

Tsafendas was raped by his 'step-uncle' just

Reflections ... on the process of writing the biographical fragment 'Assassin - Dimitri Tsafendas'

Renos Nicos Spanoudes

In 1966, I was six years old. On September 6 that year, a man working as a messenger in the Houses of Parliament walked into the main chamber and knifed the then Prime Minister of South Africa, Dr. Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd, to death.

The assassin's name was Dimitrios Tsafendas. Born of a Greek father from the island of Crete and a Black Mozambiquan mother, he experienced rejection from the day he was born — labelled a 'mulatto' or 'half-breed' at school he was never accepted by his step-family.

In essence, I have been writing this biography since that day on which the history of South Africa was irrevocably changed. I remember being told at school, in Grade 1, that the Prime Minister had been killed and that we had to go home early. My parents' Greek café on the corner was, like all businesses, to be immediately closed and the country was in mourning. "The Cedar of Lebanon had been cut down".

The ensuing days and weeks were riddled with threats and accusations leveled against 'the Greeks'. Accompanying the vandalism to the proverbial 'tearooms', 'cafés' and 'grocery stores', was verbal abuse.

"You people are foreigners. You must go back to Greasy Greece where you came from."

"You Griekies murdered our Prime Minister."

I remember telling my contemporaries for many years thereafter, that Tsafendas was not Greek, they were mistaken. He was Portuguese and he was insane; my defense of being the son of Greek-Cypriot parents and

my claim to being born in Johannesburg and being South African. And the media fuelled these issues. There was confusion regarding Tsafendas' true identity. The conspiracy theories which continue being formulated even today, all attest to the 'truth' behind the murder; the 'real story' behind the assassination of the 'Architect of Apartheid'.

So here we have this South African boy questioning his identity from the age of six: "Am I Greek? Am I South African? Am I Greek South African? Am I a Greek-Cypriot South African?" The pondering was endless. It is endless — only now the content of the questions has changed over the years. And will no doubt continue to change?

Why do I say that I have been writing this biography 'in my head' since September 6th, 1966. What is it with September? A month notorious for events of major change? Major pain? That's another discussion for another time and place, well beyond the ambit of this reflection...

In my life, and it's not in my head, I have been prejudiced against and stereotyped and 'boxed'. And I am not for a moment suggesting that my experiences are unique or that they are in any way to the same damaging and debilitating extremes of Apartheid disadvantages. What I am claiming is the fact that as the son of immigrant parents, with the olive-coloured skin of the Mediterranean (ironic that I use racist sounding terminology), I have felt discriminated against. I have experienced prejudice. I have been asked to leave a Durban hotel (1977) because the manager thought I was an 'Indian' and had to point out that I was not allowed in the 'Whites-Only Bar'. I was to 'leave quietly' as he did

not want any trouble. The 'Indians like to cause problems'.

I was told when registering for my Bachelor of Arts in Education at Wits in 1978 that I was 'perhaps aspiring too high for a café owner's son'. At school, on more than one occasion, I was told that I was 'growing a moustache to look like my mother'; that I couldn't play soccer because every time I went into the corner, I would 'open up a café'; that I shouldn't worry because the 'Porras' (Portuguese) could be seen from a mile off because 'of the flies around their armpits' and 'in any case, they also couldn't play soccer because they're always fighting the 'Lebs' (Lebanese) and wanted to open up the 'fruit and vegetable shops to sell pattash ent tamaatsh (potatoes and tomatoes)'. And, let's not forget the 'stingy 'shnora' Jews who were very rich and were no longer the suffering nation of pedlars and tailors — they were lawyers and doctors and owned property and 'got an education', and the 'coolies' who drank themselves 'suij', the 'callimunchas' with whom you could bargain at the Oriental Plaza and came from a background of suffering — tailors and peddlers.

So where is this reflection on a process going?

As an artist, my creativity 'to do list' has always included 'something on Tsafendas', and I suppose the 'pieces' mentioned above fit together when I explain that there is an uncanny 'physical' likeness between myself and Dimitri. I have the same look, the same profile, the same stare. In fact, when I am carrying more weight

than at present, my double chin is more pronounced. So much so that a photograph of Tsafendas in the newspaper promoting my one-man play of the same name was mistaken by my mother to be a photograph of myself. "When did you take that? You didn't show me?"

When Liza Key produced the documentary on Tsafendas' life for SABC in 1999 I was riveted. Here was a 'biography' of this man with whom I have had a link all these years. It was entitled 'A Question of Madness' and it was screened at the same time as my grappling with scripts I was writing about being Greek and living in South Africa and about leaders in history, like Verwoerd and Hitler who were not 'pure' themselves yet strived to create a pure race. Fascinating!

Then I met up with a fellow thespian from a Pretoria-based drama group, Anton Robert Krueger. He was seeking a new idea; a refreshing angle on an unusual topic. It's at times like those when one feels that there is conclusive proof that there is some logic to the journey one travels in the Universe. We met with Lynne Maree, the founder and director of 'The Kulcha Klub' at Wits, and Jose Domingos, the man who was to eventually direct the theatrical piece after we had 'work shopped' it at Lynne's sessions.

When this present assignment to write a biographical fragment came across my path, I knew this was the chance to go back to my boxes of newspaper articles,

interviews, clippings, readings, manuscripts, police reports, documents, commissions — a huge range of sources and resources. A daunting task. Which of the hundreds of incidents and incidences from the life of this desperate soul? An illegitimate child rejected from birth, he never knew his mother; he was to search for her, wander about her, long for her, all his life — but to no avail. She was sent away after giving birth to him (14 January, 1918 in Lourenço Marques) and nothing was heard from her again.

Dimitrios was sent to his paternal grandmother in Alexandria, Egypt. She died when he was just six. Returning to Mozambique he met his step-mother, step-sisters and step-brother. Tsafendas died in Sterkfontein Hospital in 1999. His step-siblings are still alive but they have changed their surname to Tsafendakis. In fact, when I approached them to carry out interviews during the research period, they refused to speak to me. One of the step-sisters runs a café in Pretoria (stereotypes again — perhaps it's the way of the world) was so angry that she tore the collar of her overall — a sign of denial and burial of another person's existence — a ritual in some villages in Greece and Cyprus.

Tsafendas' father, Michaelatos, migrated to South Africa in 1931. He placed his three daughters and son (from his Greek wife) in a school in Middelburg in the then Transvaal Province. Upon applying to enroll his oldest child, Dimitri (Jimmy or Mimis) no questions were asked. No eyes were raised.

It was assumed that the boy was just a 'darker' Greek. Besides, many Greeks, Cypriots, Portuguese, Italians and Egyptians joined their fellow



was his step-mother's way of punishing him

Chinese and Japanese detainees under the Group Areas and Immorality Acts.

They would be lined up and one by one they would undergo the 'Committee's' tests. One by one they would enter the room. These were 'citizens' of indeterminable race and hence requiring further physical examination'. They would be seated in front of the boardroom table and an intense spotlight would shine on them, encircling their head and shoulders. If the light was 'not suitably' reflected off their skin, they were classified 'Coloured', given an Identity Document to that effect and told to stay away from all 'White' areas and amenities — irrespective of the fact that they had families who were 'White' or 'European'. If the light was 'suitably' reflected off their skin, they were classified 'White' and were warned not to venture into the suburbs of the uncivilized 'Blacks' and 'Coloureds' — the 'basters'.

If the reflection of the light on their skin was not a 'clear indicator', then the 'pencil test' was administered. A pencil would be placed in the 'suspect's' hair. If it 'stuck', then 'it' was 'coloured'. If it did not and fell to the floor, 'it' was classified 'White'. There are stories of 'Coloured' grandmothers rubbing their 'suspect' grandchildren's skin (hands and feet and face) with shoe polish so that they would appear darker and not be in danger of being arrested in the 'Coloured' township when they came to visit from the 'White' area. The horror, the horror.

Tsafendas was raped by his 'step-uncle' just before leaving Mozambique for his schooling in the Transvaal. He later explained that it was his step-mother's way of punishing him for not being 'pure'. He intimated that he always reminded her that her husband, his father, was not pure either — he 'had slept with the maid'.

As a teenager Tsafendas joined the

Communist Party and this led to him being exiled. For the next twenty-seven years, he would spend his life traveling from country to country, attempting to return to South Africa. He was an outcast and was never able to become a citizen in any of the countries whose shores he approached as a sailor on many a ship.

As alluded to above, there are many conspiracy theories regarding his life and purpose. Those that believe he was insane refer to his repeated hospitalization for the treatment of a tapeworm that was diagnosed when he was still a young child and which never left his stomach till the day he died. Such conspiracy theories point to the worm that 'told him to kill the Prime Minister'.

Those who follow the 'political motive' conspiracy refer to the fact that David Pratt, the man who shot Verwoerd at the Rand Show in 1960, was treated by the same London psychiatrist who treated Tsafendas when he was temporarily hospitalised there on one of his many journeys. Furthermore, they ask the questions, "How did he get back into South Africa if he was on the 'Black/Half-Coloured List of Exiles?", "How did he get the job as a messenger in the Houses of Parliament if he had a record of being a Communist?"

There are still those who see the story of an everyman caught between the chasms of identity. A man living in a strange land, an individual who finally succumbed to the avalanche of hurt and being ostracized, of wandering and searching for a home, a family, a country, a nation, a life. A lonely, rejected individual who was first classified 'Coloured' because of his mother but then reclassified 'White' because of his schooling in the Transvaal. When he eventually met the woman he wanted to marry, Helen Daniels, he discovered that she was 'Coloured'.

How was that possible? Tsafendas, who

spoke twelve languages and was extremely religious, joined the Church of Christ when he eventually was allowed back into South Africa in 1965.

He settled in Durban and it was through this 'Group' that he started writing letters to Helen Daniels, a fellow member of the faith. This was the manner in which this religion introduced people. They would write letters and communicate through the words on the pages of such letters.

It seems a cruel trick of fate that the man who had once stood up in a Mozambiquan bar (1964) and told the people that they were 'Africans', that they were part of a "Rainbow Nation", that they should have "a flag with a Rainbow on it" and that they needed to "intermarry and mix flesh and blood so that all colours, brown, white, yellow, all colours, everyone would eventually, through evolution, become bastards", had not known that Helen Daniels was classified 'Cape Coloured'.

Upon setting eyes on each other for the first time, they discovered the truth so unfortunate under the Apartheid Regime. She was classified 'Coloured', he was classified 'White'. They could not marry. They could not kiss. They could not be seen together. It was against the law.

It is this meeting that is detailed in the Biographical Fragment. At the most recent performance of 'Tsafendas' at The Baxter Theatre in Cape Town, a family was awaiting my exit at the end of the show, at the proverbial 'stage door'. They were Helen's cousins. They still live in Cape Town. Helen is still alive. She left Cape Town a few weeks after the assassination and immigrated to Canada.

She is recovering from a brain tumor operation.

She never got married.

Extract From "Tsafendas"

Anton Robert Krueger

For the first performances of "Living in Strange Lands" (now known as "Tsafendas"), from July to December of 2001, we used a selection of photographs and press clippings which were projected onto the cyclorama. These included a photograph taken of Tsafendas as a young boy, pictures of the psychiatrists who interrogated him in prison, various places where he lived in the course of his life and several samples of pieces he wrote whilst awaiting the verdict of his trial. These also included press clippings of the shop where he bought the dagger he used, as well as photographs of various sizes of the dagger itself, a map of parliament which appeared in the newspaper, photos of Verwoerd, pictures of the body of Verwoerd, photos of Tsafendas as an old man in prison, and finally, as a parting shot, a collage borrowed from the British magazine Private Eye which shows a group of jubilant Zulu warriors joyfully ululating under the irreverent caption: "A nation mourns".

Pre-set stage right is a bed / mattress with a blanket on a blood-soaked sheet and pillow. At the foot of the bed is a bowl of blood with a rag. Alongside the bowl is a shallow plate filled with milk-sogged cereal and a spoon. Stage left is positioned a table, a chair, and a mop. Draped over the chair is a pair of pyjamas. On the table are a cup of tea, many crumpled pieces of paper, a bible, some photographs, a pencil, a candle and some matches.

FX — Overhead Projector
Set and project slide (1) — the photograph of Dimitri Tsafendas must be projected onto the wall / screen / cyclorama, so that the audience observe it as they enter the hall / auditorium.

La — this question of what colour I am and

what race I belong to. What group I belong to has caused me a lot of problems in my life. Because you see, at first, I was classified coloured, because of my mother, my mamaka. But then I was reclassified white, because of my schooling here in the Transvaal. My father sent me to school with my step brother and step sisters. Here in the Transvaal. So I was classified White. And that would have been fine. I told you I always wanted to be blonde. But then something happened which changed everything. Helen happened. Helen Daniels.

FX — Overhead Projector
Slide (12) off. Set slide (13).

She was so beautiful. You know, just before I met her, I thought that finally things were starting to change.

FX — Overhead Projector
Slide (13) on.

I'd gone to the embassy once again to apply to come back home and for some reason, the person checking the form made a mistake. He didn't check the black-list; or should I say the half-coloured list and I was allowed back in. I was allowed to come back to South Africa. When I saw that view of Table Mountain again, I was so happy!

FX — Overhead Projector
Slide (13) off. Set slide (14).

I got a job as a clerk in Durban and I joined this group — the Church of Christ — to study the Bible through them. Actually, come to think of it. They're the only real, true invisible crowd I ever belonged to.

FX — Overhead Projector
Slide (14) on.

And it was through them that I started writing to a young woman in Cape Town; whose name was Helen Daniels.

Long letters we'd write to one other.

And you know how you can tell a woman's writing from her script. Delicate, fragrant. I proposed to her in a letter. I asked her to marry her in a letter.

And for those two weeks waiting for her reply, I couldn't concentrate on anything. I couldn't focus. I was walking but I couldn't feel the ground under my feet. I couldn't feel my body. I was living in a haze. As if I was floating in thin air.

Then finally, two weeks later, it arrived. A long brown envelope, with a Cape Town stamp on it. Table Mountain. I recognised it immediately from Helen's delicate, fragrant handwriting.

I remember my hands were trembling as I opened it. And inside there was one page and on that page was written one word and that word was... yes... yes!

I was so happy! I quit my job and packed all my things and left for Cape Town, where I was going to live with the Daniel's family before the wedding.

And I arrived there with everything I ever had in the world: a suitcase of old clothes, some pots and pans, an extra pair of shoes and two books on grammar.

And I stood and waited for them at Cape Town station.

FX — Overhead Projector
Slide (14) off. Set slide (15).

But the day grew long. At first, I thought they must have just got stuck, or forgotten or changed their minds. But then the sun set and it was getting dark. I had nowhere to stay in Cape Town... because I was waiting for my Helen and her parents.

I was worried. Then I started to get scared. The moon rose. It got cold.

But you know what happened? They didn't get stuck. They hadn't forgotten. They

didn't like this Verwoerd from the beginning. A On account of him being a foreigner.

hadn't changed their minds or anything. No. No. They were waiting for me on a different platform. A different platform. Because, Helen Daniels was Coloured, Coloured, just like my mother!

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (15) on.

I was so surprised. I couldn't believe it. And I could see how surprised they were finding me on the Whites platform. And I understood that now with me being White and Helen being Coloured, there was no question of being able to get married. And I explained to Mr. Daniels that I was Coloured. I had changed to White. I had changed before I could change again. I could go and talk to the Department of Home Affairs and change back. And that's exactly what I did as soon as I could.

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (15) off. Set slide (16).

And while I was waiting for my appointment at the Department of Home Affairs, I was sitting outside in the waiting room, and I noticed how they had this big plant with these big leaves and they were thick with dust. And as I dusted the leaves I watched the dust particles billowing in the light. And sitting there I thought, Why? Why must I apply to get some book. This ID book. This book that says that you belong to this group or that group - this invisible crowd! And then I thought of a perfectly logical, reasonable solution.

When it was my turn to go in to speak to the man in the department of Home Affairs, I would ask him for an open identity. And that's exactly what I did. When it was my turn to go into the office to talk to the man in the Department of Home Affairs - he was sitting behind the desk and he had

these thick glasses and big eyes - actually he reminded me of Dr. Zibow - but anyway, I explained to him my situation and this reasonable solution of an open identity.

And he looked at me. He said nothing. He looked at me. He took his glasses off and put his hands on the table and lifted himself up and then he looked at his shoes.

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (16) on.

And then he looked at me and then he leaned forward and then he really looked at me. Then he started tapping his forehead like this and he said...

'You want to cause problems, heh? And I said...

'No, Meneer, no.'

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (16) off. Set slide (17).

And I explained to him that I needed to be White so that I can get a good job, but I needed to be Coloured so that I can marry the woman I love. But he said nothing. He just sat down and put his glasses back on and continued writing or doing whatever he was doing. And it felt very strange.

I must have stood there for about ten fifteen minutes. And it felt very strange. I didn't know what to do. I just stood there. And then I decided to leave.

But as I go to the door, I heard him say, under his breath, 'Nou hoekem wil jy met 'n meid naai in elk'geval man - siesdag!' I couldn't turn around. I couldn't say anything. My throat was stuck. I couldn't breathe. I fled down the corridor and down the stairs and I ran into the streets. And then I had all these images in my head. I saw all these pictures of my mother. And I thought of how she cleaned my father's house everyday. And how she washed his socks

and swept his floor. And how she loved him and thought that he loved her, but when I was born he just threw her out. He threw her away and now she doesn't have a place to rest. No grave. No place to rest. Nobody knows where she lies. And then I thought of Helen. And the wind dried my tears as I ran.

And when I told the Mr. Daniels about what happened, he sighed a deep sigh and said, well, maybe I shouldn't stay in the house any longer. Well, it was against the law.

What could I do? I couldn't cry, couldn't complain, couldn't do anything. Just leave quietly. On a grey Thursday morning.

My one love. My one true hope. And I never saw her again.

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (17) on.

And now ... now I really started getting angry. It can't be right. This ID Book nonsense? How can it be right? That you can't kiss?

You know things would have been better under a different Government.

I didn't like this Verwoerd from the beginning. On account of him being a foreigner. A foreigner. Why can't we get a South African to run the country?

He throws the tea cup on the floor.

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (17) off. Set slide (18).

FX - Sound

Track (12) - footsteps.

Actually, I don't blame them (the warders) for being so cross. They're also in here twenty four hours out of twenty four - staring at four walls. It's enough to make anybody crazy!

He searches and then finds his food.

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (18) on.

Remember the head of the worm? The head of the worm that stayed inside of me when

I was a boy? Well, when I get hungry, it gets hungry too, so I'm going to eat now.

This never happened in a day. It was the accumulation of all the days of my life to the present. Sometimes... this worm has caused... such... a heavy heart... in me... when I was really hungry, and I was often hungry... the worm became angry because now the worm was hungry too, and it would make my stomach go into spasms so bad I had to go to hospital for the distress... many times...

... when I was cast out... when I couldn't find work... when I couldn't find a country... the worm would writhe... and slide...

Although it caused me terrible suffering... maybe it made me... do something worthwhile... though sometimes I think I regret it. I think sometimes... I'm sorry...

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (18) off. Set slide (19).

When the world is ugly it makes me angry. And scared.

And when I feel... there's nowhere to go... then it's difficult to be sensible... when things are not what you think... and you hope so much...

When everything you believe in to be real and true and just, changes, and then once again, the family asks you to leave... to pack your bags...

And then again you're looking for food, looking for a country, looking for a home... I've been a different race, in different parts of the world, at different parts of my life. And that has been very strange.

Even here in South Africa I have felt like a foreigner. Even here in South Africa. Food falls on the floor.

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (19) on.

And sometimes the ugliness crosses in... sometimes it surrounds me and creeps inside of me... this loneliness which won't let go... it seeps in my pores...

It pours into my mouth like the night...

my ears are open to it... a silence like a sickness... I can feel the loneliness settle in my stomach... where it becomes bellyache...

And I want to shit it out... get rid of it! ugliness... everything... smells... bad... I want to push it away... push it away... throw it away... this horror - horror - always, that... inside, at the edges of the inside... but it comes back... and... the loneliness hardens like a scab then... like a shell... and then... when people talk... I can't hear them... they seem so far away...

I must keep talking... keep moving... He moves to the bed.

There was never any love at home. My stepmother hated me. She hated me because I wasn't pure. And I reminded her that I wasn't pure either. Just before I came down to the Transvaal for my schooling, she decided to punish me. She made my uncle, her brother, she made him rid me of my masculine qualities. He raped me on the table.

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (19) off. Set slide (20).

I'm sorry. I'm so tired. I'm not certain of some things. I'm sorry. When this little business is over I won't stay in Cape Town any longer. No. And if they offer me my job back as a messenger at the Houses of Parliament, I'll not accept it!

I don't find the people in Cape Town very friendly. **FX - Lights**
Blackout.

FX - Sound

Track (13) - 'Chains'.

FX - Lights

Instant 'godlight' - above or front.

Sometimes... I don't feel myself at all... I can't feel my body... I don't feel myself... I am walking... I just don't feel myself...

There are times when I... more or less feel... my body... but there are periods when I don't feel myself... I feel I am walking

lightly... I feel as if I'm floating in thin air...

FX - Lights
Blackout.

FX - Lights
Slow up to 'isolated' light over bed area - ideally a 'corridor' of light - full intensity.

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (19) on.

After what happened... with Helen... I was still in Cape Town... Yes... well... I got work in the houses of parliament. I was living now in a boarding house with a corridor, and a toilet at the end of the long corridor.

I was having spasms in my stomach because of not eating and also the unhappiness. I was living alone.

I was in pain in my room... and I found that I couldn't move... I was too afraid to leave my room... too scared to walk down the long corridor to the toilet... it was too long... and I stayed like that for a week in my room... afraid... paralysed...

And then: Then I woke up one morning, and there was a beam of sunlight streaming through the window. I saw this clear ray of light warm on the linen... with a million, tiny, shining specks of dust moving through it, like all the worlds in the universe, there in this sunshine... and something became dear to me and I found that my fear was gone.

FX - Overhead Projector
Slide (19) off. Set slide (20).

FX - Lights

Slow up to 80% intensity generals.

FX - Sound

Track (14) extremely softly and building gradually to crescendo.

Suddenly I knew what it is I must do. It became clear. I realised that I was suffering because of my mother, and because of Helen... and because of me, because a paper said we were different. And I realised where that came from. It didn't come from God. No. It didn't come from myself. It came from one man who had called us by

refused to sell me a gun, on account of

It didn't come from God. No. It didn't come from
myself. It came from one man who had called

name, who had told us what and who we were and should be. Who had decreed that we would have forever written in our identity books, that we belonged to this or that group, this invisible crowd. We were named by Verwoerd.

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (20) on.

And I realised that if this man continued splitting people up, if he kept on separating identities, then soon there would be no more unity in the world. It would be like an explosion, an atomic reaction affecting the entire world. Every group, every pair, would eventually, by the force of this action, be split apart into separate identities.

And these single entities would then would then strike other collections, other gatherings, and in a chain reaction cause them also to split apart.

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (20) off. Set slide (21).

And I realised that this... was evil... because there must be a coming together... there must be unity... there must be groups – families, friends, countries, people together...

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (21) on.

Now I am not a violent person. In my whole life I have never raised my hand towards man or beast.

Though I have been beaten many times, with fist and foot and blade – I've never even fought back. I've never lifted a hand. I've never handled a knife before.

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (21) off. Set slide (22).

But what I realised, was that there was no other way to stop this man, this man who kept dividing up the people – he was too

strong. And I knew then what I must do.

This called for sacrifice. There was no other way. Like Walraad Woltemade, who saved all the people he could before the waves closed in over his head. Like Jesus. This was what I must do. Things became clear, I was okay... I knew what I must do, I lost all fear... because there was nothing to be afraid of.

It was clear that I must stop this man who sought to separate the world into a million tiny little fragments until there was nothing left but dust floating in the air.

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (22) on.

So first I tried to buy a gun from some Greek sailors... but they made fun of me... they tricked me by selling me a toy pistol, and then they wouldn't give me my money back.

So I went back to my room and got together all the remaining money I had.

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (22) off. Set slide (23).

And very early the next morning, I dressed in my grey suit and I went downtown city centre Cape Town where I waited for the shops to open. And when they did open, I tried to buy a gun but they refused to sell me a gun, an account of I needed a permit.

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (23) on.

So I bought two daggers... just to be sure... one from Rawbone's and the other from City Guns in Cape Town.

And I put them under my shirt here
And I went back to the houses of parliament, where I was employed as a messenger... and that morning I had a very important message to deliver... a message for Dr Verwoerd... from Demitri Tsafendas.

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (23) off. Set slide (24).

Dr Verwoerd never wrote his speeches out, so I had to stop him before he spoke... before he could spread more filth, before he could start the dangerous reaction of splitting the words of the world.

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (24) on.

When I got back to parliament the bells had already started ringing for the afternoon session... the bells started ringing to call the people in.

I can remember the bells were still ringing when I followed him in... the messengers aren't really allowed into the chamber, but I walked right in... focused... calm... it was time to talk... to deliver... it was now.

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (24) off. Set slide (25).

I walked in bold and began to follow him to his seat as I reached for the knife as I walked... it was now... but the knife was stuck... there was a lock or a click, but I couldn't stop to think... it must be now... and I'm struggling with the blade as I'm walking, walking... following Verwoerd...

FX – Overhead Projector
Slide (25) on.

And people have started staring as I'm struggling and he's sitting down... seconds keep on passing like the slow turn of an ox wagon wheel

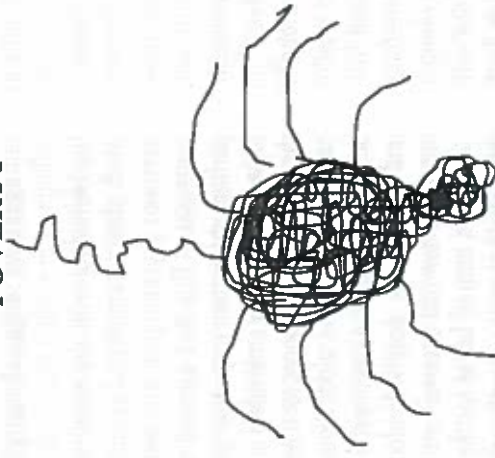
... still I'm walking, bells are ringing... and at last, I get the dagger out! I lean over his desk.

Behind the blade. I go down... Chest.
Lungs. Shoulder. Heart.
And then out.
Out.

Hilary Sample

POISONOUS

POVERTY

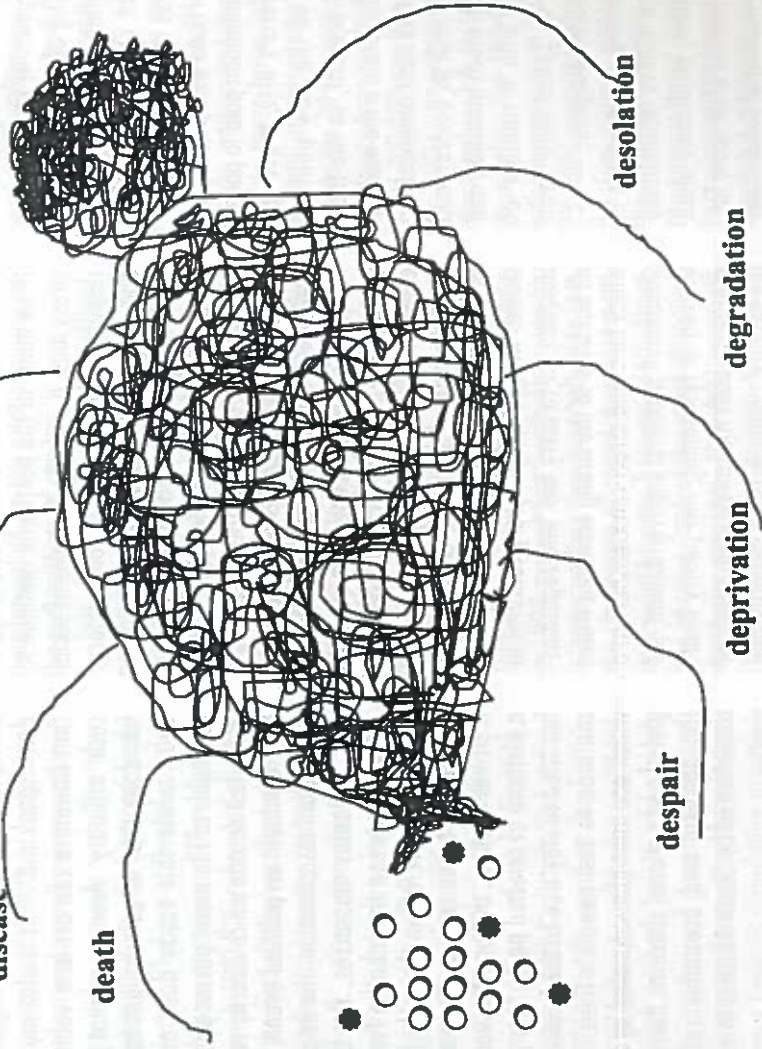


dearth

destitution

disease

death



despair

deprivation

degradation

desolation