

## **BROMBERG NOT NAMING NAMES FOR VIDEO**

It was the night right after Clifford's public testimony

I was awakened by a bell ringing and responded kinda punchy, pulling up my pajama trunks and imagining I was kid Gavilan struggling to his feet as he answered the bell for the 15th and final round

It was only the phone and a heavy breathing Clifford insisted this couldn't wait to tomorrow

I said, ok, throw your best punch

He relayed the following dream

It was a scene from a movie, Christmas Carol, with lots of snow, frosted windows, mistletoe, snout-nosed kids caroling but plenty of black shadows you know the movie where Scrooge gets visited in the middle of the night by the ghosts of Christmas past. The ghost was Bromberg, half looking like Morty from Awake and Sing and the other half like Marley's ghost, Leo G. Carroll but instead of a stocking cap he wore a yemelka. You and I are sitting in Bromberg's old dressing room the one we had our weekly group theatre members of the c.P serious business schmoozes. Phoebe and Morris are playing a game of chess, just a few pieces left on the board and the ghost, Bromberg, enters through the barred window, stage left

Looks at the chess board and says with a sneer, "Dummkopfs, you're wasting your time that's a stalemate". Phoebe and Morris leave the room as the ghost, now all fire and brimstone turns to your Gadge, pointing and saying with full theatrical bravado, Jeb was a great actor, the lines you spoke in waiting for lefty

"you know who he is? That's a company spy

Sure. Boys, you know who that sonavabitch is? Boys I slept with him in the same bed for sixteen years. He's my lousy brother."

Clifford continues, the ghost looking more and more like Bromberg puts a gentle hand on my shoulder as he looks into the core of my being and weeps, then laments

Shayna boychick, you of all people should know about the dead, they are restless, defame them not

Have you forsaken

Isaiah 26:18

Your dead shall live; their bodies shall rise. You, who dwell in the dust, awake and sing for joy! For your dew is a dew of light, and the earth will give birth to the dead.

The ghost now looking more like Bromberg picks up the chess pieces from the board then lays them all down neatly in their start position and looks directly at us and say, you two, just potzers “I’ll play the black”

He speaks softly

Cliff and Gadge I know, I know life is hard for you, your families, and your conscious, but your duty is to protect the real victims of the blacklist, those named like Adrian Scott, Canada Lee, and myself--to honor our martyrdom by carrying on the fight. People who commit crimes, even moral ones, like naming names...informing on people that have committed no crime, on the contrary, holding up to guilt and punishment decent people who were pursuing their belief in justice for all, those that inform ...name, names must be punished, and if punishment is merely social ostracism, then all the more reason to maintain it; otherwise there is a moral crime without punishment. Informing was not merely a political and ideological mistake but a moral one. Not to recognize it as such at this late date is to demonstrate the depth of man’s commitment to rationalizing his errors. Responsibility is there to be taken and assigned, maybe the universe can be absolved of evil but not the man himself. And if he fails to listen, he has to be condemned

The ghost slowly morphs into pure Marley and says in a matter of fact manner,” checkmate” and exits stage left through the barred window

I say to a now-hushed Clifford. Yes, I remember at Bromberg's memorial, only last year, where in your speech you made clear how cruel huac had been, insisting Jeb testify even though he had this horrible heart condition. Before the year was out unable to find acting

work in America, now blacklisted, Bromberg died of a heart attack in London where he had gone for work. At the memorial, everyone's spine stiffened when in the manner of your beloved Victor Hugo you thundered j'accuse huac for the murder of our beloved Jeb. Nobody could play my rotten capitalist, Morty, and Hoff better than our dedicated socialist J. Edward Bromberg

Clifford, turned silent and I suggested with as much optimism as I could muster maybe this would be a good dream to bring up to your analysis? I heard no response, so I hung up the phone