

RESTRICTED

Misri Dey
THEATRE

presents

Family Tree

©Misri Dey

RESTRICTED

First performed on February 28th, 2022, at Wardrobe Theatre, Bristol.

COMPANY

Written and performed by Misri Dey

Composer: Andy Moor and the Dog Faced Hermans.

Producer: Isabel Bianchini, Kirsty Cotton, Clare Sivier.

Dramaturg: Sarah Levinsky

Technician: Vikki Cox

Choreographic input: Kuldip Singh Barmi

Video: I Said It Productions/Louis Purver

Additional dramaturgical input: Aga Blonska

With thanks to:

AMATA technical team, Falmouth University and Chris and Jennie Crickmay.

Funded by Arts Council England, Hall for Cornwall and AMATA, Falmouth University.

Script note:

This is a devised show, so the script does not follow traditional drama format. It is total theatre, so used image, sound, movement and text. The key is aimed to signal this. Blocking (usually in italics) is replaced by physical work, colour coded in red. The action is indicated to a certain extent, but also changed in performance in small ways.

KEY

Text in black.

Audio in blue

Misri loops or singing in brown

Physical actions in red

Images in green

Scene divisions in yellow

SCENE 1 – mapping the families

Bella Ciao riff looped as audience come in.

On visualiser is close up image of Klara's coat looking like an abstract image of the world.

Dance my private Christmas dance to it. Bit ragged. Go to sit at kitchen table stage right 4).

Audio fades.

(Radio mic on) So I am sitting at my kitchen table, Christmas 2021 and I have my son Leo and my partner Louis with me, and we are eating Xmas dinner – just the three of us. You all

know what it like, less people, in this time of distance and closeness, near and far, and I got to thinking, this isn't so unusual for me, for us. It's really like this, most Christmases. And I got to thinking, why is that? In me is Indian and Italian and German - family matters, what is it about my family that means we are everywhere, and nowhere? Where are they all? What is going on? And I got to thinking, I'm gonna find out. So, I dug in the garage and found this box of dusty things – photos and cloths and bells and old video and audio tapes, a song, Bella Ciao, clues to help me, and you work out just who we are talking about, get these ghosts, itinerants, and grandmothers into this room. And I asked some friends to help – Vikki over there shedding sound and light on it all and Izzy organising and Andy my cool brother in Amsterdam, 243 miles from this studio making the music. And you, here with me, helping me find out, if you will, just who is to darn well blame?

VIKKI AUDIO Quiet riff with backward trumpet looped.

So, a map. In the beginning, (points to projection) the world was 1, Pangea and then it shifted and moved, split up into continents. For this family map, there are three important ones – (points) Europe, North America, and Asia.

I'm gonna deal with four generations of this family – the dutiful rebels - physicalise Thakuma sitting and smiling, Asu Dey with hand up magician, Clara Orthmann kicking up her heels, the immigrants and stayers - Mum singing, Dad posing, Lini shrugging - mava um po, the kids with choices (Andy playing guitar, Chiara head back laughing, Tom looking dumb, me smiling or snowman building and the flexi bratpack (Anjali – 'he she us them' hands crossed, Leo guitar, Michael at computer and the unknowns.

Are you with me? Ok. A bit more detail. So, there's me, now, 2022, on a rock, at the end of the UK, in Cornwall. Points left and goes there. There's India. My Grandmother, Nandarani Dey (squat and smile), 100 years ago 1920's (pre-Independence/ India still stuffed with white folks/ colonised. On a journey from Rawalpindi (then India – now Pakistan) to Delhi, 14 or 15 years old., Its hot, dusty. She wants to stay in school. Instead, she is going to get married to Asu Dey, writer and journalist, my grandfather.

Go to stage left of centre – Europe – crescent moon – third section. Meanwhile around the same time, my other grandmother in Germany Clara Orthmann was going on a journey, from shopping and dancing in Berlin to marriage in (step one step left) Biella, Piedemonte Italy. To Marco Montaldi a wool merchant. They had 2 children, Lini the eldest and Mima, my mother, the youngest. She immigrated from Italy at 18, as soon as she could Airplane arms, circle left and around to centre right (first section) Flew to London, to study singing. Met my father, Srinanda. (Arms out, looks for him, realise and go back st left India Nandarani and Asu Dey married and had four children, Anonda, Aloke, Sunanda and last but not least Srinanda, the youngest my father. He left India as soon as he could – airplane arms circle left and arrive in London, st centre right, facing Mima, arms out immigrated to London. Swap sides a couple of times with arms out, looking at each other. End up on Sri side. They met in a foreign language – English. 'Sri: I'd like to take your picture. Swap sides Hm ma va um po 'And What else would you like to take? 'What else' produced two children, me, and my brother Thomas. 'What else' had also happened with a previous husband, an Englishman, Robert Moor, so we two joined Chiara my sister, the eldest and Andrea the secondi, my brother. Four children. The bomb that was my father caused us kids

to later scatter across two continents, three countries – UK, Netherlands, USA, but I am getting ahead of myself. **Go down to Italy, dst centre left** Lini was my mother's sister and had three boys, Marco, Guiseppa and last but not least Pietro, our LOUD cucina. **Go stage left.** Over in India, Alope my father's sister, auntie Didi, had two boys – Jinku and Napu. Cucina, cousins. They had, have.... Hmm I don't actually know. **Go centre right Cornwall.** Me and Louis - we welcomed in/adopted Leo, our son, from Plymouth (or do hand thing?) Guitarist. Go left, In the Netherlands, guitarist Brother Andrea and Valentina have nephews, Elio and Milo. Go st right. And over in the USA., bright Los Angeles, brother Thomas and Paula have Michael and Anjali. And just next door to them, (**Little hop**) In the hills of SF, sister Chiara lives with her 3 girls, Siena, Cesi, and last but not least, Bella. Loads of Italians.
FADE AUDIO

Stepping backstage centre, arms pointed out to the. map

Fourth generation

Third generation

Second generation

First generation.

This is a story of my family.

(Acknowledge failure of mapping)

SCENE 2 - introducing Auntie Jo Jo

Phone rings.

Go to phone, put on glove, and pick up.

Oh, hello auntie Jo Jo. No of course, I haven't forgotten you. (Signals to Vicky to turn audio back on.... (Quiet riff with backward trumpet looped)

Yes, you are part of the fourth generation - last but not least –Didi Jo Jo. ha ha. Not at all.

Get on horse.

Quick step to front – throughout moving and dancing.

To Horse - Head up, step on it bien good, good.

Bonsoir hello my name is Jo, je suis I am great Auntie Jo Jo, Didi Jo Jo - you may know me as Josephine Baker. Does that ring a bell, hmm? No? Sacre bleu -Black Lives matter, eh? and I have been asked to make a live appearance to oversee this motley crew, this family of mixtoes, multi heritage and keep the damn story going. You will have to forgive me speaking with a French accent, I spend a lot of time in gay Paris. I am mistress of the in between, semi divine, mixed myself naturellement, half human half God. French /African /Native American, bi-sexual, performer/ politician, black, white, daughter of adopted mother, adopted 12 myself, (I taught Misri all she knows) performing living, living performing at Chateau les Milands, my bijoux home in France. Oh, I am doing it again, sorry sorry. It's so lovely to be here, in..... Its quite crowded up there – the Hindus are arguing with the Greeks, the Buddhists bullying the super heroes and the super heroes pushing aside the animals - all fighting for territoire. Ah ca ne m'interest pas, I stand away to have perspective, to see. So, I travel and help where I can, ease or kick things along. And with me is Horse - Horse Power. She is silent but she listens and hears everything. My advisor. **Starts trotting round.** And moi, well I like a good rodeo and a chance to crack the whip. Gently hits the horse who takes

off, gallops around twice, stops fast and they fall to the floor. **Gets up.** So allons y, on with the show. We are listening. Nous ecoutes. Rides off backstage right, takes off glove.

Music down.

SCENE 3

Perhaps it is all down to the grandparents. They set the tone, set the stage, set us going....

Audio track of music.

Go to Image Projector – zoom out to reveal image Clara in Berlin.

Here is Clara Orthmann, enjoying her young life. **I move out from IP and copy her physicality.** Shopping and eating, eating, and shopping in Berlin with her friend Martha. And she moves from city to countryside - Berlin to Biela, to marry the 'rather well off' according to my mother, wool merchant Marco Montaldi. They live in a big house, in Merletto.

Got back to visualiser - Image of mum and Clara, Merletto.

Hand up, turn through being Mima to Clara, hand down.

She became a mother – to the eldest Lini, and then my mother, Mima. Ahh holding hands, Madonna, and child,

Smile, devilish directly at audience like Clara.

She wanted more. Turn into Mima, belly out, hand up, looking right and leaning right.

Fidget. She wanted more. She was suspicious of her mother, Clara 'when she was bored she was trouble Orthmann' Silly cow. **Gets yanked across into Clara hand down.**

AUDIO (Garage Band version. – 294.4 – 309.3)

She became part of the Italian resistance.

I bend and say shh to child, and yank across to be Mima.

Who listens to tape. face out. 'dead'.

Mima absorbs this by freezing turning slowly.

So, this is how Bella Ciao, a 19th mondina rice worker protest song which became an anti-fascist WW2 song entered our family through a crack in history, a crack in Clara, through a door in a wall in a cupboard. **Fall into being Mima**

Audio clip of hiding partisans and Bella Ciao.

Spin off into exploring back set – by going under your arm first time onto floor, talk in the phone, look through album, speak my mums' words into microphone, /bells, go backwards thru tables, be small, play machine Bella Ciao

Get guitar and sing Bella Ciao. Perhaps get audience to join in chorus.

At the same time

Scene Four

My other grandmother, NANDARANI DEY, also got married.

Put image Nandarani in village

I found this picture in a dusty black booklet, with white preserving powder in it. There is Nandarani, back in the 1920's, in her village. Cooking smells are rising. The kids are bored, and the camera is a curiosity. Then I found this picture.

Put image of Nandarani walking with horse.

Foot up, start to put anklets on while saying These heavy silver wedding anklets were hers. Nandarani walking her way towards Delhi, to marry Asu Dey. She walks tall, even tho she doesn't want to go. She is 14, she doesn't want to wear a sari, she wants to still wear a salwar kamiz, stay at school. The road is long. The horse is tired. This is an audio tape of Sunanda, her son, talking to me in 1996 about her marriage.

SUNANDA Audio tape plays (put out sari?)

I listen, pick up microphone and start to simultaneously translate some of the sentences for the audience.

'Not so young'. 'One of seven children'. Nine brothers and sisters.

Fade in PERCUSSIVE GUITAR AND BASS track.

MISRI LOOP – 'She accepted her position' 'Duty oh'.

My feet and the bells take me out in front of desks. I fold out and lie down on her sari, head to audience, breathing, on back, sexual, as I turn and wrap up, including over my head. I sing (wail or Bella Ciao?) A couple of superman stances – escape? I stand up, Smile pose long straight and long neck. Head Indian dance, step step, jingle feet and change no I am not doing a pseudo-Indian dance stamp stamp and shrug of sari. Leave in heap and wall back to OHP.

Turn off loop and switch 2.

Music down.

Then there is this photo in the same album. Nandarani with her elbow on a car. A Ford. Its 619 miles from Rawalpindi to Delhi – of course, she didn't go by horse, she went by car – Asu sent for her. Look at photo and lean on OHP. (Physical leads) Elbow on it, natch. You are taking me away, I am not schooled, ok, I am not schooled. No English. I accept my position. He is a journalist, a writer, a secretary for the Times India. It's exciting. Goes into room. Imagine. Here I am, in this large Delhi house. Draw the room in the space. Screens, curtains, white lamps, large tables. Huge. 20 years later it becomes the British Embassy, and it is my home now. Over here I have a large four poster bed, sketches out bed and posts and mosquito net, gets on bed lies back soft soft pillows. Big meetings happen with big newspaper men – big parties, big food, chat. I don't speak English, no, I don't speak it. No. 40 years later, I lay on her four-poster bed, with her. This time in Calcutta. I only spoke English, no Bangla.

Play audio Takuma 1. (I listen and copy me trying to understand). Fade down I wanted to meet my grandmother. I sang any high songs I knew: You are in my blood.... My Thakuma likes it when I sing high, sweet, oh so sweet,

In reality, I am not sweet. I'm more savoury.

Onto back – the jean Jeanie, lives on his back, the jean Jeanie loves Jimmy Stack, on side, collapse on front. She didn't like that.

Fade in audio Takuma 2 “Naughty girl... You are the second Victoria...” I laugh, we laugh to start, turns into anger, awkwardness. ‘Second Victoria? I am Victoria? I am England? I am Queen Elizabeth, Clive of India. I am your granddaughter.

Scene five - Immigration

HORSE carry on or get it.

Ah now I see why you might be confused. I missed out a section, in our map. That was why it was confusing. Immigrant parents, in London, then immigrated to Canada, who opened up their borders, in 1972, to those who wanted to seek a better life. This time, they had us four in tow – 1177 miles we travelled.

Sing ‘Oh Canada, our homanitive land... To page with love, we stand on God for thee...Stand on god/guard? We kids lost our accents super-fast, embraced Levi straights, hamburger, sugar on toast, softball playing, stomped down the back garden to skate on - the thrill of snow, snow snow, crossed the border into the USA and soda pop drinking Family Affair watching cotton pickin, apple bobbin no ok that’s Oklahoma not Minnesota circa 1970’s. BUT we were always caught out: ‘Where do you guys come from, originally?’ Originally? Let’s check the archive. Not so many pictures of originally.

Here are a couple of crackers. **Put on OHP images of me and Tom.** How do you answer that question, really?

Let’s look at the clothes. I have some kind of dirndl dress on, mountain like? Tom is wearing a dress. Not a problem for him, the dress but the colour. Sick yellow. Let’s compare it to my cousins. Put on photos of cousins etc. The boys in Western clothes, the girls in Indian... (Connects to Nandarani)

Let’s ask the politicians. **(Politicians 2)**

‘N European. Need to be culturally specific – Bavarian – look at the embroidery.

The children are clearly Indian. There has been an administrative mistake, and someone has put the wrong clothes on them. Sack the admin people.

I haven’t been advised on the rules. No comment.

They are not wearing clothes- they are naked. Can’t you see?

LOOP – Bella Ciao. Indian song. Vats si unz. Play them all.

Dance – search for the culture in my body – Indian dance, German dance, Italian gestures...

SCENE 6 - Asu Dey

Put on photo of grandfather (with Nandarani) great grandfather and great grandfather.

I never met my grandfather Asu Dey, but I have been getting to know him through these photographs, his book, a bit of audio from my uncle (probably true) and some stories from my father which are probably mainly lies. They agreed he was a Victorian disciplinarian, free with the chefoni, slaps, a journalist, writer, and part time magician.

He came from a long line of moustaches. He seems very clean shaven.

Put on photos OF HARDINGE HOSTEL: Looks like he had a room of his own when he was a teenager, Hardinge Hostel, in Calcutta, circa 1917. A solid desk to write at. A view. He drank tea. He slouched. **Add PHOTO STUDIO HIM AND Nandarani.**

Take chair out front and copy slouch and transform into upright. My uncle told me he married twice – his first wife died. No kids.

copy physical crossed legs and do naturalistic scene 'Yes father, I will marry again but she seems young. Children, of course. I will work for the paper, yes, but I would like to carry on my writing if possible. It's not a hobby.'

Go back to OHP He did his DUTY and worked as a journalist and sec Times of India.

I don't know the names of these people

IMAGE MOUSTACHIOED MEN

IMAGE DINING

IMAGE MAN WALKING AWAY

There are brown and white people, sitting, standing, eating, there are brown people only, serving. Folk gathered at his large house, in Delhi.

AUDIO – low background of BIG REECE BASS FUNKY

Put on IMAGE ASU DEY – MAGICIAN. You also (I am told by uncle, so it's true) performed as a part time magician. I think this is the same gathering – look at the decoration. What magic did you do? What tricks, illusions, slight of hand? Did you conjure that flame? Did you impress?

HAND DANCE OUT FRONT.

Audio down

So many men, in all these pictures. A backdrop of men.

Tell a lie, look a bit closer

ZOOM IN

There are two women there. (So, there was magic in the air.....). They insisted on coming, that night. They had had enough. They were finished with being left out, let down, left right straight ahead. They put their chappal down, they put their heads up and stepped on it. They conjured too.

Asu, as a journalist, went to the Karachi congress, in 1931, part of the Independence movement working to get India back, drafting the Constitution of India. My grandfather was there – he hung out with revolutionaries, look, here is Singh Bose. And he is close to them, look, not far away, good friends. Amrit Ali and his wife and comrade, Arif Ali, who were put on stamps in 1975. She got on the train on her own – she was first, Arif Ali. Look, other women were there. Here is the unnamed woman, getting out into the car, to fight for Independence. He was a feminist and an anti-colonialist.

He wrote it down (quote from his book?) no he did. Look, he even dedicated his book to freedom fighters – read out name. (I notice the insect holes) Don't you love the insect holes in this book – these book worms make perfect round circles, perfect round worlds. Look, look up close. Look, this tech is magic. BIG REECE BASS FUNKY BACK UP. Press menu/enter/effects/enter/diagram ((Lights go down in auditorium imperceptibly) Constellations.

Go to microphone. Make loop of Holtz Planets. (G on tuner) 7 on stylophone. Vox backing.

Listen – this tech is magic/ can you hear it? **Increase BIG REECE BASS BASS SOUND, VIBRATING THRU AUDITORIUM.** Can you feel it?

Phone rings. **Audio down a level.** Auntie Jo Jo. Its Holtz Planets! Yes. And there is your planet. Am I right, is it the one on the end of the plough? No – the other one – ah the further away, better perspective.

Where was I? Go back to OHP. Magic. Menu. Enter/ Effects/ back to normal (colour) Keep effects on. Put on Photo of Asu Dey. Just do reverse button. **Right/Left Right left.**

Turn off loop. I thought you might have had enough of Bella Ciao. *See that beam in the photo, it's not a scratch, its magic dust, it drifted out from the house, magic yellow Delhi dust, blowing in Independence.*

Go to microphone and read sections of each text and loop over each other to create charter din.

‘The Constitution of India’

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a ¹[SOVEREIGN SOCIALIST SECULAR DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC] and to secure to all its citizens: JUSTICE, social, economic and political;

LIBERTY of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship; EQUALITY of status and of opportunity, and to promote FRATERNITY assuring the dignity of the individual and the [unity and integrity of the Nation]; IN OUR CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY this twenty-sixth day of November, 1949, do HEREBY ADOPT, ENACT AND GIVE TO OURSELVES THIS CONSTITUTION.

‘United Nations Charter (peace dignity and equality on a healthy planet)’

WE THE PEOPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS DETERMINED to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained, and to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom, **AND FOR THESE ENDS to practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbours, and to unite our strength to maintain international peace and security, and to ensure, by the acceptance of principles and the institution of methods, that armed force shall not be used, save in the common interest, and to employ international machinery for the promotion of the economic and social advancement of all peoples, HAVE RESOLVED TO COMBINE OUR EFFORTS TO ACCOMPLISH THESE AIMS.** Accordingly, our respective Governments, through representatives assembled in the city of San Francisco, who have exhibited their full powers found to be in good and due form, have agreed to the present Charter of the United Nations and do hereby establish an international organization to be known as the United Nations.

USA Constitution

‘**We the People** of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, ensure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general

Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America’.

Germany

Conscious of the responsibility before God and man, inspired by the determination to promote world peace as an equal partner in a United Europe, the German people, in the exercise of their constituent power, have adopted this Basic Law

Scene seven - Sri and The Horsemen.

Video extract of Horsemen 1 comes on.

The Horsemen, directed by John Frankenheimer with Omar Sharif in 1971. My father was in it – Mukhti. His voice was dubbed. He says when he arrived in England from Calcutta he created a deep British voice, to fit in. The family says he was dubbed because he was a crap actor. That’s something we have in common – crap film acting. It’s like my face is having a fight. I thought I would give it one last go, to walk in his steps, see if it made me feel something

Copy physically SEQ 1

WIND

WALKING START ON R/L X 4

WALKING L/R X 8.5

FAST LOOK UP BACK OF AUDITORIUM RIGHT

TURN 180 DEGREES AS SHE RUNS THRU AND SHIFT WEIGHT ONTO LEFT LEG.

‘So, they cut away from you a lot – I don’t know what you did – what your hands did, what you felt, where you looked, how you stood’.

Omar talks. My eyes flick left as he goes past on left and I look at her.

‘Nope. Just too much time is given to abusive unhappy men. This is all I have to say to you’.

Extract 2 Horsemen plays

Go stage left forward for sequence of putting on make-up as you speak at same time as Leigh. (use her intonation and timing)

‘Your surface charmed people, a stunning looking man who beat your way through a family. You built a wall of fear and terror, of brown and white and loss and lack. Of absence and neglect and fires and broken ribs, police cars, chicken positions and weekend labour, by day and night, of scrubland underbrush to be cleared, and coffee made at 2 in the morning, by my sister, who left our shared bed to make it. We kids scattered across the globe and built blast proof walls, for ourselves and our families.’

Go downstage left. Starts to dance the afghani dance.

But we have slipped through the cracks, and we have reached thru the holes to each other. It has taken forty years. We have done it. We survived you. We survived you and your beauty.

End with camel image.

Scene nine – Mima.

Go to visualiser. Shuffle images? First images Mima and Franz in Vienna, gradually place them carefully like a story board on the V and sing bit of Italian songs, Pirates of Penzance, Butterfly, Streets of London - Include expressions and laughter (Zia Margot). End with mum/Franz/ Pa photo.

Zoom in.

Play audio UNITED beep.wav.

Got to st centre and run on the spot – side on facing st left and singing snatches of BC.

Running it out of me – running breaks the singing.

Audio turns off.

Go to microphone, allow breath and sniff as first loop layer. Drone/where did you go melody/harmony. I go out front with wireless mic and move around space and sing my dustbowl text (gives some distance relief)

LOOP – It was too dry to speak a word. Harmonised.

(sung) Wind blew you away, into the dustbowl of the South West.

Where are you?

Where did you go?

Echoes down the hall,

the valley.

The raven

Sits, silent,

Scanning for prey.

The echo

Disturbs

The bird

Into flight.

Silence returns.

It was too dry, to speak a word. It was too dry, to speak a word.

I go to tables and speak into mics

I blame the grandmothers – unstable, wanting excitement, putting the kids in danger - to be shot...Its clearly the Father – she even said it herself

No, it's cancer. Clearly you cannot blame her mother or her grandmother, but cancer ripped thru the women in that family – the power of it... Oh its always the parents the parents, it's just too easy to always blame the parents - what about the children?

Scene ten - the children

Put on photo of Leo, Anjali, Michael picture – The Children.
Thumbs up.

Put on clumsy audio loop 2

'What are children for?' **Phone rings. I answer it. Glove on. Get on horse.'** Yes, auntie Jo jo, we need two of us to answer this'. **Duet between us, crossing floor. Jo jo starts to sing 'Demain – tomorrow,** They are tomorrow – they are next, they will be next, they carry the future. Step on it. Giddyap. Head up. I'm tired, they might be the future, but they suck you dry in the present. Leave just a crisp. Demain. They are moist, fleshful. Alive. They must be direct, act, be brave, take us on, take us away, take away Yes – and to survive. They must eat us up, the decaying old ones like fast food. (I lie on horse, hold mic to my head) What do you say, Horse? They are the future, no?

It goes from conversation to song.)

Go over to loop and add horse – neigh, clops, SKA offbeats.

Into side steps, celebration shuffle off to Buffalo. Demain. Tomorrow tomorrow. Horse baby soldier, bundle, burden, off to work we go, rest of piece comes in.

Scene – Rodeo

Audio - Clumsy Loop 2

Phone rings – I go and turn off loop machine and answer it.

I know I still haven't answered the question? Its complex. It's not individuals.... Go into space on horse and start to list

Blame the bad actors.

Blame the bad mothers

Blame the Viceroyes.

Blame the teenagers

Blame the liberals

Blame Hitler

Blame Ghandi.

Blame the vegans.

Blame Hinduism.

Blame the Bugazi playing goat killers.

Blame royalty

Blame methane.

Blame the caste system

Blame the class system

Blame Mussolini blame Ambedkhar, blame politicians, blame the continents, blame the lazy ones, blame the witnesses, blame the activists, blame the non-activists

Horse starts to turn, and I try and say it to audience. Horse starts to buck. Zoom round. Fall off – dizzy.....

‘Horse what are you doing?’

Phone rings. ‘Listen to the horse’ I go to the horse. On knees, bend over and give her mic. Wait. I will translate.

Get off my back.

Round em up. Round em up. The politicians. The people. The children.

I put the chairs in a half circle facing the table with picture.

‘Why are you here horse?’

I am here for simplicity.

I am here to round you up.

I am here to remind you to start.

To connect. get you to talk to each other listen to each other, stop taking and progressing and developing and expanding into everywhere, taking taking over and under and in-

between, and listen. Work together. Connect. Small steps, moments. Give it up, Give it back.

I am here for those who don’t speak human/your language, those incidentals, who support you, feed you, warm you shelter you. I am here to remind you. I am here for the backdrops.

The rooms that faded, the roads that did not end. I am here to tell you to stop fighting here and there me and you him and her mine, territory let it go give it up. My strategies....

1. Misri do not protect your parking space outside your house it is not yours.

2. Territory – we don’t own anything. None of it is yours. Give it up. Give it back. Give it under and in between.

This is not a monologue. This cannot be a monologue. How will it end? To politicians. Come on, it’s your job to speak....

It will not. It will go on. Not well. As TS Eliot said, not with a bang but a whimper.’

Misri goes to walk away, end of piece....

Audio - Bella Ciao comes in.

She hears it, smiles, and slow turns..... and final protest Bella Ciao dance, perhaps with audience if they want to join.

END