

and ~~now~~ now abandons music to drive a truck. Robert Rich is a Negro who was blacklisted from the first moment he touched a breast that was not white.

Robert Rich is the Unknown Artist---the man who has been suppressed so mercilessly by his own government that he has forsaken not only his name but all honors which may accrue to his work. He is the ~~Englishman~~ Quiet American, ^(OF OUR TIME) ~~the Englishman~~, and it is my purpose and determination that his name shall be remembered as a symbol of this national sickness long after the Committee itself has been abolished and the blacklist destroyed. . . .

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IN ALL ITS ASPECTS

For I have seen the blacklist that produced Robert Rich in all its aspects. I know its pain and its frustration and its horror and its shattering cruelties. I have seen families ~~damaged and their lives ruined~~ rendered by it destitute over night. I have seen, as its later by-product, broken homes and heartbroken children and sorrowing friends, I have seen its hideous waste of talent, and of love, of friendship and of life.

I have ~~now~~ long served in this lonely, marching army of the anonymous, and walking among its ranks I have seen the figure of death. Helplessly I have watched decent ~~men~~ men and women die before their stories had been told, before their work ^{HAD BEEN} finished, before their normal span of years had been lived out. Every trade, every profession now has its roll call of honored dead. ^{PERMIT ME TO NAME, WITH NO APPLAUSE, SOME OF THESE} Here are ~~some of these~~ artists of film, radio, and the theatre whose last years were clouded by this deep trouble: J. Edward Bromberg, John Garfield, Eddie Rolph, Joseph Mischel, Hollister Noble, Mady Christians, Phillip Loeb, Libby Burke Powell, John Brown, Samuel Ornitz.

~~I think each life was shortened by the blacklist, and~~ I think some of them would be living today had there been no blacklist. But I know that for all of them the sentence ^{READ:} "blacklisted for the rest of your life" ~~is~~ MAY ^{GOD} HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL. That, in itself, is very close to a sentence of death.

I can make no more jokes about Robert Rich. They turn sour on my tongue. I can invent no more quips about the Oscar he dares not claim, because that small, worthless, golden statuette is covered with the blood of my friends. I cannot laugh about it any longer because my belly is filled with the poison of this blacklist, and my heart is ~~swollen~~ ^{SWOLLEN} with its grief, and my ears roar with rage at its injustices, and my mind, for the first time, is willed with something very close to hate.

(J)

Ten years of this accursed thing are enough. The
 Committee and the industry and the FBI and the Attorney-General have stolen
 enough of our talent, they have destroyed enough of our work, they have
 murdered enough of our friends; and we, at long last, have arrived at the
 time when we must do something. Let us not yield to them one more inch.
 Let us not give them one more ~~year~~ career. Let us resolve together that
 once and for all we shall abolish this committee, ^{THAT} we shall put an end to this
 hateful thing called the blacklist^{ed} and let us begin the process at once,
 tonight, this very hour.

Zieren
 1/14/58