

"RED RADICALISM HAS PLANTED A

# KNOW YOUR BOX

IN EVERY EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION" --- W. R. Hearst

Vol I No. 5

May 29

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# EDITORIAL

The eyes of the warhating anti-fascist masses of the world are today focused on Czechoslovakia. Will another nation be swept into the black vortex of Fascism? The most recent reports indicate continued increases in the Sudeten Fascist Vote in the Municipal Elections. Henlein's Sudeten German Party directed by Hitler have steadily been making gains at the expense of the Capitalist Democratic, Socialist, and Communist Parties.

With the tragic experiences of Germany, Austria and Spain behind us the causes for the rise of Fascism in Czechoslovakia are not hard to discover. Czechoslovakia was born out of the womb of the Imperialist War 1914-1918. The results of this war expressed in the Versailles Treaty, carved a new map on Europe and arbitrary cut nationalities to pieces in the interest of the imperialist victors. Czechoslovakia emerged out of the war as a small imperialist power: satellite of France. Within Czechoslovakia itself the problem of national minorities has been choking the nation for decades. Six million Czechs dominate millions of workers and farmers divided into smaller national groupings. These national minorities including the Germans not only suffer from the "normal" Capitalist exploitation but are additionally suppressed---culturally and politically by the absence of any autonomy.

Since 1929 the national political life of Czechoslovakia has witnessed one series of coalition governments after another. The Social Democrats and the Communists together with Capitalist Democrats have been practicing the methods of Peoples Frontism with the result that not one single urgent problem has been solved. And it is precisely on the basis of the

inability of the bourgeois democracy to solve the urgent problems of the Capitalist decline that Fascism rises. Fascism utilizes the desperation of the pauperized middle class to organize them into armed bands and fling them against the workers organizations. By the destruction of the workers institutions the Fascists "solve" the problem of Capitalism by wiping out any resistance to wage cuts, longer hours and a general lowering of the standard of living.

Jaksh, a German Social Democrat in the Czechoslovakian parliament stated, "give us bread to bombard the Nazis with and we have no fear of the Fascists." But Capitalism in its democratic or its Fascist form is incapable of giving bread to the masses. This truth, the Social Democrats and the Stalinists' hide from the masses. Thus they help to close the door to the only solution of the crisis.

There is no other single factor so potent in favoring the growth of Fascism in Sudeten as the activities of the Stalinists. Just at the point when the masses of workers suffering hunger and unemployment were breaking with the bankrupt policy of supporting the capitalist government and were beginning to take the road of revolutionary struggle, the Communist Party which stood up to 1934 in spite of all its mistakes as a revolutionary force turned a complete somersault and adopted the same position of Peoples Frontism as the Social Democrats. Small wonder that the workers were demoralized without leadership without a revolutionary vanguard and small wonder that Fascism gained ground.

There is still time to turn the tide in Czechoslovakia. But this can be done only by the creation of a revolutionary party that will lead the millions of Czechs, Slovaks, Renthenians, German, Polish, and Jewish toilers in a victorious struggle against Fascism and capitalism.

# NOTE ON CATHOLICISM

M.R.

When a Jesuit begins to question the principles and basis of his religion he usually ends up a non-Catholic. Why? Because conformism with his religion depends on an attitude of unquestioning faith. The old church scholastics attempted to give a rational explanation to their religious beliefs, but their fantastic tricks of logic and metaphysics lacked connection with the actual universe as it appears to the senses of reasonable man. The Catholic, attempting to become rational, making an effort to test his belief by the process of reason rather than mysticism and faith discovers too many contradictions in his church and a wide unbridgeable gap between the real world and the world described by his priest.

At times it is difficult to determine whether our ideas are acceptable because of faith or because of rational validity. The only way to determine this is to constantly question and test our ideas. One good test is the method we use to meet opposing or conflicting ideas. If we simply call our opponents heathens, heretics, then we can be fairly certain we are poor victims and intellectual prisoners of "faith".

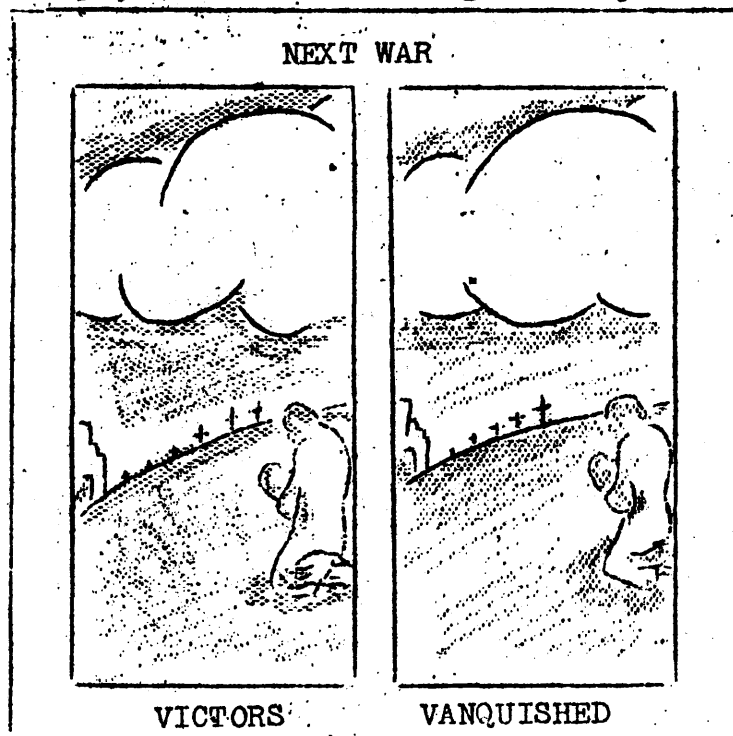
We who are Marxists reject

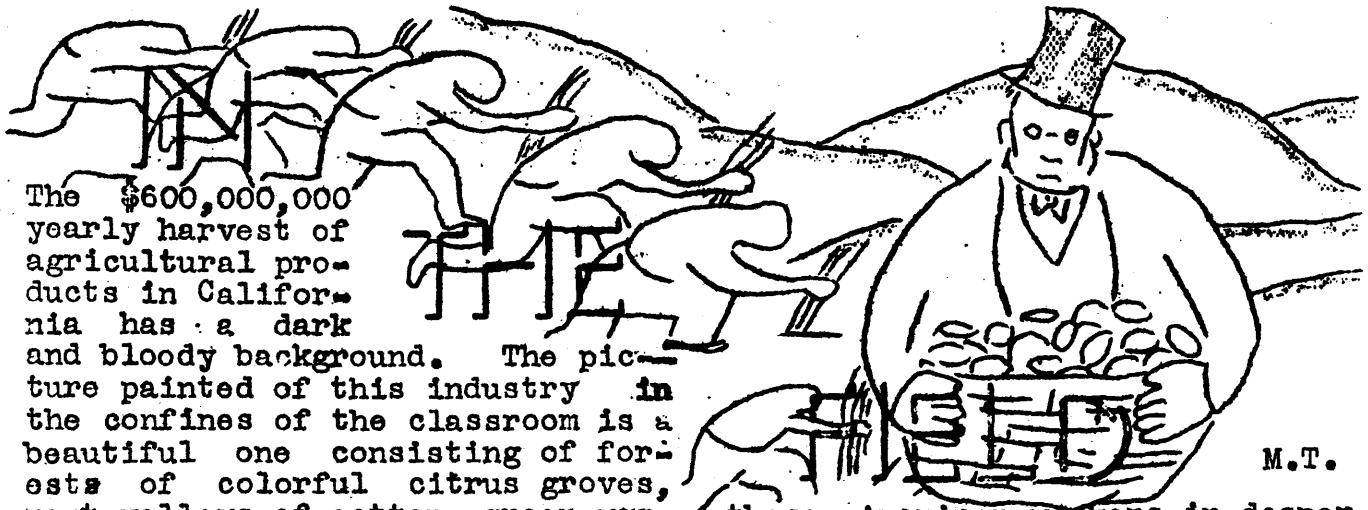
faith. We accept ideas only when they meet the test of reason, utilizing as our data, not spiritual and personal experience, but the experience and events of history. We are always ready to question the ideas we hold, to test them, to temper them and permit them to be tested in conflict with opposing and critical ideas. This testing and adjusting process is never ending. To stop for one moment is to fall back into the easy lap of faith, and from there into the quicksand of deception, illusion and error. We welcome constant criticism since that assists us in escaping the pitfall of faith.

The method of Catholicism in thinking and the system of blind un-

questioning faith are unfortunately not confined to the world of religion. Within the working class movement, itself, this old scourge is corroding the consciousness of the working class. Particularly prominent in this practice is the Communist Party and the Young Communist League. Where the Catholic when faced with the contradiction between his rigid concepts and the real world would say----"God rules in mysterious ways"----the Stalinist when faced with the bewildering confusion of zig-zag orders from above keeps repeating desper-

(Con't on page 10)





M.T.

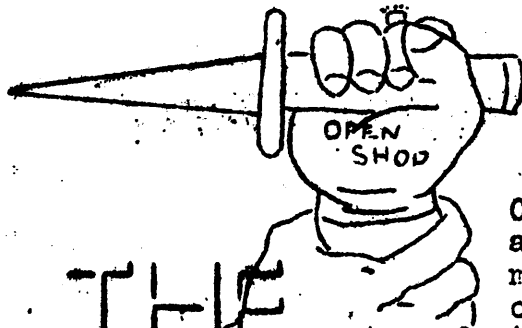
The \$600,000,000 yearly harvest of agricultural products in California has a dark and bloody background. The picture painted of this industry in the confines of the classroom is a beautiful one consisting of forests of colorful citrus groves, vast valleys of cotten, green vegetables as far as the eye can see, a land veritabily dripping with wealth. And so far as the picture goes, it is not incorrect, for 40 per cent of the fruits and vegetables eaten in the United States cities are produced in California. Much of the urban population of the nation eats California fruits for breakfast, California salad for lunch and drinks California wines with dinner. But half a picture, telling half a story is a deception. Those who will the soil, who cultivate crops, pick, pack and ship, are omitted. Yet this human factor is the most important part of the picture for the wealth would be non-existent without labor.

Most of the agricultural labor, composed principally of Mexicans and Filipinos is migratory. In the winter they set up camps of temporary shacks for their families in the Imperial Valley and the Citrus Belt. In the spring and summer they begin to travel North toward the new crops in Salinas, San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys to harvest lettuce, beans, fruit and spinach. Possessing nothing but their ability to work, they wander across the state toiling in the California sun from dawn to sunset. During the last two years there have been large imigrations of Texans, Oklahomans and Kansans averaging 6,000 a month. Fleeing from dust storms,

these American workers in desperation offer themselves for hire for as little as a dollar a day. Their living conditions are intolerable. I have seen as many as ten members of one family in one tent equipped with two cots and some bedding. Furthermore, these workers are a direct threat to the wages of the other workers. In some places the workers through strikes have won a wage of 30¢ an hour, but with a large influx of cheaper labor not even this starvation wage can be maintained. After the recent floods in Central California, the poverty of these oppressed masses was so great that the children died at a rate of three a day from direct causes of malnutrition. (Board of Health of Fresno.) Yes, California is a wealthy agricultural State, but those who produce the wealth, starve!

The owners of the rich soil are able to stuff their pockets with profit, but in order to continue to do this they must see to it that the workers do not organize. Aside from the usual methods of preserving ignorance, superstition and racial hatreds, the Growers have organized themselves into a powerful association, giving it the innocent name of the Farmer's Association. The State Farm Bureau Federation and the State Chamber of Commerce aided some of the big ranchers in organizing all the

(Con't on page 10)



P.A.

## THE

Los Angeles has been a "land of promise" for employers. As the Chamber of

Commerce states, Los Angeles has an ideal climate and, most important of all, a good supply of cheap and docile labor. These conditions are especially attractive to the garment manufacturers who, in other parts of the nation have encountered labor that is neither cheap nor docile. These manufacturers have felt the power of organized workers, balking at starvation wages and long hours. They have had to meet the demands of workers, who have won decent wage scales for themselves through fighting.

Los Angeles, in the past, has been an open shop haven offering refuge to all manufacturers in search of good fat profits. But it has had little to offer the thousands of garment workers who toil from morning until dark in the sweat shops of the garment district. The fancy cotton prints, the lacy lingerie, and the pastel sweaters that catch one's eye in the windows of local department stores have a dark story behind them.

The workers in this trade work far into the night. Sometimes, when the long day is finished at the shop, they take work home to finish. Often they work seven days a week. Then, frequently, after a long week is finished they have but \$5 or \$10 to show for all their hours of labor.

There is a law in the State of

California which states that a woman must not be worked more than eight hours in any one day. But the garment manufacturers have never let this law stand in their way. There is another law in the State of California which states that a woman must not be paid less than 33 1/3 cents an hour,-----but the garment bosses know that even this low wage need not be lived up to. The law gives any worker the right to complain about violations of the wage and hour laws, but the garment worker has found that a complaint usually costs him his job and gets him nothing in return. Thus, the few workers who have ventured as far as the Labor Commission have realized quickly that as individuals they could expect no satisfaction.

Today the garment workers in Los Angeles have a new hope. Several years ago one section of the industry, the silk and wools lines, organized into the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, 4,000 strong. The workers in this section learned that with their union, they could accomplish things; alone they could do nothing. Likewise, the workers in the cotton lingerie, knit goods, and other lines are beginning to realize the power of their own numbers. Consequently, a lively organization campaign is taking place and the union is enrolling hundreds of workers under its banner.

The great supply of "docile" labor is beginning to fight for its rights. They are waving aside the barriers placed in the way to organization. You, as a future worker can be of help in the battle against the sweat shop. You should acquaint yourself with the conditions of these workers. +++

# SIT DOWN STRIKE

The exploiters have their union, and they lock the workers  
out;

So the workers join together, and they turn the play a-  
bout.

In united desperation, Nigger, Hunkey, Wop, and Kike  
They've downed their tools in unison and called a sit-  
down strike.

They've a fighting strike committee; they have organized  
their work;

They have cleaned out all the rat's nests where the thugs  
and stoolies lurk;

They have called out other unions, planned for workers'  
self-defense;

And they wait, prepared and watchful, for the party to  
commence.

There's a bellow from the Pulpit; big black headlines in  
the Press;

There are letters, editorials, committees numberless;  
The Service Clubs are foaming, and the bankers beat their  
brains.

For the Slaves are in rebellion, and they're brandishing  
their chains.

"Law and Order!" shouts the chorus, "kick the agitators  
out!

Give 'em hell! They're asking for it! Tar and feathers!"  
goes the shout.

"Christain Brothers" (slow and solemn) "ride the heathen  
on a rail!

"For the love of Jesus Christ, go throw the Radicals in  
jail!"

But it's quiet 'round the factory. There is not a breath  
of smoke;

Not a wheel or belt is turning, not a single piston stroke.  
And the workers, grimly sober, gather 'round in quiet  
bands,

Waiting in expectant silence, studying their knotted hands.

You can call out the militia, vigilantes and the Klan;  
You can slug them, bomb them, gas them, kill them, throw  
them in the can;

But they're thinking, and they're learning-----and the next  
sit-down they call

They'll stay in and run the factories for the benefit of all!

--Nelson--

# STRIKES IN REVIEW

M.W.

"The Student Strike Against War this April 27th was neither a strike nor was it against war," remarked Rodney Voight, ex editor of the COLLEGIAN, in the current issue of the CHERUB.

If this is a contradiction it is not we who are responsible for it. The organizers of this monstrous farce should be called upon to answer---how was it possible to transform the militant Student Strike Against War into a completely passive assembly on a pro-war program?

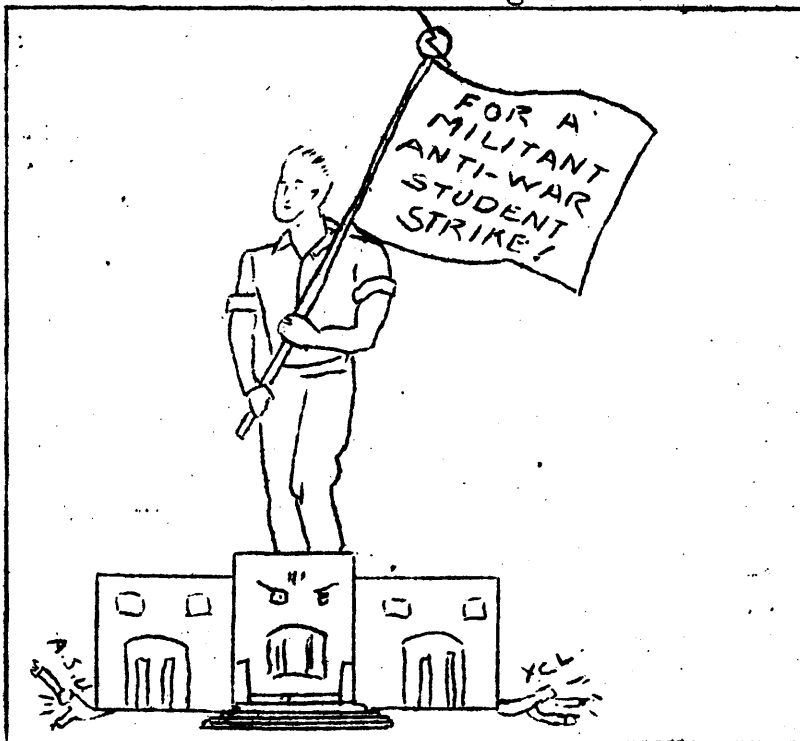
If the detailed story were written on how the "leaders" in the student movement at Berkeley and Los Angeles in particular, "prepared" the student strike, we would have an excellent course in "how to take the anti-imperialist war struggle out of the peace movement."

In all cases the Young Commun-

ist League in the guise of leaders of the American Student Union acted as a direct agent of the school administration or as an applicant for that job. In Berkeley the Y.C.L.-A.S.U. spent months in endless negotiations with the administration attempting to convince them that they have a "safe and reliable" method of handling the peace movement. The school administration in that instance could not see the point and the YCL, at the last minute, switched in favor of an outdoor independent strike. But there they confronted a new problem. The Trotskyite youth together with a small group of militant pacifists had been conducting a vigorous campaign for a Sather Gate (school gate) strike on a militant anti-war program. They had already made all the technical arrangements to use the Gate. So for the first time in years, the YCL was forced to enter into united action with the dreaded Trotskyites. This very fact, by the way, illustrates just how serious the YCL'ers regard the stupid canard about Trotskyites being Japanese and German spies, assassins, poisoners, and railroad wreckers.

They didnt insist on their right to demounce us for what they officially claim we are, they simply made every attempt to gag us and keep our speaker off the platform. When that failed they attempted all sorts of maneuvers to restrict our expression of a revolutionary anti-war position. So anxious were these stalwarts to quiet the voice of revolutionary Socialism at the Sather Gate meeting that

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# PREPARING THE SHOT

S.L.

When the last Student Strike was over we looked around and asked, "where are the pacifists?" They had been "with us" when we started-----or so we thought. They were opposed to Collective Security and refused to support the war - making school administration assembly. They told us that they wanted real action-----real aggressive action to show the war-makers that we would not fight their wars. But what happened? Where were they when the time came for action?

As it must to all groups which are passive in their make-up, fear came to this group. As soon as they realized that a student strike might be disapproved by Dr. Ingalls----that he didnt like to see leaflets distributed, that he was frightened because we threatened militant action-----they walked out. At the last moment, when they were most needed and the real test of their sincerity and militancy was at hand---they disappeared. Through fear of administrative condemnation they put their tails between their legs and ran for cover.

What would happen to such a group when war actually came? Under those conditions the opposition to anti-war movements will be many times greater than they are today. We saw what happened to the pacifists during the last war. When the time arrived for real action they suddenly recognized the validity of the war---- "German Hunism was a threat to the world." "We must save the world for democracy", and they were all busy selling Liberty



Bonds just like all the rest of the patriots.

And it must be so. As long as the pacifists do not recognize the economic-imperialist basis for war; as long as they do not see that it is only up to the workers to stop war, and that only through a Socialist overturn can war be permanently outlawed; capitalism, no matter in what form, democratic or fascist, will lead to war. It must, for war is merely the continuation of capitalist politics by forcible methods.

When war is to be declared there will always be idealistic slogans. We will never fight a war for capital investments--"only to defend ourselves from aggression of fascism."

Pacifism disgraced itself at LAJC on April 27th by abandoning the banner of the anti-war struggle. Let the pacifists take heed and draw the lessons of this experience.



# STRIKES IN REVIEW

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they offered to observe strict silence about Collective Security if we would not attack it. Unfortunately the militants partially fell into this trap, and although the Y.P.S.L. speaker presented, insofar as possible, (with the restrictions from the Y.C.L. and with rotten eggs and tampering with the amplifier from the hoodlums) a clear-cut minimum anti-war position, the demonstration at Sather Gate can be characterized as follows: The anti-war forces in the student body at Berkeley came to grips with the pro-war forces and they succeeded in silencing each other at a Sather Gate demonstration.

At L.A.J.C. the lines were a little more clear cut. Ingalls saw the point of the Y.C.L. and in spite of hesitation, etc. gave them his blessings. With the official seal at their disposal, so to speak, they proceeded to drag numerous student organizations into an assembly they called a strike on a pro-war program they said was for peace.

Posed against that demonstration just as sharply as the workers anti war movement is posed against the pro-war traitors, was a demonstration organized by young socialists. This demonstration was small, it was under attack, attempts were made to ridicule it---but above and beyond all that, it tried to tell the truth---the truth that represents a piercing light in the darkness that is being spread on the war question.

It can be set down as a law that the closer imperialist war approaches, the louder will those who are preparing it shout for peace. This old game of clothing war preparations in peace phrases becomes even more necessary as the masses of workers and students sharply reject the idea of supporting imperialist governments in a war. The formula of the treacherous "peace" shouters is simple---"we want peace so much that we are willing to fight for it." Could it possibly

mean that they are for fighting to overthrow capitalism and the war system? Oh no! They simply want to unite the capitalist war system of America, Great Britain and France and to work on a great big holy peace crusade against the capitalist war system of Germany Italy and Japan. But what if in the course of crusading on imperialist chariots for peace, a war of international scope breaks out? What if after this war the imperialist thieves who are the victors fail to consider the problems of freedom and democracy but establish an even more brutal exploitation of the working class and colonial people? But then you see it won't matter. We will have fought a "good war" for great ideals with fine principles with all the worthy people of the peace loving nations behind it.

This is the bunk that is being distributed to us by the traitors in leadership of the Stalinist Y.C.L.

The student movement is doomed as a progressive force if it does not free itself from the program of the imperialist patriots in the ranks of the working class.

Revolutionary opposition to war proceeds from a different standpoint than the social patriots in one "simple" essential. theirs is the standpoint of imperialism and its interests, ours is that of the working class. The Stalinists are attempting to saturate the student movement with the most vicious type of patriotic propaganda imaginable. They speak of "our" country, "our" interests abroad, "our scrap iron", "our peace loving government", "our investments in China". Who's investments in China? Does the unemployed worker have investments in China? Do the homeless youth have any? Does the steel worker, miner, textile worker or agricultural laborer have investments in China? No! This simple, seemingly harmless usage of a possessive pronoun, reveals

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# STRIKES IN REVIEW.....

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more of the treachery of Stalinists patriotism than a thousand pamphlets. The art of deceiving the masses in time of war consists in identifying the interests of the toilers with that of the exploiter under the broad generalization of "our country".

The working class of the entire world are in a constant struggle against the declining, decrepit system of Capitalism. This struggle which is irreconcilable can lead to a victory over the Capita-

list system of wars, poverty unemployment, fascism, and misery. Desperate attempts are being made by dying capitalism to save themselves from destruction and to enlist the support of the working masses in their profit wars.

Against all these attempts we must take our stand. The cause of progress is inextricably bound up with the struggle of the working class. Let cowards, traitors, and ordinary scoundrels labor to save capitalism. Their labor is in vain. Progress will triumph! ##



# FRESHMAN COUNSELLOR

I'm a lot older than I look. I'm really over thirty-five. But what I meant to say," he said, waving his hand at the photograph of the destroyer, "was that I was in the Navy during the war and ran into a lot of Jews. For instance, I was in charge of a gun crew protecting an American freight ship over a year. Well, I had a Jew in my gun crew. I got to hate that bastard. He was one of these cocky Jews, always shooting off his mouth and arguing when I gave an order. You know.

"Well, we'd been in the submarine zone about a week because this freighter was a slow old tub. We had been keeping constant watch, of course, and that meant long shifts. Most of us had been on duty as much as forty-eight hours at a time. Well I guess this goddam Jew's nerve cracked. Like I say, they can't stand anything when it gets in a pinch. Anyway, one afternoon a sub attacked and the Jew got scared and ran. I had a hell of a time. I had to rout out a man from the other gun crew to serve the gun. We finally drove the sub off and then I got up a searching party and we went thru that ship from stem to stern and guess where the Jew was. He was hiding behind a packing case in the hold, shivering to beat all hell.

"I was so goddam mad, I wanted to shoot the bastard right then. I could have, too. I was highest ranking naval officer on the ship, and it was during war time. But I didn't want to go thru all the red tape of reporting it. So I slapped him in the brig. Now the brig was a little cubbyhole right over

THIS IS THE LAST PART OF FRESHMAN COUNSELLOR. AGAIN WE REPEAT, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, THE AUTHOR'S NAME IS WITHHELD..... ed.

the boiler room. With a steel plate deck, you can imagine what it was like. Well I kept that bastard there on bread and water for 27 days. Twenty-

seven days. It damn near killed him, and I wouldn't have cared if it had.

"When we made port I turned him over to the naval authorities on a charge of deserting in the face of the enemy. They held a court-martial and I testified against and had the bastard sent over the road for twenty years. They put him in prison at Charlestown and there aren't any paroles in military prisons. He's still there, too. I checked up just last year and found out."

I sat up and stared at him with my mouth open. I imagine he took silence for approval, because he went on.

"I hate the reds."

"I've made it my business to keep in touch with them here. I know what they're going to do before they do themselves. I'm connected with several groups and we've got information on all of 'em. I was one of the boys in on the first Legion convention in Paris and I've stuck with the Legion ever since. I'm a sort of contact man for this campus. They work with me.

"Why I remember when the reds had a meeting over near here a couple of years ago. I went over with some of the boys and we had several plainclothes men with us and a

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ately, "The situation has changed."

In recent months we have been observing a new and encouraging development within the Young Communist League. For the first time in years there is developing a considerable effort among its membership to question the principles and policies of Stalinism, to desire to know and meet opposing ideas, to discuss with people who have contrary ideas. To being to question, to become critical is fatal to Stalinism. Just as it is fatal to Catholicism for a Jesuit to break with faith as his method of solving problems.

The priests of Stalinism are acutely aware of this danger. To prevent it they have proceeded with the methods of excommunication and damnation to save their flock from the possibility of being contaminated with "dangerous" ideas. They damn their opponents as being fascist agents and spies and excommunicate those of their members courageous enough to think and to test their ideas in the fire of criticism and the opposition of different policies. "We are the teachers, you have faith", is the one basic creed of this priesthood.

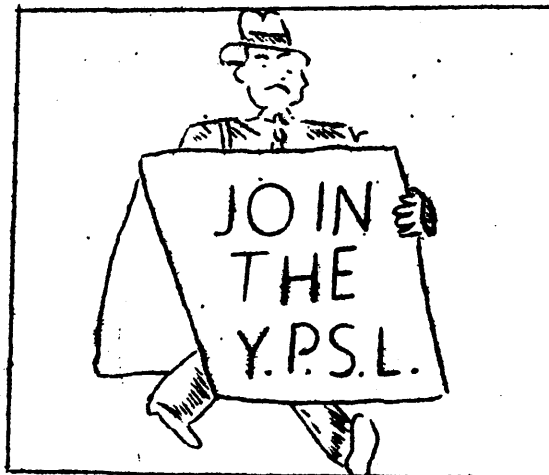
You YCL members that differ with this characterization test us out. Continue with your effort to question your beliefs. Test them by reason and rational analysis. Learn the ideas and policies of various groups. Discard the Jesuitical effort to prevent this by the use of heretical appellations, "fascism", "traitors". To become men and women of reason rather than of faith, means that you begin to use the methods of Marxism. Stand ready to break with the Jesuitry of Stalinism once you accept this method in place of "faith."

We are confident our ideas can meet the test of criticism. Have you the same confidence? ~~+++~~

(cont from page 2)

growers and within a year they had a powerful State-wide movement. The object was to fight more effectively any labor movement that might arise. In case the workers on one ranch go out on strike, the Grower immediately contacts the county organization. Vigilante bands are rapidly organized (in Salinas several thousand were organized in one day) and deputized by the local sheriff and with the help of the State police, clubs, and guns if necessary, the strike is soon broken. The workers in one field not only have their own boss to buck, but the entire county backed by the state. Most everyone is familiar with the vigilante tactics of the growers. Although the papers are silenced most of the time, stories occasionally break through about broken skulls, murdered strikers and beaten and jailed union leaders.

The agricultural workers will not long meekly submit to the tyranny and oppression of the grower. Their vast numbers shall merge into one militant, State-wide union. The obstacles are great, but the working class is mightier. The masses are men and for that reason alone, will not remain long in servitude. The logic of historical development will assert itself and the day shall come when the masses, bent for centuries under the burdens of a parasitic class, will again stand erect. They have nothing to lose but their chains-- a world to gain. ~~+++~~





# GOLDEN BOY



R.L.

When "Waiting for Lefty" and later "Awake and Sing" appeared on Broadway and met with a very exciting and enthusiastic reception, the left wing movements were overcome with joy. At last the revolutionary dramatist for whom they had been waiting had arrived. And their feelings justified. For in these two plays Clifford Odets expressed in an artistic and moving manner, problems concerning both the lower middle class and the workers with a true revolutionary solution. Beside the attempts of the other playwrights in sympathy with the movement his plays stood out as flashing gems of dramatic fusion between propaganda and art. Following immediately upon these successes, came offers from the goldfields and graveyard of writers, Hollywood. At first Odets refused all offers and his followers were filled with admiration. Here was not only a great writer but also a true artist and revolutionary

## MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG

Utilizing a very unusual technique in its presentation, "Merrily We Roll Along" offers a very interesting study of the problems confronting the sincere artist and writer in present day society. It is also very interesting in comparing it to Odets. "Golden Boy" because of the similarity of the themes. But here the similarity ends. George Kaufman and Moss Hart have written a serious play (the title is ironic) which from a standpoint of characterization and motivation is thoroughly consistent.

The curtain rises on a scene in the home of Richard Niles in Long Island, in the year 1934. It is a party to celebrate the successful opening of Niles' latest play. The guests are made up of a prosperous theatrical producer, the usual wealthy dilettantes, a beautiful young girl who has achieved stardom through this play, a few debutantes and a poor novelist, a woman who is decidedly in her cups, with a sharp penetrating wit. We get the impression, on the whole, of a group of superficial and insincere people, with the exception of the novelist, who in the midst

(Con't on page 12)

refusing to sell out. But their satisfaction was shortlived. The motion picture producers boosted the offers by another swimming pool and Odets succumbed. Of course he denied very vehemently that this was to be for any length of time. He was merely going to Hollywood to get a little of the easy gold and then, well-heeled for the hard winters, return to the theatre and the writing of real plays.

His first play written in Hollywood is "Golden Boy" with its Los Angeles showing at the Biltmore Theatre. It expressed very clearly the decline of Mr. Odets. It is as the program explains, "the story of a violinist who turned prize-fighter", and could more appropriately be called "Hamlet in Tights".

Briefly it is the story of a young Italian, Joe Bonaparte, who loves to play his violin because it is his means of expression. He lives with his widowed father, sister and her husband in a small apartment on the Eastside of New York. His father is very proud of the boy's talent and does everything to encourage him, even buying him a \$1200 violin for his 21 birthday. But Joe is dissatisfied. He wants money, and so he decides to become a prize fighter. Un-

(Con't on page 12)

## GOLDEN BOY

(Con't from page 11)

known to his family he goes to the office of Tom Moody, a prize-fight manager and offers his services. Moody laughs at him, but because of an accident to one of Moody's pugs, who is supposed to box that night he is forced to take our young violinist as a substitute. The rest follows as you might easily guess. Joe is a sensation, but he is still unhappy. Now, he want his violin. Beside his father is broken-hearted, he had hoped his son would be a great musician and instead has forsaken Art for Boxing. The play continues with Joe constantly brooding over his problem and his confusion is reflected in his new profession. His manager cannot understand why he is so cautious when he fights, refusing to slug in a manner pleasing to the costumers. When he finds out that Joe is a violinist and is afraid of breaking his hands he decides to use the female angle and uses his mistress, Lorna Moon, as a tool to influence Joe to stop worrying about his music and fear of breaking his hands, and to go in and fight. Needless to say it works. Joe becomes a veritable tiger, a killer, knocking out all of his opponents. Then the unexpected happens! Lorna, who up till now has been playing Moody's game for him really falls in love with Joe! She accepts his offer of marriage, but when confronted by Moody retracts and says she loves Moody, causing our hero to become very bitter and cynical. Time marches on and he becomes hardened. He no longer thinks of his violin, but spends his money on expensive cars and other things.

It is the night of his big fight with the "Chocolate Kid". He sits in his dressing room still  
(Con't on page 13)

## MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG....

(Con't from page 11)

of everyone's flattering compliments to Richard on the success of his play makes a long speech enumerating his successes and accumulation of wealth and ends with the remark that as for herself she prefers being a whore.

The guests start for home except for Ivy Carrol, the new star and a few friends who are staying for the week end. Niles and his wife are left alone in the salon. An intense scene follows between them in which she accuses him of being unfaithful with Ivy. In the argument that follows he admits it and says that it is also true about many others. His wife tells him that this is his gratitude for all she's done for him. He knows that if it weren't for her he would have never reached the success he now has, but would still be writing those artistic plays for the Provincetown theatre and receiving nothing for them. She calls in Ivy and confronts her with the fact that Richard has admitted carrying on an affair with her. Ivy tells her she loves Richard and will not give him up. Whereupon his wife throws acid in her face and the curtain falls with Ivy screaming that she is blind and Richard frantically telephoning for the doctor.

The next scene is in 1927, seven years earlier and each scene that follows goes back until at the conclusion of the play we witness a scene which is really the beginning of the story. Richard Niles, as valedictorian for his college class is delivering a very idealistic and beautiful speech on friendship and principles.

In this novel presentation of scenes we are able to dissect his  
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## GOLDEN BOY

(Con't from page 12)

brooding. His father comes to see him, a broken hearted old man. Joe asks his father why he has refused to accept the money he sent to him. The father says he couldn't accept money earned in this manner. Joe continues brooding. Moody and his other handlers come in and tell him it is time for him to go into the ring. At this point Lorna enters and they exchange glances. Joe exists with his crew. Lorna goes out leaving Joe's father alone in the dressing room. We hear the roar of the crowd as the fight begins. Then a person comes in and through him we learn of the progress of the fight. Joe is being badly beaten. Lorna dashes into the dressing room, she cannot witness the terrific beating Joe is receiving. Suddenly the bell rings in the middle of the round. And instead of Joe being carried unconscious as expected after the terrific beating he walks in bitterly proud. In answer to a question he explains that he has knocked out the "Chocolate Kid". His hand hangs limp and we learn that it is broken. This is the end of his musical career. And to heighten the tragedy, the Chocolate Kid's manager rushes in with the announcement that Joe has killed his fighter. The Chocolate Kid is dead. Joe is dazed. Everyone but Lorna leaves the room. He is sick with disgust and weary. Lorna tries to comfort him. She tells him she really loves him. This rouses him and he suggests they take a ride in his high powered car along the Triborough Bridge at a terrific speed. She agrees. The scene shifts to his father's apartment and a scene between the manager, who is drunk and celebrating Joe's victory over the Chocolate Kid, and the prospect of a match with the champ.

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## MERILLY WE ROLL ALONG....

(Con't from page 12)

character and understand the forces that have caused him to sell out and become the writer of shallow plays that as his friend remarks, one forgets half an hour after one has seen them.

After leaving college he goes to war for what he thinks is democracy, and upon returning marries a small town girl. He is filled with hope and inspired by the belief that the world is now going to be a better place in which to live with its great new freedom and elimination of the autocracies. His difficulties begin with the birth of a child and his inability to provide for his wife and family. They live with her parents who are unsympathetic to his writing and cannot understand doing anything that doesn't make one rich. One of his plays is produced at the Provincetown theatre and although he receives very little in the way of royalties he is encouraged by the praise of the few discriminating people who have seen it. On the strength of this play he receives an offer to write a play for Althea Royce, a former burlesque beauty, but refuses. His wife and her family are furious and insist that he accept the assignment. He refuses. His father-in-law tells him he isn't going to allow him to live in his house any longer. Faced by the necessity of providing for his kin child he writes the play and it is a success. Then follows his gradual capitulation. He marries Althea for social and financial advantages, deserts his real friends and ends up as the broken and disillusioned man we witness in the first scene.

It is a profound story exposing the disintegrating forces at work

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(Con't from page 13)

The telephone rings. It is the morgue. Joe and Lorna have been killed.

So ends the story of an artist's struggle between present day society and himself. Odet's solution that of Joe's problem is suicide. It is interesting to note that in the introduction to this play in the published book, Harold Clurman suggests that the struggle of Joe is really symbolic of Odet's own situation. It is understandable, except for Joe the way out was suicide, and for Odet's it is Hollywood.

The play is patterned after the old motion picture formula of boy meets girl, except that it tries to mask a banal story behind the mask of an artist which gives it a little higher, if false, intellectual covering. The cab driver in the play, Joe's brother-in-law best symbolizes the truth. In "Waiting for Lefty" he was a militant trade unionist on strike.. In "Golden Boy" he is a cab driver whose sole ambition is to own a cab of his own and become a petty bourgeois proprietor. ///



YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE

(Con't from page 13)

on a sensitive person pinched by economic necessity and who is unable to combat the strong current.

In contrast to Niles there is another character, Jonathan Crale, an artist who prefers extreme poverty, knowing that he is really expressing himself, and, what is more important, remaining honest to the principles and ideals in which he believes.

One does not feel in witnessing this play as one does in Golden Boy that it was written with the sound of the movie-cameras grinding in the authors ears, influencing them to throw in wise-crack and sure-fire although trite characters that would ensure a Hollywood box-office success. ///

DO YOU BORE  
YOUR FRIENDS  
WITH THE SAME  
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(Con't from page 9)

I'd point 'em out to the cops and they'd take 'em outside and jug 'em for disturbing the peace. We wnet thru that crowd and I picked out eleven of the worst ones. They russ 'em up at the station and usually let 'em go. Or a bunch of the boys will take 'em outside and work 'em over and not bother to have 'em arrested.

The night the Legion hold a meeting in the field house two years ago and had that riot. I never had so much fun in my life. I pased up enough guys to last for a year. But most of 'em didnt put up any resistance. Of course it wouldn't have done much good if they had. And I found out later that the reds had left before the riot started. But it was all right anyway. Teach 'em a lesson. Show 'em what they were letting themselves in for if they ever got mixed up with the dirty reds.

"We've held some swell brawls. They had this so - called Peace Strike two years ago after the riot. They all gathered in the Circle and were taking the slack-er's oath and we rushed and threw

eggs and tomatoes. We almost broke up the parade too, but there weren't enough of us."

He was no longer sensitive to my reactions or afraid that I might very possibly be one of the enemy. Caught up in the tide of blind emotion, swayed only by the need to find outlet for the obsession gnawing at his vitals, he gave incident after incident in which he figured as crusader for the American Way, picturing himself in imagination as a splendid figure in the fight against the scaly monster Radicalism, and enlarging on the myth in an orgy of self-justification. Some of his statements were downright lies I knew, having figured in a few of the incidents myself and being perfectly sure that no such altercation as he described had occurred.

And so I listened, fascinated by the story and character he was unfolding, but compelled by a growing and engrossing need to get out, to get away, to leave this room and find myself once more in the sane, clean sunlight of the street outside. ~~///~~