

his view, in turn, is contingent upon an aisal of the present setting. It is pleasant ecome so separated from the actualities of erican life that the revolution appears iment and all other issues seem irrelevant leceptive. It is reassuring to proclaim that we need are small, disciplined battalions of best people. When these hallucinations ome permanent, such questions as loyalty hs, curtailment of N.Y.A., establishment broad peace councils seem remote and ial.

those who recognize that the most gent issue confronting us is not the precise m of a new social order but the maintenance those channels of communication through ich all hope of social progress may be coned, the problem of expansion is paramount. those who understand that, to thousands American students, complex debates over ce policy are utterly distant and the imiate job is the mobilization of a powerful, ted movement against war and the war- kers, the emphasis of the Chicago conven- n is plain. The American Student Union s already pointed the way to thousands rywhere, revealing through its victories the mportance of unity among radicals as a pre- liminary to a broader and more decisive coali- tion. Those who would disrupt this unity do so at their own risk. Those who resent or minimize this alliance will soon return to the privacy of the good old days, when a revolu- tionist could say anything he wanted to—no one was listening anyway.

I do not pose these charges as an indict- ment of all Socialists, so many of whom have ontributed loyally and fearlessly to the Student Union. I do not believe that Com- munist within the union have been innocent of errors. There is, however, a real difference

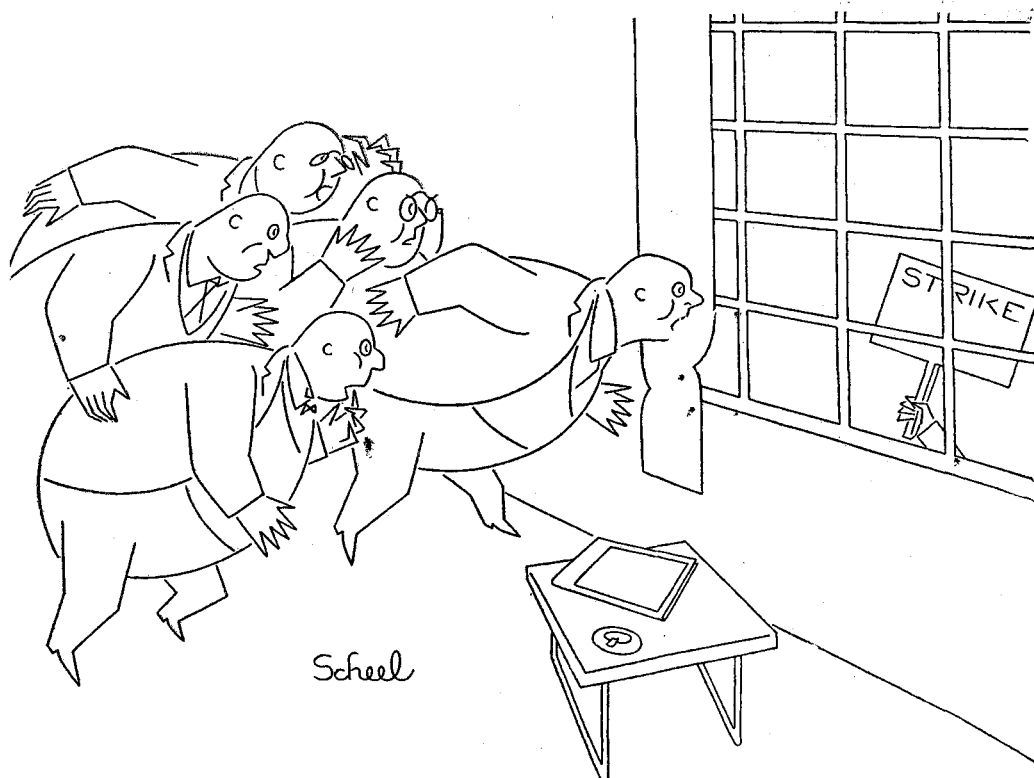
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Maxim Gorky

Wheat grows tall in the earth, and a man dies,
But the long grain is gathered and the bread
Absorbed into the toughness of our bone,
Into our living flesh the kernels creeping.
A thousand years, and they will say of our sons,
Here is the wheat that grew in Gorky's time.

A man is other, he is burned or buried,
The body lost forever to the world.
And yet if he has plowed the ancient mind
With a bright edge of words, with a tongue talking,
The polished loam turned over, the fat furrow
Driven deep out of that fertile earth,
His angry ghost will haunt the broken field
And stride the world's hills with the tread of speaking.

A thousand years, and they will say of our books,
Here is the voice of Gorky, this is the man.
PAUL ENGLE.



"These Reds are getting in our hair."

Theodore Schell

between mistakes within the union based upon an incorrect conception of how to increase its influence, and incessant attacks upon the primary principle of the union: a common front of American students, whether liberal, progressive, or revolutionary in their ultimate beliefs. It becomes painfully obvious that Trotskyists within the Young People's Socialist League do not endorse this principle and that others are following their lead in seeking to narrow the union. At this juncture, when the enormity of our tasks and the immediacy of issues is so obvious, such a policy appears utterly suicidal. Our problem, I would suggest, is not "how can we reduce our membership and purge those who lack revolutionary ardor." We ought to be concerned with the more alarming question: why are there still thousands of students supporting our actions and program and not yet enrolled in our ranks? I believe as passionately in socialism as do the sponsors of present-day Y.P.S.L. manifestoes. I would prefer, however, to remain out of a concentration camp long enough to carry on the fight for socialism. The best technique for insuring the triumph of fascism, with powerful aid from the campus, is to curb our unity and to prevent its expansion, to render the Student Union merely a theoretical debating-ground and to drive away those who can be won to our side. The tragedy of this policy is accentuated by the fact that "socialism" and the Socialist Party were once a force of real proportions on the campus. The tradition of socialism, often sentimental but nevertheless deeply felt, exists on many campuses; Norman Thomas was an undergraduate hero in many places four years ago. This tradition is being destroyed and undermined by the behavior of those who have decided that they

need not win the masses for the revolution and insist upon a private upheaval at once. If this advice appears gratuitous, it is nevertheless given because I am primarily concerned with the welfare of the Student Union, because I believe it is an experiment of profound implications for the entire radical movement and because Socialists can be instrumental in insuring its success.

THE UNION was the answer of American students to the facts of political and economic life. So long as war and poverty and reaction are rampant, its ranks will extend, deriving new strength from victories already gained. All the hysteria of reaction has failed to shake its existence. All the disgruntled murmurings of those who have overnight become redder than the rose will not alter its mission. There is no contradiction between the militancy and scope of the student movement; to see such a discrepancy is to argue that the need for such a movement is an illusion. Some have cynically referred to the Student Union as a "miniature People's Front." Such sarcasm is unintentional flattery. If, through the Student Union, there emerge young men and women as heroic as those who today are defending peace, freedom, and culture on the streets of Madrid, its establishment will have been vindicated. Toward that end the Chicago convention, opening on December 27, can be a powerful impetus. The coming months will witness bitter struggles throughout the nation. Labor's advance will crystallize momentous battles on many fronts. Whether students will be rallied to the side of strike-breakers and Toryism or whether they will stand with the forces of decency and progress may be determined by the outcome of the Chicago meeting.

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Not by Bread Alone

MAN'S tragedy is the slowness with which he learns from experience. Fascism is old enough for us to profit from Europe's endurance under it, yet there is an appalling indifference among many Americans to its manifestations here. It is easy enough to grasp the full implications of the decree which Dr. Joseph Goebbels recently issued banning criticism. The assault upon culture is clear. To forbid criticism is to forbid thinking about art. This in the long run means that you may not think about life. Such an ordinance is necessary in Nazi Germany, where but to think is to be full of indignation and revolt. But what are we to say to the arrogant barbarism of the *Herald Tribune*, which recently published an editorial comparing American artists to New York racketeers and Budapest beggars? That organ of the reaction considers it the "essence of cheek" for artists to wish to fulfill their function, to demand work, to seek security.

There was a time when the most intelligent Americans, as the most intelligent Europeans, looked upon this country as the wasteland of art. Many of our most gifted writers and artists went into voluntary exile. The depression brought these home, made them more conscious of the society in which they live, and their role in it. This was the experience of thousands of unemployed painters, writers, dancers, musicians. The W.P.A. gave some of them a modicum of security, and that was good. The pay was small and the number of artists affected in the various creative fields was too limited, and that was bad. But for the American people the W.P.A. art projects had the wholesome effect of giving national standing to the arts. Latent as well as distinguished talent was given an opportunity to function; new audiences were awakened to the arts.

The present assault upon the art projects is thus not only one upon the economic security and the productivity of the artist, but upon an important phase of American culture. It is not going to balance the budget, as President Roosevelt imagines; it will certainly throw thousands of artists into the street and deprive large audiences whose growing interest in literature, painting, music, the theater, and the dance has been one of the encouraging signs of the times.

Organizations of artists in these five crafts are now demanding that the W.P.A. art projects be made permanent; that these be expanded to employ all unemployed artists at a living wage; and that the government establish a federal department of the arts. There is every justification for this desire to live and create, and the country should be glad to meet it; for in the long run it is the country which is most

benefited by the artist's creations. The government cannot hesitate to use the taxpayers' money to subsidize bankers and manufacturers who take without giving; there is no reason why it should not pay artists for actual work which enriches American culture.

A Lesson in Tactics

BARRING some new twist in the unpredictable course of Nazi justice, Lawrence Simpson will be on his way home by the time this issue reaches our readers. This happy circumstance in the breast of Adolf Hitler. It has its source, rather, in the little external pressure somewhat belatedly, and this pressure, in turn, was motivated by even firmer measure applied to reluctant American officials by irascible liberals and radicals in the United States.

Reactionaries pooh-pooh this first lesson liberation. That is natural and admit that their hand was forced. This radical prodding was unnecessary, no the government had from the start of freedom. But what are the facts, are

In April 1935, Lawrence Simpson, an American seaman, was seized on board his ship, the *Maui*, in New York harbor. Breaking into his locker, the police seized anti-fascist literature, arrested the seaman, and literally dragged him off the boat while his unprepared officers looked on. Without the least pretense of a trial, Simpson was thrown into a concentration camp, and left there for nine months. During those nine months a few sular inquiries were made but no diplomatic action of any kind was taken. Then Simpson was transferred to Moab, Utah, still without any semblance of a hearing. By this time, letters, telegrams, protests of all sorts streamed into the office of Secretary of State Hull. A delegation, under the leadership of Gifford Cochran, called on him and accused the department of negligence. Hull was huffy and arrogant, accused the committee of bad faith, and pointed to the fact that fifteen months after Simpson's arrest a secretary of the American embassy paid a call on the German foreign minister to see about a date for the trial.

But whatever he had to say to save face, there is no doubt that Mr. Hull was impressed by the growing volume of protest. There was further diplomatic maneuvering and when the trial date arrived, a few days later, there was no further postponement. What is more, the trial was an open one, with correspondents present. Simpson was convicted of the fantastic charge of "treason" to a government to which he owed not the slightest allegiance, but significantly he drew a sentence of three years instead of the headsman's ax. Three months later he was freed "on parole."

The Nazis surely do not regard seventeen months in concentration camps and prisons a sufficient punishment for treason. Therefore the question remains: if Hitler released Simpson with a meaningless sentence when the United States applied pressure in the fall of 1936, would he not have done the same in the spring of 1935? And by the same token, if the State Department was forced to act at the end of fifteen months, it could have been forced to act at the end of one month. The Simpson case, more than any recent development of its kind, confirms the power of mass pressure.