ALBERT MALTZ
9120 ST. IVES DRIVE
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90069

April 27, 1973

Dear Harold Weisberg,

I read your long letter several times, but I won't attempt to comment on any of it. I agree with various things you have to say, have no knowledge of other things, am perplexed by still others. However, my state of health, while not bad, is not what it once was. For this reason my hours at my desk are limited. I am at work on a very demanding novel and I cannot do any more than thank you for your letter, express my sympathy for the hard blows you received in the past, and wish you well.

Sincerely yours,

Albert Maltz

The Hollywood 10 recalled

To name or not to name

By Victor S. Navasky

A few weeks ago, David Rintels, a Hollywood screenwriter in his late 30's, turned in his script about a blacklisted writer to his agent. A secretary in her 50's read it and dissolved into tears, while a secretary in her 20's said, "I like it, but there's one thing I don't understand. Why didn't he just name the names and go back to work?"

It is more than a quarter of a century since the so-called Hollywood 10 (also known as "the Unfriendly 10"), a group of screenwriters, directors and producers, refused to "name names" or cooperate in any other way with the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC) investigation of Communism in Hollywood. And it is more than 15 years since the blacklist which followed began to disintegrate with the discovery in 1957 that the "Robert Rich" who won an Academy Award for "The Brave One" was actually Dalton Trumbo, perhaps the most rambunctious of the original 10, who used to earn $4,000 a week before he was blacklisted. And yet many of the surviving victims of the blacklist—whether they are successful like Ring Lardner Jr., who won an Oscar for "M*A*S*H," or are on hard times like Alvah Bessie, who never made it back to Hollywood—seem to define themselves and their peers less by what they have become than by how they behaved a generation ago.

Moreover, issues like "naming names" are not merely the preoccupation of the blacklist alumni but have suddenly emerged at the center of an avalanche of revisiting. Eric Bentley's 1971 book, "Thirty Years of Treason," a hefty documentary history primarily about the entertainment investigations, had barely been published when his play "Are You Now or Have You Ever Been?" opened to controversial notices in New Haven. Harper & Row, which has published the Bentley play and reissued Alger Hiss's answer to Whittaker Chambers, "In the Court of Public Opinion," has also just reprinted Dalton Trumbo's "The Time of the Toad," a polemical pamphlet first published in 1949, which argued that many of HUAC's most cooperative witnesses "wanted the jobs held by those they accused of being Communists." Robert Vaughn, who came to prominence as "The Man from U.N.C.L.E.," has published his doctoral dissertation, a study of show business blacklisting, as a book entitled "Only Victims." Stefan Kanfer, associate editor of Time magazine, has written the forthcoming "A Journal of the Plague Years," which, like the Defoe novel of the same name, shows how a disease—blacklisting—can infect an entire society. Arthur Laurents's blacklisting novel, "The Way We Were," is soon to be released as a movie starring Barbra Streisand. The Canadian and British Broadcasting Corporations have independently put together TV documentaries on those bleak days. And Conrad Bromberg, whose father, J. Edward Bromberg, is one of the martyrs of the blacklist, having died of heart disease after testifying under committee compulsion against doctor's orders, has written a play, "The Dream of a Blacklisted Actor," which has already been produced in the ANTA matinee series and, when last heard from, was headed for Off-Broadway.

THE history of HUAC in movieland is quickly told. J. Parnell Thomas brought his committee to Hollywood in October, 1947, ostensibly to discover evidence of Communist subversion in the motion-picture industry. Critics said the committee wanted to bask in the reflected

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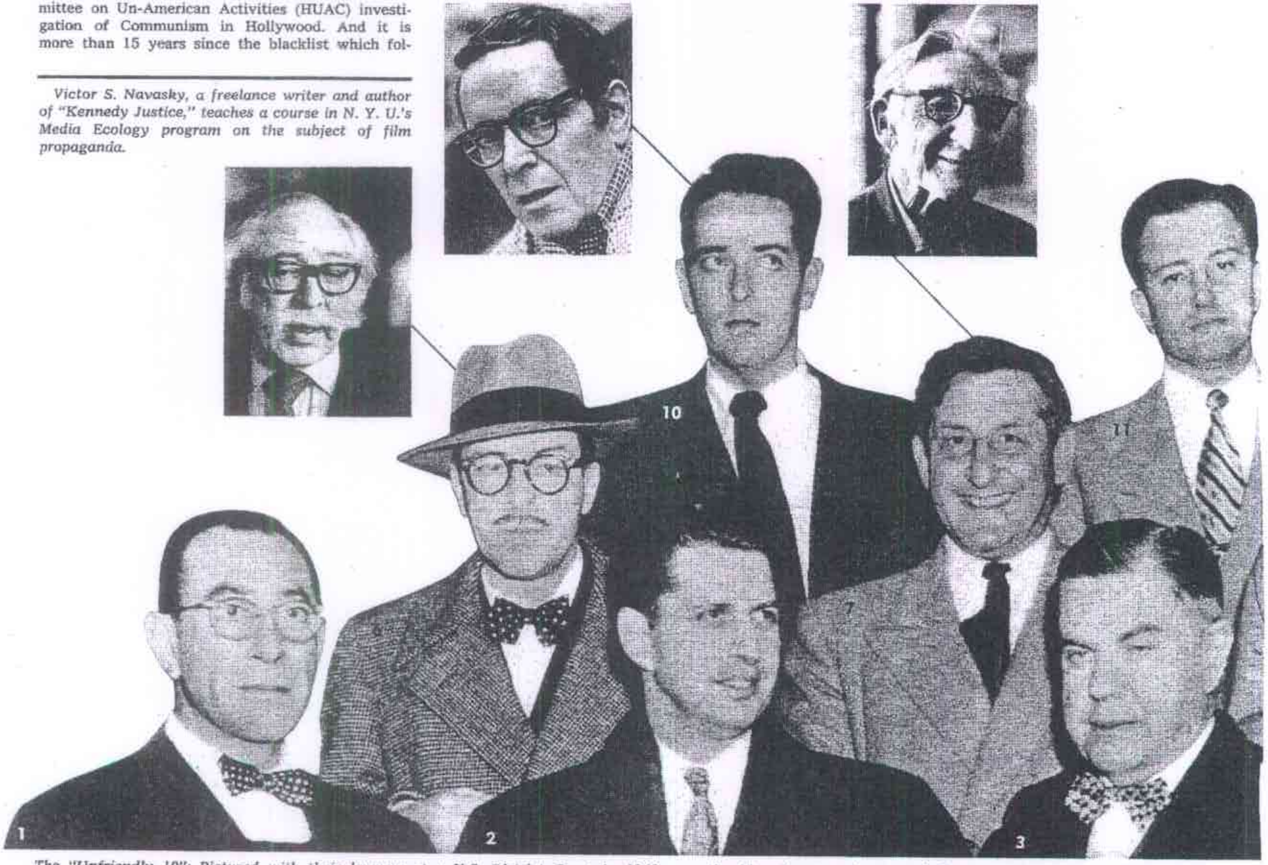
Victor S. Navasky, a freelance writer and author of "Kennedy Justice," teaches a course in N. Y. U.'s Media Ecology program on the subject of film propaganda.



The "Unfriendly 10": Pictured with their lawyers at a U.S. District Court in 1948 were the 10 writers, producers and directors who defied the House Committee on Un-American Activities at hearings in Hollywood. They are—with photos of the six surviving members at top—(1) Herbert Biberman, . . .

publicity which Hollywood personalities provide; hard-line critics have observed that if you want to scare a country you attack its royalty, and Hollywood is America's royalty.

First came the "friendly" witnesses, who provided little evidence of subversion, but lots of laughs. Walt Disney said some attempts had been made to have Mickey Mouse follow the party line. Ayn Rand found Communist propaganda in the smiling faces of Russian children in "Song of Russia." Mrs. Lela Rogers told the committee proudly that her daughter Ginger had refused to speak the line, "Share and share alike—that's democracy!" in a picture called "Tender Comrades" by Dalton Trumbo. And Lester Cole was fingered as the screenwriter who had a football coach instruct his players, after the fashion of the Spanish Communist, La Pasionaria, that it is better to die on your feet than live on your knees.

The following week came the "unfriendlies." Only 11 of 19 who had announced that they would not cooperate were called, and the 11th, Bertolt Brecht, when asked if he had ever made application to join the Communist party, answered, "No, no, no, no, no, never!" and the next day he flew to East Germany, never to return. And then there were 10. Backed by a planeload of stars who had flown in for the occasion, with Bogey and Baby and Groucho and Frankie all providing visible and vocal support, each of the 10 arrived with a prepared statement denouncing the committee, which all but one were not permitted to read (the exception, for reasons that were never clear, being Albert Maltz), and challenged the committee's right to ask questions relating to political affiliations. They based their stand—after much preliminary discussion—on the First Amendment's guarantee against incursions on free speech, rather than the Fifth Amendment's protection against self-incrimination.

Ten days later Congress voted to cite them all for contempt, and in November, Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America (M.P.A.A.), who had earlier assured the 10, "As long as I live, I will never be a party to anything as un-American as a blacklist," announced, after a two-day meeting of 50 top executives at the Waldorf, that the 10 would be suspended without pay, and that thereafter no Communists or other subversives would "knowingly" be employed in Hollywood.

In the summer of 1949, the liberal Supreme Court Justices Murphy and Rutledge died, and the following spring their conservative successors, Justices Burton and Minton, were in the 5-to-4 majority which refused to review the 10's convictions. The 10 went to prison for sentences of up to a year, as did the chairman of the committee, Thomas, who was convicted of taking kickbacks in 1949, and ended up at the Federal Correctional Institution in Danbury, Conn., with fellow inmates Ring Lardner Jr. and Lester Cole. In 1951 the Hollywood investigation, suspended while the 10's case worked its way through the courts, was reopened, with Representative John S. Wood at the helm, and the first witness, Larry Parks, was called on the day Alger Hiss went to prison. Parks, who had starred as Al Jolson in "The Jolson Story," mouthing the words which Jolson himself sang, was more than willing to tell the committee about himself, but he pleaded that he not be forced to implicate others: "Don't present me with the choice of either being in contempt of this committee and going to jail, or forcing me to really crawl through the mud and to be an informer. For what purpose? I would prefer, if you would allow me, not to mention other people's names."

The moral choices posed a quarter of a century ago in Hollywood are by no means forgotten—least of all by those who were forced to choose.

But in *Rogers v. U.S.*, decided not long after the 10 went to prison, the Supreme Court had ruled that once a witness admitted his own party membership, he had waived his right to invoke the Fifth Amendment to refuse to answer questions about other people's party membership; therefore, the committee would not allow Parks to remain silent—by talking about himself he had waived this right—and the ground rules for the decade were set.

There was some uneasiness as Representative Francis Walter asked, "How can it be material to the purpose of this inquiry to have the names of people when we already know them?" But the view of Representative Donald Jackson prevailed: "The ultimate test of the credibility of a witness before the committee is in giving full details as to not only the place and activities but also the names of those who participated with him in the Communist party." From that point on, witnesses were advised by their attorneys that they had three choices: to

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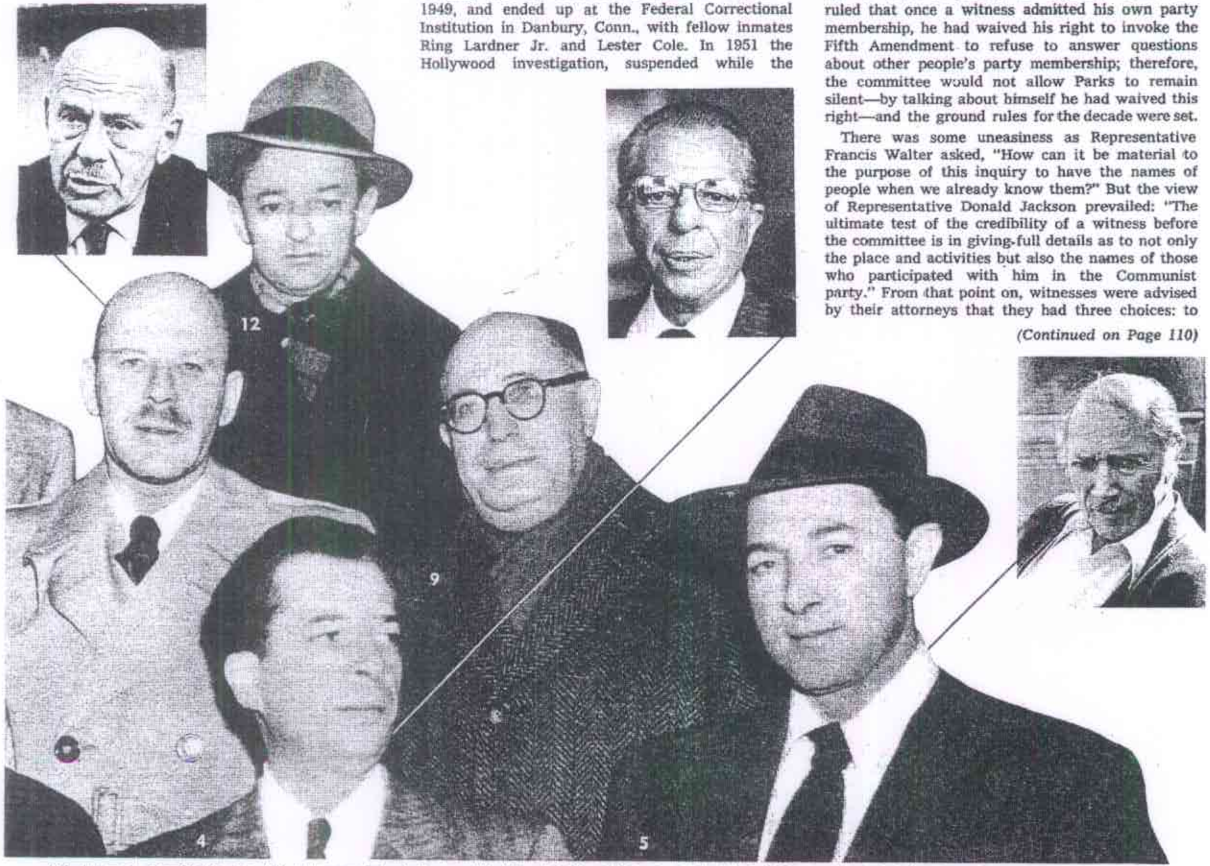

. . . **(2)** *Attorney Martin Popper,* **(3)** *Attorney Robert Kenny,* **(4)** *Albert Maltz,* **(5)** *Lester Cole,* **(6)** *Dalton Trumbo,* **(7)** *John Howard Lawson,* **(8)** *Alvah Bessie,* **(9)** *Samuel Ornitz,* **(10)** *Ring Lardner Jr.,* **(11)** *Edward Dmytryk and* **(12)** *Adrian Scott.*

To name or not to name

(Continued from Page 35)

take the First Amendment, and risk going to jail like the 10; to take the Fifth Amendment, and lose their jobs because of the blacklist; or to cooperate with the committee and name names.

Although only about 30 of the 90 witnesses called in connection with the 1951-52 investigations actually named names, for a while it seemed as though everyone was doing it. Sterling Hayden named his mistress. Screenwriter Melvin Levy ("The Bandit of Sherwood Forest") named a collaborater. Richard Collins, who wrote "Song of Russia," named a creditor. And Clifford Odets, who had given the eulogy at J. Edward Bromberg's memorial service (where he blamed HUAC for Bromberg's death), named J. Edward Bromberg. Martin Berkeley, a screenwriter specializing in animal pictures ("He couldn't write human dialogue," says Ring Lardner Jr.) named 162 names. Some named only those previously named, perhaps on the theory that a man could not be blacklisted more than once, although as one actor named many times told me, "Every time I thought I was off the list, someone new would name me. It was like being in one of those old comedies where every time you come up for air you get hit in the face with another pie."

For the most part, the namers went back to work and the named either went before the committee and "cleared" themselves by naming others, or they found another line of work. Academy Award winner Sidney Buchman (who wrote "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington") went into the parking business; Lionel Stander became a stockbroker; Alvah Bessie got a job working the lights at a nightclub in San Francisco; Lester Cole worked as a warehouseman; Zero Mostel took up painting; character-actor Jeff Corey became an acting teacher. Where they could, writers went into the black market and worked for cut-rate prices under pseudonyms. The less fortunate went to alcohol, mental institutions, divorce court; and a few went to their graves.

Such was life under the blacklist. The Motion Picture Association denied there was such a thing, but said no Fifth Amendment-takers who hadn't purged themselves before the committee (or First Amendment-takers either, for that matter) could work in Hollywood; the Screen Actors Guild, president Ronald Reagan speaking, said, "We will not be party to a blacklist," but banned Communists and noncooperative witnesses from S.A.G. membership. Even HUAC said the idea that it was compiling a blacklist was "absurd," since any good American could come before the committee and clear his name. One would have thought that the publishers of The American Legion Magazine, Counterattack, Red Channels, which was called "the bible of blacklisting," and other publications that ran long lists of individuals and their allegedly subversive affiliations might have conceded the existence of a blacklist. But no, they were a sort of political credit-rating service, "like Dun & Bradstreet," said one Legionnaire, and nobody ever accused Dun & Bradstreet of running a blacklist. In other words, the blacklist was just an ugly rumor started by movie, radio and TV people who couldn't get work because of past (and sometimes present) political associations.

Fortunately for those willing to pay the moral price of getting off the nonexistent list, an ancillary service—what might be called the clearance industry — had sprung up. There were "clearance" lawyers, like Martin Gang; "clearance" columnists, like George Sokolsky; "clearance" unionists, like Roy Brewer, and "clearance" talent consultants, like Vincent Hartnett. A prototype of how it worked is available in John Cogley's "Report on Blacklisting":

"When a former member of the party came to Brewer for help, the first thing [Brewer] insisted on was that the ex-Communist go to the F.B.I. with all the information he had. Then the ex-Communist was put in touch with the House committee and some kind of public repentance was worked out. The ex-Communist was expected to testify (which meant naming names in public session), denounce the party at union meetings and, if he was prominent enough, make some kind of statement for the press . . . or in some other way publicly express his new feelings. . . ."

The committee called them cooperative witnesses; the left called them "informers." Whatever their motives, the lines seemed clearly drawn. Elia Kazan, Budd Schulberg, Clifford Odets, Lee J. Cobb and others took the position, as Kazan wrote in a newspaper ad, "that Communist activities confront the people of this country with an unprecedented and exceptionally tough problem." It was, after all, a time when Alger Hiss had been convicted for perjury, the Rosenbergs for conspiracy to commit espionage, and 11 Communist party officials for conspiring to advocate the overthrow of the Government by force and violence. The British scientist Klaus Fuchs had confessed to violating Britain's Official Secrets Act. And we were at war in Korea. It followed, as the cooperative witnesses saw it, that it was wrong to withhold names because, as Kazan's ad put it, "secrecy serves the Communists, and is exactly what they want. The American people need

In 1948, J. Parnell Thomas, right, studies testimony given his House Un-American Activities Committee. With him, a young Congressman, Richard M. Nixon, who sat on the committee at the time of the Hollywood hearings, and chief investigator Robert Stripling.

the facts and all the facts about all aspects of Communism in order to deal with it wisely and effectively."

The cooperative witnesses believed — or rationalized — that while the committee's procedures might be arbitrary and antidemocratic, they were no more so than those of the Communist party they had quit years before, and why should they sacrifice their careers for something in which they no longer believed? *Vide:* Roy Huggins ("The Good Humor Man," "The Fuller Brush Man" and other screenplays), who thought he had an understanding with HUAC that because he didn't have any new names to offer, he would not be required to go through the name-naming ritual. Huggins took the stand—only to be asked, after preliminary formalities, whether he knew so-and-so. It is a sign of his mental anguish that he paused for five minutes to think about it before he finally allowed as how, yes, he knew so-and-so, but when asked to spell the name, he drew the line and said he didn't know how. "In retrospect," he told me, "in the hindsight of 20 years, it is appalling to me that I cooperated with them in any way. But that wasn't obvious 20 years ago, especially when I had long, long since decided that one of the great errors of my life had been that of believing that the Soviet Union represented the glorious future. I was caught unprepared and had a failure of nerve. I said to myself, you know, I'd love to be a hero, I'd love to go to jail, except for one thing: Who the hell is going to take care of two small children, a mother and a wife, all of whom are totally dependent on me? If I'm going to go [to jail] I want to go for something that I'm actually guilty of."

Uncooperative witnesses either took the Fifth and denounced the committee, or, in the cases of a few like Arthur Miller (who risked prison in 1956 by taking the First, but got off on a technicality) and Lillian Hellman, made it clear that while they were willing to talk about themselves, their consciences would not permit them to talk about others. In a much-quoted letter to the committee, Miss Hellman wrote: "I do not like subversion or disloyalty in any form, and if I had ever seen any, I would have considered it my duty to have reported it to the proper authorities. But to hurt innocent people whom I knew many years ago in order to save myself is, to me, inhuman and indecent and dishonorable. I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions . . . ."

As much of the libertarian left saw it, the issue was simple: Either you were or you weren't an "informer." And so in 1970, when Trumbo was presented the Laurel Award for Achievement from the Writers Guild of America/West, he told his audience that "the blacklist was a time of evil and no one on either side who survived it came through untouched by evil. . . . It will do no good to search for villains or heroes because there were none. There were only victims."

Who would want to take exception to such a noble and perhaps profound sentiment, a generous view made possible only by the passage of the years? Well, Albert Maltz, for one. When I walked into the Laurel Canyon home of Mr. Maltz, O. Henry Award winner, novelist, playwright and the most literary of the 10, he handed me two pieces of paper, each reflecting his deep commitment to his own idea of what a writer's integrity requires. The first was a copy of his now-famous letter assigning the ruble royalties due him on the two million copies of his books published in the U.S.S.R. to Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the Soviet novelist. The second—well, the second he felt so strongly about that he asked if I could publish it in full, for if not, he was thinking of taking out an ad in Variety. Here is what he had typed out:

"There is currently in vogue a thesis pronounced first by Dalton Trumbo which declares that everyone during the years of blacklist was equally a victim. This is factual nonsense and represents a bewildering moral position.

"To put the point sharply: If an informer in the French underground who sent a friend to the torture chambers of the Gestapo was equally a victim, then there can be no right or wrong in life that I understand.

"Adrian Scott was the producer of the notable film 'Crossfire' in 1947, and Edward Dmytryk was its director. 'Crossfire' won wide critical acclaim, many awards and commercial success. Both of these men were members of the Hollywood 10, opposed the practices of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and refused to cooperate with its attempted invasion of their civil rights. Both were held in contempt of the committee and subsequently went to jail. When Dmytryk emerged from his prison term he did so with a new set of principles. He suddenly saw the heavenly light, testified as a friend of the committee, praised its purposes and practices and denounced all who opposed it. Dmytryk immediately found work as a director, and has worked all down the years since. Adrian Scott, who came out of prison with his principles intact, could not produce a film for a studio again until 1970. He was blacklisted for 21 years. To assert that he and Dmytryk were equally victims is beyond my comprehension.

One actor named many times said, "Every time I thought I was off the list, someone new named me."

"He did not advance this doctrine in private or public during the years in which *he* was blacklisted, or at the time he wrote his magnificent pamphlet, 'The Time of the Toad.' How he can in the same period republish 'The Time of the Toad' and present the doctrine that there were 'only victims,' I cannot say—but he does not speak for me or many others. Let it be noted, however, that his ethic of 'equal victims' has been ecstatically embraced by all who cooperated with the Committee on Un-American Activities when there were penalties for not doing so."

It is not surprising that the blacklisting subculture should still be preoccupied with such esoteric issues as what is the proper attitude to take toward an "informer." And, indeed, the question is, on one level, a matter of social etiquette. Helen Levitt, whose writer-husband Al Levitt was blacklisted, says cheerfully, "We were the first in our group to speak to stool pigeons. You know, the informers' lives were loused up, too." Others, like Lester Cole, will

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tell you, "I feel repulsed by these people. If I find myself in the same room with them, I ignore them and won't greet them, and if they seek to greet me I refuse my hand and turn my back."

Alvah Bessie, as militant as any member of the 10, was put to the test when, after some post-prison hard times, he finally landed a job as P.R. director of San Francisco's film festival—only to discover that he had been recommended for the job by Ed Dmytryk, the one member of the 10 who had defected and named names. It never occurred to Bessie to quit the job, but one day Dmytryk walked in the door, put out his hand and said, "Hello, Alvah." Bessie's jaw dropped, he stared and, speechless, left the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Ring Lardner Jr. have something of a social problem since it is Mrs. Lardner's policy not to talk with informers and it is Mr. Lardner's policy to say hello to anybody. ("I don't believe in blacklisting," he says.) Ian Hunter, a blacklisted writer who co-authored the Broadway musical "Foxy" with Lardner, is credited with originating a whole set of rules of thumb on how to treat an informer—the cardinal one being to treat him as though he doesn't exist. A story, perhaps apocryphal, is told about the day during the blacklisting era, when Hunter was standing on the unemployment line and who should show up behind him but Leo Townsend. Townsend had named 28 former comrades when he testified before HUAC in the fall of 1951 (and since that time has gone on to write such films as "Beach Blanket Bingo," "Bikini Beach" and "How to Stuff a Wild Bikini"). Hunter is said to have done his best to treat Townsend as though he wasn't there until finally he couldn't resist the temptation. He turned around and said, "I know what I'm doing here, but what the hell are you doing here?"

Trumbo, who says he does not want to get into a public dispute with Maltz, did talk a little about those occasions when he had arrived as dinner guest of a host and hostess who did not know that he and another guest were on opposite sides: "I can tell you I was unable not to acknowledge that person's presence, and I am physically unable to insult him in front of the host and hostess who have unwittingly presented both him and me with an awkward situation. I can't do it. There are many of them that I do not want to see, that I find it embarrassing to see. Most of them in fact. But, you know, to concentrate on them is to forget the enemy. The enemy was the goddamned committee. That's what I'm against."

On a more substantive level, Trumbo asks, "What were you going to do about a homosexual caught by the F.B.I. and given the choice of informing or being exposed in a time when homosexuality was regarded differently? What were you going to say to that man? It's a choice I wouldn't have wanted to make, and I'm not prepared to damn him. You know Lillian Hellman said, 'Forgiveness is God's job, not mine.' Well, so is vengeance, you know. I really am not concerned about it, having lived with it for 25 years. I think hate is just naturally an unhealthy thing."

To muddy the moral waters further, it turns out that homosexuality was only one of many things the committee used for behind-the-scenes blackmail, to encourage potential witnesses. John Bright, who wrote "Public Enemy," in which James Cagney shoved a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face, was told by a committee functionary that if he would name Edward G. Robinson there was a producer ready to put him under contract at $1,500 a week. "There was only one problem," says Bright, who took the Fifth. "As far as I knew, Robinson wasn't a Communist." Helen Levitt, a former secretary of John Garfield's, was told that her husband would be taken off the blacklist if she would testify about a statement Garfield had made which could have subjected Garfield to a possible perjury indictment. She wouldn't, and her husband's promising screenwriting career was converted to a pseudonymous television career. Garfield, incidentally, who took the position that because he had never been a Communist he had no names to give, was at the time of his death hoping to clear himself by publishing an article in Look magazine called "I Was a Sucker for a Left Hook."

"Another thing," adds Trumbo, "the 10 were virgins. We went into an unprecedented situation which had results that we could not predict. As a matter of fact, we felt we were going to win

(Continued on Page 118)

"We're judged by a different standard"

*A scene from "M*A*S*H" (Donald Sutherland, left, and Elliott Gould), which won an Oscar for writer Ring Lardner Jr.*

"Of the Unfriendly 10, only two had any talent," director Billy Wilder once said, "the other eight were just unfriendly." The famous remark was more quip than factual commentary. The truth is that some of the more talented people in Hollywood were in the small band that defied the House Un-American Activities Committee in the late forties.

To take them alphabetically, ALVAH BESSIE (whose screenplays include "The Very Thought of You" and "Hotel Berlin"), had fought in Spain, served as drama critic of The New Masses, received a Guggenheim Fellowship for creative writing. Among his post-prison works was a novel called "The Symbol," based on the Marilyn Monroe story, which he is trying to adapt for television. Bessie describes himself as an "unaffiliated radical," and probably considers himself a Marxist, although "I would not say that on pain of losing my work." . . . HERBERT BIBERMAN directed such movies as "Meet Nero Wolfe" and "The Master Race." After he got out of prison, he organized and directed the controversial but highly praised "Salt of the Earth," independently produced and written by blacklisted screenwriter Michael Wilson. Biberman died in 1971. His widow, Gale Sondergaard, who had also been blacklisted, appeared most recently in Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" in Los Angeles. . . .

LESTER COLE had written 36 films ("Objective Burma," "High Wall") before he was subpoenaed by the committee. He recalls that as late as 1965, when he wrote a screenplay for "Born Free" for Columbia, his lack of performance before the committee was an issue. He says Mike Frankovich, Columbia's president, "was so fearful that he wanted to throw my screenplay out and start over, but this the producer refused to do, so we ended up with a pseudonym." He has just finished writing a political comedy and points out, "When you write a nonpolitical play or film, there's little problem now, but when one of us writes anything political, it's harder. We're judged by a different standard." . . .

ED DMYTRYK had directed 24 films between 1929 and 1949 ("Till the End of Time," "Crossfire," which dealt with anti-Semitism, and "Hitler's Children") before drawing his contempt sentence. In prison, he told fellow convict Albert Maltz, "I'm never going to prison again." Afterward, he appeared as a friendly witness before HUAC, named some names and went back to work, mostly in Europe. When I told him what I was writing about he said, "I prefer to stay away from that," and he did. . . . RING LARDNER JR. is the author of the most famous line of the hearings: "I could answer [your question] but I would hate myself in the morning." He is also author of two Academy Award-winning screenplays, "Woman of the Year" and "M*A*S*H," as well as the recently republished novel with a growing cult following, "The Ecstasy of Owen Muir.". . .

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON, first president of the Screenwriters Guild when it was organized in 1933, later head of the Hollywood section of the Communist party, Group Theater playwright ("Processional"), author, critic and theoretician ("The Theory and Technique of Playwriting" is a standard text), wrote two of the more celebrated movies coming out of World War II, "Action in the North Atlantic" and "Sahara." Lawson, who says he is still blacklisted, is at work on his memoirs. . . . ALBERT MALTZ, who wrote for leftist journals of opinion in the thirties and forties, is an O. Henry Award winner. His short stories have been widely anthologized. His movies included "This Gun for Hire," "Destination Tokyo" and "Pride of the Marines." . . . SAM ORNITZ, who died in 1957, had written 25 films between 1929 and 1949, none particularly notable. He published "Bride of the Sabbath," the first novel of a trilogy, after he was released from prison. . . .

ADRIAN SCOTT, a producer, died a few months ago. At a memorial service, Albert Maltz said, "He died unfulfilled." The consensus is that Scott, whose first wife left him while he was in prison, never really recovered from the ravages of the blacklist. He had produced such films as "Crossfire" and "Cornered." His last production was a television play, "The Great Man's Whiskers," which was seen last month. . . . DALTON TRUMBO'S latest film, "Johnny Got His Gun," based on his novel of the same name, won the *Prix Spécial du Jury* and the International Critics Award at the 1971 Cannes Film Festival. In his heyday ("Kitty Foyle," an Academy Award nominee, "A Guy Named Joe," "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes"), he was in such demand that his contract contained a stipulation that story conferences be held at his house, where he preferred to sleep days and work nights in a bathtub with a special cross-board to hold his typewriter. Trumbo was the only member of the 10 with a working-class background; he was employed as a baker for eight years. "I never considered the working class anything other than something to get out of," he told me.—V.S.N.

(continued from Page 112)

on the constitutional issue. Now, it's quite a different situation to enter into a course of conduct which you feel to be right, the punishment for which you do not know. No one had ever been blacklisted, nor were they until two or three weeks after those hearings. So we could not be certain we would lose our jobs; neither could we have been certain we would go to jail; neither could we have been certain that we would become so notorious that there would be no way we could clean ourselves up for a decade. Now cut to two years later and everybody else who comes before the committee knows exactly what the penalty is. All the people who took the First and the Fifth after us knew something that we had not known—namely, that they would not work for years. Now, I say that those people are in a better position to make moral judgment on informers than are we who went in without knowing."

There comes a point, of course, at which etiquette blurs into substance, diplomacy becomes policy. Sylvia Jarrico (the former wife of Paul Jarrico, the screenwriter who, when asked what he would do if subpoenaed, told the press, "If I have to choose between crawling through the mud with Larry Parks or going to jail like my courageous friends of the Hollywood 10, I shall certainly choose the latter") is quite eloquent on the subject, having left the country in 1957 and returned in 1964 surprised to find that ideas which were "unspeakable" when she left were now publicly accepted. "When I left," she recalls, "I respected all the people who were willing to take a beating for a point of view. I accepted the fact that informers were dangerous. and irresponsible people as a class. They had demonstrated that they sold out cheap when the chips were down. I felt there was value in holding them responsible for what they had done, expressing that view to them and regarding them as dangerous people to associate with. I still feel that way. A point of view I've come to is that it's terribly important for people to act upon their own convictions and to do so in such a way that there's no doubt about what the convictions are. In times like ours, the only security one has is to make oneself known. That's what I understand the phrase 'eternal vigilance' to mean. You have to stay ahead of the stereotyped thinking of your own time by making known your deepest feelings about what's right and what's wrong."

Ring Lardner Jr. adds, "There is some historical value in remembering how degraded some people got through being scared. A lot of people behaved badly. That's the sense in which Dalton means there were only victims."

BECAUSE the 10 were obstreperous witnesses and because they were not open with the committee or the public about the nature of their involvement with the Communist party, balanced observers such as Richard Rovere have argued that they and the committee deserved each other. And yet it was the 10 whose belligerent First-Amendment posture constituted the most direct attack on the committee's right to ask these questions in the first place, the 10 who went to prison for their beliefs and the 10 whose black-market work ultimately became the symbol of the defeat of the blacklist. What, I wondered, did the remaining members of the 10 feel has been most consistently misunderstood about their experience?

A number spontaneously mentioned the "Afterword" in Eric Bentley's collection, "Thirty Years of Treason." In what is perhaps the most articulate condemnation of the 10 for posing as classical libertarians when in fact they were Stalinists and/or Marxists, Bentley writes: "They lacked candor, and if that, humanly speaking, is quite a common lack, it is an impossible lack for real radicals. For, to radicalism, candor is no adornment, it is the essence. . . . So, in the HUAC hearings, the rhetoric of John Howard Lawson merely counterbalances that of the committee. . . ."

"Where Bentley got the idea that candor is a hallmark of the true revolutionary is beyond me," says John Howard Lawson, who was head of the Hollywood section of the party at the time of the hearings but who refused to answer the committee's $64 question. "The idea that real radicals are obligated to adhere to the rules of open disclosure imposed by their oppressors seems too fantastic to merit serious discussion. I have always taken pride in having given a good part of my life to the struggle against thought control."

There you have it. Can it be that John Howard Lawson, the rigid cultural commissar of Hollywood legend, whom I would have thought was himself in the thought-control business for many years, is now, at age 81, rewriting history and claiming to have been in the civil-libertarian vanguard? To clarify matters, I asked him about his role in attacking Albert Maltz's New Masses plea in 1946 for less doctrinaire judgments on writers who strayed from party dogma. (After he was denounced, Maltz recanted, conceding that he had "severed the fundamental connection between art and ideology.") And what did Lawson have to

Solutions to Last Week's Puzzles

(ALEX) GRONER: (THE HISTORY OF) AMERICAN BUSINESS (& INDUSTRY) — Generations of Yankee shipbuilders had learned how to design ships with fast, clean lines, as well as maximum utilization of sail. The culmination of their art came in the fabled clipper ships, . . . a logical outgrowth of the packet era.

The Ring Lardner Jr.'s have a social problem since it is Mrs. Lardner's policy not to talk to informers, while Mr. Lardner talks to anybody.

say about Budd Schulberg's detailed and harrowing account, in his testimony, of how Lawson and other members of a "study group" put the pressure on him to make "What Makes Sammy Run?" toe the party line?

Whatever he once was, John Howard Lawson today is arthritic in tone, humble in claim, but crystal clear in his recollection of what he was and wasn't in the old days. "As a matter of fact," he told me, "there was a minimum of interference with members of the Communist party, and a great deal of emphasis on creative *problems* rather than solutions. The Maltz discussion in my opinion has been totally misunderstood because it has been regarded as a dispute about freedom of expression solely, whereas what was involved was the whole question of artistic integrity. I was concerned with a deeper understanding of the nature of the artistic experience. The whole problem of the artist is to deepen and strengthen the character of his work."

On Schulberg: "I've never questioned a writer's right to write what he pleases. But I also have the right to say what I think about it, and I thought 'What Makes Sammy Run?' was not a great Hollywood novel, not a great proletarian novel and not a great novel. In fact, I thought it was a piece of junk. I thought that then, and I think that now, and I think history has proven me correct."

HOW much was dialogue and how much *Diktat*? We can't know until all the memoirs are published and even then there will be questions. But we can know that the stereotype of Lawson as agitprop-director is insufficient to capture the seriousness with which this man set about attempting to reconcile the perhaps competing demands of art, politics and what he came to regard as the imperatives of monopoly capitalism. Lawson quit writing for the black market, he told me, "because it corrupted everything and everybody it touched. You took jobs you didn't want, and you didn't even have an opportunity to talk over story points or changes that were made in your work." Alvah Bessie told me Lawson turned down an opportunity to work on the screenplay of Kurt Vonnegut's "Mother Night" because he didn't see any "human" values in the script. The issue of the relationship of propaganda to popular culture is older than Plato, more current than Maltz's protest over the "blacklisting" of Solzhenitsyn: When feminists judge the work of other feminists, blacks that of other blacks, should they bend literary standards to meet political requirements? One can disagree with Lawson's resolution of these dilemmas and suspect the rigidity of his intraparty role, yet still honor the integrity of his claim that in refusing to tell HUAC anything about his politics, he was fighting "thought control" as best he knew how.

I myself happen to believe that whatever the relation of their art to their politics, had the 10 talked fully and freely *outside* the committee room about their involvement in the party, its nature and quality, they might have helped undermine one of the most damaging confusions of the cold war—the assumption that to be a member of a Marxist study group was the equivalent of joining a Communist spy ring. But I respect the point made by Trumbo and others: "There's a difference between public expression of opinion on the one hand, and confession of affiliation on the other. It's because of our public expression of opinion on every conceivable issue that we were caught. Now you can argue that we could have said, 'Yes, I'm a member of the Communist party and to hell with you,' but to do that was to imperil the whole principle of the right of political privacy, because by throwing it away in public you do not really preserve it, you see, you set a pattern for others who are going to have to conform."

And given his outspoken current politics, Albert Maltz is certainly not mouthing anybody's dogma when he states his conviction: "We entered this as an opportunity to rid the country not only of this committee, but it would rid the country of every one of these inquisitorial commit-

Friendlier

Director Edward Dmytryk testifies before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1951. One of the "Unfriendly 10," he became a cooperative witness after serving time in prison.

tees because they all stood on the same platform. And if we had won our case the McCarthy era would not have occurred . . . because the whole era was based on this type of thing . . . the bludgeon of blacklist, which is precisely what the Soviet Union is doing today. They are precisely using blacklist. A Jew applies to them to go to Israel, he gets fired from his job—like that!—no matter what his position. And the purpose of that is to intimidate 10,000 Jews from applying to go to Israel."

Lawson believes that the 10's resistance postponed McCarthyism for three years (while their case worked its way through the courts) and that the importance of this cannot be underestimated. That's a little apocalyptic for me, but I do think the 10 and many of those who came after made a difference. A writer friend of mine puts it this way: "They taught us how to behave," he says. "They resisted and prevailed and because of that it will be harder for Nixon or anyone else to do it again." The fear of history's repeating itself is the popular explanation on the left for the unprecedented revival of interest in the blacklisting period, which had once been written off as an anachronistic tributary of McCarthyism. "We all feel we are headed for another repression," Ring Lardner Jr. says. "Maybe it has something to do with the fact that Richard Nixon sat on the committee which sent us to prison. It's the only time I've ever been in the same room with him."

WHEN all the shouting was over, HUAC had turned up the names of fewer than 300 Hollywood Communists or, as Murray Kempton once computed, a little over ½ of 1 per cent of the industry. And as John Cogley's report, prepared for the Fund for the Republic in 1956, pointed out, not only had the committee come up with no evidence of Communist propaganda in the films, but "the concern Parnell Thomas felt in 1947 was so remote by the summer of 1955 that George E. Sokolsky, in a lapse of memory, could assert in his nationally syndicated column that Congressional investigators had never believed they would find Communist content in the films."

Oh, the committee did collect some information on dues paid and funds raised, and heard testimony on party attempts to gain a stronghold in Hollywood's craft unions, but it was nothing to justify the scare HUAC put in the industry. Ironically, the one contribution the committee did make to our understanding of the Hollywood Communists undercuts the conventional anti-Communist wisdom of the day, best articulated in 1949 by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who wrote in "The Vital Center":

"The Hollywood writer, like the radio writer and the pulp-fiction writer, tends to have a pervading sense of guilt. He feels he has sold himself out, he has abandoned his serious work in exchange for large weekly pay checks and he resents a society which corrupts him. . . . He has qualms of conscience, moreover, for making so much while others make so little. So he believes he can buy indulgences by participating in the Communist movement, just as men in the Middle Ages bought remission for sins from wandering monks."

If the hearings demonstrated anything, it was that men like Odets and Kazan, and presumably Lawson and Maltz — early activists in the theater of social protest —had come to the party before they came to Hollywood. And, like other writers and intellectuals involved in radical movements of the day, they had come in response to the condition of Depression at home and Fascism abroad. A more interesting question than how they got there is why it took them so long to leave. Guilt may have been part of it, but Albert Maltz, who always saw film-writing as a way of subsidizing novel-writing, and who didn't give up on socialist realism until 1951 and on Communism Russian-style until the Khrushchev revelations of 1956, provides another explanation:

"We didn't know that millions were being arrested and tortured and put in jail and executed and sent to concentration camps. Now, there were some who did know and who wrote articles and books about it, but like many others I brushed them aside. And the reason why is several-fold: First, there was this classic idealistic literature to which we clung. I never believed that any friend I knew who was working sincerely to stop Fascism would turn around at any given point and frame and torture me. It was unthinkable, preposterous, to believe that the Bolshevists would do this to one another. Secondly, the enmity of the capitalist nations toward the Soviet Government was well-established. In fact, Walter Lippmann wrote a book at some point in the twenties exposing the journalistic lies that had been told about the Soviet Union in the first years. And there was every reason to think that when people spoke of millions in concentration camps that they were also lying. It seems incompatible with the picture of a government dedicated to improving the welfare of its people, and indeed there were improvements."

The impact of the blacklist on our culture is, of course, impossible to measure, since part of the calculation has to do with scripts unwritten, ideas not pursued, careers unbegun or unfulfilled, industry-wide potentials unrealized. Television, for instance, was born, and defined itself and its structure, amid blacklist assumptions. But David Rintels, who is chairman of the committee on censorship of the Writers Guild, says, "No major studio production I can think of in the last five years has been critical of Administration policy. The industry is a propaganda arm of the Government. The worst thing is that TV not only adheres to official prejudices—it fosters and reinforces them. In my view, Hollywood has never really recovered from the blacklist. The horns were pulled in, the chilling effect is still felt."

On the trip back to New York from Los Angeles, I found it a happy omen that my in-flight "Jetarama Theater" movie, "The Deadly Trap," was co-authored and co-produced by Sydney Buchman, a once-blacklisted writer-producer who escaped imprisonment for his 1952 testimony. (Like the 10, he refused either to name names or take the Fifth Amendment, but he had the luck to retain as counsel a relatively unknown young Washington attorney named Edward Bennett Williams, who discovered there was no quorum at the time he was cited for contempt.) The film was O.K., but I would rather have seen a revival of Buchman's Oscar-winning "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," in which Jimmy Stewart singlehandedly defeats graft and corruption in the Senatorial-industrial complex. I was saddened to think that neither Mr. Buchman nor anyone else will ever write a "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" again, not because it is so political, but because it is so innocent. ■