

Mike Hoare – Script 1

They call me Mad Mike, my real name is Thomas Michael Hoare.
I am actually an ex-British military officer turned mercenary.

I spent most of my life in South Africa, where I enjoyed the privilege of being white during the Apartheid years.

My first time in Congo as a mercenary was during the Katanga war in 1961, where I fought against the United Nations to defend the interests of European mining companies.

I was then hired again in Congo for the war against the Simba rebels in 1964. I recruited dozens of mercenaries to form my unit 5 Commando; I was the commander of the unit.

I hired criminals, drunks, nazis, and sadists, and I paid them little to fight and kill in Congo.

Celebrations and glorifications of my actions are ridiculous.
There is nothing honorable in hiring delinquents and using them for war.

Behind the image I built for myself as a gentleman adventurer, the reality is that I was just a miserable puppet, carrying out the dirty work for men more powerful than me.

I have been accused of being a poor commander. It's true. It was all a performance, an act, to give the impression of leadership, but I was just in command of a bunch of white mercenaries who came to loot and kill in Africa.

We must not forget the tens of thousands of villagers killed by us, the white mercenaries, while claiming we were defending the christian European settlers.

My denial of massacres in Congo was pure western war propaganda.

I need to confess.

I'm responsible for the manslaughter and theft committed by my men. The killing and torture of prisoners, the indiscriminate shooting of civilians, and the looting from shops and homes. I'm guilty of the villages burned down, and all the violence my men committed on the villagers.

As their commander I must accept accountability for all the atrocities that took place. I should be judged as a war criminal, not a hero. If they took me to a trial I would have had to answer for the massacres, the lootings, and the rapes done by my men.

Yes, I became famous when we saved hundreds of white hostages from the Simba rebels in Stanleyville, but how many Blacks had been taken hostage and violated during the 80 long years of brutal Belgian colonial rule?

We didn't come to Congo to save hostages. We were in Congo to kill leftist rebels rising up in anger about the assassination of their first democratically elected leader.

And, don't forget we went to war for money.

How detestable am I?

I earned a living by defending colonial empires, with an army of hired criminals by my side.

Instead, I could have stood for human rights and honor, as a true gentleman ought to have done.

Alas, my soul is burdened with the weight of my deeds.