to as many of the young people as possible. We plan to conduct lectures, sponsor tours and present exhibits and cultural performances. We will build committees for international cooperation to be coordinated through the American Youth for a Free World and the Committee for International Student Cooperation (both at 144 Bleecker Street, New York City). We regard that wherever feasible—and the opportunities must be made—we should encourage youth groups to affiliate with the W.F.D.Y. and student groups to affiliate with the I.U.S. We planned to integrate these activities with a program centered around the week of November 10-17, International Youth Week, and November 17, International Students' Day.

The slogan of the Festival, *Youth Unite: Forward to a Lasting Peace, Democracy, National Independence, and a Better Future*, must become the property of all of us here in the United States. We who went to Budapest this summer are pledged to this. Join us now!

ANN WILLIAMS*

BUILD THE STUDENT LABOR YOUTH LEAGUE



(We are proud to welcome and give our full support to the newly-formed National Organizing Conference for a Labor Youth League, and to its student section, the Student Conference for a Labor Youth League.—The Editors.)

"We are confident that our organization will meet its responsibilities because we have confidence in the youth of our country and their democratic traditions. We intend fully to meet our responsibilities to the youth, to our country, to the working class and to humanity. Our League will inspire young people with a proud consciousness that they represent the future. It will inspire young people with a conviction that our generation will see America live up to its past traditions in the fight for liberty and move ahead; that our generation will see the people of our country bridle and defeat the clique of warmongers who defame the name of America. The League that we project today will be born in the confidence that ours is the generation that will not only see peace and victory over fascism, but will see our country as a land of free and equal people, a land of socialism."

With this inspiring challenge, Leon Wofsy, Chairman of the National Organizing Conference for a Labor Youth League, concluded his stirring keynote address to the 180 young men and women, Negro and white, assembled in the Peoples' Auditorium in Chicago, May 28, 1949. These enthusiastic young people had come from all corners of the United States, from the factories and farms, from the schools and communities, to lay the foundations for a new youth organization to "educate youth in the prin-

ciples of Scientific Socialism—the beacon-light and historic goal of the working class." Chairman Wofsy's words highlighted their proud and sober consciousness of the meaning of that historic meeting. Delegate after delegate rose to tell of his or her experiences. A young Negro worker, who came to the conference from a 21-week-old picket line in Memphis, Tennessee, described the low wages and filthy sanitary conditions which had forced him and the workers in his shop, many of them women, out on strike. A young

* Ann Williams is a graduate student of economics, teaches courses at the Jefferson School in New York, and is editor of NEW FOUNDATIONS.

steel worker from Ohio told how the workers were beginning to fight back against the hated speed-up. A 'teen-ager explained how youngsters in her community were demanding non-discriminatory recreational facilities. A college student pictured the struggle on her campus to end the Jim Crow quota system. A young unemployed Negro woman told of growing layoffs and building an unemployment council. . . . Every delegate welcomed and emphasized the importance of building the League to give guidance and leadership to these growing struggles of young people.

Since that exciting conference, the National Organizing Conference for a Labor Youth League has become a powerful organization of young people who seek peace, freedom, and secure futures. Clubs have sprung up among young factory workers in Detroit and other industrial towns, among Negro youth in Harlem, among young Mexican-Americans in the far west, on college campuses, in rural communities. It is first and foremost being built among the youth in the most militant sector of our population, young workers, Negro and white. At the same time, the League, recognizing that *all* American young people are threatened should the fascist war drives remain unbridled, aims to build among all youth a nation-wide struggle against the war-mongers.

One major division of the League will work particularly among students, fighting for their

needs, giving them leadership in "a spirit of devotion to the working people" The Student Conference for a Labor Youth League is on many campuses already becoming an integral part, a leader, of campus activity. Its members are in the forefront of the fight for democracy in education. They are organizing to guarantee the rights of students to study and act without the choking interference of thought-control. They are leading the fight to smash the vicious system of Jim Crow which, maintained by quotas and segregation, permeates the very life of American universities. They are uniting to check the growing militarization of the campuses, the Compulsory ROTC's, the increasing numbers of generals in control of education, the government control of scientific investigation. And the League on the campus is developing a militant program to win the economic, political, and social needs of students.

But the League points out that "democracy in education," will remain an empty phrase unless the struggle to achieve it is accompanied by student activity for peace and democracy for the whole people. League members are exposing the truth that the jury verdict of "guilty" in the Foley Square trial is not only aimed to destroy the vanguard of the working class, the Communist Party. It is aimed at the very foundations of our American Constitution which guarantees freedom of speech and assembly. The verdict has given the go-ahead

signal to campus witch-hunters and bigots, a green-light to those who want the student body to become parrot-supporters of the war drive. Through meetings, debates, petitions, leaflets and pamphlets, the League is explaining that *as long as the jury-verdict is unreversed students can never achieve full democracy in education.*

League members are pointing out too the lessons of Peekskill: no student, no American, will remain the free inheritor of our country's traditions unless he joins democratic forces to wipe out every vestige of the fascist racism and hoodlumism exhibited by the police-protected rock-throwers at Peekskill.

And the League is working to win students for peace. They are boldly raising the demand for friendship with the Soviet Union and the democratic youth of all nations who are united in their determination for peace and in their hatred for imperialism and colonial oppression. On many campuses, League members are exposing the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact. They are participating in developing the broadest possible united action against the futility and perilousness of atom-bomb diplomacy. Above all, they are pointing out to their fellow students that, as long as billions are spent for war, the pressing needs of the American people, including the students, can only remain unsatisfied.

The Student League chapters are also developing social, cultural and recreational programs woven

into the general pattern of campus life. At the same time they are introducing into campus life new elements which only the League with its working-class consciousness can develop. League sports teams are participating in intramural competitions. League members are enjoying campus-wide social events with all students, and at the same time organizing their own picnics, parties and dances to which they invite non-members. When campus festivals are held, League chapters, too, erect their booths, improvise skits, and sing songs. Thus, Student League members are involving themselves in general student activities to help assure a more healthy social, cultural and recreational campus life. Just because they *are* League members, they express a school spirit heightened by their understanding of the democratic traditions and vitality of the student community as part of entire American people.

In none of their activities—whether in the presentation of a skit, the holding of a rally, or manning a picket-line — will League members lose sight of the essential character of their organization as an *educational* organization. They will wage an unceasing battle against the poisonous ideas spread on the campuses to divide the students, to turn them against the workers and their allies. This is particularly important because every day students are bombarded, in their class rooms and text-books as well as over the radio and in the news-

papers, with anti-working class, chauvinistic thinking.

The League will expose every concept of the inferiority of the working class, explaining again and still again why the working people of our country are the most militant and democratic force in our country. It will show why students must ally themselves with the working people if they are to achieve their own goals.

Second, League members will wage a most vigilant struggle against all forms of Jim Crow. They will fight all forms of the vicious white chauvinist ideology with which the bourgeoisie tries to permeate students to divide them and split them from the workers and their main ally, the Negro people.

And third, the League will wage a constant fight against the anti-Communist hysteria which is invading the campus, as it is every sector of American life. It will expose this hysteria as a calculated device of the imperialists to twist the honest desires of students for peace and democracy into channels of reaction and war.

In combating the poisonous ideas of the war mongers, the Student League members seek to stimulate among students an "interest in and study of Marxism." Through discussion and debate, as well as concrete activity, they are

bringing to students the fact that the principles of Scientific Socialism are a necessary guiding force in the fight for peace and democracy.

With a confidence keynoted in Leon Wofsy's speech the student members of the League are proud of the role which they can play in helping win the masses of democratically-minded students as staunch allies of the workers. Democratically-minded students have for decades, and especially in the '30's, demanded freedom of speech and thought, participated in working class struggles, fought for campus democracy, and built broad unity in the peace movements. These traditions provide a sound basis for their full participation in the fight to thwart the drive to subject our people to the thought control and brutality of fascism and to enmesh them in war. In the post-war period, students throughout the country have already begun to awaken to the dangers hidden behind the anti-Communist, chauvinist hysteria enveloping our country. We have full confidence that the League will meet its responsibilities by giving leadership to these local struggles to help channelize them into a powerful national movement which, taking its leadership from the working class, will strengthen the American people's struggle for peace and democracy.

HOMESTEAD

AN INCIDENT IN THE AMERICAN CLASS STRUGGLE

During the time of Andrew Jackson, one Dr. Robert Hare, a learned "objective" scientist, warned of the grave error of supposing "that any separation could be practicable between the interests of the rich and the working class"; and one Calvin Colton remarked that "every American laborer can stand up proudly and say, *I am The American Capitalist*, which is not a metaphor, but literal truth."

Today Philip Murray, in the tradition of these stalwarts, attests that, "In fact, we have no classes in this country." One wonders whether Mr. Murray, President of the Steel Workers' Union, thinks occasionally of the simple monument at Homestead, Pa., on which are inscribed the names of seven steel workers shot to death by Pinkerton detectives, on July 6, 1892.

Finance capitalism, which today seeks to master the world, in 1892 sought first of all to master the American working class. In the full vigor of its brutal youth, it would accept no opposition to its consolidation of power. The growing labor movement was met by lockouts and blacklists, bought judges, and private armies of strikebreakers.

The workers fought back. The year 1892 alone witnessed a power strike of three months' duration in New York, a general strike of 150,000 workers in New Orleans, a strike in the mines of Tennessee, and the great struggle in the Coeur d'Alene mines of Idaho. But it was in Homestead, Pennsylvania, that capital was met by its greatest challenge.

Following four months of futile negotiation between the Carnegie Steel Company and the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, an A.F.L. affiliate, Frick, Carnegie superintendent, locked the workers out of the mills. The workers anticipated the importation of Pinkertons to destroy their union and planned accordingly. They controlled the town. Some years before, a progressive group in the union had succeeded in building an independent political party. In 1889 enough steelworkers had been elected to control the Borough Council. The Burgess, John McLucky, was a worker in the Bessemer department of the plant. The chief of police was a leading member of the union. It was the town, then, which prepared itself for attack.

The steel workers' anxiety was well founded. While the citizens

* Mr. Leonard, a veteran, is a history student.

of Homestead waited, three hundred Pinkertons gathered, first in Ohio, and then, moving by night, approached Homestead in barges.

Telegrams kept the workers' Advisory (Executive) Committee posted as to the Pinkertons' line of march. On the morning of July 6th, a horseman entered the town and informed the Advisory Committee that the Pinkertons were on their way down the river.

Soon the barges could be seen. As the whistle of the Electric Light Works sounded, the entire population streamed down to the bank of the river, some with rifles, some with clubs, the rest with only their clenched fists. The barges moved towards the shore, and Pinkertons, guns in hand, could be seen crowding the decks.

"Don't land," the invaders were warned. "Go away. Let us avoid violence," the workers' leaders pleaded.

But a strike-breakers' salary must be earned. It is futile to debate who fired the first shot. The one shot became a volley. Martin Murry, a steel worker, fell wounded. . . . Others were killed outright.

An eye-witness reported that a worker turned to the throng, shouting, "Men of Homestead and Fellow Strikers: Our friends have been murdered—our brothers have been shot down before our eyes by hired thugs! The blood of honest workmen has been spilled. Yonder in those boats are hundreds of men who have murdered our friends and would ravish our homes! Men of Homestead, we must kill them! Not one must escape alive!"

"Aye, aye, aye," yelled a half thousand voices.

The "battle of the barges" lasted for hours. Two hundred workers from Pittsburgh, carrying an American flag, came to aid the workers of Homestead. Arms and ammunition were sent from Pittsburgh and McKeesport. During the battle, enraged women attacked the cowed Pinkertons shouting, "We are the people." The Homestead workers were victorious.

But the victory was only temporary. Private armies had failed—very well, call out the National Guard! These workers must be put in their place! It's "rebellion," screamed Harper's Weekly. It's "mob-rule," blared headlines in the New York Times.

"Welcome the soldiers," some of the strike leaders counselled their men. "Show the public that you are law-abiding citizens. They are our friends. Let us welcome them as friends."

But others, more aware of the ties between the government and the Steel Companies, warned, "Don't you believe it men, don't you believe that the soldiers are coming as friends. . . ."

And when the troops arrived on July 12, a committee representing the union visited Major General Snowden at his headquarters and offered their services. The General promptly rejected their offer. First came the soldiers, then martial law, then "blacklegs"—scabs.

The strike was broken. In November, the men trickled back to work. And the company sought to impress a crushing object lesson on the labor movement. The leaders of the strike were indicted for treason against the state of Pennsylvania. The frame-up hysteria had not yet reached the heights of today, however. The indictments were dropped. The union leaders went free. But the steelworkers' union was smashed. Political control of the borough of Homestead was seized by Carnegie Steel. Public offices became commissions handed out by the steel bosses. Many civil liberties were cancelled.

But such struggles as the Homestead strike have another effect—the effect of steeling those who participate, of sharpening the class consciousness of all workers, of arming them for future victories. One worker—under indictment today because of his valiant leadership of the working class against the modern drive of finance capital against the people of the world—declared:

“... the greatest effect of all upon my awakening class feeling was produced by the great Homestead strike of steel workers. I was only 11 years old at the time but I remember how I shared my father's indignation at the sending of the Philadelphia National Guard regiment to Pittsburgh. . . .”
(William Z. Foster, *From Bryan to Stalin*)

Years later steel was organized. William Z. Foster played an historic role in mobilizing the workers in the great steel strike of 1919. And in the 1930's, the steel workers, with the decisive leadership of Foster and other Communists, united into the Steel Workers' Union of America, one of the first and most powerful unions in the C.I.O.

Today, in 1949, the steel barons are working to extend their domination over the peoples of the world. At home they would like to bust the steel workers' union. Yet Philip Murray, President of the United Steel Workers and of the entire C.I.O., preaches “labor statesmanship” and class collaboration with finance capital. Apparently he, too, a true labor lieutenant of the imperialists, is afraid of the growing militancy of the mighty organized labor movement which threatens the bastions of capitalism. But, in the tradition of Homestead, the rank and file workers are beginning to see through the cries of “red.” They are beginning to unite in the mills and on the picket lines to fight speedup and layoffs, to win wage increases, and to halt every attempt of the steel bosses to smash their union. Every year, a delegation from the steel workers' union places a wreath on the monument to the seven workers murdered 50 years ago by the hirelings of Carnegie Steel. That monument today symbolizes a growing realization that by militant unity alone can the steel workers win their fight for better conditions, democracy, and peace.

SCIENCE AND THE STUDENT

Modern science had its beginning with the first appearance of capitalism, and has grown with the development of capitalism. Initially it represented the efforts of craftsmen and merchants in the medieval towns to improve and expand the means of production and distribution upon which their economic life depended. This stimulus was soon supplemented, with the growth in power and wealth of the medieval burghers, by the need for science in the fight against feudalism. The protection of merchant caravans, and even of the towns themselves, against the robber-lords of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries was a pressing problem to the developing merchant class. Finally, science was used in the ideological struggle of the burghers against limiting, church-supported concepts such as the medieval conception of usury, the divine right of the secular and temporal hierarchy to rule, the Ptolemaic system, and Aristotelian mechanics.

Once the bourgeoisie had established itself as the ruling class of a country its need for science grew rapidly.

The bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionizing the instruments of production, and thereby the relations of production, and with them the whole relations of society. . . . Constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguished the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. (*The Communist Manifesto*.)

On all the continents the development of a capitalist economy has seen the establishment of scientific institutions and the growth of scientific personnel. The calculus was the product of both Newton and Leibnitz. Galileo Galilei invented the telescope. Pasteur disproved the theory of spontaneous generation. Carver showed the industrial uses of the soy bean. All nations and peoples have contributed to the achievements of science.

SCIENCE IN THE EPOCH OF IMPERIALISM

About the turn of this century, when we entered the period of monopoly capitalism and modern imperialism, the character of science changed. Science came to be dominated by a few large industrial con-

(*Science and the Student* was written by the N.F. Science Staff. We hope that N.F. readers will contribute to the science section of N.F., both with criticisms of what we have written and with articles.—Science Staff.)

cerns. The place of the individual scientist working in relative isolation was taken by the scientific group. The small laboratory in a university basement has been replaced by factory-like institutions such as the big Westinghouse and G.E. laboratories.

Anarchy in science is the rule under capitalism. The general anarchy of capitalist production, due to competition between firms, is reflected in science. Endowments and other financial support so necessary for the practice of advanced research are not distributed on the basis of an over-all adjustment of society to its growing needs and skills, but on the basis of anticipated profit from a relatively short-term point of view. Centers of scientific concentration compete with each other, wasting both material and talent, to achieve the same goal. But today industrial research is carried on so that new methods of production may be patented and suppressed, preventing the growth of new industries to protect from obsolescence costly existing ones. Science becomes more and more the means by which labor in imperialist and colonial countries is exploited and competition between rival monopolies carried on.

Science in the period of monopoly capitalism is perverted science. Instead of being used in the service of mankind, science is used to further the private ends of a small group of capitalists. Scientific energy is increasingly being spent today in the struggle against socialism and in preparation for war. Atomic physics, jet propulsion, super-sonic flight, radar, infra-red lighting and a host of other problems are studied for their military value. Even in this field the anarchy of capitalist science manifests itself in the duplication of effort in the aircraft industry and in the struggle going on for the control of government-built atomic energy plants and research facilities.

It is characteristic of our time that we have the atom bomb but not atomic power. Vital research in problems of health, agronomy, cosmology and oceanography is neglected because it has no cash value. Polio takes 1,845 lives every year (1946), and its epidemics leave a train of crippled. Cancer is the second largest killer in the country, and incapacitates thousands yearly. Virtually nothing is done about these diseases except on a charity basis. Dollar returns to Du Ponts, Pews, and Rockefellers form the material basis of science in our country today.

Scientific writing is filled with anti-progressive, unscientific nonsense. Scientists are being encouraged to draw anti-rational and anti-socialist conclusions from their work and to voice philosophical concepts calculated to fight for the preservation of the *status quo* on the intellectual front. Established facts of science are suppressed or disseminated in a distorted form to counteract the world of socialism. Scientists are being bribed on the one hand, and bullied on the other,

into becoming part of the pack of intellectual running dogs of capitalism.

BOURGEOIS CONTROL OF SCIENCE

Science is necessary to capitalism yet dangerous to it. Capitalism must keep tight control over the product of science and over the production of young scientists.

The bourgeoisie has for the past 70 years controlled the institutions of higher education where young scientists are trained. (See *NEW FOUNDATIONS*, Fall, 1948.) By political and economic power the bourgeoisie has long had the final say as to what subjects are taught and who teaches them.

Today, as part of the drive to war, there has been increased military penetration into the general field of education—growing ROTC's, Army and Navy grants to universities, and military control of personnel working in university laboratories. Control of scientific education by the most chauvinistic and militaristic elements within the bourgeoisie is becoming more direct. The increasing militarization of the campus means not only that the civilian student is subject to approval by the Pentagon and that the courses of instruction become geared to military needs, but that the progressive student is unable to study fields which bear close relation to military science and that civilian study of the newest developments in science is very much curtailed. Hans Freistadt presents us with a case in point. He has been prevented from studying the peaceful uses of atomic energy at the University of North Carolina because he was designated as "subversive" by the House Un-American Committee. Questioned whether he would help as a scientist in an aggressive war against the Soviet Union, he said he would not. His scholarship was taken away from him. The "civilian" control of the Atomic Energy Commission here shows itself to be a fraud, and the military control of a civilian science and scientific training clearly demonstrated.

The science student has not escaped the tightening thought control on the post-war campus. Affected by loyalty oaths and political checks to the same degree as other students, his is subjected to further restraint because of the close relations between science and war industry and other preparations for war.

Furthermore, bourgeois control of education is sharply manifested in discrimination, which is the rule in American education. Quota systems for Jews, Italians, Catholics, and women are widespread in higher education, although it is against the Negro student that discrimination is the most vicious. In 1947 Negro students received 2.4 per cent of the college degrees granted in the United States,

although as a whole Negroes form more than one-tenth of the population. Even in Northern tax-supported colleges discrimination is obvious in the small number of Negro students. In the South and Southwest, where the largest numbers of Negroes live, the very few Negro youth who go to college are segregated.

BOURGEOIS IDEOLOGY IN SCIENCE

Besides the social, political, and educational limitations which bourgeois society imposes upon science, there exist intellectual barriers to scientific development inherent in capitalist society. These barriers are the ideological weapons with which the capitalists seek to maintain their social order.

Idealism is the principal philosophical weapon of the bourgeoisie. Its basic premise is that mind, consciousness, or spirit is the primary substance of the universe, and that matter and the "objective world" are reflections of mind or consciousness or spirit. Idealism is in contrast to materialism, which maintains that matter is primary and that consciousness is the reflection of material phenomena on the part of the most highly organized form of matter—human life. The consequence of accepting materialism is that we realize that to change our environment we must change the material relations, physical or social, in which we find ourselves. Those who accept idealism, on the other hand, exclude the possibility of dealing effectively with environment because they see the real basis of our relations as intangible, as "spirit" or "mind." In science idealism is never carried to its logical conclusion, which is solipsism, but is expressed in varying degrees wherever scientific explanations for natural phenomena have not yet been found.

Closely related to idealism is mechanism which, like idealism, cannot explain processes in the real world. This philosophical point of view is much more openly expressed in science as taught in our schools. Mechanism holds that processes in nature can be expressed and understood in terms of a mechanical model, and that cause and effect are simple polar opposites. Its failure is that it does not recognize that processes in nature are more complicated than the simple processes we see at work in a machine, and that forces in nature act in a dialectical, not a mechanical way.

Students, because of their general background, are prone to accept idealism and mechanism in science. For the most part they have been raised in families where at least a pretense is made of accepting the religious doctrines and traditions of the community. They have been exposed to the various currents of idealism, from Platonism to positivism, throughout their schooling and in their family lives. Further-

more, professors and teachers are usually idealists themselves. Indeed, professors are chosen not merely because they are experts in their fields (some certainly are not!), but also because they reflect the views of the university authorities in political and philosophical fields. The student is taught theory divorced from practice and so the contradiction between his philosophical views and reality is not clearly demonstrated. Idealism in science thus comes easily to the student and is often accepted without question.

Idealism in science takes many forms which we can illustrate concretely, for example, in the field of physics. The well-known theoretical physicist, Georg Joos, says in speaking of quantum mechanics:

... no longer is it the task of the theory to disclose subatomic processes; rather, the theory must—without considering phenomena which are *inaccessible to observation*—create a mechanics which reproduces the observable quantities—the spectral lines and energy levels—from a [mathematical] model, of which we are required to know only the component parts and the acting forces but not the mechanical constants of integration. (Georg Joos, *Theoretical Physics*, p. 651.) [Our emphasis.]

This is an unashamed expression of empiricism in physics, and of course if carried to its logical conclusion would have us do away with such firmly established entities as electrons and protons, which happen to be “inaccessible to observation” It also shows the extent to which mechanism plays a part in the thinking of a bourgeois scientist.

The general theory of relativity is perverted by physicists to proclaim the relativity of truth and the unreliability of science. The theory has been used to prove that all truth is subjective and that the study of physics leads to god. Eddington, for instance, has drawn from the general theory of relativity the concept of an ordered universe and an orderly god, while Jeans has drawn from the same theory the existence of a disorderly universe and a disorderly god!

Among certain physicists “matter has disappeared.” It has been disappearing again and again for many years. Lenin noted this in 1908; he devoted a chapter to this remarkable “quality” of matter in his *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*. Newly found physical properties are interpreted by idealist scientists to show that actually when we say “matter” we mean sensations. This was said when it was discovered that matter is “mostly space,” and again when it was found that matter has basically an electrical nature. It must constantly be emphasized that whatever the physical properties of matter, its objective existence is a fact which never changes.

In the field of biology, too, mechanism in its various forms is widely accepted. The Lysenko controversy is basically one between

the proponents of mechanism and those who adopt a dialectical approach. The mechanists affirm a complete separation between the germ cells and the rest of the organism, and therefore that changes in the non-germ cells will not affect heredity. Those who take the new approach recognize that the germ tissue and the non-germ tissue are interrelated, and that changes in the one will necessarily produce changes in the other.

Also in biology, idealism manifests itself as teleology, the belief that there is conscious purpose to all organisms and their organs. This theory is particularly prevalent in expositions of evolution and implies the directing hand of god in the development of mankind.

In all other fields of science bourgeois ideology creeps in and perverts the approach, findings, and conclusions of the scientist. In anthropology, for instance, primitive man is depicted as white, and the Negro as an offshoot from the main line of development of man. This reflects the bourgeois ideology of white chauvinism which is as prevalent among scientists as it is among other sections of the population. It also reflects the teleological approach of anthropologists who see a "main line" of evolution leading to (white) man.

Bourgeois ideology in science contributes to the general lack of mutual understanding between laymen and scientists. There exists no good popular science in the United States which links the scientist in his work with the rest of the population. What popular science that exists is either an exposition of the practical application of the results of science, or an oversimplified and usually distorted description of the newest theories in science. Never are theory and practice linked together into a coherent whole to show the actual work and thinking of the scientist and his relation to the masses of the people.

As a result of the isolation of the scientist from the people there exist among large numbers of people many carefully perpetuated misconceptions about science. These notions contradict each other in specifics but unite to foster a contempt for theory and continued isolation of the scientist. They are inculcated on all cultural levels, and are by no means restricted to non-scientists.

Science is evil. The comic books and horror magazines are filled with tales of mad scientists, destructive geniuses, seeking to blow up the world. On the adult level the same idea takes the form of blaming the scientist for the atom bomb and other destructive weapons, and sometimes in blaming technology rather than capitalism for unemployment. Hearst's periodic anti-vivisection campaigns serve to emphasize that science is cruel. In a more subtle form, the claim is made that science is the opposite of art, beauty, or human or spiritual values. On the political level, scientific planning is seen as the destruction of human dignity, individuality, and freedom.

Science is superhuman, all-knowing, and beyond the reach of ordinary people. Science in the popular misconception is something requiring special ability and a mind capable of dealing with such entities as derivatives, filterable viruses, quanta, waves, and neutrinos, entities which are deliberately made mystical. The results of science are publicized in a manner to make them spectacular, and without an explanation of the often simple work which produced them.

The scientist is impractical. Like Danny Kaye, he cannot fry an egg, and he is so absorbed in his theoretical pursuits that he has lost contact with reality.

The scientist is white. There is no Negro Dr. Kildair; all scientists and doctors in the movies are Anglo-Saxon stereotypes. The achievements of Negro scientists are not publicized.

Science is above ideology, above classes, and is purely objective. This myth has its strongest supporters among scientists.

Propositions put forth in the name of science are immune to challenge. This notion exists because of the general ignorance of science on the part of large numbers of people. It is of considerable value to advertisers ("Four out of five doctors say. . ."), and helps to justify chauvinism ("It can be proved statistically. . ."), prove that socialism is impossible ("Psychologists have proved. . ."), and help perpetuate discrimination against women ("Dr. Marynia F. Farnham has shown. . .").

SOCIALIST SCIENCE

The perverted science of present-day capitalist society stands in contrast to the science of the socialist countries. Society guided by Marxist philosophy assures the material conditions for the development of science and its rational use in the service of the people. The masses of people, through their state, own the means of production, and they develop production for their own use. Socialist society maintains close ties between science which is necessary to the development of production and the people, and brings the creative activity of the whole people to bear on the problems of science.

The history of science under socialism is that of a constantly expanding body of theory and skills used in the service of the people. Socialist science is always conscious of its purpose. "The scientist, no matter how abstract the problems he deals with, always remembers that the aim of science is to serve society, and seeks, by all means he has, to establish a link between his results and practice as soon as possible." (Vavilov.)

Under socialism there is a rational balance of the various sciences leading to planned development of society and science. Expenditures

in particular fields are not determined by the needs of war, the quest for profit, or the pet ailment of a middle-aged philanthropist, but by the needs of the people; in this socialist science differs qualitatively from capitalist science. Through the Academy of Sciences and its branches the scientific work of the whole of the U.S.S.R. is co-ordinated on a long-range scale. Capitalism precludes such planning. Only in a socialist society is it possible to perform an experiment on millet over an area of 200,000 hectares or begin a 15-year program to change the face of the land throughout the southern part of a vast country.

Moreover, under socialism science is not the private estate of a chosen few. The scientist is consciously a scientific worker engaged with the rest of the people in the project of building a new world. Soviet scientists are drawn overwhelmingly from the urban and rural working classes. The composition of the scientific schools and academies reflects clearly the equality of all nationalities and sexes in the Soviet Union. Racial and religious discrimination has been stamped out by the Soviet Government, and all nationalities have equal opportunities for participation in the scientific and cultural life of the country.

As the whole people in the U.S.S.R. are being linked with science, so the scientists are being integrated into the life of the people. They are not limited to scientific work or told to keep away from ideological or political or cultural activities. Soviet scientists are among the members of the Supreme Soviet and other governing organs. Their cultural activities have no comparison in any capitalist country.

In about 1935 the Moscow Scientists' Symphony Orchestra was organized by Visili Kara of the Institute of World Economics. The concert master is Professor V. Zernov, doctor of physical science; violinists include C. Kalish, doctor of technical science, and Verkhov-sky, professor of mining; the 'cellists include the microbiologist Bel-enky and the neuropathologist Ossokin; Predtechensky, professor of thermodynamics, plays the trombone. These scientists engage in research, lectures, and direct chairs at universities and institutes, but on Sundays they rehearse and give free concerts at the Moscow House of Scientists. The Science Sport Society includes over 20,000 members; it has a topnotch basketball team led by Professor Ku-pradze of the Tbilisi Institute of Mathematics; its volleyball team won the all-Union trade union competition.

MARXISM AND SCIENCE

Under capitalism the ideological background of science is idealism. Under socialism the ideological background is materialism—Marxist materialism.

Marxist materialism "is called dialectical materialism because its approach to the phenomena of nature, its method of studying and apprehending them is *dialectical*, while its interpretation of the phenomena of nature, its conception of these phenomena, its theory is *materialistic*." (Stalin.) It is materialism which sees nature as an interconnected, united whole; in which everything is in process of movement and change; it sees processes in nature as the result of the accumulation of gradual quantitative changes which precipitate qualitative changes, and it recognizes that the phenomena of nature are characterized by internal and external contradictions whose resolution is expressed by qualitative leaps forward. This philosophy of dialectical materialism exerts its influence on science on several levels, which we can best illustrate in the field of biology because of the mass of material available as a result of the Lysenko controversy.

Scientists with a Marxist approach are better able to anticipate the direction, suggest new approaches, and work out the problems of science. For example, Banta, working on the waterflea, came upon facts which are "understandable only by assuming that the phenotype of the individual, rather than the chromosomes . . . in some manner influence the cytoplasm of the egg. . . . *results which could not have been farther removed from our expectation.*" ("Studies on the Physiology, Genetics, and Evolution of some Cladocera," Carnegie Inst. Paper 29, Dept. of Genetics.) [Our emphasis.] The Marxist, recognizing a relationship between somatic and germ tissue because of his knowledge that every phenomenon within nature is interrelated with the other phenomena of nature, expects and eagerly seeks such facts. The result is that while in America and England occasional researchers are bludgeoned by the facts into non-Mendelian conclusions, in the Soviet Union Lysenkoist biology is transforming nature on the basis of new facts consciously sought.

Marxist scientists can best interpret the facts of science. Bourgeois science cannot assimilate even the facts it discovers because of its idealist and mechanistic premises. When bourgeois scientists see that the cytoplasm, as well as the nucleus, influences heredity, they postulate genes floating in the cytoplasm, or viruses from the outside—anything to avoid recognizing that heredity is a property of every living particle. New discoveries are added as "complications" of the old theory and tagged onto text-books as appendices, footnotes, and parenthetical comments. Only Marxist science can fully utilize the facts at its disposal because it does not need to interpret the facts to support an idealistic philosophy, but must interpret the facts to explain the functioning of the real, objective world.

Marxist understanding helps create new scientific principles. Thus, the early geneticists set out to study heredity in general. They selected

for this purpose the most sharply defined characters of the fruit fly, such as eye-color, wing size, or extra legs, and decided that certain traits were determined by one, two, three or more pairs of genes. The Lysenkoists selected traits on the basis of their being of fundamental biological and economic importance, such as blooming cycles, frost resistance and response to drought. *They discovered that it is the more fundamental traits of an organism which, when changed, will lead to reproduction of the changes.* The inheritance of acquired characters is more frequent in these traits, and so a whole new non-Mendelian approach had to be adopted in this work—the Lysenkoist line in biology.

The Marxist orientation of socialist science has thus contributed directly to the flowering of biology in the Soviet Union. Marxist understanding of nature can similarly help every scientist in his or her work, even where socialism does not prevail. Nature is the province of the scientist, and Marxism expresses in general terms the laws of nature.

THE ROLE OF THE PROGRESSIVE STUDENT

The student has his task in fighting and exposing idealism and confusion. He can do this by becoming a good scientist. The first duty of the student is to learn, and the first duty of the student scientist is to master science. He must do more; he must equip himself ideologically to struggle against distortions of science, he must become a Marxist.

. . . without a solid . . . grounding, no natural science and no materialism can hold its own in the struggle against the onrush of bourgeois ideas and against the . . . bourgeois conception of the universe. To hold its own in this struggle and to carry it through to the end with complete success, a naturalist must be a modern materialist, a conscious adherent of the materialism which is represented by Marx, i.e., he must be a dialectical materialist. (Lenin, *Marx-Engels-Marxism*.)

The student must keep constantly in mind the Marxist principle: unite theory and practice! While the mastery of theory is vital it is not only sterile if not used, but sterile because it is not used. Thinking and doing are not at opposite poles, but act on each other in a changing cause and effect relationship leading to a new and higher level of understanding. By uniting theory and practice and by *making practice the test of theory* one is not likely to fall into idealist traps.

The progressive scientist must also study socialist science, which is characterized by the press and radio in our country as one in which totalitarianism rules, scientists are "liquidated," and the "dogma"

of dialectical materialism holds science in bondage. This type of slander is part of the attack on socialism; it must be answered by the progressive student. It is not that there exists no factual material on science in the Soviet Union, but that this material is not made available to American scientists and the public as a whole. The text of the discussion of the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences on the question of Lysenkoist biology is available in English (International Publishers), and it completely disproves the lie that the opponents of Lysenko are muzzled or liquidated, and that the Communist Party "dictates" the line in biology. With every new development of socialist science the bourgeoisie screams its slanders, and with every new development the student must study the facts and answer the bourgeoisie.

The scientist must fight against exploitation and war. He sells his labor-power—his ability to invent and produce—and on his labor capital makes profit. In peacetime it is also his job to devise means for the exploitation of others, and in wartime the means for their extermination. The scientist must fight this immoral relation between himself and society.

The scientist must struggle with the people against the forces of decadent capitalism. In the scientific and technical societies, in the departmental clubs at college, in the broad progressive organizations the student must struggle against the perversion of science. He must fight militarization and the stranglehold which militarization places on scientific development.

The scientist must learn what militant progressive activity is. He must become a Marxist, a Communist. He must fight for the material conditions for full scientific development and for the right to his dignity and fruitfulness as a scientist. He must become a fighter in the worldwide struggle against war and imperialism and for socialism and peace.

BEETPOP—A NARCOTIC

Beebop, the narcotic, has arrived as a stage of the "People's Music," Jazz. Today, large segments of the working class are being duped by the bourgeoisie into the decadence and violence of beebop. For beebop is a reflection of the use of music in a class society as part of the effort of a ruling class to enforce its attitudes and mores upon society as a whole. Beebop started as a revolt—an *individual* revolt by certain musicians against yet within the confines of bourgeois limitations. As such it could only end like the cults of existentialism, surrealism, and non-objective art, in fleeing from reality.

What does beebop present to the workers? It offers a cult of perfume and mysticism, negating the reality the workers face daily. The mark of the cult—beard, beret, and jargon—symbolizes a private, personal revolt, separated from history, as opposed to the individual fight within a class. Beebop offers the decadent, highly personal, "I don't know how it's done, it just happens" aesthetics. These manifestations, along with tags from Mohammedanism or other forms of theistic mysticism, plus a hedonistic, anti-social attitude towards sex, have been offered to the workers at abnormal hours by the god beebop.

To understand the development of beebop we must realize the class role of music as well as the influence of our society upon musicians. When a man cannot live decently he may attempt to create a personal private world in which he can live. Any serious investigation into the lives and products of artists will prove this contention, will show the forced separation of the artist from society. In the musical world this was especially true after the seventeenth century. Of course, the composer is not in fact separated from his society. He either conforms to the role allowed him by the ruling class, or is thrust out of it, at which point he may recognize the necessity of changing the whole society. If however he can neither accept the role allowed him by the ruling class, nor ally himself with the forces changing society, he may attempt to escape into a private world. Unable to maintain himself as a musician and a human being, he may even commit suicide. The tragedy of Peter Warlock, alias Philip Hesselstein, incapable of breaking with the stifling aridity of the class roots of his art, the sterile, erudite mimicry of the late Ravel, the fascist academicism of the late

* James Hutchinson, a veteran, is studying music theory at the New York School of Music.

Richard Strauss, illustrate possible effects of the social forces at work on the composer. We must recognize that many facets of our culture force the musician—performer or composer—into an escapist, politically inactive role. His acceptance or denial of his class background have a decided influence on his music.

Music, in a class society, is the effort of a class to enforce its attitudes, at a given historical period, upon the imagery and the systematic organization of vocal and instrumental sound patterns. That is, music constitutes one facet of the ruling class ideology, tending to separate the musician from the class struggle. When we apply this understanding of the class function of music to the recent history of "pop" music, we need not be surprised at the present escapist development of beebop. To understand this development we must see how the class origin of music is reflected in the recent changing history of the jazz musician. And we must further recognize that upon the Negro musician the critical and social pressures are always doubly intense.

Most of the non-Negro artists who have ended in beebop are victims of capitalist oppression. They trained, originally, for the clique-closed symphonic grind. Yet even when they had the contacts, or the patronage, the depression came, destroying their hopes. As for the Negro musician, his only avenue from the start was as a jazz musician. And jazz bands were Jim Crow. Even here, the Louis Armstrongs got along as "naturals"—the very term indicates the white chauvinist attitudes of which they were the victim. Coming at a later period, the Dizzie Gillespies had to appear as "naturals," accepting certain stereotypes, but be greater technicians. All of these musicians, but above all the Negroes in the Jim Crow jazz bands, had to pursue their crafts tenaciously, or be driven into the army of the unemployed permanently, a reserve to which most artists return periodically.¹

Many of the white musicians, therefore, who had trained for the broken-record symphonic grind, went into the entertainment field with their own bands. Here they relied upon the popularity polls—"popularity" meaning press agents, advertising, cut-backs, and bookings. After a few years, however, the entertainment business couldn't sustain the growing fees of the large units, and they dwindled in "popularity." Some of the men in these bands were great instrumentalists, and all could give a good performance. But most of them were

¹ Some students of jazz music have asserted that jazz, in its beginnings, was also played by both Negro and white musicians together. This assertion is false. Jazz has always been Jim Crow. Negroes became a factor in jazz only in the 20's. Prior to that jazz was a commodity of bands entirely composed of white musicians. Benny Goodman, in 1938, was the first leader to have both Negro and white musicians in his band. Not until 1945—with Count Basie—did the first Negro band play at a Broadway theater or hotel.

incapable of the readjustment necessary to make themselves constructive as music teachers, because, in a bourgeois society, they were likely to be prima donnas or introverts.

The big bands, including the few Negro "name" bands, then, collapsed under their own weight, and broke up. All that was left was a series of "names," names which used to draw thousands in the entertainment world, now "free" to roam the world at their own expense, without jobs, without security. They had no ability to enter the work process because they had no skills. Only the anti-social illusions were left them: "These lugs don't understand me," "When I was great—," "You should have heard me when—." If these big names, *white or Negro*, happened to meet in the same town, they could combine and "really pick up some change." Thus, out of necessity, the combo was formed, a small unit that's "solid," and flexible. "It pays, and you quit when you're tired"; no big, binding contracts, no regimentation by the booking agencies. This transition from the stage to the club presented a lessening of the immediate problems faced by the musicians.²

The night-club owner wanted to cut costs; he couldn't use a fifteen piece band, but to remain exclusive he hired a few "boys" for "live music" to play from nine until. . . . They played, not always what they liked, but they managed to entertain the guests, make a living plus drinks free and a few tips. When the "gig" was over, the boys relaxed a little. The gifted performer and frustrated student brought their experience and training to bear on a "great tune"—improvisation, tone cluster, a weird modulation—and the "jam session" was born.

"Let us not overlook a new value," said the booking agent. And so, the intimate, personal experiments, the relaxation of tired, exploited artists, their most poetic fantasies went to the capitalist mill. What they had done for pleasure they now did for a living. And this was but a beginning.

Combine the "jam session" and the almost de-classed "names"; add the "natural"; throw in a trained musician with his knowledge of forms, history, orchestration; mix the bourgeois conception of a good time; the diminishing returns of the night clubs, the neurotic demand for any form of aural titillation, and you have the means of production, the factory, and the commodity—Beebop!

The musician of beebop is forced to live an abnormal life. His late hours, the strain of his conditions of work, tend to drive him to special forms of adjustment. Cultism, alcohol, or narcotics can mask the musician's awareness of his hopelessly exploited condition for a time. If he can maintain the illusion long enough, the "speedup" becomes nor-

² A different explanation of this phenomenon, the appearance of the small combo, an explanation with which I disagree, may be found in Sidney Finkelstein, *Jazz, A People's Music*, International Publishers, p. 212, f.

mal. After a time he can "dig" anything. What he "dug" in this state appeared new and original to the frustrated pursuer of happiness, the wealthy night club customer. And this customer paid well. He said the product was good; it had market value. Here was beebop in its early stage.

Then the bright conservatory graduates in orchestration became involved in beebop too. They looked around at joblessness and asked, "Where do I fit?" They couldn't conduct or play at the Philharmonic. No one looked at their compositions. Here were trained musicians who had developed their crafts and techniques by intensive study through grinding hours, under tutors unwilling and unable to understand the role of the student in society. And what did these students come up with as the music of the future, as, perhaps, "people's" music? Beebop! Denouncing the small combo, they looked for the full orchestra playing the new music. They became the "*Avant Garde*." They had behind them the authority of their degrees from institutions of learning. If they said that beebop was music, it was therefore, oh undoubtedly, music. They called it "progressive jazz." But let us examine this new, all inclusive, music for a bit.

Beebop presents a basic contradiction even at first observation. The melodies are not developed in the craft sense of composition. Fundamentally, beebop is a functional dance form in 4/4 time. But it is undanceable.⁸ Hence, the audience is forced into the position of passive, uncreative sitter in the static, non-functional concert hall. Enters the second contradiction. Beebop is not listenable either!

First of all, the rhythm of beebop is intrinsically dull because the mensural unit is persistently the same with a shifting accent. Syncopation within 4/4 time has a saturation point, after all. Since dance is precluded by the tempo, the monotony is further emphasized. True, the content of beebop is familiar to any one who has listened to the pop stuff of our time. But the monotony is only made more oppressive by virtue of the banal melodies and conventional harmonies employed.

Beebop is dreary in its frenzy even to a listener who has included "good" music, particularly so-called "modern" music in his diet. What has "good" music to do with beebop? In this phase, beebop is a musical capsule of the last 1,000 years of music organized around the 4/4 beat. The old, sentimental, disillusioned tunes are used only as *canta firmi* (the musician's term for a known plot). Actually, these *canta firmi* are either never played by the beebop performer, or only hinted at. The resulting process gives the illusion of being a new composition. Instead, it is a dry and sterile variation. The content of the variations is clearly

⁸ Dancing is a social function performed by more than one person, accompanied by music, to satisfy social needs and desires. Beebop, as a formalistic form of music, interferes with the satisfaction of the social needs of the dancers.

virtuosity, as could only be expected. The performer during his years as a music student has sat hour upon hour blowing, pounding, plucking, bowing, watching each effect as a bubble. He knows every bizarre, unusual coloring, and as a beebop musician he uses them—like the bourgeois composers who search for more subtle orchestral effects in an attempt to increase content. But, unless the listener is in the same anesthetic state as the performer, the instrumental devices of glissandi, riff, special mouthpiece and mute make cold variations, particularly in relation to a tune he can't hear and can't possibly know unless he's familiar with a great deal of jazz and has a thorough understanding of the technical aspects of music.

The bright boys who learned their conservatory music history throw in various additional tidbits that give an air of originality to their work. The result is an exhibitionistic display of specious techniques applied to a shabby tune. Arabian and Indian scales called Ragas Surati, sound patterns from Java and China, polytonality, old church modes, consecutive fifths, extreme instrumental registers, harmonics—all these techniques when applied to *Annie Laurie* are scarcely originality, only sensationalism. Often four or five of these intellectualisms may appear in combination, having such a deadening effect on the listener as to render the structural applications indistinguishable and inaudible.

Folk music is also distorted to beebop's use. Old folktunes, Spanish, French, or American, simple songs of mother love, of the peasant vendor, or tender romance are played at a driving tempo. Five trumpets blaring, five horns, a tuba, tympani, bongos, and a human voice groaning "oooooooo" fortissimo, all banging brutally, banging savagely at your ear. One occasionally may know the tune, but it is hard to recognize. These songs, when they were really music, used to be accompanied by a guitar, or a small chorus. Sometimes they were sung by one lone, vibrant voice. Songs my mother taught me aren't what they used to be!

Today, the "music lover" sits back drugged as a meaningless hodgepodge of compositional techniques from the eleventh to the eighteenth century are dinned into him via a maudlin tune supported by a ninety piece orchestra. Short, sharp, shock motives, deceptive introductions, hoquetas, pedal points, recerares, choral masses with unrelated voicings, all the compositional techniques of the great bourgeois composers, wrapped in 32 bars of bop, are slot-machined into the home twenty-four hours a day along with commercials on gastronomic elimination.

Because of the world the beebop performers are forced to create, the texts and lyrics of their songs also express their continued impoverishment and frustration as human beings. The lyrics are largely anti-social, anti-labor, anti-Negro, and sex escapist. A few examples demon-

strate this quite well. There is the dejected nymphomaniac who sucks cigarettes and drink *Black Coffee* until her next hoped for orgasm, with nothing else to do all day; beside the slave of male supremacy, *As You Desire Me*; the character who has been everywhere and *Still Can't Get Started*—real frustration; and then there is the maladjusted neurotic who's a fine fellow but *When He's Alone He Cries*.⁴

The nonsense and terror of these lyrics, their absolute elevation of illusion, defeat, and inhibition into a substitute for reality is one more example of decadent bourgeois culture, along with slicks, pulps, serials, movies, tending to produce an inhibiting sentimentality in the adult, a destructive effect upon the youth. The narcoticism of beebop is one more cultural avenue which facilitates the illusion of escape, and tries to keep the worker from participating actively in the class struggle. A happy contribution for the imperialist who employs the bopper's commodity.

Mobsters run amuck at a Robeson concert, abetted by the police and the arm of the State; a mentally ill Negro innocent of any crime is brutally beaten and left to die in agony in his cell in New Orleans; pickets are clubbed, and 27 jailed in Niagara Falls; over 5½ million are unemployed, with another 10 million on part time; the Communist twelve, leaders through long years of the struggles of the working class, are condemned in advance on a framed up trial, prevented from presenting their defense, and arbitrarily jailed for no offense but that of refusing to put the finger on their friends and comrades for the American Gestapo.

Meanwhile a voice is crooning the gentle, symbolic, aesthetically pure, artistic content of beebop, "otte akoo, oobloo, ooblah," caressing the ear. "Don't mention crude reality, give me art!" says the imperialist.

Beebop is big business now. Thelonius Monk, C. Parker, J. C. Herd, Tad Dameron, Lenny Tristano all contributed to the formulation of the stillborn little beebop when it pushed its way out into 52nd Street. News releases. Advertising campaigns. Posters. Lights. The dive, joint, and gin mill are replaced by Carnegie Hall. A few savants listen as the boys "jam" where Toscanini stood. They knock themselves out at midnight.

The revolt, the narrow, individual protest has ended. All is respectable. But with beebop's development and acceptance by the Joneses, it remains the sad, monotonous, noisy, technical, frustrated sound it was in origin. Most of its effects are just reaching the masses of pop tune listeners who by and large are revolted by it and show their mounting resentment. It represents another example of the funda-

⁴ Limitations of space do not allow for a discussion here of anti-fascist songs of World War II that became pop tunes. Let us merely stress that beebop is not the only avenue of development open to popular music.

mental problem of bourgeois art, viz, the separation of form and content, the attempt to take historically developed form and separate it from its historic function. The bourgeoisie made the same error in attempting to make ballet music the symphony. As they failed, so will the jazz musician when he attempts to turn the fox trot into a vehicle for frustrated virtuosity.

The best that can be said for beebop is that it has created many mixed units and brought Negro and white together in unions and on the job where better understanding may have grown. Also, to that section of the public which has listened, bop has introduced certain tonal, harmonic and rhythmical melodic functions which they may never have heard because of the phony division in our society between good and bad music. Instrument makers may now realize that they can still improve the mechanical efficiency of their instruments.

But beebop is certainly not progressive or people's music. It allows the musician to live as a musician, but has nothing to do with the worker musician. The capitalist and publisher isolate the bopper from his allies, the workers. Beebop, sterile, meaningless, escapist sound, is simply one of the final stages in the bourgeois ideological control of the aural materials called music. To the musician, listener, or historian it can have validity only as it demonstrates the exploitation of the artist in a bourgeois society which results in his frustration, isolation, and eventual negative relation to society. It is above all that isolation of the artist which must be overcome if we are to defeat an important segment of the drive of American fascism to destroy us through hate and war.

BLOOD AGAINST GOLD

"Assistance is imperative if Greece is to survive as a free nation. Greece must have help to import the goods necessary to restore internal order and security so essential for economic and political recovery." The President declared that this aid would give Greece "free institutions, representative government, free elections, guarantees of individual liberty, freedom of speech and religion, and freedom from political oppression."

But recently New Foundations received three letters, of which the following is a composite, from a Greek partisan sent to an American friend. The name and whereabouts of the Greek fighter have been withheld for his protection.

We can only ask, ARE THESE THE FREE INSTITUTIONS, IS THIS THE FREEDOM FROM POLITICAL OPPRESSION YOU PROMISED, MR. TRUMAN?

—The Editors.

Dear Friend:

Since my last letter many changes happened in favor of Royalist scabs in our area. After nearly two months of hand fighting the PDA forces of Peloponnesos were crushed and as a result state authorities are resurrected and public exploiters safely re-established.

By the way, I should tell you more about myself. I am an ex-USA World War I veteran, aged 54, fighter in the liberation of Greece and during the nationwide beating of our anti-Hitler war veterans I was beaten nearly to death March 29, 1945, and put 9 months in jail for acts of resistance against occupation authorities. I was also arrested and put in concentration camp last winter during Royalist militarist operations against Peloponnesos rebellion. I am lucky I still live. I

cannot travel outside my home village.

The hardships of the winters, the hardest within the last ten years and the cruelty of the warfare left a sad souvenir with a great amount of victims and ruins. I know families suffering such destruction as two sons killed in action, father, mother, and daughter in jail with the addition of a house burnt and all children within the ages of 17 to 30 male and female, enlisted, being killed or unknown.

All popular songs show the sorrow of the land:

In front of my deserted home
with its closed doors
I sit like a lonesome bird
And weep its desolation

In its front door
The spider webs are hanging,

All the yard is covered with wild
weeds,
And I shall see no more
My beloved in the world.

In the following song, born in
the civil war terror, a sister is
begging her Partisan brother to
depart from their home he came
to visit:

Oh my brother, go away
Lest the fascists be advised
And the village Hittes,¹
For they insult me and cut off my
hair.

Shall I depart into the mountains?
Tell me, my brother Partisan.
Yet I cannot stand the winter snows,
And on the unhospitable Helmos
mountain peak
One thousand men and women lie
unburied
Many of them headless.

The country is taking a bath
of blood and fire out of its chil-
dren and the whole responsibility
of all happenings here lie with
the USA, the upholder of the
most hated and detested royal
house in the world. Who will
win? And what sort of struggle?
Twice worse than the German
occupation days. If you ask about
the court martials and executions,
there is no end. Any person who
escapes with a life imprisonment
sentence and is considered lucky.
When shall we make an end of
their overbearing life of blood-
shed, destruction, hatred, and ter-
ror?

If you care to know some of
the late local cruelties, there are

many I can tell. A month ago the
Royalist cannibals carried a mule
load of Guerrilla men and wom-
en's heads for a public exposition
at the nearby town of ————. They also, on capturing the
twenty-year-old girl, ————, her
suffering from frozen feet, in a
minute got hold of her hair, turned
it back and cut her head off, after
torturing their victim nearly ten
minutes.

I witnessed the orgies in ————,
20 miles away from here when the
Royalists after three days raping
and torturing the guerrilla girls
they drove wooden stakes inside
their wombs and left them to die.
After they were dead, cut their
heads off, as well as the heads of
their men comrades carrying them
for public exhibition.

All these actions were made
here by the promoters of civiliza-
tion, the Royalists, 'so much lion-
ized by the American government
and its supporters. There isn't a
village, no matter how little which
has not offered to the bloody toll
and has surely placed the responsi-
bility on the shoulders of those
who support the insane ruling
criminals of Athens, which rulers
could not hold their office even 24
hours without the support of the
USA in every way imaginable.

With the greatest regards to our
people's true friends, I remain your
unknown friend from this far
away land of bloodshed, destruc-
tion and woes.

¹ The name of the local fascist Royalist
organization, also known as "X."

ROOTS

"Hell!" he thought, "you never can find these damn numbers!"

His eyes seemed to stick in the darkness of the hall, as he strained to make out the number on the door before him. His fingers moved lightly and rapidly over its surface. He thought of splinters and lifted his hand; the door was cracked down the center. In his other hand he clutched the cards more tightly. His throat was dry, but the musty smell made him breathe through his mouth. He lit a match . . . 2C.

He moved directly under the dim hall light, a tall, lanky youth in a rust tweed jacket, and held a small card up to his eyes and squinted at it, tracing with a finger the list of *Voters and Pledges in 67 E. 105th Street*. He leaned closer; black-framed glasses slid forward half an inch on his nose and a shock of hair fell over his forehead. Oh yes, *Carracas!*—Mercedes Carracas, Apt. 2D. . . . He found the door and knocked.

"*Quien es?*" From the other end of the apartment there came a faint shuffling. A hinge creaked, and the door swung open. Slipping the cards out of sight, he leaned forward impressively. "Hello, Mrs. Carracas? I'm from the Progressive Party. I'm here to be sure you go out to vote today for. . . ."

"Mrs. Carracas, she went down to vote already. Maybe she is coming back soon, but I can't know for sure."

The girl in the doorway couldn't have been more than sixteen or seventeen by Leon's estimate. Her formless cotton dress hardly concealed the outlines of a body so puny he wondered that he could have addressed her as Mrs. in the first place. He adjusted himself quickly; "Mrs. Carracas knows all the details about how to vote?"

The girl smiled. "You working for Ramosa's?"

He nodded. Her intense eyes were disarming.

"Mercedes, she must be voting just now, this minute." She smiled—and added with pride, "Row C!"

Leon returned the smile. He could see now that she was pretty. "Well, give her this when she gets back," he said. "Ramosa's a good man." He handed her a pamphlet. "And read it yourself—in a couple of years you'll be able to vote for him too."

* Bob Nemiroff is a student of English at New York University.

She laughed. "Oh, I voted for him three times already—ever since he is in Congress!" Still laughing, she thanked him and pushed the door shut. In the darkness he stood facing it, with his hand still raised to explain. But she had looked so young! He pulled himself erect and checked the name off on his list. Next . . . Muriel Baker, Apt. 3A.

Stairs again. He moved his legs mechanically, for they ached now. Stair upon stair and more stairs yet. A hundred stairs in single file, each the same size, the same shape as the one before it. A pattern of steps, and bannisters broken, and scribbled-on walls. A thousand slabs looming dark before the eyes, disappearing underfoot in an infinite series of a stone. This was his first campaign. How many stairs had he climbed? About them there was something almost morally reassuring, the feeling of going out after an ideal, and fighting for it. Between him and a thousand others there was a unity of tired feet this day, a comradeship born of stairs.

Still, there was something on his mind, that bothered him, vague, intangible. He reached out to knock at 3A. Something about the houses, the people, never left him at ease.

There was a fumbling at the lock. He readied his cards in time to meet the scrutiny of dark eyes through the half open door. A woman's voice cut him off.

"Look, mister, if you're selling anything, I don't want it!"

"It's in connection with the election, Mrs. Baker. Have you voted yet? If you will take our sample ballot to the polling booth, I'm sure you will—"

"I'm sorry mister, you can take it back!" The door swung open a foot wider. "If you're from one of them phony political parties you can go back and tell 'em that I just ain't interested!" The voice was that of a comely Negro woman in her mid-forties. With the light on her shoulders, her neck and full arms were a rich warm brown.

"You are Mrs. Muriel Baker, aren't you? Well, according to this card here. . . ."

"You bet your life I am!" "And Muriel Baker has got nothing to do with phony politicians—nothing I say!"

"But, Mrs. Baker, if you will only look at the record. . . ."

She was laughing in his face. Even in her anger there was humor, restraint, unspoken mockery. "Now listen, mister, don't give me that stuff! You just show me one politician who's ever stuck by his words to—" Abruptly she swung around and pushed the door open wide. "There! look at that, just look at it!" With a sweep of her hand she indicated the crumbling wall opposite the door, its surface broken, torn out in places and patched with strips of wood, wire and insulator matting. "When the rats come at night, mister, those boards sure don't help much! That's all the good those politicians has done me in thirty

years!" She looked Leon in the eye. "And that's all they'll ever do!"

He stared at her, awed. How would they handle *this* in Sociology 4? He wanted to retreat up the stairs and wipe the picture out of his mind. "Yes . . . I know, Mrs. Baker. I understand . . . and"—his hands groped for words—"believe me, I'm sorry for it." As he turned away he slid the pamphlet into his pocket.

"Wait! let me see that!" she exclaimed. "Oh my lord, mister, why didn't you show me that before? The way you acted I could have sworn you were from one of those rich men's parties. I just got back from getting the vote out myself half hour ago. She laughed heartily. "How's it coming?"

Slowly his eyes widened as Muriel Baker acquired a new shape before him. "Why—uh—it's coming, all right, it's coming." He ventured a smile. And then, catching the humor of it, he beamed. "Well, my God, this is wonderful. This is the last place in the world—I mean I never expected to find. . . ." He watched an answering smile fade almost before it appeared.

Mrs. Baker reached for the door. "Well, thanks just the same." "Afternoon."

"But I . . ."

Muriel Baker stiffened. "Look, child, you did your job. Is there anything else?"

Why I . . . just thought that in view of the situation . . . we might compare notes . . . I mean, if there is anything I might clarify. . . ."

She laughed. "There isn't anything you need to clarify—*angel!*"

His hands came to halt in mid-air "But I only came here to help—"

"Yes, *angel*, but Muriel Baker doesn't need your help!" Mrs. Baker's voice was slow and measured now. "Sure, it's a good thing you're for Ramosa. But that doesn't mean we need you to come around here every two years on a mission of mercy. Lord knows, you got enough time to do it in. I don't reckon you got four kids to feed and home. But don't expect me to fall all over you for it! People around here do the same thing all year 'round." She stood for a moment catching her breath.

Leon raised his hand numbly to answer, then let it drop to his side.

Again he found himself facing a closed door. He shuffled through his cards, his hand shaking. Why was he knocking himself out when even the intelligent ones like Mrs. Baker, they—well, they couldn't accept help graciously. . . . He pushed clumsily through the dirty hall.

5C. *Giotti*. Mrs. Lucia Giotti rested herself in the doorway, an inquisitive smile on her bouyant round face and her hair gathered neatly in a knot on her head. She dried her hands on the faded apron that folded down over her broad bosom, and balanced her weight on one leg. "Oh yes, I voted already, honey," she said. "Don't you worry

for me, he's my man, Ramosa." She leaned forward confidentially. "You know the first time when I . . ." Her tones trailed off mysteriously. If it had happened at one door, it had happened at a dozen. Leon shifted from foot to foot, nodding agreement, and now and then interjecting a word.

"So like I say, my sister, Maria, she had it worst of all, and her with all the kids to take care of and not a cent in the house. And that Mrs. Johnstone, comes around from the relief agency with the last check and tells Maria the city administration has got to cut down and the papers are complaining. I wish to God I could forget it—Maria crying and shaking like a baby that night, and the kids so quiet, like ghosts, just eyes and mouths. And me with my heart in my mouth for fear she . . . she might. . . ." Abruptly she reached down into her bosom, and pulled out a clean handkerchief and blew her nose.

"Yes," Leon hastened, "it's terrible the way the city relief agencies are run." Listening, he recalled the list marked *Visitors* he had received on his first day out. "This," they had explained, "is a list of all the people on 112th Street who've been up to see Ramosa about one problem or another." Forty-three names in a single block! Even now he found himself wondering what Ramosa got out of it. Or was it just votes?

"So anyway," continued Mrs. Giotti, recovering herself, "next day I left Maria with my mother and I went up to Ramosa's office and he—But here, just look at us standing out here in the hall! Why don't you come in and have some nice hot coffee?"

Leon lowered his eyes. "Thanks very much, Mrs. Giotti—but I had better be—"

Not waiting for an answer, Lucia Giotti put her hand on his shoulder and in a flurry of gesticulations guided him through the doorway.

"Remo," she said to a black-haired boy sitting in a corner, "please put away your comic book and go down to the baker for some *anisette*. Tell him I'll pay Friday."

"Awright, Mom," Remo grunted, and with a wave to his mother, shuffled out, not forgetting to let the door slam.

Lucia turned to Leon. "Well, don't stand there, honey. Sit down. No, no, not here! Over there, on the couch, where it's comfortable. That's it."

"Thanks . . . gee, this feels good." He eased himself into the striped blue couch opposite the door. A loose spring pressed up through the thin cushion. He smiled and tried not to show he noticed.

"The apartment is not so fixed up, but don't you mind. You know how it is." He nodded. *His* mother had a brocade divan.

"Feels good, ah? You must be tired from all the stairs. Now you

just sit still one minute, and I'll fix up some coffee." She hurried behind the curtain. "Won't take a minute."

He was tired, just how tired he hadn't realized. After the day's initial fatigue he had hardly noticed his legs. They just kept going like the wheels of a bike. But now the chain of motion was broken, the tiredness seeped slowly upward from his heels. He thrust his legs out and looked at the room. This apartment was like all the others, a railroad flat, dilapidated, condemned; a chain of rooms with no windows except in the front and back, and no privacy, except in the bathroom or in the draughty rear room at the end of the row. Through the sheer lavender curtains loosely hung across the archway, a light cast a pale bluish glimmer; now and then there were movements within. The walls, cracked, plastered, and again cracked, were home-painted a faint warm sienna, while the birch linoleum on the floor, though worn in spots and blackened with age, was well scrubbed. Everything in the room had its proper place, the table, the couch, the two kitchen chairs. The orange crate in the corner, carefully draped in gay green cloth to serve as a combination bookcase and handrest, was mute testimony of the struggle to make this a home.

Leon reached out idly, and pulled a newspaper off the crate. Instantly he was aware of the headline. Damn it! As if it weren't enough for them to pour every cent they had into the campaign, they had the papers bought up too. The words glared back at him in blatant black print: "RAMOSA VOTE FRAUD CHARGED!" For weeks it had been like this, every paper joining in the attack, slandering, smearing, vilifying. Furiously he flipped the pages. On page four, displayed opposite a lissom half-nude blond, was the article.

The door banged open. Remo marched in with a small bag. "I got 'em this time, Mom. But Mr. Tillio says next time we gotta pay in advance."

"Well, bring them in here," his mother called from the kitchen.

"Okay, Mom. I'm goin' down for some stickball." On his way out Remo paused by the well-dressed stranger in the tweed jacket. Leon winked. Remo smiled impulsively—and was gone.

On the editorial page the words ran: "MOSCOW'S MAN IN CONGRESS." The paper slipped from Leon's fingers and he closed his eyes. He could see the headlines already, every screaming, gloating phrase, and the grinning face of the victor. Up at the headquarters, these last weeks, the canvassers—young like himself, older folk from the community, Negro, Puerto Rican—trudging out by ones and twos, house to house, door to door, with coffee and carfare and a stubborn disregard for the odds. And against them the fat campaign contributions, the sound trucks, the radio, the professional canvassers hired by the score . . . and five million newspapers rolling off the presses every day into every home in the city. How could the people stand up under

it. His fingers tensed and relaxed. No people, no party, could stand up against it, no man could win on such odds.

Mrs. Giotti loomed above him, drying her hands. "What's the matter, honey? You're so tired you fall asleep?" She laughed. "Coffee's ready." He followed her meekly to the table, and she placed a steaming cup before him. "And I know what else you'll like—extra special!" She revealed a small dish piled high with dainty Italian cookies. "*Anisette!*" she announced, beaming.

He hesitated.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Eat! Eat all you can!"

The *anisettes* were good, after all, delicately almond-flavored with a marvelous fresh-baked fragrance. He eyed the rim of the cup as he raised it, half expecting to find a speck of. . . . It sparkled back at him. He smiled. This was the first time he had eaten in one of these homes. And automatically he had assumed that in a tenement like this dishes would be . . . or, that is under such poverty it would naturally be impossible to maintain a sense of. . . . Anyway, he was wrong. He reached out for another *anissette* and let the coffee slide over it in his mouth. His lips curved wide and he smiled. . . .

"Lucia, *cui é?*" The quaver of an old voice seeped through the apartment, seeming to invoke by its very stillness, a stillness in the room. Leon sat stiffly upright, his cup raised. Mrs. Giotti replied in Italian. From the back room came a faint shuffling. The curtains parted. Standing in the circle of blue light was a wrinkled old woman.

". . . my mother," explained Lucia.

"Lucia, *cui é?*" The old woman's voice reached them with difficulty; no sooner were her words pronounced than they dissipated in air. The voice was as fragile as the woman herself. She was as tiny as a little bird. Her robe draped loosely about a tabid figure and shrunken breasts. Her face was lined, her hair grey and thinning. She stood for a moment shielding her eyes from the bright living room light, then nodded towards Leon and repeated her question.

Lucia imparted the story. The old woman stood by, transfixed. Then without warning she beamed with a little girl's innocence. "Aha," she said slowly, "Ramosa!" She edged closer to the visitor, staring at him. Her eyes, despite age, were a clear and penetrating blue. And her lips, as she spoke, were a shrivelled circle of lines. "Bless you, child, bless you! May *Jesu* watch over your soul!" She reached out, trembling, to touch him. "Oh, child, if you only could know how much good you doing . . . for my *bambina*, for my Maria . . . for us all." She stood awesome before him, struggling for words.

Suddenly the old woman doubled in a spasm of coughing; the breath tore out of her, hollow, rasping.

"Yes, yes, I know," Leon interrupted, "but please—sit down and catch your breath!"

"Sit down did you say?" "No child! I can't sit down. It's hard for me to sit 'cause my . . . knees . . . the pain. . . . But lemme tell you, child! She crossed herself. "Last night and today I been on my knees praying to the good Lord Himself for Ramosa!"

She stepped back, enveloped in an all-pervading serenity, her eyes clear. "And yesterday, child—I *seen him!* On the 'Lucky Corner.' . . . Tell me, child, you were there? Did you see him?"

Leon nodded. Yes, he had been there. And suddenly this fervor was not the old woman's alone; it was everyone's—old men, women, young girls, straining necks and eyes for blocks in the distance to get a look at him; fathers, cheering with kids on their shoulders. "Up to twenty thousand" one paper reported it. The Lucky Corner, where every election year Ramosa held his wind-up rally.

"No, child, nothing coulda kept me from seeing him! An' you know something? When I wen' down those stairs, I tell you I hada the strength of *Jesu* in my legs! An' when I got there, Ramosa was just coming up on the platform. . . ."

Silence. A tense electric sea of faces. The crowd standing breathless while Ramosa ascends the platform. And then the release—the spontaneous outburst of vocal thunder.

"*Jesu Cristo!* It make you feel so good in you heart—just to see him, sure. Oh, but he's look so tire', that man. Like skin an' bones from working so hard. An' they treat him so-o mean! Let me tell you, child, they're calling that man such names! But they can' fool us! Never—'cause we know what he'sa do for us people!"

Ramosa. Worn out with campaigning, inconspicuous, looking like one of the many come out to cheer him this day. He lifts his hand; a hush descends on the crowd, moving in a chorus of "ssshh's" from throng to throng and block to block. As he speaks, his words move out over the audience with simple fervid dignity, hitting the issues one at a time, now calm, now rising fiercely. The protest burns in every eye, the inspiration gathers in the throat till the mouth can no longer contain it and it bursts forth in a crescendo of "hurrah's" and *Viva Ramosa's*. It is a spirit that knows no boundaries. Workers from the Republican Party offices across the street are unable to resist it. Leon finds himself cheering and stamping like the rest of them; glances around self-consciously; tilts back on his heels and cheers anew. . . .

"It's God's truth, child, that man walks under the wings of the angels!" Exhausted, the old woman doubled, her hands writhing pitifully. Only her eyes remained unshaken.

Lucia Giotti patted her mother's shoulders. "Aye, *madre, madre*, come! lie down! Excuse my mother, please. Sometime, when there is company, she is like a little girl, she forgets how sick. . . . Easy, *madre*, easy. . . ."

Leon looked at his watch—5:15. “Excuse me, Mrs. Giotti,” he interrupted. “I’ve got to be going back to the headquarters. I—uh—that coffee certainly hit the spot! And those cookies—what do you call them—they were wonderful.” He moved toward the door.

In a twinkle the old woman was on her feet. “No, no, a minuta”. Her eyes on him, she whispered rapidly to Lucia.

Lucia nodded. “My mother, she asks me to tell you tonight we have an election party. For friends, neighbors . . . e-v-e-r-ybody! You’d like to come, maybe?”

“Why, yes! Yes! I’d love t—” Leon felt the cards go damp in his hands. What would *he* do here, with these people he didn’t know? Did he really want to come back?

“—or, that is, I—uh—appreciate your invitation. I mean, I can’t be sure. I mean I’ll try . . . I—thanks! thanks a lot! Thanks for everything!”

He pulled the door open and stepped out. Here in the hall he could see no further than the fingers in front of his eyes. He fumbled for the bannister and thrust the scene out of his mind. . . . Anyway, of one thing he could be sure, now. Nationally, they would roll up a vote of six to eight million—and the press would be tearing its hair! The acrid musty smell rose again as he passed through the hall. In four hours they would be counting the vote and everything would be in the hands of History. He stepped briskly through the entrance and out into the narrow slum street. . . .

The blare of the radio jangled Leon’s nerves. Through the haze of smoke and motion, he was dimly aware of the immense Wallace-Taylor portrait overhanging the entrance, and below it the sign, RAMOSA CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS 28th A.D. Who could believe it? Not a million votes yet. And half of the returns in already. He sat slouched over a corner table with his chin buried in one hand, wishing it were all over, wishing he could be out of there and forget. Even the oppressive monotony of the radio seemed to emphasize the awful silence. Of all the candidates everywhere only Ramosa was out in front, and even his lead was precarious. People sat in hushed, shocked disbelief, exchanging remarks only at intervals, puffing on cigarettes and releasing the smoke in silence. From a far away corner came the incessant dialings of party leaders busy on the telephone.

A plump Negro woman approached. He started. It was Mrs. Baker. Noticing him, she stopped. “Well, my lord! It’s good to see you, child.”

He nodded uncertainly. “Yes . . . h-how are you?”

Her eyes lighted. “I’m sorry for the way I got so excited before. It’s just that—well, child, the way you were talking, you just had your eyes on the wrong kind of folks, that’s all.”

He looked at her, puzzled. “All I said was—”

She shook her head. "No, child, let's not get into that again. . . . What do you think of the way it's coming along?"

"What is there to think?" he grunted—"Lousy!"

"Lousy? Oh, I don't know. Now you take my neighbor downstairs, Mr. Spatricano, he voted Ramosa for the first time today in all these years. And I hear there's lots more like him all over the country, and—well, you just look at Ramosa—out in front with all the bigshots lined up against him!" The warmth spread across her lips. "No, child, it's not as bad as all that."

She waited a moment for an answer. But Leon's chin had slipped into his hand. "Well," she hastened, "don't let me be keeping you. And don't feel bad about the work you've done. It's good work."

With head erect and her dress swishing gently behind her, Mrs. Muriel Baker passed down the aisle, stopping now and then to chat with neighbors and friends. Leon's eyes were on her for some time. Yes, this much was true, an advance had been made. And Ramosa was winning. The lead was slim, but it was a lead. There was nothing to do but wait and see.

The announcement came at 12:27. It came in the form of a Special News Bulletin: "News of the Ramosa—Eden contest! The Associated Press has just called to our attention an error in previous calculations. Reports to the effect that Gabriel Ramosa, candidate of the Progressive Party, is carrying the 15th Congressional District are unfounded. Ramosa is at best very far from victory. Final tabulations are as yet indefinite. Stand by for further. . . ."

The voice droned on, but no one listened. The immense crowded hall was silent—save for the sobs of an old man in a corner. Not until seconds later did anyone speak, but there was no relief in the hub-bub that followed.

Leon flung himself off his seat and headed for the exit. He stumbled around tables, roughly forcing through the crowd. Someone asked, "Hey, what's the big hurry, sonny?" Without a reply, Leon rushed down the stair.

The front door slammed and darkness swallowed him up. In the cold night air he hunched his shoulders and buttoned his collar. All he wanted now was to walk and forget, to strike out aimlessly, wildly, wherever his feet might carry him.

The wind bit at his cheeks. It was a cinch he couldn't stay out here all night. But where to go? He would rather freeze ten times over than go home to Pa gloating about how right he was. . . . Friends? Who could stand their idle chit chat. There was no place he could go. He was lost, with not a place to turn, and utterly alone.

His teeth began to chatter. And then he remembered the hot flow of coffee down his throat and the *anisette* melting in his mouth. Of

course—Mrs. Giotti! It was almost as if he were sitting there again in that room. But the idea was too far fetched. To go back there now. . . . He pulled the collar up around his neck and walked on.

Under a streetlight he stopped, and looked up at the street sign. 107th Street. Even closer than he had thought. It would be interesting . . . just to see how they were taking it. . . . As he turned the corner, the wind lost some of its fury. A moment later he was at the house.

He groped in the darkness and methodically edged his way up the stairs. Outside the apartment he paused. Through the door drifted the fierce pulsating rhythms of a music strange and unknown to him. He could just make out the murmur of voices within, the restless chords of a guitar, the shiver of *moraccas*, and the shuffle of feet. A voice cried out ecstatically, "*Suave! Suave!*" Shadows flitted across the crack of light beneath the door. He raised his hand to knock—and let it fall again. Then he rapped three times.

There was a slight commotion within. "*Cui é?*" a voiced called out. Leon recognized it at once. The door creaked open. "Why, it's you, honey! I thought for sure you'd never come back. Come in, come in, please come in." Lucia Giotta decked out in a yellow print holiday dress, led him by the arm into the room. "Make yourself at home. Dance all you like—I'll tell my mother you came. She has asked for you all night." She swung around to her guests. "Hello, everybody. Meet Leon. This boy is from the great man himself!"

There was a scattered applause. A tipsy old man on the couch raised his glass, "*Viva joven! Puerto Rico libré!*"

Mrs. Giotti disappeared through the drapes. Leon stared in bewilderment at the room. The formerly bare table was now swathed in a rainbow of crepe, and on its top were five dishes piled high with sandwiches, home baked buns, candies and *anisette*. The room shimmered with laughter. Strangers called out to him to come dance, drink. The music reached out to engulf him, while the dancers whirled by, their heads tossing, arms and shoulders flashing ecstatically, and every part of them enmeshed in the rhythm of the guitar. Around the room, cramped onto the couch, on chairs, and even on boxes brought in for the occasion, were the older folk.

He shuddered. It was grotesque, the way they could laugh in the teeth of defeat. And then, suddenly he realized the truth. They had probably turned the radio off hours ago. They probably thought that—Oh my God! *They were celebrating the victory that never came off!*

Mrs. Giotta reappeared. "Go on, sit down, have a good time. Mother says she'll be right out."

He stiffened. "But, Mrs. Giotti, don't you know that—"

Her eyes were bright with laughter. "No, no! First eat—talk later!"

"But . . . listen a minute, please, I . . ." The words stuck in his throat. "I . . . damn it! Stop it! Stop your laughing! There's nothing to celebrate!" The guitar stopped abruptly, and the dancers, startled, faded to the walls; a gradual hush settled over the room. "Yes, yes, it's true I say. Pack up! Go home! We lost—do you hear me, WE LOST!" The few abortive attempts at denial subsided as Leon shook his head. Mrs. Perrera nudged her tipsy husband to keep still.

Suddenly a strained feeble voice was heard, "*Cosa cia?* Why everyone is so quiet?" Lucia's mother hobbled into the room. "What did you say child? Please to speak again. My hearing is not so good." The old lady wore a faded black lace dress, put aside for the celebration this year as every year.

Leon bit his lip. "I only said that according to the latest news, Ramosa . . . has not won."

The old woman slipped to her knees, and clasped her hands before her. Oblivious of everyone, she bowed her head in prayer, chanting the words in her native Italian, while all the time she rocked back and forth on her knees. Mrs. Giotti stood beside her, her face taut, her body unbending, her hand on her mother's quivering shoulder. "Pray, *madre* . . . pray and then cry," she said softly. "It's good sometime to cry."

The old woman was sobbing now, "Aye, *Jesu*, this cannot be! What will become of us? What is our sin?"

Leon advanced awkwardly. "But . . . it's not as bad as that. Maybe next time—"

The old woman looked up. "Oh, child, you don' understand. With you, it's election every two years, It's work hard for one month, maybe, and then—no more! I'sa *fini*. But for us, child, election is never end. It is always, always . . . because it is our lives, our homes. And now, they will kick my Maria out of the Project House."

Lucia kneeled beside her, gathering her fragile body in her arms. The sobbing subsided. Gently she stroked the hair from her Mother's brow and, taking the old face in her hands, spoke softly but firmly, "Shame on you, *madre*."

Leon stared at her.

"Shame on you, *madre*, to say such a thing. I say shame! For losing your faith in your own people. You should know better than to say ever that all is lost." One by one the eyes of the guests withdrew from polite, self-imposed exile. "Ramosa cannot lose, because who is Ramosa but us? Who makes Ramosa but people like us? and *madre*—" she imparted the words with confidence—"you know we cannot lose. Sometime things don't look so good for us, sometimes very bad days. . . . But that does not mean we lose—no, never! We are too many. Isn't that what you tell me yourself?" Her mother nodded.

Suppose, *madre*, maybe this time Ramosa doesn't win. You remember how it was before Ramosa? How poor people find him then? And if we need him now, we will make him all over again!"

"Yes, señora, and even now everything isn't so bad as you think," volunteered a stocky Puerto Rican. "Two of the boys from my ship, they voted this year for Ramosa. And next year, I swear it, we will climb the stairs for him."

A burst of applause. "Whoopie!" shouted Mrs. Perrara's husband, reassured as to the appropriateness of his merriment, "*Viva Ramosa!* A toast! A toast!"

For the first time Mrs. Giotti permitted her emotions to show. Reaching into her bosom she drew out her handkerchief and rubbed with it at the corners of her eyes. "Yes, *madre*, next time we'll fight for him. Shame on you, forgetting how strong your people are made."

"Aye, Lucia." The old woman smiled. It was infectuous, that smile. It spread across the room from person to person till its radiance lighted every face. Leon felt the lump grow in his throat. And then, remembering his own role, he backed toward the door, opened it and, without a word, slipped out. It would be minutes before they missed him.

The damp chilly darkness closed over him. And yet he moved with a firmer step. For the first time in as long as he cared to remember Leon did not feel alone. Even here, in the desolation of tenement walls he was not alone. Laughter, and the chords of a guitar struck up again, resounded through the old house. He remembered familiar faces, stood in the doorways, felt out the rhythm of their words. Smiling he sounded their names on his tongue, "Mercedes Caracas . . . Mrs. Lucia Giotti. . . ." Before his eyes he saw the sparkling rim of a cup of coffee, and he smiled.

He reached out for the bannister and groped for the stairs. The wood creaked underfoot. Step by step he descended, clutching for the railing, and moving downward, forward. And then at the bottom, the ground, firm, secure, and the sudden brightness of the street light flooding in on him. He stepped briskly through the front door into the cold night air. The wind nipped at his cheeks and curled up around his neck, but he made no move to adjust his collar. In the distance he could hear the cries of the newsboys. The latest editions were out already.

His pace quickened as he approached the corner newsstand. Casually he glanced at the headlines. He started. In screaming black they read: TRUMAN LEADING!

And below this, in markedly smaller print: "Results Final. Ramosa Elected Again!"

He turned slowly and retraced his steps back down the narrow slum street, picking up speed as he went.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE AMERICAN WORKING CLASS

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WORKING CLASS*

No American student may consider that he has an adequate grasp of Marxism until he has mastered the history of his own people, and especially of its most advanced section, the American working class. That class has engaged in some of the sharpest, most long drawn-out struggles of any working class in the world. Out of these struggles, rank and file American workers have built powerful, militant unions which, despite frequently conservative leadership, have won real victories in terms of wages, hours, and working conditions. Socialist ideas are in no sense alien to American labor. Outstanding trade unionists have usually held some form of socialist ideology. And the first American Marxist trade union leaders fought in the Union Armies in the Civil War—*almost 100 years before* Prosecutor McGohey tried to prove that Marxism is imported from Moscow to threaten the forceful overthrow of the Government! As students, we can make a special contribution to the working class and progressive movement by digging out those facts buried by bourgeois historians which show that the American workers and their organizations have consistently been in the forefront of the struggles for the needs of the whole people.

This bibliography does not pretend to be an exhaustive listing of all the sources of history of the American working class. Rather it indicates the major Marxist studies and singles out those non-Marxist works which may stimulate and give aid in the creative use of Marxism as a guide to the further study of the American labor movement.

* We are indebted to Philip Foner, George Squires, Ira Trachtenberg, Grace Hutchins, and Henry Black for the help they have given us in compiling this bibliography.

GENERAL HISTORY:

Bimba, Anthony, *Molly Maguires*, New York: International Publishers, 1932. 144 pp. Marxist treatment of a famous militant coal miners' organization.

Bimba, Anthony, *The History of the American Working Class*, New York: International Publishers, 1927. 360 pp. A good source for historical material with an attempt to provide a Marxist analysis. Suffers from a sectarian approach in evaluation of labor's role in American progressive and democratic movements.

Brissendon, Paul F., *The I.W.W.: A Study of American Syndicalism*, New York: Columbia University, 1920. 438 pp. Valuable factual material on the I.W.W., although the first chapter which claims to be a theoretical analysis of the left-wing, is incorrect. (See Foster's *Bryan to Stalin* on I.W.W.)

- Calmer, Alan, *The Labor Agitator*, New York; International Publishers, 1946. Good study of a militant labor leader.
- Commons, John R. and Others, *History of Labor in the United States*, New York: Macmillan Co., 1935-36. 4 Vols. A valuable compilation of historical data and factual material although written by an institutional economist. The first two volumes summarize 10 volumes of original documents, labor papers, and articles, entitled *Documentary History of Industrial Society*. Published privately, these useful volumes are available in larger libraries. (Last two volumes not by Commons.)
- David, Henry, *The History of the Haymarket Affair, a study in the American social-revolutionary and labor movements*, New York: Farrar and Rinehart, 1936. 579 pp. Valuable information about the Haymarket Affair, but the analysis of the role of Marxists is superficial.
- Dunn, Robert W., *Americanization of Labor*, New York: International Publishers, 1927. Study of American labor movement after World War I.
- Dunn, Robert W., *Company Unions: Employers' "Industrial Democracy,"* New York: Vanguard Press, 1927. 206 pp. Important study of the role and activities of company unions in the United States prior to the N.R.A.
- Engels, Frederick, *Labor Movement in the United States*, Reprint of introduction to Florence Kelly translation of Engels' *Conditions of the Working Class in England*, 1944. Critique of American socialists' attitudes towards trade unions in the United States.
- Foner, Philip S., *History of the Labor Movement in the United States from Colonial Times to the Founding of the American Federation of Labor*, New York: International Publishers, 1947. 576 pp. Excellent and detailed historical analysis from a Marxist point of view.
- Foster, William Z., *American Trade Unionism, principles and organization, strategy and tactics*, New York: International Publishers, 1947. 383 pp. A reprinting of articles giving the experiences and theoretical analysis of 20 years of trade union organizing by an outstanding American Marxist.
- , *From Bryan to Stalin*, New York: International Publishers, 1937. 352 pp. Contains much valuable historical data, including material on the Trade Union Unity League. Its author has since pointed out, however, that today some of the approaches and theoretical statements are not adequate.
- , *Pages From a Worker's Life*, New York: International Publishers, 1939. 314 pp. The autobiography in the historical setting of the struggles of the American working class of the National Chairman of the Communist Party.
- Foster, William Z., *Twilight of Capitalism*, New York: International Publishers, 1949. Chapter on trade unions brings up to date the analysis of trends and developments in the American trade union movement.
- , *Misleaders of American Labor*, Chicago: Trade Union Educational League, 1923. These two works expose the backwardness and corruptness of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor in the '20's.
- Foster, William Z., *Bankruptcy of American Labor*, Trade Union Educational League, 1927.

- Ginger, Ray, *The Bending Cross: A Biography of Eugene Victor Debs*, New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1949. 516 pp. Biography of an outstanding militant American trade union leader and founder of the Socialist Party, with useful information on his role in the labor movement and the early Socialist Party.
- Gompers, Samuel, *Seventy-five Years of Life and Labor*, New York: E. P. Dutton, 1925. Autobiography of the main founder and first President of the A.F.L.
- Goodelman, *Look at Labor*, New York: Modern Age Books, 1940. Summary, from a progressive point of view, of the issues and problems faced by labor in the struggle for collective bargaining.
- Grossman, Jonathan P., *William Sylvis, Pioneer of American Labor*, New York: Columbia University Press, 1945. 302 pp. Valuable information, concerning an important trade union leader, but the interpretation of his philosophy is unclear.
- Huberman, Leo, *Labor Spy Racket*, New York: Modern Age, 1937. 195 pp. Valuable information on employer use of labor spies to disrupt and destroy trade unions. Drawn from original government sources.
- Haywood, Wm. D., *Bill Haywood's Book*, New York: International Publishers, 1929. 368 pp.
An autobiography which gives an important insight into the I.W.W., of which Haywood was a leader, and the left-wing socialists.
- Kuczynski, Jurgen, *Short History of Labor Conditions Under Industrial Capitalism, Vol. II*, "The United States of America, 1789 to the Present Day," London: Frederick Muller, Ltd., 1943. 249 pp. Valuable statistical study of labor conditions in the United States, although in places the Marxist analysis, especially on the question of absolute impoverishment of the working class, is weak.
- Levine (Lorwin), Louis, *The Women's Garment Workers: A History of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union*, New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1924. 608 pp. Useful information concerning the conditions and struggles of the workers, although the internal conflict between left and right in the union is treated from the right-wing point of view.
- Lozovsky, A., *Marx and the Trade Unions*, New York: International Publishers, 1935. 188 pp. A comprehensive treatment of the Marxist approach to the trade union movement which constitutes invaluable preliminary reading in approaching any labor movement. Written by the former head of the Red International of Labor Unions (RILU).
- Lindsey, Almont, *The Pullman Strike, the story of a unique experience and of a great labor upheaval*, Chicago: University of Chicago, 1942. 385 pp. Pictures the historic struggle of the Pullman strike from a non-Marxist point of view.
- Lorwin, Lewis L., *The American Federation of Labor*, Washington: Brookings Institute, 1933. 572 pp. History of A.F.L. up to 1933, conservative approach, useful detailed description of A.F.L.'s policies, program, and structure.
- Marx, Karl, and Frederick Engels, *The Selected Correspondence of . . . 1846-1895*, translated by Dona Torr, New York: International Publishers Co., 1942. (See index for page references.)

- Notes on the contemporary labor movement in the United States.
- Minton, Bruce, and Stuart, John, *Men Who Lead Labor*, New York: Modern Age Books, 1937. 270 pp. Progressive, popular brief biographical sketches of key labor leaders in the 1930's. Provides valuable background information on the rise of the C.I.O.
- Morris, Richard B., *Government and Labor in Early America*, New York: Columbia University Press, 1946. 557 pp. Comprehensive study, not only of the wages and conditions of free labor, but also of forced labor including that of indentured servants in the United States in the 17th and 18th centuries.
- Peterson, Florence, *Strikes in the United States, 1880-1936*. United States Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics, Aug. 1937, Bulletin No. 651. Statistical historical survey of strikes.
- Peterson, Florence, *American Labor Unions*, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1945. Good description of the set-up and organization of American labor unions.
- Saposs, David, *Left-Wing Unionism*, New York: International Publishers, 1926. Valuable study of IWW and other left wing trade union movements. Includes one of the few critical analyses of the IWW.
- Standard, William L. *Merchant Seamen*, New York: International Publishers, 1947. 224 pp. Background of formation of maritime unions, the problems and struggles of the workers, particularly from the 1930's to 1947. Written from a progressive viewpoint.
- Steuben, John, *Labor in Wartime*, New York: International Publishers, 1940. 159 pp. Analysis of American labor movement in the First World War from Marxist point of view.
- Todes, Charlotte H., *William H. Sylvis and the National Labor Union*, New York: International Publishers, 1942. 128 pp. Excellent biography of an early trade union leader and the trade union he organized.
- Vorse, Mary H., *Labor's New Millions*, New York: Modern Age Books, Inc., 1938. 312 pp. Colorful description of the founding of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO).
- Ware, Norman J., *The Labor Movement in the United States, 1860-1895*, New York: O. Appleton and Co., 1929. Although has cynical attitude to labor, this is a useful description of the origins of the Knights of Labor and the American Federation of Labor.
- , *Labor in Modern Industrial Society*, New York: D. C. Heath and Co. 561 pp. Brings the history of the labor movement up to the 1930's.
- Yellen, Samuel, *American Labor Struggles*, New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1936. 298 pp. Pictures major strike struggles in American labor movement history well, although fails to provide adequate background material. Material on role of left-wing not very accurate.

LABOR IN POLITICS:

- Rochester, Anna, *The Populist Movement: the rise, growth and decline of the People's Party—a social and economic interpretation*, New York: International Publishers, 1943. 128 pp. Although the Populist Movement

was primarily an anti-monopoly farmer's movement, it did include segments of the working class and was of significance to the labor movement as a whole.

Whitman, Alden, *Labor Parties, 1827-1834*, New York: International Publishers, 1943. 64 pp. Deals with neglected aspects of the history of labor's political activities from Marxist point of view.

Fine, Nathan, *Labor and Farmer Parties in the United States, 1828-1928*, New York: Rand School, 1928. 445 pp. Although presented from a social-democratic point of view, this presents information concerning the history of the labor and farmer participation in politics.

MOVEMENTS OF UNEMPLOYED WORKERS:

Feder, Lea H., *Unemployment Relief Movements in American History*. Useful information concerning the conditions and movements of unemployed workers through the 1890's, but insufficient data on their struggles.

McMurry, Donald L., *Coxey's Army*, a study of the industrial army movement of 1894, Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1929. 331 pp.

LABOR IN THE SOUTH:

Shubb, Roger W., *Origins of Class Struggle in Louisiana*. Labor movement in the South prior to the Civil War.

MacDonald, Lois, *Southern Mill Hills*, New York: A. L. Hillman, 1928. 154 pp. Pictures the conditions of Southern cotton textile workers.

Tippet, Tom, *When Southern Labor Stirs*, New York: D. Cape & H. Smith, 1931. 348 pp. Describes the conditions and labor movements of Southern textile workers, but is very poor on left-wing movements and the Communist Party.

NEGROES IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT:

Aptheker, Herbert, *American Negro Slave Revolts*, New York: Columbia University Press, 1943. 409 pp. Marxist presentation of the little-known struggles of Negro slaves for their freedom; these struggles mark the traditions of the militant Negro workers who give invaluable strength to those unions who welcome them in their ranks.

Northrup, Herbert R., *Organized Labor and the Negro*, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1947. 312 pp. Although the author's own approach is apparently social democratic, this book provides good material on Negroes in the recent trade union movement. It fails, however, to indicate the role of progressive trade unions—the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, the International Longshore Workers, CIO, and others in the fight for Negro workers' rights. It draws heavily on information supplied by right-wing trade unionists.

Spero, Sterling D. and Harris, Abram L., *The Black Workers, The Negro and the Labor Movement*, New York: Columbia University Press, 1931. 509 pp. Describes the historic role of the Negro worker and his rela-

tions with the white worker. Particularly useful in exposing the indifference of the AFL towards the struggles of the Negro workers. Its approach is reactionary.

- Weaver, Robert C., *New Labor: A National Problem*, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1946. 329 pp. Summarizes well the facts of the conditions of Negro workers, but, because its author fails to recognize discrimination as the capitalist's "divide and conquer" technique to make higher profits, his proposals to end it are illusory.
- Wesley, Charles H., *Negro Labor in the United States*, New York: Vanguard Press, 1927. A pioneer historical survey which still has value.
- Greene, Lorenzo J. and Carter G. Woodson, *The Negro Wage Earner*, Washington, D. C. The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, 1930. An historical survey of Negro occupations from slavery up to 1930.

WOMEN IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT:

- Abott, Edith, *Women in Industry*, New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1928. 409 pp. Useful non-Marxist description of conditions of women, industry by industry, up to 1909.
- Anthony, Susan B., II, *Out of the Kitchen—Into the War*, New York: Stephen Daye, Inc., 1943. 246 pp. Includes important chapters on the historical role of women, their entry into the labor movement, and especially their struggle for equal rights during World War II.
- Boone, Gladys, *The Women's Trade Union Leagues in Great Britain and the United States of America*, New York: Columbia University Press, 1942.
- Henry, Alice, *Women and the Labor Movement*, New York: George H. Doran Company, 1923. 241 pp. Useful, pro-labor study of working women, their conditions and their role in the labor movement.
- Hutchins, Grace, *Women Who Work*, New York: International Publishers. Marxist study of working women in the United States including an historical study of women's position in the labor movement.
- Wolfson, Theresa, *The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions*, New York: International Publishers, 1926. 224 pp. Account of women and their role in unions.

STUDIES OF SEPARATE INDUSTRIES:

- International Publishers' Series: New York. Although these studies are somewhat outdated, they provide fairly good historical material on the trade unions in the following industries: Coal, steel, textile, shoe, auto, silk, lumber, clothing. It is especially useful in indicating the pre-conditions for building the C.I.O.
- Princeton University, Industrial Relations Section: Princeton University Press. Good factual data on various trades.

STRUGGLES FOR LABOR LEGISLATION:

- Andrews, John B., *Labor Problems and Labor Legislation*, New York: American Association for Labor Legislation, 1927. 135 pp. Describes struggles of trade unionists for legislation to protect the workers: wages, hours, unemployment compensation, accident insurance, old age pensions.
- Rubinow, I. M., *The Quest for Security*, New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1934. Important information on social insurance.
- Labor Research Association, *History of the Shorter Work Day*. Describes the struggles for eight hour day and how the trade unions were built in these struggles.

PERIODICALS

- American Labor Year Book*: 1916-1932. (The content is more valuable theoretically in the earlier years; towards later years it reflects the decay of Socialist Party leadership.)
- Labor Fact Book Series*, by Labor Research Association. New York: International Publishers. Biannual, 1932 to date. Together, the *American Labor Year Book* and the *Labor Fact Book* contain over a period of 35 years basic studies and summaries of data from a working class point of view. Valuable for reference purposes.
- Economic Notes* by Labor Research Association: 1933 to date. Monthly publication available at 80 E. 11th St., N. Y. C., for 10¢ per copy, \$1.00 per subscription. Contains valuable economic and statistical data on economic conditions and trade unions.
- Labor Herald*, 1921-23. Trade Union Educational League.
- Workers' Monthly*, 1924-27. Workers Library Publishers.
- The Communist*, 1927-44. Workers Library Publishers.
- Political Affairs*, 1945 to date. New Century Publishers.

These four monthly periodicals include important articles on current conditions in trade unions and valuable historical material written by leaders of the Communist Party, the vanguard of the American working class since 1919. The first three should be available in larger libraries, the fourth in all but the smallest libraries and by subscription from New Century Publishers, 832 Broadway, N. Y. See especially articles by William Z. Foster, Jack Stachel, John Williamson, and George Morris.

SOURCES OF FURTHER BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DATA:

- Reynolds, Lloyd G., and Killingsworth, Charles C., *Trade Union Publications*: the official journals, convention proceedings, and constitutions of international unions and federations, 1850-1941, Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1944. 3 vols. Specialized detailed index to almost 100 years of trade union literature which is extremely valuable although from a technical point of view the selection of headings, choice of format, etc., it is weak. Volume I, the introduction, contains a good survey of the publishing activities of unions which constitutes a useful source of dates, correct names, and addresses.

SUBSCRIBE TO NEW FOUNDATIONS — Renew Your Subscription

NEW FOUNDATIONS

575 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS

NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for one year, beginning with Vol.

..... No.....(Domestic \$1.00; Foreign \$1.25).

Name..... Date.....

Street address

City..... Zone..... State.....

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

Of New Foundations, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1949.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bert Edwards, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of New Foundations and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation) 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 acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, New Foundations Cooperative Press, 575 Ave. of the Americas; Editor, Ann Williams, 575 Ave. of the Americas; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Bert Edwards, 575 Ave. of the Americas.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Herbert Shore, 335 Clark Avenue, Los Altos, Calif.

Marvin Reiss, 79 West 101st St., New York, N. Y.

Marvin Schachter, 79 West 101st St., New York, N. Y.

Socrates Zaferiou, 27 East 702nd St., Shanks Village, Orangeburg, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

BERT EDWARDS, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1949.

MILDRED MARKS

(My commission expires March 30, 1950)

[SEAL]

Greetings to the Soviet Youth:

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO your people overthrew their imperialist rulers and built the foundations of socialism. In the 32 years since, your country has been slandered, plotted against by foreign-paid traitors, and invaded by the armies of capitalism. But today your Constitution boldly proclaims "the abolition of the capitalist system of economy, the abrogation of private ownership of the means and instruments of production and the abolition of the exploitation of man by man. . . ."

Less than four years ago, we, the youth of the United States, fought proudly shoulder to shoulder with you to defeat the barbaric hordes of fascism. We were grateful when—despite 25 millions wounded or killed—you rallied and stemmed the Nazi tide at Stalingrad. You saved our lives and freedom.

Yet today, the big business forces of our land—seeking ever greater profits—brazenly plot to enmesh us in a deadly atomic war of destruction against you. We hear daily of quarrels among the military—not about whether we should go to war, but how the United States' armed might can best smash your peaceful socialist labor, your collective farms, your expanding culture and education. They would send us, the American youth, to do the job which proved too difficult for the goose-stepping fanatics of Nazism.

But we are students. We are not bankers, finance kings, munitions makers—the merchants of death. We do not want war. We reject the spending of billions for armaments while programs for Federal aid to education are scrapped. We oppose the anti-Communist, chauvinist hysteria invading our campuses. We refuse to let ourselves be forced into the strait-jacket of the military. We demand peace!

Our land has tremendous human, material and technical resources, the potential for the highest living standards in the world. But today, millions of our people are ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed. Millions of us are discriminated against because of the color of our skin, our religion, our beliefs. Our nation is more and more affected by the sharpening economic crisis. And our rulers offer us only uniforms and guns.

We want to end this bleak perspective. We want to learn everything we can from you about how we, here in our own country, can end exploitation of man by man, can win peace and democracy and ever-improving living standards for *all* Americans.

We fully appreciate your nation's role as the stalwart vanguard of the world forces for peace and the freedom of peoples. We know that friendship between our countries is decisive to peace. We pledge every effort to promote and assure that friendship. We send you our greetings on this great anniversary of the birth of socialism—our friendship and hopes for lasting peace!

—The Editors