

CABARET BURLESQUE: WEST PAPUA AND THE CONGO (Barbara Hall, 2023)
Directed by Charlie Hill-Smith at West Papua Womens Office in Docklands (Victoria) on
26 November 2023 to launch Clovis Mwamba's book of poems and essays *The Meteorite Memos*
(2022, with English translation by Tim Mathieson).

Cabaret Burlesque: West Papua and the Congo exposes the masked but influential generators of war and genocide in West Papua and the Democratic Republic of the Congo—including the USA's National Security Act (1947), the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank—as well as the catastrophic effect of UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld's death in 1961 on West Papua's registration on the UN Decolonisation List.

SCENES & ACTORS

1. News Reader from Fair Go Media (Francis Mwamba), Introduction
2. Two poems from Clovis Mwamba's *The Meteorite Memos* (Clovis Mwamba, Rev. Dr Robert Stringer).
3. News Reader, Introduction to Prologue
4. Prologue (Sarah Muwemba Muyunga)
5. News Reader, Introduction to the National Security Act, 1947.
6. The National Security Act (Kevin Bracken, Jacob Rumbiak).
7. News Reader, Introduction to Siddharth Kara video
8. Siddharth Kara Video (www.youtube.com/watch?v=CIWvk3gJ_7E)
9. Allen Dulles (Charlie Hill-Smith)
10. News Reader, Introduction to The Terrible Twins
11. The Terrible Twins (Barbara Hall)
12. News Reader, Wrap up and Conclusion

SCRIPT

1. Fair Go Media News Reader, Introduction

Intrigue continues as we shine light on the secret dealings of America's CIA, and the shadow cast over West Papua and the Congo, by its founder Alan Dulles.

As we speak the people of West Papua live under Indonesian military rule, its people's land taken for mining, its' forests cut down. No choice, no vote, no independence.

*In 1960, the people of the Congo **did** vote, creating an independent national government. But when U.S. President and CIA director Allen Dulles assassinated the Prime Minister of Congo, they successfully destabilised the country and the continent - kick starting the neo-colonisation of African resources.*

Joining us today are two men who understand colonial power, two men who stand up for the liberation of their countries. Both men were political prisoners – beaten and tortured for their ideas. Clovis Mwamba from the Congo and Jacob Rumbiak from West Papua.

*First we cross go to a reading of two poems from Clovis Mwamba's newly released collection of poems **The Meteorite Memos**, which he wrote while detained in a secret military prison (Camp Kokolo) in the Congo in 1998-99, and which his wife Maggie Kiembe smuggled out on flattened cigarette packets. Clovis is reading the poems in the original French, and the Rev' Dr Robert Stringer, Chaplain of the West Papua Womens Office, is reading the English translations. Are you there Clovis and Robert?*

2. Two poems by Clovis Mwamba

1. Avertissement! (p40)

Avertissement!

Le droit s'arrête devant la porte du cachot.
C'est un pays sans drapeau ni loi.

1. Warning! (p40)

Warning!

Rights stop at the prison door
It is a land with neither flag nor law.

2. Les diabolins botté (p110—112)

Ils n'ont ni père
Ils n'ont ni mère

les misasmes de chair et de sang fétides
les sanglots de jazz futiles
ces haillons délavés à raccrocher
aux branches craquelées d'arbres déracinés
des guenilles à remonter par
les mâts de Cocagne sur les crochets cassés des
porte-manteaux sociologiquement
AMNESIQUES

Ils n'ont ni frères
Ils n'ont ni soeurs

Arlequins pouilleux et boulimiques
ces menus fretins intrépides
ahanent trempés
sous le nez pointé
haut la Kalachnikov en
bandoulière
à la cadence de mille-pattes
de faméliques diabolins
précipités
dans les bottes avalent sans
éructer des kilomètres-relais
de pythons déroulés routes
méridiennes pavoisées de
grimaçantes
carcasses de panthères
agencées
à le queue leu leu jusqu'à
KIN jusqu'à KINSHASA

Gamins de rue pouilleux et
amnésiques baignent dans
le roulis la boue de
miasmes des chairs
et du sang des crânes
écrabouillés des pères et
des mères précipités au
fond des marres sylvestres
dessour-dessus taquent
les monceaux de ligaments
des frère et des soeurs
éclatés
enjôlent les crocs
d'alligators
de guerre lasse
languissent
la langue besogneuse
agacée
calme
insipide leur appétit
glouton

2. Imps in boots (p110—112)

Unfathered
Unmothered

miasmas of flesh and fetid blood
the futile wailing of jazz faded
ragamuffins that cling
to polled branches of uprooted trees
tatters upraised again on
broken clothes pegs by
poles of Cocaigne sociologically
AMNESIAC

Unbrothered
Unsistered

Lousy harlequins and bulimics
intrepid small fry drenched and
straining under the pointed
nose of a shouldered
kalashnikov
starving imps
in centipede cadence
precipitated
into boots
gobbling without reflux
kilometre relays of pythons
radiating on meridional roads
with grimacing carcasses
of panthers paved arrayed one
by one as far as KIN
as far as KINSHASA

Street urchins lousy and
amnesic bathe in the yaw
of miasmatic mud the flesh
and blood of flattened skulls
precipitates of fathers and
mothers
at the bottom of sylvan ponds
ligament dumps of exploded
brothers and sisters teased
topsy-turvy wheedling
crocodile jaws
languishing tired of war
maws staunch to stillness
their racacity to insipidity

2. Les diabolins botté (*cont...*)

douces petites chairs à canons
ingénues et rebuts d'écoles
s'échinent dans le buisson
à dédhiffer l'alphabet
scabreux
de la gloire héroïque à
décliner dans le ciel
macabre
de la Libération sèche
sans pudeur la Cour
avant dire droit
se targue le succès la
raison
bon gré malgré la crasse
Ignorance de diabolins
bottés
pourtant elle est passée
où?
la canne bananière génère
le règne spontané de la
vermine bâtarde
sans vergogne souffle la
bourrasque dépêche la
toque
tirer sa révérence à la
MAISON BLANCHE

et il en meurt de
sauvageons
par temps de paix de de
l'éjaculation incontinent
de la mâle mort de
l'illumination indécente
des pétards
poir voir bien dans le cul
rebondi d'allumeuses
étudiantes et
travailleuses folles de
justaucorps
d'occasion bon marché
pas si chère la vie le jeans
la MORT chez l'Oncle Sam
quand sersit-ce charité
due la fulgurance du feu
d'artifice
seulement à dérider la
face du marchand des
jouets farouche
à l'applaudissement du
vol des Anges
du Seigneur de la
Libération
de passage

2. Imps in boots (*cont...*)

sweet little cannon fodder
artless rejects of schools
toil in the bush to decipher the
scabrous alphabet of heroic
glory
declining in Liberation's
macabre sky
the impudent Court pronounces
priding itself on reason's
success
its standing notwithstanding
this crass ignorance
of imps in boots but whereto?
the titular cane of bananadom
disseminates a spontaneous
reign
of by-blow vermin shamelessly
blowing a squall to dispatch the
toque tipped with condolence
in CASA BLANCA

and he died of little savages
in peacetime of incontinent
ejaculation
of war to the knife
of immodest illumination of
petards
hoisted
arsy-versy the better to see
students and workers crazy
for leotards
bargains second-hand jeans
cheap life
at Uncle Sam's DEATH when
this charity's due the fulgence
of firewaorks just brightening
the toy merchant's face
indignant
to the applause of Angel flights
of the Lord of the Liberation

2. Les diabolins botté (cont...)

tant que broute la vache
folle
dans la mémoire
ces trublions-maîtres des
bas étages égrènent des cents
des sous
o combien de temps en
l'air
ces démonstrations
lugubres d'arabesques
dansants de volutes de
kaya
de senteurs pestilentiellles
d'alcohol profanent
les lieux-dits cabarets et
tavernes
la gâchette à l'index
arrêtez
arrêtez donc ces mineurs
tirent à la lie des gorgées
pleines des peurs touffées

de perverses
coulpes des bourreaux
complices
par devers eux de
l'imppudique vagissement
des laissés-pour-compte

la volte-face quoi?
le pays fraie à rebours le
chemin
emporte
à contre-poil les
barboteuses des
conscrits
marmotent dans les
rangs INCIRCONSCIS
diabolins pas comme les
autre
des arlequins roulent à
terre
le suaire
de la République
bananière
Scrutent le déluge du ciel
en colère
la pluie des météorites
dans les rues!

2. Imps in boots (cont...)

as the mad cow grazes in
memory
these master troublemakers of
the lower
floors scatter dimes
o how many times in the air
these gloomy demonstrations of arabesques
swirls of kaya dancing the
pestilential reek of profaning alcohol
the signboarded cabarets
and taverns stop
these trigger fingers stop these
minors drawing draughts to the
dregs
choked full of fears

of dire culpability of
executioners' complicity
warding the indecent puling of
liquidated stock

the tervigersation what?
the country spawns backward
down the road
blowing bare rompers
conscripts muttering in the
ranks UNCIRCUMSCRIBED
imps like no others harlequins
roll
on the ground the shroud
of the Banana Republic
scrutinizes the flood in angry
skies
And in the streets: meteor
showers!

3. News Reader, Introduction to Prologue

To frame this story we go to Sarah Munyemba Muyunga with a piece inspired by the prologue from Romeo and Juliet. Over to you Sarah.

4. Prologue

Two nations both alike in dignity
On fair earth where we lay our scene
From old war break to new suffering
Where poor people's blood makes global powers hands unclean
From forth the generous earth of these two nations
Comes hell for the citizens and the global powers affluent online world
Fifteen million dead in Congo, growing genocide in West Papua
Do with their deaths endanger their future nationhood
The fearful passage of death-marked global power
And the continuance of the world's blind eye
Which but their children now fight to remove
Is now the one hour's traffic of this stage
So now if you with patient ears attend
And if you don't get it, our work this breach to mend.

5. News Reader, Introduction to National Security Act (Francis Mwamba)

Kevin Bracken and Jacob Rumbiak will now sing you a cheeky song about the National Security Act of 1947. Kevin will strip naked the propaganda that allowed Allen Dulles and the CIA to get away with murder in Indonesia, West Papua and the Congo, and convince the world that they didn't do it.

6. National Security Act (to the tune of Hernando's Hideaway)

I know a dark and hidden law
Where covert war and lies are made
Feeds corporate power far and wide
The National Security Act
In 1947 it passed
It brought life the CIA
Dirty tricks was its routine
For the good old USA
Its special helper came to life
With the president it kept cosy
In the White House was its home
The National Security Act
Its special baby got the job
Cloak and dagger was its mode
Subverting national govts it did
The Office of Policy Coordination
The OPC armed 900 men
Dropped them into China
The Chinese Revolution for to end
Plausible deniability hid their end
As the 1950s passed us by
Indonesia army men
Got US training to set up
Suharto in power helped by the OPC
How on earth did this come about?
U S submarines did weapons drops
So rebels could destabilise
Soekarno couped and the US wins

Another secret awaits our eyes
Why slaughter 500,000 Indonesians
In 1965 it happened
So Rockefeller could get his goddam gold
Two mountains of gold in West Papua
A special Dutch secret in 1936
Dulles for Rockefeller bought
60% of shares in this Dutch Company
World War 2 did intervene
A lot of time to plan some tricks
A million dead puts blood in your eye
But Rockefeller gets his goddam gold
West Papuans sought nationhood
They took a stand whenever they could
Self determination would have been good
But war and genocide was their lot...their lot
You think this story is about despair
But I'm telling you its about repair
With accounting and the truth
Decolonising elections the UN can dare can dare!
Blood in the eye hid Rockefeller's tricks
And in the Congo there was the same fix
Due to the Congo our on-line world ticks
Let's get a fix on all of these dirty tricks
Take a step back into history
The Congo gave us rubber and tyres for cars
West Papua gave us gold, palm-oil, and logs for trees
What's lacking is rights, regular human rights!

7. News Reader, Introduction to Siddharth Kara video

In both Congo and West Papua, it is rich mineral resources that drew the focus of Allen Dulles and the CIA. Today it is rare metals that are driving a new neo-colonial resource grab. We go to independent film maker, Siddhartha Kara for more...

8. Siddhartha Kara Cobalt video (www.youtube.com/watch?v=CIWvk3gJ_7E)

9. Allen Dulles – don't believe your eyes and ears (Charlie Hill-Smith)

Good evening, Ladies and gentlemen, do you know me? I'm a shadow, a spook. I keep out of the spotlight. I am Allen Dulles, younger sibling of the famous 'Flying & Exploding Dulles Brothers'. We fly in, you explode, raining gold down like a sweet golden shower.

Here's my brief. I'm a rich, east coaster, a womanising dilatant. Born on third base and bitching all the way to home plate. My brother and I started the CIA. We travelled the world, met fascinating people and shot them in the face. But instead of just focusing on our enemies, I focused on our 'friends' and their fabulous riches.

Let me paint the picture for you. In the 1940's my brother and I were share holders in a US company that wanted to get its' hands on the largest gold deposit in the world - the newly discovered Grasberg gold deposit in Dutch New Guinea.

However, we had to keep this mountain of gold out of the hands of the dirty Dutch, and put it into our fine, white, American hands - this meant we needed DNG under Indonesian control.

At the same time the United Nations Secretary General **Dag Hammarskjold** had high minded, ethical 'humanitarian' ideas about independence for DNG – a goddamn lunatic, right.

So, I flew to the Congo, where **Hammarskjold** was visiting, and by crazy coincidence – his airplane explodes in a fireball of death, what are the odds? 'Oh the humanity' – So, no UN intervention. Tragedy.

Then I connived and cajoled President 'Pretty Boy' Kennedy into handing DNG to Pres Sukarno and the Republic of Indonesia. But Sukarno, the philandering, godless Asian lothario, wanted to keep the all riches, aka 'our gold', for his starving people – crazy bastard. The man simply had to go.

Me and the boys methodically undermined President Sukarno, always keeping it secret from that catholic do-gooder in the White House, until we replaced Sukarno with our man in the southeast, General 'Fire sale' Suharto.

The fix was in, the Dutch got the boot, the Indo's got Grasberg, and as a bonus, millions were butchered in the blood bath that makes ISIS look like a Girl Scout troupe.

Next, I sent in Henry 'Bomb em to the Stone-age' Kissinger, to sign over Grasberg to us the good ol boys from the US of A. Grasberg was ours. We got rich, democracy kicked in the ass, Job done - you want fries with that?

You know what they say folks - All that glitters is not gold - but if it does - it belongs to Uncle Sam. God Bless. I'll be lurking in a shadow all night. Ladies, hit me up for a dance, and remember - bring ya cheque book.

ALTERNATIVE ALLES DULLES TEXT: Dulles was on operative or you could even say a dedicated public servant to the cold war As Rockefeller said very early in the twentieth century he hardly had to lift a finger because the American State had taken his interests to heart.

"As a lawyer I represented Rockefeller in the Netherlands and when I got wind of Dozy the geologist finding two mountains of gold near the mountain glaciers of West Papua I moved in on behalf of my employer and bought into Royal Dutch Petroleum at 60% of shares It sure was one of the world's best kept secrets.

In my privileged position I lived in Switzerland during World War Two and when the Germans were losing the-war they came to me to negotiate. As for those escapees from concentration camps who ended up in my office their issues were of no value. I let them go hang.

Luring commies into my mouse trap and watching their faces as they died were my most treasured moments. President Eisenhower? We put the pressure on him . We told him what a dangerous commo Lumumba was and what do you know! Ike gave the order and another commie was gone.

Kennedy and Hammerskjold what a pair of naïve wusses thinking they will save the world with their little plans to put up with those who will not take to the American way. Kennedy was pathetic. Our CIA put our heart and soul into bringing down that commo in Cuba and what does Kennedy do at the last moment but refuse to send our bombers over Cuba. What's a man like Kennedy doing in the presidency when he thinks these new nations can get away with disloyalty to the American way. As for Kennedy's and Hammerskjold thinking they could interfere with Rockefeller's duty to develop those mountains of gold! And then he retired me, or so he thought.

10. News Reader, Introduction to The Terrible Twins

Now please welcome Cabaret maestro Barbara Hall to help you forget the commies under your bed and introduce the terrible twins of covert American colonial power, the World Bank and International Monetary Fund.

11. The Terrible Twins (IMF and World Bank)

On your mobile phone the I M F
Stands for the International Monetary Fund
Stands for sustainable economy
Did you elect them? Did you get that?

On your mobile phone the World Bank
Is posing to relieve your poverty
Did you elect them?
Did you get that?

The I M F so regulatory
Who's it serving? Them or us?
The gardener loses all the land
In West Papua the soap giants get command
Sustainability for them or us

Economic straight jacket
What's in the packet?
Privatisation is all the racket

How do they do this, you wanna know
How does this happen, you wanna know,
They tell you lies, how it's the free market
They tell you lies and they won't take NO

I M F conditions you have to ask
Downsize your schools and hospitals
Call for volunteers, you praise 'em
But you don't pay them

Charge fees for veterinary services
Sell your public assets
Close down your local farmers
Import subsidised surplus grain
The west gets rid of its old stuff

Food aid so they can dump their too much wheat
Food aid so they can dump their too old meat

I M F destroys the nations
I M F refashions the conditions
I M F it forms the famines
I M F it szaps the workforce

In West Papua does the picture get better?
What I M F wants is people on noodles
Let's do some history, lets look at a mystery

Two mountains of gold, two mountains of gold
Kennedy and Hammerskjold didn't know
And nationhood for West Papua was all the go
But Dulles and Rockefeller were both in the know
Two mountains of gold West Papua had

But Rockefeller's company was going mad
They kept it a secret, held off for the future
Couped out Soekarno, put in the army
Blood bathed the ordinaries to keep them in fear
Couped in the army those gold mountains to secure

Dulles had the power, he headed the C I A
Dulles had the power, he deployed the law
The National Security Act of 1947
Was his spring board and foundation

Dulles had the power, he deployed the airforce
Dulles had the power, he deployed the military
Kennedy and Hammerskjold he got out of the way.

Not now do the West Papuans get their say
Because U S and Rockefeller made them pay
Landless and lied to they will be forced to pay
Western power made sure they had no say

What's World Bank doing
Keeping this a secret
Behind the scene they're instigatin'
Keeping West Papua
In starvation and slavery

A little bit of genocide on the side
World's not watching, World Bank can hide

I M F but its real enough
You all live in Victoria so you will see
We need the light on, turned on double strength
Electricity and gas sold off
Privatisation and we get ripped off
No consultation to get ripped off

But how do they do it you want to know
How come they shock you with economic rubbish speak
We can't afford to leave on your land
We can't afford to leave your gas and electricity in your hands
They call it investment to make life better
But they take away your commonwealth
To put in their pockets, what was your wealth

Open up your eyes, suck it up
Live learn and talk, focus on the muck
Let's do a bit more mystery, let's do a bit more mystery
We're near the end, coming to the climax
You're strength of care will face a tax
Your mind you need to employ to the max,
Cos info now I'll give you stacks.

12. News Reader, Wrap up and Conclusion

Thank you to Barbara and for that enlightening update. What's clear Ladies and gentlemen, is

that western colonialism has created an ongoing humanitarian and ecological crisis in modern West Papua, the Congo, and the world. As the great Amille Cesaire said - 'when they do it to black epilepsy they call it colonialism, when they do it to white people they call it fascism - a rose by any other name...

I'd like to thank our guests this afternoon Clovis Mwamba, Jacob Rumbiak, Sarah Munyemba, Kevin Bracken, Rev Robert Stringer, CIA director Allen Dulles (Charlie Hill-Smith), and with special thanks to the West Papua Womens Office for pulling this broadcast together. I'm special reporter Francis Mwamba for Fair Go Media. Good afternoon