

## STRANGE LAND

by Anton Krueger (4 June, 2019)

### NOTE ON SCRIPT / ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The original script on which this production is based, *Living in Strange Lands*, was first produced in 2001. It was based on extensive archival work and interviews, and made use of a number of verbatim texts from the trial of Dimitri Tsafendas and the subsequent commission of enquiry. My intention was to reference direct citations with projected text, however, the multimedia aspect of the production fell away, so we took out the documentary photographs, letters and projected quotes from the play itself and put these into a slide show which was looped in the foyer. Direct transcripts of interviews with Dr Zabow, Major Rousseau and other officials remain in the current version.

The original play also made use of other sources available at the time, such as Henk van Woerden's *Mouthful of Glass* (2000), as well as previous plays on Tsafendas, including William Tanner's play which ran at The Space in 1976. One paragraph from *Mouthful of Glass* quoting Tsafendas has been cited directly in the current play (from p.150). A paragraph is also quoted directly from an essay by Breyten Breytenbach, used with his permission (originally appearing in *Viviers: 1978*); and a citation quoting Helen Daniels has been taken from an essay by Hedley Twidle in *Research in African Literatures* (2015). The phrase "the same sea in us all" comes from the title of a poetry collection by Jaan Kaplinski (1990).

Besides the inclusion of these occasional references, this new iteration of the play came about mainly as a result of the extensive research undertaken by Harris Dousemetzis for his book *The Man Who Killed Apartheid* (2018). Dousemetzis has generously allowed us to make use of his text in updating our production in the light of the new information which he unearthed. We remain indebted to him.

## STRANGE LAND

*A dark blue pre-set; sounds of the sea. Waves wash through as if the room is underwater; the ocean tide coming and going in quadrophonic stereo, so that it feels as though it's washing right through the audience – from front to back and left to right.*

*The set has a number of thick ropes hanging from the ceiling. These will be used in different ways, variously evoking a spider's web, hammocks on a ship, a boxing ring, or a hangman's' noose.*

*On the stage we also find a mattress with a blanket on a blood-soaked sheet and pillow. At the foot of the bed is a bowl of water mixed with blood, and a rag. Stage left is positioned a table, a chair, and a mop. Draped over the chair is a pair of pyjamas. On the table are many crumpled pieces of paper, a Bible, a few photographs, a pencil, a candle and matches.*

*Actor on stage – greets and acknowledges the audience as they enter – just using his eyes and gesture.*

FX LIGHTS: FADE TO BLACK-OUT

MUSIC: "Grey Funnel Line" (by June Tabor): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wRFY9oqHrZI>

LYRICS (not spoken, played on SFX):

"Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea, The weary night never worries me  
But the hardest time in a sailor's day, Is to watch the sun as it dies away ..."

*Slowly fade out song after 60 seconds...The gentle rocking of the waves continues, held under...*

MIMIS: *(to the audience)* I've always lived between two harbours, no land to call my home... out on the open sea, no place to berth, to shelter ... a cabin, a classroom, a cell, in solitary – that's me...Rocked by the tides, I've lost so much: my mother, my people...well, I never really had a people ...wanted to fight for "the people" ... but had no group to belong to, no community, no tribe...– but, you know, out on the wide ocean you can be free...

*Sounds of sea grow louder, lighting slightly darkens.*

When I was small, I taught a blind boy once to swim, but he got into trouble and I panicked and... I was afraid ... didn't want to go down into the deep.... So dark and dangerous (*Sounds of sea getting a bit more turbulent – don't overdo it, just a bit more – slightly heightened waves washing through room...*) I was a strong swimmer...but ... the waves were too high...I... I fought against them...salt water in my throat ... I was afraid I would drown..... (*sea begins to calm*) ...

FX LIGHTS: MORNING LIGHTING... FADE UP GOBO OF PRISON BARS SHINING THROUGH WINDOW. MUSIC FADES OUT.

ROOM GRADUALLY SHIFTS FROM SHIPS'S CABIN TO PRISON CELL, SOUNDS OF WAVES DIMINISH AND DIE OUT.

*He wipes blood off his face. The memory of blood – there is nothing on his hands or face -*

MIMIS: I've always been alone. Which is a shame...because I really...I really love people...I love, making them laugh...I like to sing and dance...but...I don't know what it is...it never seems to last...so...I've often been alone...

SFX: OMINOUS CRACK OF PRISON GUARD'S BOOTS WALKING PAST...

MIMIS: I've really and truly been meeting a lot of very interesting people since I've been in here, I must say ...ministers, majors, doctors... it's...it's really been...quite something...a privilege. They're a better, you're a better class of person...educated, I mean...I've only ever mixed with...you know...the poorer classes...and it's sometimes difficult to communicate with them on account of my intelligence, you know ... .. but I tell you what, since I've been in here, in prison – I've only ever dealt with top quality!

*Picks up bowl and moves to table.*

It's funny, nobody's wanted to listen to me before. People always tell me that I talk too much - "Why you talking so much?" they say, "you always talking talking talking" ...

But now ... now you want to know...details...very personal things...I've had to think very carefully of every day in my life ... and for my reason for being where I've been. I must explain. And as I've started explaining, things have started to make sense. I've started seeing my life in terms of patterns, and the pieces fit together. I now know that my whole life has been leading up to this ...this story.

There's this psychiatrist, Dr. Zabow, who's always asking me questions about my mother...It all starts with the mother, they say... and I would have liked to tell him about my mother, only I don't know very much about her at all. I sometimes say my mother left home before I was born. ...I don't have a picture or a photograph or anything that I can hold in my hand ... nothing!

INTERROGATION – SFX: DRAMATIC ELECTRO CRASH (FROM PIERRE HENRY RECORDING)

MIMIS: "I...No...I...I didn't know Dr Hendrik Verwoerd personally. I had never spoken to him before...I regret what happened.... I am not that kind of person. Besides I was sick.... it will not die. I am helpless against the dragon tape worm. I cannot do anything, but they won't

investigate. Too difficult and very complicated. At night when I sleep, I see orgies, imaginations, visions.... I think it has something to do with nature, hereditary nature..."

*He moves to sit at the bed.*

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 in my room for a week...afraid...paralysed...

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

Suddenly. I knew what it is I must do. It became clear. I realised that I was suffering because of a piece of paper that said I was 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 name, who had told us what and who we were and should be. A man who had divided us up and decreed what would be written in our identity books. That we belonged to this or that group, this invisible crowd. White, Black, Coloured, Asian. We were named by Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd!

*(There's a shift here. Pause. Moment. Change in light or sound or something, before he launches into his biography.)*

I was born in 1918... named after my grandfather a famous rebel chief – Captain Dimitris Tsafantakis, who fought the Ottoman occupiers of his country. They sang songs in honour of his bravery...My father wanted to be just like his father, and I wanted to be just like my father...

But when I was young, my father sent me away to my grandmother, my *giagia*, in Alexandria, Egypt. When it got hot in summer, we would all take our beds outside on the open roof... I loved the Mediterranean with its changing moods and shapes and smells...the vast dark depths...the ocean doesn't judge... I'll always remember the sea in Alexandria, in Lourenco Marques, in Durban, in Cape Town, in New York, Hamburg, Sweden, Portugal – the harbour in Port Hampton dock! The harbour is my home.

When I was only six years old, I was sent back to Mozambique. I always thought I was Greek. My mother was Greek, my grandmother was Greek; but I realised that something strange was going on. There was a secret everybody knew, but nobody was telling me...

I remember once we were up at Mrs. Sideris house and you know Mrs. Sideris had this big house up on the hill, and a sweet, beautiful daughter ... And in the house, there was this huge lounge. And I remember going into the lounge where she had this big record player. And I mean I didn't ask permission or anything. As a young boy I loved music. And I wanted to dance for her lovely daughter with the smiling eyes... I remember taking a record out of a sleeve and then putting the needle on it and then I closed my eyes and I allowed the music to take me away and I started dancing.

But then Mrs. Sideris came in ... and she said ...

'What you doing *morei*? Get away from my girl. *Kombroskilo*. You're just like your mother. That mulatto!' What? I didn't understand. Mulatto? A mule?

...I had to wait a few more years before I found out what a mulatto was...I must have been about thirteen or fourteen. At school in Lourenquo Marques. The music played, and I was dancing!

SFX: GREEK DANCE MUSIC

'Opa. Opa. Varka sto giallo. Varka sto giallo. Vraka to zimbouli ke vasiliko.'

*Mimis claps his hands and dances about.*

I was singing Cretan songs at school in Lourenco Marques and the children were saying, 'Hey – come and look at Mimis! Come, come and see him dancing'.

And we were dancing and I singing. And they were clapping and we were laughing.

But then ... Benjamin Levy shouted ...

*He points straight ahead.*

SX: MUSIC CUTS SUDDENLY

"You're nothing but a dirty coloured!"

FX LIGHTS: GENERALS: FADE DOWN TO 80%

And ... then the other children ran away ...

And ... then the boys started kicking me and hitting me ...

*(singing, softly)* Osi is hriston evaptisthite. Theon enethisasthe. Alilouia.

And then Benjamin Levy started hitting me and kicking me. He broke my nose, right here.

Dinamis. Theon Enethisasthe. Alilouia.

And then ...Mrs Sideris' little girl... she said to me, 'Don't worry about them. They're only doing that to you because they're jealous. Don't worry.'

It was good of her to say that. It was nice. She reminded me of Helen that little girl. Helen Daniels. It was good of her.

Later on, when I left school and applied to work in Imperial Airways factory, I needed a birth certificate. But...there was something strange on my form... It said that my mother was not Marika Tsafantakis, but Amelia Williams, a coloured Mozambican woman... I ran home crying, shocked, saying "Poppa what is going on?" My father was there with the priest, Father Bertolis...

At first, they both said, of course Marika is your mother, but I screamed – "Don't lie to me! Everybody is lying to me! Look at the certificate!" ...And then, finally, they told me... My mother, Amelia, they were lovers... she was his housemaid – Shangaan and German....

MUSIC: Paul Robeson: "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child"

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KiJx1Hbn\\_KM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KiJx1Hbn_KM)

Where is she now?

She died ten years before, from tetanus...



Where is she buried?

He didn't know...

Where is even a picture of her?

My father shook his head...

He said she was beautiful, kind, gentle, quiet – a good person.... but he did not have the courage to marry her...It was not against the law in Mozambique for whites and blacks to marry; but he feared what people would think and say...He did not want to live outside of his community...

He said he loved her, but sent her away. He said: "Give me the boy, I will raise him" ...At first, she refused...she cried... poor Amelia... but they persuaded her – "It is better for the boy", they said, "to grow up Greek" ... He was weak, my father...

He was a radical – anti-racist, anti-royalist, anti-fascist, anti-colonialist. Ja, he might have been a hero in what he said, but when it came down to it, he behaved in a cowardly way... He accepted a good Greek wife with a nice fat dowry, and he pushed my mother out...

What does it take to be a hero? Brave enough to kill – or strong enough to love...? ???

I learned to speak Shangaan and travelled to different villages, wanting to meet MY people... And when I went to the rural areas, and then I saw...really saw, for the first time, how the people were living out there...I was ashamed...I was ashamed of my smart clothes, my haircut...(He takes the bucket of water...) and I poured a bucket of mud over myself...

*He pours the dirty water over himself while speaking the next lines.*

My father fired her as if it was her fault. Now she doesn't have a place to rest. Nobody knows where she's buried ... I never found her grave.

... Kaimeni manoula mou. O Theos na se sinhoresi. Elafro na ine to homa pou se skebazi mama.  
O Theos na anabavi tin psihoula sou obou ke'an vriskese ...

When I was a boy, I met Soviet sailors who taught me about communism. I wanted to escape with them...I begged them to take me with them, longing to escape from this cursed continent...

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

*A guard pushes a tin tea cup through a grill. MIMIS eagerly picks it up and drinks from it.*

Ag, Sis!

*He spits the mouthful out in disgust.*

Then I started working for Peter Sideris in his coffee shop, Chai et Kiosk, and I distributed communist pamphlets...And I argued with customers about politics...I told a wealthy councillor, a Portuguese businessman, I told him "You're exploiting the Mozambicans, sir! – One day the Mozambicans will rebel against the Portuguese and take back everything you stole from them!" He reported me for being dangerous, so Sideris fired me...

SX: Footsteps + Guard Shouting "Ligte Af!"

FX LIGHTS: BLACKOUT / FAKE EXECUTION

*Darkness. Guards enter and we hear a scuffle in the dark. Lights are dim, we can make out shapes in the dark.*

*Sounds of wind and waves, a dangerous sea rising. The ropes above move menacingly in the wind.*

GUARD: Stafendas! Kom hierso jou onnosel!

MIMIS: Please ... don't hurt me, sir.

GUARDS: Jy dink seker dis mos lekker in die tjookie, nê?

*In the dark, the guards tie his hands behind him, put a hood over his head and a noose over the hood. They force him up on a chair, as if to hang him. He's terrified.*

MIMIS: I'm sorry, please...

GUARD 1: Your time has come you fucking bastard!

GUARD 2: You're going to pay, communist pig.

*They kick the chair out and he falls to the floor. The rope goes slack, they tricked him.*

GUARD: That is for Verwoerd!

GUARD 1: Kry jy nie skaam nie? Kry jy nie skaam! Ha?

*The guards spit on him, laughing as they congratulate each other on their joke as they exit.*

*Mimis is terrified, whimpering in fear.*

*Sounds of waves and sea subside.*

*Mimis carefully takes the noose off his neck and gets the blanket to put around him. He sits on the edge of the bed.*

FX LIGHTS: MORNING LIGHT.

PRISON BARS GOBO...GENERAL LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE UP.

*Mimis is wet and shivering. He's sitting with a blanket wrapped around him, as morning shines once more through the prison bars.*

*The silhouette of the ropes takes on the shape of a boxing ring.*

After that I didn't want to sing anymore...I wanted to fight...You know, I was going to be a boxer once. Every afternoon I'd come home. I'd work hard. I'd train hard ... because I wanted to be strong. I wanted to fight back. I wanted to be a pirate, or a revolutionary leader...When my teacher in class asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up I said "I want to liberate Mozambique from the Portuguese, I want to be like Simon Bolivar!" and my teacher quickly went and told my parents; but my dad was proud...(hee-hee) – He also wanted me to be a revolutionary.

I started a scrapbook, Lenin – and Revolutions! Yes, I loved the revolutions – French, Greek, Russian – the people rising up! And when we went to get sweets at the shop, I would walk right up to people and start telling them about colonialism, and how the rich oppressed the poor... But they didn't like it and I was banned from the shop...

My step-sister Katerina said "We can't take you anywhere, you can't keep your bladdy mouth shut!" But if I overheard a conversation about something I disagreed with, I'd let the people know! I was against all fascists and colonialists and Nazis!

*(Looks nervous, as though saying more than he should be saying right now, divulging something).* I learnt how to make bombs.... Marika – my step mother – threatened to leave my dad if he didn't stop giving me revolutionary literature... I nearly blew the house up! *(Giggles, mischievous).*

LIGHTS: BLACKOUT

SX: (TRACK 6): ELECTRO CRASH

FX LIGHTS: INTERROGATION 1: SIDE SPOT STAGE LEFT.

*(In this interrogation we could get the sense that he's inventing this. A hint or suggestion that he may be making up this story for Zabow?)*

Yes, Dr Zabow, I got sick you see. I had this worm growing inside of me and it was eating everything I was eating. I would eat and eat, but I would be just as thin.

Then, this Portuguese doctor came. And he gave me some medicine and when I squatted down ... out it came ... this long, thin worm ... about two, three feet. Sis ... and the doctor said we must keep it to see if the head was out or not ... But my step mother, she wouldn't listen and she flushed it down the toilet and and I said, 'No! Because ... the doctor said we must keep it, we must keep it to show him, to see if the head is out or not! Now we won't know ... if the head is out ...

And it was because of that. I knew that it was still inside because when I got hungry. It got hungry too. And then... it started eating me ...

You see, Dr Zabow, I want to be free, but the worm has other ideas...It slips underneath the surface of earth...It waits for the rain, for the weather to change.

“No, no, the worm did not tell me to kill the Prime Minister, no.” But even if it did, what’s to say that there wasn’t a worm, inside the worm, telling it what to do Dr Zabow? Where do messages start? Where do ideas come from?

FX: LIGHTS: GENERAL: CROSS-FADE TO 80%

*Shivers. Decides to change his pyjamas.*

MIMIS: It’s not so easy to kill an idea. It’s easier to kill a person than to change somebody’s heart. That does not happen with a knife...

Ja – Dr Zabow. He’s always sitting on the edge of his seat. Looking at me intently, with his eyes wide, waiting to hear what I’m going to say next - definitely a person of quality, you can tell. (*Aside, stage whisper: When I speak to Dr Zabow, I have to give my best, but I also don’t want to be sane enough to swing, if you know what I mean ... Crazy escapes the noose...*)

Dr Zabow is not the only one asking me questions. There’s also this Major Rousseau. He’s also asking me question after question. But he’s not interested in Mrs. Sideris or the tapeworm or my stepmother. All he’s interested in is what groups I belong to. What political associations I’m affiliated to. And really, I would like to help him. I can see how frustrated he’s getting, but I don’t belong to any groups. I’m nothing. I’m a nobody.

I belong to the Church of Christ, and I did join the Communist Party; but I never stayed in one place long enough to find my community.

*He grabs the mop and starts to mop up the tea.*

FX LIGHTS: GENERALS: CROSS- FADE TO 100%

But I know this world, I've been all over. Oh yes, my many travels over the oceans began during the Second World War... I signed on for US Navy duty and found myself onboard a ship heading out over the Atlantic to fight Hitler in Europe...

But then ... (*angry ocean theme starts up softly, colours flickering on the walls.*) I realised...how dangerous those waters are...the U boats! (*Innocently*) I don't want to be killed...

I told them I changed my mind and jumped ship but they caught me and they forced me back on board... I said, no guys, seriously, we need to turn this thing around...There are people trying to kill us! It's not safe. And then...the worst thing happened...a U Boat spotted us, honed in...torpedo! Help! The ship was in flames...nowhere to turn... (*red and blue washes over the stage as the flames on the ocean engulf the ship – a foreshadowing of the blood red coming up ahead at the Woltemade scene and the climax*) ...We're leaking, flames everywhere!

We limped back to land, but I've never been so scared...I said no, I can't do this...please... the sea is too angry. You'd have to be crazy to go out there!

So, I fled into America, but they caught me and they put me in a detention centre ...It was...it was so freezing cold there... I was locked up like a criminal... I didn't want to be there...It wasn't fair.

So... (*a bit embarrassed*) ... I told them... there at Boston Psychopathic Hospital – I said that...that I could hear voices from the radiators...

SFX: AN ECHO, SOFT, LOTS OF REVERB, OF THE RADIATOR LADY SONG: "IN HEAVEN EVERYTHING IS FINE" <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UmyzYBeGrE8>

You have to get the balance right – you want to seem crazy enough, but not too crazy... I wanted to be looked after, but I also wanted to be free ...

It was in America that I met Tom Tuff, this skinny Irishman ... and he seemed to have a strange relationship with – you won't believe it – a tape worm ... and he said because it was such a peculiar thing, the doctors were always interested in him. And he would even get extra food, because he said the worm was hungry... A lot of people heard voices, but nobody else had a talking tape worm! I didn't realise then ... but he gave me an idea ... Tom Tuff saved my life...

I never told anybody about this except my friend O'Ryan. He was the only one who knew the truth...

So, I was moved from hospital to hospital on America, from one place to another...I smeared my faeces on the wall ... (That takes some doing...to do that...especially if...like me... if you're normal ...but you have to do it) .... I pulled faces at the doctors, I moaned and groaned for them ...but.... what really worked for me...was when I introduced them...to my own worm.... then they were curious...then I got attention, and extra food.

But when you start to lie to protect yourself, then it makes life difficult; because you have to keep lying, and you have to keep moving, and then...you sometimes forget what's true...

I had to dive down...into the dark waters...but I won't take charity...some people called me lazy or malingering – but I saw opportunities – I had to survive....and I always liked a good adventure... travelling around the world... Maybe you think I was a coward, but I was also a survivor. I played my part; I played the roles that were asked of me...

But now, because I had been classified insane, I could never move to America...And anyway, I wanted to go home; back to South Africa...but the country didn't want me... They banned me because I was a communist... and Mozambique also didn't want me, the Portuguese secret police had a fat file on me...So they deported me to Greece, a strange land where I had never been before.



I was never meant to be on the street...a better class of person...you know, I wrote to Harold Macmillan, the British Prime Minister, and I wrote to Roosevelt, the President of America, and I wrote to the President of Portugal... Perhaps they would listen to me...

SOUND OF CHAINS CRASH

GUARD, OVER INTERCOM: Ligte Af!

*Lights dim. The guards trundle in a cabinet, with wires connected to what looks like a wind-up record player.*

MIMIS: Ah...is that a graphanola? Sirs? I've been in silence so long in solitary, singing songs in my head...Are you going to play me some music? I love music...

*In the dim lighting they pull off his shirt and tie him to a chair, put a hood over his head and attach him to the machine which generates electrical currents.*

*During the torture scene, Manu Chao's version of the revolutionary song "Bella Ciao" plays, as if generated by the wind up graphanola. The speed starts slowly and winds up, irregularly. His howls of pain are at times, grotesquely, in rhythm with the music...*

Manu Chao singing Bella Ciao: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PZ\\_pERWHFNE](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PZ_pERWHFNE)

*During the choreographed rhythm of the torture scene, the guards repeat:*

GUARD: Who made you do it?

MIMIS: The people of South Africa!

GUARD: This is for Verwoerd!

GUARD: Who sent you?

MIMIS: The oppressed!

GUARD: This is for Verwoerd.

GUARD: Who is your commanding officer?

MIMIS: Myself!

GUARD: This is for Verwoerd!

*As the darkness settles, the voices of the guards reverberate and mix with the audio track in strange loops and repetitions, so that the actors playing the guards can leave the stage. Echoes grow as the sounds fade.*

*Mimis wakes up the next morning, still groggy in the morning light. He's still sitting on the torture chair.*

*He takes the hood off his head. And finds a shirt to put on.*

MIMIS: After it happened, when they brought me here...I was interrogated for 20 days, They wanted to know why I killed Verwoerd. I was abused with shocks, my head soaked in water, electric wires to my testicles... trying in my head to remember the songs of revolution which kept me sane.... "Bella Ciao" and over and over Robeson's "Song of Freedom" ...

They kept on saying “This is for Dr Verwoerd!” They wanted to punish me, not kill me...For 20 days I kept saying the same thing – I did it for the people of South Africa, for the oppressed...Dr Verwoerd was an immoral man...I have no ties to anybody...I kept saying it over and over...

And then.... It was only after weeks of interrogation and torture that they found it – the worm... They dug it up in my hospital records, this tape worm fantasy... AHA – “The worm made you do it, didn’t he?” And I said no, reason made me do it, I thought it was the right thing to do. Verwoerd was a coloniser...He was Hitler’s best student. He made me live in my own home country as though I was a stranger in a strange land...

*(Here there’s a shift, transition back to his story/bio)*

Anyway, but I was still telling you about when I got to Greece. It’s a country I had never been to, in which I knew nobody...But I always met people quickly, I got on well with people. I like them...

What does it mean to be liked? That people feel they are like you? But what if you’re not like me? Can you still like me? Can we share a future even if we’re not alike? Can we be kind to those who are not our kind?

We mirror each other...When people meet me and they are kind, then I am kind...when they’re helpful then I try to help them...if they treated me well, if they were generous and invited me into their homes, I was generous too...

Robeson: Song of freedom <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8OtHHmHKLDs>

*Dancing a little, painfully, after the torture.*

MIMIS: During my travels I gave away my money, my clothes, my books, my favourite records, once I gave away my car...I didn’t care...to people who were kind...

Saving money is like holding your breath, I can't live like that. We only live once, I want to enjoy it while I can... and when I'm old, I'll retire to a communist paradise, like Cuba... being self-sufficient is the greatest wealth...

During the testimony in court, some people said I was messy, some people said I dressed neat. Some people said I was a joker, "a fun fellow", others said I argued with everybody. Some people called me "the Texas millionaire", others called me... a pig...

*(Pause.)*

Those years of wandering in the wilderness were difficult...I just wanted to find somewhere nice to live. Buy a house with a garden. Maybe open up a shop. Get married. Have children. Watch the children go through school. Watch Helen growing old next to me. I wanted to live. I wanted to take life.

Long after I left that view of Table Mountain behind, I was so tired of this adventurous journey. Looking for food, looking for work, looking for a people. All I ever wanted to do was to come back. Here to South Africa. To come home.

*(Writing letter)* "I long to return to the country I was brought up in, and the country of my mother, Amelia Williams...I did war work in Johannesburg between 1940-1942...I joined the merchant Navy voluntarily and ...and I risked my life in submarine infested seas... I am here...in Athens...a man without a country, living in strange lands with people who have different ways of living, customs and languages... ..Please...let me come home..." *(End of letter writing.)*

But the South African government wouldn't let me. And so my wanderings over the seas continued. You know all those countries I told you about? As soon as I arrived there, I would go to the Embassy to ask for permission to come home. Nine applications were rejected: in

'46, '47, '48, they said no. '50, '59, '62, no! They had my name on a list. A blacklist. I was in exile. an outcast.

Actually, I got quite desperate. But isn't it funny that the more desperate you get the less people want to have anything to do with you? It's crazy isn't it? It should be the other way around. That the more desperate you get; the more people will want to be there for you. To help you. But no, not people. Not the South African Government. And you know, it's one thing when one person rejects you. But a whole nation, a whole country. Then you know you're alone...

Finally, in 1963, I'd gone to the embassy once again and this time I tricked them. I applied for amnesty, and I convinced them that I wasn't a threat, that I had given up being communist...And also, my family helped me – they bribed the officer in Lorenzo Marques and came to meet me!

I was allowed to come back to Mozambique. But by then my father had died. I went to visit his grave...after all my travels...Ahhh...my baba...

*(As he speaks, he carefully cleans the grave with his handkerchief. He shows his photographs to his father's tomb stone.)*

Patarouli, you would have been proud of me...Look – here I was at a rally with an anti-Verwoerd poster. Look baba, look at what I did...I was fighting out there...I was alone and I did this...I was a rebel....I sent you pictures and a red beret...I didn't know you had passed away...

SX: FOOTSTEPS

*The Guard pushes a cup of tea into the cell. Mimis picks it up again, slightly more cautiously this time. He sips tentatively, but again pulls a face and spits.*

Why do they do this to me? Can you tell me? Why do they hurt me like this? Did you see me hurt them? Did you see me do anything to them?

You know, all my life I've never ever wanted to hurt anybody. I've always ever wanted to help people.

I wanted to be a teacher. I did teach for six months in Turkey at a language school. You know how many languages I speak? You know all those countries I went to. I speak all those languages. Wait I'll tell you how many. Eight, nine, ten, .... Twelve! I speak twelve languages. I could have taught languages.

I could have taught from the Bible. Actually, I did teach from the Bible once. But it was very strange because I would be talking to people about the Word and they would just walk away or tell me to leave. And they never ever said please. And that was very strange because all I wanted to do was to share with them the Word. The Word has had a very profound meaning in my life.

I would have been dead a long time ago if it wasn't for religion. I thought that if I could be a teacher or a hero – a somebody – I mean take Jesus, those Semitic people weren't white. They were more Mediterranean skinned, like me, right? But nobody was ever concerned about the colour of Jesus' skin. No! because he was a hero. He was a teacher. He was a revolutionary! He was a somebody.

But when you're a nobody. A nothing. When you're a wanderer wandering, then people make a big issue of the colour of your skin; what race you belong to; what group you're in.

And the problem with me is that I've got a little bit of everything and not a lot of anything... I've got a little bit of Shangaan, a little bit of Greek, a little bit of German, a little bit of Portuguese, and I don't know what else.

Maybe it would have been better if I was pure White or pure Black. But now neither the Blacks nor the Whites want to have anything to do with me because I'm not one of them. I don't belong to their Group. You see, it's this group nonsense again. What group you belong to! This group or that group! What does it matter?

I realised that if Dr Verwoerd continued splitting people up, if he kept on separating identities, then it would be like an explosion, an atomic reaction. Every group, every pair, would eventually be split apart into separate identities. And these single entities would then strike other collections, other gatherings, and in a chain-reaction cause them also to split apart...and I realised that this was evil...because there must be a coming together...there must be unity...there must be groups - families, friends, communities, people together...

I told General van den Bergh that I disagreed with Verwoerd's policies...and I don't care, you can kill me, but Verwoerd was a dictator and a tyrant oppressing the people. He was the brains behind apartheid and without him maybe apartheid will collapse! In Greek, a *tyrannicide* is the justified killing of a tyrant. And he was a tyrant.

"Every day, you see a man you know committing a crime for which millions of people suffer. You cannot take him to court or report him to the police because he is the law in the country. Would you remain silent? You are guilty not only when you commit a crime, but also when you do nothing to prevent it."

GUARD: Liggtée Af!

FX LIGHTS: BLACKOUT /

*In the darkness we hear ...*

No – it was not the voice of the worm that told me to do it. It was not the voice of a group either. This was a different voice altogether. This was the voice of reason.

*He lights the candle in the darkness.*

FX LIGHTS: CANDLE / SLIGHT SPOT ON CANDLE TO ENHANCE CANDLE-LIGHT

And I've known about this for a very long time. You see, Dr Verwoerd believed in 100% purity. He believed that the races should be kept 100% apart. That there should be no mixing.

But I ask you. How can you have progress and growth, development – evolution – with 100% purity? It's like incest. It makes you sick, weak, deformed! And like I say, I've known about this for a very long time.

In 1964, I was in Mozambique, in the bar of the Gondola Hotel. And I stood up, right there and then, on the table, and I said to the people. I said ... "A time will come when this will all come to an end."

GUARD: Hei, wat gaan aan daar binne?

MIMIS: We are Africans!

GUARD: Bly stil Stafendas!

*Mimis starts again, slightly more timid, but gaining confidence as he speaks, ending on a loud cry.*



MIMIS: “We are a bastard people ... Our nature is one of bastardy. It is good and beautiful... We must be compost, disintegrating to once more integrate into other forms... like all bastards – uncertain about identity – we cling to the notion of purity. That is apartheid. Apartheid is the law of the bastard...Don’t be fooled by my colour...my mother was African. ...we are all African!”

GUARD: Hou die fok op om te praat!

*Again, he starts as soft, scared, but then, forgetting as he gets swept away by emotion, building volume.*

MIMIS: “We'll have a flag with a rainbow on it that represents all the colours of our nation", yes I said that to them in 1964...But one day there will be a mixing of all the races...white, black, yellow, pink, brown, everybody... Everyone should make love to someone of a different colour so that a new race will be created with everyone the same mixed colour. Only then will there be no discrimination...The answer is in coming together, not staying apart...we must all inter-breed. It is the only way forward! We must integrate. We must become one race! We must mix our flesh and blood so that one day everybody will be Bastards! Everybody! That's evolution!

GUARD: As jy nie NOU op hou nie, dan kom maak ek jou ophou!! Herrre God!

MIMIS: That was a good day! I was feeling free. And I wanted to set those people free. But there were people there who didn't like what I said. They slammed their glasses and bottles on the table. They even called the police. But I didn't care. Because it was the truth, the truth!

*He blows out the candle.*

*The guards enter. Because of the previous beating, the suspense is high...but this time they are calm, sinister, methodical.*

GUARD: Ek het jou gewaarsku Stafendas, maar jy wil mos nie luister nie!

MIMIS: Please...no...

GUARD 1 (to another guard): Is this him?

GUARD 2: Ja, have a go.

GUARD 1: This for Verwoerd...

*He punches him in the stomach so that Mimis double over and falls.*

*Guard 2 kicks him once.*

MIMIS: But – I'm crazy – I can do what I want! Bella Ciao, Bella Ciao, Bella Ciao ciao ciao...

*After circling his pathetic display and sniggering at him, the guards leave.*

*Mimis gets up from the floor.*

SX: (TRACK 14): TIBETAN CHANTING: BEGIN FAIRLY FEINT, YET AUDIBLE...GRADUALLY INCREASE VOLUME W/ SPEECH...SOUND OF AN ANGRY SEA MIXED IN WITH THE LOW CHANTING.

Now, I am not by nature a violent person. But in London, I beat up fascists, and when I fought with the communist partisans in the Greek civil war, I was trained to use a blade. I realised that there was no other way to stop this man, this man who kept dividing up the people – Black,

White, Coloured, Asian. He was too strong. And I knew then what I must do. It called for sacrifice.

*Looks at Guard? Guard makes a sound?*

MIMIS: I killed their God, why shouldn't they hate me?

Verwoerd's funeral drew the biggest crowd ever in South Africa... 250 000 people at the funeral.... The ceremony was attended by Chief of the Zulus, Kaiser Matanzima, and eleven languages were represented. There were also representatives there from the South African Indian, Coloured and African communities... He was buried in Heroes Acre in Pretoria...

FX LIGHTS: INTERROGATION ELECTRONIC CRASH

SPOT ON STAGE RIGHT (Instant)

END SPOT, NORMAL LIGHTING RESUMES

MIMIS: They put me in a strait jacket and used me as a punching bag... the boots shuddering and thudding into me...First they hated the Portuguese, because they thought I was Portuguese...Then they hated the Greeks because they thought I was Greek...They threw rocks through shop windows, spat at Greek children on the street ....but they got it wrong...the only people I belonged to were the downtrodden, the oppressed, the poor, the downcast...

But they didn't want me to say that in court. The policeman kept saying – why are you aggravating them? Every time you speak of communism you cause aggravation...

They put me on Robben island...everybody was there – Mandela, Zuma, Mbeki, Sisulu, Sobukwe, Lionel Davis...They said I was mad but they didn't give me any treatment...instead

they put me in solitary... I was already alone and I became even more alone...The prison guard was told I was “the invisible man” ...nobody spoke to me, and they ignored me if I spoke to them...

I had a very hard time...every day they hurt me...violence for breakfast, torture for tea...This is for Verwoerd...This is for Verwoerd...This is for Verwoerd...

And then I was put in Pretoria – special guest of the state president...in my own cell, next to the hanging room...the condemned singing, lamenting... a reminder of what would happen if I became sane...

Hundreds and hundreds of hangings, all the killings of apartheid.... The trapdoor creaking open, zing and thud of the rope, and then the nails hammering into the wood of the coffin...

I couldn't stand straight, I couldn't walk, I was bent over at the waist...

FX: LIGHTS: BLACKOUT

FX: SOUND: Tibetans Chanting

FX LIGHTS: MORNING LIGHT. PRISON BAR GOBO ETC...

Before I started working as a messenger in the Houses of Parliament, I was working on a diamond dredging ship here on the coast. Yes...I admit I did make up some things...Actually (*laughs*) the only true information on my job applications was my date of birth! (*laughs*).

FX: LIGHTS: SEA – BLUE WASH W/ SPOT ON BED, CROSS-FADE

SX: "SEA". *(Play track until he's finished the scene...Start fairly soft, but still audible and keep building slowly and steadily...)*

At night I would go up onto the deck. Right to the edge. And I would stand there looking out into the distance. And I'd feel the salt sea on my face and listen to the crashing of the waves and the howling of the wind.

And then I would imagine what it must have been to have been Wolraad Woltemade, who went out there into the storm, in that blistering wind. Braving those treacherous waves to save as many of those souls from the shipwreck. And I would imagine all those people stuck in the ship wreck. And he had a horse. He had a big strong horse. And I would imagine how he came riding through the waves.

And then I would imagine that I was Wolraad Woltemade and that I had a big strong horse. And that I was going out there to save those souls from the shipwreck!

*He reaches out to save people on all sides.*

SX: ADD MAX VOLUME NOW

'Here. Hold on my friend. Don't drown! I'll save you. Here, take my hand. I'll save you! Don't drown! I'll get you out. Hold on to my horse. Here. Hold on! Hold onto my horse! I'll save you! We can live. I'll save you! Come on! I'll save you. I'll save you.'

SX: FADE OUT

One of the other sailors on the ship saw me and he told my boss. And then my boss told me that I couldn't work there anymore. But I was only playing. Imagining...And it was such a stupid menial job.

The work was too hard for old man like me... All my life I've had these stupid menial jobs. I've been a waiter and a clerk and a boiler-maker. I've never had a real job, a proper job. But always, I talked to many people about the tyrant Verwoerd.... I wanted to do something! Blow up an oil pipeline, smash something...

Ja – 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, so that I could go to school in the Transvaal in South Africa. And that would have been fine. But then something happened which changed everything. Helen happened. Helen Daniels.

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

After the job on the ship, I worked as a clerk in Durban and I found again this group that Tom Tuff had first introduced me to: The Church of Christ. They're the only real, true invisible crowd I ever belonged to. And it was through them that I received a letter from a young woman in Cape Town, whose name was Helen Daniels.

Long letters we'd write to one other. I remember her handwriting: delicate, fragrant. I proposed to her in a letter. I asked her to marry me 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 script.

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.

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 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! I was so surprised. I couldn't believe it. And I could see how surprised they were finding me on the Whites only platform. And I understood that now with me being White and Helen being Coloured, there was no question of getting married in Verwoerd's South Africa. 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. I wanted to change my identity.

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 this ID book? This book that says that you belong to this group or that group – Black, Asian, White, Coloured! – 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 – no race.

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 – he reminded me of Dr. Zabow – 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.

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'.



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. So why can't my identity be open?

But he said nothing. He just sat down and put his glasses back on and continued writing or doing whatever he was doing.

I must have stood there for about ten 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 'n meid naai?"

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. I had all these images in my head, pictures of my mother. And I thought of how she cleaned my father's house every day. 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 Mr. Daniels about what happened, he sighed a deep sigh and said, 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.

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. Things would have been different under a better government.

SX: FOOTSTEPS

*The guard pushes tea through the grill. Mimis takes a wary sniff of the tin tea cup, but this time he doesn't drink.*

Hello - guard! Hello! Please...can I please have some proper tea?...please?

GUARD: Wat? Dink jy dis 'n fokken hotel hierdie?

MIMIS: *(aside to the audience)* I know it's not a hotel... otherwise there'd at least have been sheets on the bed...

GUARD: Wat sê jy daar?

MIMIS: Niks! No nothing...sorry... Well, they're also in here twenty-four hours out of twenty-four- staring at four walls. It's enough to make anybody crazy!

*Guard pushes some nasty looking gruel through onto stage.*

GUARD: Room Service!

*Mimis takes up the food and commences gobbling at a breakneck pace.*

MIMIS: I'm hungry...and the worm is hungry too.

This never happened in a day. It was the accumulation of all the days of my life. Sometimes ...this idea, 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... That's what I told them...

... 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...

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...you have to go...

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 difficult. Even here in South Africa I have felt like a foreigner, in this strange land.

*Throws his food on the floor.*

And sometimes the loneliness closes in...sometimes the worm creeps inside me, like silence ... maggots in my pores ...the cold pours into my mouth like the night...silence like a sickness hardens in my belly..and I want to get rid of it, shit it out ... put it on the walls, get away!

Everything...smells...I want to push away ...push it away.....this horror - horror - always at the edges of inside...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.*

FX LIGHTS: BLACKOUT

SX: TRACK – ‘CHAINS CRASHING’ FOLLOWED BY EERIE SYNTHESIZER BY PIERRE HENRY...KEEP IT PLAYING UNTIL THE NEXT SOUND CUE...

FX: LIGHTS: INTERROGATION 3: GOD-LIGHT CENTRE-STAGE

There was no other way. Like Wolraad 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 knew what I must do, I lost all fear...It was clear that I must stop this man who sought to separate the world into a million tiny little fragments, dividing us up until there was nothing left but dust floating in the air.

So I got together all the remaining money I had and I went into town the next morning, because it had to be now... I left parliament in a grey suit and I went to the city where I waited for the shops to open ...

I needed a dagger, so I bought two, 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 Dimitri Tsafendas.

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.

SX: INCREASE VOLUME NOW, LIGHTNING, WAVES CRASHING

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 –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.

And then out.

Out.

SX: UP TO MAXIMUM VOLUME

FX LIGHTS: RED FLOOD OVER STAGE

Behind the blade, I go Down!

Down! Down! In the Neck.

Shoulder. Lungs. Heart...Hey! Where's that Bastard!

...I'll get you. Bastard!! This is for Verwoerd, this is for Verwoerd, this is for Verwoerd ...

SX: "Ligte Af!"

FX LIGHTS: BLACKOUT

SX: 'OSI IS' – FADE IN AND THEN FADE OUT SLOWLY WHEN MIMIS JOINS IN THE SINGING

6 NOOSES ARE LOWERED OVER THE STAGE.

That last morning, just before I went to the Houses of Parliament, I took a taxi to the waterfront...I wanted to see the ocean one more time...

You know, my whole life I knew there was something I had to do...I knew there must have been a reason why...why I was always alone...and here is the reason: If I wasn't alone, I would never have been able to get close to him.

If I wasn't alone, I would have had to consider my family, my mother, my wife, my people...But I was alone, and all those years, when I was drifting like a ship without anchor...cut loose... This was the reason, this was why.

They tortured me for weeks and interrogated hundreds of witnesses, but my trial only lasted four days... The word "deranged" was used.... ...They called me "maladjusted, rejected, frustrated, feckless rolling stone...boastful, selfish, unscrupulous and crafty" (277) ... but they didn't tell the newspapers I wanted an open identity, no nation states, that I was a communist and that I wanted to end all divisions of race...

Sometimes killing a person only makes an idea stronger...you cannot end hatred with hatred; you cannot end anger with anger... I tried to pour hatred onto those who hated me; and then they hated me more...I didn't put out the flame, I made it burn brighter...

It was only when the man of peace came to power, only with Mandela did Verwoerd's face finally disappear; then the shadow lifted...

*The nooses, which have been slowly lowered, become more prominent in the lighting now. We hear 6 voices,*

*During the following speech, the singing is punctuated with the creak of a trapdoor and the zing of a rope going taut, and each time one voice falls away...One by one the voices are silenced...*

THE PRIEST – APPEARS AS A SHADOW WITH A GREEK ORTHODOX HOOD, REPRESENTING THE DIFFERENT PRIESTS THAT MIMIS SPOKE TO...MIMIS LOOKS UP...

Father...You have known me 30 years Pater, did I ever give you the impression I am insane? "If I believed I had a tapeworm, I would have gone to a gastroenterologist, not to a psychiatrist" ...But I couldn't take the torture anymore...I wanted to save my life. Everyone wanted me mad, it was easier. And O'Ryan lied for me. He didn't tell the court about Tom Tuff...because he was my friend...Please Pater...tell him I'm sorry...He's a good man, I'm sorry I made him lie...

I was the longest serving political prisoner in the history of this country, and at least, finally, in '94 they moved me to a hospital where I lived my last years in "the rotten sweetness of uncared-for teeth and unwashed armpits, mixed with the odours of half-digested food" ...I'm not being looked after, nobody washes me...*(emotional)* ...Stay away from me, please, I smell...

It wasn't easy living in Pretoria next to the sound of the noose, where I heard them hanging people, sometimes six at a time.

*There is the creak of a trapdoor and the zing of rope, a thud and then the voice falls silent mid-phrase...*

The guards kept punishing me for what I did... The worst has got to be when...when they urinated in my tea...ja...they did that – you wouldn't believe it. Ah, I really would like just one really nice cup of tea.

In 1994, Judge Kollapen wrote to the government asking them to release me: (*He takes a letter and reads it out*). He wrote: “Dimitrio Tsafendas has been South Africa’s longest serving prisoner... he was the only State President’s patient who was not held in a mental institution but in a prison and we have no doubts that the reasons for that were purely political and were based on inflicting the maximum amount of suffering upon the man who killed the so called architect and grandmaster of apartheid ... It remains my belief that Mr. Tsafendas should not die a lonely man in an institution but should spend the last years of his life in the company of people he knows and perhaps trusts ...”

And they wanted to release me then, but they had nobody to release me too...They asked my family, but they said they were too old...They asked the Greek community, but they said it would attract too much negative publicity if I stayed in one of their old age homes...

Nobody wanted me...

*He is an old man by now, confused, crying, hard of hearing.*

You do something good and you throw it in the sea...The hero sacrifices himself; but does anybody have the right to sacrifice somebody else?



We all have the same blood, and “the same sea is in us all” ...And at the bottom of the ocean, there are still three million shipwrecks waiting to be found...The dark sea glitters with gold... but to find it you need to swim down...deep, deep down... where it’s so dark you can’t see your own limbs stretched out in front of you ... down there...where nobody can see what you look like... down there where your body disappears... your face, your race...gone... down there under the oceans lies the gold among the bones of history...

Please...Father...I want to see the sea once more before I die...

FX LIGHTS: SLOW FADE OUT TO BLACK AS SOUND UP

MUSIC: June Tabor, Finisterre <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ayFpx0i1M-c>

Farewell, Finisterre

Sleep away the afternoon

Rocking with the tide

Drinking with the moon

I found a ticket in my pocket

All the way from Port of Spain

And the warm wind

From the Indies covered me again

*Auditorium lights very slowly come up, keeping music playing.*