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I realize, of course, that I'm supposed to be talking about Robert Rich, and I now propose to do so. I have made many jokes about ~~that~~ ^{THAT} pitiable little Oscar which, from all reports, still reposes in the sanctuary of the Academy, unloved, unwanted, apparently illegitimate, and ~~very~~ possibly a monster.

The Louisville Courier-Journal, reprinted in the Paris Herald-Tribune, summed it up ⁱⁿ this way: "No~~s~~, per~~haps~~, the official recognition that some of the film colony's best writers cannot even acknowledge their work may kill the blacklisting system by ridicule, since more elevated weapons have failed." . . .

But I, for one, am afraid that ridicule alone isn't enough. For although the case of Robert Rich lends itself magnificently to jokes, and may even be the invention of a jokester, it nonetheless contains, as every really good joke must, an element of ~~of great~~ gravity.

I choose to think of Robert Rich as ^{THE} symbol of ~~our~~ ^A national disgrace; ~~as~~ the personification of a nation-wide blacklist which could not exist without the active and illegal cooperation of the federal government. For that is where the blacklist found its inspiration and its strength: from the government itself, ~~at that time~~, from the legislative committee that "exposes" the victims, from the ~~many~~ police who track him down, from the courts that punish him (if ~~it~~ ^{MATTERS} goes that far), and from the Department of State which denies him the right to seek abroad that work which the government will not permit him to do at home.

Out of this morass of censorship, of suppression, of inquisition, of proscription which is today's official American policy--out of this swamp has risen a dim figure who has done something, who has even won something, yet who cautiously and cunningly refuses to emerge from those

mists which obscure his hunting ground and veil him from his enemies. Robert Rich, therefore, is the generic name of all persons who must somehow escape their individual identities if they are to continue working at their professions. As such, he has as many faces as the blacklist itself.

Robert Rich is a soldier fighting through the courts to ~~avoid~~ ^a dishonorable discharge for honorable service. He is a schoolteacher, one of hundreds who have been blacklisted from their professions at a time when the ^{NATIONAL} ~~national~~ welfare is imperiled by lack of teachers. He is a professor---one of the scores of professors who ~~have~~ ^have been driven from our colleges and universities during the ~~the~~ last ten years. He may be that leader in cosmic ray research who now raises potatoes---or that professor of English who now sells life insurance.

Robert Rich is a scientist who has been denied employment in basic industry at a time when ~~the development~~ the development of our economy calls ~~for tens of thousands~~ for tens of thousands more scientists than ~~we~~ ^{we} presently have. Robert Rich is a doctor, perhaps a specialist, who has been stricken from the registry ^{at} Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles, Robert Rich is an artist whose paintings may not be exhibited abroad because the Department of State says they are subversive. Robert Rich is a musician whose music is ~~disloyal~~ ^{disloyal}, ~~and whose composition~~ ^{and whose composition} who has been denied his chair in the symphony,

~~and who now abandons music to drive a truck.~~ ^{Robert Rich is the Unknown Artist--the man who}

has been suppressed so mercilessly by his own government that he has for ^{THE} saken not only his name, but all of those honors which may accrue to him ^{THAT WAS} work. He is the fugitive American of our time, and it is my purpose and ^{WHITE} determination that his name shall be remembered as a symbol of this national