

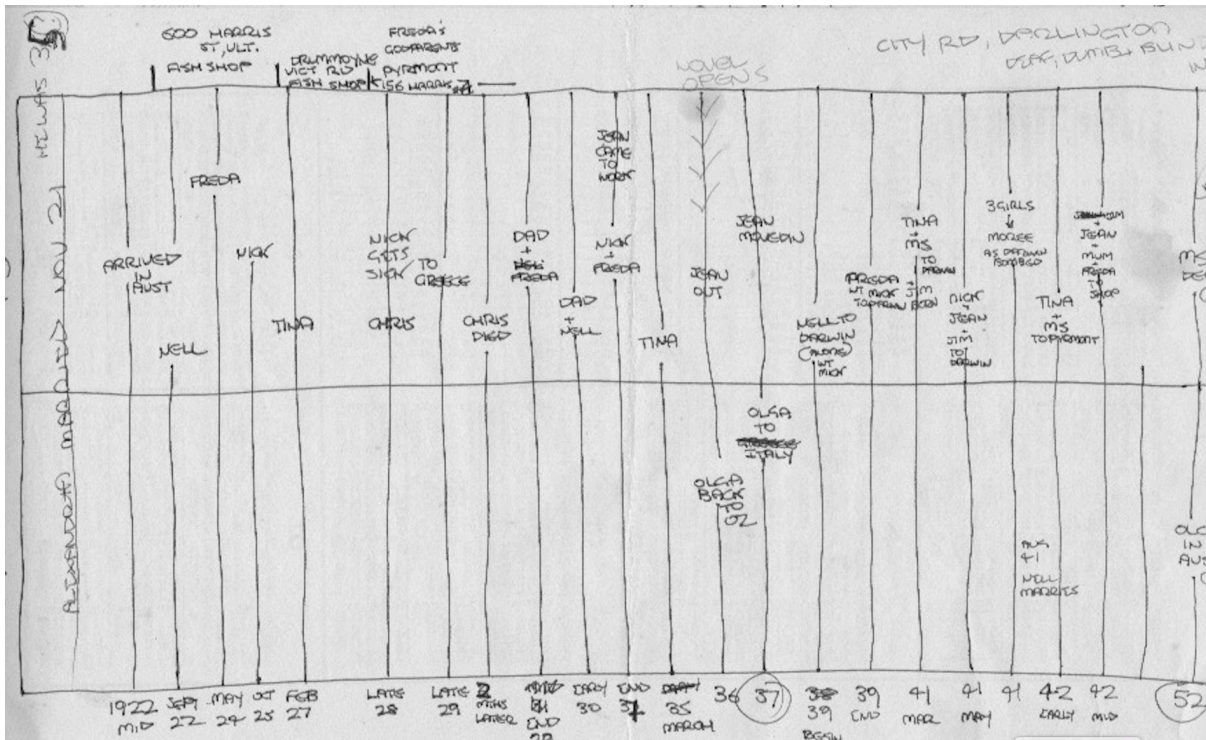
Appendix 1 – Stambolis Claim

This is part the claim Olga made to the British government for reparations for loss of possessions after she was jailed in Athens in 1941. It is not known whether the claim was successful.

The British Ambassador 21 st Averof Street Athens			
The following articles were stolen from me by the Germans during my imprisonment in 1941. My home at the time was at Pandion.			
1 Large Sewing Machine	30 - -	2 Woolen Coats ✓	238 1 6
1 Small Egyptian Saloon	60 - -	1 Velvet Coat ✓	10 - -
2 Carpets 3ft x 2½ft	30 - -	11 Evening Dresses ✓	50 - -
3 Wooden Blankets	10 - -	15 Morning & Afternoon Dresses ✓	30 - -
1 Silk & Lace Bed Gilt	6 10 -	6 Pairs of Silk Pyjamas ✓	4 - -
12 Double Bed Sheets	12 - -	12 Sets of Silk Underwear ✓	9 10 -
12 Pillow Cases	3 - -	15 Pairs of Shoes	15 - -
12 Hand Towels	3 - -	24 Pairs of Silk Stockings ✓	24 - -
1 Bathing Gown	3 10 -	3 Pairs of Lace Pyjama Slips ✓	1 15 -
12 Dish Cloths	9 - -	1 Gold Chain & Brooch	10 - -
1 Double Curtain	3 - -	1 Diamond & Pearl Ring	18 - -
1 Porcelain Stove	15 - -	2 Gold Bangles	20 - -
1 Metal Mirror	17 6 -	50,000 Dracmas	25 - -
1 Coffee Mirror	10 - -	1 Safe	4 10 -
1 Silver Bulb Set 6 Pairs	6 10 -	1 Silver Toilet Set 8 pieces	8 15 -
1 Gramophone HMV 25 Record	5 - -	2 Boxes of Instant Food	3 10 -
1 Velvet Table Cover	1 15 -	2 Boxes of Wine & Spirits	12 10 -
12 Table Dishes	2 10 -	2½ sets of Sugar, Rice, Coffee, Beans, Butter, Flour	4 16 -
6 Old Paintings	18 - -	1 Box of Chocolates & Nuts	5 - -
3 House Lamps	15 - -	1 Medicine Chest	7 10 -
3 Ladies' Woven Footwear	10 - -	1 Box of Toilet Soap	3 10 -
1 Fur Coat	30 - -	1 Box of Toilet Make-Up	10 - -
	238 1 6	24 Boxes of American Cigarettes	12 - -
		15 Gold & Silver Old Coins	120 - -
		1 Room 4 yds x 3½ yds full of Timber Building Material	250 - -
		2 Umbrellas	2 10 -
			TOTAL 904 17 6
		5 King George VI St. I Am	
		Yours Obedient Servant Olga Stambolis	

Appendix 2 – Stambolis Timeline

This is a rough handwritten timeline I produced early in the research process. It was drawn after a meeting with my mother and aunts. It was later updated as each element was confirmed by research. This simple document formed the basis for further investigations and is an example of how simply the research process began.



Appendix 3: Other Works (and Conscious Responses)

This attachment looks in detail at other storytelling works and experiences involved in the formulation of the play. This was done after the first two drafts of the play were written, but as referenced in Chapter 3, these works informed the development of *Lady of Arrows* across the PhD process, and led to changes that were incorporated in later drafts (and may have been present in the final version).

The works being examined are:

- (a) The Odyssey (poem by Homer, 8th Century BC)
- (b) The Histories (Persian Wars) (history by Herodotus, 5th century BC)
- (c) The Lives of Others (screenplay by Florian von Donnersmarck, 2006)
- (d) I Am My Own Wife (play by Doug Wright, 2003)
- (e) Heroes of Past and Present (play idea: Stathis Grapsas, 2015)
- (f) Resident Alien (play by Tim Fountain, 1999)
- (g) Greek Goddess (play by Terence O'Connell, 2017)
- (h) The Testament of Mary (play by Colm Toibin, 2012)
- (i) Distomo: Bleeding Humanity (play by Andreas Tsouras, 1999)
- (j) Good Muslim Boy (play by Osamah Sami, 2017)

Rationale for examining other works

Techniques that are used by other playwrights were considered in the process of writing *Lady of Arrows*. This was particularly so in plays where true stories were told in a fictional context, or used a storytelling methodology that brought in fictional elements.

The purpose of these comparisons was not for imitation, but rather to examine elements that might make the storytelling in *Lady of Arrows* stronger. These include plays or screenplays that may have:

- (a) Thematic similarities: eg: tell a story set in a time of war; involves similar issues to *Lady of Arrows* including women's issues; family, loss, mental health.
- (b) Structural similarities: eg: a singular story told in the first person; a play told from a woman's point-of-view; a play staged in a similar setting to *Lady of Arrows*.

The Other Works and Conscious Responses

(a) The Odyssey (Homer, 8th Century BC)

The Odyssey is one of the oldest existing texts, and it could well be that Homer was the first writer to tell a story of a what may have been a true (and perhaps mythological) character in an embellished and fictionalised way. It tells the story of Odysseus, and his attempt to

return home to Greece after the Trojan war. Along the way he meets obstacles, both mythical and physical.

Responses:

- (1) There are parallels between *The Odyssey* and the Stambolis story both in subject matter and story-telling methodology. Both are caught away from home and when they try to return, they are blocked by external forces.
- (2) In *The Odyssey*, Homer may be telling the story of one warrior. There may be other Odysseuses struggling to get home following the Trojan war, but we never know. The story is confined to him and the people he fights with and against. Similarly, in *Lady of Arrows* the Stambolis story is the only one told in detail, but there were many other people in Greece at that time doing similar work.
- (3) In a style similar to *Lady of Arrows*, Odysseus retells events and uses flashbacks, especially in Books 9, 10, 11 & 12.
- (4) The storytelling is not episodic. One story melds into the other. It is almost stream-of-consciousness in the way the story is related (which may make one wonder whether this was where James Joyce got his idea for the storytelling method in *Ulysses*). Similarly, in *Lady of Arrows* Stambolis tells her stories as the memories engage her.

(b) The Histories (Persian Wars) (Herodotus, 5th century BC)

This is one of the first histories written in text. Across nine books, it tells the story of the origins and events of the Persia-Greco wars. It is considered the first history text, and as discussed in Chapter 2, there are issues with the stories being presented as factual.

Responses:

- (1) Herodotus was born in 485 BC and lived after the first Persian Wars and only during the second of the Persian Wars. While the first part of the war happened five years before his birth, he was an infant when the war resumed and finished. So while he was alive, he would not have participated in them, and arguably (because he was aged 4 to 6) would not have been closely aware of them. Looking at this analysis of Herodotus, it is valuable to see what similarities there might be between the methodologies of Herodotus and those of *Someone Else's War*, which also has similarities in the lack of source material, the reliance on oral history, the probability that the events as depicted occurred differently in real life, and the imaginary nature of the storytelling. The style of the work is one of explanatory and embellished storytelling. From the style, this could be considered the world's first historical fiction, a style of fact and fiction that *Lady of Arrows* follows. This embellishment in *Lady of Arrows* is necessary to fill the gaps in the narrative sources.
- (2) In *Persian Wars*, most of the warriors are men, but halfway through the book (Chapter 99) a strong female character is brought in with the introduction of Artemisia. This follows from the strong women and goddesses introduced in Homer's works three centuries earlier. The chief protagonist in *Lady of Arrows* is a woman, but the story had morphed in the early drafts into a saga about family and loss. These early Greek works reinforced to

me the need to emphasise Stambolis' personal power, bringing back in the element of a woman's strength, her maternal strength, in adversity.

- (3) In *Someone Else's War* I contrast the events in Greece with the events happening in Australia. Entire chapters are devoted to one or the other in turn. They do not cross-over within a chapter. It is either Greece or Australia. The purpose of this was to show the difference between Stambolis' situation in wartime Greece with that of her children in Australia. Herodotus also presents such a barrier. He spends the first 140 chapters with the Persian Xerxes. The focus of the story then swaps to the Athenians and their reaction to the impending invasion (Book VII, 140-145). The narrative then reverts to Xerxes and his invading forces. In *Lady of Arrows* I gave consideration to this demarcation being broken for dramatic purposes, and to bringing the conflicting issues on opposite sides of the world into starker contrast by having them in the one scene. I apply this in the early scenes where memories collide between 1930s Australia, 1940s Greece and the present day.

(c) The Lives of Others (screenplay: Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck, 2006)

The Lives of Others is the screenplay of an Oscar winning German film (Best Foreign Language Film, Academy Awards 2007). It opens in 1984 in East Berlin, before the Berlin Wall is brought down. It tells the story of a Stasi officer, Dreyman, conducting surveillance on a suspected spy (a writer) and his actress partner. He becomes infatuated with the woman subject, and the movie starts to focus on his obsession with the woman as much as with the woman's involvement in the East German resistance.

Responses:

- (1) This screenplay is Dreyman's personal story as much as the woman's spy story, and this works to heighten the drama by presenting one person's (Dreyman's) view of the situation and his responses to it. As Stambolis' story was expanded in *Someone Else's War* to include her family and her mental health, this singular point-of-view and emotional responses were useful when formulating the climax in *Lady of Arrows* when Olga has to deal with the memory of the death of her baby and the subsequent loss of her family to another woman.
- (2) In *The Lives of Others*, the points of view are varied. Although the inference throughout is that this is the story of the development of the central character, Dreyman, in this screenplay we have scenes where several of protagonists are shown alone, including the actress, the writer, Dreyman's seniors and the writer's friends. Thus we have a range of viewpoints. By keeping it to Dreyman's point-of-view, tension would have been heightened because the audience would have discovered the truth about the writer at the same time as Dreyman. This realization crystallised to me the value of always keeping the wartime events within Olga's memory [see Chapter 3].
- (3) Although von Donnersmarck claims the story is fictional, there are strong parallels with true events. The actions of the East German secret police, the Stasi is depicted, but using fictional characters. In *Someone Else's War* there are similar methodologies, with the fictionalisation of the operations of the Bouboulina cell, the broader underground and the andartes.

- (4) *The Lives of Others* uses the story of Dreyman and Wiesler to tell the story of the Stasi in East Berlin. There are no other parallel stories told. Neither *Someone Else's War* nor *The Lives of Others* attempt to tell the story of the whole situation surrounding the protagonists. As in *The Odyssey* [see (a) above] they both stick to the single story as representatives of the wider situation.

(d) I Am My Own Wife (play by Doug Wright, 2003)

I Am My Own Wife is a Pulitzer prize-winning one-person play written by U.S. playwright Doug Wright. It tells the true story of German transgender woman Charlotte Von Mahlsdorf who managed to survive Nazi persecution in WW2, and then the Stasi in East Germany after the war.

Responses:

- (1) In the storytelling there are issues of truth, embellishment, and the legitimacy of retelling using fictional content to tell a true story. Oral histories are central to *I Am My Own Wife*. It is constructed by Doug Wright based mainly on the word of Charlotte Von Mahlsdorf herself. Wright introduces some newspaper articles, but most of the words come from Von Mahlsdorf herself. The strongest parallel between *I Am My Own Wife* and *Lady of Arrows* is in the research carried out by Wright. He made many trips to Germany to interview Von Mahlsdorf, and even though he carried out other research, he had to rely largely on Von Mahlsdorf's version of events. During the research period it was alleged in the media that Von Mahlsdorf was not telling the truth; that she had been a spy for the Stasi; that she even betrayed her closest friend. This is relevant to a comparison with *Someone Else's War* because Stambolis, like Von Mahlsdorf, made claims about her involvement in the war. There is the possibility that Stambolis lied. There is the possibility that Von Mahlsdorf lied. The proof of their claims is difficult to prove, given the lack of records in wartime and the time that has passed since the events. Like Wright I conducted much research, and for both of us there must remain some doubt. Wright admits in the play that he never knows for certain whether Von Mahlsdorf is or isn't an informer for the East German Stasi. The play brings these elements into the script, including scenes of reporters shouting these allegations at Von Mahlsdorf. The truth of her actions, what she really did, is never revealed in the play. In fact, the play never suggests whether the real facts of her actions have ever been established.
- (2) There are issues for reference with the Stambolis story, particularly the issue of persecution under authoritarian regimes. This play refers to, but not shows, emotionally difficult and unpalatable incidents that would be distressing for the audience. Leaving out these scenes could underplay the acts that drive the characters. In the play *I Am My Own Wife* playwright Wright touches on several difficult situations without actually showing them. This includes a scene where a group of Neo-Nazis attack her (Wright, p. 100-101) but there is never any explicit injury.
- (3) *I Am My Own Wife* takes the story of Van Mahlsdorf as an example of what was happening more broadly under the East German Stasi, and to homosexuals and transvestites in particular in that country in the post-WW2 period. There is little reference to the wider

world or the politics of the Nazis in WW2 or of East Germany. In *Lady of Arrows* several scenes were constructed that show the impact of the war on other people (the jail scene with Maria Dakis; the Cairo scene with the rescued soldiers).

- (4) In *I Am My Own Wife*, there are a number of points of view. Van Mahlsdorf tells her stories (pages 8-9), but there is also narration by the author of the play. Like with von Donnersmarck's work [see (c) above] this gave me incentive to give *Lady of Arrows* a singular point-of-view.

(e) Heroes of Past and Present (play conceived/directed by Stathis Grapsas, 2015)

Heroes of Past and Present is a stage production devised by a small group of Melbourne actors with disabilities. The production company is called Thespis, after the 6th century BC Greek playwright. The play runs in six short acts. Three of the acts involve telling true contemporary stories: the first is the story of Pakistani Nobel Prize winner Malala Yousafzai; the second is the story of 3 year old Syrian refugee Aylan Kurdi, whose body was washed up on a Turkish beach in 2015; and the third story is part fiction, telling the story of an invented reporter who is emotionally affected when covering the true story of the 2013 boat sinking which killed 300 asylum seekers trying to get to the refugee centre on the Italian island of Lampedusa. The remaining three stories tell stories from ancient Greece mythology.

Responses:

- (1) These last three mythological stories have the most value in reference to the writing of *Lady of Arrows*, especially in the eulogizing nature of the way the heroes are presented, and the danger of doing this.
- (2) In *Heroes of Past and Present*, the stories of Ajax, Iphigenia and Persians are all told as individual perspectives, giving a glimpse into a much bigger event. In the act titled *The Persian Messenger* it is the Battle of Salamis; in *Ajax* it is the Trojan War. *Heroes of Past and Present* has extrapolated the characters of these ancient texts to make the stories relevant to recent issues. In the case of *Ajax*, the issue of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder is raised. Although Sophocles would not have heard of this disorder (it was only recognized as a distinct disorder in 1980 by the American Psychiatric Association), clearly he has Ajax going through mental turmoil. It is the authors of *Heroes of Past and Present* who suggest it may have been PTSD. This PTSD is an implicit element of the Olga character in 1960, and is suggested by her denial of the war up to that time.
- (3) Herodotus' story of the Persian Messenger changes in the *Heroes of Past and Present* adaptation, *The Persian Messenger* becomes first person. He speaks and acts the trauma of what he has witnessed. This is invented and has no correlation to the original Herodotus text. Likewise Olga is first person throughout *Lady of Arrows* in a way that is a major change from the points-of-view present in the source text, *Someone Else's War*.

(f) Resident Alien (play by Tim Fountain, 1999)

This is a one man show about critic and author Quentin Crisp. It is set in Crisp's final years in his squalid New York apartment. It is set in two acts, with Crisp getting ready for a journalist to call for an interview. Crisp dresses, and as he does so, he talks on a range of issues like feminism, sex and the public figures of the day. The journalist does not arrive, and Crisp reverses the dressing process, continuing his narrative as he does so. There is no other voice in this play than the actor on stage.

Responses:

- (1) The value of this work lies in the nature of the storytelling. Crisp references his whole life through the lens of the upcoming interview with the journalist. When the journalist fails to appear, the reality of Crisp's situation and his resilience is shown. This insertion of reality within a monologue is a powerful tool. I apply a similar tool at the start of *Lady of Arrows* with the 1960 character of Freda calling her mother to dinner, but most importantly with the arrival of Olga's wartime diary. It is this 1960 reality that sets Olga onto her memories.
- (2) It is useful to see how the dressing/undressing of the Crisp character provides a journey for the audience. In *Lady of Arrows* Olga is often doing mundane chores: straightening, cleaning, playing cards.
- (3) The staging is also powerful, with an unkempt room providing a metaphor for what his life has become. Olga's room in *Lady of Arrows* is always neat, as is her jail cell, and indeed her clothing.

(g) Greek Goddess (Play by Terence O'Connell, 2017)

Greek Goddess is a one woman play about Greek actor and politician Melina Mercouri. It is an Australian written and produced one-woman play still under development. It runs for one hour and tells a fictionalised story of an evening at a New York theatre in 1967 when Mercouri gives an unexpected discourse to the audience after a performance of the musical *Never on Sunday*. She speaks about the military junta which was ruling Greece at that time. The monologue discusses politics, history and Mercouri's own life and career.

Responses:

- (1) One value in the reference to this play is in the format and the resultant simplicity of the staging. There is one actor on stage, and the only prop is a high seat and a small round table with a glass of water on it. Neither prop is used by the actor, but they set the scene for this to be a New York stage with the things necessary (seat, water glass) for someone addressing an audience. The single voice on stage has also limited the storytelling options, however. There can be no demonstration of events nor dialogue.
- (2) The inclusion of music and singing heightens the emotional power of the story. The actor is accompanied on stage by a bouzouki player and a pianist. These musicians accompany her as she intersperses her monologue with songs across the hour. This music breaks up the tension, heightens emotions and provides contrast. For these reasons I considered

incorporating music in *Lady of Arrows* although in the final script music is not included. When the play is staged this will be revisited.

- (3) It is a necessarily chronological play in that it begins at the start of her speech and ends with Mercouri leaving the stage, but the story moves backwards and forwards in the way she jumps from subject to subject within that monologue. Similarly, the events in *Lady of Arrows* moves backward and forward through time and space to bring in the connections across these parameters [see Chapter 3].

(h) The Testament of Mary (Play by Colm Toibin, 2012)

This is the story of Jesus' mother Mary, told from the aspect of Mary herself many years after the crucifixion. It begins after some apostles have approached her and requested that they be allowed to write the Jesus story. They have left contracts on her table for her to sign. Toibin adapted the play from his own novella. *The Testament of Mary* was nominated for a Tony Award.

Responses:

- (1) The value in referencing this play comes from the devices in the writing to keep the tension in this one-woman play. An example is the sheets of paper waiting on the table in the foreground for her to sign. The actor looks at these sheets as tension points. Similarly, in *Lady of Arrows* Stambolis will look at the package on her dressing table from time to time, bringing her and the audience back to the fact that there is an unknown yet to be disclosed.
- (2) There is also adept staging and use of every bit of the set in this piece. She walks around the rear sections on the stage to highlight her distress; she crashes in corners; lies on the table at one point; sits on the bed; she uses a kitchen set and prepares food (highlighting her character as a mother, even though there is no longer a child to feed).
- (3) Her personal physicality is also used effectively. For example, the actor at one point stands in the common image of mother Mary with a robe around her. Although physicality is something for the actor and the director, I found that visualising how Olga would appear on stage to be important in my writing of the action of the play.

(i) Distomo: Bleeding Humanity (Play by Andreas Tsouras, 1999)

This tells the story of the German massacre of 218 people in the village of Distomo on June 10th 1944. The SS killed people in their homes, disembowelling and hanging others, including women and babies. One woman had her two-year old baby shot in her arms. Tsouras wrote the story as a poetic drama. In the preface the translator, Costa Olympios, calls the play "an anti-war cry; it is a laud for the peace that is not confined in the boundaries of Distomo, or in the acts of the Nazis."

Responses:

- (1) It is an interesting play for referencing because it is set in Greece in the time that Stambolis was operating there. The angst of the time is a first-hand emotional reference that is useful to have in mind while writing *Lady of Arrows*. Particularly in the scenes where Olga is in jail not knowing what is happening in the streets above.
- (2) The play uses writing which is poetic in style. Whole passages are written in stanzas of three or four lines (and sometimes up to 15), written in the second person, recited by five women, often in the form of prayers or eulogy. This style suits this play, which is a lament about death, loss and grieving. Even when telling the story of the murders, it is done as a lament. It is simple, sometimes repetitive writing that highlights the emotions. There is scope in *Lady of Arrows* to have similar style of poetic lament, or even to incorporate some lines with music, as is done here in *Distomo: Bleeding Humanity*. As discussed in Chapter 3, I use some hexameter in parts of *Lady of Arrows*.

(j) Good Muslim Boy (Play by Osamah Sami, 2017)

This is an autobiographical play for three actors which tells the story of Sami's attempt to bring to Australia the body of his father. Sami and his father had travelled to Iran from Iraq, then came to Australia as refugees. They return to Iran for a trip, but Sami's father dies. Much of the play is concerned with the bureaucracy involved in getting permits for his father's body to be allowed on the return flight to Australia. In the stage production Sami plays himself, and the two other actors play all the other characters. It is a comedy which was adapted from Sami's memoir. The memoir won the NSW Premier's Literary Award.

Responses:

- (1) Although there are many parallels between Sami's story and Olga's story (the Homeric prevention of a return home due to factors beyond the protagonist's control), the most interesting facet for the staging of *Lady of Arrows* comes from the use of the actors. The central character (Sami) is a constant. It is through him that we take our journey. There are two other actors on stage, one male and one female. These actors play all the other characters in the play, from Australians waiting for a tram, to Iranian officials, to beggars, to family members on the phone (during which they are always seen, although off stage in the semi-dark), to soldiers with semi-automatic weapons. These actors give Sami someone to work with and against. The audience on the night I saw the play were just as reactive to these secondary characters as they were to Sami. Also, the rapid changing of characters adds to both the tension and the comedy. Having seen this play, I have decided that the secondary characters in *Lady of Arrows* should be seen on stage and not just heard.
- (2) The secondary actors play characters of both sexes. This is an interesting device, as having a woman play a masculine soldier, for example, can break the barriers of the typical male-female divide. I applied this to *Lady of Arrows* where there are depictions of resistance. In *Lady of Arrows* the gender lines have likewise been broken. In chapter 3 I explain how I went on to write the two secondary actors sharing these cross-sex roles, particularly when there are two secondary characters of the same sex, such as with the two male German interrogators, Olga's two daughters or two other female inmates in the prison.

Appendix 4 – The Greece Research Trip

This is the conscious response and outcomes of a research trip I conducted in central, western and northern Greece in November-December 2017. This trip was partially funded by the La Trobe University [HUSS Internal Research Grant Scheme (IRGS) Grant # 2017-2OS-HDR-0010].

Rationale for the trip

Although the Stambolis story was written originally in *Someone Else's War*, the research carried out for the novel was conducted between 1987 and 2010. The level of information available on the web about the resistance and its operations were embryonic. There were several memoirs by resistance fighters (eg: McClymont 1959, Myers 1985), and a number of texts about the occupation of Greece (Mazower 1993), but in the pre-internet days when I was carrying out my early research the resources were limited.

In the years since the novel was first published in 2011, there has been much more information about the resistance available. Much of this information has been produced in the actual towns and villages where the resistance operated. Museums have been built, local books produced, photographic displays curated. Few of these museums have their own web presence (for example the museums in Rendina and Koryschades in central Greece). I considered the production of the play a chance to update the story with this new information. In some cases the best, and in the cases mentioned, only way to get this information was to see it first-hand, in situ.

The adaptation into a play also had other requirements, such as staging scenes that were either not in the novel or were more detailed than in the novel. Research about the locations, including the scenes of Stambolis' activity in the war, would be carried out.

Also, with a play being a visual medium, I considered it of value to go to places featured in the play to see what they looked like. An understanding of the land would inform my writing of the play. Also, photographs that I take on the trip would be provided to the director to give a sense of the terrain so that sets could be constructed that would have authenticity.

Itinerary

This trip was a driving trip that started in arrival in Athens on the 18th of November 2017. After one day in Athens, I drove through Athens to the areas in the central Greece where German troops had control between 1941 and 1944. These started with Distomo where the SS massacred 218 villagers. After this I went north to the Gorgopotamos rail viaduct, which was blown in a resistance operation in 1942, then west to the sites of the andarte training centres in Rendina and Karpenisi. Over the next few days I went to villages that were used by the British and the resistance organisations EDES and ELAS. Further north were sites where the Greeks and the Italians fought in the early stages of the war in 1940. Driving northeast through Ioannina, Veria and Thessaloniki I went to the sites of the Jewish pogroms and deportations (this featured in *Someone Else's War*). Moving south and east, I followed areas earlier in the war where the Germans made their advance southwards toward Athens. Finally, I headed south along the German advance and sites of skirmishes between Greek and German in the Pinios Gorge and coastal towns.

The itinerary was planned in advance, but items were added to the agenda during the trip as local research developed. The final itinerary, including these additions, is below:

SAT 18.11	Arrive Athens. Night in Peania, south-east Athens
SUN 19.11	Day in Athens.
MON 20.11	Drive to Arachova/via Distomo war memorial Night in Arachova
TUE 21.11	Day in Delphi
WED 22.11	Drive to Karpenisi via Gorgopotomos Viaduct. Night in Karpenisi
THU 23.11	Karpenisi
FRI 24.11 -	Drive through Rendina former SOE training centre. Night in Montenema
SAT 25.11	Mountain WW2 resistance sites & villages
SUN 26.11	Mountain WW2 resistance sites & villages
MON 27.11	Drive to Theodoriana British SOE safe centre. Night in Vouhareli
TUE 28.11	Visit WW2 resistance villages
WED 29.11	Drive to Ioannina. Site of Jewish expulsions. Night in Ioannina
THU 30.11	Visit Perama Cave n/e of Ioannina. Night in Zagorohoria
FRI 1.12	Visit Monodendri site of civil war clashes Night in Dilofo
SAT 2.12	Free day
SUN 3.12	Drive to Papingo via Kalpaki war museum. Night in Micro Papingo
MON 4.12	Night in Micro Papingo
TUE 5.12	Drive to Metsovo site of German war skirmishes. Night in Metsovo
WED 6.12	Drive towards Thessaloniki. Route of German 1941 advance. Night in Veria
THU 7.12	Drive through Vergina battle site. Night in Thessaloniki.
FRI 8.12	Thessaloniki Jewish museum.
SAT 9.12	Thessaloniki War memorials and history centres.
SUN 10.12	Drive to Litochoro, site of civil war atrocities. Night in Litochoro
MON 11.12	Mt Olympus and Pinion pass. Site of resistance strongholds
TUE 12.12	Drive to Volos following WW2 supply route. Night in Tsagkarada.
WED 13.12	Free day
THU 14.12	Free day
FRI 15.12	Drive to Athens. Night in Athens.
SAT 16.12	Return car & Depart Greece

Usefulness

The research was surprisingly useful. As mentioned in chapter 1.2, many villages and towns now have their own war memorials. But what I found that stories of the war were still being told right across the region. Many of these stories that I gathered are included in my daily journal of the trip, which may be accessed at: <https://philkafcaloudes.com/greece-trip-2017/>

The value of the trip is divided below into three sections: (a) Facts Learned, (b) Landscape and (c) Music

(a) Facts Learned

Olga Stambolis: I learned, through a naval expert in Thessaloniki, that Stambolis was wearing Greek naval uniform in one of the few photos I have of her in WW2 Greece. This, also

with the facts I learned about Lela Carayannis, suggests the possibility that she accompanied the flyers she rescued by boat to Egypt. Until now my family had believed the photo was of Stambolis in British uniform.

Lela Carayannis: The parallels between the story of this resistance leader and that of Stambolis is extraordinary. In the Thessaloniki War Museum, I learned that Carayannis began the airman rescue operation named Bouboulina out of Athens at the same time that Stambolis was doing the same kind of work. The airmen being rescued were the same as those rescued by Stambolis: British, New Zealand and Australian. Carayannis was arrested by the Gestapo and jailed around the same time as Stambolis. Given that they were doing similar work in the same place, it is reasonable to assume they were jailed in the same women's' prison in Athens. They were both released around the same time and continued the work they had been doing before the war. Carayannis also accompanied some of her rescued airmen to Egypt. The story diverges in 1944. Carayannis was caught and executed. Stambolis survived the war.

Women in the Resistance: In Rendina in central Greece there was a museum largely devoted to the work of women in the resistance. A focus was on the fact that women were not only treated as equals in the resistance movement, but were highly regarded. In many cases they were senior operatives or trainers. This sets a context for Stambolis being trusted to carry out roles of heavy responsibility, such as rescuing stranded allied flyers, and working with similarly trusted local people. Breaking this trust could obviously lead to the deaths of the other members of the rescue team and possibly the airman who was being rescued. Below is a photo from the Rendina local collection, showing a woman andarte showing others how to strip and clean a weapon:



(Photo: Courtesy Rendina War Museum, Greece. Captured 25.11.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

The museum's collection also contained this photo of an elderly woman geared up to fight, showing that the resistance equipped and trained women of all ages:



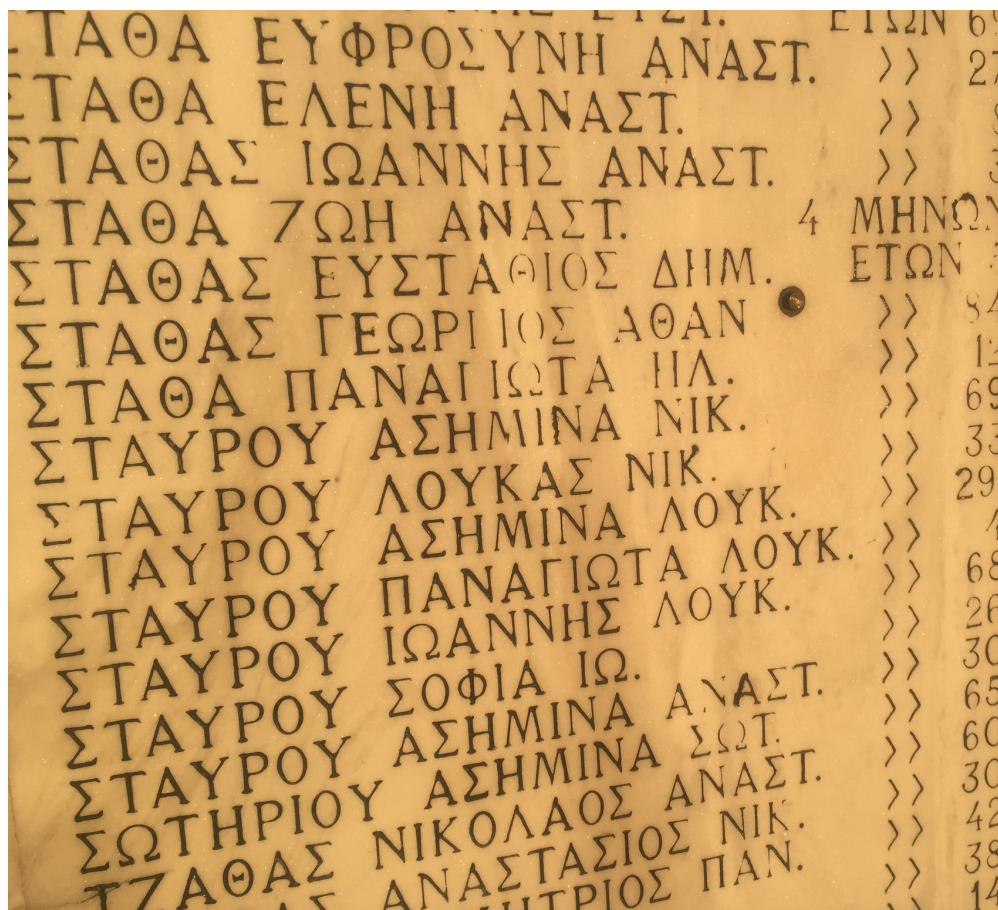
(Photo: Courtesy Rendina War Museum, Greece. Captured 25.11.17 by Phil Kafcalouides)

Women were not only part of the resistance. Their presence was considered to be a morale boost. Posters were produced that showed women working in both combat and non-combat roles, such as this one from 1940:



(Photo: Courtesy Kalpaki War Museum, Greece. Captured 3.12.17 by Phil Kafcalouides)

German massacres: As referenced in Appendix 3 (i), in 1944 in Distomo, north west of Athens, the Germans massacred 218 people including pregnant women and babies in cots. This is still remembered in the villages and towns. This event (and others like this) were incorporated into *Lady of Arrows* as motivating influences for the protagonist (as they would have been for any andarte of the time). There is no list of names and ages available publicly online at the time of writing this exegesis, however the memorial above the village lists the names of the victims. It showed that up to 12 members of the same family were killed, and confirmed that the attackers killed children as young as four months (the fifth name from the top):



(Photo taken at the Distomo Memorial 20.11.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

Bombings: Across the war several towns in western Greece were bombed by the Germans and the Italians. In 1943, after getting information that the British Special Operations Executive agents were operating in Theodoriana, the Germans bombed the village twice. They also bombed the nearby village of Vourgareli. I visited all these centres and got first and second-hand accounts of the devastation. In some cases, fascinating stories emerged from these attacks, such as the discovery of the Perama Cave, which hid residents fleeing the Italian bombing, and later, Jews trying to evade the Germans:



(Photo taken at the Perama Cave 30.11.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

These stories provided more options for writing the play since they gave context of the wider actions across Greece. For the play to connect with an audience, I needed stories of the personal. Some such personal stories were incorporated into *Lady of Arrows* such as the work and fate of Nikotsara.

Jewish Deportations: In the novel and in the early versions of the play, Stambolis is sent to Thessaloniki to report on the Jewish deportations to concentration camps. I visited the sites of these deportations in Thessaloniki, and also in Ioannina in western Greece and Veria in northern Greece. I could see where the Jews were put onto trucks and railroad cars. I had never seen these places before. Having looked at them, I am able to make a more accurate telling of the story.

(b) Landscape

Understanding the landscape of the events was essential to a staging of the Stambolis story. At times Olga's work takes place in central and western Greece. Either in her dialogue or in the staging directions, the landscape and weather conditions will be an integral part of the writing. Stambolis describes the area and terrain she had to work when rescuing stranded British, Australian and New Zealander airmen. The travels around central and western Greece gave me a first-hand view of these areas as they would have appeared in the war. For example, in central and western Greece the foliage is an extraordinary mix of colours. There are deciduous trees some of them very brown/golden of an oak variety.



(Photo: Vourgareli, Greece. Taken 28.11.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

Other deciduous trees such as plane trees (Greek: *platelos*) are also common, and have been for many years, like this one that has survived for 400 years in this little flood and snow prone plateia (square) in Difolo:



(Photo: Difolo, Greece. Taken 1.12.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

This, interspersed with the many fir and olive trees in the hills, gives a mottled landscape that is very dense. The mix of colours and foliage would provide camouflage for operatives.



(Photo: Vourgareli, Greece. Taken 28.11.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)



(Photo: Vourgareli, Greece. Taken 28.11.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

All this is that its highest in late autumn when the leaves are green and the mountains are getting their first snow. This provides a contrast where the wooded hills stand against snowcapped Alps:



(Photo: Vourgareli, Greece. Taken 28.11.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

This was illuminating. The andartes would have had to move from mushy, leafy ground in autumn and winter, into a low snowline within a days' walk. In setting any action in central Greece this contrast of landscape may be a factor in the writing.

I also noted that the pathways taken by the resistance fighters in central Greece were in many cases water courses or goat tracks. Being in steep terrain, many are rough where rocks have fallen off the hillside. Many of these paths still exist, even though roads for cars have been tarred and smaller roads have been made into secondary roads. The old tracks I observed are hard and sharp, especially the shale or marble mixed in with the other rocks on the ground.



(Photo: Vourgareli, Greece. Taken 28.11.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

These paths were difficult in 2017, even with regular clearings, some safety rails, and clear markings. In 1942, these paths would have been even more difficult to negotiate, which is what the andartes wanted. Germans carrying heavy backpacks would've found pursuit hard, especially as the paths are steep leading down from the mountains or up the next hill. There was also constant shifting of rocks on the steep slopes [see photo below].



(Photo: Kipi, Western Greece. Taken 2.12.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

As we move further into the Zagoria (the mountain range on the north-west), the paths through the area can involve walking on shale around cliff faces. Many of these are tracks that were originally made by mountain goats. Below is an example from Kentriko Zagoria, where the path is above the precipitous Vikos Gorge, the deepest gorge in the world:



(Photo: Kentriko Zagoria, Western Greece. Taken 3.12.17 by Phil Kafcaloudes)

Observing these formations has been instructive. They say that the tracks were used often by necessity (since there were few alternatives), but that this was a happy necessity because one needed to know the land to be able to use them. They were winding, undulating and frequently dangerous. Stambolis makes reference to the hardship of this terrain in *Lady of Arrows*.

(c) Music

The stage play must create a mood, a sense of the times. It is as much about showing the emotion of events as telling the facts of what is actually happening. An audience will remember what they felt long after the facts are forgotten. To give this sense of the times, I decided early that music must be an important part of the play. Originally, *Lady of Arrows* was going to be a spoken piece with some incidental music to open and close the acts. After seeing the importance of music in the war, I decided to expand the songs and include some of the words in the monologue. I needed to decide the kind of music that would work for the play. Perhaps a singer who spoke of the times and who was as sassy as Stambolis, singing of the period in a way that would help tell the story. I initially considered Rebetika, northern cafe music, but Rebetika was more Salonica than Athens, and more 30s than 40s.

In driving to war hotspots around Greece, there was just one voice that represented all this, a woman who spoke to Greeks in 1940-5 and, as a bonus, was a motivator for Greeks under stress. Because her stirring songs spurred Greece onto fighting, she became known as The Songstress of Victory. This woman, a simple singer/songwriter was considered so dangerous by the occupying Germans, that she was banned from singing political songs, and had to flee to Cairo. Her name was Sofia Vembo, and her music, such as her most famous song "Children of Greece", was a motivating song for Greece after the Italians invaded Greece in 1940. Some historians credit that song with having a lot to do with the Greeks pushing Italy back across the Albanian border and most of the way back to Italy. She also used that most powerful of verbal weapons: satire. She speaks of the "Master Macaroni" Mussolini, how he's going to lose to the Greeks and lose Rome as well. She was certainly edgy, which is why there is a shrine to her in just about every war museum in the country.

Consideration was given to incorporating Vembo's songs throughout the piece. The protagonist would) make musical references, sing snatches of Vembo songs, and play some of her music on a radio. The workshop production, being an on-book reading didn't use music, but the scope for this use of music is open for future productions.

Appendix 5 – Defence Correspondence 7.11.1994



Ministry of Defence

CS (RM) 2F
Central Services Establishment
Llangennech Llanelli Dyfed SA14 8YP
Telephone: 0554 820771 ext 352

Mr P Kafcaloudes
21 Moorecroft Avenue
Springwood
New South Wales
2777 AUSTRALIA

Your reference

Our reference

D/CS(RM)2-7/3/3

Date

07 November 1994

Dear Mr Kafcaloudes

Thank you for your letter dated 31 October 1994.

Our policy is to retain civilian personal files for Eighty Five years from date of birth. Unfortunately as your grandmother's birthdate falls outside this retention period we are unable to assist you with your search.

I am sorry that this is not a more favourable reply.

Yours sincerely

T FREEGARD (Mrs)
CS(RM)2f

Appendix 6 – British RSL Journal Letter 21.9.1998

50 John Miller St
South Ryde, NSW, 2113
AUSTRALIA
21st September 1998

Dear Sir,

I am hoping you might be able to assist me by running a notice in your publication.

I am a Sydney journalist. My grandmother, OLGA STAMBOLIS worked for the underground in Greece, helping British and allied airmen, shot down in their planes, escape from Greece. I believe she worked the entire time of the German occupation. She was jailed in 1941 for six months.

I am writing Olga's story, but there are many unknown passages in this part of the story. I was hoping that any flyers who may have been assisted by the Greek-British underground in Athens might come forward. As my grandmother was very active in this work, perhaps some surviving air crewmen would remember her.

Even if they don't have a specific recollection of Olga, I would still like to speak to any who successfully escaped from Greece with the help of the underground.

Also, if you know of any books which document such escapes, I would be very interested in finding out about them.

I will be coming to the U.K. in January, so I will be available then to do any necessary research myself, or to speak to anybody who might be able to help me.

My address is as at the head of the letter. My phone number in Australia is 0061 -419-227317.

Till the 24th of September, I'll be staying with my mother-in-law in Newport, Wales. Her phone number is 1633-278417.

Kind regards,
Phil Kafcaloudes

Appendix 7 – Stambolis in Uniform



(Photo courtesy of the Stambolis family archive)

Appendix 8 – Lady of Arrows script and links

LADY OF ARROWS A New Odyssey

A play in two acts for three actors

by

Phil Kafcalouides

(based on his novel: Someone Else's War)

© 2020

12 Evelyn St
St Kilda East,
Victoria, 3183,
Australia
jackafca@gmail.com

Cast of Characters

Olga Stambolis:

A woman in her mid-fifties at the time the play is set (1960). She is content to be living in a little room at the back of her daughter's house in Sydney, Australia. Fifteen years before the setting of the play she was a resistance fighter and spy for the British in Greece. She feels guilt at having left her children to go to Greece. She had returned to Australia in 1952, eight years before the setting of the play. She once was stylish, dressing the mode of 1950s Europe, but her years in Sydney have led to her to dress more like the local women. Her dresses are floral and plain. Nevertheless, she is always well groomed, even in the seclusion of her own room. Her one concession to style is her hair which is blonded and is worn short and permed, again in the European style. She always wears shoes and stockings. She grieves for the loss of her baby son, Christopher, who died in Greece in 1929. This death shattered her marriage and caused her great guilt even thirty years later. As well as a woman in her mid-fifties, at various times in the play she is played as a child (in the palace scene), a teen (as an actor), a young mother, and as a woman in her thirties (during the war years).

Actor 2 (female) plays:

Nellie Kafcaloudes:

Olga's eldest daughter, born 1922. Has not forgiven Olga for leaving her father and moving to Greece. A shy woman who observes. She expresses herself in letters, in contrast to Freda, who says what she thinks openly.

Freda Bayss:

Olga's second daughter, born 1924. Played as an adult of. Considers

herself the sensible and responsible adult of the family. Takes Olga in after Olga's return to Australia in 1952. Olga still lives there⁴ as the play opens.

Young Freda: Freda as a ten-year-old. Always fighting with her sister Nellie. She loves her sister but is jealous of her father's affection for Nellie. Is much more forthright than Nellie, and a little overconfident.

Anna: Olga's sister. May have betrayed Olga to the Greek authorities. Can be charming, but is a victim of her mother, who wants to use Olga to gain wealth.

Lela Carayannis: Resistance hero. Founder of the Bouboulina cell which rescued stranded Allied fighters. Captured and killed by the Germans just before the war ended. Olga works in her cell.

Princess Irene: The Queen of Greece's granddaughter. Ten years old in 1914 (the same age as Olga). She teases the young Olga about her parentage.

Mother Hadjidaki: Olga's foster mother. Alexandria seamstress. Kind and liberal thinking woman who makes clothes for the Greek royal family. Introduces the young Olga to the wider world and encourages her to act, go to university and see the world.

Greek Soldier: A male soldier of the Metaxas government. A Greek version of the German brownshirts. Fascist and bullying.

Jean: Local Pyrmont girl only six years older than Nellie. Acts as mother to Olga's children. Is caring and thoughtful. Becomes Michael's second wife and has two sons to him. She thinks Olga is dead, and is horrified when she discovers Olga is alive (but doesn't try to hide the

fact). Has sympathy for Olga, and ironically, is Olga's greatest comforter in the play.

2nd British Officer: British Lieutenant. Is junior to 1st British Officer. Recruits civilians for special operations in Greece. Supports Olga as a potential recruit. More worldly than 1st British Officer.

2nd Jailer: Is Greek. Is kinder than the first jailer.

2nd German Officer: Interrogator. Plans method to trap Olga in the interrogation.

Maria: An inmate in Averoff prison.

2nd Australian soldier: Soldier rescued by Olga. In Cairo.

4th Australian soldier: Soldier rescued by Olga. In Cairo.

Peasant woman: Her husband was shot after being betrayed by a Greek man.

Mrs Mavromati: Olga's cynical and opportunistic birth mother.

Various offstage voices

Actor 3 (male) plays:

Male Actor: Plays a herald in an Alexandria play. May overact.

Stavros: A fellow Greek resistance operative who works with Olga on her first assignment. He may have loved Olga during the war, and keeps a shrine to her in his Greek boatshed after the war. He also keeps her diary, and his death in 1960 leads to the events of the play.

Young Nellie: Nellie as an eleven-year old. Always fighting with her sister Freda. She loves her sister and bears Freda's jealousy over her father's affection. She is a quiet girl in contrast to Freda's forthrightness.

Michael (Stambolis):	Olga's husband. Born 1890. Left Greece in 1906 to worked in San Francisco after the earthquake. Married Olga in Alexandria in 1921. Came with her to Australia in 1922 and stayed. He married Jean after having Olga declared dead during the war. Gentle with gambling issues. Died 1952.
Demetrius:	Stavros' brother. Executed by Metaxas brownshirts before the war.
1st British Officer:	Is a British Major. Is the senior recruiter for special operations in Greece. Is senior to 2nd British Officer. Cynical and disparaging attitude towards Greeks & Australians.
Greek Radio Announcer:	Greek presenter. Is terse and pro-German.
1st German Officer:	Interrogator who tries to trick Olga. Uses a mixture of calmness and subterfuge in the interrogation.
1 st Jailer:	Is Greek. Less sympathetic than 2 nd jailer.
Stephanie:	An inmate in Averoff prison.
German Man:	German civilian working with the Nazis in Athens. Administrator. Tries to woo Olga. Olga tries to use him. Is smarter than he looks. Knows Olga is a spy and protects her.
Ragged Greek man:	A starving man in the famine. His daughter has died, but maintains a dignity.
1st Australian soldier:	Soldier rescued by Olga. In Cairo.
3rd Australian soldier:	Soldier rescued by Olga. In Cairo.
Gestapo Officer:	Black market trader. Believes in German superiority over the Greeks, but values the profit in the black market ahead of his national pride.

Peasant:	Collaborator.
Mrs Mavromati's son:	Olga's brother. As much of a cynical user as his mother. A cowardly bully.
Bill Lockett	Australian pilot rescued by Olga and Stavros.
Various offstage voices	

ACT 1

Scene 1

SETTING:

Action opens in a small add-on bedroom circa 1950s with a single bed and a small table. A package, the size of a large manuscript is on the table with a letter perched on it. Text on Screen may be projected on a wall behind or to the side.

(Light comes up to show)

TEXT TO BE PROJECTED

"And if some god batters me far out on the wine-blue water, I will endure it. For already I have suffered much and done much hard work on the waves and in the fighting."

AT RISE:

Light comes up several times. At first light OLGA STAMBOLIS is shown sitting in the chair, facing the table with the package and letter on it. The second time, the letter is in her hands, still looking at the package. The third time, she is knitting, her eye on the package as she speaks. She obviously has trepidation about the package and letter.

OLGA

(To audience.)

It's a shame people don't knit as much as they used to. You can avoid doing a lot of things by knitting. My foster mother used to say that when things get too hard, then take a little time, knit something. It gives you time to think, and you

might even make something nice. And if you make something that's garbage, give it to someone you don't like. I'm not really knitting to think though. I'm knitting because of that.

(Indicates package on the table.)

That. It's taken twenty years to get here. I wish it hadn't come at all. Everything was fine. I haven't had to remember. I've been too busy with my girls. I've had grandchildren to mind. What's done is done. I've been machine gunned in the leg.. it took off my varicose vein. I've still got shrapnel in my arm.. see.. I've been interrogated by the Gestapo. I've had a gun in my face. And this scares me.

Do you like my room? I know it's small. But believe me, I've had smaller. My Freda set this up for me. She and Leo live in the front. The Greek club is just down the road. The beach is just down that way. Bondi beach. Not that I go there. Too much sun and sand getting in everything. Funny. I loved the beach as a girl. In those days we wore stockings and shoes on the sand. We were a scene, the girls and me in Alexandria. The Alexandria in Egypt, not the one down the road where the rich Greeks and their rich wives live so they can be near the university, so their rich kids can study medicine. I mean the real Alexandria. We made such a scene on the beach. We'd take over, flirting with the good Muslim boys. Never more than flirting. They were good Muslim boys. Leo built this room for me when I came back from Greece. That would've been.. I suppose.. 8 years ago. March 1952. 1952. I was away for sixteen years. I never thought about that before. Sixteen years. You go from being a young woman to a grandmother. And your daughters.. they go from being little girls to being mothers themselves.

VOICE OF FREDA

Mum! Dinner's nearly ready.

OLGA

Coming dear.

(To audience.)

I told you she looks after me. She's always asking me questions though.. and always at the wrong time. 'Is it true you blew a man's head off with a shotgun', 'Did you really stab a German and he bled to death all over you?' Where do you think she asks me? At the dinner table. We're eating our meatballs. So what do I do? I tell them. Then everyone turns

green. Little George even vomited into his soup once. Endaxi, maybe I go into too much detail. They asked. But there is one question that I can't answer. Won't answer. The one they don't really want to know the answer to: 'Why did you leave us? Why did you go to Greece when we needed you the most?' Everyone asks. Even if they don't ask, they ask with their eyes. They even ask in the way they turn their eyes away.

VOICE OF ADULT FREDA

Mum!

OLGA

I know. Dinner's ready. I'm coming.

(Freda enters, panicked.)

FREDA

No. There's a spider on the wall.

OLGA

Fredalakimou are you still scared of spiders? They are so much smaller than you. They are..

OLGA and FREDA (together)

..more scared than you are.

OLGA

(To audience.)

I too was scared as a child. Maybe it was because I was ripped from the breast too early. Maybe. I was shy as well. I was so shy that my foster mother, Mother Hadjidaki, nearly fell down the stairs when I told her I wanted to be a theaterina.. an actress. You see, to live in Alexandria was to be, how do you say, like a rung on a ladder. The married men were at the top. Then came the old men, then the mothers. Then the boys. We girls were somewhere down there with chickens. Unless of course you were a widow. If you were an ugly widow you were at the very bottom. If you were beautiful, you had all these men fawning and crying over you, desperately in love with your breasts. I was nowhere. My mother had no money, no family name and I had no bosom. Then, that is. I thought that if I could

get on stage maybe I could jump a few places. Mother Hadjidaki arranged it somehow. She was very proud that first time I stepped up.

(Light spot comes on. Stage becomes the scene of a play. Sounds of murmuring audience. Young Olga walks to the front, scared and shy. To her left is actor two, playing a slave girl attendant. To her right actor three is a guard.)

The K-king... the K-king..

(Head snaps to the slave girl who gives a prompt, but doesn't hear it properly.)

The King is c-cooking..

(Slave girl and guard both try to prompt.)

Oh. I mean that the King is coming. Coming. Coming, not cooking. The king would have other people doing his cooking for him. I'm sorry.

(Laugh track of audience. Olga stays and bows. Looks at prompt.)

Oh.

(Scurries off. Light fades. Lights come on again and Male Actor comes on stage. It is another play, obviously some time later..)

MALE ACTOR

(To audience, as a herald.)

The Queen is here.

OLGA

(Olga enters, as an ancient Greek queen. A Queen Penelope perhaps.)

Who damns their Queen? Who dares to bring damnation onto this body? Who dares to say, to do, to be such an article? For I am you and I will do the damning, if there is any to be done. So damn me not, for the damnation shall be your own.

(SFX applause.)

(Back to herself. To audience.)

It's one of the only times in life when a group of people will pay money to be abused, then go away feeling better about life. Theatre!

(Goes to the package on the table. This time she runs her fingers over the string around it.)

YOUNG FREDA

The spider mummy.

OLGA

Ask your father.

YOUNG FREDA

He told me to get you to do it.

OLGA

(While Olga speaks Young Nellie and Freda set homework on table. To audience.)

Michael. Scared of spiders. And him who had lived in San Francisco after the earthquake.. with the rats and the roaches. When he came to Alexandria to ask for me.. first thing he said to me. First words. 'Hello. I run a seafood restaurant in Australia. Will you marry me.' I had to respect that. He put up the restaurant like it was a dowry. It sounded like a very good dowry.. a new life in a new country. A clean country. Clean from the smells and the fears and the habits that come with corruption. I believe he even said you can pick up lumps of gold on the streets. The words of an enchanter.. a charming enchanter. If only he wasn't so old. Thirty-one. Now I see he was not so old.. but he was old to me then.. the child me who saw things like.. hair in the ears, man's breath, three chins. But what charm. He made me feel... When we got to Sydney, his seafood restaurant, ha, it was a fish and chip shop. But I was seventeen, and he was kind. He was always kind. But I was the one who had to chase the spiders away.

(Young Freda and Nellie (aged 10 and 11) are sitting at a table.)

YOUNG FREDA

So mummy, if twelve times 5 is the same as six by ten, then I don't need to learn the twelve times table. I can just learn the 6 times table and double it..

YOUNG NELLIE

That's cheating, Freda. I had to learn the twelve times table. You're always trying to take short cuts.

YOUNG FREDA

Okay smarty-pants. What's twelve by seven then?

YOUNG NELLIE

Seventy-three.

YOUNG FREDA

That's a lucky guess.

(They exit)

OLGA

(To audience.)

Is it any wonder the shop never made any money. The customers walked away with more than they came in with. Michael didn't do any books. For eleven years. When the tax people came by.. it was 1929 I think.. he managed to get them on side by giving them free food. And by blaming the depression. He was still blaming the depression in 1936. I don't know how, but it always worked. The tax men always apologised for bothering him and left, eating our saveloys. Freda bought a ledger after that and started listing things. But her arithmetic was so bad that she made us look like millionaires. We had to burn the ledger before anybody saw it.

(Stavros picks it up. This is the past.. 1942.)

STAVROS

If the Gestapo found this.. what is it.. a diary.. you will be dead. You've got to burn it.

OLGA

(Taking the diary.)

This is for my daughter. My oldest. Nellie. She needs to know why I'm here. She doesn't know if I'm dead or alive.

STAVROS

How could you be so stupid?

OLGA

Stavros, please. I'm not stupid. There's nothing in it about our operations.

STAVROS

I'd hope not. If there was, we'd kill you ourselves. Destroy it.

OLGA

(Nods. To audience.)

I didn't destroy it. I had to have it. It was my life. All the war. All the killing. I needed to have something so Nellie would know I wasn't wasting my life. That I might've been away from her, but it was for a good reason.. that I was doing something. The resistance wouldn't let me send letters to Australia. No telegram. They said I was too deep in the group, and the Germans were too smart. They even tried to flatter me that I was too important to be caught. This diary was my chat every night with Nellie. Even if she didn't know it existed.

STAVROS

If they catch you, what will become of your children?

OLGA

They are just fine in Australia.

STAVROS

They will blame themselves if you die.

OLGA

(To audience.)

They said that again and again. And it worked. It kept me smart. I'd see a Nazi touching a girl, and the only thing that stopped me picking up a rock and cracking his head open were my children. To crack his head would lose them their mother. Christopher. My little Christopher.

What is it that makes a favourite? Chubby little legs? Michael squeezed Christopher's legs.. kissed them.. loved them. He said they were the legs of his little Odysseus. My baby.

(Fade to black)

ACT 1

Scene 2

TEXT ON SCREEN:

*"Was it a long sickness, or did
Artemis of the arrows come upon you
with her painless shafts.." (The
Odyssey VI, 172)*

*(Light comes up to show Olga, her fingers are on the package
on the table, just touching it. The letter is in her hand. She
reads.)*

OLGA

August 17th, 1959. Dear Mrs Stam. I am sorry to tell you that
my father Stavros is dead. He suffered from melancholy for
these many years since the war. Three months ago he succumbed
to the voices and the memories and..

(Olga screws up the letter and tosses it.)

Stavros.

(Stavros enters beyond the grave.)

STAVROS

Fifteen years, and now you summon me twice in one day.

OLGA

I didn't want to think about it.

STAVROS

So much to think about. Once you start..

OLGA

..you won't be able to stop. Was it all so bad that you had to
do this to yourself?

STAVROS

We did kill a lot of people.

OLGA

We saved a lot of people too.

STAVROS

A lot of friends died.

OLGA

People we loved.

STAVROS

They talk about the glory of battle.

OLGA

Yes. It's not quite like how Homer wrote it.

STAVROS

No. It was exactly how Homer wrote it.

OLGA

He was obsessed spearing and stabbing.

STAVROS

Odysseus. He was a warrior with a man's failings.

OLGA

The Sirens you mean?

STAVROS

They were very good Sirens.

OLGA

Traitors.

STAVROS

People just trying to live.

OLGA

Death would be better. Is death better?

(Waits.)

Stavros?

(Lights go down. Light comes up suddenly in 1914. Greek Princess Irene (pronounced eye-REE-nee) comes on carrying an expensive doll and a cheap doll. She gives the cheap doll to Olga. They sit on the floor with their dolls.)

OLGA

Stella, this is Princess Irene. She lives in this palace with the king and queen. Princess Irene, this is Stella. She's a boat girl. She's been all over the world. She saw three sunrises in one day once. She was given to me by a real pirate who came to Alexandria. My mother knew him.

PRINCESS IRENE

You're a liar Olga Hadjidaki. There are no such things as pirates.

OLGA

There are. I saw him. I am NOT a liar. Look. She was patched up by the ship's cook when her arm fell off. See that? My mother said that's a pirate's work. And she should know. She's been a seamstress all her life. Not like you. Living in the palace. My mother..

PRINCESS IRENE

She is not your mother. You were given away.

OLGA

Why are you saying that? She is my mother. She is my mother.

PRINCESS IRENE

My mother says..

OLGA

Well your mother is wrong. I don't care who she is. She is wrong.

MOTHER HADJIDAKI'S VOICE

Okay Olga. Get your doll. I've finished fitting the queen. Say goodbye to the princess, we have to hurry or we'll miss the boat.

OLGA

(To the princess.)

She is my mother.

(Now as an adult. To audience.)

But she wasn't. The princess was right. My mother let me go at birth. I wasn't the only one. Girls were being given away like yesterday's fish. I'm not complaining. Mother Hadjidaki was a wonderful foster mother. She would let me sit in her window and see everything of Alexandria. And there was a lot to see. The priest going into the fancy woman's house. Every Tuesday night. The policeman stealing the beggar's coins. And I saw the governor, the ugliest man in the world.. holes on his face.. he had come to look at the Greek quarter. Except I could see his hand, right up the behind of his secretary. She was carrying his briefcases and couldn't swat him off. I doubt she would've anyway. He was the governor. His wife was walking in front and didn't see. The governor died soon after. Maybe she did see. I remember one man offered me a sweet to get me

to come out, but Mother Hadjidaki ran out and cut him on the face with a bread knife. He was a big man too. She stood in front of him, this far from his bloody face, daring him to fight back. That's a mother. I loved her as my mother. I adored her and felt warm with her. But she wasn't my mother.

(Michael enters. It is 1929 Sydney)

OLGA

Michael read this.

(Hands him a letter)

MICHAEL

(Reads.)

September 15th, 1929. Olga we have been trying to find you for..

(To Olga)

My darling. You should let this be. It doesn't matter who your mother was.

OLGA

But Michael who am I?

MICHAEL

They let you go.

OLGA

I need to know my family.

MICHAEL

We are your family. Nellie and Freda and Tina and Nicky. And baby Christopher. Those people who gave you away, they will never be your family. You were a baby. An hour old.

OLGA

Understand. I look at my girls' hands and I see my hands. Yet I don't know where my hands come from. If this family in Athens is my family, if this old woman bore me, if this Anna *(waves a letter)* is my sister, then I can..

MICHAEL

You were abandoned because they couldn't afford you or didn't want you. That's all you need to know.

OLGA

Maybe I don't need answers to questions. Maybe I just need to breathe the same air they breathe. That sounds stupid, doesn't it?

MICHAEL

Like breathing in the air of your child.

OLGA

Yes. Exactly like that.

MICHAEL

Go find your family. Go breathe with them.

OLGA

(As she talks, Olga puts on a long cloth coat, hat and a handbag.)

So it was decided. I was still feeding Christopher, so he would come with me. And Nellie.. to help with the baby. At the dock at Circular Quay there were tears. Mainly from Freda, who was jealous that it wasn't her coming. She probably wouldn't have cried if she knew what a boat trip was like in 1929. Weeks of vomit and theft. Weeks of the smell of bilge and oil. Weeks of the tiny cabin with a floor that was always wet. Nellie loved every second. She spent all day exploring the boat, and all the evening making something, turned away from me so I couldn't see. Seven years old and she had her first secret. It wasn't till we were packing to get off that she showed me. She had made a little cloth dog.. a present for her

new cousins. One eye too low.. straw stuffing coming through the arm.. only one ear because she didn't have enough cloth to make two.. the little stitch for the mouth upside down so it looked angry. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

(She has a piece of paper in one hand. In her other she is cradling a bundle that is obviously a baby. Nellie walking behind her. She looks back over her shoulder talking brightly, excitedly to Nellie.)

This is the oldest part of Athens, Nellilaki. The Ancients lived here, then the Romans, and the Turks. I think the Italians had this place for a while too. See that? That's a column that held up a temple thousands of years ago. You don't see things like that in Australia. Is that bag too heavy for you? I told you to leave it with the man at the boat. He said he'd bring it for you.

NELLIE

It's got all my precious things in there.

OLGA

What things? There can't be anything important that I couldn't have put in my handbag. No damage done. Come now Nellie. We're nearly there. You're going to meet your grandmother. You've never had a grandmother before.

NELLIE

I'm scared mummy.

OLGA

Of course. I am too. The last time I saw these people was when I was a baby. Like Christopher. Even younger.

(Checks paper in her hand.)

It should be around here. Thirty-five. Thirty-eight. Thirty-two? For a people who invented arithmetic.. Thirty-nine. I think this is it.

(Kneels and starts preening Nellie.)

There. Oraio. Beautiful. You ready?

(Goes up to door and knocks. Light fades.)

(Light comes up and Olga is sitting on the end of the bed. To audience.)

OLGA

Well what could I expect? A great reunion? A homecoming feasting? A village turnout? Well, actually yes. I wanted all that. We go in and there's an old woman on a sofa, all smiles too. We barely said hello when the questions started:

MRS MAVROMATI

How big is your husband's restaurant?

MRS MAVROMATI'S SON

How many homes do you own?

MRS MAVROMATI

Did you bring us any money?

MRS MAVROMATI'S SON

Where are the gifts?

MRS MAVROMATI

When can you bring us to Australia?

OLGA

(To audience.)

Michael and all his bragging about his seafood restaurant. Not a baby coo for Christopher. And Nellie. Her precious little cloth dog. She gave it to her cousin, a little girl. The cousin held it up to the old woman, who asked, no more smiles now, mind you..

MRS MAVROMATI

Is that all you've got for us?

OLGA

(To audience.)

Is that all you're got for us. If they had looked at Nellie's face, they would've seen a little girl hurt like no little girl should be hurt. You know what I did? Nothing. I did nothing. I ached and did nothing. Later I held Nellie and told her that these were poor people, and poor people, when they are disappointed, say silly things, but at that moment when it mattered, I did nothing, and that is a shame I will always have.

(Michael speaks beyond the grave. In the shadows)

MICHAEL

Don't forget Christopher.

OLGA

How could I forget Christopher?

MICHAEL

Christopher my darling boy.

OLGA

Christopher my darling boy.
(Light fades.)

ACT 1

Scene 3

(At lights up, Olga is in the 1960 bedroom. She crosses stage right to the table. Puts the diary in the original position and sits in the chair. She has the scrunched-up letter in her hand and is flattening it out. She reads..)

OLGA

Mrs Stam. I know you and my father Stavros were close in the war and fought many battles together. You must know that my mother resented this, and would not have your name spoken in the house. After he died, me and my mother went to his boat shed. He never let us go in it when he was alive. Inside was like a memorial to the war, the resistance. And you. There was a photograph of you pinned on the wall. In the cabinet were the letters you wrote him over the years. Don't worry. I hid them from my mother, and I didn't read them. I also found this package with your name on it. I didn't open it either. My mother is selling the shed and burning everything. I am sending the package to the address on your last letter to my father. Please don't reply in case my mother reads it. Steven Dementopoulos.

(To audience.)

So Stavros remembered me. Dementopoulos. I always thought it was a grand name for a quiet man, a kind man who was pushed into the resistance. His brother Demetrius was the loud one. Too loud.

GREEK SOLDIER

Demetrius Dementopoulos?

DEMETRIUS

Yes, my well feathered.. and well-armed.. fascist friend, I am Demetrius Dementopoulos.

GREEK SOLDIER

Demetrius Dementopoulos the communist writer?

DEMETRIUS

I see. I write for my fellow man. My fellow Greek like you. My politics makes no matter. And what right..

(Soldier shoots Demetrius. Sound of gunshot).

OLGA

One bullet. A Greek bullet. Kills one and ruins another. Stavros never smiled again. Or that was the legend. I never saw him smile. We fought and killed Nazis. We buried friends. We saved and we killed, and did it alone. We slept in the snow. It felt like we were the only people in the world. We might have loved each other.

(Stavros enters. It is 1942)

STAVROS

We can never be lovers, you know that.

OLGA

I know it. But why do you say it?

STAVROS

Because we have seen too much of the bad things. We would just remind each other of them. And I have a wife.

OLGA

And I have a husband.

STAVROS

Yes.

OLGA

I have a husband but not a marriage.

STAVROS

Was it the baby?

OLGA

My Christopher.

STAVROS

Christopher brought us together.

OLGA

Never say his name again.

STAVROS

Your baby then brought us together.

OLGA

Maybe, yes. Christopher's death brought us together.

(Stavros exits.)

Stavros? You have a way of disappearing.

(To audience.)

Christopher died. Children died all the time in those days before the war. I was lucky. My babies were all healthy. And he was the healthiest, strongest little boy. The boy who should not have died. It was no accident. It was no disease.

(Michael appears beyond the grave.)

MICHAEL

If you hadn't gone to Greece. If you hadn't had this mania about finding your family..

OLGA

You are not going to blame me, husband. It could've happened anywhere. It could've happened in Ultimo.

MICHAEL

You call yourself a mother.

OLGA

(To audience.)

He was just grieving. Why is it that we don't see that when it's happening. All we see is the anger and the accusation. I was grieving too.

I buried my baby and came back to Australia. It was 1932. I thought if we got on with our lives we would start to get better. We sleep in the same bed. We get up at the same time, we eat in the same chairs, work side by side at the cookers, help the children with their homework. And we still made a great team. But it was broken. We had always touched, brushed a hand, covered in flour or fish grease. I loved the touching. But after I came back he never touched me once. You know how impossible it was in a small shop full of children not to touch. He managed it. I cried myself to sleep and he would stay as far away in that little bed as he could. One night he cried too, for what we once had maybe. I touched his face. He gave me one look that said never touch me again.

That look. Thirty years on and I still feel it to my bones. Can a life break with one look?

MICHAEL

Where are the children?

OLGA

(To audience.)

I had no intention to do anything. I just did it. I led the children to the truck, all in the seat next to me. They all looked so beautiful. Michael ran alongside the truck down Harris Street shouting at me to stop. He said it would get better, that we were a family. I drove on.

There was this cliff that dropped a long way down onto the rail line. I am not evil. When you are at this place, evil doesn't come into it. Michael kept chasing us. I don't think he ever ran in his life. But he ran that day. I had to slow the truck to turn into that last road and he caught us up again. He reached through the window and tried to grab my arm, the first time he had touched me since I got back. He let go. There he was on the keyboard, his eyes on mine. A lifetime passes in five seconds. I stopped the truck. He opened the door and I moved over. He drove us back. Jean was in the shop, the woman who wanted to be me. She was the only one who touched me.

JEAN

Are you all right love?

OLGA

(To audience.)

Never have words been spoken that were so kind.

JEAN

Go up and have a rest. I'll bring you some tea.

OLGA

(To audience.)

And she did. She lingered. Sat on the bed.

JEAN

You wouldn't of done it. When it comes down to it, you wouldn't of done it.

OLGA

(To audience.)

She stayed with me all night, a hand's reach away in the chair, just like a nurse over a dying patient. She was like that with the children too. I think she even looked after Michael while I was away with Nellie and Christopher. Looked

after him very well. I didn't care about that. I think I didn't. She wanted to be awake for me, but it was a long day. Her head dropped and she snored like a man. I looked at her truly for the first time. Just a slip of a girl. Only a few years older than Nellie but looked like she'd lived a whole life. She had probably been born that way. Her freckly red skin, her pudgy arms. Her fingers already had creases. But she would never drive the children to the Cyclops' cave. She would never make Michael run along a road terrified. She would love him. She would love them all. Maybe even love him back to happiness and forgetting. If I wasn't there. And I couldn't be there anymore. I was broken. At three in the morning she was still there, still snoring. I kissed my sleeping girls and left. I thought maybe I could come back in a few months. But it would be sixteen years before I would see them again.

(SFX: Abrasive sound of war. Two British officers in uniform enter.)

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

An Australian Greek? Why would she want to help the British war effort?

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

That's why she's perfect. She's a naturalised Australian, so she's British. She left her family in Australia, so if they catch her, they can't threaten her husband or children.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER'S VOICE

You place a lot of store in her coming from Australia. She's probably caught the Australian laziness. What do they call it in Australia? Walkaround?

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

Walkabout, I think the term is.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

An Australian woman who goes walkaround is not the sort of person we need. And what use would a Greek be in saving Greece?

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

She has the skills we need. She speaks German.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

That's suspicious in itself.

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

She also speaks Egyptian, French and Italian. So, if she is a partisan based on language, she's on everyone's side.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

Parents?

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

Even that works for us. No natural parents that we know of. No family to be used against her. Brought up by a seamstress in Egypt. She spent a lot of time with the Greek royal children while her foster mother made dresses for the Queen.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

A royalist orphan. That's more like it.

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

And she did some training as an actress. Not much. Some amateur plays in Egypt. And in Sydney. She even used her children in some of them.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

Let's make the approach. But be careful. Some things are too good to be true.

OLGA

(To audience.)

I meant it. Each month in Greece was going to be the last. Then something would happen. A governess job with an

ambassador. Or a lease on a good apartment. Or a letter from home that told me they were doing very well without me. The invasion by Italy. Then the real invasion. By Germany. When that happened, I stayed to help the ambassador with his children, until he had to go. I was like the swallow in the Happy Prince. Just stayed too long. No-one could get out. Then a British man flirted with me in a café..

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

We won't be drinking in cafes soon.

OLGA

Will they ban coffee?

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

People just won't want to come out.

OLGA

You just try to stop Greeks having their coffees.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

The Nazis will do whatever they want.

OLGA

They say they will be friendly.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

You've lived in Egypt in the Great War. You know what promises mean..

OLGA

How did you know I lived in Egypt?

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

Olga Stambolis, we know everything about you.

OLGA

Who knows everything about me? What are you talking about?

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

You helped the resistance against the Italians last year.

OLGA

I didn't do much. Just passed on messages.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

We know you can do more. We need resourceful people like you.

OLGA

I need to get back to my family.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

Help us, and we will get you out of Greece and back to Australia.

OLGA

(To audience.)

It was a lie, but I didn't know that then. So I said yes. Things moved fast. They introduced me to Lela right there in the cafe. She had been waiting at the next table for his signal. This beautiful tall powerful woman who was born to fight. Her great-grandmother fought the Turks a hundred years ago. In her memory Lela had started a cell to help rescue trapped pilots.

(Lela sits at the table. She is halfway through a story.)

LELA

.. and he didn't do anything. He and his cousin were passing through a little town up in the north and there were all these

Germans bashing on doors, pulling men out onto the street. The cousin ran and hid.

OLGA

Very sensible.

LELA

But he didn't run. He stayed to ask these Germans what they were doing in Greece.

OLGA

Brave.

LELA

No. Stupid. A German soldier. Not an officer mind, but a soldier, shot him in the face. In the face. In the face. Just for asking a question.

OLGA

As I said, brave.

LELA

He is a brave corpse. They killed all the men in that village. Someone had fired a gun at the troops as they had walked past, so they killed all of them. Every single one of them. That is why we fight.

OLGA

(To audience.)

It had started as a gentleman's invasion. The Germans respected the Greek fighters. The Greeks fought hard and clean. They were like a line of bricks. But the Germans just kept adding more and more soldiers and the line had to crumble. Greece surrendered, and that was it for the respect of the Germans.

(To Lela.)

I have never heard of such a thing.

LELA

Will you join us?

OLGA

What can I do? I'm a governess.

LELA

My great-grandmother asked that too. And she then threw out the Turks.

OLGA

I can't use a gun.

LELA

That's easy. It's looking people in the eye as you fire it that's hard.

OLGA

Do you need to look them in eye?

LELA

We have honour, even if they don't.

(The 1st British Officer enters and gives Olga a pitchfork.)

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

This could be the only weapon you will have. You have to know how to use it.

OLGA

What do I do with this. Hay-bale them to death?

(Stabs at the air with it, gingerly at first, trying to work out how to do it.)

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

She seems to be getting the hang of it.

(Her stabbing becomes more definite.)

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

Most of the women are a bit shy about it.

(To audience.)

OLGA

They gave me a codename. 'Olga Stambolis', they said eventually, we have your codename. From now on you will be... 'Olga'. Honestly! How original.

1st BRITISH OFFICER

How is she taking to the guerilla training?

2nd BRITISH OFFICER

Remarkably good. She seems to enjoy it, and has even become a kind of leader of the other recruits.

1st BRITISH OFFICER

We'll try her out. Send her north. Send her on Stavros' next mission.

OLGA

(To audience.)

Plenty of servicemen, British, Australians, New Zealanders got caught behind the lines. The people in the villages hid them, but could only do it for so long. I had to get them through the lines and to boats that would take them out of the country. That meant nights of no sleep and days of slow movement through passes and ridges. They had taught us how to

move quietly and not be seen. But that wasn't with German patrols around you.

STAVROS

The cave's just over the hill. Keep low.

(Gunshots and torch lights.)

This way.

(He leads Olga, both hunching, looking around.)

Just a little further.

OLGA

You said that half an hour ago, Stavros.

STAVROS

Here, what you said half an hour ago doesn't mean much. Quiet!

(Stavros and Olga listen as footsteps pass them)

It will be safe now.

OLGA

In half an hour will you still be right?

(Pause.)

Stavros. Where are you?

(Gunfire. Olga drops to the stage and covers her head.)

Damn this. Alone in a nest of Germans. I should've stayed in Sydney.

1st BRITISH OFFICER'S VOICE

Remember your training. The pitchfork.

OLGA

The pitchfork being a match for a lugar?

1st BRITISH OFFICER'S VOICE

If in the right hands.

OLGA

But I don't have a pitchfork. And it would be useful if you were here to help me.

1st BRITISH OFFICER'S VOICE

It's not the pitchfork. Or having someone else here. It's about your resolve. They have good weapons and tailored uniforms. But they are in your country. I'd bet on a Greek with a pitchfork every time.

OLGA

(To audience.)

Stavros had gone quiet because a patrol walked right onto him. We joined up again after they had passed, and made it through the assignment. We saved an Australian man named Bill. We led him across roads after German patrols had gone through. We got him to the coast and onto a boat. It was tight, but we got there. Then home. Walking back to Athens, Stavros and me, like a husband and wife. Two days it took. Did I expect a hero's welcome?

(Olga and Lela are back in the café)

LELA

So you did it. Well done. You've got to do three this time. On your own.

OLGA

Isn't that against the rules, Lela? Rescue one at a time. Slowly. Safely. Even if it means leaving some to be caught.

LELA

These ones are too important. They are New Zealanders who worked with the resistance after their planes were shot down. If any are caught, the northern cell is done. So it's all three.

OLGA

Endaxi. Okay. If it has to..

LELA

And it's near Karpenisi.

OLGA

That's 160 miles from Athens. Do you have papers for the roadblocks?

LELA

No. They are looking for our rescue teams on the main roads. You will have to go across country. By foot. We might be able to arrange a donkey for some of it.

OLGA

More wonderful by the moment.

LELA

Get them, Olga. And don't get caught. You have children.

OLGA

(To audience.)

We did this for months. Weaving between villages and German patrols. The villagers knew they were risking their lives, but they helped us. They gave us their beds, their food. They lied to the Germans for us. It was always close. A wrong word would be death. A traitor or a scared woman would be death. But it never happened. No. It happened once. And that was when I killed for the first time. I was with Stavros. A farmer woman told a patrol about us. We needed to stop the patrol before they could report.

STAVROS

There are two of them. Just under the cliff. One's leaning against their car, smoking, like it's a seaside excursion. The other is taking a piss.

OLGA

Are their weapons out?

STAVROS

They have their pistols, but they're in holsters. Their rifles are leaning against the car. If you take the smoker, I'll get the other. We will have to drop at the same time.

OLGA

(To audience.)

My first kill. I didn't have the luxury of firing a rifle from 200 yards. This was close and slow and awful. A knife in the back of a German who was too young to be there. Don't listen to what people say. They don't die on the spot. Life oozes out and they have all these questions in their eyes. His hand reached behind him and tried to scratch where the knife went in. His face could've been my Nicky's. He was losing the life that his mother and his father adored. My life would never be the same. Stavros called out to drag him back and put the body in the boot of the car. I did, and my new life began.

(Lights rise on the rear of the stage. The two British officers have been watching Olga).

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

She seems to have no nerves. No hesitation. Not even the first-time. Stavros said she did what she had to do and there was nothing in her face.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

Psychotic murderers have those traits too.

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

Psychotics make the perfect spies. But there's nothing in her background to suggest she's mad.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

So a woman who acts as a psychotic, but isn't. Legs eleven, Bingo. And she has nice legs. For a woman with five children.

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

Four children. One died remember.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

Yes, in terrible circumstances. I hope that hasn't damaged her.

2ND BRITISH OFFICER

How could it not.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER

Death. There are two types of people in the world. Those who understand death. And those who can't.

(1st British Officer becomes 1st German Officer. He addresses the audience as if they are to witness the execution. 2nd British Officer becomes German firing squad soldier with rifle.)

1st GERMAN OFFICER

These men will be executed in reprisal for the murder of two German soldiers near Glyfadia by unknown attackers. Remember the fates of these men. Squad. Ready. Fire.

(SFX firing)

OLGA

(To audience.)

I went to one of those executions once. The Germans make the wives watch. Why would they do that? I did hear one story where it didn't work out so well for the Germans. It was on Crete. All the village men were herded into the square to be shot. What the Germans didn't know was that Australian and New Zealand sharpshooters were waiting up in the mountain ridge, maybe two miles away. The German officer ordered his men to raise their weapons, and on that order, the men in the mountains fired down. Every one hit their target. To the people in the square it must have been something to see. All the Germans dropping to the ground. The people watching say it was dead quiet.. because the sound of the shots didn't reach the square until after the Germans fell. There were smiles that day in that village. They all knew there would be more retribution, but that day the Greeks knew they weren't alone. The soldiers of the British Empire were with them, and the villagers loved them for it. They still do.

(Enter adult Nellie.)

NELLIE

How do you live with yourself, mum? All this killing.

OLGA

It's easy when it's you or them, Freda.

NELLIE

Why didn't you come home?

(Nellie leaves.)

OLGA

(To audience.)

How do you tell your children? I knew that in Australia, all the way over here, my girls were safe. I couldn't know Nellie was in Darwin. Michael had sent her up there to be with a cousin. He thought she'd be safer there. There. Across from New Guinea. Not far from Singapore. Not far from the Japanese who I couldn't know were planning bombing raids. No, I never thought she would be so close to danger. I never thought I would be so close to danger.

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

Olga Stambolis, you are under arrest.

(Drop to black.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT 2

Scene 1

(Light comes up showing the bars across the room. Olga is on the bed. She jumps awake.)

OLGA

Where am I? Where the hell am I? Nellie? Where am I..

2nd JAILER'S VOICE

She wants to know here she is.

1st JAILER'S VOICE

Wait for when she remembers.

2nd JAILER'S VOICE

It's always the same. Poor things.

OLGA

My God. No.

1st JAILER'S VOICE

She's remembered. *(laughs)*

OLGA

(To audience.)

Averoff Prison. On the north road out of Athens. But it could've been anywhere. They put all the resistance fighters in there. Men and women. Separately of course. And under the ground. You saw no daylight. Here, the guards were the kings of the hour. They decided when you saw light. It could have been midnight when they turned the lights on so you and the rats could start your day. One to a cell. Not even the grace

of bars between cells so we could look at each other. Mothers and daughters and sisters. It was the cruellest thing. Most of them didn't even do anything against the Nazis. They were picked up by mistake. The good resistance fighters were too smart to get caught. But I got caught. I nearly beat them, but I let them beat me.

(Light goes suddenly bright. Bars disappear. Olga sits upright at a table, staring across it at 1st German Officer. 2nd German Officer waits on the other side of the wall, unseen by Olga.)

OLGA

I don't know what you mean. I don't know any of them. I am a widow. What would I want to do with those rebels. It is hard enough to find food without..

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

So you blame the German nation for your hunger?

OLGA

No. It's the Greeks who can't organise their food. It's just that I have to fight everyone else to get the food before it goes..

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

Are you telling us what you think we want to hear?

OLGA

I am just telling you the truth. I..

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

(Gets up and goes around wall to 2nd German Officer.)

What do you think?

2ND GERMAN OFFICER

I think she's what she appears to be. A stupid washer woman who is scared of everything.

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

Could be, but if she's who we are looking for, then she would be smart enough to tell us what would make us let her go.

2ND GERMAN OFFICER

Would Olga the spy know German?

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

No. She's still a Greek. They barely know their own language.

2ND GERMAN OFFICER

All right. We know she was at Piraeus on the 2nd. We will ask her if she was there. If she denies it, then we have her.

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

I hope it's her. If it's not, can we say it's her? The colonel will..

(Olga moves over to an imagined wall. Listens.)

2ND GERMAN OFFICER

That's a bright plan. Until the real Olga does something again. Then we will be looking like the lazy fools that we would be. No, we need to know if this is her.

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

So ask her then about Piraeus. If she admits that she was there, then she's just a stupid Greek woman.

(Olga dashes back to her seat, and looks up, her eyes following the 1st German Officer back to the other side of the table.)

OLGA

Please sir. I don't know what I've done.

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

Where were you on the night of the 2nd?

OLGA

The night of the second. I don't know. I don't do well with numbers. What night was it?

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

It was Sunday night. Five days ago. Schnell, schnell.

OLGA

(Starts to say something quickly. Then realises, stops and takes a breath before answering.)

I do not understand. I do not know a Mr. Shell..

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

(More kindly.)

Did you go out that night?

OLGA

A Sunday night you say. On Sundays I go get some herbs for the week. I go down the road to get some from a market garden that a friend has. She doesn't mind me taking some things. I help her with her washing sometimes. So really, it is not stealing. Is that what this is about? I am sorry, but really I am allowed to do it. Did she lay a complaint against me?

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

It was the night that it rained a storm, woman. You wouldn't have gone collecting herbs that night.

OLGA

Rain? Rain. Yes. I remember. I went to Piraeus. I had to take some letters to my friend. She gets her mail sent to my house. I was halfway there when it rained all of a sudden. The bus was leaking and everyone was crowding away from the drips.

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

Greek buses, eh?

OLGA

No, this was French I think. We don't know what's worse, when they don't work, or when they do work. My friend says..

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

Did you get to Piraeus to drop off the letters?

OLGA

I was most of the way there. I had to walk to her house from the bus station. It took ten minutes in the rain. I don't know why I bothered. I should have just gone back home.

1ST GERMAN OFFICER

You must be a good friend to go through all that to deliver some letters.

OLGA

I get so bored in the house. It gives me something to do. And who knows what might be in the letters. Her friend might give me something as a thank you.

2ND GERMAN OFFICER

(As he enters the room.)

So you reached Piraeus? And delivered the letters.

OLGA

She wasn't there. I put them under her door. Was I there after the curfew? Did I break the law? I am sorry. But with the bus running like a billy cart and the weather, it took so long. I didn't get there until late. By time I came home it was later than I..

2ND GERMAN OFFICER

I don't care about the curfew.

OLGA

Thank Jesus for that. I am sorry. I should not use the Lord's name in vain. I understand you Germans are very Christian.

(She makes a Christian cross across her chest. Up down & left to right.)

2ND GERMAN OFFICER

Just get out.

OLGA

(To audience.)

I was freed. I had fooled them. It might sound strange to you, but it was like childbirth. That feeling that you are the only one who has ever done it. And I wanted to rub their stupid German noses on the ground. I walked out of that room and saw the stairs. Today I would not use stairs. I would use the elevator like the German officers. Damned if I was going to scurry down some stairs.

(Walks to the elevator. Presses button.)

It's a stupid protest I know. They take a long time, these Greek elevators. They must drive the Germans crazy. They'd probably have them shot if they could. Here it comes.

(Elevator dings. Door opens. Olga starts to walk in. Two soldiers grab her under the arms and pull her out.)

What is this? I am free. You let me go.

1st GERMAN OFFICER

The Major decided that if you were still in the building, arrest you and take you to the Prison.

OLGA

(To audience.)

They took me downstairs and into the courtyard. There was a truck full of women. Mothers and daughters. Old women too. All going to jail. You know what you think in these times? You think of how they don't have the right to do this. Not to you. Not to your children.

GREEK RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICEOVER (RECORDED)

Another seventeen subversive women have been arrested in Athens. They claimed to be simple housewives, but the evidence proves they are vicious women who have posed a danger to your friendly occupying forces and to the good people of Greece. They have been taken to Averoff Prison where they will be interrogated. The security forces warn citizens against trying to contact them or forming any kind of protest. That will in itself be considered subversive and will be dealt with severely.

(The lighting casts the prison bars across her room. Two buckets are at the foot of the bed. A tin cup is on a small table.

She turns to face the cell, her back to the audience.)

1st JAILER

This is your cell. You will keep it clean. You will not talk loudly. You will not draw on the walls. You will not touch the bars. You will not spit. You will not allow your women's' needs to soil the sheets, because you will get no more. You have two buckets. One has your water. The other is for your hygienic needs.

OLGA

(To audience.)

Your hygienic needs, he says. They pull me into a dungeon. There are rats and fleas and a bucket for a bathroom, but they are too shy to say shit and piss and honest blood. At least

they've given me a bucket. Let me show you through my home.
Mailing address: lower lower ground floor, Averoff Prison,
North Athens.

(She walks back to the cell, talking as she goes.)

These cells weren't built by the Germans, but they probably liked the style. All cells exactly the same. The bed's soft. A surprise. It's amazing how tender the bed bugs are in here. The table. Three legs. No, don't worry. All the tables in here have three legs. They never warn you when you arrive. You have to fall over with it. It's like a rite of passage. The walls. They are built in the old Greek style. Over built, probably from some mason who wanted to brag that his walls were thicker than his cousin Spiro. But there is one good thing. Look.

(Reaches her arm from inside the cell around the front wall towards the adjoining cell.)

The walls were just the right thickness so you can touch fingertips with the woman in the next cell. It is so much more tender than a handshake. Yes, you become a bit of rat down here. You learn to understand rats in Averoff.

(Banging from off stage.)

The baying begins. So early today. Oh well, better earlier than never.

(She takes the metal cup and bangs it on the bed frame, looking bored. To audience.)

Don't worry. This doesn't go on for long. We do it every morning. It's the song of the damned. Our only song while we're here. It's not going to change anything. No-one's going to charge down that corridor and rescue us because we're banging plates and cups. But it's a thing we have to do. It's a 'good morning' if you like. You see..

(All banging stops.)

Thank God for that..

(She flings the cup over onto the table.)

There are a lot of us here. At inspection last night they counted out fifty-eight of us. Now it's morning there could be more, there could be less. They make the changes at night. Women are dragged in; women are dragged out. Why would it be, do you think, that people would need to be dragged out of here? Running, pulling the guards behind them.. yes. But they

all resist. It's an odd thing about the prisoners here..
they're like birds in a cage when the door is opened. They
want to stay.

(Uplight comes on her face. Yells out.)

Now.

VOICE OF WOMAN IN NEXT CELL

Damn.

OLGA

It's our game. The first one to say 'now' when the lights come
on, wins. Yes. How pathetic this place makes you.

*(She starts to straighten things.. the buckets; the cup on the
table; the bed.)*

I should have bet her something. Not that she has anything to
bet. Not that I have anything to bet.

1st JAILER'S VOICE

Morning inspection. Two minutes. Be dressed. Cell orderly. No
hidden places. Be at attention at the bars.

*(Olga moves a little quicker. Stands to attention in the
door.)*

OLGA

They're Greek, these guards. There's an occasional Italian
sent by the Germans for a couple of days to keep watch on
them. But what those Nazis don't know is that the Italians
don't like them either. An Italian will come, sit, drink the
Greek guards' wine, gamble a bit, then go back to his other
duties, back on top, poorer and sorrier. Greeks don't lose at
gambling, except my Michael.

*(She stops still. Shadow moves across from stage right to
left, representing a guard. She looks ahead, making no
acknowledgement. The shadow moves on. She relaxes.)*

(A woman cries. Olga listens to the cell wall. To audience.)

She's crying again.

(Listens.)

Strange how someone in pain can make you feel better. I mean everyone here is suffering. And like monks who whip themselves in punishment, they make it harder on themselves. They think about the years they're losing. Because frankly, these women aren't chickens anymore. There's only so many years of lovemaking for a woman, when the man looks at them with none of that lust that they only have for girls too young for them. Yes, this place achieves two things. It gets women off the streets, and it helps breasts to sag.

(Listens.)

This woman has nice breasts. She takes her blouse off when we go to the trough. Most of the others are too ashamed. Christians acting like Muslims. Once a fortnight they get the chance to wash, and they don't take all their clothes off. Well, actually, neither do I. It's not modesty. I do it because I choose not to.

(Listens.)

We do rub each other. No hands. Just arms and thighs. Just to feel, you understand. Loneliness can kill you, you know. You need to be in a place like this to learn that.

(Listens.)

She's stopped. Sleep, my lady.

(Lights fade.)

ACT 2

Scene 2

(Light comes up. Olga is sitting in her room in 1960. She is holding the letter. She puts it down, then takes it up again. She opens it.)

NELLIE'S VOICE

My Dear Mother. I still cannot understand how you could leave us, we were three growing girls who needed a mother's understanding and guidance. Were we not worth the sacrifice you may have had to make? How easily we could have slipped, but Thank God and only him, for a decent life. Even so, how the Greeks did talk! My name was dragged through the mud, and Freda's too, only because we did not have a mother to protect us. Still, that is all forgotten. But just let them pick on Katie and we'll see that they shut up quick and lively. You have no need to worry about us any further, Mother, for our own great hour of need has passed, just look after yourself. Your loving daughter Nellie.

OLGA

How a stab in the heart can be so sweetly written. The taximidraio.. the post office.. loses everything, but it manages to get this letter to me. In wartime. What Nellie wrote was all true of course. I should've fought and kicked my way back to Australia. I just thought.. after that night in the truck. You know what it takes to make a mother think she is better away from her chicks? I never thought they would miss me. Just as well I didn't get this letter when I was in prison. I might've given up.

(The light bars come across the set.)

1ST JAILER

Washing time. Line up.

(Olga stands to attention. To audience.)

OLGA

The trough was also our newspaper. I don't know how. We had all been locked in rat's cells all week with no visitors and

no light, but somehow we all knew what was happening on top. We heard there was a famine. We heard the Germans had taken food out of Greece. We heard that thousands were dying up there and Germany was winning the war.

(Makes as if to be feeling her way to an imaginary fountain, then takes off her dress, leaving on a slip. She makes as if washing herself as dialogue occurs.)

Who's here?

STEPHANIE

Stephanie.

OLGA

Who else?

MARIA

(After a pause.)

Maria.

OLGA

What's the matter Maria.

MARIA

They've caught Nikotsara.

STEPHANIE

But how?

MARIE

I don't know. But the way she worked, it was a wonder they didn't catch her eighteen times.

OLGA

Do you know where they've taken her?

STEPHANIE

No. But they'll use that famous womanhood against her, you can bet.

MARIA

But she knows all the workings, she..

(SFX Door slam)

1ST JAILER'S VOICE

Time is up. Back to your cells.

(Olga picks up her dress and feels her way back to her cell. The cell changes to her 1960 room and Olga goes to her table and starts putting on make-up. As she talks she makes up, puts on a good dress and jewellery.)

OLGA

Nikotsara was the woman we all wanted to be. Some said she was half man, but I saw nothing but woman in her. She took risks. She used to go to the Greek council during the occupation and make complaints. Of course, she had no power. No Greeks had any power. They were like husbands, too scared of upsetting the wife. We all said she shouldn't do it. We said it would jeopardise all the work we were doing. If they arrested her for being a nuisance, they might make her tell all she knew, and she knew everything. The escape routes, even our own codes. But no, she said it would look suspicious if she wasn't so obvious. First rule, she said, don't do what they expect you to do. Yes, they caught our beautiful Nikotsara, not for making complaints, but because her own sister had put her in. They tortured her, and killed her. But she never told them anything. War makes heroes. And cowards.

(She checks herself in the dresser mirror, and does a final dab of the lipstick.)

Bravery comes in all sorts. Early in the war I had to brave by being a woman. The German commanders liked women.

(Light orchestra music plays. The sound of a crowd, murmurs, glasses, laughs. Olga walks over to the table with champagne on it. She looks pleased to see a man who is sitting at the table. He looks at her with warmth.)

Hello. No please don't get up.

(Lets him take her coat off.)

GERMAN MAN

How beautiful you are. Champagne?

OLGA

How did you get that? Sorry. Of course. Never ask. Never tell. You're looking dashing tonight.

(They sit.)

GERMAN MAN

Don't let it get warm.

OLGA

Yes, of course. Thank you. *(takes a sip)*. I'd forgotten what that was like. I've only had it once, when I got married and even then it was an extravagance. My husband.. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have brought him up. You don't want to know about him. Are you..

GERMAN MAN

No. I never did. I was a victim of my mother's ambition. Heidelberg University. Then I taught. Then the party. Then the war. Here I am. I always thought..

OLGA

(To audience as he talks.)

That's what we do. Get them talking about themselves. Any little thing. It's a line to tread. You don't want to make them suspicious. You don't want to fall in love either.

(Talking to him.)

Yes, two. Both grown up now. They live with their grandmother in Santorini. I miss them terribly. There must've been a trainload of women lined up to your door before the war.

GERMAN MAN

You're flattering me.

OLGA

(Takes his hand.)

No, I'm not. I'm a bad liar and I always get caught out. Look, let's dance.

GERMAN MAN

I can't dance. *(laughing)* What do you think I am? French?

OLGA

Of course you can. I'll lead you, but I'll make it look like you're leading me.

(They start to dance.)

This is nice. You are meant to dance.

(Lights come up. Club sounds stop. She stops dancing. He leaves.)

(To audience.)

I didn't sleep with him. It was hard not to. Not because he pushed for it, but because he really was a gentle man. I think he didn't want to anyway. He wasn't really a ladies' man. We started seeing each other because I wanted information from him, and he wanted to show the other officers that he was a man. I got my information and he got his respect. I found out later that he had protected me, that he knew I worked for the underground.

(Light fades.)

ACT 2

Scene 3

(The light comes up on Olga in her prison cell straightening up papers and blankets. She is upbeat. She is wigged and her hair is covered)

OLGA

I'm being released. It comes from a very reliable source. Christa told me. I think it was Christa. It might have been Olive. I couldn't see. One of them whispered it when we were at the trough.

(A flicker of doubt.. then excited again. She sits on the bed, wanting to tell.)

When I get out of here, I'm going to get right into action. There's so much to do. I'm.. going to.. have a Greek coffee. Then I'm going to tear my blouse off.. right there in Syntagma square, and let the sun touch me. I'm going to wave my arms in the air and curse Hitler and dare them all to come and get me. I'm going to slap the first German who comes near me. Then I'll go straight into the police station and see that man.. the Officer.. the man who sent me here, and grab him by the balls. I'll make him regret. I'll make him release every other woman here. I'll make him apologise to them; kiss every hand and beg forgiveness of them for the time that they were away from their children. For the time they made me feel like a slave.

(Looks around.)

I must clean my cell first. It's important, you know. The cell has to be clean. Some woman will come here, and I'll be damned if they find this cell just like I found it. Everything all over the place. Dirty. All right, so it wasn't dirty. But I want them to see a woman's hand. I want them to see that a woman was here and she got out. I want them to feel like this is a lucky cell. It matters you know. Just a folded blanket, or a bucket lined up neatly against the bars. That means a woman. If it was a man.. they wouldn't know.

(Listens.)

I wonder when they'll be coming.

(To audience.)

This happened seven times. The promise of freedom. It happened to all of us.

1st JAILER

Maria Dakis. Stand ready.

OLGA

Oh, to see Maria on that morning. So many hopes for one woman.

MARIA

I promise Olga to get word to your family, to tell them that you are alive.

OLGA

Yes, Maria. That would be nice if you could. 318 Harris Street, Ultimo. Sydney.

MARIA

Olly-moe?

OLGA

Ultimo. Ul-tee-mo. Ul-tee..

(To audience.)

They came and took her. The Germans. You could tell in the way they pushed her. We knew. They shot people upstairs in the courtyard, near the big palm tree. It became something to fear, being taken up top. Something to doubt, then something to fear.

(Light goes down. When it comes up, Olga is unseen in an unlit part of her cell. Olga makes change to wig and puts scarf on top in the dark. Jailer comes to the cell with a trolley of dixie pans of food. He takes one dixie and slides it on the floor towards Olga.)

1st JAILER

How long you been in here, Stamboli?

OLGA

I don't know, sir. We can't even see if it's day or night. Maybe just one long day.

1st JAILER

It's been six months. Don't you wish you were up on top?

OLGA

From what I hear, things are terrible up on top.

1st JAILER

Yes, at least you get food down here. Aren't you lonely?

OLGA

We have the baths. And I have my memories.

1st JAILER

Do you have children?

OLGA

Everyone seems to ask me that. Yes, far away.

1st JAILER

In one of the villages?

OLGA

No, much further than that.

1st JAILER

What would you do to get yourself free?

OLGA

((Olga goes into the light in the cell. To audience.))

What a question. One of the ancient Greek riddles. A man offers you a chance of freedom if you give the last part of your dignity. But to get free! If you were free you could fight, you could save lives. I did what any Greek woman in that position would do.

(To the jailer.)

I am Greek, You are Greek. Don't be stupid.

1st JAILER

I'm sorry. You're free anyway. I don't know how they did it, but somehow they've got you released.

OLGA

Who?

1st JAILER

The Resistance of course.

OLGA

Never heard of them.

(To audience.)

The door opened. No Germans, no Italians. Just the Greek jailer. I went up the same steps as Maria Dakis. Up those stairs. Still no Germans. Could I really be free? But why are they releasing me in the middle of the night?

(Walks towards audience. Sound metal door opening) A bright light hits her face. She shields her eyes.)

Daylight. Full daylight. Down there we think it is midnight, but it is midday. Everything down there is upside down. If I have been down there six months, like he says, then it must be autumn, but the sun still burns like summer.

(Walks across the stage. A woman is lying on the stage in front of her. Olga stops and kneels.)

Hello. Are you all right? She's dead. Help. Can someone send for a doctor? Anyone? She's too dead for that. How can people not do anything. Hello?

(Stands and looks around).

Hello?

(Lighting casts more shadows of bodies on the stage around her.)

What the hell is happening? Hello? Is anybody alive?

RAGGED GREEK MAN

This is new to you? Where have you been?

OLGA

I have just been released from Averoff.

RAGGED GREEK MAN

No-one gets released from Averoff.

OLGA

What is this? Why so many dead?

RAGGED GREEK MAN

The famine. Do you have any money for my daughter's baby?

OLGA

They gave me a piece of old bread.

RAGGED GREEK MAN

A piece of old bread then.

OLGA

Where is your daughter?

RAGGED GREEK MAN

She was the woman you stepped over.

OLGA

Take the bread.

(He takes the bread, and touches a wisp of her hair from under her scarf.)

RAGGED GREEK MAN

Thank you. Your hair is very beautiful. White like my wife's was. She's dead now.

OLGA

Hunger must be affecting your sight, my man. My hair is jet black. See.

(She takes off her scarf to reveal white hair. She pulls a lock to the front of her face and sees it is white.)

RAGGED GREEK MAN

I'm sorry.

OLGA

The prison had taken my country, six months of my life, and now my youth.

Light fades.

ACT 2

Scene 4

(Light stays low. The stage is empty.)

WOMAN'S VOICE

Olga is free.

2ND WOMAN'S VOICE

Where is she?

WOMAN'S VOICE

We don't know.

2ND WOMAN'S VOICE

Could she have turned?

WOMAN'S VOICE

That's why they got her out. They were planning to interrogate the women. If they got to Olga..

2ND WOMAN'S VOICE

She's too tough.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Nobody's too tough.

(Light comes up to show Olga is asleep under a blanket on the bed in Lela's house. She wears only a slip. She wakes suddenly and jumps up. Lela is across the stage.)

OLGA

My God. Where am I? What are you doing to me?

LELA

You are safe. You are safe. You are in my home.

OLGA

Lela?

LELA

You were wandering like a crazy woman.

OLGA

There are a lot of crazy women.

LELA

Yes. It surprised me too when I got out.

OLGA

They got you too?

LELA

Yes. I was arrested in the same Gestapo round-up as you.

OLGA

How did you get out?

LELA

The same way as you. A friend here. A sympathiser there. You know, it was only luck that our scout recognised you.. with your white hair.

OLGA

My white hair.

LELA

Youth does not survive war.

OLGA

Has there been any word from my family?

LELA

I'm sorry. There are no letters in or out. That goes for your diary too. Where is it?

OLGA

I destroyed it.

(To audience as she puts on trousers and naval shirt.)

But I hadn't. I couldn't. I had been hiding it beneath a loose floorboard under a wardrobe in my bedroom. Then, the night before my arrest I had one of those premonitions that only Greek women get.

I moved the wardrobe and took out the diary. I wrote some more in it.. a last letter to Nellie. Then I wrapped it again and left the house with it. I don't think I even knew what I was planning to do with it. Near the house was a small cliff. I found a little piece of canvas on a German motorcycle. I ripped it off and wrapped it around the diary and climbed down the cliff to a crack big enough to take the diary. I pushed it in as far as I could.

LELA

So the diary is destroyed. Good. It could have brought us all down.

OLGA

I would never let that happen.

LELA

Why did you start writing such a thing?

OLGA

It is for my children.

LELA

Was.

OLGA

Yes. Was.

LELA

Are you willing to work again? We have six Australian soldiers to get to Egypt.

OLGA

Yes. I can't wait to spit in those German eyes again.

(Light and vision turns the stage into an ocean. Sound of wind. Olga has naval cap and is standing, as if on a boat. Australian man comes and stands next to her.)

AUSTRALIAN MAN

These are the very waters that Odysseus sailed.

OLGA

You know your history. What do you think? Maybe the famous Sirens sang their songs of lust from that little island over there.

AUSTRALIAN MAN

Or maybe the Cyclops still lives in those caves waiting for more soldiers to eat. How much history do these waters have.

OLGA

Yes, so much history. People celebrate Homer's Odysseus travelling these oceans and fighting these demons. But all he wanted was to get home.

AUSTRALIAN MAN

Just like me.

OLGA

Just like all of us.

(Fade to black.)

ACT 2

SCENE 5

(In a British military base in Cairo. At rise Olga is sitting at a table across from Australian soldier. They are playing a simple five card poker.)

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Your boat back to Athens will be ready soon. I will be coming back with you.

OLGA

Coming back? Our people risk their lives to get you lot here to Cairo, and you want to go back to Greece?

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

(As he speaks he takes two cards out of his five and puts them down.)

I have my woman in Athens. She's alone. Two cards.

OLGA

(Dealing him two cards)

And you think it's a good idea to go into the hornet's nest?

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

That's more like it. As I said. She's alone.

OLGA

You got good cards eh? Have we tried to get her out?

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Oh, yes. It was all planned. That's why I came here. She was supposed to follow me. The contact went to her house to get

her. But she told them she didn't want to leave. She said Greece was her home, and she was going to stay there until the Germans were thrown out. You going to bet or are you going to sit there admiring your cards all day?

OLGA

(Throws a brown coin in the middle.)

Tuppence. She sounds like a hell of a woman.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

You see why I need to be with her. Meet you and raise you another.

OLGA

She is a woman who knows her home. And I raise you.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

(Pauses. Looks at his cards.)

Why don't you go home? Sydney, isn't it?

OLGA

Yes. It is.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Children?

OLGA

Five. No. Four. Five.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Go to them. You have done enough. Raise you again.

OLGA

Enough? What do you tell me of enough?

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

It's enough when you save one, but you have saved a lot of people.

OLGA

I have lost more.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Are we going to have to go into arithmetic? Do you think what you do is about numbers? Okay. Call.

(Olga lays out her cards.)

A straight flush. How the hell..

OLGA

I'll tell you what it's about. It's about running away.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Hell, woman. You don't run away from anybody.

OLGA

I am running all the time. I ran from my children because I thought I could hurt them. When a woman gets to that, she fails. How's that for cowardice.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

That sounds awfully like bravery to me.

OLGA

Bravery.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

A coward would have stayed. A coward would have risked them.
You chose to leave so that they would be safe.

OLGA

I am a coward, my friend. I should have stayed and fought. I
should have fought myself. I should have fought and won. For
my babies.

2nd AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Olga? Olga Stam? Is that Olga Stam?

OLGA

Who are you? How do you know me?

2nd AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Boys. Olga Stam is here.

3rd AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Olga? The girl of my dreams? Here?

OLGA

I don't..

3rd AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

You rescued me from that house in Piraeus. Remember? The
friggin' SS were everywhere, and you dressed me up as a Greek.
Could you imagine? Me as a grocer's wife?

2nd AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

And you waited with me all night in a sheep shed near Lamia.
Remember? Errol.

OLGA

Errol?

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Tony. Come here it's Olga.

4th AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Olga? I heard they caught you.

OLGA

They did their best. But I got out.

4th AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

You and Lela hid me for a month. I fell in love with you remember? You told me not to be an arse.

OLGA

Ofcourse I did. I'm married. You arse.

(Laughter.)

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

So you see. You have done so many good deeds, you have forgotten them. You've done enough.

OLGA

(To audience.)

A few kind words that change a life. I would go back to Athens with him, finish my work with the Bouboulina cell. And I would go back to my family. The joy of that last trip back to Athens. We passed two German patrols and fooled them by dressing as fishermen. It was passing the Cyclops, who I feared no more. Those Sirens, who could tempt no more. The gods who tried to steer me with ill winds. I would not be moved. There was one wind for me, and that was the wind that would take me home.

(Fade to black.)

ACT 2

SCENE 6

(Olga enters Lela's apartment in Greece after the return from Cairo. Stavros enters after her.)

OLGA

(Speaks as she changes her naval clothes into a dress.)

Thank you, Stavros. Could you arrange a meeting with Lela? She's in Volos tonight. I need to tell her something important.

STAVROS

About what?

OLGA

All right my friend. I am leaving the movement. I'm going home to my family. I am taking two pilots to Cairo tomorrow morning, and I will not be returning. I'm going home.

STAVROS

Tomorrow. So soon.

OLGA

My time is done.

STAVROS

We will miss you. I will miss you. No-one can work a German officer like Olga Stam. We had times..

OLGA

Let's have a drink. To remember. Here's an Albanian wine I've had for a while. Let's open it. What the hell.

STAVROS

A drink. Yes. Albanians can't be bad at everything. Maybe this *(sips and spits it out)* is awful.

OLGA

No Albanian is going to ruin tonight. *(drinks)*. It really is bad.

STAVROS

If you are going tomorrow, I will need to pass the message to Lela tonight. She will need to reorganise next week's rota. I'm sure she'll be happy for you.

OLGA

Thank you, Stavros. My friend. Always.

STAVROS

Always. Andio.

(Olga goes to close the door after Stavros, sees two letters on the floor. Opens the first one. Nellie speaks to the audience, reciting what's in the first letter.)

NELLIE

Mum, we have just heard that you are alive. It was a surprise after all this time. We have a lot of news from here. Dad's writing to you, but I wanted to tell you first that I am married and I have a daughter. We named her Sofia, but everyone calls her Sylvia. To date it has been rather a struggle because my husband Steve has been in the army and doesn't see me very much, but we are getting onto our feet, with Dad's help. Your loving daughter, Nellie.

OLGA

My baby is a mother. I have a grandchild. Her name is Sylvia.
Thank you. Thank you, gods.

(Opens the second letter.)

It's the letter from Michael.

(Reads aloud.)

Olga. I have just found out that you are alive. A man came to
our shop. He was a pilot that you rescued..

BILL

(Knocks on the glass.)

Hello? Is anyone there. I'm looking for Nellie Stambolis.
Hello?

(Jean enters on the other side of the glass)

JEAN

Yes? Who is it?

BILL

My name is Sergeant Bill Luckett. I have a message for Nellie
Stambolis. Is this the right house?

JEAN

Yes, it is. It's late, and Nellie is in bed with her baby. Can
I pass on the message?

BILL

I'm supposed to give it to her directly. It's from her mother,
Olga.

JEAN

Oh, my God. Wait there. Nellie?

(Goes into the dark)

NELLIE'S VOICE

What is it Jean?

JEAN'S VOICE

A soldier is here with a message from your mother.

NELLIE'S VOICE

That can't be. She's dead.

JEAN'S VOICE

Come down and speak with him. He must've come a long way.

NELLIE'S VOICE

No Jean. I don't want to. I can't.

JEAN'S VOICE

I know love. But try. Please.

NELLIE'S VOICE

No.

(Jean returns to the shop.)

JEAN

I'm sorry. She doesn't want to see you.

BILL

But I promised Olga. I promised.

JEAN

I know. I'm sorry.

OLGA

(Reading on as Bill walks away.)

.. so you must understand. It was..

OLGA and MICHAEL VOICE

.. a shock to have this Bill come to the door after we hadn't heard..

MICHAEL VOICE

.. from you in so many years. Even the Australian government people said you must be dead. I must tell you now that two years ago I had you declared dead, and I married Jean. You must understand that the children needed a mother. A proper mother, made through church and priest. My wife Jean and I now have two children, little Jimmy and little John. I don't know what to do. The girls and Nicky have settled into their new lives. Jean has been very good for them.

(Fade to black.)

ACT 2

SCENE 7

ACTOR 1

For a lightning moment she wanted to cry out. To scream and wake her husband, the archons, the guards, the slaves. Her soul cried out for help, but her heart felt ashamed. (*The Odyssey, a Modern Sequel, Kazantzakis 4.1160*)

ACTOR 2

That was a strange thing, that soft sleep that shrouded me. How I wish chaste Artemis would give me a death so soft, and now. (*The Odyssey, Book XIII, 201*)

(Lights come up to show Olga with clipboard. She opens one of the crates and takes out a carton of cigarettes. German officer is looking through a box.)

GESTAPO OFFICER

Not this Turkish shit again.

OLGA

That's all we can get. You know that. What with the embargo by Britain and the Americans, this is it.

(German Officer hands Olga some notes.)

We are going to need more money than that. These cigarettes were hard to ship, just getting past your own German patrols was a miracle. Then the coffee, from South America. Preserves from Egypt. This wasn't just a grocery trip from the Plaka.

GESTAPO OFFICER

You talk to me like this? One snap of my fingers and you will be back in Averoff. No. One snap of my fingers and you will be dead.

OLGA

Then do it. But never again could you expect any kind of trade with my people. You will never smoke another cigarette in Greece and you will come out of this war with only your soldiers' savings. If you win the war that is.

(He takes out a pistol and points it at her. She reacts defiantly).

It is a pretty gun. It is a gun like that that will change a war. Shoot me then. Shoot me, or do business with me. On my side, we have the same argument. Most of us want to have nothing to do with you. So shoot me or take the goods.

(He moves offstage.)

I will let you know the place for next week's exchange. And remember the extra money for this week's lot.

LELA

(Watches as Olga counts boxes. Then Recites from The Odyssey, Book IX, 33)

"But never could she persuade the heart within me. So it is that nothing is so sweet in the end than country and parents ever, even when far away one lives in a fertile place, when it is in alien country, far from his parents."

STAVROS

She seems not to care if she dies or not, but she does her job, Lela.

LELA

She is broken.

STAVROS

We are all broken. She tries to redeem herself through too much work.

LELA

She has always done that.

(Olga leaves.)

STAVROS

What happened to her? She was going to leave.. and then she turns up at the next mission.

LELA

I don't know. She missed the boat to Cairo. She has never told anyone why. It's over anyhow.

STAVROS

How much time does she have?

LELA

Our informant says it could be days. Once you're on their list, you are gone. They know her house. They know the French car.

STAVROS

But she refuses to go underground.

LELA

As you say, she is not scared of death anymore.

STAVROS

Isn't that a perfect spy? Someone who is not scared of death but fights to avoid it.

LELA

If you're going to play the dance with death, you need firm steps.

*(Olga enters with gun raised as Stavros becomes a peasant.
Lela leaves.)*

OLGA

So what do you say to all this?

PEASANT

It is a mistake. I would never do that.

OLGA

These people say they saw you talking to the patrol.

PEASANT

They're lying. I didn't speak to anyone.

OLGA

And that right after you spoke to them, they turned around and went back to the village.

(Enter peasant woman.)

PEASANT WOMAN

And shot my husband. You liar.

PEASANT

This woman speaks in grief. She would blame anyone.

PEASANT WOMAN

Just shoot him, damn you. You know he is guilty.

OLGA

Yes. He is guilty.

PEASANT WOMAN

Then shoot him.

(Olga points the gun.)

Shoot him. What's the matter with you?

OLGA

I can't do it.

(Peasant woman takes the gun from Olga and shoots the peasant.)

OLGA

(To audience.)

Right from the start, I could do the fight. It was as if all my life had been training for it. I thought I was fighting the battle here for my family. But they never knew.

(As she speaks the following, actors 2 and 3 play out her words.)

In my eye Michael was battering his pieces of fish, and the girls were wrapping them. In my eye he was telling them that the Olga Stambolis.. the one who put them in the truck that night.. went to Greece to fight in the war and is coming back brand new and brave and better and healed. I can't hate him. I can't even hate her. In my head he told me to go. But he never told me to go.

(Anna Enters. As a ghost)

ANNA

I'm sorry sister.

OLGA

Sorry for what? My marriage? Not your fault my dear. Sorry for the Germans sticking me in a hole for six months? It wasn't your fault.

ANNA

Maybe it was.

OLGA

Anna. Was it you?

ANNA

I'm sorry. I can never tell you. I have gone.

OLGA

Then why do you apologise?

ANNA

You know. You have always known. Christopher.

OLGA

(Runs to her desk and shuffles through her diary pages.)

She told me. I remember that she told me. I don't remember what. Did I dare write it?

(Finds a page and reads. Throws it away and keeps looking.)

We forget. We have to forget.

(Finds another page and reads.)

Please no.

(To audience.)

My Christopher didn't die of colic or cholera or measles. I knew that. No baby dies of disease in a day. From strong as strong to blue and dead.

(Enter Lela.)

LELA

Tell me.

OLGA

Lela, have you lost a baby?

LELA

Yes.

OLGA

How my life would have been different if I had lied to Michael about it. Then I would just have had guilt. I could live with guilt.

LELA

Tell me.

OLGA

You will hate me.

LELA

I can't hate anymore.

OLGA

It comes down to a broken pair of slippers. I told you I first came back to Greece to find my mother in 1929. When I wanted to breathe with the woman who birthed me. When I had a good marriage and five healthy children. I didn't have to be there long to decide this woman, she could not be my mother.

(As Olga speaks, Mrs Mavromati's son enters and stands next to Lela. Lela slowly stands and becomes Mrs Mavromati. Olga)

She was not like me at all. I didn't like her. I didn't like her son. This was not my blood. This could not be my blood. So I went to her. I didn't want to, but I felt I had to say goodbye.

(Olga rises and faces the Mavromatis.)

MRS MAVROMATI

So you're leaving us?

MRS MAVROMATI'S SON

I told you she was just using us.

OLGA

I'm sorry. I need to get back to my other children.

(Olga looks down at the woman's feet.)

MRS MAVROMATI

We have given you hospitality.

MRS MAVROMATI'S SON

Our welcome.

MRS MAVROMATI

Our love.

MRS MAVROMATI'S SON

Our family.

MRS MAVROMATI

And you leave us like this. With nothing.

MRS MAVROMATI'S SON

I told you she was a bitch.

MRS MAVROMATI

Answer me girl. You can't leave without some kind of payment for all we've done for you.

OLGA

You have a birthmark on your foot.

MRS MAVROMATI

I see. You walk out on us to go back to your rich husband, and all you can do is criticise how we look.

(They freeze.)

OLGA

(To audience.)

I wasn't criticising her. That birthmark. I have one just like it. On the top right here. The same as hers. This woman who was not like me, nothing like me. She really was my mother after all.

MRS MAVROMATI

(Warmly.)

We are so pleased you decided to stay for a little while. When you do go back to Australia, your sister Anna will go with you.

(Olga hugs Mrs Mavromati, who doesn't respond.)

Don't be silly girl.

OLGA

(To audience.)

So I stayed. It was only going to be for a little while, but the steamship company wouldn't give me back my money. I found work as a governess for an ambassador. Nellie, I put in school but I couldn't take Christopher with me to the embassy. So every day I left him with my mother. I paid her good money, most of my wage, to look after him, and every night I would get him from her and take him to my apartment. Those were good days. Nellie, me and Christopher. We lived like this for a few

months while I saved drachma by drachma. Then one evening I came to pick up Christopher.

MRS MAVROMATI

He's disappeared.

OLGA

What? When? Where?

MRS MAVROMATI

This afternoon. He just wasn't here anymore. We looked but he was gone.

OLGA

No. No. Don't you tell me that. He is your grandson. You will find him with me.

(Olga grabs her arm. Mrs Mavromati's son enters.)

MRS MAVROMATI'S SON

What are you doing to my mother you bitch?

(Olga grabs him by the throat.)

OLGA

Find my son or I will tear the throat off your neck. Brother.

(Mrs Mavromati and her son pretend to be searching. They leave the stage. To audience.)

We searched. The dirt patch out the back. Under the house. The house next door. It was when I said I would get the police, that they told me. They had a 17-year-old girl. My half sister. A woman with a baby's brain. I had never seen her. They kept her locked away. My mother left her to play with Christopher that morning. She played at giving him food. She thought it was food, but it wasn't food. The poor girl didn't understand. She fed my beautiful Christopher parts from a sewing machine. They say knowing is a relief. They say it

helps you to understand. They lie. My mind's eye is always a picture of that moment. And I know Michael's life was always about that moment. I told him and I should have lied. I know now he didn't hate. He just had nothing left for me. We always saw Christopher in each other's eye. No marriage can be worth a damn after that. No, my baby didn't die of colic or cholera or measles. He died because of me.

(Lela returns.)

LELA

We all die.

OLGA

Lela, if I had gone home when I was supposed to..

LELA

He would still die.

(Lela leaves the stage.)

OLGA

If I hadn't needed to see my family, then we wouldn't be there, and he wouldn't have been with them. Lela?

(Enter Stavros.)

Stavros. I can't hear Lela.

STAVROS

Lela has been caught.

OLGA

(To audience.)

The Gestapo came for Lela at a hospital. She had been sick. But sick or not, she stood up to it. Never spoke a word. Not a word. For three days they tried. Then the most extraordinary thing. They gave up. Their great inquisitor.. the one with the tools.. nothing he did could open her mouth. They took her to

a little square in the south of Athens with some of the others. She died. I lived.

STAVROS

But you were still on the list.

OLGA

I was still on the list.

STAVROS

We will get you out. Through the south of France to England. The hun will be watching for this. You will probably die.

OLGA

(To audience.)

I lived. All those brave men and women got me to England, hiding me and shuffling me like I used to do with the pilots we rescued. I came back to Greece just in time to see the Nazis thrown out. You would think life after war would be a celebration. There were celebrations, but not for long. The legacy of war was a civil war between the resistance groups.. communists trying to save Greeks by murdering them. The British sided with the Royalists. British snipers were on the Acropolis trying to pick out anyone with a red scarf in Monastiraki below. No good could ever come of it. None did. I worked for the Americans, who were trying to sort things out. Six years I stayed. I let Jean be the wife to my husband and the mother for my girls. And then in 1951, Nellie wrote to me.

OLGA & NELLIE

Mother, I sincerely hope..

NELLIE

..that the war years have not treated you too harshly. I also hope it has not made you bitter towards Dad, for you of course remember you went away because you wanted to. I can only hope that there will be no unpleasantness when you meet up with Dad again, for it will only be natural for us to side with the one that reared us. My husband and children, Sylvia and Sotiras send lots of love and kisses. Your loving daughter Nellie.

OLGA

It was hardly an invitation. But it was enough. I went home. The boat to Perth, then the aeroplane to Sydney. Would they hate me? Would Michael hate me after 16 years? I was never to know. They wired me on the boat to tell me Michael had died. A heart attack. When the aeroplane landed in Sydney, I was the last one in my seat. The hostess sat down next to me. Hostesses were older back then. They had seen war and depression. They knew faces. They will love you, she said. She knew nothing of my family or of me, and knew everything. It won't be easy, she said, but they will love you. She didn't know of Christopher or Michael or Nellie or of the many men I had killed. She took my hand and led me to the stairs, and there they were behind the barrier. Nellie and Freda and Tina and Nicky, and so many of their children, smiling and waving. Lives that have come down from Michael and me. Yes, everyone smiling. Except Nellie. She just stared. Searching my face. For regret maybe. The others swarmed around me while the men, the husbands I had never seen before fussed about getting my luggage. The littlest children hid behind their mothers' skirts. Their love would come later. I had already started loving them. We went to Freda's house and sat in a giant circle in the lounge room. There were too many questions for them to ask, and they didn't ask any of them. They talked of little things that meant nothing to either of us. The men brought out bottles of beer and jokes, and Nellie still just stared. It was a strange stare. It said nothing of hate or love or pain. It was just a stare. After a little while the men and children went out the back yard to play cricket. Freda and Tina went to make sandwiches. Nellie stayed in the lounge room with me. After a while she spoke the first words she had given me in sixteen years.

NELLIE

Mum. Would you like to have a cup of tea with me?

OLGA

Yes, my darling. I would love to have a cup of tea with you.

(Fade to black.)

ENDS

Links to the visual recordings of scenes from the workshop.

This three-day workshop in January 2019 culminated in a recording of the play in the Studio A at RMIT in Swanston St, Melbourne.

It was directed by Gary Young (Andrew Lloyd Webber Award recipient for his musical *Jekyll*, and inaugural Pratt Prize winner for *Sideshow Alley*).

Olga Stambolis was played by Jackie Rees (Helpmann Award nominee for her role of Madame Giry in *Phantom of the Opera*). The remaining thirty-four characters were divided between Hannah Fredericksen (Sydney Theatre Award nominee for her performance as Sandra Dee in *Dreamlover*) and Stephen Mahy (who played Danny in the Asian and Australian tours of *Grease*).

The following scenes have been taken from the workshop recording. It should be noted that because of the pace of the workshop and the short time allowed in a three-day workshop, not all scenes from the play were recorded. Below is a list of excerpts recorded in the last two days of the workshop, along with closed YouTube links to those scenes:

Finding her mother: <https://youtu.be/-WqKYIs87F8>

In this excerpt from the 2019 workshop Olga (Jackie Rees) finds her birth mother (Hannah Fredericksen) and brother (Stephen Mahy), only to discover they are less interested in her than in her perceived wealth. (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Phil Kafcaloudes)

Recruitment scene: <https://youtu.be/AGMyFPzi7fE>

In this scene in the workshop in January 2019, Olga (Jackie Rees) is being recruited to the Greek resistance by Lela Carayannis (Hannah Fredericksen) (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Phil Kafcaloudes).

Operative training scene: <https://youtu.be/RfviYgyoH2E>

In this excerpt from the 2019 workshop Olga (Jackie Rees) begins training as an operative (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Phil Kafcaloudes).

Interrogation Scene: <https://youtu.be/prw1KTCT0qM>

In this excerpt, Olga (Jackie Rees) is interrogated by two SS officers (Hannah Fredericksen & Stephen Mahy). Olga's understanding of German leads her to outwit them.. and save her life. This is part of the recording of the workshop of Lady of Arrows, which took place in January 2019 at the studios of RMIT in Melbourne. (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Dan Mavric).

Going to jail: <https://youtu.be/FAICI-RO2uk>

In this first scene from Act 2, Olga (Jackie Rees) is starting her six months in Averoff prison in North Athens. This is part of the Lady of Arrows workshop as recorded at the RMIT studios in January 2019 (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Dan Mavric).

Crying in Averoff: <https://youtu.be/t3i2vcCjwv>

In this scene from the Lady of Arrows, Olga (Jackie Rees) laments the passing off time in prison. This scene was part of a workshop recorded at the RMIT studios in January 2019. (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Dan Mavric).

Maria Dakis: <https://youtu.be/9vVN7Dpsvyc>

In this scene from Lady of Arrows, prisoner Maria Dakis (Hannah Fredericksen) believes she is about to be released. But it is not to be. This excerpt is from the play's workshop as recorded at the RMIT studios in January 2019. (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Dan Mavric).

Release from Averoff: <https://youtu.be/8-yiDrIEySE>

In this scene from Lady of Arrows, Olga (Jackie Rees) is released from Averoff prison, but in many ways life on the outside is not what she expects. This excerpt is from the play's workshop as recorded at the RMIT studios in January 2019. (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Dan Mavric).

Nightclub Scene: <https://youtu.be/1uilCQBPwTc>

In this scene Olga (Jackie Rees) goes to a nightclub with a German officer (Stephen Mahy) in order to gain information on German operations. (Director Gary Young; edited by Phil Kafcalouides).

Black market scene: https://youtu.be/7aJYG_VWA0U

In this excerpt, Olga (Jackie Rees) does a black market trade with a German officer (Stephen Mahy) and it brings her to the muzzle of a gun. This is part of the recording of the workshop of Lady of Arrows, which took place in January 2019 at the studios of RMIT in Melbourne. (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Dan Mavric).

Cairo card-playing scene: <https://youtu.be/d3TUrzWgny4>

In this excerpt from Lady of Arrows, Olga (Jackie Rees) is in Cairo, having just completed a rescue mission. She is playing cards with an Australian soldier (Stephen Mahy) who convinces her it is time to go home. This is part of the recording of the workshop of Lady of Arrows, which took place in January 2019 at the studios of RMIT in Melbourne. (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Dan Mavric).

Letters from home: <https://youtu.be/tbyysw1rk5c>

In this excerpt, Olga (Jackie Rees) received two letters from home. One brings joy; the other brings something quite different, and would change the next fifteen years of her life. This second letter leads her to decide to stay in Greece rather than return home. This is part of the recording of the workshop of Lady of Arrows, which took place in January 2019 at the studios of RMIT in Melbourne. (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Dan Mavric).

Olga Stays: <https://youtu.be/pplOWwARu3M>

In this short scene, two of Olga's resistance comrades (Hannah Fredericksen & Stephen Mahy) show their surprise at Olga's decision to stay with in Greece rather than go home to Australia. This is part of the recording of the workshop of Lady of Arrows, which took place

in January 2019 at the studios of RMIT in Melbourne. (Directed by Gary Young; edited by Dan Mavric).

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The following workshop excerpts have already been referenced in the exegesis:

<https://youtu.be/JWS7JNEdwcg>

Director Gary Young discusses how to open the play on the first day of the January 2019 workshop for Lady of Arrows. This discussion takes place at the first reading of the play in the RMIT studios in Swanston St, Melbourne. This is discussed on page 116 of the exegesis.

<https://youtu.be/1ZcVTK9h6qQ>

This excerpt is from the first day of the 2019 workshop. The actors are doing a round-table read of the script. Olga (Jackie Rees) recounts her first kill with her comrade Stavros (Stephen Mahy). The scene is discussed on page 116 of the exegesis.

<https://youtu.be/YLbv14YffBw>

In this excerpt from the 2019 workshop, the director Gary Young sets the first scene by blocking the actors into their first positions on the RMIT studio floor. This is discussed on page 117 of the exegesis.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=COSYU2qB6xA&feature=youtu.be>

This excerpt is an emotional peak in the play as Olga is harangued by her birth mother and brother. It demonstrates the Freeze technique discussed on page 128 of the exegesis.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rvFyt1k9AQ0&feature=youtu.be>

This scene demonstrated how the inventiveness of the actors and the direction could change the meaning of a scene. This is discussed on page 129 of the exegesis.

Appendix 9- Lady of Arrows 2017 rundown

(A = act; S = scene)

A1S1 Olga acknowledges package
Introduces Freda/Leo/George
1st mention of leaving in 1936
1st mention of growing up in Alexandria
1st mention of going on stage and maturing
Meets Michael Stambolis
Resistance/gunfire
Resistance letter.. Olga told to burn it
Family doesn't know if she was alive
Nicky's deafness
Inference of Christopher's death [1]

A1S2 As little girl in Greek palace
Foundling/Mother Hadjidaki
Letter from Anna

A1S3 In Athens with Nellie/Christopher
Meets Anna's family
Inference of Christopher's death [2]

A1S4 The package reintroduced
The letter with the package is read
Stavros introduced
Inference of Christopher's death [3]
MS blames Olga. Marriage collapses
Jean Michael's lover
British military discuss her recruitment
German atrocities/Greeks resist
SOE training pitchfork
British military discuss her leader potential
Olga rescues Bill
Olga kills first German
British military discuss her nerve
Gestapo on bus
Olga witnesses mass execution
Freda asks what Olga did in war

Olga guilt at not coming back
Olga arrested

A2S1 Opens with Olga in Averoff
Olga remembers interrogation
Olga put into her cell/prison life

A2S2 Nellie's letter 1
Olga ponders motherhood/ remembers Mother Hadjidaki
Nikotsara's death revealed
Olga dresses to meet German officer
Nightclub scene

A2S3 Olga thinks she's being released
Olga freed
Greek famine

A2S4 Greek woman discuss Olga [1]
Olga returns home
How Olga got the house
Nellie's Letter 2
Olga barter for resistance
Olga collapses over family
How Christopher died
Olga on list
Nellie's gracious letter arrives
Olga goes back to Australia in 1952

Appendix 10 – Lady or Arrows April 2018 Rundown

(changes from the 2017 script in italic)

A1S1 *Olga 1960 Intros Freda/Leo/George*

1st mention of killing people in war
1st mention of growing up (in Alex & going on stage)
2nd mention of growing up (Meets MS and marries)
Resistance/gunfire
Ultimo homework/shop failing
Resistance diary.. Olga told to burn it
Family didn't know if she was alive
[Nicky's character removed from the scene]
[Resistance: working with Lela moved to later]
Inference of Christopher's death 1

A1S2 *The letter 1st part is read*

Stavros introduced
As little girl in Greek palace
Foundling/Mother Hadjidaki
Letter from Anna
Michael lets her go
In Athens with Nellie/Christopher
Meets Anna's family
Inference of Christopher's death [2]

A1S3 *Scenes 3 & 4 merged*

Opens with Inference of Christopher's death [3]
Michael blames Olga. Marriage collapses
[Jean is Michael's lover is moved to Act 2]
British military discuss her recruitment
German atrocities/Greeks resist
Special Operations training pitchfork
British military discuss her leader potential
Olga Rescues Bill
Olga kills first German
British military discuss her nerve
Gestapo on bus
Olga witnesses mass execution
Freda asks what O did in war

Olga guilt at not coming back
Darwin bombed
Olga arrested

A2S1 Opens with Olga in Averoff
Olga remembers interrogation
Olga put into her cell/prison life

A2S2 Nellie's letter [1]
Olga ponders motherhood/remembers Mother Hadjidaki
Nikotsara's death
Olga dresses to meet German officer
Nightclub scene


A2S3 Olga thinks she's being released
The prison well
Maria taken for execution
Jailer propositions her
Olga freed
Greek famine

A2S4 Greek women discuss Olga [1]
Olga returns to her Greek home
How Olga got the house
Nellie's Letter [2]
Olga decides to go home to Australia
Michael letter tells of British flyer & Jean
Olga decides to stay
Olga barter for resistance
Greek women discuss Olga [2]
How Christopher died
Olga on Gestapo list
Olga goes back to Australia in 1952
Olga reconciles with Nellie

Appendix 11 – Letter from Nicky Stambolis to Olga

[illegible]

Appendix 12 – U.S. Embassy Document




LEGATION OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ΠΡΕΣΒΕΙΑ ΤΩΝ ΗΜΕΡΩΝ ΗΟΛΙΤΕΙΩΝ
ΤΗΣ ΑΜΕΡΙΚΗΣ

Αθήναι, 6 Μαΐου, 1941.

ΒΕΒΑΙΩΣΙΣ

Ο κάτωθι υπογεγραμμένος Γουίλλιαμ Ν. Φρέιτς,
Γραμματέας της εν Αθήναις Αμερικανικής Πρεσβείας,
βεβαιώνει ότι ο οικιστής μου Όλγα Μαυρομάτη είναι
έξουσιοδοτημένη όπως προβάλει εις την αγοράν
τροφίμων καί άλλων προμηθειών δια τας ανάγκας
της επί της οδού Κέδρων 27 εν Ψυχικῷ οικίας μου.



WILLIAM N. FRALEIGH
Γραμματέας Πρεσβείας

Legation of the United States of America
Athens 6/5/1941

Certificate

The undersigned WILLIAM N. FRALEIGH secretary
of the U.S.A. Embassy in Athens hereby verify
that my housekeeper OLGA MAVROMATI is
authorized to purchase food and other sup-
plies needed for the my residence at No
27 KEDRON ST. PSYCHIKO.

William N. Fraleigh
secretary
U.S. Embassy

Appendix 13 – Oral History Notes

(this is a sample page of many pages of notes taken over several sessions)

OLGA - WAR DURING WAR ALL DIPLOMATS GOT OUT OF COUNTRY + LEFT HER EVERYTHING. NOT LONG AFTER SHE WAS JAILED. OLGA ALWAYS SAID HER SISTER ANNA PUT HER INTO THE AUTHORITIES. ANNA THOUGHT OLGA WAS MARRIED TO RICK CREEK - AMERICAN. WOMAN WAS WALKING DOWN STREET ^{ATHENS} GIRL WAS DRESSED IN LOVELY CLOTHES. GIRL SAID ~~MR~~ MAX MADJITAKIS' DAUGHTER WAS SENT THEM FROM AUST.

^{WELL} ~~NEED~~ KEPT IN OVEN CHEST OF DRAWERS TOP DRAWER. BORN 2 1/2 PDS. ONLY ONE BORN IN HOSP

FREDA BORN IN A STORM, BOTTLE OF MILK ON COUNTER, BABY IN ONE ARM + WRAPPED FISH + CHIPS [600 HARRIS ST] FISH SHOP WAS OPEN TILL MIDNITE - SO TO CATCH AFTER MOVIE CROWD.

WELL WAS TREATED LIKE EGGS. WELL USED TO READ + EAT GRAMMY SMITH APPLE WHILE OTHERS PEELING POTATOES + CALLED 'WELLIE - THERE'S A CUSTOMER'

156 HARRIS ST. WHEN WENT TO DARWIN. LEFT SHOP - SOLD FOR 50 PDS / FURNITURE / UPRIGHT RAND. [FREDA TOLD MS TINA WASN'T HEARING MUSIC - JUST PLAYING TO RADIO]

TINA 16TH B'DAY - MS INVITED AMERICANS

FREDA GAVE 45 PDS FROM 3 SMALL ROCKS + MONEY AT MORRIS - MS BOUGHT SANDWICH SHOP + FRUIT SHOP NEXT DOOR. YANKS ASKED FREDA FOR HAM - FREDA SAID "WHAT'S HAM".

OLGA WANT TO SURE TO FIND HER FAMILY. MS + OLGA FOUGHT ABOUT HER GOING. OLGA WANTED TO TAKE ALL KIDS. FREDA DIDN'T WANT TO GO. OLGA SLAPPED FREDA [ONLY TIME MS EVER HIT FREDA. FREDA SAID WELL "COULDN'T COOK CABBAGE". FREDA WANTED TO STAY W/ DAD. WASN'T AS CLOSE TO MUM. OLGA WAS VERY STRICT. IF THE KIDS SWUNG THEIR LEGS UNDER THE TABLE - OLGA WOULD GIVE CLOSE-EYED STARE.

TANTRUMS FREDA USED TO CRY + SCREAM / TINA WOULD HIT NEAR AGAINST WALL UNTIL DAD WOULD APOLOGISE [BGA]

MS TO KILL WHEN TEEN'S MS CAME INTO SHOP WITH A GUN + 5 BULLETS. SEEN SAYING MS WILL KILL EVERYONE.

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Glossary

Andarte - Resistance fighter in Greece in WWII. They may have been Greek, British, Australian, New Zealander or any nationality fighting the axis powers. There were both male and female andartes.

Blocking - The positioning of the actors and props in places on the stage space.

Bouboulina - The Greek resistance organisation set up to help allied servicemen to escape from the Axis-occupied Greece in WWII.

Coryphaeus - The leader of the chorus in ancient Greek drama.

Cyclops – The one-eyed son of Poseidon named Polyphemos who kills Odysseus' men and is eventually outwitted by Odysseus.

Dactylic Hexameter - A form of rhythmic structure in verse writing used by many ancient Greek poets.

Downstage - Towards the front of the stage, closest to the audience.

Dramaturg - a consultant who checks the acting performance in a play to ensure it is correct for the era and place in which it is set. It may involve the authenticity of accents, movement & dance. The dramaturg may also work with the playwright to ensure the language is appropriate for the time.

DSE – The Communist-backed Democratic Army of Greece which fought the royalists in the Greek civil war between 1946 and 1949.

EAM - National Liberation Front. The communist-inspired Greek resistance movement formed to fight the axis powers in occupied Greece in WWII. Formed September 1941.

ELAS - National Popular Liberation Army. The military arm of EAM. Formed December 1942.

EDES - Greek Democratic National Army. The rightist Greek resistance movement formed to fight the axis powers in occupied Greece in WWII.

Lady of Arrows - The play about Olga Stambolis. It is the adaptation of *Someone Else's War*. It was workshopped in Melbourne in January 2019.

Lela Carayannis – The founder of the Athens-based *Bouboulina* resistance cell in WWII.

Locked-off – When a camera is set for depth of field, angle and focus. The camera is locked to these settings and, apart from minor adjustments, is generally not touched until the recording is completed.

Metis - Deep thinking. From the Greek Goddess Metis, the Goddess of Wisdom.

Nikotsara - A female resistance fighter and spy for the British in Greece who is captured by the occupying Italians in January 1942 and executed.

Nostos - Ancient Greek drama theme involving a warrior returning home, often by sea.

Off-book - This is where in a workshop or early rehearsal, actors say their lines from memory. They no longer use a script to recite.

Olga Stambolis – Phil Kafcaloudes’ maternal grandmother. The protagonist in *Lady of Arrows* and the central character in the novel *Someone Else’s War*.

On-book - This is where in a workshop or early rehearsal, actors read their lines from the script, rather than having memorised them.

Polyphemos - The one-eyed Cyclops, a son of Poseidon, who kills Odysseus’ men and is eventually outwitted by Odysseus.

Protagonist – the main character in a play or screenplay. The term originated with ancient Greek poet Thespis who had one of the Greek chorus become a central focus.

Rebetika - A form of Greek folk music, especially popular in northern Greece in the early part of the twentieth century.

SOE – The Special Operations Executive. A British government espionage, reconnaissance and sabotage organisation put together to fight the axis powers in WWII. Formed in July 1940. Dissolved in January 1946.

Someone Else’s War - A novel by Phil Kafcaloudes that tells the story of Olga Stambolis. It is the source work for the writing of the play *Lady of Arrows*. The novel was published by SEW Books (Melbourne) in 2011, and in Greek by Psychogios Publications (Athens) in 2012.

Theatre of the mind - where the writing creates vivid images in the mind of the audience.

Topos – A Greek word that means the ‘theme’ in literature.

Upstage - Towards the back of the stage, the part furthest away from the audience.

Wide shot – A camera positioned to capture most of the scene. It is the opposite of ‘close up.’ In the context of the *Lady of Arrows* workshop, it was the camera that captured most of the stage.

Workshop - A part of a play’s development process. The process starts with the play or musical being read, usually around a table in a theatre space. Elements of the play are then attempted, blocking the staging and trying out different permutations of entrances and exits.