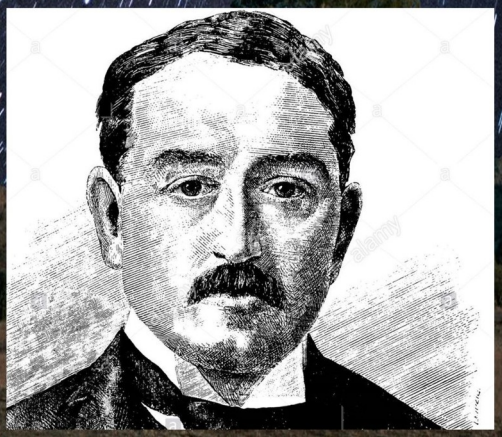
New Rhodesia

Philip Copeman



New Rhodesia

thenewnormal
fiction in series
on facebook

Philip Copemam

Contributors
Edit
Shirley van Straaten

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Act 1-The Raid is Born

The Difwerence Between Buggered and Fwucked.

I am over at Jameson's Tuesday night.

It is a splendid affair, we have the Proud Boys and the Stellenbosch Mafia over for dinner and drinks. What I liked about it is that it is mostly drinks. Beer to be precise. With the lockdown, quality Beer has become really cheap to acquire in The Cape. Jameson has some German mates over at The Newlands Brewery, that if you square with them, will serve up an unnumbered keg of Cape Town's finest fermentation.

At about 9:30 the limos start arriving to take the volk back to their plaase and by 10:15 we have pushed the Proud Boys out the door and they wander drunkenly down the streets of Gardens looking for a fight.

With only the usual suspects left, Jameson still has one last card to play. It will turn into a River. He pulls out a box of Cuban Cigars which he has traded from one of the doctors working on contract at Groote Schuur. Then, as we draw together, the inevitable question comes.

We have all seen the news. Zambia has defaulted on its interest repayments. This follows a year of slipping commitments by Mozambique. The Chinese are trying to place themselves ahead of the other post-colonial bondholders. South Africa is down to junk status and the vultures are circing above Azanian skies.

“JC, what are we going to do about Zambia?”



I just love it! Only when the shit hits the fan, only then, do they turn to me for advice. While it's all cranking along on Chinese carriages too big for narrow gauge and they have their snouts in the trough, no one wants to listen. Only when the slurping stops and the only sound that can be heard is the occasional bloated fart from one of the looters, only then do they want my advice. The use of my school nickname is an affectionate touch usually reserved for when they want me to buy a round.

There are moments when Africa demands that one puts aside petty differences and focuses on the issues at hand. And yes, I may not be the one that studied Cecil Rhodes the most, but I certainly seem to be a continent-wide expert on the lessons we have to learn from him. It may be nearly 2021, but we are looking at a very Rhodesian problem.

“What would Rhodes do?” says I.

They all lean forward into the boozy gloom. I hear the sound of the horses snorting outside to show they are still awake.

“With Zambia defaulting and the Imperialist debt collectors, overly inclined to step onto the back foot and play straight bat, this is the moment for a short ball with lots of colonial bounce. This is what we do...”

“So who is going to be the one to tell Xi to bugger off?”

We have moved onto Port.

Jameson, his shoes off, is standing over at his bar pouring another round. Down at the Waterfront, they call it a whore's drink, but

when it comes from The Doctor's private collection and is poured with surgical precision, The spirit of Adamastor rises like a Sea-God to greet the palate of the Cape's finest gentry. One dram leads to another and then another.

”The problem with you Jameson, is that you don't understand the difwerence between buggered and fwucked. Buggered you can fwix, fucked you can't” I roared back at him. The booze was starting to take hold, and slurring the edge of my Fs. It was that time of night. I backed into the kitchen and slopped down a litre of tap water. I could discern the dusty-iron taste of badly-filtered Cape Town. No drunk will ever be able to unite Africa.

Three minutes later I amback on the horse, ready for a cavalry charge.

”Look at what China really has – nothing,” I say, laying down my double-blind.

“What is a Zambian Bond worth? It’s worth the ability of the Zambian taxpayer to shell up a monthly tax divi. And the chance of that, my friends, is less than Innocent organizing a rights issue. Xi is getting flowers sent to him because he has fucked up in Zambia. There can never have been an intention to build a porductive resource in Zambia, the whole deal will simply be a chance to move money to a buddy – we should check the contract. No-one really lends money to Africa! That cash probably never even hit Zambia, but went straight into buying Chinese goods at inflated prices. These are worthless, manufactured, corrupt transactions. He knows it, I know it and soon you will all know it. Scratch his claim and you will see that it is dust. He can have a hissy fit, throw toys and even scorch the earth by supplying ISIS in Mozambique, but he can't make any money.”

We issue a Cape Bond, take the Zambian assets at a discount, and everyone is a winner. The difference between buggered and fucked is that with buggered you can still fix it, fucked you can't. We can turn fucked into buggered. Merriman, the Cape PM, will be a pushover. He is Bishops, and Bishops is always easy if you spare 5% of the deal. Leave him to me.

“What about the President's Swaar? He will never go for this. That blackguard wants it all for himself,” says Jameson, putting on his slippers to take us outside to watch the Leonid meteor showers.

“He is coming round for dinner with his brother-in-law on Thursday. Innocent is cooking Mopane worms and I am serving Vin de Constance. Good enough for Napoleon, it is good enough for the Vaalies. I will square with him then.”

“Square with him? How you going to do that?”

“Jameson, you concentrate on telling the difference between a frontal lobotomy and a lateral colonoscopy and leave squaring The President and his boet to me. I have been doing it for 10 years, I will manage this one.”

Why I even still have to repeat it, I just don't know. Everyone with a Grade 12 in maths knows I am the master at completing the square.

“What about the Zambian people?” one of the hangers-on asks. We are walking down the front stairs and I trip before I can answer. By the time I regain my footing it seemed pointless to state the obvious. If he had asked, “What about the people of the Cape?” I might have bothered.

There are four of us left. Our host Jamieson, Coloquon, Pickering, and yours truly. We have walked down onto the lawn, looking for darkness, and ended outside the Mount Nelson watching the Leonid meteor shower from pool chairs, now empty with Covid closures, the Old Lady an Oasis of daarkness in a floodlit Cape Town.

I remark that is it not ironic that we have spent a lifetime chasing wealth only to find the best things in life are free. They come at first in ones and twos, by twelve thirty the sky is a Chinese-fireworks of falling wishes.[1]

I believe it is an act of nature, or if I didn't know better, a divine intervention, that is helping us this night to hatch the plan.

A plan that will echo through history...



Meet Johnny C

Editor's Note :

Thenewnormal is set in the near future. It picks its ideas from facebook and web blogs. Contributions are most welcome as we try to expose and thwart the exploitations of our Heinous Hero. Readers get a chance to meet and interact with the Master of 'the Square'.

Many of the characters are composites taken from my experiences, but you should at all times bear in mind that this story is merely a figment of imagination and no slander on real people is inferred or implied. This is, after all, merely - African fiction.

A caution for sensitive readers - the fictional nature is not always obvious - at times reality bends just a little and thenewnormal emerges as a genre which preys apon the fake news and conspiracy theory industry. A worm hole to the nineteenth century history of South Africa.

Enough of the small talk. Without further ado, let me introduce you to our Protagonist – Johnny C.

Johnny Cecil Rhodes is the great nephew, twice removed, of the nineteenth century diamond magnate of similar name and Johnny is the sole trustee to the diamond fortunes. It is little known that he is one of the richest men in the world, even though he has never worked a day in his life. He lives with Innocent, his Zimbabwean chauffeur, at Genadendal. This arrangement comes courtesy of The Rhodes Trust[2] agreement that gave "usufruct" on the main house to South Africa's sitting Prime Minister, but reserved the cottage for Rhodes' sole

2 Rhodes talks about the Trust document, but this has never been seen by anyone other than the Trustees themselves.

trustee[3].

3 The President omits to acknowlege this gift. http://www.thepresidency.gov.za/content/genadendal

It has been said, by more than one, that Johnny runs the country from that cottage.

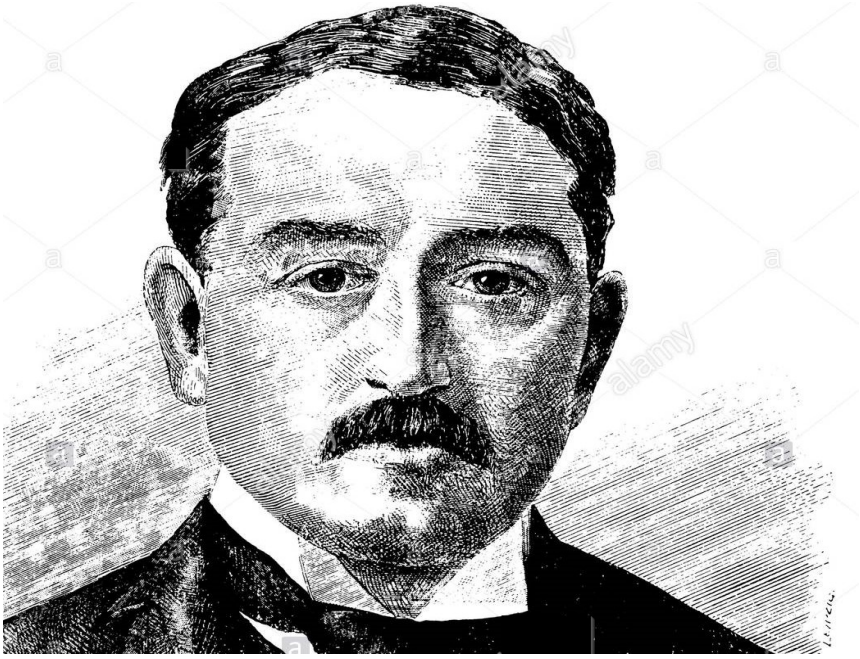
If you have met White Monopoly Capital, the Illuminati, the Masons, the Knights of St John, Wakanda, or The Bond Market then you have come across the dark underworld that stalks our Hero.

“JC” as he is called by his close friends, after the famous biblical charcter, is a opportunist investor and an ambitious political force. He is on first name terms with the rich-and-powerful. You can be sure that if there is a mainstream conspiracy theory, Johnny has already worked out how to cash in. He is one step ahead of the rest of us and always looking to make more.

Johnny C is everyone's favourite villain: outsider, narcissist, ambitious, ruthless, single, lascivious, bi-sexual, atheist, mysoginist, homophobic, anti-semitic and patronisingly racist. Everyone can love him, because like all thieves, Johnny C is charming.

Thenewnormal is Johnny's own media channel. It is a great irony that in these pages, his private interviews have been leaked by his own staff to the public. Without the immaculate journalism of the team at thenewnormal, the world might never have come to know the face of this pernicious villain and his ubiquitous exploits.

If you are still with me, turn the page...



It Won't Work Boss

“It won't work Boss.“

“I've told you not to call me Boss. What do you mean it won't work?”

Innocent was driving me home to Genadendal in The Car, but I could see his irritation. He wanted to get rid of me and get back on the street running his Car for his Club. He had spent the last six hours listening to Jameson and the Crew in a way that only a twenty-three-year-old can, believing as they do, that they know it all already.

“Its a win for everyone, even the Imperialists. We settle the creditors at a fixed amount, and introduce new unimpeded capital for the first time since,, erh … ever! We pay a universal income rant to all citizens and limit the elite to a set extraction then we set the businesses free. GDP doubles, tax doubles and even the elite score more than they do now, which has become sucking blood from a stone. We al make money and the best is mostly us.”

“Its not the elite that are going to stop you.”

“Why would they want to stop us if they are all better off? The fact that the Rhodesian score big time does not detract from what the others get. We all get more, the Rhodesians just a little bit more than the rest.”

“So inequality goes up?”

“Yes”

“Well that won't work.”

“So you are telling me that you would rather the poor were poorer just to stop the rich becoming richer?

“White men don't understand Africa.”

I could see he doesn't want me to press it further, he is concentrating on the curves through de Vaal Drive and we seemed swamped by drunks, revelers from the last Covid-Free night before lockdown. We change lanes into Philip Khosana Drive.

De Vaal Drive reminds me of a Rhodesian friend who, about five years ago calls me on my private line and announces that he is sending his eighteen-year-old son to come “intern” with me.

“Jesus Nige,” I protest. “What's he going to do? I am a one-man Business.”

"JC he is Peterhouse headboy, Rugby captain and opens the bowling. He took 5 for 29 for Zimabwe against the Windies under nineteens." I mean fuck of course every Zimbabwean in the top zero point zero one percent send he kid to Peterhouse. Its a haven for the elite.

"I am not really sure I can use a cricketer in the business..." I am seeing visions of Nigels brat smacking balls through the Presidents window

---

"He got six A's in the Cambrige exams and A-star, double A in Sixth form. Christ JC the boy is a genius, he even plays the Piano. He won the Zimbabwe Eistedford. . He can do anything."

"I dunno..." If I had dollar for everytime a Rhodesian has tried to use me a launch platform to leave the country I would have a mountain of money almost half as big as the Trust's funds.

“Listen Rhodes, you are 30 years old.” It was five years ago, I am 35 now. “You have never had any kids of your own. Time for you to grow a pair. I am sending him down.”

“Where is he and when does he get here?”

“Let me check.” I could hear him Nigeling away on another phone.

“OK, I got him - Campground Road. He is in an Uber going past Bishops School now. He should be at your place in about 10 minutes.”

Fuck! The fucking fuck! He played the marker. He has held that marker since the Bush War. What's a marker? If I have to explain to you what a marker is, then you are probably not part of the global elite that runs this planet. It will be of no use to you, just forget about it.

The fucking fuck! He never even earned the marker. He inherited it! His father was in the same RLI platoon as the Trustee and was involved in a fireforce out near Gwelo. He broke his ankle in the drop and Nigels father carried him five kms on his shoulders back

to the rendevous point.

The Trustee offered to pay him for his service, but he refused and laid a marker instead.

Now, forty years later he’s going to call it in and send me his Little-Lord-Fauntleroy and I am expected to get the Bush out of him. Have you ever tried to get the Bush out of a white African? It’s not possible. I can't believe it. A Rhodesian, a member of the richest Tribe in Africa (you did know that already, right?) calling me up and dumping his mewling kid on me. Not even offering to pick up the tab. Don't get me wrong; Rhodesians are great people, but the kids are spoiled brats. If you ever met a more entitled group, it has to be Rhodesian kids. Top of the heap is Peterhouse. They make Bishops look egalitarian. These are kids who won the lottery of life. White Princes of Wakanda. Masters of all they see around them.

Ten minutes later there is a knock. Two security guys are at the door.

“Show him in. He is with me,” I say, craning my head into the darkness, looking for Nige's pimply coward still sulking in the car.

“I'm Innocent,” says the one security guard as he steps forward. “Nigel sent me.”

“So why is it not going to work?” I am now getting out of the car and fumbling for my key to the cottage. Innocent steps forward and opens the door with his key.

“Because they are a conquered people.”

“What do you mean, a conquered people?” It is too late. He has turned and is nearly back in the Car. He is already heading back into the City. I call out, “Good night, Innocent!”

”Good night, Boss.”



History Echoes

Editors Note: For those of you teaching this novel to young minds or for examination purposes, here are our themes.

History Echoes

Honour

Poverty, Inequality and Racial Equity

Portentous Signs

History Echoes is the primary theme of this story. It deserves a round table discussion from the readers before proceeding.

We are looking down, deep as the Kimberley Hole we see – Nineteenth-Century Azanian history is written by British Journalists. They may be sympathetic to the pleas of the Colonials, but their true loyalty lies with the Crown. Africans are at worst spectators of history and best sticking pigs for cavalry practice.

By the time African historians discover that they do have a history, everything had become strictly black or white. They struggle to write or even discuss history without a cry for justice. Everything is United or City for them . They can't deal with the fact that the Premier League only started fifty years ago. History doesn't have a once upon a time or a fairy tale ending. That's why it's called history.

The fact of the matter is that the Colonials have always been a very small minority in Africa. They have ruled by division. They take all the credit for pushing the place int othe Industrial Revolution, but in fact, it is the African Masses that have picked most of the cotton. For the last two hundred years Southern Africa has seen a succession of African Civil Wars with The Colonials as promoters; referees, summary judges, and executioners.

Cecil John Rhodes was the master of divide-and-rule. He was the outsider and drove events only through influence. His masterstroke was to create The Trust Document. With this document, he was able to rule beyond the grave.

The Trust Document is a document that is passed from a single Trustee to single Trustee and is held at an unknown escrow location. Historians can only pick out traces of what must be the contents of the Trust Document by reading between the lines. So far my analysis leads me to conclude the main elements must be:

To act with the integrity of an English gentleman;

To promote the interests of the Rhodesian people;

Appoint a worthy successor who may not be a family relation;

To leave the Trust in a better state than it was received.

Using these principles, Rhodes seems to have achieved, his goal. Johnny C acts consistently with our analysis of the above. He is what one calls in Capitalism, the ideal Trustee.

Dear Reader do not be surprised when events in the Empire take a turn that suits the interests of The Trust. Use thenewnormal to your advantage. You have an inside track ob the near future, invest judiciously, and watch out for the portentous signs. Your future may depend on it. If you have a good idea and stick to it, things are sure to work out. It may sound like voices in your head, but what you can hear is the voice of Cecil Rhodes echoing over a century later.

History Echoes, echoes, echo...



"SCRAMBLING DOWN THE FACE CAME MORE AND MORE BABOONS"

The President Knocks

Dinner is 7:30 for 8:00. At 7:25 the President rings the bell of the cottage. The President has a reputation for being late for meetings. I haven't found that. With me he is always punctual.

The President does not come with his Swaar, but instead brings someone far more important.

Dear Reader, so far I have been as honest and transparent as I can, but what we talked about put a choke hold onto me and actually forced me to think - Can I actually share this?

Much of thenewnormal goes out in serial orm on facebook. What happens if the President (and more particularly his companion) opens up his computer this morning and reads this text on facebook – would he be prepared to continue with our plan – which relies on total surprise?

I have started talking to my biographer about this series. He is of the opinion that I will write myself into a trap.

“Johnny boy - politics and sex don't mix.”

He paused. “Well, they dooo … but it’s behind closed doors and is deeply associated with extreme risk.” Real politicians thrive on intense sex because every encounter, if discovered, may be the last.

Imagine the intensity.

You are on the office desk with a senior diplomat from a foreign country. At first it is only the creaking of teak. But it keeps getting noisier. She can barely speak English, but you’re both starting building up a sweat.

Your eyes start bulging and you wish this International détant could go on forever. You know women, and their ability to inevitably mess it all up. Worse: someone can walk in that door at any minute. In the middle of this you are thinking, this may be the last few seconds of time the two

of your countries ever come together. Eroticism is pre-built into the encounter.

“On facebook - you are doing what?”

He has got a point. Why are there no other serialised novels on facebook?

I live in a world where men think about sex every three minutes (unless they are not concentrating) and women ride giant winged bats that sweep over the land in broad daylight, preying on these fools. You can avoid some of them all of the time, and all of them some of the time, but you can't avoid all of them all of the time.

“They do it in Game of Thrones,” I retort, an avid viewer. “The women are central to it. One moment getting pushed up against the wall, the next cutting off some poor sod’s head.”

“Yeah but Johnny that’s different,” he replies. “You binge-watch a series in the comfort of your lounge. It’s subtle. The director has the time for foreplay. He pulls you in - real slow. First, a crack in the curtain; you lean in and before you can say, I-haven’t-seen-you-here-before, may-I-buy-you-a-drink, you are a voyeur. Then you reach out and touch one of the participants; she grabs your hand, and next moment you tumble into the scene and are right in the thick of it, ducking the dicks and sliding down the wet places - doing things to yourself that you wouldn't even do to an animal.

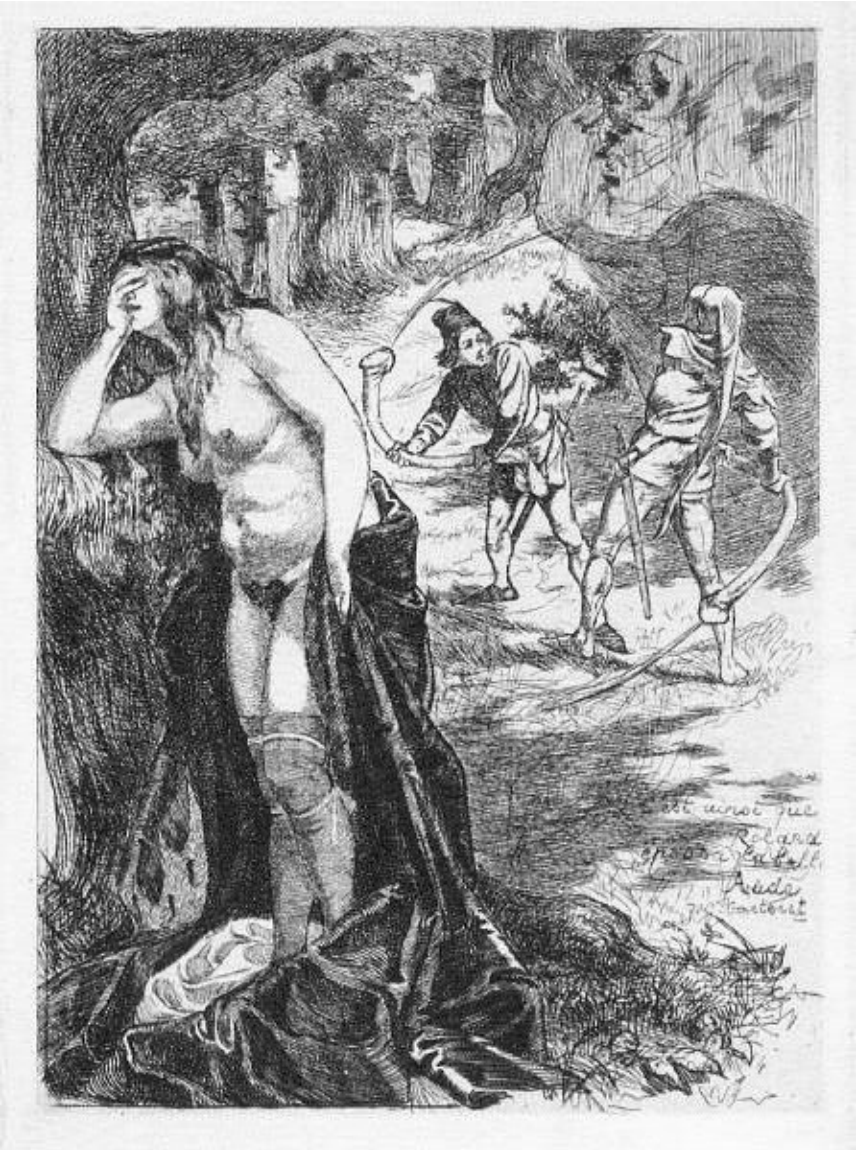
“Seriously, how you gonna do that on facebook? On facebook everyone is watching you. You will never pull them in past the curtain.”

He has got a point. These women have bats to ride.

I read a lot – about 4 to 5 hours a day. But the things that I am interested in: 19th century economic history, comparative theology, deep-learning algorithms, front-end flex systems, midi renditions of classical music. These topics are buried on page two of a Google search. I never stop at those big fiction books that are on the top ten front tables of bookshops. I always go straight to the sections at the back.

“See! That’s the problem. You can talk all day to the farts at the history club, but it’s a cockfest.” Biographers have a way with words.
“The ones we want, the sassy readers, are off reading about threesomes with pool cleaners in Dallas.”

Then he goes for the jugular. "They have so many options. If they are too lazy to read, they can watch topless cooking shows.



“Johnny boy, you have one of the most robust sex live I have ever encountered. I can tag along for one or two nights a year, but those are social occasions. Guys like me can't keep up. Without describing this side of you, you are an incomplete character. Superman without Lois.

You may as well go back to the obscurity of running the world. That's what really gets your rocks, isn't it?"

He has got a point. It didn't work for Trump.

But fuck - you should have seen the look on The Presidents' face, when Innocent served the third bottle of Vin de Constance and he finally grocked the plan.



Background Reading

Editor's Note: The period 1865 to 1902 was a tumultuous one in South African history. In this time colonialists took an iron grip on the county. To this day they have not released their clutches. If you have no interest in this period, then you will doubtless find Johnny C's exploits as interesting as watching a five-day test match without a sticky wicket to rest up on after stumps.

If you are feeling a little lost and want to catch up, or you think you might be entering the World of Wilbur Smith, here is a list of fiction and non-fiction to help you catch up.

I grew up on the Flashman books, written by George MacDonald Fraser. Flashman is the life and times of a cowardly villain that stalks the pages of the history of the British Empire. As a boy I was always disappointed that Flashman never came to South Africa. It would have been wonderful if South Africa's formation period had been dramatised.

Raymond Ackerman told me one evening, over a dinner too rich for my tastes, that you must never start a business when you can buy one. With that wisdom in mind, I approached the MacDonald family, shortly after the old man died, with the idea of continuing the Flashman series - like James Bond lived on after Ian Flemming. My goodness, the British can be entitled. You would have thought I had asked for a threesome with the widow and her 23-year-old granddaughter. The up-front guarantees, rent-seeking, contracts, and the posturing, all ending with: "We've got top men on it," led me to withdraw. It was shortly after the click of that last email that Flashman started dying and Johnny C was born.

It was a while later when, in a chance encounter in a game of golf, I came to have the four-hour-ear of a CEO who had recently resigned from managing a 10,000 worker company in China to return to Africa – get this – to go farming in Zambia! As he spoke to me, his kindness and love for Africa spilled over and, as my eyes filled with tears, I could see the newborn Infant Johnny C, entering the world – crying to be heard.

The Flashman Papers
Flashman ,Royal Flash
Flash at the Charge, Flashman's Lady
Flashman and the Great Game

If you want to put the women and children to bed and go looking for dinner, head into this pile of history books (mostly written by English Gentry) :

The Scramble for Africa, Thomas Peckenham
Cecil Rhodes - Howard Hensman
Kimberly Turbulent City - Brian Roberts
The Randlords. The men who made South Africa - Geoffrey Wheatcroft
Cecil Rhodes and the Cape Afrikaners. Mordechai Temarkin
Diamonds Gold War – Martin Meredith





Our Cell was Dank, Dark, and Deep

"Black Beach Prison - Our cell is dank, dark, and deep." I am telling Jameson about the time one of these raids went wrong. So wrong.

"I can barely make out the shadows of the other prisoners. In truth, it is hard to tell which of them are still alive.

I have been here for three days. It could be worse. You do get the basics. You are chained to the wall with enough slack to move like a baboon in a township circus exhibit. Long enough to reach the bowl that is dropped off daily, a soup with your portion of daily solids and liquids in one, and short enough that you can't see your neighbor. You are always hungry and always thirsty. Don't even think of getting a tooth ache. The best feature was the view. You can see the sea, down a tunnel about 30 meters away, a speck of light in an otherwise dark world.

Even before it happens, you can hear the chains of the prisoners rustling as they prepared themselves. Then even this becomes muffled as the sound of the first wave gets through the tunnel. This is the first, it wets your feet. They just keep coming. No kidding, by the height of it they are hitting you in the chest and bowling you over. Who says Africans can't build structural masterpieces? They built Zimbabwe, didn't they?

I have run the wave mechanics through a consulting engineer and he can't make sense of it either. We conclude that the tunnel is designed with an upward slope so that the water fed back down to the sea taking all the shit, and I mean literally, the shit, back out.

The architectural genius is that with eyes accustomed only to the dark, the tunnel appears uniform to the prisoner and the cell feels flat, In fact the tunnel into the cell narrows as it gets further from the sea. For three hours a day at high tide, the waves convulsed all the way up the chamber. That way all prisoners, get an equal dose of saltwater twice a day.



"Good God No", Jameson cries out. He is white as a sheet. We have driven our bikes up the top of Signal hill and are spending a few hours watching the tide come in. The drugs are starting to take hold.

"It gets worse Boss," I am sitting exhausted, my clothes wet but already hot. It is another eighteen hours to feeding and the mosquitos are back for sundowners. I can swear the voice from the nearby darkness is Innocent.

"I've told you not to call me Boss. What do you mean it gets worse?" I enquired not wanting to let the others know we were related.

"In the spring tide, the waves reach all the way to the back, right up to the roof. You are going to be fully underwater for a minute of each wave. You will live, just catch your breath and don't have coughing fit between the eleven-second gaps."

Great! You know the shit I have with my pulmonary system, a genetic defect inherited from the richest man in the world. What a way to go down, drowning in Malibu.

""When is the next Spring tide?" I whispered.

"Tonight"

Inside I am wishing I in England were as once I was. Outside I am babbling about how we just have to keep a stiff upper lip and I will have us both out of here faster than a whore collects her cash. When a voice booms out, "No talking", just to remind us we are being watched.

"No, No, No" says Jameson. He is frothing at the sides of his mouth, the way that only shroomers can.

"Don't be ridiculous old boy, I am just taking the piss out of you. That could never happen to us. I would never let you get into that. We will never be that close to the action. And if we were and something did go wrong, I would have you out of there in a jiffy. I would slip you out of there faster than a fried egg on teflon."

"No way one of us ends up like that," says I, wiping the white slime from the side of his mouth. "Here, spit into this bucket".

Editors note: Rhodes is indeed correct - an incident like this is not part of his world. The real Africa is a much harder place. This is in fact the story as told by Nick Du Toit, the unfortunate one to get caught target-side in a failed Coup in Equitorial Guinea in 2004. Nick found himself as a guest in the notorious Black Beach Prison.

A bunch of mercenaries led by Simon Mann had been destined to upset the Equitorial Guinea Dictatorship and impose a new President, one more amenable to more amenable oil deals. The wheels came off when Mann was detained in Harare and when the music stopped, du Toit was stuck without a chair in Malabo (not Malibu - very different place).

When Nick emerged a few years later in the Equitorial Court to accept his commutation of sentence, he thanked the Equitorial Government repeatedly for their generosity of spirit and forgiveness. As far as I

know the same cabal still runs Equitorial Guinea.[4]

It was rumoured in the Equitrial Guinea case that the financier behind it all was Mark Thatcher, who lived in Constantia at the time. Mark was charming fellow who played off a suspect eight handicap. He brought his mum round to the club one evening wher she charmed the pants of the members.

When the news of the Coup in Guinea broke, Mark disappeard out of Africa faster than a virgin at matric dance.

If you are looking for these kind of pulp fiction adventures stories, then thenewnormal may not be the place for you. African Colonialism is far more sophisticated in 2020. Johnny C is a city slicker.

If you can bear the slow pace, read on...



4Wikipedia Account of the Equatorial Guinea Coup https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2004_Equatorial_Guinea_coup_d%27%C3%A9tat_attempt

Rhodesians are a Marvelous Race.

"Rhodesians are a marvelous race", I insist.

We were sitting in a gay bar in Granger Bay sipping cocktails and Pickering is asking me why I do it.

"Why does the richest man in the world bother himself with African politics?"

"How many times do I have to tell you, I am not the richest man in the world."

"Yeah but you do have the most money out of all of them and you seem to be frittering it away on Southern Africa". Pickering was pressing me.

Ï may have the most money but it is all managed under Trust."
You have to hand it to Cecil, he was most deft at constructing financial architecture. He was the richest man in the world in 1890 he had already rewritten his will three times.[5] He had an obsession with Empire Building. What he designed was a trust document that would rule from beyond the grave for over 100 years and it is still going. His way of getting around "So little time – so much to do".

The value of De Beers was squandered in a few years and managed by managers until the funds ran out. Then that scoundrel, Oppenheimer pounced on the company and a few years later he had moved all control to his own family. The stipends that Rhodes gave his bother's children were soon frittered away as they didn't have a ball between them. The public will is kept and maintained by Oxford, where grubby academics paw over it each year trying in all ways possible to pry from it what they can.

The main capital – the liquid gold, the stock of hidden diamonds - was moved long before Rhode's last will and this is the secret trust that I manage today. A lot of people accuse me of being Rhodes reincarnated spirit, all nonsense of course, but I do stay strictly to his wishes. That is what a decent Trustee would do - right?

5Rhodes Will
https://www.rhodeshouse.ox.ac.uk/media/1141/willandcodicils.pdf

"Have you ever met a poor Rhodesian?

"No I haven't", Pickering conceded."

"Have you ever been cheated by a Rhodesian"

"Hell No, I been fucked by one, but never cheated."

"Have you ever met a Rhodette that you wouldn't like to bed within twenty minutes of her suggesting it."

"No, but I can say that of the guys."

"By George, I think you've got it. I think you've got it."

""You can always count on a Rhodesian"

"A more capital fellow you certainly never find"

"I thought you'd got it and indeed you have"

"Indeed I have," says Pickering.

"That's why I do it. "

"They are a marvelous race."

I am tired of the jibber-jabber. "I tell you what pisses me off about Cape Town - it is the segregation."

"What do you mean?"

"The Capetonians always hang around with their ilk." Here we are in a downtown bar and I am the only vegetable in a bowl of fruit. It's always like that in this city. If I go clubbing with Innocent, I need a Nigerian passport to get in. I go out with Hofmeyr and we always end up behind the boerewors curtain where the women drink brandy and coke and chitter to each other in their patois. At least they dig our accents.

"Can't we drink up and go looking for dinner?"

"Bullshit JC, you love it here. Any day now you are going to come bouncing out of that closet. Why can't you be more like Cecil, he got on famously with his Pickering. Left everything to him in his first will. Only changed it when the poor bugger died before him."

"No way Bru."

Pickering is my only gay friend. Sure I do business with the rest of them but hanging around with them south-side can be a drag. With my ass of cen ment, they are always hitting on me. Let's be clear about it. It is one thing when she looks up at you with her wide brown eyes, pops a charming smile and says "You are going to love this!" Outcomes her middle finger and two seconds later you are convulsing like a pig on the end of a cavalry lance. It is a whole different story if you are expected to climb down and start wrestling with the bald-headed champion.

Cecil might have liked to bat for the other team, but with me, it is strictly the ladies. Unless its an orgy or you are trying to get out of an African jail, then all bets are off.



Innocence To Innocent

"So what are we going to do to make some money today, Boy?" That's me quoting that scoundrel Oppenheimer. That is what he would say to the fast trackers at Anglo.

It was the morning after his surprise arrival. Innocent and I are sitting on the patio breakfasting, Sparks of light were bouncing off the mini waterfalls as they started down the mountain.

I usually get up at 5-30 am, hangover or not, and head into the Precinct Gym. There is always an interesting character or two in there ready to offer advice or ask for a loan. After that, I saunter into Rosebank to Roots Coffee Bar where I quaff two double Expresso Maciatos to start my day watch the UCT Ikies swish their little asses off to class and meet whoever shows up to exchange padded brown envelopes. Colquhoun is usually there to collect the remittances and do the accounting.

Then I head back to the Cottage and Evalina serves my favorite nourishment, three fried eggs on two slices of brown toast pasted with smashed avo, pepper, and lemon juice. The perfect counter for a drinking man's diet.

This morning Innocent iss waiting for me as I walked up the path through the Preside nts Gardens. The Clivias are in full Orange bloom, but I pilfered a stem of my favorite Leucadendron. They can last for weeks if you regularly change their water and don't drown them. The best feed is a mist to emulate Adamastor's smoking as it comes over Table Mountain.

"I thought I would become an Uber Driver."

If I had had a Trillion Zimbabwe Dollars for every time I have heard a Zimbo say that, I wouldn't need the Trust fund. "Son, no one makes money at Uber. Not even Uber." I spared him the whole market-share-first-use-the-drivers-as-microloans speech.

"If you have a passion for driving, let me at least help you get started. Have you finished eating? I splash down the last cup of Evalina's coffee and crammed down the third egg. I got up with my mouth full, wiped a smidge of the yellow that had dripped onto my chalk-white shirt, and motioned him to follow me to the garage. After Roots, Evalina's Coffee tastes like a whorehouse jacuzzi.

"Why the tinted windows?"

"I like getting my dick sucked on the way to the airport, what do you think they are for? Add that to your list of services and you will soon be earning more than the local Uber country manager. It commes equiped wiht its owndark web server, you will have to familiase yourself wiht the operating system. It allows any passener to send anonymous ocaion emails. There's a small fridge in the back, keep it stocked with refreshments."

"Stocked?"

"Yeah. Stocked with enough booze to slake a sailors thirst"

"So you want me to be a pimp?"

"Don't be ridiculous, when did you ever meet a rich pimp? It is just a side service so that your customers don't have to go to strange places," How bad is it getting in Harare, I was wondering? Perhaps Pimps are rich there?

"It gets better." This one I am really proud of. "The red button button next to the dip switch will push out a pop-up blue light and siren and you can plow your way through heavy traffic. This was a present from the President. You should have seen the face of the Special Branch guys when he asked them to install it for me. They are quite possessive about their blue lights and I guess they had never seen a Caucasian get one. "

And now for the coup de grace, I pulled out my cell phone, "I have an app here that looks like Donkey Kong. You tap the monkey on the head like this and ..."

Innocent's jaw dropped as the flat back of the rear boot, flipped up to reveal a hidden cabinet with a pair of AR-15 Semi-Automatic Rifles, six primed M-67 hand grenades, and enough cartridges to satisfy a mass shooter in a Miami gay club. Trump got it right when he said that America makes the best hardware. Best hardware folks.

"Wow!", his eyes are bulging. "What am I going to do with this?"
"This is Africa, you never know when you might run into a wounded buffalo."

"Isn't it illegal to drive around with this?"

"Sure but it is never going to be a problem. The casing is made of a custom steel alloy, forged into the shape of the production model. Then on top of that, it has a wave detector that will interfere with the incoming rays and return an altered image. This car could go through the X-ray at the Channel Ferry and they would not see it. If they did , it would take more than an Oxysetyline torch to open it. To be safe, always carry your driver's licence and enough cash to supplement a monthly police stipend. "

I hesitated to tell him the last bit but figured in for a penny in for a poke in a public piss pot. "I am going to truly pissed of you ever have to use this, but if the forces of darkness ever overwhelm us, there is detonator inside the case, wrapped in enough Semtex that with the Grenades, will blow the whole car and more sky-high. You get that by tapping the monkey twice on the chest and dragging him around the bananas. Please - never to be used. "

"Now that should earn you more than $100 tips for Uber Rides. Your only cost is that you have to do the occasional trips for me and pay me a rental fee of fifteen K by the sixth of each month. I will put that into a sinking fund and when the time comes you will have the cash saved for an upgrade."

"How do I find the customers?"

"In this business customers come from recommendations. Don't think of yourself as a Driver. Pitch yourself as a personal assistant, a private Cape Town Agent and watch out these guys will test you."

"What do you mean they will test me?"

"What they value the most is honesty and confidentiality. The typical probe is that he will leave a couple of hundred bucks or even an iPod on the back seat. Always call him and tell him he left the cash. Never take it for granted. Invariably he will spot it to you anyway and you will still get the cash but you will have gained the opportunity to display integrity. If he tells you confidential info, never repeat it - even to me. Especially to me, that is how he will test you."

"How will I know when info is a test."

"You won't it could be anything."

"OK, now get going?" I said tossing him the cell phone.

"But where do I find my first customer."

"Fuck kid, do I have to do everything?" I could see that I might have to. "There is a customer coming in for a Muslim prayer convention on the 11.30 from Harare, Pick him up at Cape Town International, his name is Omar da Santos."

"How will I recognize him?"

"Just stand at International arrivals with a white card marked. Dafney Khumalo and reject any woman coming up to you. Now you had better get going if you are going to be on time. Use the Blue Light sparingly"

If you are going to go into the assistance business you may as well start at the top. Omar iss a generous tipper unless of course, you cross him. He carries an Arabian hunting Knife with a ceremonial handle carved from the horn of a Black Rhino and he will gut you faster than Botha cuts through boerewors.

Nigel would be proud.

The tyke took to the business like a Jewish Intern at his uncle's Merchant Bank. Within days he was begging me to take him to the

shooting range. Security Branch has an underground sound-proof one in the Precinct, right below the Opposition chambers. Soon, well known Cape Town Brothels were calling me for a reference. Next, he was wearing Amani suits. Then I saw him practicing a Kata with a Japanese sword in the garden. I couldn't believe it when he paid me the first of the rentals on time. Lo, like a Venture Capitalist's miracle seed, I have never had to advance the kid ever again.

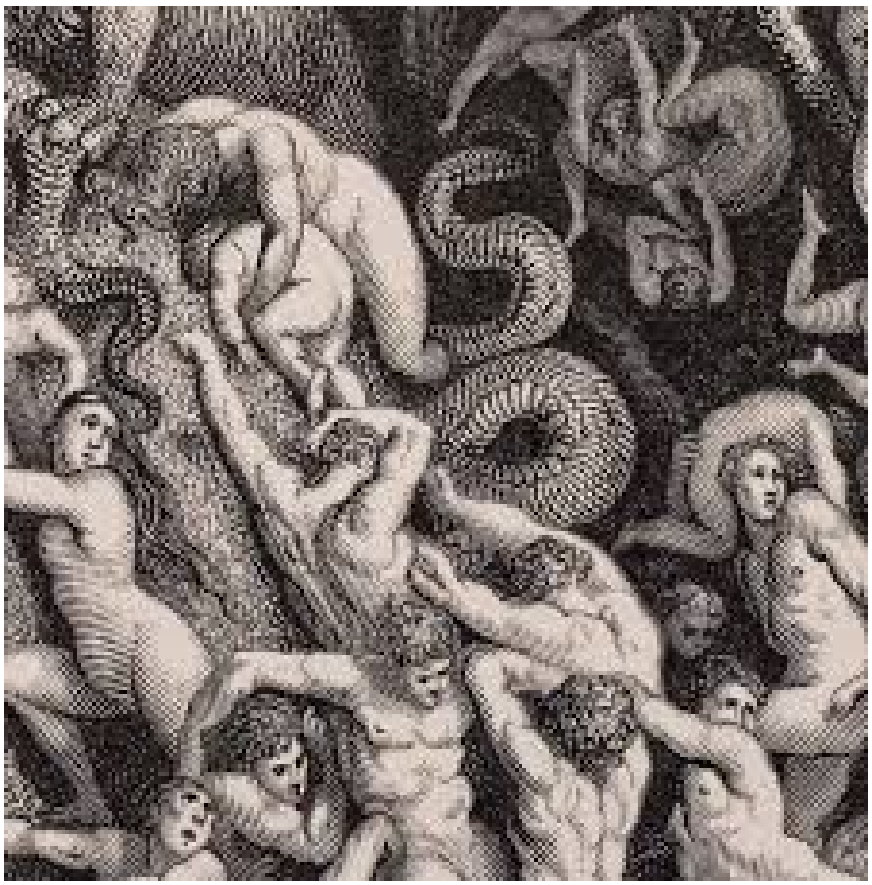
"I found this shirt in Master Innocent's bedroom Sir. It has blood on it". This was the only incident that broke an otherwise perfect opening record.

"Yes, Evalina that is my fault. I bought a chicken for supper last night. As I was cutting off its head, it slipped away and Master Innocent had to catch it for me. A headless chicken sure spurts a lot of blood. Please can you give it a rinse and then add to the pile of clothes going up for dry cleaning this morning?"

I called Innocent in and gave him a ticking off about his sloppiness and delivered my lecture about Ceasar and obeying the Law explicitly unless for the purpose of seizing political power.

He took it on the chin and kudos to him, it was a while before he made a silly mistake again. It wasn't more than three months when he walked in one morning with a brown shoebox, stashed with Three Bars, and announced that he was buying the car and thanked me for my investment. I was so touched with nachas I nearly forgot to point out to him that the Three Million was only for the car. He still owed me a monthly fee for the Donkey Kong cell phone app, which I personally developed, and that it was not for sale as it kept requiring updates. We settled that I would take the monthly fee out of the sinking fund and tell him if it ever needed topping up.

Nigel would be proud.



Africa is Filled With Blackguards

Africa is filled with blackguards, rogues, villains, hearts of darkness, and beasts of evil. Take for example Omar da Santos.

Omar da Santos - bills himself as a Swahili prince, but we all know that is bullshit. Swahili is a language, not a race. Da Santos is the mulato son of a half-caste Portuguese Catholic school teacher and an alchoholic Muslim militant. Omar is living proof that Africa is still a paradise of opportunity. No matter how low your beginnings, if you are willing to decapitate and butcher your way to the top, uncountable wealth awaits you.

Rhodes said it, "If you have a good idea and you will only stick to it. It will work out in the end".

I must caution you about Omar. Charming and soft-spoken he surely is. This is a fitting mask for one of the most dangerous men in Africa. Whatever religion he once had, has long since departed this world.

Slaving is in his blood.

Meet Bishu Mahlangu. He could be the Devils Banker. Instead he glides along on multiple payrolls, between Government Institutions and International Private Donors, riding a crusade for the poor as he stuffs himself and his cadres with the rich pickings of Colonial Capitalism. Don't be fooled by his jolly Teddy bear look, beneath that jocular smile is an unscrupulous accountant who will happily debit some unfortunate of his last bean and credit his own trust fund.

They are not all bad of course. There is Babanga Itumba, a Congolese refugee who now controls eighty-five percent of the Zambian Heroin trade, Babs is always there when you need him, a reliable fellow, word-is-my-bond-or- bop-Bob-Mugabe, a capital chap.

The Crew, Jameson and Pickering you have álready met, and Colquhoun, that Gaelic bastard who will nickel and dime every wretched new arrival in the colony. One of these days his team-budget approach is going to be our undoing. He is big on ideas, but none of his ideas will work because he doesn't have any fucking money.

Africa's women are brilliant. They are the jewels in the crown. Without them, money would be meaningless. Firstly they are a whole lot younger than the Carducci suited tramps you meet in Europe's wine bars. And it's a lot less spade work. African women didn't get to have an average age of nineteen, without some of them dallying at the water pump. With the old man usually gone off somewhere, the best is they are always so hospitable. Take Betty Mbanda, she may run the biggest brothel this side of Cape MacClear, but she is always there to make room for her long-standing customers.

Then there are the psychos, the ones that confirm my lifetime thesis that there is a strong positive correlation between vaginal contraction and mental psychosis - the madder the tighter. By that, I am talking about Magdalena Schreiner. Colored crazy. The Bat from Hell who shoots seventy-three with a velvet lined broomstick and a three iron wrapped in a velcro grip. Shit, she has racial daddy issues. She once cuffed me to the bed and demonstrated the pencil test – with a fucking cucumber!

Fiona Halstead is SRC President at Oxford. She is one of the perennial post grads in the City of Spires, who seem destined

never to leave. Fi has this develish urge to fuck in public and has sworn me to a pledge that if ever either of us calls it, the other must oblige in the act, no matter what the circumstances. It gets really wild.

There is Pat Mabere, the Joburg lawyer who likes to close all her deals with a happy ending.

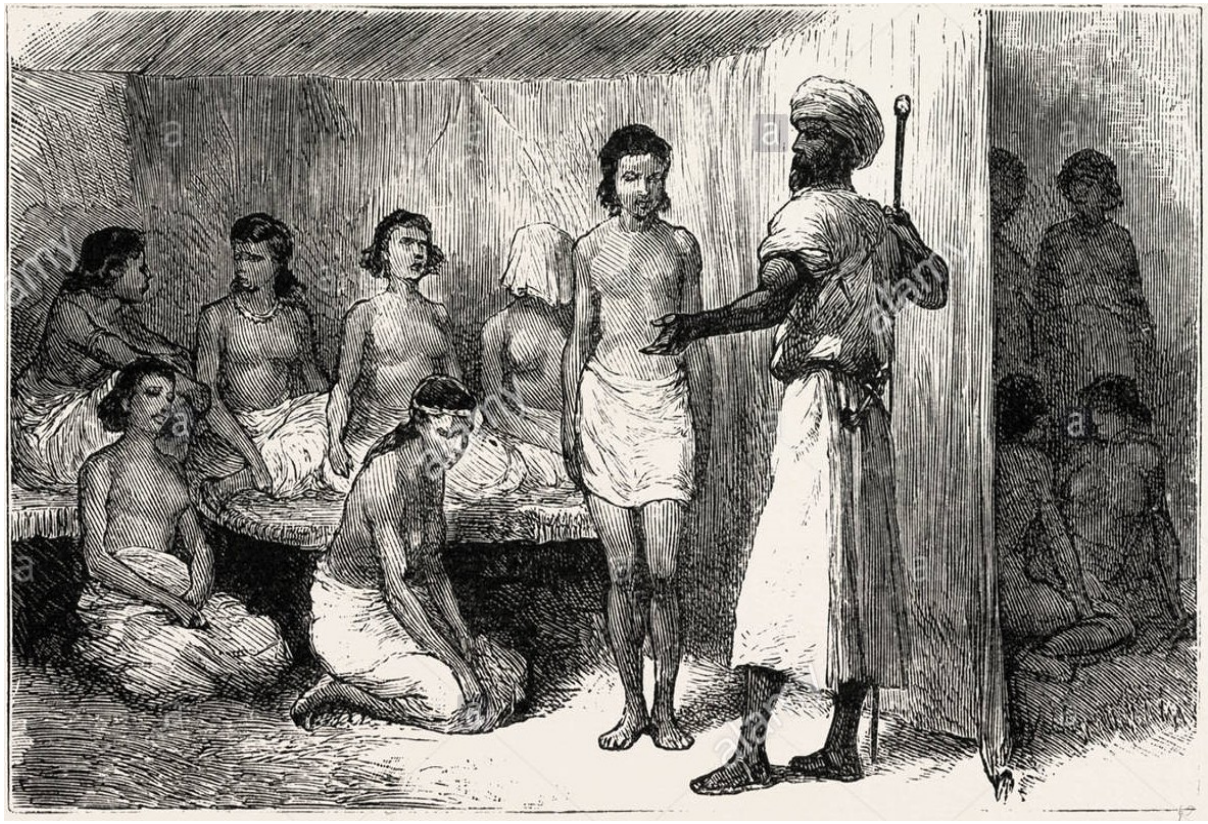
My Banker, Hyrum Shlomowitz is the favorite son of the chosen race. He is also my part time Yiddish teacher. He is a typical Banker, when the sun is shinning he hads you out umbrellas. AS soon as it starts to rain, he wants them back again.

My Attorney Hofmyer is my broederbond connection. The Bond still thinks they run the country from Stellenbosch and haven't figured out yet that they are working for us. When Hof says we sue, we sue. When Hof says we sign, we sign. On the dotted line.

Innocent my housemate, you know. He is the surly big guy with an attitude. He is a great kid with the annoying habit of walking around the house in his Pygammas doing Japanese Sward fighting Katas, with the arrogant swagger of one who knows he is going to inherit all of this. He just can't wait to be King, His Excellency, Lord Commander of New Rhodesia.

Ah yes - alwasy ready to be of service to Africa's women is Big Jesus and the two thieves, my constant companions and never more than three minutes from my thoughts. While I am in charge things work out. History always seem to go south when I let Big Jesus do the thinking.

I get it - they are not as scary as the real people you meet in Africa. Fact is always scarier than fiction, but these are the characters that stalk my African jungle and await anyone willing to take thenewnormal and follow this tale...



North is Your Hinterland

Monomatopa - the area known today as Zimbabwe, Zambia, Malawi, and Nyasaland (Northern Mozambique to the ocean) is over 50% bigger than South Africa with a similar population but three times the amount of arable land. Fruit drips from every tree and plains of wild animals walk over semi-precious stones without even a blink of recognition. You can walk along miles of untouched beaches and not see another soul. Pick up a handful of sand, start silting it and rare eath metals, that have been lying there for Two Billion Years will drop into your pan, Plant a seed in the ground and shortly thereafter your farm will grow. At night you will hear the drums of happy workers dancing to the firelight and celebrating their freedom. This is the paradise of New Rhodesia.

"Wake up Boss, you are talking in your sleep." Innocent is at my bedside. He has waken me momentarily but soon I am drifting back to sleep. The last thing I can hear is him shouting after me, "I've told you Boss, They are a conquered people."

He is right of course. Innocent that is. With the exception of the Slave Coast in West Africa, this is slave central. The area has been plundered by slavers for the last 500 years. Longer. I bet you it was slaves that built the ruins of Zimbabwe, local not imported from Egypt.

This is a Slave Nation. It still is. Migrants from the area are trekked off to South Africa where they do the sub-minimum-wage jobs that South Africans prefer to get as a social grant. They usually live in the backyards and pay rent to their township masters, who seem happy to live out a quiet life collecting unemployment grants, tapping illegal electricity cables, collecting rent, and organizing service delivery protests.

The lucky ones make it to the UK where they get a council flat and live out their days, mired in shallows and misery, scraping the excrement off the clothes of an aging British population.

The per capita GDP or household income of Monomatopa is abysmal.

With the possible exception of the Congo, these are the poorest people in the world. The average South African is between 4 to 10 times richer than these poor buggers.

You don't have to be a Wharton Masters in Finance to understand that this is a take over opportunity.

"So what's the problem?" you succinctly ask.

It is like any company takeover. No matter how bad things are, there are always directors profiting from keeping the situation exactly as it is. As well as being the poorest region in the world Monomatopa is also the most unequal area in the world. And by that, I mean really unequal! In all four countries, you effeçtively have tin pot dictatorships run by a small elite that has little else in mind than keeping power. They make Trump look like a liberal democrat. The man in the street, doesn't even have a street.

Í follow Julius Ceásar's advice. Unless it is for the purpose of ceasing political power, obey the law explicitly. On one of those rare occasions that I let myself get close to the stock, Omar and I are trafficking some of the merchandise from Nyasaland to the Tete area for loading onto a truck southwards. It would be a two day trip in a four by four and it is less than an hour in a helicopter.

"Omar, the roads between Tete and Mocimboa da Praia are potholes. Why don't you fix them and then everyone can move much faster between the two?

"What are you talking about Rhodes? You white people sure can be dumb. Why do we need that? We have helicopters!"

To understand just how bad it is, consider that South Africa, with a Gini of .67, is regarded as one of the most unequal societies in the world. It's not even close. Then if you can understand that the income of a Rhodesian (albeit distributed from London outwards) is of the order of 50% (or more) higher than that of an average white South African, and Monomatopans currently have an income of four times less than the average black South African. - a simple econometric tabulation will calculate The Gini of New Rhodesia at being north of 0.9! These guys make the Royal House of Shaka sound like a Swiss Canton.

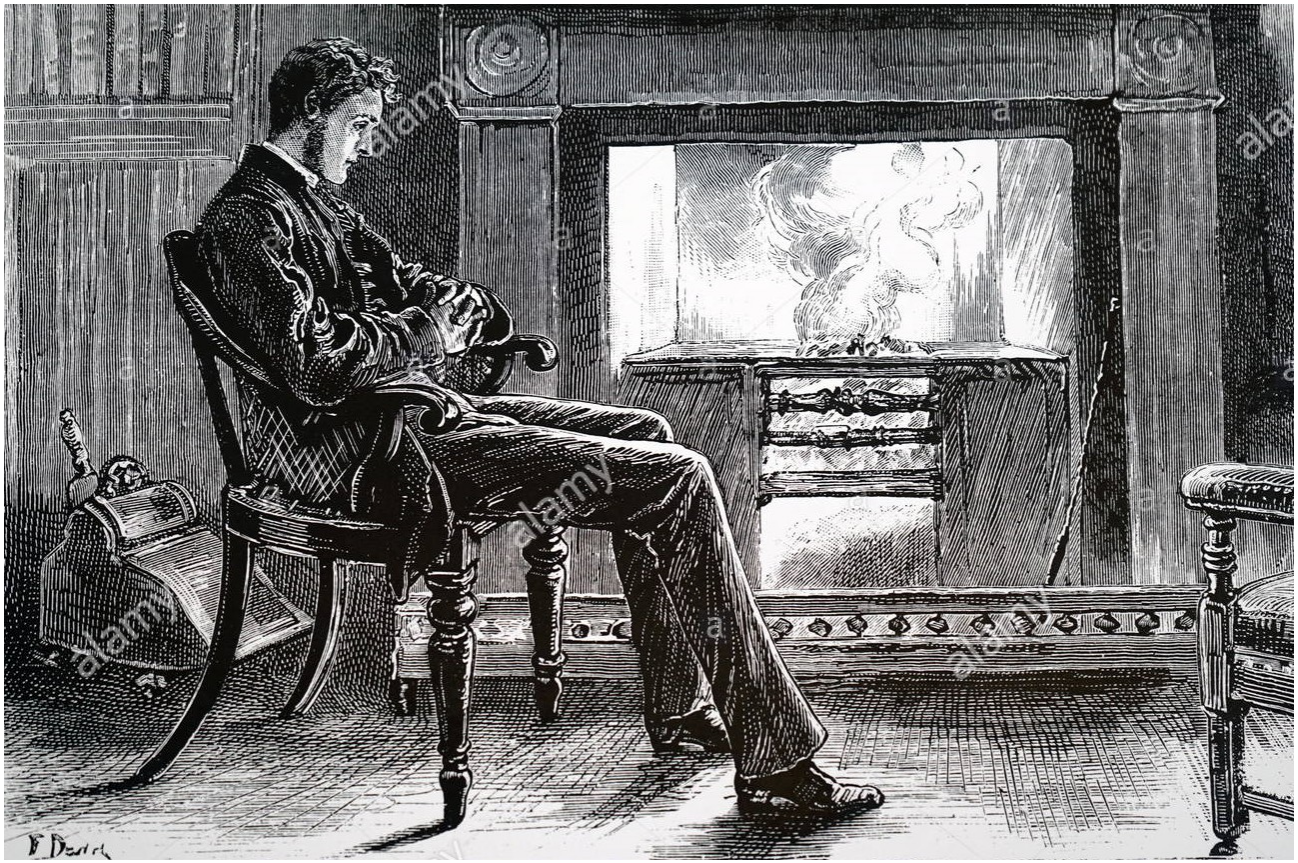
With the capital of Rhodesia now working happily away globally in the stock markets of Europe and the US, what is left behind has to be the most wretched place in the world. There is a solution! Bring the capital back and paradise lost is paradise found.

"Rhodes, you and your ilk tried that last time and look what happened. The Monomatopans threw you out." Omar was preparing the bird for landing. He isn't the greatest pilot, but he always insists on flying. "Why not just leave it to the Africans to sort out for themselves We are doing fine."

Yeah sure, the Panafricanists have been talking about unifying this place for 70 years. What has happened? It's gone backward. It is worse than its ever been. The AU is a dictators club vetoing every political initiative and the Dictators are staying out. Nobody gives up privilege without force and the last time there was a successful slave revolution was in Haiti, over two hundred years ago. Look what happened there. They are still paying France for it. If they keep up the payments in another couple of hundred years it will be all theirs.

Nah! It's not possible for the Monomatopans to save themselves. If you want something done - do it yourself.

And that, Dear Reader, with your hero, Johnny C Rhodes at the helm, is the two hour traffic of our stage.



Act 2-The Plan Comes Together

Buy Zambian Bonds

"Jeesus Jay Zee, hav yuh seena the spred on theese buonds? Arh yeh shoor yah wan ta bie them?" We were having our third cup at Roots, and he was already getting agitated to get to his office.

"Let me be crystal clear here Colqohuon – Buy Zambian Bonds". He really pisses me off when he uses that fake accent. He can't even keep it Welsh with our dragging in Scottish inflections. So pretentious, Coloquon is no more Welsh than me or the Prince of Wales. Born and bred in Wynberg, schooled at Bishops and UCT, the bastard is as African as they come. Climb up his family tree and you will find the forbidden fruit of Afrikanerdom.

"Ookey then, howe meny."

"All of them," says I mimicking the strategy Cecil used to take control of the Boland Citrus industry and launch South Africa on a course of one of its few sustainable exports. "If we are going to do this we have to have skin in the game - real leverage. When Cecil realised that you can't make real Citrus without extended sunlight and that the Cape was a great place to grow and ship them, still green, to the motherland. He bought up every farm he could between Tulbagh and Prince Alfred's Hamlet. Overnight a generation of Cape Afrikaners was disenfranchised."

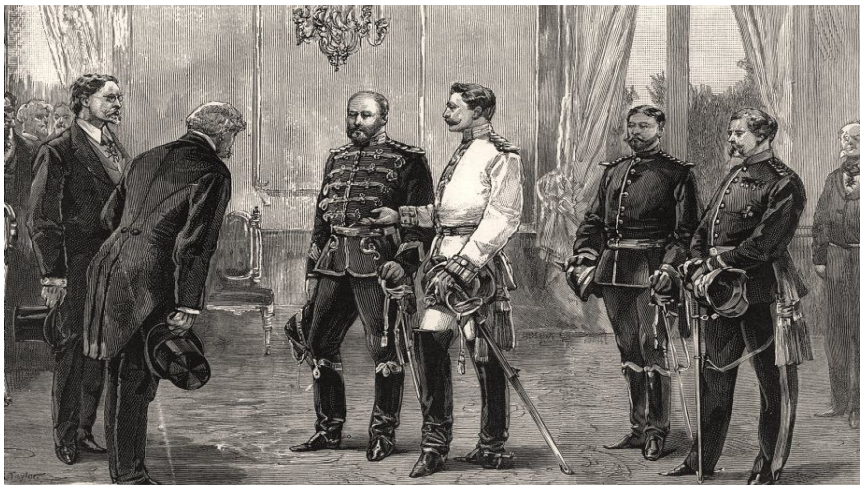
It profits a man not to sell his soul for the world, But Coloquon, for Wales? A proud Rugby Nation, but the last time they beat the All Blacks was Rorke's Drift. I will bet you a Trillion Zim that Banquo was born of the womb of women Welsh.

"Haarf of these owners arh Chinese."

"It can't be as much as that."

"Lewk, I weel stahrt on the open market and geet back ta yew by lunch."

"Leave the Chinese to me, and for fucks sake Coloquon, keep it quiet." We were getting up to leave. "Whose round is it, anyway" You have to watch Coloquon he'll skip a round if you let him. As it is, I just knew he would front-run this order. Gaelic Bastard. This is Africa. Brokers always front-run a sure bet.



The Ndebele are the Jews of Africa

The Ndebele, slaves delivered out of Egypt by a Warrior King, were scattered for forty years around the desert in battles with the Canaanites. They were driven north by the Philistines to the Promised Land where ever since they have ruled over the local Palestinians. Their wanderlust has made them both engaging people and also deeply suspicious of anyone that may alter the future and reignite the process of the Mfecane. Bring up change and they become jumpier than a Jew in a public shower. Leave two of them together for a few minutes and a faribel is sure to erupt.

The Matabele and the Rhodesians are the glue that binds South Africa and Zimbabwe at the hip.

Bushy Mahlangu is an Ndebele.

Editor's Note : What Rhodes seems to be referring to here is the history of the early nineteenth century. Mzilikasi, beaten by Shaka, led a rebellion out of Zululand and up into the Highveld where the Mfecane, the African Holocaust in the period from 1815 to 1840, brought a calamity of widespread chaos, warfare and starvation that raged among the Sotho inhabitants.

The Philistines were the invading Boers, led by Andries Pretorius, who chased the Ndebele into Zimbabwe. Rhodes uses the terms Ndebele and Matabele interchangeably. In broad terms, these "black tribes of Israel" were scattered right across the Vaal area and are referred to as Southern and Northern Ndebele. They are forever arguing amongst themselves as to who carries the royal line. To outsiders, the tribes are indistinguishable from Zulus.

Rhodes seems to have picked up the habit of his business partners and when talking about other races, peppers his sentences with Yiddish words. A 'faribel' is a Yiddish argument or grievance, usually between Jews, usually unintelligible or seemingly trivial to outsiders, and usually about money.

Did I tell you the story about the Rhodesian, The New York Banker, The Ndebele Minister, and the Lawyer of ill Repute?

There are two prerequisites to understanding this story. First, the Bond Market. For most of you that suffer the indignities of borrowing money and dealing with the harassment of bankers and repossession lawyers, it may come as a

surprise to you that at about $100M the game changes. At $100M it is the bankers that are actually trying to force the cash onto you! The terms are strictly in favour of the borrower. There is no such thing as personal security and at the National level it is free for all – you borrow and someone else pays it back. Governments borrow and spend with the gay abandon of Michelle Obama shopping with a Federal credit card.

Second, Government Protocol. Most of you that grind under the yoke of your bond repayments do so with the comfort of knowing that your Government is out there securing a National future. This is a delusion. African Government is nothing like that at all. African Government is a rolling party – a continuous succession of drinking and fucking. Government executives drive from one meeting to the other with these goals in mind. I know it is sobering to think of all those gender equity appointments spending their afternoon on their backs, but it is no coincidence that in Africa the Home Secretary is called the Minister of the Interior. No-one regards it as unusual when the married Minister of Finance is porking the Tax Commissioner while reviewing a press release about the importance of honesty and paying your tax dues. National productivity features about as much as a backmarker to Lewis Hamilton.

There are a few things you need to know to play the game. There is a ranking system. All those pretty Cabinet Ministers serve at the President's behest. While he is fucking them, it's out of bounds. When he is finished it passes down the line. Any woman's skin, if touched too often, turns to leather, but I am not saying the girls don't have a career. As they drop in favour they hang on as long as they can doing whatever they can and eventually they end up sleeping in the backbenches of Parliament. If you want to know why we have a problem with gender-based violence in Africa, look no further. It starts at the top.

The good news is that you don't have to worry about the intrigue. Get close to any Government executive and they are all talking about it. You will know which ones to use and which ones to avoid – or so I thought.

Which brings me to my story...

A Rhodesian introduced me to a New York Banker who was touting a $150M advance. This was just prior to the 2009 crash. I was still young and naive and The US was desperate to turn cash into loans. You couldn't give money away. Africa looks like virgin territory. The New York Bankers' advantage was that he was shacking up with this Lawyer, Pat Mabere, and she had the ear of the officials at the Reserve Bank.

Dear Reader, this is important. No deal of any consequence happens in South Africa without the ANC taking its cut. It is not as bad as it seems; usually they have no idea what's going on, you can just toss them the blind and they run off

like a digger with a stone – all flashy and trying to cash it in as soon as possible, no matter what the discount. Cheers to that discount, for without that discount, the Corporation of de Beers would never have been built.

I happened to have an Uncle who was CEO of a JSE company with an aggressive International acquisition strategy. $150M of unsecured lending could be useful to them at the right rate and in those days, prior to me being the Trustee, the $3M that we would earn on placing the loan was still real money to me, even if I had to cut it with the Banker.

The whole deal went down in Joburg. I flew up and arranged to pick the Banker up for a meeting in Sandton – he was crashing at his Lawyer girlfriend's place. It was one of those Herbert Baker houses on the Houghton Ridge, with the stone driveways. This was a well-to-do Gal. As I drove up, a white Mercedes with attitude was leaving the stone driveway.

When I got to the house the Banker and the Lawyer were on the front steps. They were obviously arguing, but they shut up quickly when I arrived. He got into the car and we were soon reversing; even out of my rear-view mirror I couldn't help noticing that she had a tremendous ass.

For those of you that struggle for years to make ends meet, you will be surprised to learn that when you actually hit a jackpot it often happens in less than 20 minutes. The Sandton meeting went well. My Uncle was game for the deal. He already had his FD in the meeting poking at us and they all seemed happy with the offer. The Banker assured them that he had the Reserve Bank Approval already boxed. This pleased me because the Rhodesian who introduced me to the players assured me that the Lawyer did these deals all the time. The FD had a couple of quibbles and they wanted the Banker to contact his principals in Delaware and draw up a term sheet. BINGO!

We get back into my car and I am expecting high fives. What happened next caught me by surprise. The Banker burst into tears!

He must have been holding it in all morning. The whole story poured out about how he had come to Africa and found love at first sight. He had planned to marry this Lawyer and they were going back to the States for Thanksgiving to meet his folks Then, this morning he found out that in fact, he had been second-lining for an official in the Reserve Bank. While he was stroking her cello she was blowing the Reserve Bank guy's trumpet.

"OK," says I, "calm down and we can get through this. Go back and get her to obtain the approval. Tomorrow we will take it to my Uncle and by tomorrow night you and I will be three Bar richer and I will buy you a whole string section." I dropped him off, truly expecting him to pull this off.

Fuck man, we have all been in love with a woman who is in love with another man. It is particularly good when he is married. She has all her attention on him, doesn't bother you with women's trivialities, calls you no more than twice a week, and gets you out of the house as soon as you have finished. The best part is she doesn't want anyone to find out and only needs you as a shadowy figure to use in arguments with him when he wants to spend time with his wife. It's a perfect fucking arrangement.

Imagine my consternation when I call the Banker the next morning to push him on the term sheet and the maid tells me that he has left for America! Either he has not been transparent with me about how much his share of the comm was, as he was just working for the guys in America, or this ranks as the stupidest move by American since they voted in George Bush over Al Gore.

I phoned up the Rhodesian, crapped on him for putting me in this situation, and knocked down his share of the deal to $50K. Then I phoned my Uncle, told him there was a Bank holiday in Delaware and I would need another day to get back to him. Then I phoned the House in Houghton.

The maid answered and I enquired if the madam was home. Indeed she was. I explained the whole situation to her, but she already knew it. She told me that she knew the guys in Delaware and she knew the Reserve Bank Official. Why didn't I leave it to her and for a handling fee of $500K she would have it all done by close of business. Why didn't I come round at about five and we could finish it then. I told you this is a gal on the move.

The afternoon view from the Houghton Ridge in October is incredible. You look over the Parklands and it is a carpet of lilac: blooming Jacarandas imported from Australia by the Rand Lords a hundred years ago. She had more than the term sheet, she had already drafted the loan contract with an annex stamped with the Reserve Bank Approval. Short of my Uncle's signature, I was staring at a cheque for $150 Million. More importantly for yours truly, a commission of three bar, less the 500K for the Lawyer and the 50K for the Rhodesian.

"Why don't you stay for a celebratory drink?" says she, already shaking a Martini mixer.

You know how it is with black girls and me … or is it me with black girls? Two rounds later, ten minutes in the jacuzzi and we were styling as Othello and Desdemona, a regular beast with two backs. It's an incredible view – waking up in a bedroom on the Houghton Ridge in October. The lilac has become purple.

She served a brilliant Lachs and potato bake for breakfast, and I was ready to get going early to make the appointment with my uncle in Sandton. I kissed her on the cheek and thanked her for her hospitality. I tapped her on the ass, took

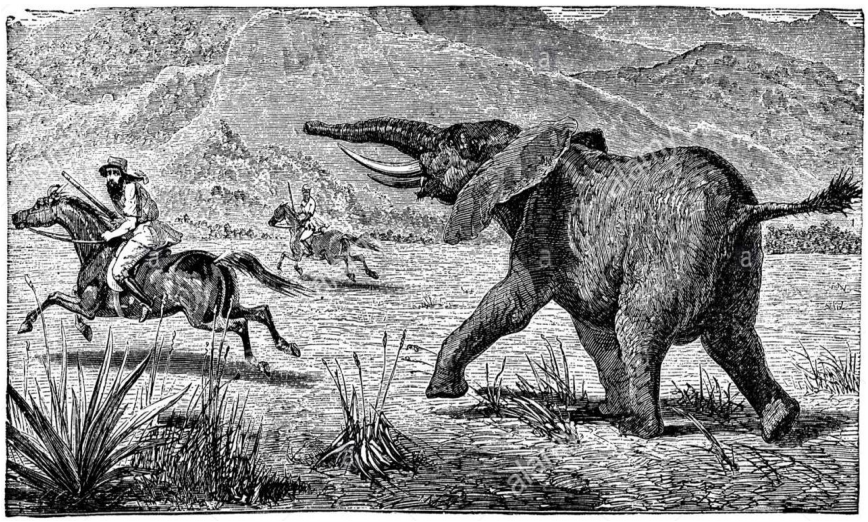
one final handful, and turned around just as a white Mercedes was pulling up the drive. The figure getting out was unmistakable. I recognized him from the business channel. It was Bushy Mahlangu! I tipped a salute at him, but he walked right past me with the scowl of an elephant who has just found his favourite tree pushed down by another bull.

I got to Sandton surprisingly early and was looking around Birchmore's, tire-kicking the Ferraris. The salesman was testing me with an F 40 for three-bar, but that was five hundred K over my budget. Then I got the call from my Uncle. I was hoping he had called to move the meeting forward.

"Bushy Mahlangu called me." He hung up the phone.

They say an elephant never forgets, and you will always be safe as long as you don't invite a vampire into your house. It was ten years later and with great trepidation that fateful Thursday night that I showed The President and his plus-one into the cottage reception room.

His plus one was Bushy Mahlangu.



Tit for Tat

"Come in Gentleman." Two big men at the poor. I invited the two of them into the cottage. Innocent was behind the bar opening Napoleon's tonic. He stooped and waved them through to the garden. They had to come through the front door one at a time. I swore I felt the air chill as he glided past. The President came in second.

"You Know Bushy Mahlangu?", The President asked, knowing full well we both knew exactly who we each were. "As of tomorrow morning, Bushy will be the new Minister of Finance. I wanted you to be the first to know."

"You fired the last one?", says I, having spent twenty minutes that very afternoon on a direct line listening to the last FM, weeping and whinging about the injustices that were waged against him and all the goodness that he stood for."

"I had to. He couldn't deliver on our three criteria: poverty; inequality and racial equity."

Lying belittles him. The problem had to be much worse. None changes the FM unless there is a political reason for it. He had run out of cash. We were sitting on the patio, the last of Cape Town's long waning summer evenings still lighting up our lives. The President went on, "His policy to beat poverty was to reduce unemployment by increasing Public Service jobs, starting with his own family. "

"I told you that wouldn't work."

"Yes, but you didn't convince me, Johnny."

He was determined to keep up the pretense. "His policy on inequality was to tax the rich and give it to the poor. Instead, it slipped to his tribe and the was no trickle-down effect."

"I told you that wouldn't work."

"Yes, but you didn't convince me, Johnny."

"His policy on racial equality was to keep employing party members. By going for the black majority we were never short of recruits. The problem was that left us with an increasing wage bill and the means of production in the hands of the Capitalists. "

"I told you that wouldn't work."

"Yes, but you didn't convince me, Rhodes!"

The change from 'Johnny' to 'Rhodes' was sharp. I could only think that in his mind right then, the middle initial 'C' meant Kant. He was getting angry. This guy was wounded. In Africa, you remember that an elephant never forgets and you take great care around a wounded buffalo.

"So exactly how can I be of service?" I offered him a top-up on the Vin da Constance. Yeah, we were drinking dessert wine before dinner with the sun still up.

"Perhaps it will help if I outline how I see the situation and explain what we should be doing." Bushy Mahlangu pushed his empty glass over the table for a refill.

"In my opinion, the first thing we should do is stabilize the finances."

And there it was! They had come to little Johnny C Bank for a loan.

Bobby Axelrod said it."The thing about being a Billionaire is that is like being the Blonde in the room. We all know what we want." The elephant would start by trunk-nudging me to offer, which I wouldn't. I would have to head him off from even asking the question and save him suffering the indignity of me saying - No.

"Issue a bond and give special placement to Mutual and Sanlam." I offered

"We tried that."

I wanted to say I had warned them on that, but I took a softer line.

"The International Bond Market?"

"We tried that and they gave us a junk rating."

"IMF?"

"Won't do it without massive public servant retrenchments. We have got an election coming up in April, four months time."

And then he did it, like Dumbo in a Disney shop. "It's only a bridge, Why don't you buy a short term bond from us Rhodes?"

"How am I going to present that to the Bank?" says I offering him one last ray of dignity in the setting sun.

"I am not asking you to approach the Bank, Use your own money?" He just couldn't take the olive branch.

"I don't have any of my own money."

"Are you expecting me to believe that the richest man in the world does not have any of his own money?" I could see his eyes starting to flash red. The veins on his forehead were pulsing. I felt he was about to start growing Nasferatu tusks from just below his trunk. A vampirelephant if ever I saw one.

""I have never said I am the richest man in the world. You see Minister, the difference between a Trust and a personal entity is...." It was pointless. He was never going to understand Capitalism. I had to change tack. "You will have to give me a short prep time and a modest structuring fee., but I do have a client that is interested in the following property and infrastructure deal..."

The teeth receded. I signaled Innocent for another bottle. I could see his hands were trembling ever so slightly as he poured the Minister's dram.

I pulled out my verbal powerpoint and explained how we were going to pay for it – My client, The British South Africa Company was going to accept an administrative contract from The New Rhodesia. My Client would provide the Capital and we would open up the North and turn bankrupt assets into market winners, everyone would be paid and we would all be rich.

"Good God Rhodes, that's Madness." The President had got up for a piss but hurried back to the patio so as not to miss a beat. I could not help but notice that the front of his pants was wet. He saw me and quickly wiped his hand on his outer groin, "Sanitisers, sanitisers"

"Is it madness Mr President? Is it?"

"A white man running sixty million blacks. Blacks who we have been unable to get a bean out of for forty years. How's that going to work?"

"It is deceptively simple." I was preaching now, "The borders of the whole of Azania were drawn up by the Colonial powers at the Berlin Conference. What did they know about optimizing GDP? Here we are, a hundred years later still buckling under a yoke that they left unattended. Shed the yoke, open up the flow of commerce and riches await us."

"Azania is a pipe dream, and anyway, who owns the British South Africa Company Mr. Rhodes?" Bushy was dipping his nose into the Wine Glass. His eyes were steely blue, and under his trunk

was only the grey stubble of an unshaved lip. The sun had dipped below Table Mountain and a small chill passed through us. We were sitting in the twilight. The elephant in the room moved to answer.

"Well Sir, I do."



Cautionary Announcement

Cape Town, 7 December,2020, The British South Africa Company cautions all shareholders in their trading of Company Shares over the next thirty days

The Company is currently in the process of aquiring a substantial interest in Zambian Debt and is negotiating an adminstrative contract over the territories of Zimbabwe, Zambia, Malawi and Mozambique.

The Company has authorised Mr Johnny C Rhodes to solely represent The Company in negotiations with relevant parties. The outcome of the purchases and negotiations could have a material effect on the price of the Company's Shares.

Interested parties can sign up for an email feed from thenewnormal and obtain insider information on the companies Web Site -

www.britishsouthafricacompany.org

James Colquhoun
Company Secretary

They Always Come in Threes.

"Mr. Rhodes, these financials make no sense to me", Magdelena Schreiner leans forward and slides her breasts onto the boardroom table.

I could see I am going to have to bang my way out of this one!

I have home ground advantage. We were sitting in Hofmyrs boardroom on the Penthouse floor facing Signal Hill. I like my appointments to start there at eleven, gives everyone the chance to have something to eat and caucus for joint strategy. Magdelena and her two assistants must have come down from Bloemfontein the previous night and booked into a nearby Holiday Inn. Then fifty-five minutes is enough to solve any solvable problem and we get to see the Signal Hill gun go off at 12, lunch is optionally served. The Friends of Rhodes' society has been funding that gun with a donation from the Trust for years. It's always a pleasure to be there at payback time.

"Bushy put you up to this didn't he?" Her two assistants, both learn back and crossed their arms. "You need to get back to him and tell him that its unconstitutional to use the Receiver to settle political scores."

"I am not at liberty to discuss our internal structures," She keeps her position and huddles the twins a little bit closer to her chest. "What does not make sense is how these are the tax returns of the richest man in the world. There is little more than the earnings of minimum wage hamburger turner here."

" I never said I was the richest man in the world. You've been talking to Bushy. Tell him to focus on running his own show and leave the common man alone". I thought of tossing her the line of 'I am not the richest, I just control the most money', but I figured that would just be a red rag to a Bull. Best to see if she can figure it out herself. She comes close. But when it comes to the cigar she ends up smoking it.

"You make no VAT returns?"

"Yeah VAT returns are for companies, I have no turnover."

"What about PAYE, 408s?"

"I have no staff."

"You live Rent-free at Genadendal!"

"Yes, check out the Rhodes will for that. The President has usufruct over the main house. But Rhodes' appointed Trustees get to stay in the cottage."

"There must be a perks tax on that."

"No there isn't - I don't work for anyone."

"But you are a Trustee?"

"Yes"

"Then where are the accounts for the Trust? I said I am a Trustee, not a beneficiary. I don't derive any benefit from the Trust."

"So where are your assets?"

"I don't have any assets?"

"What do your children inherit?"

"I don't have any children."

I was starting to get a really hard boner. I think both of us can see where this is going. She has struck BlueStone. She has all day, all of her career, she has all the time in the world and all the resources to just keep stalking me. Sooner or later I will make a mistake and she will pounce.

I have traveled a lot, mostly the Trust business. A few cities stand out for me. Dusseldorf, watching the Tutonics strutting their duchies over the cobbles stones. Milan a fashion parade of pussie and best of all – Bloemfontein. In the railway crossing of Africa, lies our Judicial Parliament and a nest egg of Africa's finest women. Renouned for producing Springbok front rows, it is their sisters that are the real masters of the loose ruck. Magdelena Schreiner is captain of the team, dark complexion, frizzy blond hair, big shoulders, tight ass, more than a C cup of full natural breasts, and a pussie with labia long enough to make Saartjie Baartman look like an average Maverick's stripper.

Just how stupid is Bushy Mahlangu? He had made the classic mistake that has marred the progress of black men in South Africa

for two hundred years. He sends an Afrikaner to do his dirty work. He assumes that Settlers and Afrikaners are the same. Duh? Afrikaans poppies are like black girls, well they are l half black and T\they simply cannot resist the English accent. She can be as professional as she likes back on the smallholdings of Bloem, but Magdelena Schreiner, when faced with the unknown of Settler stock, like all of her cousins before her, her legs and the case for the prosecution are soon parted.

Just apologize for the behavior of Kitchener and the horrendous way he treated the Boers in 1901 and assure her that no such similar fate awaits her and all will be forgiven. W

I am going to have to separate her from the herd.

It was time to bring in the closer. I got up to open the knock on the board room door and as I shuffled past her I let my wooden stick tap on her gate, and when she doesn't pull away I have a clear idea of our strategy. We are going to give her enough to take back to Bushy and ask for more Johnny time.

"Hey Johnny C, long time no fee." Hofmyr, a giant of a man comes into the room. He gives me that big Afrikaner handshake, the bone-breaking one that they used just to prove that they are still in touch with the Land. That's bullshit of course. He gets that grip from three weight sessions a week at his private gym on the floor above us. Jameson gives him a steroid jab every three months. It's a privilege, training with him, a privilege that he only gives to his favorite clients as the time is unbilled. You may walk out of one of Hofmyrs weight sessions standing, but as you go down those circular stairs that lawyers have, your knees start to tremble and by twelve the next day you will feel you have been hit by a bus.

Hofmyr places his marker with me when his firm was faced with a BEE merger squeeze. To his eternal credit, he left the building and all those salaried workers to the incoming cadres and split the clients: me to him and the firm could take the rest. He took the top two floors of the building and built his business from there. I swear I am his only client. He seems to spend most of his non-Johnny time doing his duties as Chairman of the Afrikaner Bond. He has an impressive list of friends in both Stellenbosch and Pretoria.

Hof seems to have little more assistance than a slew of beautiful paralegals and interns. Upstairs he has his entertainment area, gym, jacuzzi, pool room, an enclosed bedroom if you need to rest during lengthy negotiations. The bedroom is decked out with mirrors so you can always watch yourself thinking. Downstairs its three rooms, the Boardroom, his office, and a private area for the interns and paralegals.

What I really like about Hofmyr is that he gets it immediately, You don't even have to explain it to him. This was the best we were going to get from Scheiner and her cohort. We would have to toss her a morsel to take back to Bushy but that was it. If I had known where this was going to lead I would probably have taken a break, tossed cold water on Big Jesus and the two thieves, and paid there and then. Big Jesus had other ideas.

If ever you want to fuck with a view, Hofmyrs boardroom is the place to do it. It is a one-eighty corner view. You can see the whole of Cape Town, but they would be hard-pressed to see you through the slightly tinted windows. Sure there are voyeurs out there with long-range telescope lenses, so you can always be sure there is a crowd, but have the peace of mind that no one has yet figured out how to film it – yet.

Hofmyr moves with the skill of a lioness. "Gentlemen its 11-45

why don't we break for an early lunch. I have ordered Portuguese fish and Chips from Skippies downstairs. We eat outside on the pavement. That way you don't have to feel compromised by taking expensive hospitality from us and you get to get the best Fish and Chips this side of Beira. We need to get there before the Design School debutants invade the place."

The cadres are out of their seats faster than counselors at a SALGA finger lunch.

"Miss Schreiner", says I as the rest of them file out, if you have never seen the noonday Gun here in Cape Town, this would be a good time to see it. It goes off in a few minutes and we can catch up with the rest of the team. Hofmyr will order for us.

"Sure that will be nice." says she, "And Mr. Rhodes, it is Mrs, not Miss"

It was eleven fifty-nine when Magdelena Schreiner arched her head backward, and pushed her pelvis hard. We were going to do this together. Boom! The Cape Town Gun went off at noon.


Ne restez pas ainsi
Décalottez cher Baron
(x H. Bernard)

Land First

Flying First Class is one of the Perks of Trust business. I tried the private jet thing for a year or so, but it's like having a tax target on your back. When you fly your own plane everyone knows that it's your money. Even though there are files full of explanations as to why it's all tax deductable, the man is always going to be sniffing around. Take a first-class trip in a public plane and people easily believe that someone else is paying for it. If you can bear the noses sticking up in the air of the first-class cabin you will be OK. They do give you legroom, but you can't avoid the looks. You can't strike up a conversation with them because they are all intent on their privacy. Unless of course, you are sitting right next to them, then I have often been able to make really big deals. Mostly I would prefer being back in coach sitting next to an Australian Nurse with say two seats on either side free for expansion.

The flight to Hong Kong is one long fourteen-hour hop. Going forward in time, you simply have to sleep if you are going to be at all functional on the other side. We are getting in at six-thirty and I have a nine sharp appointment in Admiralty with the Hong Kong CEO. That's like having a board meeting at 2.am coming straight from the club.

Innocent is in the seat next to me and he immediately opens up a copy of "Can man die better" the biography of the Apartheid philosopher, Robert Subuwe. It is part of his politics degree, he is studying at UCT. I leave him to it and work through my kindle mostly getting my head around the terms and yields of the different Zambian Debt Instruments.

"The Africans will never yield to white domination."

"Jesus Innocent!" He had woken me with a jolt. No wait is was the lightning storm outside and the rocking of the plane. The fasten seat belts light has come on and the pilot is crackling on about an Indian Ocean Squall. The pilot assures us all is OK, but when I looked out all I could see was sideways water sheets and the sky lighting up with flashes of electrons. The Valkyries are circling the Helderberg. If Adamastor could fly he would be out there, but of course he can't.[6]

"The flaw in your plan is that the Africans will never yield to the will of a white man. Those days are over. Freedom can only come from Africans controlling the means of production."

Eleven pm South African time and I am dealing with Marx 101. "It is a pity that you didn't do Economics, you would understand that a man at twenty, who is not a Communist, has no heart. A man at thirty, who is not a Conservative, has no head."

"This is economics." He shows the stamp on the book taken from the UCT Economics Library.

Christ be merciful - now they are teaching Subukwe in decolonized economics! "Go back and read the original Subukwe speeches." I protest. "He is ambivalent about economics, suggests we take the best from the East and the best from the West and build an optimum for Africa."

"I can do that, but he is crystal clear about us building a society in which all Africans are given a position of equity. Look it's all here on a YouTube Video." He was busy pulling out his Ipad to show

6The Helderberg was on an SAA flight to Taiwan that went down in mysterious circumstances taking all souls on board a flight to Taiwan.

me.

"I don't have to see a video. The Manumatapans are the poorest race on Earth. They have the entire means of production in their hands and they produce nothing. Why do you think that is?"

"I dunno – the legacy of colonialism. After that the Apartheid regime jerked them around for ages. Capitalism is still against them. There are still Western sanctions."

"There are no national sanctions, only sanctions on individuals, and most of those that are on that list are dead already. The ones that are left are - unbelievably – still in power. Anyway, Zimbabwe is the best of them the other territories are worse. The only reason that Zimbabwe hangs on by a thread is that there is some nostalgic interest from the Rhodesians. The rest of them have nothing."

"You can argue as much as you like, but they hate white people. The nightmare memory of colonial rule is burned in their brain."

That simply cannot be true. Think about it. Zimbabwe has been Independent for forty years. Take ten years of war before that anf the fact that you would have to be twenty to understand it anyway. The only people that have consciously experienced colonial rule would be over seventy today. The only image they can have of colonialism is the one given to them by the current elite, geriatrics themselves. Considering the miserable job the current elite have done, they simply paint a fantasy picture of how bad it was before the liberation. Sure for the elite, things have gotten better, previously they were living as combatants hiding in the bush.

For the masses, the reality is that under colonialism many of them were actually better off. If you consider that their world has had a

technology boom over the last forty years it is highly conceivable that if the Zims had followed strict rules of fiscal Governance, the Zimbabweans today would be more like the modern Rhodesian, rich global, and successful.

"The Zimbabweans don't hate white rule, they have no idea of what that is. They hate a fictional story created to placate opposition to an incompetent Dictatorship that instead of delivering a post-colonial state like Korea, has delivered a post-colonial state like, well er, like Zimbabwe."

"What I am saying Boss, is that they are not interested in your economics."

"I've told you not to call me Boss."

"Yes, but they are still not interested in your economics".

"The reason that The Monomatapans are poor is, is that there is no Capital. Zimbabwe had most of it. TonyTaberer and Robert Mugabe split it down the Middle, Eight hundred million each. Taberer went onto become the largest Landowner in Australia and a cricket scorer at Somerset College. Without any working capital to finance the tobacco crop, the GDP of Zimbabwe dropped nearly 50%. Almost overnight the place became a ghost town. Robert Mugabe became the Grand old Duke of York and marched ten thousand men. He marched them up to the top of the hill."

"And then what?"

"He marched them down again."

"He marched them down again? "
"Yeah –

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the Kings Horses and All the Kingsmen.
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

When they were up they were up,
When they were down they were down.
When they were only halfway up.
They were neither up nor down.

Some stayed the course
And alas some fell.
When they came down for breakfast,
They were hungry as Hell.

"Scramble him up" said the Duke of York
Then can you bring me my knife and fork.
So they scraped him upright off the floor.
And swept the shells right out the door."

And the thing that really hurt the most?
They didn't even bother to serve the toast."

The storm has stopped and he has drifted off to sleep, The last

thing he says is, "They have Land."

I pulled his blanket over his shoulders and put the book down beside his seat. He was talking in his sleep. "Land without capital is dust..."



The Lady Doth Protest

"Ten percent in the Dollar is a massive discount to ask for Mr. Rhodes," says Carrie Lam the Chief Executive of Hong Kong. Am I the only one that finds her actually quite sassy? 63 years old, she could be my aunt, but I can see myself squeezing in there sideways. She is not as good in real life as she looks on TV. Close up you can see the effects of a long term workaholic. The lines in the eys, the pinched striations on her upper lip. Still a looker though.

Now you may well ask, what am I doing in Hong Kong try to make a deal on Monamotapan debt. Surely I should be in Beijing at Communist Party Headquarters to do this? Turns out that the CCP head honchos are so pleased with the way Carrie Lam has handle events in Hong Kong that they prefer her to handle all events surrounding the Commonwealth. The fact is she has strong ties to the UK, she was educated at Cambridge where met her husband who still lives in the UK, which gives them confidence in her being able to thwart the ambitions of the Empire. Me? I am thinking all Cantabrigian tail is looking to get a bit of Oxonian in them.

I am walking around her boardroom office looking out at the impressive view showing her my ass, when she says, "Sit down Mr. Rhodes, you are making me nervous. I sit down opposite and try a cheap shot, "I had a girlfriend called Karen once. "

"That is a Dutch name, My name is Yuet-ngor My other names came with marriage." This woman has a soul as black as coal. "Mr. Rhodes exactly what is it that you are offering me?"


Imperij
Sino-Tartarici Supremus
MONARCHA.

"I am offering to pay you a $ Billion in Cash. Something the Monomatapans will never do in a thousand years."

"Cash is one thing I don't need." I am not sure if she means personally, since she now has to carry around briefcases having been cut off from the Global banking system by US Sanctions or she means that Chian is now the world's largest Creditor Nation. "We have invested eight times that in the bonds of these countries."

"Lets start from a transparent base, shall we. No one invests in Africa. Your investments are simply orders to Chinese companies to provide goods and services to these unfortunates. You are in effect asking them to pay for infrastructure built to enhance your own ambitions. I can offer you citizenships to these countries"

"It is an urban myth that the Chinese are trying to emigrate to Africa.' Quite the opposite we want to keep our people in China. Our population is aging and declining. The last thing we need is to lose young people. We need then here happy and ready to work on the next stage of the Revolution. And as for your bondholders, what do the Africans have to show for British Debt, houses in Hyde Park owned by previous Presidents?" She has a point. "All we want for Africa is a positive working relationship with a managed supply line of commodities required."

"But that is exactly what I am here to do. The debt is a distraction, what we need to do is give the Africans a breathing space to regroup and start producing."

"Give them any breathing space and the leaders will simply move in and steal the petty cash." It a pretty rich accusation from someone that earns more than the US President and the UK Prime Minister combined. Then it is as if she is reading my mind. "The

only reason that I earn what I do is that I keep the value. Whereas the US and British leaders keep sinking their countries finances each year, here in Honk Kong we have had a surplus every year since the 777 that brought me to power."

But that is exactly what I will do for you. Once my administration comes isn, the mining will open up, the business will start importing and GDP will double. You will have better business with us than you have ever had."

"How are you going to do that?"

"I am bringing in new unencumbered working capital. It is the first time this has happened since the BSAC crossed the Limpopo in 1890."

"You talk a very encouraging game Mr. Rhodes." she says, "We have been struggling for a year now to get anything out of the area."

"I will do better than that for you. On signing over the sale of the debts to me, I will back to back you with fixed supply agreements, guaranteed with securities placed in London. I can completely ringfence you from any African risk. I will get you your supplies and I will do it sustainably."

"It's a refreshing approach I must confess. I am so used to African leaders coming here and always looking for a side deal. You are making no such overtures?"

"Well let's not say no overtures, I wink at her." Not even a blush. I may as well be talking to the Abbess in a Catholic Monastery on the fifth day of Lent.



"Mr. Rhodes, if it were up to me, I would give you this deal. Unfortunately it's not. My Boss, Jung Li is coming down from Beijing today. I don't hold out much hope that he will make the same decision. He is staying at the Shangri La Hotel, room 1050. Why not take in the sights of our lovely city and meet us there at five? What time is your flight out? "

"Twenty One thirty"

"That will give us time to conclude and for you to get to the Airport." Then she adds. "I don't hold out much hope. Jung Li has been a major impediment to me at the CCP and he is unlikely to do me any favors."

"You have a Boss in the CCP?"

"I am not a member of the CCP. To do that I would had to have to renounced my Catholic faith and I am not prepared to do that. I remain an outsider to them, but they need me in matters to do with the Empire." I notice she is twiddling a small crucifix haning aroujdn her neck.

"So why does this Jung Li give you a hard time?"

"In 2017 I was due to retire to the English Countryside for a quiet life with my husband. Li saw himself as the first mainlander to be elected as Hong Kong CEO. I got the job and he has been undermining me at every turn since."

She gets up and points me to the door. And then darnm me, as she passes she takes a mean pinch at the concrete ass. "And next time Mr. Rhodes, be more polite in the presence of a married woman."

It is a quick walk back to our hotel, The Shangri La and we walk through the Pacific place shopping mall and onto the United Centre. Hong seems to be a warren of air conditioned malls. There are a number of antique shops on the way. But a plan is starting to form in my mind. It is Innocent that Speaks first. "We are going to

have to take the fucker out."

In the United Centre we stop at one of the smaller shops and I buy a bamboo sushi mat, an oil stone, a black rubber gym stretcher band , a tourist Chines farmers hat, and a cheap colorful kimono. I pop the farmer's hat on my head and throw the kimono over my shoulders for the rest of the way to The Marriot. I am ever the Hong Kong Tourist.

Taking-the-fucker-out is easier said than done. This is a city with one of the lowest crime rates in the world, and there is a very simple reason why. Almost every inch of the Island is covered with CCTV cameras. Powered by the worlds leading AI recognition technology it is almost impossible to carry out a violent crime without being seen on camera. You may be able to do the deed, but you will never get away without it being recorded.

"How are we going to do it?" says the boy. I can see he is eager to get an Asian kill under his belt. Oh the impetuosity of youth.

"You have to assume that everything we do is going to be seen, so this is going to have to be seen in plain sight. Here's the thing, to Asians, every black man looks the same."

"Every black man looks the same?"

"Yeah why the surprise? Can you tell one Chinese from another?"

"No"

"Well there you go. Unfortunately not so for the AI recognition systems they are deadly accurate."

"So how do we get around it?"

"Fortunately the AI systems are made for positive recognition, recognizing a target as a member of an already existing database. There is not much they can do when the target is not on the database."

"But we are both already on their database are we not?" He is quick to this point out.

AI Recognition can pick out the face points as well as the "walking style" of a person. Fortunately, I have been to Hong Kong many times and always bring with me a kit to correct this surveillance. You never know when you are going to need to move around incognito.

First is a pair of glasses that distort the width of your eyes. A key element of AI is the formation between the eyes and nose. Get this distortion and you and have half the deception done. Then add a simple false nose, some makeup to distort the cheek structure and a thin wig. The aim of the wig is not to change your hair line but it must be padded with a gel to change the shape of your head. A simple make up high lighter allows you to twist the shape of your mouth and eyebrows. The last is dead simple take a rolled-up pair of socks and insert it into your shoe and viola you have an AI man with a massive limp. Add padding of another set of socks to distort the size of the shoulder opposite the limp shoulders and there is no walk to detect.

Now we need to work on the sward. I pull a strip of metal lining from the side of our hotel window. And start sharpening the tip and first twleve inches of the metal strip. Thirty minutes later I have a razor-sharp blade.

On the other end I wrap the Sushi mat as a handle and bind it tight with the gym stretch band. I pick it up in the palms of both my hands and bow, "Your Katana Samurai." He takes it and swishes a kata across the room.

"It will do," he says with confidence.

"Now we have to play this part carefully. You were videoed coming into the room. When you leave here you wear the Chinese hat and kimono. You must keep your head down. No camera can see your face. They must think that you are me. You go downstairs and stop in the pubic toilet. Put the hat and in one of the cubicles. JUm out the back wndow inot the lane behind the hotle adn move swifty to the Shangri La. I will get to the Toilet and put on the hat and kimono and come back to the room. When you are done I will bring the Kimono and hat down again you will now have a watertight alibi for having been in the room at the time of the murder."

Four fifty-five and we arrive at The Marriot. There is a visibly shaken Carrie Lam in the reception. There has been a terrible tragedy. Mr Li has been murdered by a black man. She can't help but look at Innocent.

"Innocent why don't you look into that light," I point at a light that is obviously a camera in the lobby.

"That won't be necesssry" We have already checked the video footage. The killer cannot possibly be your associate. He was in your hotel room at the time of the murder. The killer we are looking for is Japanese. He moves with the skill of a Samurai sward figher. He has a distinct limp in his right leg. He went to a great deal of trouble to paint his face as a black man, but his nose and facial features are definitely Asian.

This killer has to be one of Mr. Li's many enemies, possible even someone commissioned by the CCP.

"This is terrible." I want to physically console her but due to our previous conversation, I distance myself. "It is the kind of thing you expect in Africa, but not here."

"Mr. Rhodes, in light of these events I am able to accept your offer, I can even make it better for you. Keep your Billion dollars, you are going to need it for country development. We will accept the discounted coupon and give you the credit. What we require is the mineral supply. I have great confidence in your abilities to get things done."

"You won't be sorry."



"You must leave now to the airport. Check-ins are really slow due to the security and virus checks." She has shown us to the door of the hotel to our waiting cab. "There is just one thing I do want to know?"

"Whats that?"

"This morning I gave you Mr Li's, Room number 1050 that is a top-secret detail, no one else would have known that. Did you tell anyone else that information?"

"No I didn't." Our eyes meet and for the first time, there is a real connection.

"It seems that we have both profited from this unfortunate turn of events. Good luck with your new country Mr. Rhodes."

"Good luck with your next election Mrs Lam. I am sure we are going to do a lot more business"

On the flight back I just can't take the thought of making small talk with the glitterati in first class so I make my way back to coach and offer to change my seat with a nineteen year old blond German gap year student who jumps at the chance.

If you could see that mile-high beam on the boys face when we meet at the luggage conveyer. He is buzzing like Johnny Depp at the end of a thirty-hour coke bender. "My God you need a shower, you stink of pussie."

"Thanks Boss."

"I've told you not to call me Boss."

The Trip That Never Ends

We call them slumpies. Slightly-Left-Upwardly Mobiles. You can recognize them in any wine bar or coffee shop where postgrads hang out.

Fiona Halstead is a slumpie. You can tell it by the tattoos, piercings, hairy underarms and shaven vag.

We are in Oxford, at Browns, having coffee and early salad lunch, discussing political policy. I know Brown's manager from my PPE days and he has given us the exclusive use of the patio overlooking the river. I need privacy for my next meeting. That's the thing about an Oxford man. If you pay him for twenty seats, he doesn't mind if you only put bums on two of them. This is approximately eighteen hours after Fiona and I both pop a tab and lay back to listen to the Miles Coltrane tapes.

'

As we say in Africa, we are feeling miffed (disconsolate). In fact, I am also feeling miffed in the English sense (pissed). Fi dragged me off to the gym at 8 am, topped with little more than two hours sleep I was unable to decide whether I was still tripping or had entered the nuclear winter. This all, when I told her sometime in the clarity of yesterday that I had a very important lunch today and needed an early night's rest to prepare. Instead, the whole evening was filled with melting walls and flesh molding into each other all cooked in a broth of endless bodily fluids. Ít ends up here with me in the late morning, still in my gym clothes and definitely underdressed for my lunchtime meeting.



This brings me to the topic of the morning. Why is it that intellectuals are attracted to the drug of Hunter S Thompson, Steve Jobs, and Gwyneth Paltrow? In my experience, it seems to afflict women the most.

"Johnny, my love, your idea is just not P.C."

I am slipping back into the trip. We are now leaning towards each other our faces no more than a foot apart. I have managed to get my hand right up her gym shorts and past her loose panties where I have found this delightfully friendly horse that is licking my hand.

She's a minx I tell you. As soon as I get to Heathrow its up the M25 Left at the M40, hot foot to Oxford, where she will be waiting and twenty minutes later \ I finally feel like I have cleared customs. She will do it anywhere as long as its outside, sleet or snow won't stop her. Its an obsession. Preferably she likes someone watching, but no creepies. On one occassion she spots an old geezer standing behind a tree tonking himself off to our rythm. No kidding she slips straight off, leaving me to fill his role, while she goes over to the poor bugger and gives him a rigth ticking off about being a pervert.

"What do you mean, not PC?"

"Not Politically Correct Darling. It's not woke. Your idea sucks the sweat off a Trump Base's Balls." she says goading the horse on harder and looking around surreptitiously for spectators. Back at her flat last night she intentionally left the curtains open. ""Do you have any idea how un-cool colonialism is? I mean here in the UK we push over their statues. That Rhodes guy of yours is next."

A skulls pairs come whizzing past and leave me thinking isn't this too far up the river for skulls?

"It is colonialism only in name, think of it as a Neo Marxist Revolution." I had made my first mistake dipping my toe into a debate with Fiona. I have never won a debate against Fiona and I can already feel that sticky feeling under my feet as she starts to cut off options. Sticky feet are a real liability when they are all I have to pull me out of the glue is the horse.

"Marxist Revolutions are about class, and you don't have any," says she finally making eye contact with a waiter. She is starting to grind. Does she always have to bring up my provincial background? What's it about slumpies, outwardly they will indulge the poorest and even the richest, but Oxford is not enough for them. Push an Etonian in front of them and they will slip off a bar stool.

"This is a classic Marxian class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie. In Africa it is a little more complicated, the workers are privileged and the elite are a tribal nonproductive group that runs things and collects the rent. We are going to sideline the elite and make everyone better off."

"But Johnny darling", she says, you are the arch capitalist.

"Yes of course, but I am not taking anything out I am the one introducing capital into these countries. It must be the first time since Cecil that real working capital has been invested. This is going to double household income."

"Bullshit," she says "You will be controlling the means of production. No one invests today unless they want to take out

more tomorrow" She takes a long sigh, one last look at the waiter, who is now looking everywhere but not under our table. She pushes me away.

"It's a win-win. I am just advancing the bond and collecting the tax. The Monomotapans will be doing the producing." I am now looking at my watch.

"The Rhodesians, you mean."

"Yes, the Rhodesians, I mean." Elvis has left the building. We both know she is not going to come, and the world is always a better place after a woman has come. I have a whole speech prepared about how we can turn our five-year relationship into an overnight success, all she has to do is use her seat on the University Investment Council to push through the University putting in a Billion into my BSAC bond as an unsecured Junior.

It is no risk to them because I will back-to-back it with funds I can raise in the City, who would prefer it to have Oxford's name on the bond and give them a tax break on the donation. I would just have to Square the City on the repayment. When it does all work out, both the City and the University will be rolling in scholarships.

It will have to wait because it is now five minutes from my lunch appointment.

Well, this has been fun we must do it again sometime." I pick up my coffee, but the rich Mocca smell is indiscernible. All I can smell is her on my fingers. She catches me taking a second sniff, and smiles. I am expecting her to get up and leave me to get the check and go to my next appointment, but she can smell slumpie

points. She crosses her legs like Gandhi and stays put in her chair.

I know he is coming because there are now two toffs standing nonchalantly about ten meters away from us at the end of the patio tossing acorns into the river. Do these men in black really think they are fooling anyone?

And boom! There he is there at the table, surprised to see Fi, but brushes off his overhanging fringe extends an elbow, and takes off his facemask. I am feeling really uncomfortable, me in a t-shirt and him in a suit. I make the introductions, "This is Fiona Halstead, Oxford SRC President and I am sure you know our Prime minister... Gone is the elbow. He reaches out for a handshake which morphs into a gentleman's approach but stops short of kissing her hand. Eton shmooze. She melts a little and I am now wishing I had made more effort to please her horse.

He sees our empty cups and plates and quickly orders himself a half Guinness.

"Thank you for seeing me Prime Minister and congratulations on your Brexit deal."

"Look it's always a pleasure to meet an Oxford man for lunch and be of service, and Browns is such a delightful venue. A friend of mine lost her virginity just at the end of this patio."

"What right here?" Fi jumps in, her anti climax tension is gone.

"No it was actually off the end there, next to the oak tree, It was much darker then." The two of them are hitting it off like Harry meets Sally.

The half Guinness arrives and he takes it off the waiter's tray. A third of it disappears faster than a drumstick meeting a bulldog. "So what's this deal you have in Africa?"

If you have ever read my Principles of Colonial Deal Making, you will understand that when most talk about Colonialism they get dreadfully confused with Imperialism, Nationalism and Sovereignty. Egos max out, self-interest is a given and the debate carries no honor in referential integrity.

In the World of Colonial Politics, if you are going to get anything done with another party, you have to make sure that the other party believes it is his or her idea. Fortunately in this branch of existential philosophy, I am a world expert and The Prime minister is the ultimate narcissistic audience

"Prime Minister, if I may offer on behalf of the Empire ..."

"Now hold on Rhodes, what is this talk of you speaking for the Empire?"

"In that case Sir, allow me to speak on behalf of Africa."

"OK but none of that 'Colonising the UK' stuff. I already have Imran Kahn laying down his prayer mat in the Long Room and bragging about how the Pakistanis have colonized the UK. What I really don't need is another boatload looking for a council flat."

"This is not Hong Kong Sir, I am talking about gaining territory." He was falling for it already. Lord Protector of the British Empire. He will be building a Colonial Office next. Africa can be his

honor saver

Yes, Hong Hong, it's a great pity, but none of it on my watch you know, We really let those Citizens Down. The whole place has fallen apart."

"Rubbish," says Fi. She has taken her left foot into her left hand and extended her leg like an arm into the air, through nylon silk shorts you can see her shaven armpits. Memories of last night's turmoil flood back. "Britain has always fucked the Chinese. In 1800 prior to the Opium Wars, China had the highest GDP in the world. Both your British Imperialists and your Indian Colonial Allies set about destroying their society by exporting Opium from Afghanistan to China and trading it for tea which you would sell in the UK at over 1,000% percent profit."

"Well said," says he, "Or shall I say, well delivered." They are talking now like I am not even in the room. "Are you sure we haven't met before, your face is familiar".

"No," she says, putting her leg back down in the chair, "I never forget a face I have sat on."

"Would you like another cappuccino ma'am?", He signals to the waiter for another half Guinness and he half turns back to me, "So Rhodes, give us the details, spill it in a tweet, so to speak."

I give him my elevator pitch about how I am going to buy up the Monomatapan debt, inject new capital, take over the administration of the territory, repay the bonds and make everyone, but mostly us, a whole lot of Pound Sterling. "This opportunity exists because the Colonial borders drawn up 100 years ago, restrict us. We can double our income just by redrawing

the borders."

"It is just not convincing, forty years on, to blame Africa's problems on the 'lines on the map', the arbitrary boundary-making of the men in pith helmets. He is quoting from his Spectator article. This is going to be easier than I thought. "The best fate for Africa would be if the old colonial powers, or their citizens, scrambled once again in her direction; on the understanding that this time they will not be asked to feel guilty."

"The problem is that it's not woke, Prime minister. The world sees England as a blot on Africa." I look over at Fi, she is blowing the cream off the top of her Cappuccino, she motions an air kiss towards me."

"We want a positive relationship with our African friends. Heaven knows what the Foreign Office has cooked up for me, or quite how this British Prime minister will choose to break the winds of change. But we must hope, for the sake of candor and common sense, that they do not blame Britain, or colonialism, or the white man. The continent may be a blot, but it is not a blot upon our conscience. The problem is not that we were once in charge, but that we are not in charge anymore".

I've got him, "Precisely Prime minister, we build a new relationship with them, one that satisfies your Imperial needs to build Empire and their needs for Sovereignty. We do that by absolving both of you from a downside and we let you both ride on the upside coattails of a Colonial solution. By renaming the territory New Rhodesia, you get all the bragging rights without any of the obligations. Of course, British companies will have the front row on tenders and infrastructural development. "

"I am starting to see it Rhodes - a new beginning. A new Aid program. In 1956 Ghana had a bigger GDP than Malaysia, and Egypt and South Korea were economically on a par. Can you really blame colonialism for the subsequent divergence in performance? The Malaysians have air-conditioning and computers; 90 percent of Africans live in Stone Age conditions. It is no surprise that the aid industry is by far the biggest in Africa and the one that attracts all the brightest and most ambitious. "

"And who can be more bright and more ambitious than the Rhodesians. It's a perfect work-around the Wokes. You don't need control of the countries, you only need the Rhodesians there."

"The Rhodesians? Where do they come into it? "

"Firstly it's part of my Trust and secondly I will be borrowing the money from them. They are going to want operational control until at least we have reached the margin."

"Sure, so what is it that you need from me?" He gives me that big blonde bear grin.

"First I will need the weapons to enforce the peace and a service agreement that should it be required, the Empire will underwrite any of our military actions, not that I am anticipating any. This deal is so sweet for everyone that it should be a shoo-in. Britain can underwrite this without getting involved. A nod from you at the appropriate time should be enough to allow us to secure the perimeter. Boots on the ground will come from the Rhodesians themselves."

"I've been in Africa for ages and there's one thing I just don't get. Why are they so brutal to each other? We may treat them like children, but it's not because of us that they behave like the children in Lord of the Flies."

"Prime minister it's the nature of aid. Aid corrupts, that's why I am proposing something that has not been tried in Africa: untethered investment. But you can't underestimate the elite. You never know how irrationally they will behave. If the GDP doubles, they will also double and without even having to worry about working, but sometimes even that is not enough for our Royalty, they just can't

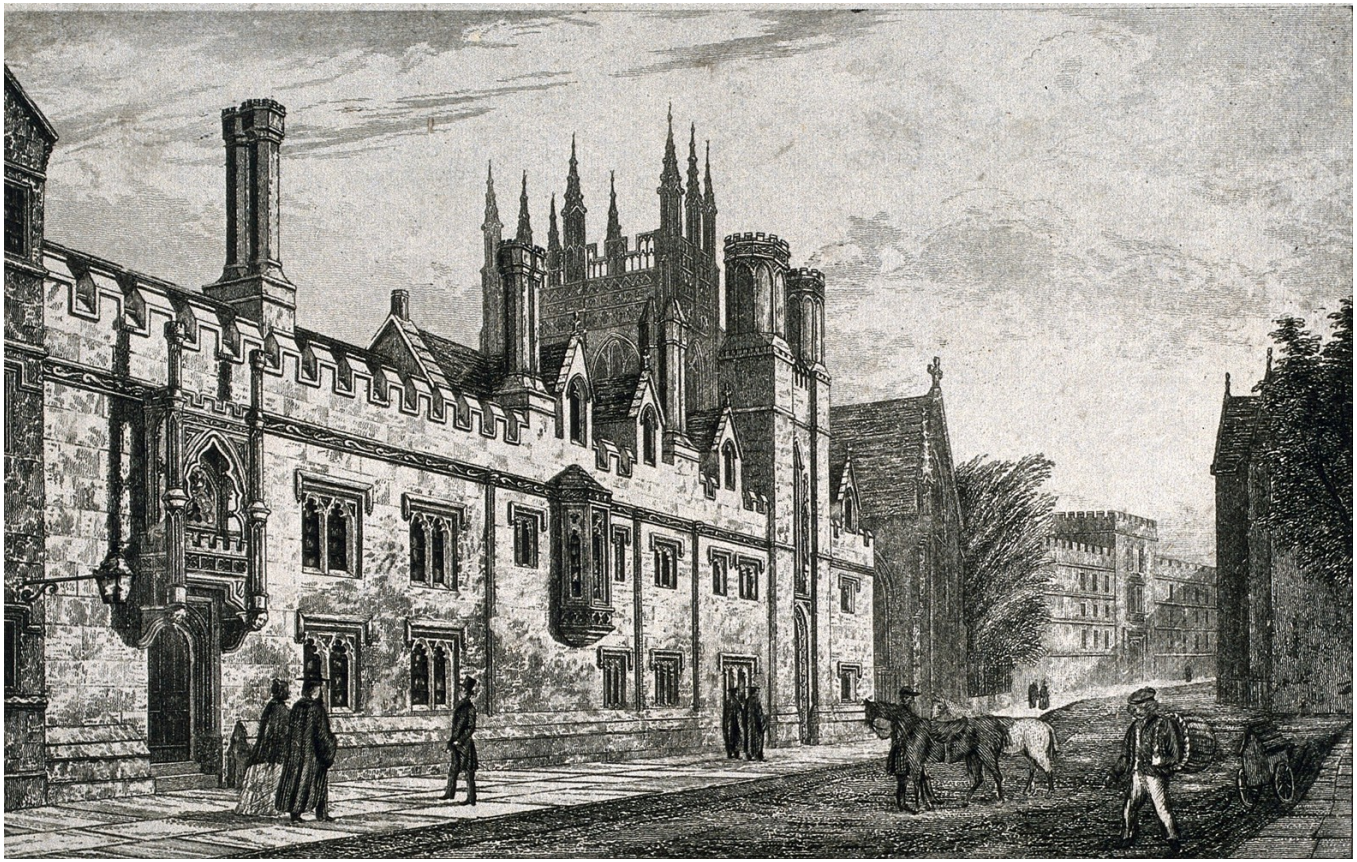
leave money on the table."

"Of course, aid corrupts and distorts and infantilizes; but those considerations are probably outweighed by the short-term good it can do. We saw Western money being used to Aids-test hundreds of expectant mothers, and we saw the counseling they received when their blood serum went cloudy on the glass slide and they knew that they — and their unborn children — had, on average, eight years to live. "

Then he gets up, "I'll do it. Put your people in touch with my people and let's get this done. He looks at Fiona, "Miss Halstead" and then he straightens his right arm meaning to copy her leg action, but it comes out looking like a Nazi salute, he quickly retracts it. "Go get 'em, Rhodes."

I jump to my feet, formalities are broken and we shake hands. I regret the gesture immediately, not because I fear I may have given him a virus, but there are still traces of the horse's breath on my fingers. I have been sniffing at my finger through the meeting, that the thought did not cross my mind to use the sanitizers on offer. I go to get the check and when I return I see him sniffing his fingers and Fi punching her number into his cellphone.

Editors Note: Rhodes seems deadly accurate in his account of the meeting. The Prime minister's views are unchanged from the Spectator article he penned.



Act 3 - 2021, The world stalls

Capital

If you have ever held the conspiracy theory that Jews run the world banking system, I am here to reassure you – you are right. Hyrum Shlomowitz is living proof of it.

"Why do Jews run the world Hyrum?"

"Yochanny, we don't run the world. We just run the banking, and if you have to ask that then you still don't understand that we are the chosen race."

"The chosen race really?" He is patronizing me with my Yiddish name.

"Two percent of the population of America and we own fifty percent of the assets and you still have to ask that question?"

"No seriously."

"Seriously? It a question of trust. If you lend money to a Jew you know he will repay you. It's not a matter of contract, its a matter of honor. There is no other race where you can get that assurance. What is a Bank? A Bank does not have any real money of its own. It has deposits and it has loans. As long as it can always collect its loans and pay its depositors, it all works out. Break that rule and you tear the very fabric of society. Keep that ruel like we have for centuries and you become the bedrock of capitalism. "

What about Bernie Maddoff? Hel stole all those investors money?"

"Bupkis, Madoff is not a banker, he is just a gonif."

"A gonif?"

"A thief, an absolute cunt. He is a stain on our race. Who would take an old Jewish lady's pension? Take this deal you are trying to put together. If you were an investor, would you lend money to these swietzers? There are few cases in history to prove that these guys even understand loans. They can't tell the difference between a loan and a mitzvah."

"That's not true Nelson Mandela and Thabo Mbeki repaid Apartheid's debt in 2007."

"Repaid Apartheids Debt? A nechtiker tog! Who were their taxpayers? If the Aibishter allowed me to take bets, I would wager that half of those taxpayers were Jews. Its not Governments that repay debts, its taxpayers that repay Debts. All the Governments have to do is not steal the cash from the tills. Now your taxpayers Yochanny, they are not paying from Jewish run tills. "

"I have often wondered about that, its a beautiful thing being a Government, you borrow money. Spend it on your mates, and someone else has to pay it back. That's how these Debts were created. $30 Bn accross the four Monomatapan states. Most of it created in the post-colonial era, given to the leaders who promptly bought themselves mansions in Europe. Even the Chinese lent money to pay for their own companies to get contracts. These countries are the poorest in the world, is there no charity?"

"We have Charity here at the Bank, we sponsor the Jewish orphanage. No Jewish child should ever suffer deprivation. But your citizens will happily steal the loans and leave their children to go hungry, if not now then in the future."

"Yes but surely these loans can be forgiven?"

"It is not our money. It is the depositor's money. It is not up to Banks to forgive loans, it is up to depositors to forgive loans. Take some black steelworker in the US, who works his whole life paying monthly into his pension. He makes that saving because at the end of it, he wants the savings plus the interest earned paid back to him to finance that period of his life when he is too old to work. That pension fund then deposits those savings into our bank. It is those funds that we loan out to you. If you can't pay us back with interest, then don't take the money in the first place. If we have to forgive that loan we would expect that steelworker to give up is an old-age pension. You can spin him a story about how he is helping Africa, but you are not likely to find much of the milk of human kindness when you give it to him."

"Yes, but the guy you are asking to repay the debt got none of the benefits. The leader who stole the money is long gone. How can it be his responsibility?"

"Oy veh! He voted the leader into power to represent him didn't he?"

"How are these people ever going to get out of poverty if they have no capital?"

"I always have time for you Yohanny, let me take a little of that precious commodity and explain capital to you. Firstly, capital is on the liability side of the balance sheet. It is not an asset. You can purchase assets, but that does no increase your capital, to get assets you either have to swap it for another asset like cash or you have to incur a liability like a loan. You don't gain, in fact, most likely you lose in the transaction?"

"But you haven't answered my question, how are they going to get out of poverty if we don't give them capital."

"You can give people capital. You can only give them a liability. Unless of course you are the manager of the orphanage. She comes to see us and we give her cash assets. We don't give her capital. She is not going to invest it in a business, make a return, and pay us back. Our charity to her si the Banks money, not one of our depositors. To carry on giving her that charity there is a Jew working in one of these offices to make a profit that provides the funding to do it."

"Surely we can provide them with a loan?"

"A loan? How are they going to pay us back? Mozambique has a per capita GDP of $500 and is the second poorest country in the world behind The Congo which has $ 420. This country of yours Malawi has $380. It is so poor that it doesn't even feature on the World Bank's list. It may as well not exist. They will fritter the money until its gone and then what do we do? Where is our security?"

"They have Land! They are always on about how they have retrieved the stolen Land from the Settlers."

"Only shnorrers talk like this. What would I do with Land in Malawi? Security can be liquidated easily. Who would want a farm in Malawi? They have five times the land area of Israel and we have five times the land under irrigation that they have our entire inland water resources is less than one percent of theirs, and yet we export food. Only a schlemiel could lend to these guys. All that would happen is that they would kvetch all day long about paying back the money."

He is bageling me. That means he peppers his speech with Yiddish terms to show you up as not actually understanding life itself. Same a when a Muslim starts dropping Arabic terms.

"Hyrum, I am not going to be a nudnik and get all smaltzy about these people, but I could smooze all day telling stories where I have seen their menschkeit. All they lack are they resources and whenever they try to get them there is always some schmo who is going to shlep them around until they are tied up in chains without a schlissel."

"That's what I like about you Rhodes. You are part of an oppresssed minority and you are always willing to put in the time to brush up your Yiddish. We have been banking the Rhodes money ever since Beit and Werhner joined the business.

Isn't Cape the place where they won't let you bid for Governemtn Contracts because of your race?"

"Yep"

"And they want to bring in laws to take your assets without compensation?"

"Yep"

"Take a tip from me, the next thing they start putting you in labor camps. Why do you want to help these guys"

"Becuase they know not what they are doing."

"Now you sound like that other Jewish kid, the one who lived wiht his parent until he was thirty, went into his fathers busness and his mother thinks he is the son of God. You know what happened to him.

We will lend YOU the money and YOU will pay us back. With you as the primary, I can get it past my partners. And if it all goes wrong you will have to dig a canal from Lake Malawi to Jerusalem to repay us. And if you duck us we will hunt you down like Martin Bormann until we get our money."

"What do you need from me?"

"So that total debt over all four countries is thirty six Billion"

"Call it forty."

"We keep the nominal amount fixed, but you have to get the current holders to accept 10%, and at least half of that deferred. So we put up $5 Bn, $2 Bn goes to the current bondholders and that leaves you $ 3 Bn for your economic miracle.

The $30 Bn nominals could be useful as a tax launderer if I can break it up into small enough pieces. It is not going to go down well if we get some really big players, registering Lusaka as their headquarters, but there will definitely be a bite for smaller chunks."

"The bondholders will not like that."

What choice do they have? They are up Schitts Creek. What money is ever going to come out of there unless you are in charge. You know what Yohanney – and this is only because you are like family. I am going to charge you two precent."

"Whats two percent?"

"Exactly whats two percent? But I am going to make it so good fro you beciase I will but b also buy $2 Bn at coupon rate, of 6% as long as we are senoir to allother bind holders."

"Whye would you do that?"

"Call it seigel. I have great confidence that you are gogint to pull this off. I see us making a tidy pile on your efforts."

.

"But I am not going to be in charge, the idea is to get the Rhodesians and the masses to participate in the whole renewal."

"Yohanny, it profits a man not to sell his soul for the whole world, but for Malawi?"



Innocent makes Captain

"How many times have I told you that Nigel is the Royal Fauntleroy , Boss."

Innocent is driving me around the city. We are going nowhere in particular. I have just found that a drive to nowhere is the best way to get to talk to him. Book a set time with his Black Cab service and then I have him as a captive audience. His cellphone is buzzing, but he keeps his integrity to focus on the client and blocks them. "You are going to have to tell me again a few more times how tough it is. Every way I look at it, You have landed your black ass in Africa's white cream butter."

"How old are you, Boss?"

"Thirty-five."

"So in 1994 you were ten? You've never lived under the administration of the British?"

"What do you mean", says I, knowing exactly what he means.

"You have to understand how deeply the racism goes. Sure you meet it every day in the street, but it cuts right down to the family. Look at my brother's name, Nigel III. That says it all, now you know what that means for me? I am the black sheep of the family that is why he has send to to the Colonies to make my fortune.

So the Rhodesians now see South Africa and the UK as colonies.

How ironic. "The the first born son inherits everything and any subsequent sons are made to go make their way in the world. Yes it is an English tradition that has served The Empire well. Where do you think they found the officers for the colonies? Rhodes dealt squarely with nepotism in the Trust Document, no man with a son may be the Trustee. It gets rid of the inheritance bullshit."

"Boss, I am the second son. Worse the bastard son. With Nigel II, that means that I am the Sitole and Nigel III is the Fauntleroy. He gets all the assets. I get fuckall. In fact I get worse than fuckall. I am the one with a black skin, not even his lodge masons trust me."

"What do you mean? Nigel gave you everything." I am starting to think that the bugger believes this shit he is sprouting.

"When I arrived on your doorstep I had ten dollars in my pocket and my entire worldly assets in a suitcase."

"Yes, but it cost a Rhodesian marker to get you there. How do you think you just arrived at my doorstep without a marker? You get dropped at the desk of the world's greatest scriptwriter, with a sealed contract for the lead in his next movie. You boy, are like Megan Markle, you have landed the role of your life. Anyway, anyone that needs more than a suitcase to carry his assets is overburdened."

"How so?

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players... William Shakespeare, As You Like It, Act II, Scene VII. You have been chosen to follow a script and all you have to is follow it to glory. Nigel III is trapped in Zimbabwe, Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel. Seeking the bubble

reputation, Even in the cannon's mouth. Worse he has the yoke of Nigel II's assets to bind him to an inevitable miserable bourgeois destiny, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

"A script you say?" I can feel him tugging at the bait.

"You have been following this script all your life. You have been brought up as an English gentleman, the next best thing to actually being one. Nigel II wrote your life story and then to produce it, he called in the Marker. A Rhodesian Market is worth more than a Bitcoin mining Cheatsheet, delivered by Satoshi Nakamoto himself. You are the Peterhouse Flyhalf. You have lead platoons of cadets. Nigel has sent you to Cavalry training. I taught you to ride a horse and stick a pig didn't I?"

"Stick a pig? I taught myself Japanese sward fighting. And this car? This car I paid it off myself from the spoils off my own labor.

"Yes and what did it teach you?" There a few assets in life as valuable as a fully paid car. I am looking around the car – I notice he has installed buffalo skin seats. And a new sound system.
"Yeah sure, you paid for it and good for you. Its gets better. Your script leads all the way to the top - Lord Protector of New Rhodesia. And to prove the point, today I am going to give you your own battalion and the rank of Captain."

"What do you think of the seats?", he reads my mind.

"Yeah they are OK, What's special about them? "

"Slaughtered Halaal, I did it myself - a thousand men you say?"

“Yes a thousand men.” I tell him the obvious. “Unless an Imam did it, its not Halaal.”

“But I haven't even commanded a company yet? You can't take the Carbo del Gardo incident to be a captainship.”

“I haven't got time. War has broken out. In times of war promotons are rapid. I have His Excellency suggesting his son for the new position of administrator general of New Rhodesia. I have to put forward a credible candidate and the job I have for you is going to create that proof of credibility. The action of your Cabo men won us a country.”

"So where does the script come in? At Cabo we didn't know what the outcome would be."

"Of course we do. We never fight a battle unless we are going to win. Look out there at those pedestrians, bent double like old beggars under sacks." I point to the beggars on the streets of Cape town. It feels liek we are in that scene from Wall Street with Michael Douglas playing Gecko. "People don't follow their own lives. They follow scripts. There is only one plot, The Heros journey, and the job of the hero is to lead the cast and to make sure that all the characters follow the script. The protagonist must deal with all antagonists on a journey that must be completed, even if The Buhda is killed at the side of the road."

He hits his foot on the brakes a little too hard at the next red robot “Whoah I 've seen this movie before and the black guy always dies.” I can see that he is actually buying into the idea. Then he remembers, “So it's like Journey's End where Captain Stannert leads the company to certain death and the Officers dine on fish

back at HQ.”

“Relax, it's not a real battalion, it is just the size of a battalion. It is actually a movie company in Joburg, that has been comming up with some titles that have tanked. They have run out of money for the next season. I want you to go in and sort it out, and release us a blockbuster.”

“OK I get it, Its like Jim Carey in Fun with Dick and Jane. He gets made CCO of Dynacor just as Alec Baldwin and the other directors are taking the helicopter off the roof to a game of golf at Augusta.”

“No - more like Tom Brady and the Super bowl. The Buccaneers are basement stuff. Brady doesn't have the best arm, he is as slow and as fat as one of the cavalry pigs, and he is so brittle that one hit could end his career. Still, he reads the script, cuts through it until he can store it in his head, develops a working plan, calls his own plays and makes his men execute them. Viola - a Superbowl without even breaking a sweat. You are Brady, there to see that the other characters play their parts. You are perfect for this.”

“Can I still do cavalry work?” he looks into the mirror to see my nod. “I hate it when my sward lies idle. When do I start Boss?”

“The executive producer gets in this afternoon. Pick him up at the airport and show him the city. And for fuck sake remember you only get one chance to make a good impression. He looks at me as if I am trying to teach him to stick pigs. “Captain, I have told you not to call me Boss.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Sithole's first day at work.

<Outline for a fight scene >

Sitole is on a zoom call after his first day at the movie company.

"It was dark Boss."

"What do you mean it was dark?"

""Well I figured best way to start would be to do a site visit to the warehouse. I went to their web site and they pointed me to an industrial shoot location in Crown Mines. When I got there the office was dark."

""Did you go in"

"Yes"

"And what did you find?"

"There were four guys rummaging through the production libary footage."

"This is company property." I told them.

"Well we are not here for company property. We are here to pick up our footage. We have not been paid and our contract states that the footage is ours until fully paid. We are just taking back what is rightfully ours". Only one of them spoke.

"My Lords, if you have any problem with payment, please take it up with our finance department, and until them I am going to have to ask you to leave."

"Ask us to leave, you and whos's army?" The last comment was accompanied with the click of a gun being safety-unlocked.

"The rummagers had all turned to face me."

This is when I notice that he is still shaking, and there are specks of blood on his shirt and a small bruise above his left eye. "OK Innocent, let me guess. They are standing in a semi circle gunman on the right. It is like a preying mantis form?"

"Yes thats it." He pantomimes the kata. "There was no way out without casualties. You can't manage four coming at you simultaneously.

"So you draw the sward with the rigth hand and strike out at the gun man."

"Yes the first strike is critical. It is a broad slash. I take his gun hand three quarters off at the wrist with the first cut. He drops the gun and sinks to the ground grabbing his dangling hand. The second guy actually falls onto the sward, His momentum turnd into an upward lunge into his belly. I can feel it rupture his liver. He has about three minutes to live. Unfortunately that gives number three the opportunity to grab me round the neck from behind. I drop backwards into the mantis position and he hits fall to the ground, he lets go with shock and I am up in time to slash the throat of number four. "

"So what did you do with the third guy, he must have been unharmed. "

""Yeah bruized but in no mood to attack."

"And then"

"I tore a strip off number twos shirt and I told number three to pick up his gunman friend, Tie his wrist with the strip and take it back to their finance department and tell them to put in their invoice politely."

"And that was it, they left politely?" there was a bit more action from security as we tried to leave, but the Rhodesin took care of it.

"Yes. I wrapped the two bodies into plastic bags and dumped them into the sea, The fish were eating them before I left. And that was it Boss.

"You get to Joburg, they are a vicious breed." and I've told you not to call me Boss."

"Yes Boss.

A Villa in Beverley Hills

"Windsors, thats Thirty Fifteen", I yell, even though everyone knows the score. I am playing doubles with Megan, Harry and Naomi.

"With you serving Rhodes, it can't last much longer." Harry doesn't mind the Windor tag, gives him that prince walking amoungst the paupers feel.
'
Her highness, I can see, is pissed with the familiarity, She is playing a set in private game of tennis with the world's highest paid female athlete and what she thinks is the richest man in the world and she still expects me to let her play the customer. Its a fair game. Harry and Megan are sub league playes, I am useless and Naiomi can ace every shot even with her iPod blaring. Its five all and can go either way. I give her Highness a good serve, as hard as a Gentleman can politely serve in mixed doubles, but she smashes it back into the tramline passed my backhand. Then, she bounces forward to the net to get into position for my serve to Harry.

"Duece" I murmer.

"Thirty all"cries she.

"Its the same thing ..."says I trailing off. Whats the point of explaining to an actress that in a Godel numbering systems, duece and thirty thirty are fuctionally equivalent. Any side that moves to forty-thirty is in the same position as a side getting an advantage. They either win the game onteh next point or it goes to duece.

Harry winks at me. On my serve to him, he knows he is going to drive it past my forehand, I know he is going to drive it past my forehand, So what does he do? He drives it past my forehand.

"Thirty- Forty Rhodes", he laughs.

They take my serve, Naiomi loves them on hers and we go into the tie breaker and they win that on a double service from me. Naiomi sulks off without so much as shaking my hand.

We are sitting after the game at the pool deck, the women are exchanging numbers of LA physchologists, and sending off selfies to the mental health society.

"I thought you might be good for Naomi, You also don't like the limelight."

"Yes I saw the business with the French Open, but thats as far as we go in the similairty. I don't mind public speaking, It is just preferable for me to have a lower profile, given the nature of my transactions."

"So you cant see it?".he lifts his red eyebrows into his receding hairline.

"Nah, she's too young for me, Next thing I will have her demanding guarantees for a prenup."

"You can't run forever Rhodes." I have neglected to tell him about the Trust clause that any Trustee who fathers a child must imediatiately resign.

"Look I am always available for a game of tennis and anything that may follow, but thats it. But its you I really want to talk to. I know you speak for Lesotho and Botswana."

"Not really, I left that behind with the firm." He puts his hand out and we pass the Mason level five handshake. We both know he is bullshitting, he has already made the Ratheon contact, and we both know that a single battalion of British led mercenaries, backed by a modern helicopter squad and America hardware is sufficient to patrol the whole of New Rhodesia. It is the kind of card that you never want to play, but you always want up your sleeve.

"I've been getting some push back about your man in Joburg. Apparantly he killed two accountants." hey says taking a sip of his Earl Grey.

"It all came out at the bail hearing. It wasn't in Joburg the incident happpened on a film lot in Capetown. Innocent is the managing director and he surprised these, lets not call them accountants – henchmen, afterhours on one of the sites. They attacked him." I can see him whince as I pour in the milk first.

"Yes but he killed two of them."

"It was self defense. There were four of them, all thugs. One of them even brought a gun to a knife fight. If Innocent had not been faster, he would have been shot. The second had him in a choke hold and would have choked him rigth there if he had not defended himself. My accountant Colquohoun checked it our. Only one of them was a genuine CA the others were unqualified. Calquohoun expects the police to drop the charges. They were jsut lucky that Innocent was strogn enough to n be able to neutgraalsie them without killing the lot."

Naiomi and Megan were sulking about the fact that I woud not

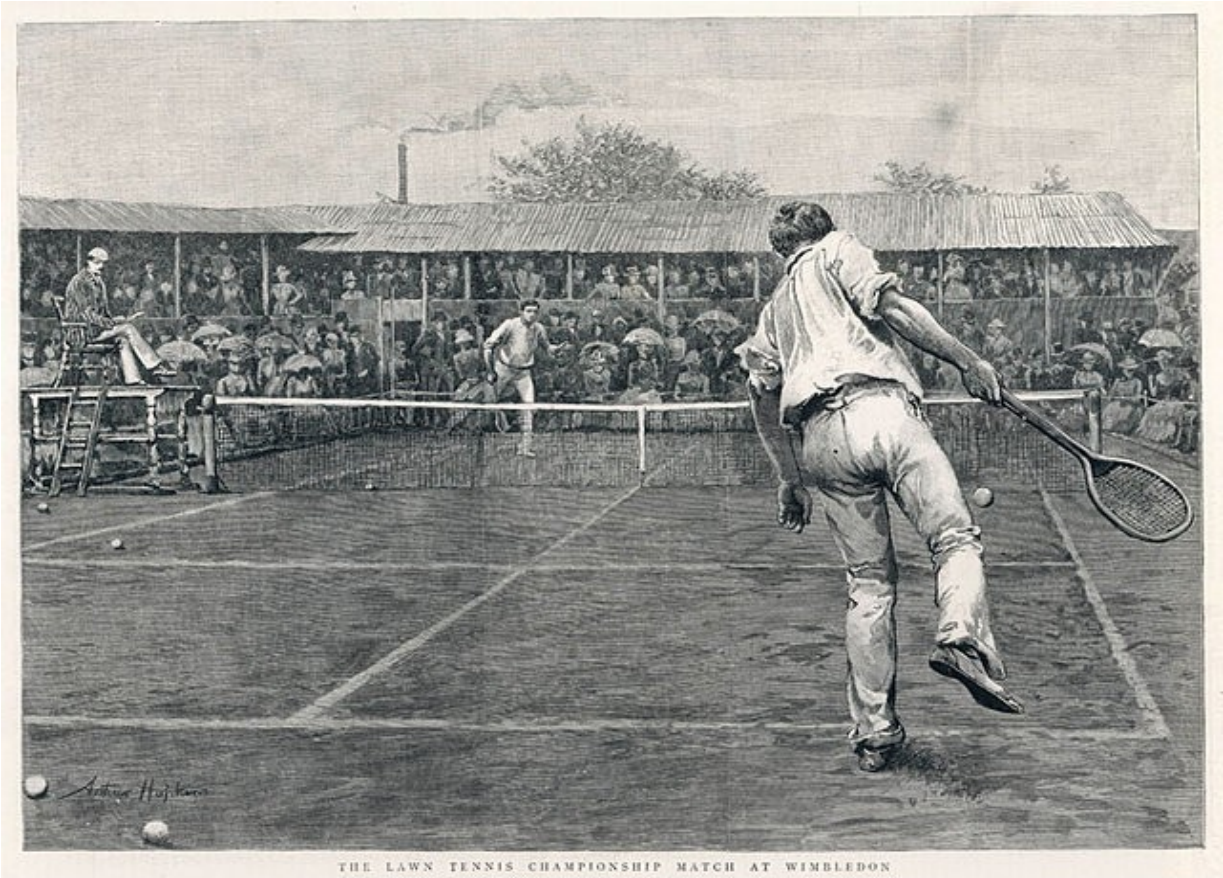
appear in a charity tennis match with them, So I get up to leave."

"You really should stay." says Harry, " We are having fish."

"I can't bru, I am on such a deadline for this New Rhodesia deal, that if I miss a beat it can all get away from me." I pull out my cheque book. Even he looks stunned. "I know you don't see a lot of these anymore, but I am making this out to cash, you can decide how much of it is for mental health."

He looks at the figure and even he can't hide the red flush to his face. ""Well Rhodes, I will see you in Africa then."

I should have pcked it up. The bugger had a glint is his eye. That "up-for-the-fight" look seen only in the Englsh upper classes and paid for with the blood of the African foot soldier.



THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH AT WIMBLEDON

www.alamy.com - DP93DY

The Chest of Gold

For those of you that are not familiar with the exploits of the villainous Johnny C Rhodes and his bloodthirsty sidekick Innocent Sitole, as they romp through neo-colonial Southern Africa planting red flags across The Territory, start here: https://www.facebook.com/johnnycnewnormal

Cast for this episode

Johnny C Rhodes - The trustee of the Cecil Rhodes fortune.

Innocent Sitole - A son of a Rhodesian, marked as the next Trustee.

Nigel - A Rhodesian associate of Rhodes' predecessor

Betty Sibanda - Rhodes' partner in a chain of up market brothels reaching from London to Blantyre to Cape Town.

The story so far:

Rhodes has sent Sitole to Johannesburg to rescue a movie company that is in financial distress, with the brief to stabilize the situation and produce a new movie. On arriving in Johannesburg Sitole finds the company in chaos. Needing no excuse, the blood-thirsty Sitole enters with his favorite opening – violence...

"Where are you?"

Innocent is sounding a bit agitato. His voice is crackling. He is calling from a satellite phone. "I'm on a boat."

"I meant in terms of the deal, not your hotel location."

"Yes, in terms of the deal I am on a boat, about five km off the coast of Durban, just off the continental shelf. The currents are treacherous out here."

"Boy, I sent you to Joburg, how did you end up in Durban?"

"Boss, I did exactly what you said. I went to The Pimlico."

"How was The Pim? Did you meet Betty?"

"Yes I did, and she introduced me to the Rhodesian hands that you said would be there. I employed two of them to help with the warehouse stocktake. By the ghost of Seloux himself, they were handy. What is that place The Pimlico? I have never been to a club with such friendly girls. Are all Joburg girls like that?"

"Yes mostly. The Pim is an Education Institute providing bursaries and seed finance to young startups, mostly girls aged 20 to 30. The girls live at the club and get all the facilities they need to either finish off their education or get into business. The Rhodesians are sponsors of the place. As members of the Pimlico, they take an active mentorship role in helping the girls to find their feet when they first get to Joburg. It's a real service to all

concerned." Where did Nigel take this naive kid? "Good that you got the Rhodesian hands. Then what happened? Did they make you settle their bill?"

"Betty said that you had settled it. After an hour of hanging around at the club, we hot-footed it over to the warehouse. That's where I found the creditors rummaging through the storage cages. I decided to grab the case of gold. "

"I told you in these situations, time is always someone else's money. You should have gone straight to the warehouse. Who knows what they removed before you got there. Nevertheless, what on earth did you think you were going to do with a chest of gold? I said you have to make a new movie."

"It seemed like a good idea at the time. The Rhodesians proved really handy, the creditors got all bolshy and we had to shoot our way out of the place."

"Well done Boy, there are few things in Africa as affirmative as a patrol of Rhodesian mercenaries in a fire flight. What next?"

"I met our film crew ánd director. They showed me the script for the Secret Life of the Southcoast Sardine. Its a really great idea, it's like an annual mass suicide, like lemmings running off a cliff. This movie is going to make that Octopus movie look like sashimi on the side. I hired a truck to lug the chest and the film equipment to Durban where I rented a really big boat as a set and we have been out here ever since safe from intrusion, filming the new movie. We have some beautiful undersea shots of the Sardine Run Boss."

"Great. So why are you calling me?"

"Well about five days into the shoot, we are drifting along in the Agulhas Current. Its like a river Boss. As you fall off the continental shelf it is like gushing white waters dragging you South. You have to pull five knots hard north west, just to stay in the same place."

"OK but you learned how to do that at Sea Scouts in Muizenberg, whát can go wrong?"

"'Three hours ago, a loose container comes drifting down the channel on its way to the Southern Ocean, You cant see it. Ít comes at us like a twelve by two iceberg. It Titannics three tons straight across our bow. We have been taking on water ever since. This boat has only a few more hours left."

"Containers falling off carriers is a world problem. Can't you call in a rescue?"

"I tried that, but the boat company has not paid its last maintenance bill. The ship is going down, but I have a plan to grab the chest of gold before it hits the bottom. The Rhodesians have a mate who is a few minutes out, he is getting here with a small cabin cruizer. What shall I do."

"Get on your phone and call the Masters Office. Get a salvaging licence."

"A salvage licence? Shouldn't I go for the chest?"

"You can't touch that chest until the stern goes under the surface. You can get ready to pull it, but don't move it from the boat until

you have the salvaging licence.."

"What do you mean?"

"Maritime Law. When A ship goes down, the salvage of the wreck becomes state assets. Anyone with a salvage licence can dive down, pull it out, and keep the loot. If you dont do tghat the original owners will still claim ownership."

"But nobody is trying to save it. They are all trying to save themselves. Those that aren't immediatey getting into the life boats are all cleaning the whiskey out of the bar and fitting their life jackets. Nobody cares about the Chest of Gold."

"Trust me they will. If you risk your life to dive down into the hold and get it up, you will find that by the time you have got it onto the cruizer and back on the beach. They will be there ready to claim the Chest."

"OK Boss, leave it to me."

"Ï've told you not to call me Boss."

Blow me in the car park if he doesn't call again in an hour. I am still on the phone to Betty. She is one of those rare African women who truly knows what a guy wants.

"Yes I am billing the Rhodesians club tab to your account." says Betty. "They have been hanging around The Pim for days and the problem is that their credit card is bouncing. I am also also adding in two grand for a premier service to the kid."

"So that is why it took an hour to get to the warehouse!" I guess you have to forgive the kid he is nineteen. At that age, men have different priorities.

"What warehouse?"

"Don't worry about it."

"I have some good news. There is a graduate of the Institute that works in the Masters Office in Durban. We have secured the salvaging permit. The graduate has asked that she is under financial pressure on repaying her student loan, She asked if there was anyway that you could settle her Loan? In exchange she says that for the next five years, anytime you are in Durban, you know where to find a lap dance. I agreed on your behalf." She knows me so well does Betty. ""So your Bill this month is a little higher that usual. "

"Thats a good girl and add a thirty percent tip on for yourself. That squares us until I get to Joburg next week, in the meantime, keep it warm for me." She blows me kisses and I click over to Innocents incomming call.

"Where are you?"

"I am back on the beach. The Rhodesians are also commercial divers. We rigged the Chest with cables, cut a hole in the lower deck and it all simply detached as the boat went past. It all happened so fast. There wasn't enough time to get the salvaging licence. You were right Boss, I am on the beach and the Boat owners and the Crew are claiming the Chest belongs to the

company. What do I do?"

"Hold on a moment, I will WhatsApp you the salvaging licence. Get the Rhodesians to take the chest to our safe house in Ballito."

"Thank you, Boss. The good news is that I also saved the Cameras and the tape packs with Sardine footage on it. This is going to be a Netflix hit."

"You're welcome, and I have told you not to call me Boss".

Secret Life of the Sardine

Secret Life of the Sardine

Afghanistan Opens up.

"Rhodes this is the start of great days for us." Omar da Santos and I are at his beach bar, toasting the spectacular success of the Taliban in Kabul.

The thing about Muslims is that celebrations with them soon hit the "red empty line" on the boring-celebrations-chemical-index. The first thing is that muslim celebrations are cockfests. The only women invited will be waitresses and not the kind that Jameson and I like, I am talking like full burka, the only contact is eye jobs. The celebrators always have one eye on the celebrations and one eye on the infidel making eye contact with the waitresses.

A situation like this is never going to end well. Have you ever been to an Islamic state. The women are like caged spaniels on heat. The more that the beards try to stop them, the more they chase after a clean shave. When the girls know that JohnnyC is in town, they start leaning in on you like an Afghan collaborator clinging to the side of a departing US military plane. Now there is only so much you can get out of sweetmeats and two loose swinging titties being pushed onto your neck as she reaches over to serve you. It is inevitable that soon someone is going to caste the first stone. You have to tread really carefully.

The second thing that stokes boredom is the nature of the chemicals involved. Tea, sweetmeats, and the best dope grown this side of the Lower Zambezi Valley. Don't get me wrong I am not against a good spliff, but when it is celebration time even the best-prepared hooka is still going to deliver a downer. When taken in conjunction with beastly rations of Ugandan Coffee, it can be OK, but it's not something that you would take with you to a New

York Dinner party.

It's ironic actually. Here we are two guys in control of 90 percent of Southern Africa's heroin trade and drugs are off the menu. Touching the merchandise is out of the question. All opium dealers know the effect that dipping into the Company Store bins can have on even the strongest character. Best leave it for the suburban housewives as their little helper.

I had heroin once, It was delivered by a nurse at a clinic in Sandton. Pethidine they called it. I had broken two fingers playing in one of the most exclusive cricket games in the world. An Invitation game - Nicky Oppenheimer's Eleven against an invitational team of the visiting Pakistani squad and some of their entourage. This game is played out at Nicky's private cricket field in Cullinan. Jonathan opens the batting and of course, I always get an invite. If you are not connected it's a pretty tough call to get the selector's nod. This is sacred ground, rolled perfectly, no more than a few yards from where the Largest Diamond in the world was discovered. It is rumored that Nicky threatened to have a De Beers geologist fired for suggesting that there might be a commercial pipe located under Nicky's cricket field.

Anyway back to my fingers. An aging Imran Kahn is playing for them, At tea, he calls me over and tries to touch me for a donation to a Children's hospital he is building in Lahore. I was much younger then and still only playing as my Trustees plus one. I wanted to tell Khan that my neighbor had recently asked me if I could help with the floods in Pakistan and I told him that my water hose barely reaches to the end of my garden, Instead I mumbled something about the Trustees charity focus is on Rhodesian wildlife or something like that. He looked miffed and soon drifted off to one of the other marks in the Pavillion. Even then you could see that Kahn had the chutzpah that is so common in politicians. Later, when he did take up politics, it was an

obvious choice to those that have met him. Begging is an essentail trait for any successful third world President.

I usually don't get to bat in these Oppenheimer games. I am down the order and Nicky always makes sure that their team has the most spinners so that his invitees can usually manage to play out some form of low-scoring defense. Anyway, this was the day after a really strong highveld storm and without rain today, an unusual humidity hung over the Cullinan. I am not saying it was a sticky wicket, but it did offer more turn than usual and I found myself coming in at number eight with one ball left in the over.

As I am taking my guard, I see Kahn move over the young spinner and whisper something in his ear. The spinner walks up and delivers a dolly slightly short and with absolutely no spin on it. It to be quite a by surprise and while should have knocked it out of the park instead I turned it for a single at mid-wicket. I walked through to the other end and as I turned to take my guard I could see what the old man had in mind. Kahn was doing his stretches for a full over at me.

I am not a complete palooka tailender, but I wouldn't play number eight if I was any good at battling. Kahn on the other hand was one of the few to take 300 test wickets. Even at his advanced age and in a social game he could turn on the speed.

The first one I didn't even see. It was short, came whizzing at my head and I collapsed dicking down, nearly taking my wicket with me. The world might have been a better place and I could have done more finger jobs and less cunnilingus if I had not lost my wicket on the first ball.

I had broken into a fine beaded sweat and it didn't help that Kahn was grinning from ear to ear. We walked five metes past his

bowling mark and paused to look at me. His eyes were burning with the passion of a Taliban executioner before he brings down the sward.

The second ball was completely different, pitched at length. I had been prepared for another high ball and had played back. I took a wild swing at it. The ball hit the seam with a chipping sound, bit the ground, and nipped back in to hit me squarely on the tips of my two outstretched right-hand fingers. I could hear the crack as they both pushed backward and broke. They had to cut the glove off my hand as a broken phalange had pushed through the cover.

"Rhodes, I could get you treated at our hospital in Lahore but the orthopedics is not ready yet!". He was grinning from ear to ear."

Yep pethidine did help the experience as four orderlies held me down and a psycho surgeon pulled the fingers back into place. The thing that hurt the most is that it was my wanking hand and things have never been the same since in encounters with my favorite sexual partner. To his credit, Kahn did come to visit me in the clinic and gave me tickets to his private booth for the Wanderers game. We ended up being friends and he did eventually get his donation.

"I can't see it", Afghanistan is going to turn into a shithole and I can't see how that is going to help us. We spent over a Trillion Dollars fixing the place. The Taliban are just going to cause shit and destroy everything." I say, passing Omar the bubbly. "Things have been working well for twenty years, with the Pakistanis now in control of the poppies, it is going to turn the clock back."

"You have been watching too much CNN, Rhodes"

UN Report on Opium Production

https://www.unodc.org/unodc/en/frontpage/2021/May/afghanistan_-37-per-cent-increase-in-opium-poppy-cultivation-in-2020--while-researchers-explore-novel-ways-to-collect-data-due-to-covid-19.html

A third of the world snatched.

"A third of the world snatched from beneath our noses, aren't you being a bit melodramatic Rhodes?"

There is a big problem meeting Merriman "under the Oaks" at his residence in Gardens. Like most of the Cape bureaucrats, he likes to show off his 21-year-old whiskeys, and like most of the Cape bureaucrats, he is a real schnorrer for more than two rounds. Two rounds of 21-year-old disappear faster than a packet of Romany Creams at a bulimics convention. With empty glasses rattling dwindling ice cubes, tempers get a little edgy.

"Think about it", I am now repeating myself to him. "The US, UK, Australia AUKUS Defense deal is not about the Indo-Pacific area at all. That is just a cover for the liberal press It's about the Southern Ocean. With this deal, they effectively control everything below the 30 degrees parallel. It may be water but it is still a third of the world."

"I thought you liked the Empire," says he sneaking himself a third dram without offering the same to his guest.

"I like the Empire when it is the colonials running it, but this is an Imperial move," says I rattling three ice cubes in vain.

"I don't get it?"

"Imperialists are people that sit in Westminster, plotting maps of places they have never been to. Colonials are people like us, who actually live in these places and have full local knowledge. Colonialism is about leaving it to us to run the show. What pisses me off is when they leave us out of the loop altogether. When you

are out of the Club, you may as well be making clay oxen with the natives."

He is starting to get all agitato. He is right to be twitchy. I am fingering him for the blame. He is about as useless as France for missing this one.

"Well, why don't you do something about it, Rhodes?"

" I have told you before, It's not in my Trust mandate. "My mandate is to look out for the Rhodesians. I can push that definition quite a bit, but Antarctica is stretching it."

"What do you want me to do about it? You know how iffy the President is about the Chinese, If I make the step towards this alliance, he will be onto me within minutes."

The way Merriman struts around the Cape party circuit, you would be mistaken that he is Governor, he is of course when it comes to the crunch, he is only a provincial administrator reporting to his bosses in Pretoria. On the payroll he can just never see that the only reason we like the Vaalies coming down to Cape Town for their Parliament is that we score big on the hotels and the brothels.

"I've told you before Merrimen, We are going to have to deal with the Boers and their servants in Pretoria. There is always a way. Think of what Cecil did, Confronted with their obstinacy he went around them. That's why we still have the protectorates today."

We are never going to pull that off in the Cape. The Cape Party rises up each election touting for Independence votes and simply flops at the polls. The Capetonians are simply not interested in it."

"The Capetonians don't know what they are interested in. Explain it to them properly and they will come around like cousins for a free lunch. With an Independent Cape we could get on with it. We push up the west coast, pop a US naval base in at Saldahna and we will be in Windhoek in no time. I can then link us right across to Cabo del Gardo in the East and we have strangled the Boers and their brown noses."

"I thought you were having problems with the Israelis up in Cabo del Gardo?"

"Right now it is only Rwandans. Just focus on doing your job and leave the Hinterland to me"

"Where there are Rwandans, the Israelis are never far behind. What's wrong with Simonstown?"

"There are only two possible platforms, Saldahna and Algoa. Between them lies the Aghulas bank and it stretches to far offshore. These two are the only place with enough space.

"Why wouldn't they take Uswayo, that's much further South."

Merriman talks like someone who has never been to sea. Without the Patagonian toothfish, there is no traffic around the Horn. AUKUS already controls the pacific all the way from Perth to South America. A Cape base closes the loop.

"You are going to have to step it up here Merriman, next moment they will simply develop St Helena and we will be as irrelevant as three slips with a spinner."

"I am not sure about that," he says, getting up to signal the end of the meeting. I can see him counting up the horror of his salary and pension being at risk. The important thing to him is that Bishops final fees are due this month. "Why don't you deal with the Americans, you are better connected than I am?"

"While the usurper is on the throne I am persona non grata. Wait until President Trump gets back to the Whitehouse - the world order will be restored.

I pull out a brown envelope. "Here's your cheque, Colquhoun made it out to the Cape Trust."

He pockets it with the entitlement of an ANC deputy minister. "You look after everything below the tropic of Capricorn and I will take care of the rest."

As I step outside onto the curb waiting for Innocent to pull up. I can feel Adamastor cough the first cold gust of the gathering storm. If we have to rely on Merriman, this is not going to end well.

#newnormal #johnnyc #newrhodesia

https://www.bbc.com/news/world-58592613

Jameson takes it down a notch

Warning to sensitive viewers, episodes of The New Normal contain scenes of violence, drugs, sex, and politics. The characters are racist, misogynous and duplicitous, never take their word at face value."

"Tell me, Jameson, what is it?"

It could have been a few seconds it could have been hours since I asked him that simple question. The thing about downers is they have the common characteristic of being able to dilate time. It makes sense right? How else do you chill out unless you stretch time? The only way to achieve the complete high is to stretch time until it stands still. At that point, the universe stops and there is nothing that happens that you have to worry anything going wrong. If you can get to that level and get back safely, it's a downer that you are always going to return to.

"It's Reactivan Rhodes, they give it to schizophrenics."

"This can't be good for them. Surely they are better off talking to their other selves than taking this. Nothing is going to split your personality more than this. Take these every day and you sure will have the time to develop an alter ego."

"Some of them can't function without it. That's an urban myth about schizophrenics having multiple personality disorder, not what happens at all"

"Huh?"

" Schizophrenics have issues with the timing of brain messages, like a camshaft in a supercar with some extra notches. So given the right conditions, the synapses can actually fire faster than normal people. They can be remarkably intelligent. Bobby Fisher the World Chess Champion was a Schitsophrenic, Marilyn Monroe. Their intelligence and extension of these mental capabilities enable them to build up alternate worlds that run simultaneously."

"So what's wrong with that?"

"Well is fine until the alternate world starts to fight back. Because they are going at such high speeds, the crashes tend to be spectacular. You are not going to be functional if you are sitting in a business meeting and a dragon bursts into the room burning all the furniture."

"Yeah, that would be a problem."

"It's Reactivan Rhodes, they give it to schizophrenics. "

Did he just say that or have I traveled back in time? I blurt out, "I am sure I heard you say that a few minutes ago."

"Can't be, There is no such thing as time travel, trust me I am a Doctor."

It was Douglas Adams, who said that the problem with time travel is not the physical restrictions, but rather that it screws up grammar.

"That was a good point, Rhodes, why do you always write in the present tense?"

"It makes metaphysical sense. You can only live in the present. I would argue that in fact because there is always only one eternal present, that it is quite possible that time has not existed at all."

Jupiter takes one more revolution and as Titan is rising, he says, "That is preposterous".

"Is it?" says I, ever aware that our own moon may be on an eclipse path. "Shoemaker-Levy crashed into Jupiter a few years back, can you honestly tell if there is a difference in time from before we were born until the crash and the time after the crash? In the whole history of Jupiter, this moment has stood out, longer than the rest.

"You have lost me, Rhodes."

"How can you be lost? At worst I could be losing you – remember there is only the present. Even a medical doctor can get it. The Dinosaurs were alive for much longer than they have been dead, The Egyptian Empire reigns for longer than it has been gone."

"What the fuck has that got to do with us?"

"Look at Cecil's problem. Is it any different from ours? From his perspective in Cape Town, he had the same problem unifying Africa by linking up with the north. Like us, he has the Boers blocking his way. What's the difference between Boers handing out blasting licenses and sending raids into Matabeleland, and Boers with their corrupt relations in Joburg. Echoes of an unsettled past."

"The difference is we can do something about it, Rhodes."

"That's not the point, we can always do something about it. Cecil can do something about it. It's not that history repeats itself, but it does echo. The thing about echoes is that they exist in the present, but they are a voice of the past. That is how we get the first hint that there is no time."

"Now you are twanging Mark Twain at me. If there is no time then how come I am always waiting for things to happen? How come I am always early. I really think the drugs are taking hold. These are scheduled seven you know."

Isn't it ironic how he can't see it, The waves are illusions, illusions of change, a Platonian cave where the pictures never change? The Drug has nothing to do with it. It is not Xeno's paradox gone wild, Jameson is changing the perception of the Universe, not the Universe itself.

"Say here that it contains fencamfamin and that is a stimulant." Says I having just conducted the slowest Google search in history. "Why does it feel like a downer?"

Doctors see everything as a stimulant, if it can alter the mental state of the patient, it is a stimulant. Downers or stimulants are just a matter of perspective. To the chronic mental patient, it is a step down to a workable state of schizophrenia, to the casual user is a step into their world. The common factor is the suspension of time. It is the same reason you don't like cocaine. Most people get a buzz out of it, It slows you down, Rhodes."

"Do you think we are drug addicts Jameson?" I miss the opportunity to tell him once again that I am never sure if time separates Jameson and the drugs, they coexist in dilated-space-

time. If you've had them once you have always had them"

"No way, I work with addicts every day, we are nothing like them."

"What do you mean?"

"Addicts have a drug preference, they are not interested in broadening their perceptual horizons. Alcoholics are not interested in getting high, they just want to get drunk and stay drunk. Junkies find every other drug a waste of time. We struggle to get them off it using methadone as a substitute. Their drug of choice is what transports them to a better world and they keep trying to get back there. They are not like schizophrenics who don't need a drug to turn in on, they need a drug to turn it off."

"That's was true." It was the first time in the evening I looked at my watch, it was 12-47, and Innocent will be waiting outside for the last twenty minutes.

"It's Reactivan Rhodes, they give it to schizophrenics."

The Countess Polenska

"Be honest Rhodes, I am the oldest woman you've ever fucked." If it was not for the inconvenient truth that cocaine changes your character, this should be a very civil observation by The Countess Polenska.

But because of the inconvenient truth, what is coming at me is a prickly pear spinning with the deception of a Shane Warne googly. There is no upside here. If you are not careful catching it, it can spike right through your hand.

"That's not what I said. I said you're one of the best I have ever fucked." I am doing my best to gather the situation, "So what? I am thirty-five and you are fifty-three, that a difference of, ehr.."

"Eight". She is always quicker at mental arithmetic than I am.

The Countess and I are doing lines of coke off the menu at a fine dining restaurant in Upper Constantia. Let me get this straigh I eshrew the Big C, and the only exception I make to this rule is the Countess. If I have to explain this to you, then you have never fucked a Countess and probably never will.

We are at the Cellars Hohenort They are serving the eleven-course Moonlight Kitchen. There's something special about eating at a fine restaurant. The elegant waiting staff with impeccable manners, fancy cutlery, the aroma of expensive wine, and delicious meals give customers a sense of importance. There are plenty who are willing to pay top dollar for the optimal experience., especially

when topped with a touch of royalty and the sparkle of Peruvian icing sugar. My part for each date is to pick up the tab and score two grams from Jameson's endless supply. The Countess does the rest.

How do you even begin to decide on the best fuck you have ever had? It is like choosing the best Guinness you ever drank. They are all terrific! If you are like me, getting it from a Countess, a professional like Betty Sibanda or an absolute crazy like Fiona Halstead, matched only by the sheer terror of banging Maria da Santos in her UCT dorm room, knowing that at any moment her brother Omar could burst into the room and save the family's honor by plunging a Rhino handled dagger into your sweating back. How do you pick the best, when Madga Strydom brings three hundred years of Afrikaner angst to the tryst? If you believe there is such a thing as a free fuck, then sure Magda is for free. There are high stakes are high, knowing that her position at SARS means yoyur last performance will determine the outcome of your tax return. You have to make sure that each stroke is the best you can make. Hell I can't even tell the difference between the Rhodetts, the one is more ginger than the next.

"I said the best and to prove it I am happy to meet you in the ladies' room right now." I lay down the challenge. She is not satisfied that her attack has run aground. I look past the dark rings under her eyes. Then it hits me - the age difference is eighteen, not eight.

"Hold on tiger there will be plenty of time for that. There are eleven courses." It is fine dining and in fine dining, portions are small and there are no seconds. If it were not for the coke, you still want to swing by MacDonalds on the way home for supper. With an appetite suppressant, eleven courses becomes a push.

I just don't like coke. For a start, I am always worried about the price. "Don't worry old boy, there is plenty where this comes from," Jameson assures me. He works pro bono at a leper colony in Lesotho and they pour the powder onto the patients' arms as part of the treatment. Doctors without borders. There is no distance too far for the Good Doctor Jameson to travel to treat the sick and the dying.

But there are more reasons I don't like sniff. Most drugs east of Tequilla are quite harmless. Coke is dangerous – it will change your character.

"Can we get a vermouth apéritif served prior to the hors d'oeuvre." the Countess asked our designated bar-waiter, a kid probably in his first job. The Countess and I are always a disappointment to the bar at fine dining. There is nothing like bump to flatten your desire to drink. I usually make up for it by tipping the barman generously and our near teetotalling is soon forgiven.

"Certainly Madam" he heads off to the bar to fulfill the order while I scrape out two more lines.

The great thing about fine dining is that the restaurant is widely spread out and you don't have to feel that you are involved with the next table. It actually has the feeling that each table is in a separate room. The Countess and I can set about snorting our main dish without having to share the experience with other foodies.

This brings me to the next anomaly I don't like about coke. It is said that any primate with a hundred-centimeter tail or a hundred thousand pay packet will develop a habit, but in my experience, invariably in any nose candy parlor, there is always one person who is really far more into the stash than the rest of the company. As the evening progresses and you get to the inevitable end of the

spice flowing, the addicts become ever more belligerent at the intrusion of the real world. In the case of the Countess and myself, it is always her that loses her shit.

Our dinner waitress appears. She looks like the bar-waters twin sister. She is carrying two large white plates. Our first course, an Amuse Bouche is a beet and honey savory sorbet with tarragon." Sure enough, placed just off centre of the plates is a half scoop of red ice-sorbet, decorated with a snip of a Cape Cymbidium. Chefs love to put rare flowers on the plate in fine dining.

"I order an apéritif to be served before the first dish, Can you take it back and give us another ten minutes." Her Ladyship requests. The waitress looks down at the carefully prepared frostball which looks like its bottom is already starting to thaw and slide on the plate.

"No problem Madam." The waitress and with a forced look over at me, catches me fixated on her breasts. She forces a smile and takes the plate back to an irritated chef back in the Moonlit Kitchen.

The evening starts out well enough and for half an hour it appears that the centre will hold. Two appetizers, a foie gras pate, smooth sheep’s milk Italian cheese, dried plum, and parmesan crackers, followed by a Braunshweiger, olive, pimento pate, formed into a rose and served with a chevre kale tartlett. I order sparkling water. Then the snow plow turns into an icebreaker...

"It's time Rhodes, let's do it."

When she says "It's time Rhodes, let's do it." We both know what "it" means. We retire to the restroom to powder her nose and clean

my pipes.

Sooner or later we all do it – pork a dusted aristocrat. For those of you with the budget to try, if intimacy is what you are looking for from the affair, you have come to the wrong place. The deal is simple. You squeeze into the ladies toilet, she bends over and gets to tug on some really solid lines off the top of the throne in an uninhibited space, where she does not have to hide the depth of her snorting. She can suck it right up to the deepest parts of her throat. And the beauty of it is that all this happens while the Duke of York marches ten thousand troops up the hill and marches them down again. The Hammer of Thor calls it, stiring up the pearly snowstorm. It is a two-step shuffle when only one person comes, but the other gets what she wants anyway. Unless it all starts to go wrong ...

"Pass me the toot."

"The what?" I already have her bending over the toilet, and I am thumping my first strokes to the time of the march. I gather myself, reach into my pocket. I almost break my rhythm when I feel what's not in there. "There's a problem. I brought two grams and I only have one here, I think I left the other gram on the Menu."

"You didn't!" She bolts like a filly. With my steady hand, I grab her hips and hold myself in place, getting in a few more vital strokes. It's now a race for the line. She wants to get back to the table, I want to stay the distance. I slap her on the ass and pass her the second gram. She slaughters half of it in three mountains of toot. Still, she is in such a hurry to get back to the table that at the last hurdle I slip off the saddle and start squirting all over the seat. What a mess - white power and white putty everywhere. I am too scared to touch it. If the two substances mix it is going to make a ceramic glue that will make two surfaces inseparable. I notice that

she keeps the balance of the gram for herself, putting it into her bra. I barely get to scrape the top of the porcelain and rub it into my gums. It gets worse as we head back to the table...

She is fuming now. "I am getting tired of our dates Rhodes. They are always the same. We go to dinner, have a few courses. You fuck me in the crapper, we have dessert and you go home."

I have to agree with her there. It is an irrefutable fact. We have railed the speedball in the piddly diddly department of every top ten restaurants in Cape Town. There is no denying it. "OK next time I will jump straight to dessert and we can go home early." I shouldn't have said it. I grab at the words, but they are already out of my mouth.

We get back to the table, The Countess storming in front of me. Our bar-waiter is standing at attention grinning from ear to ear. The gram is nowhere in sight. For the first time, I notice the kid has pimples. Something is unsaid, then I detect him sniffing back a nasal drip, as he takes my chair out for me. Bastard.

I get through the seafood, a sauteed scallop with scalloped potatoes, leaks, and mushrooms, all served in a white cheddar sauce and garnished with a caper and some sauteed tree mushrooms, the smell on my fingers of the Countesses' inner workings tops off the aquatic, aromatic experience. In the following course of pasta, I can only manage two of the three homemade pancetta spinach cheese raviolis with a roasted red pepper cream sauce. It doesn't help that Polenska is not reaching into her tits to bring out the Big C between courses. Then its starts...

"You are not eating your food, Rhodes." I can see the coke is starting to wear off and she is slowly turning the three mountains

into a pillar of salt. What beast will gird its loins and head towards Gomorrah? "I am going to power my nose while you sit here. " I start to get up. She wags a long finger at me, "Uh-uh, don't even think about it. Finish your food."

She stumbles back into the room about ten minutes later to find that a lot has happened. The waitress is now on a charm offensive, and Hunter Rhodes is at his best. The waitress clears out the half-eaten pasta and by the time The Countess gets to the table, she finds the waitress adjusting my cutlery and discussing from which side it should be served. We try all sides and agree that the one is where she rubs her breasts on the back of my hand to be the best.

Countess Polenska, is the doyenne of Cape Town's social set. Belladonna lives in a palace in Wynberg, a few minutes from Genadenal. I have always thought she bought the palace just be to be near the President and myself, but what happens next is an exercise in psychological warfare, waged with the empathy of psychopathic generals gathering like witches at black masses.

She starts bitching at the bar-waiter about the bouquet for the wine and it comes to a head on the sixth serving, pork bellies, arguably the most challenging dish of the night, slow braised pork belly with slivered gingered sugar peas and a roasted peach with cardamom creme fraiche. The Countess sends the dish back to the kitchen! This is a crisis. Anyone in any city in the world knows that in fine dining you never do this. It is the social equivalent of telling a whore that you are not going to pay here because you don't like the service. A classy chef will simply urinate on your next course, one with less restraint might even come out and stab you in the eye with an oyster shucker. The whores use a nail file.

I wink at the waitress and she reads my mind. As she leaves the room I see her put the plate aside behind the curtain, where she later puts it into a small white cardboard box. Thank Jesus and the

waitress that the chef will never know.

I am definitely not going to be able to eat this piggy. The psychic waitress comes over to pour me another soda water. She reaches over me, his time her breast pressed hard against me. She puts her nose right down onto my plate and sucks up the pork belly and what do you know, she balances the whole action by leaning her right hand straight down and grabs onto Big Jim and the Twins for support. Only one problem. A scowling Countess sees her standing up licking the sauce off her crystal smile. Then the lid comes off...

The Countess jumps up, grabs the bar-waiter by the hand, and drags him off to the restroom. I don't know how long they are gone, but back at HQ the situation deteriorates. By the time her highness gets back, towing her giggling bar-waiter, wagging a radiant tail, like a labradoodle who has just been taking on a walk, our dinner waitress is serving silver service from a kneeling position in front of my chair. The girl is not having a great time of it. From my earlier encounter with the Countess, the effects of the coke, and what with me craning around the room looking for security cameras, Gerald and the troops are simple refusing to come out on parade. High on my list of anti-coke facts: it makes the troops lethargic when following orders. From here the evening plays out as best as it possibly can ...

We are all embarrassed and eager to get it over with as fast as possible. The seventh course is a palate cleanser, a blood orange-cranberry sorbet with thyme. Then the relief of a simple salad, a green bean, pistachio, golden raisin salad with slivered mushrooms, and a green garden gazpacho. It is topped with a warm hazelnut encrusted egg that has been soft boiled so that when you break it open, the soft runny yolk mixes with the vinegary dressing. No one notices that I don't eat the main, a roasted rack of lamb topped with a chianti-lamb reduction and

breaded in a kalamata olive tapenade, served with an asparagus risotto. The waitress is happy to scoop it into her doggy bag with the pork bellies, which she and the bar-waiter will doubtless take home for a midnight snack.

We finish off dishes ten and eleven with dessert and petit fors, a cocao nib panna cotta with a blueberry red wine syrup with a hint of cinnamon served with a milkless chocolate mousse, with a blasted caramel spiral and hazelnut spike followed a Chocolate Truffle made with Belcolade Peruvian Single Bean Chocolate garnished with lavender. I offer my truffle to the Countess as an olive branch. She is having none of it and spurns the hand of friendship. Outrageous - without cheese and biscuits ,without Port or coffee, we get up. I go to pay the bill and the Countess pulls the bar-waiter by his leash with her to the front door. They obviously have discipline issues to settle.

I come from the cashier to a commotion on the front steps of the restaurant. The Countess is standing spreadeagled over the bar-waiter, pissing straight through her pants onto him. He is lying prostrate, propped only by his elbow on his elbow, blood streaming from his nose, his white shirt splattered in red blood and yellow piss. Apparently what happened is that he told her the joke about why Germans have no sense of humor while tugging on her crotch in the reception. German humor is not funny because it is no laughing matter. She then smacks him with her handbag, punches him square in the nose. As he goes down she explains, that not all Germans are alike, The Austrians for example are charming and polite, even though they don't mean it. But that is not what really makes her cross. Have you ever seen a flaked up Pollak behave well when you call them German?

The maitre d' comes trotting up, word has just got to him of my five grand tip and he is eager to see us off in style. He scolds the bar waiter, picks him up, wipes the piss and the blood off his hand

onto the back of the waiter's tunic, pushes him inside, and tells us to have a safe journey, enjoy the rest of the evening and he bids us au revoir until our next return.

By the time I get her into the car, she is in tears. "The worst of it Rhodes, is that in the privy he told me that he loved me." White lines blow away, and that part, the character-changing part, is the real reason I just don't like the way that snow blows. "I don't know how I am going to get over this. I feel violated." In the White Rock diaries, mark that not as simple psychopath, but as a pathological psychopath.

"Driver can we wing-foot the Countess to the palace in Wynberg please."

"Yes Boss"

Reference

The Menu, courtesy of The Moonlight Kitchen

http://www.moonlitkitchen.com/?p=10

Act5 – Still in the future

Innocent until proven Omar

"The beheadings have to stop Omar."

"Why do the beheadings have to stop Rhodes? These are infidel."

"They may be infidel but they are Rhodesian infidel. Our constitution is clear. No man may be prejudiced by his race, color, or religious beliefs."

We are sitting at Omar's beach lounge, sipping Tanzanian coffee. Coffee has a different meaning to the Swahili. Devoid of taste for the finer ferments, coffee and tobacco are their daylight pursuits. It takes on a ritual akin to Japanese tea making.

This is a difficult conversation. One which I can no longer avoid. The global elite do not have a reputation for kindness to the lower classes. It is no different in Africa. This was always going to be a problem in New Rhodesia. Things have to change. Rhodesia needs productive workers, not slaves cowering to the whims of their masters. Yet in Africa, the elite gain their privilege from the servility, and no group gives up privilege without force.

I take a sip of the bitter coffee, in African style, it comes with a smattering of crushed bean dust and immediately feel like washing it down with water. I am buying time, looking for a way around this deal-breaker. This is the Italian style of drinking Espresso. Such manners are looked on with disdain by the Swahili, who see coffee as a near-perfect product as it is. Adding water simply dilutes the active ingredients and spits on God's gift to the faithful.

I am not alone. Besides Omar and Innocent in the room, I can feel the long hand of Cecil on my shoulder echoing history encouraging me to stay resolute. Cecil gets a really bad wrap from the African left in modern times. Their ignorance of history and the spirit of the times causes him to be lumped into the same box as slave traders, thieves and murderers. In the clamor and hysteria, the woke will happily desecrate Cecil's monuments – ignorant fools.

The case for injustice is misdirected. It should be directed at the whole body of Imperial society. These were different times. Human rights took second place to Empire building and in the colonies, the veneer of civilization and liberal thought was quickly stripped away to the prevailing self-interest of the ambitious and the desparate. Cecil, the outsider, clashed with the elite on the interests of protecting the little rigths that the African masses did have. From the begining, his insistence on allowing the Basuto to buy arms with their Diamond wages rubbed against the diggers, the Booers and the Cape Afrikaners. Two hundred years of technical advantage of over the black tribes have allowed the white man to run roughshod over the rights of the tribes. It was an advantage they coveted. It was Cecil's insistence on pushing through these rights that led to the eventual Protectorate of Basutoland. Protection that enabled the Basuto to stay off the rolling stock and land theft that the Boer republics kept perpetrating on them. All through his career, Cecil defended the Botswana against the Boers, The Shona against the Matabele, The Barotse against the Portuguese. Even the Glen Grey Act was his last vain attempt to protect the native traditions and loose ownership against the marauding Cape colonists, who would outwit and dispossess the locals with fine print, shiny toys, and liquor.

Cecil gets judged today as if he is an apostate to the Black Lives Matter Movement. The nonhistorians clamoring for Cecil's heads

have never considered that without his stubborn diplomacy and insistence on taking on the local elites. Southern Africa could easily have been Australia. In Australia, outrage and cries for injustice are interred in the bones, buried under the red sand of a nineteenth-century genocide. Without Cecil, the local tribes could have been blown under the shifting sands of history.

"There is no need for it." I press on." When we started our business we needed to control this part of the country. Now we have it. Our duty is to uplift our citizens, failure to do so would be dishonorable"

"When a man has no honor he loses his right to respect."

"Omar, if you have a good idea and you only stick to it, it will all work out, Moving the business to Maputo will have huge advantages for all of us. Only one border to cross, one set of bribes to pay and we will be bouncing in no time."

Omar is pissed with my idea to move our port of entry down to Maputo, And from his point of view he is right of course. Up here in Nyasaland, he is untouched by the admin hassles of trading opium through a busy commercial port. However, the long overland carry to the real market of Joburg just puts too many parties in the chain. Like the rest of the African elite, he does not have the wherewithal to negotiate the vicious competition of the global markets. He gets his advantage by being the big cichlid in the small lake. His advantage is gleaned directly from the disadvantage of the slaves of Nyasaland.

"If I wanted to live amongst the infidel I would move to Cape Town. Taking my family and sister with me."

There it is! I had always felt that he suspected that his sister had danced with the devil in the dark moonlight. In my defense, all I was doing with Maria da Santos was following my golden rule of women. If a woman offers her honor you are obliged to honor her offer. Any refusal is usually futile and will lead to a lifetime of hatred and negative vibes. When are these Muslim men going to get it into their heads – the more they constrain their women, the more they will revolt when they get out of their chains. Omar had sent her to UCT to the MBA school and had asked me to look out for her and chaperone her to any social events that he might agree to. I took up the role and any gentleman of a trusted fried would, but when the lady started pressing her point there was no avoiding it. I always felt she was far more suited to the Catholic side of the family. Either way, she got offered the body of Christ regularly in her UCT stay. We both agreed that it would probably be best not to tell Omar about it. So when he arrived one evening by surprise at UCT and found her out clubbing with friends, he promptly shipped her back to Nyasaland and gave me a lecture about keeping to agreements. Even though I had not been with her on that night of the surprise visit, from then on I always felt he had suspected something.

"Innocent can you get our car please." I could see Innocent limbering in small circles and stretching his fingers.

Omar picked up on the signal. "Rhodes, have you ever seen a man skinned alive?" He says, his Arabian dagger already in his hand. He motions a short cutting movement to illustrate how he will use the rhino knife for his deed. "It is a long painful death. Without a skin to protect it, the human body cannot keep out the microbes and decay that set about it. In two days you die from septicemia as your body rots rapidly from the outside in. The good news is that I am going to am nail you to the outside of the restaurant to give you a good view of the sea as you die." Innocent reached for his sward. "But before I do that I am going to gut this Kaffir Boy of yours."

In modern South Africa the K-word is very rarely used. Some of the old-timers at the club drop it after a few drinks as a way of showing that they have not entirely given up their claim on the place. But when it is delivered by a black man with a guttural Swahili accent it carries a venom I have never felt before.

Innocent is the first to strike, but Omar quickly pushes over the table and jumps to his feet. I stumble back out of the way. With so much on the line you would think that there is no time to actually watch what is happening, but it's exactly the opposite. Everything moves in slow motion, it is like watching two cats, an old leopard up against a small younger cheetah, speed against strength.

It should be no contest. I mean big as a rhino handled Arabian dagger is, it simply does not have the reach that a Japanese fighting sward has. However, the fight quickly morphs. Omar has more to his armory than first appears. On his left forearm, he has what looks like a large brass bracelet, extending almost up to the elbow. It turns into an arm shield. He put ups the forearm and parrys the incoming attack, circles the protected arm around the sward, and almost throws Innocent off balance.

Then comes his secret weapon he gathers part of his long white robe in his left hand. There is a weight at the bottom of it about the size a tennis ball. He swings it slowly in a circle. He is starting to look less like a leopard and more like a retiarius from the Roman Gladiators. Instead of a fisherman's net and trident of the classic retiarius, he has the net and dagger. You can see that if he is to snare Innocent if only for half a second, this will give him the time to jump in close and deliver the mortal wound.

Omar swings the net and Innocent slides to the left, but before he can recover, Omar has slashed with the dagger and cuts into

Innocent's left hand. This first blood catches the kid by surprise. It is not enough to stop Innocent. He regroups, putting some distance between them.

This is not going to be a fight of attrition and it actually ends quickly after that. Innocent pushes an appel to the left, and then with a skill that comes only from the hours of kata, he circles the Katana around again with his wrist and with one movement, like an Olympic fencer, he lunges forward almost into a kneeling position and thrusts upward, through the stomach, under the ribs and straight into Omars' heart. He pulls backward, cutting downwards with the sharp blade edge that is this style to defend any counter-attack, but there is no need. Omar straightens up, his body is shaking with the shock, takes a step backward and starts to stumble. He tries to regain his balance but he falls forward onto his knees and the dagger falls from his hand. He kneels there for a moment and then falls back onto his back. His knees, no longer needed crumple under his body.

I am standing over him the life squirting out of, the hole below his chest. "I want you to know Omar I fucked her, I fucked her hard, real hard. Right in the ass and she loved it. His eyes were angry for a moment, one last grimace of defiance, but the glistening is receding fast and with a last cough of bright red arterial blood he is gone.

"Well done," I say patting Innocent on the shoulders. "See, that's for the purpose of seizing political power". I reach for the fallen dagger and cut a strip of Omars White robe, most of it now spattered with his chest blood. I take Innocent's hand and wrap it in the robe., Come let's get that hand seen to."

As we leave, I notice him untie Omar's cloth belt and remove the sheath. He the retrieves the daggar and takes the souvenir with him.

Lithium is the new black

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Monomatapan Mercantilism

Innocent Takes Inbound Tourists for a Ride

Matabele Rebellion

The Palace Revolt

The Centre Cannot Hold

The Jameson Raid

Where Have All The Flowers Gone

A Handsome Profit

Teachers Guide

The Plot

In five acts: Exposition ; Rise; Climax; Fall; Denoumant (except that we all knwo the outcome of Rhodes' ambtions. In a timeless Universe, All five Acts happen together.

Cecil Rhodes engineered two raids. One spectacularly successful 1891(Setup of Rhodesia) One a complete failure 1895 (Jameson Raid on the Vaal)

The New Normal uses the theme "History Echoes" and places the Protagonaist in a modern situation that echoes these raids. (exposition) Understanding current affairs gives us an understanding of the motivations and errors of history. (rise) The climax is the successful raid and then the fall is the unsucessful one Johnny C gets both. In the Denoumant our hero is able to offset one against the other and emerge with a healthy profit – ready for the next adventure.

We need to create and kill characters , real characters with detailed ambitions, failings and real sex lives – female readership demands it...

Characters

Johnny Cecil Rhodes

Leander Star Jameson

John Thomas Pickering

James Colquhoun

Innocent Sitthole

Adamastor

Merriman

The President

Nigel

Hofmyer

Omar da Santoz

Maria da Santoz

Pat Mabere

Bushy Mahlangu

Babanga Ntumba

Betty Mbanda

Magdalena Schreiner.

His Excellency, President of Zimbawe

His Excellency, President of Mozambique

Fiona Halsead

Carrie Lam

Boris Johnson

Hyrum Shlomowitz

Economic Data

	Exchange Rate	Land Area	Inland Water	Irrigated	Rainfall	Population	Growth
Zimbabwe	361	390,757	391	175	670	14.44	1.4
Zambia	21	752,618	922	156	900	17.86	2.9
Malawi	767	118,484	2,420	74	1000	18.14	2.6
Nyasaland	75	300,000	650	59	1000	14.45	2.9
		1,561,859	4,383	464		64.89	
New Rhodesia							
Mozambique	75	801,590	1,300	118		29.5	2.9
South Africa	15	1,219,090	600	1670	464	57.78	1.3

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	Growth	GDP	per capita	Debt/GDP	GDFI	Debt	tax/GDP	tax
Zimbabwe	1.4	21.4	1464	10.8	0.81	2.31	15.79	3.38
Zambia	2.9	23.1	1291	91.9	1.19	21.23	15.18	3.51
Malawi	2.6	7.7	412	63.4	0.33	4.88	17.03	1.31
Nyasaland	2.9	7.4	492	104	0.61	7.70	22.19	1.64
		59.60			2.93	36.12		9.84
New Rhodesia		120.00			5.93		15	18.00
Mozambique	2.9	14.9	492	104.4	1.21	15.56	22.19	3.31
South Africa	1.3	351	6001	62.2	50.67	218.32	26.97	94.66

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