

Please return for Journal file. I have long had the notion, probably a delusion, that if I could meet the right one, maybe Trumbo, there might be some help for my work, whether or not in appreciation of what I did for them and what it cost me, the research for a book and some files I wanted for self-protection. I wrote Anthony Quinn after reading two chapters from the book about to be published, this six months ago. His editor said it was forwarded and thanked for the correction of error about Scotsboro. There might be a piece to accompany the movie, "Whatever Happened to Edward Dmytryk?" That would answer what happened to my files. He came for them and he was or turned fink. Concern for the liberal fatcats is fine, but I've yet to see interest in or real concern over those not wealthy to begin with, and they were the majority. Several I knew were helped by Margaret Mead, but for most there was no help, no prospect, no relief from fear for those who felt it. Some tried small business, a few were successful. A few became renegades. HW

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Memories of Darker Days

MEMORIES, From E9

"This isn't college, Katie, it's grown-up politics. It's stupid and dangerous."

"Do you want me to sit by and shut up because it's dangerous? What about those 10 men?" she shoots back.

"I'm telling you it's a waste. Those men—and their wives—and their kids will only get hurt. Nothing will change. Nothing. After jail, after five or six years of bad blood... when it's practical for some fascist producer to hire some communist writer to save his — because his hit movie's in trouble... he'll do it! They'll both do it. They'll make movies and have dinner and play tennis and make passes at each other's wife. Now what the hell'd anybody go to jail for? For what... a political spat?"

"Are you telling me to look the other way so you can go on working in a town that doesn't have spine enough to stand up for anything but making the blessed buck?"

"Katie, I'm trying to tell you that people are more important than any witch hunt. People! You and me! Not principles."

"Hubbell... people are their principles!"

Strong stuff. That dialogue was written by Alvin Sargent, David Rayfiel and Arthur Laurents. The final film might capture the terrible confusion of those days. Both Katie and Hubbell are right. They are people accustomed to knowing right from wrong suddenly finding themselves in an unchartered gray area desperately trying to sort out the priorities of their particular humanity.

"The Way We Were" is based on a novel by Arthur Laurents, a writer who is no stranger to the ways of the Hollywood of blacklist days.

"Before the witch hunt," he says, "this was a great, intellectually stimulating town. It was fantastically alive. You never knew whom you were going to meet and what you would learn from them. I never once heard anybody ask, 'What's the gross?'"

Laurents found himself blacklisted and says his only involvement was helping to raise money to support the families of the Hollywood 10. His situation worsened, he says, when The Daily Worker printed a favorable

review of "Home of the Brave," for which he had written the screenplay.

"The whole thing is full of all sorts of sad commentaries. There were a lot of terribly talented people severely damaged. And there is even a little humor. Because of that review in The Daily Worker I still laugh. I didn't laugh then, but it eventually became amusing in a black comedy sort of way. That's the kind of people we had working in our government—they couldn't tell politics from movie reviews."

What Hubbell says will happen actually happened. That's a remarkable convenience writers from "now"

have when contemplating "then." Yet it is nevertheless ironic. A producer did ask a communist writer to rescue his picture and the supposedly communist writer accepted. It is all history now, but the scars remain. The screenwriter won an Academy Award under a pseudonym.

"The Way We Were" intends to be just that: A love story set in the way we were. If, in the course of its story, it can tell us something about those days beginning in 1949, so much the better. Our consciences could use the pricking for in that time there were only losers. Everybody lost and nobody won.

Hollywood Blacklist: Memories of Darker Days

By *Wayne Warga*
Los Angeles Times

LOS ANGELES — There was a minor riot this last month at the Union Station here, a disused but still polished reminder of another day. The riot also was a reminder of another day, a darker day, which might have taken place then exactly as it was being recreated now.

Approximately 150 people lined the main waiting room, many with picket signs proclaiming: "In Memoriam — Free Speech," "Go Back to Moscow," "Red Square—Go There," "Free the Hollywood 10" and "Help Unmask American Communists."

The object of the anger walked into this unruly crowd unsuspecting: Holly-

wood people returning from Washington and testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Police restrained the protesters while the press scrambled to get at them. The photographers from the newspapers shot their pictures and popped their flashbulbs onto the marble floors. They were the kind of flashbulbs many of us used to crisply and idly peel back then and they made an odd clattering noise as they were kicked about by the surging crowd.

It was, of course, all taking place for the benefit of a camera and, hopefully, for the further enlightenment of the audience.

Yet for anyone who grew up in Hollywood as I did, it was an improbable thing to watch. It was not just a

visual re-creation of a time, it was a visceral reminder, too. Neighbors suddenly out of work. Whispers in the kitchen each evening as the latest rumors and news were exchanged. School chums—children of musicians and writers mostly — suddenly saying goodbye and returning to New York "where dad can work."

Worse for those who stayed as uneasy adolescents trying to deal with an improbable situation: A father of mother accused of being a traitor. Questions we all asked our parents—parents we believed knew all the answers because this was the early 1950s, not the doubting 1970s — and our puzzlement at the answer: A resigned shrug and "I don't understand it either." Now it is 1972, more than

20 years after the blacklist and Columbia Pictures—its founder Harry Cohn was one of the most vocal HUAC supporters—is shouting "The Way We Were." The film, produced by Kay Stark, is essentially a love story, yet its denouement comes with Joseph McCarthy's invasion of Hollywood.

"The Way We Were" is being directed by Sydney Pollack, whose adroitness at handling times past was magnificently demonstrated in "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" It stars Barbara Streisand and Robert Redford, two of the most talented and thoughtful performers of recent years. Miss Streisand, a beautiful young woman who first became famous for her voice, is performing in a straight

busy, is pure idealist while Hubbell mixes his idealism with realism. She is named by a college classmate as one-time Communist and he is potentially a fellow traveler because of the simple fact of marriage.

It is Katie who gets off the train, greets her husband. They and several of their friends walk into the terminal and the riot, are rescued by the police and step into a small restaurant; he to wipe the blood off his face, she to mend her sense of outrage. There, a remarkable exchange of dialogue takes place. He speaks first:

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dramatic role for the first time.

The character she plays is Katie Morosky who, by way of understatement, has a commitment to the far left going back to her childhood. Redford is Hubbell Gardner, super-WASP. They first meet in the late 1930s in college where pamphleteer Katie hates him by day and dreams of him by night. They meet again near the end of the war, and marry. Hubbell is a writer — one successful novel, another not so successful — who comes to Hollywood because screenwriters earn good salaries. Katie, a housewife, albeit

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