#johnnyc 2023

In the last few months before the singularity. This world does not use chat.openai or night cafe which are introduced as a separate track #johnnyc April 2023 AI

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Shabbas Dinner

Cast

Johnny C Rhodes – our villainous hero whose lacivious debauchery knows no limits.

Hyrum Smerkovitz – Rhodes' London Banker

Ester Smerkovitz – Hyrums adoring mother

Ariella Smerkovitz – Hyrums widowed cousin

“Ariella darling, why don't you play for Johnny, I just wanted to finish off the Baba Ganush.” (It's a grilled Eggplant puree)

It's Friday night and Hyrum's mother is preparing Shabbas dinner, Hyrum is still walking back from Shul, where he helps the rabbi to close up and balance the books for the week.

Hyrum lives in a twenty Million Pound St John's Wood standalone townhouse with his mother and Ariella his thirty-year-old widowed cousin, who has come from Israel to live with them. The decor is typically understated as is the tradition with rich Jews. You would think it a middle-class home, but for the standout objects like the David Hockney art, a Rothko in the living Room and a Steinway D fully equipped with Spurio playback tucked away on the side of the drawing-room. The whole place is locked down with state-of-the-art Israeli surveillance software.

I always come early to Shabbas dinner. It is a ritual that Hyrum puts me through about four times a year - dinner with his family. We eat a delightful three-course meal, me usually with my head covered in a napkin and candles burning to remember Maurice, his long-dead father. Ariella recently brought me a simple black Yamika which she keeps in the Townhouse for these occasions and saves me the ridiculous look of the napkin. Makes me feel part of the family. Part of a typical Jewish family.

Every meeting with Ariella is a mission steeped in intrigue. She is an ex IDF military intelligence Major. **Her late husband was Maurices younger brother.** An aunt who is twenty years younger than Hyrum. Ariella's husband died of a heart attack at 32, a very Jewish, but an unsoldierly way to go. A widowed Ariella moved to London to crash with Hyrum and his mum. She never moved out.

The mitzvah about Jewish women is that they are never going to pursue you. For them, fucking a shicksa is like the mortal sin. They are not going to hang around small talking the serpent after having licked his apple. She's not the feather plucker or the feather pluckers son, and she's only plucking feathers till the feather plucker comes. Seriously you can pluck them three times in a night, feathers in three different places, but come to the break of dawn, she's dusting off the fluff and pulling on her scarf and heading down to the gates of Ariel (hebrew name for Jerusalem) looking for mister right riding on a donkey. In Ariella's case more likely a coffee shop in Little Venice.

“Yes Johnny, why don't you sit over here and help me turn the pages.” She is already sitting at the piano, her dress is intentionally pulled up and we both know that turning the pages means I am not going to have to lick my fingers.

When in London I always make time for Ariella and we have had some delightful encounters at my Mayfair apartment. The meetings are swarn to secrecy, Ariella cannot deal with the shame of fucking the goyim. My financial exposure to Hyrum means that any one of these incestous freinds with benefits encounters could turn into the most expensive blow job since Borris Becker did the Black Russian waitress in the Berlin restaurant broom cupboard. But that would cost everyone, so we all do what's best for Jewish families – lie to each other.

She brings her old military step outs to the flat and dresses up medals and all. She brings me an old IDF uniform to put on. I am too scared to ask who's it was. I close my eyes while marching the troops up the West Bank, I can feel the ghosts of the brothers in arms, marching in time to my rythms. Mark Knoffler on wailing guitar helps to set the mood.

I bought Ariella a multi-carat stone, the kind you can only buy at a De Beers sight, had it set in a ring, and professed undying love. She dismissed it like a golden calf. “Vott verh you thinking darling? You are never going to mogai. My dead husband and my ancestors would haunt me for the rest of my days if they caught me assimilating. It's the final solution you know.”

Mogai? What happened to the simple times when it was just a boy standing in front of a girl asking her to love him back?

See if you can get this. Her dead husband and ancestors don't mind her coming to Mayfair lying on her back at four in the afternoon, then like a chicken in a kosher kitchen an hour before the break of fast, she gets her nuggets sucked out, covered in white sauce and stuffed back inside for another twenty minutes. That does not bother the ancestors - as long as the family don't find out! I will never understand the military mind.

I got the stone reset into a broach and never brought up love again. She wears the broach on dates with me, but never in front of Hyrum or his mother.

Should you fuck your sister? I don't know I have never had one. Should you fuck your friend's sisters? Who's sister would you fuck if you could fuck sisters? What about lying to her brother? Protecting the ladies reputation, which is a priority in any gentleman's repetoire, even a family aunt-fucker. On Friday nights, under the watchful eye of Hyrum and his mother, things are agreed with Ariella to be constrained. Unless she has other plans. I have never been a great favorite of a handjob, but in some situations, it is the best you can do.

Ariella is a wonderful pianist, she can rip through The Moonlight Sonata with the ease of a concert performer. Hyrums mother also an accomplished musician, likes the Moonlight, because, with the complexity, she knows that she can leave the room and while the music is playing, no hanky panky will ensure. But she is wrong there, the Lioness of God (hebrew translation of Ariella) has some feline moves of her own.

So what is sonata form? It is a description of a loose classical structure of music developed by the Germans and Austrians in the eighteenth century, braught to stellar highs by Mozart and Beethoven. Roughly, the composer takes two contrasting themes, plays between them in different colorings, harmony and rythm over three very distinct "acts". For those of you not familar with western musical form, I have tried to demonstrate sonata form here in this description of a Shabbas dinner. Two contrasting themes, family integrity and spoils of agression dance around a friday night menu. They get buffeted around by sub themes and rythmic changes of tempo, wrapped in three courses. See of you can pick it up.

Beethoven, still uses the sonata form even though the romantic sound has started to dominate his compositions. Even though there are Jewish contemporaries like Heller and Meyerbeer, the world's best pianists (mostly Jews) still crave Beethoven and the Moonlight, especially the presto third movement is a coveted performance prize. Beethovens introduction of the romantic era, coincided with the nineteenth century freedoms of the Jews and nothgin captures it more than Romantic music. The sonata in three parts: exposition, development, and recapitulation. The moonlight has an upfront repeat of 64 bars for the exposition. This is Ariellas musical genius, she can play a perfect exposition while I am not only turning over pages, but she can still bring out the best parts, even when I jiggle the fleshy hot spot. Here is her brilliance, she uses the Spurio to record her playing, and then as it comes to the repeat, she pushes replay and the full power of the Steinway comes to bear. The piano plays the repeat section all by itself, indistinguishable from the original human player!

“Ok you have 64 bars”, says she as she gets off the stool and launches a ground attack on Big Jim and the twins who have thrown caution to the wind and put their heads out of the trenches. She is working with the precision of an IDF officer, but 64 bars is even shorter than the time it took Dayan to take the Golan heights. The piece borders on being a scherzo, with an Elvis like energy, 'A little less conversation, a little more action please" interlaced with a second theme more akin to Jonie Mithcell and the hissing of summer lawns, a soft wind billowing fine lace over the face of woman waiting at a window, all wrapped together in C sharp minor with four sharps. By the time we get to the diminuto, Big Jim is nearly there but the twins are still scrambling behind and can't quite pull out the artillery for the final assault.

“Thats its,” and she jumps up leaving me and the platoon breathless, bayonets fixed, but the top of the hill is further away than ever. The strategic withdrawal is just in time because Hyrum's mother bursts into the room carrying the first of the starter dishes.

“Ariella darling, you must slow down on the repeat. The idea is not simply to state the exposition twice, but you are supposed to embellish it, slow it down and focus on the two contrasting themes. The main theme is male and the second theme is female. In the first play they meet each other, in the repeat, they truly engage. “The second repeat has to be slower and more romantic.”,she adds a walse step and swings the plates down onto the table.

Big Jim is in full agreement that a slightly slower rendition of the repeat would have been in order.

he doesn't finish the development, because we hear the front door open and a few seconds later the head of the house enters. We are already seated, waiting for Hyrum to take his place at the head of

the table.

Jews understand food.

A Shabbas dinner is a three-course meal, borne from the deep history of Europe's working classes, but its simplicity is matched with a volume and a diversity that will fill every ghetto stomach, askinasi or semite.

Jews like to have perfect families. The meal starts with Mrs S. the matriarch lighting candles. Then we all join hands and with Ariella checking that I have the yamica on, Hyrums starts to chant out in Hebrew, half singing half grunting -- ben this and ben that, something about Belsen and Aushwitz. He has described it to me as prayers to the ancestors, mostly to his own father and those that died in the holocaust.

First comes the challa. It is the breaking of bread that looks like a Rastafarian ponytail. Its bread with a rich creamy egg taste. Everyone gets a piece. This is soon accompanied by the first course, which is not really a course at all, but is rather a smorgasbord of middle eastern savory dishes and Baltic aquatics, a perfect reflection of the sectoral nature of Jewish society, askinasis and semites. Starting with dips for the challa and moving onto salads and pickled fish dishes. The fact that there is no lachs hints at what is coming for main. You are already full by the time you have gorged your way through this ritual feast.

It's all accompanied by red wine, which with each glass, Mrs S starts to open up. “I don't know vott you are doing down dehr in Effrica Johnny, but if you are going to take Land you heff to be more decisive.”

“It doesn't have to be about the title to physical land, this is 2021 there are other ways.”

“No, No,” she insists. “It is allvays about land. I was dehr in 1967”

“1967, the six day war?”

“Yes. That is venn Israheel hit its meximum extended land borders. Vee had der Golan Heights, der Jordan Valley and the Sinai all da way to the Suez Cannal. Even I vas pissing in it. Dat is vehr we should haff planted our flags.”

“But land without capital is dust.”

“Johnny, der per capita income of Israheel is $60, 000, vile der rest of the Middle East is more like $10,000. Vee created all dat wealth. If vee had held onto the land we could have done it for four times as many people. The Palestinitans were lucky we came along. They are twice as rich as Pakistanis and four times richer than Afghans” She leans over to fill every one's glasses.

“Zambesia is a much larger space.” I offer as my opening bid. “ Help us solve this problem and we should be able to carve the Jews a piece of Africa bigger than the Sinai. Africa is a very big place.

“Vott do you call it? Zambesia?” She says sitting back down at the table.

“No mam, that's what its called now. We call it Rhodesia.”

“Dats better.” She pours herself another glass of red.

Hyrum is head down, finishing off the gevilter vis.

At this point Ariella, gets up and starts gathering the plates, Mrs S joins her and they both go off to the kitchen, leaving Hyrum and me to solve the major questions in the world.

“The thing I really like about Israeli women is the confidence.” I think it is a harmless locker room chitter chatter, binger banger, the kind of thing found at any watercooler cockfest.

"What do you mean?”

“I mean that they are sexually direct. If you ask them if they want to fuck, they answer directly. If they do, they make it clear that they do and if they don't they also make it perfectly clear they don't. There is no negotiation and they deliver the negative message so as for you not to misunderstand that the rejection is anything more to it than simply that they are just not into it.”

“It is like the wine hits his main artery because his face lights bright red as he raises his shoulders to take the full impact of what I had just said. I truly believe that until that moment in his life he had never visualized Goyim porking Jewish chicks!

He raises his finger and he is about to speak when in comes Mrs S with the main course.

“Johnny I have figured out how vee ken do it!”

The Shabbas Main is often red meat, but the guest is never disappointed in a well-cooked blackened Salmon. Jews have been fishers of men for two thousand years. Blackened Salmon is not to be confused with lachs, the cold served, smoked salmon found in salads and on flatbreads. The Jewish version of Blackened Fish is less spicy than the more famous Cajun version, just as delicious. Mrs S. serves the Salmon with potato Kugel, it's a crispy-baked onion-and-potato mix drizzled in vegetable oil.

She goes on, “You say dat dis Lake Malavi has twenty times der amount of water dan da rest of der

neighbors has?”

“Yes, and it's still the poorest country in the world?”

“And this Carbo del vott-do-you-call-it lies between der big Lake and der sea.?”

“Yep its all downhill we call the area Nyasaland and it is about twice as big as the Sinai.”

“Are dehr are people living dehr? “

“A couple of Million, It's sparsely populated, it is a colony of the Freleemo movement in the south, but currently it is overrun by a militant group associated with ISIL.”

“Vott? Are dey Arabs?”

“No, they are black converts.”

“Islam is Arabs is Islam. It's all the same thing, vee take dem easy.

“Take them?”

“Yes it's a Blitzkrieg, vee learned it from Hitler. Vunce you start attecking, you never stop. No matter how tired you are, der enemy is even more tired, you just keep on pushing until he collapses. In 1967, vee knocked out the Egyptian Airforce on day one, and we were at der Canal but Day two. Vee took der Golan Heights der next day and the whole West Bank vass ours by day four.”

“I was thinking of a more cooperative framework.”

“You can't cooperate with Arabs. And even if you could, you can't cooperate with people ven you are taking their land. You can negotiate when you have to give up land, but to gain land you simply have to use force. Dehr is no way around it. In der Golan our mobile infantry vass simply better and more effective.”

“But what about the commercial value add? The Monomatapan people have been slaves for hundreds of years. The idea is to liberate them.”

“Oh dets easy Johnny boy, Vee vill get them out of Egypt. They vill have jobs working for Isreali business. They are freed slaves. Dey can't vote, but they will haff great jobs.”

When you have a meat-main for Shabbas, dairy is not permitted in the desserts. Because we had fish, dairy is allowed. Dessert comes as a tray of mixed dishes a delightful creamy Pastacio ice cream two pastries, blocks of halva and small selected fresh fruits imported from Isreal.

“Vee are going to drain dat Lake of yours and using the finest Israeli hydro technology vee are going to pump it out into Nyasaland until we have der Bredbasket of Effrica. It's going to be a bootiful bounty Johnny.- Sudden Judea.”

“Those Islamists are going to fight.”

“Please, in 1967 vee vehr five to one outnumbered by da Arabs and vee sorted out dose five.”

“What happened after you had taken the Sinai?”

“Ooh it voss a calamity. I was there. I met Maurice at Army high command. Hyrum was conceived on the front bonnet of an armored car. “Ma!” Hyrum looks up sheepishly from his dessert and quickly puts his face back down into the ice cream.

Most connoisseurs don't rate Arab breasts, they sag a little too much for the fussy. Not for me. As long as the girls don't; cut them or pad them with jelly I find them delightful. I digress. One post-coital afternoon I am busy licking the salt off Ariella's brown cherries, when she tells me the family secret...

“It could have been the five-day war if not for Ester. She was on the Western Front under Maurice's command (de facto command was the other way around), staring at Cairo, when Rabin pulls a King David on Maurice and orders him to hold the canal position and for Ester to fly to the Golan to help with counter intelligence. So yeah it definitely happened on the boot of an armoured car, but we were never sure whether it was in Golan or Sainai. The rest is history. Because of the dilly dally, Hitler still holds the world record for a five-day Blitzkrieg take of Holland."

Rabin was later assassinated, by his own people. Popular opinion it was his weak stand on the Arabs, the family believes it was because Rabin was hanging around the London home and Maurice finally decided to deal with the situation. "They're all dead now. I've got to be getting back Johnny.”

Well, it all seems to have worked out for Hyrum- he is the best sideman you could want for any megadeal, even though he does look a lot like Rabin. Rabin is the one with square jaw and a high forehead. The bald guy with the eye patch is Dayan. Dayan was the poster boy for the six-day war, but Rabin was the logistical genius who actually ran the show. Not quite true - Ester ran the show.

“Within veeks of calling a truce Rabin vos geeving back our hard-earned land gains to the Arabs. Johnny its a principle of war, when you settle, people hold the positions dey have – the spoils of War. Maurice and I begged Rabin to reconsider, but the times had changed and things vere getting complicated in Israel. Some were starting to see the Palestinians as future partners.

In disgust Maurice and I resigned from der Army and moved to London, wehr Hyrum was born eight months later. Maurice started a laundry business and vee never looked back since. Dey all came here to persuade us to change our minds, Rabin sat in that very chair you are sitting in Johnny. Vee told him straight Johnny. While Isreal has weaklings in command, it vill never expand. Dis opportunity in Effrica, I still have enough pull in the IDF to get this done. Half those Generals dat are still around ver viff me when we all pissed into the canal. She gets up, reaches to the glass cabinet and pulls down a picture of her and Marice on their wedding day. Both are dressed in Army officer uniforms. He is lot older than her

She was gorgeous. Like all Isreali women, she looks like Wonderwoman. It must be the Palestinian and Semitic bloodlines. As a race, the Askinasis are pretty plain, the squat , big nsed characateurs fo Jews are anti Askinasi. The crossbred semitic Isrealis are world-beaters. Here she is fifty years later, in perfect seriousness negotiating the Future of the Greater State of Isreal. I spend a little too long looking at the picture, so she gets up and comes round to the back of my chair and starts deep rubbing my shoulders, reading my mind l with every push, like only a seventy-five-year-old woman can do. “Ooh, Mrs S. You are hitting the spot.”

“Just call me Ester.”

“Come on Ma!” says Hyrum from behnd a mouthful of the Pistacio icecream.

She and I can hardly hear him I have come under her spell. “When you get to the Zambesi call me and give me 48 hours. I will have an IDF division staking out the plots and we will settle it faster than a High School Sports ground in Bethlehem. We will build a paradise. I believe her. If she told me she had fucked the whole Israeli war cabinet I would believe her.

“Trump has already claimed the Zambezi Valley.”

“Dat's no problem I am happy to be Trump's neighbor, I really like that Jared Kuchner boy. He reminds me of a younger version of Hyrum. Come Hyrum let's collect the plates for washing. Ariella Darling, why don't you play us der Moonlgiht piece dat you played earlier.

Without a second prodding Ariella, who has been watching the land negotiation, gets up and pulls me to the piano. I can see Hyrum looking over his shoulder as he goes off into the kitchen. “You only have 64 bars. I will play the stored recording first, by I have to take control of the manual repeat and add in the romance, otherwise she will notice, You ready?”

“Oi veh,” says Big Jim in a terrible yiddish accent.

Without further hesitation, she drops down to C# minor and starts trumpeting at the tower of Jericho and polishing the domes. It all happens so fast we don't even have time to get to the diminuto. As the walls come down, Ariella jumps up with 12 bars to spare, wipes her gorgeous mouth with the back of her sleeve, takes a small bow and a few seconds later she takes control of

the keyboard and delivers us a massive rendition of the Moonlight. Even the twins can still recoup enough energy to applaud the recapitulation at the end.

Another typical Shabbas at a typical Jewish family. Ariella can really play the piano.

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Writers Monthly

10 January 2022 - Writers monthly caught up with Philip Copeman, author of the ground breaking series, The New Normal and asked him what his plans are for 2022.

WM :
This is the third year of The New Normal. Is Johnny C growing up?

COPEMAN :
No of course not Johnny C never grows up. He remains always at the ideal age of man, mid thirties, never going to learn anything, destined to make the same mistakes again and again. He has a timeless universal character arc, we already know the beginning middle and end.

And yes The New Normal is still in business three years later.

WM :How has the show evolved?

COPEMAN :
We have had three acts, The Raid is Born (2019), The Plan Comes Together,(2020) and The World Stalls (2021). We have now started Your Hinterland is North (2022).

WM :
Your Hinterland is North?

COPEMAN :
Yeah with the world stuck in its new hiatus, the time has never been more serious for Rhodes to plant the Rhodesian Flag.

WM :
So how is he actualy going to do it?

COPEMAN :
The key to Rhodes is to understand that he is locked in between two realities. The echoes of history and the reality of the present. In the present they have to be consistent. Rhodes can no more bend reality than you or I.

He is also constrained by his character arc. Yes Rhodes has a matrix of 4 X 3 charcter modes. He is defined by Strength Weaknesses Talents and Faults in terms of each of the main series themes, sex, drugs adn politics. And he has a clear character arc in each of the 12 states.

WM :
Whats his action plan?

COPEMAN :
I decided it was time to bring in the Israelis.

WM : The Israelis?

COPEMAN :
Yes, it makes sense- if you are going to unify Africa we have to include the North East, Sanai and Levant, everything in the African Plate and no more. You are going to have to deal with Israel.

To do that I have created two of the most dangerous women on earth. Two and a half generations of Israeli Military Intelligence, using techniques that can a only be played by someone lacking a Y Chromasome.

WM :
Why's is that?

COPEMAN : I make that quite clear in the opening plot for 2022- its called a Shabbas Dinner.

WM :
A Shabbas Dinner -that sounds like a cooking show.

COPEMAN :
Yes but its the structure of the episode that is important. It is much longer that a standard post.

WM :
Does this mean that you wil be changing

COPEMAN :

Ariella Showdown

"Fuck you"

"No fuck you"

"Fuck me why? What did I do that you didn't do?"

"You lied."

"And you didn't?"

"I only lied becase you insisted. Why could we not just have avoided all this, and just done what normal people do? "

"How many times do I have to tell you – you are not Jewish."

....

“Come here Johnny, I will even let you stuff the chicken."

Can any man resist the invitation of anal from the woman he loves?

Ester - Rabin -

Hyrum (1967) 54 today

Quora

https://www.quora.com/Why-can-animals-breed-with-relatives-but-humans-cant

SONA

Taken as an exract of my phone, recorded line to the President. 'Thursday 10 February.

2-23

I don't have a long time Rhodes. The SONA is in two hours what do you want me to say?

2-24

How Short?

2-25

Ás short as you can make it ?

2-28

Supply Side Economics.

2-30

I googled it, it says, supply-side economics focuses on **encouraging businesses and wealthy individuals to spend money**. ... " Is that rit?

2-31

Yeah thats it.

2-32

Hold on thats not going to go down all that well with the poor. The poor like us to focus the SONA on them.

2-33

The poor are easy to deal with sir. Just makes them promises. Promise them Land. They will all get an acre.

2-34

How we going to find 60 million acres?

2-36

In the Northern Cape Sir

2-37

But its desert out there.

2-38

Almost but no quite sir. There is enough land to cover all demand.

2-39

Rhodes this is starting to sound like that deal you sold me where we were going to build a twenty first century city in Broederstroom. That has ground to a hault.

2-40

Sir you can't blame me for that. It was you that decided to put the money into the cell phone factory. What did you guys drop there, R 1.5 Bn?

2-35

Now it was not as much as that. But you are getting away from my problem. What do I promise the poor?

2-36

You promise them a Universal Income Grant, you are already giving that to tax payers.

2-37

So we promise them land AND a universal income grant?

2-38

Yes, stuctured as an either or package and conditional on them taking up the position in the Northern Cape.

2-39

What about water?

2-40

Yes that is what the Subukwe Canal is. I will build that, but I will need your contribution. All commissiolns payable of course.

2-41

Why the Northen Cape?

2-42

They are the first Rhodesians.

2-43

Gotta Go. There is a drinks party for the heads of opposition before the presentation. I am expected to give them all a heads up on the speeach at 16-00

There are only two parties - government and opposition. Those who choose the LEFT or the RIGHT are destined to be ruled by those who control the CENTRE.

The Russians are coming

"It is $100BN. Do you want it or not?"

"How long have I got to decide?"

"About twenty minutes"

Hyrum and I are as high as kites. Well as high as kites get. We are in a coffee shop in Little Venice licking the bottoms of our fifth glass of double espresso shots. We are at that crazy stage, you are not even looking at the princesses anymore, your seat starts bouncing you are struggling to stay in your chair. You feel you actually may need to go take a piss but know that it would break the seal and lead to the next one and the next one. Besides I am I am riveted to what he is saying. He has all cards and he can hardly contain his glee. He has a serviette on the table he is drawing boxes and arrows and dollar signs. There is a cross in the middle with the name JC.

Hyrum grabs the jug of iced water and slops some into my glass, he uses his finger to push in an extra ice cube. "And Johnny never call a Jew a kike. It is our k-word."

"Even if it's done with intention of good humor? A k-word? I said kite"

He scowls at me. "I said even in good humor. Its like the n-word, you wouldn't say to Obama, 'Hey nigga, what you doing besides gardening Gadaffi's graveyard.' Would you? Kike is a nineteenth-century ghetto slur used against Eastern European Jews. No Jew likes being called a kike, no matter how playfully you put it. But we digress, do you want the deal?"

Think of the things you could do with that money, choose any charity, give to the poor. "Let me see if I understand it. You give me $100 Bn and I dispense $90 Bn of it."

"No, ten times bigger I give you a $ 1TRN and you dispense $900 Bn. The Trust gets to keep $100 Bn. That's why it is a $100BN deal."

"And you can't tell me who I am getting it from and who I have to give it to."

"I can't. Rutenberg wouldn't like it."

"Rutenberg?"

"Yeah, a buddy of mine from the shul. Gives me advice on tax and art deals. Tell you what I can do, I can tell you already where the first $100Bn goes – to the Proud Boys."

Well, you don't have to be Conan Doyle to figure out where this is all coming from. The Rutenbergs are a famous Russian Jewish Family and The Rothenberg's brothers are notorious Putin fronts. They were number one and two on the UK sanctions list. I reckon they are hours

away from having their entire offshore portfolios impounded. Never Trust a Jew that gives up his family religion. "Hyrum, do you think coffee is a drug?"

"I don't spill my seed onto the ground and I don't do drugs. It is against the Torah. Coffee is just a hot beverage."

"Yes, but by definition, we do drink it every day so it is addictive. Why is it that we always drink from the same source, always at this place and always Ethiopian? And you have to admit it, it does alter your state of mind."

"You are back on your conspiracy theories Rhodes. We come here because I know the proprietor and it's not Ethiopian, it's Rwandan. I thought you knew the Israelis are the biggest investors in Rwanda. He sits back down and I can see him taking a deep breath. He takes the serviette and dips it into his coffee glass until the whole piece of paper has turned soggy brown. Then he pulls it out drops it onto a side plate and pours a slop of water onto it and begins crushing up the evidence with the back of his pen. "I am perfectly lucid. The only time I ever drink this roasted bean is when I am with you. Now I will offer you a second time, this time with fifteen minutes to decide. Do you want the deal?"

"Hey, I am not going to take on the CIA. Unless it is about advancing the interests of Rhodesia, I stay out of politics."

"Who said anything about politics? I said Rutenberg, didn't I? He is a dental technician in lower Hampstead. Let's stay away from him or sooner or later he will have to do your teeth, and he is very expensive. It's a whole lot easier if we keep this simple. I give you a thousand big ones and you give me Rhodesian markers – nine of them. Every time I call in one you give away $100 Bn."

"And what do I do with the cash in the meantime?"

"You to do anything you want. Whatever profit you make its yours. "

"How do I get it? Make a SWIFT transfer and you may as well paint a target on my back."

"It comes as a portfolio of crypto, mostly Bitcoin and Ether, it is completely untraceable even for a Langley security intern with a PhD in cybercrime and cryptography."

"What happens if I lose the money?"

"I have promised that you are good for the collateral."

"And if I don't pay that?

"Don't talk like that Johnny. You won't even see it coming!"

"And that's it?

"And that's it. Now for the third and final time Simon Peter, do you want the deal?"

Why does he keep repeating himself? The question is rhetorical.

References

Wikipedia – ethnic slur.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kike

Story So Far

Our Hero, Johnny C Rhodes is the single Trustee to the Rhodes Fortune contained in The Rhodes Trust Document. He is bound to serve the interests of the Rhodesian People.

His attempt to form a United Rhodesia from Cape MacClear to Cape Town is foiled by Pretoria. They have to be subdued. Rhodes sends Jameson to Mafikeng to prepare a raid and Sithole to Johannesburg to prepare a local uprising.

Sithole gets distracted and moves to Durban where he gets involved with the Zulu girls and loses communication. By July 2020 an Anxious Jameson Rides the convoy to Joburg on his own accord.

Jameson meets no resistance and by the time they get to Mamelodi, the troops are starving. They raid a local Kentucky, nobody stops them and they take a fancy to the TVs on display in Joasua Doore next door. They call their mates in KZN and the looting breaks out across three provinces. Sithole ends up manning a Vigilante blockade in Phoenix, where he washes this samurai sward.

Licking his wounds, Rhodes sells his Zambian Bonds at a small profit, instructs Jameson and Sithole to return to Cape Town, and gets his PR Agency to blame the riots on Zuma. He takes a six-month sabbatical on his Eastern Cape Rhino Ranch and in 2022 turns his attention to a post covid London.

He goes to Shabbas Dinner with his Banker, Hyrum Smerckowitz, and enters into an unsavory interlude with Hyrums Aunt, Ariella.

In late February Hyrum Offers Rhodes a $1Trn Crypto trade, which Rhodes accepts.

World War Three breaks out.

Vlad and the D5 Obligation

"Surely you knock over your King when you know you are going to lose. Every Gentleman knows that."

"How many times I have told you that when playing Chess, think like a Russian." Vladimir Gilgorsky and I are playing Chess, which usually ends up with him giving me tips on how to play the game. "White never resigns, why should he? He always has the initiative."

"What happens if he blunders?" Gilgorsky recently popped up at our local Maidavale Coffee Shoppe.

"May I join you.?"

"I am dreadfully sorry, I am waiting for a friend."

"Hyrum, won't be joining us today." He sits down anyway, puts a board and box of Chess pieces on the table. "My name is Vladimir Gilgorsky of the NKVD." He stretches out an inviting hand and pronounces, "Fridays we play Chess."

"The NKVD? Isn't that Stalin's secret police? I thought it was called the KGB today?"

"How can White Blunder? The first move is always to White. Even if White makes a mistake, it is very difficult for Black to seize the initiative. Black should always be prepared to accept a draw."

'What if Black is the better player, Mr. Gilgrozny?"

"Then what was White doing taking him on in the first place? Every high-level Chess player knows the broad outcome of every game he starts in earnest. The KGB was a separate body built by the Ukrainian President, Nikita Khruschev. The NKVD were heavily Georgian, Stalin's guys, taken out of Presidential service in 1954 but not entirely closed. In modern Russia, the KGB does departmental stuff and the NKVD has been revived to report directly to the Boss.

"He goes on, "You mean if I had invaded another country and had found myself up against significant resources that I had underestimated? Its GilGorsky not Gilgrozny. Grozny is where the KBG flattened the separatists in the nineties. The NKVD is a wartime military unit under the direct command of the Boss. Anyway, in the spirit of camaraderie, call me Vlad."

"Precisely Vlad, If you had blundered by walking into a hostile environment where the terms were against you."

"You are thinking Argincourt Johnny. 'Wars are not fought in a single battle anymore. White doesn't care how wet the ground is, there are many other places to launch attacks." He adjusts his pieces., and offers me White. "You don't mind if I call you Johnny do you?"

"Precisely Vlad. Modern wars are fought on many fronts What f you had blundered by underestimating the combined response and commitment of resources and you could not win a war of attrition."

"You have been reading too much of Keynes Johnny, and not paying enough attention to the Russian Economists. Leontief invented the input-output tables. The economy is broken into sectors and each sector acts as an input and an output to every other sector. The key commodity here is oil and gas, As it multiplies through the input-output table, whose economy is affected the most by volume and price fluctuations? The Russian economy gets a dollar from oil, the use of oil touches every sector by multiples in the EU economies. It's an uneven game with inelastic demand. Every time oil is restricted, there is compensation for Russia with increased prices, the EU gets only multiplier input price rises. . For every $ that Russia must give up, the EU must give up around $5 – they don't have the resolve to do it.

"But if they did, their economies are way bigger - five times bigger than yours, They could just keep this war going and suck you dry.

"You are thinking Verdun Bleeding France White. "You don't have to use infantry or mechanized infantry to inflict cost. Artillery has improved dramatically. You can always put your Artillery behind the defense of a Nuclear option. "

"But that is Armageddon."

"Now you are still thinking 20th Century. This is not Stalingrad, where you can be so close to the other frontline that Artillery can't distinguish enemy from core. Also not Hiroshima. Nuclear is now tactical, contained. You can fire from a small rocket. Pop a few little ones on a small city and obliterate only half of it in hours and still send out a press release in the morning. Sends a very powerful message to reset the game. "

"You know you are making me uncomfortable. Makes me want to give you back your money."

"That's not an option. Let's make one thing crystal clear, 'Mr. Rhodes." He is visibly annoyed that I am making him explain this. "Your obligation is to give out nine packets of $100 Bn as we call a marker. We have met our side and delivered you $ 1 TRN in crypto. I am pleased to see that you have enjoyed a 30% rise since the deal and the commencement of the military operation. We are now looking to you to fill your side of the deal. We bank with you because your reputation of honor goes without saying."

"If it goes without saying, then it's best said in writing. What happens if we have a discrepancy in the verbal understanding?"

"This." He pushes his Kings Bishop onto B7, the Fianchetto."

The rest is a blur. There are a couple of fair exchanges, but most involve ducking the Bishop, losing flexibility, and coming out on the short side of the swaps. The Room stops spinning and Gilgorsky is leaning forward, with the grin of a Cheshire Cat.

"You mean you can't see it? What happened to the bit about knocking over your King?"

"But I am playing White."

"Then offer D5. He is obliged to take it. What do you think about the idea of the fight."

"Musks offer?"

"Yeah, we cut through all the bloodshed. The second richest man in the world challenges the richest man in the world to trial by single combat and the winner is the richest man in the world and gets Ukraine as a trophy. What's Musk worth $200 BN? And the Champ is worth $900 as you well know."

"Ïts the fight of the century. I put up a purse of $400 M and Musk puts up the same, all his businesses, and an exgratio sponsorship from Nato for $200BN. If The Champ wins, then he gets Ukraine, sanctions are undone and Musk works for the Champ on a sunset clause and restraint of trade.

"If Musk wins he gets the $400 BN (fewer costs) keeps his businesses and gets Ukraine. The NKVD work for him. If The Champ makes it out alive, he retires and lives out the rest of his days sailing around the world. If he does not, all his assets are unlocked and distributed according to his will"

"What happens if it is a draw"

"There are no draws, we set it up as a fight to the finish. You talk to Musk?" He is tired of my moribund idea and takes a new tack. "My analysis is better." I can see I am about to get a strategy lecture.

"Your analysis?" I am hoping to draw him out into the open.

"Any soluton that involves further figthing is sub optimal. The human and economic costs of further belligerence outweights the benefits. We are at a stalemate and both sides are out of attacking optons. All parties immeadiately cease firing. "

"The west will never allow it. They will not allow a party to benefit from agresssion."

"The West don"t have the power to stop it. The Ámericans bring nothing to the table except the offer to sell weapons and expensive oil. The Europeans are in a bind over the cost. When the case made for seizing Russian Assets dries up, they are out of gas. "He is talking deleberately slowly to accomodate my occidental sluggishness.""

"The Ukrainians are not going to stop until the Russians have left."

"The Ukrainians don't have the money either. Theý are dependent on diminishing handouts. They can sit in the trenches and behind their sandbags, but they cannot mount an attack on the

Russian missile systems.' The only thing they can do is apply more weapons and pummel the South East. It's already pummelled."

"But why should they comply? Surely they have a right to justice and reparations." Even my own words have a hollow ring.

"Military ceasefires are like a Chess game that goes into recess Johnny.' It does not matter how it began, what matters is the current state of play. In a ceasefire, all belligerents hold onto what they have gained or lost. Then it's just a matter of negotiating swaps."

"Negotiating swaps how does that work?"

"Like a knight for a bishop. The Russians have no need for the north, so they give up their space in the north in exchange for The Dombass and Crimea."

"What about cities like Mariupol?"

"That's easy. The Russians get Mariupol and the Ukrainians Get back Khersov"

"Doesn't that put us back to where we started?""

"Not really. The Champ gets what he wants without a further shot fired. The east of the country is turned into a demilitarized zone, A million Nazis leave to join their families in The EU. And A new generation of Russians moves into the South East of Ukraine."

"Why should the Ukrainians give up the South East.?"

"They don't, they keep Odessa and have the best southern Port to build on. They are not giving up anything of value, or anything of value that they already have. The Russians get the bombed-out stuff. The Dombass wasn't even worth developing for the Ukrainians before it was leveled. Russia is doing them a favor by picking it up.

"I don't see their upside? What about the returning refugees?"

"The Ukrainaians inherit a great counttry playing to their strengths, IT, farming and some of the best nuclear enegery sites in Europe. Plus they get the best Southern port in the region. They get it without the burden of supporting the South East peasants. Once Kyiv grips the fact that their current business is begging from the Europeans, they will be happy to dump another two million male refugees into the EU. Believe me, no one is coming back from living in Benedict Cumberbatch's spare rooms to working the fields in the Dombass."

'

"Sounds like accepting a rape to me".

"Sounds like making the best of a bad situation to me. But what is best about it is the Champ gets what he wants without having to fight a Billionaire con artist. And that is why he is

Champion of the World, and why he has you to to apply $500Bn if the wheels of diplomacy need greasing.."

He is actually smiling as he pushes his pawn into a passed position.

I flip over my King.

References

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Captive Customers

“Johnny, The minister of Correctional Services has jest annownced that they are gowin' to tehrminate the agreement with G4S. We hav't get owt o' ower position.”

My Welsh accountant Coloquon and I are having drinks on the Ocean Terrace, watching the sun go down on the South Atlantic, while drinking some of Cape Town’s finest cocktails at one twenty a pop. Mentally, we are going through the Trust's financials, and doing his snag list. He does have good ideas, but they will go nowhere because he never has any money.

“Don’t be ridiculous, this is the moment to buy. G4S have a good product. They manage 5,000 high-stress inmates on a budget of R45 Million, that is less than R 1000 a monther per inmate, and have less than ten escapes in twenty years. Its like the hotel builder who F&cks one goat, they don’t call him the hotel builder. Make one mistake and now everyone is all over G4S. It's a good business, let's take control of it and expand. I’ll get the minister to approve it.”

“We han’t the mooney for it Johnny.” There he goes again, blabbing on about risks he has never taken. Don’t get me wrong he is a great accountant and does mop up the details that I sometimes forget. The greatest wingman on a night out in Cape Town, he is not. He drinks with one eye on the clock, flakes after a few rounds, and slinks back to the Mrs in Bishop’s Court. Still, if you are ever looking for Sargent Major in an Ordinance Brigade, Coloquon is your man.

“How often have I told you that you don’t need money to start a business? Take Bester”

“Beaster? The blackguard that escaped from the G4S facility?” He whines in his coal-country accent. “What of him?”

“Yes Bester, the man is a genius. He should be working for us. At the very least he should be President. When he got to Mangaung, he had no money and he pulled off a massive heist. Have you ever thought about how he did it?”

“He had a rich uncle on the owtside?”

“No man, he did it all by himself. It is simple really. In a prison, everything, especially the banned stuff, costs four times the price outside. You are working on a margin of 75%. All you need is a way to get the merchandise past the guards. Bester’s genius is he gets the guards working for him. The guards earn minimum wage and operating the logistics as a side hustle soon becomes their main income.” says I ordering another Vynbos Daiquiri.

“Whew was he selling tew?”

“Look at the inmate roster, past the murderers and rapists, there are 600 perps incarcerated for economic crimes, the kind of stuff people like you do. Now if only a hundred of them have a hundred K each to spend on cocktails like these, its not long before a guy like Bester is able to transfer that ten million into his mattress. If the President can do it, why not him.”

“What dew yew mean ‘like me’, I only ever dew what yew want.”

I ignore him. No one is innocent in Africa. “Then the beautiful part, he hatches the escape plan and pays off twenty-three guards to get him out. They are so dumb that they can’t see that they are letting out the golden goose. I have told you that Africans can’t think more that a few months into the future.”

“He’s sow clever why’d he get cort?” There he goes again, always seeing the negative side.

“He got caught,” says I, ”Because of his arrogance. He should have known that one of the twenty three would spill the beans. F&ck, one of them even bought a new car within days of taking his cut. If he had come to me I would have ensured that the minister got squared to hush it all up, and we could have been using him to forward the interests of the Empire. Let him stew in solitary for a few months, humble himself and then he will be ready to work for us.”

“Yes but we shewed still get owt o' the position.” says he, draining the last of his Long cool Saartjie Baartman screwed up against the wall.

“No I want you to double down on it.” Get hold of Trevor Manuel at Old Mutual and tell him we are going to start building prisons. The biggest in the world. It costs ten thousand Euros a month to keep a prisoner in Holland, we move them here, we will be printing money and Cape Town can become the Prison Capital of the world. Robben Island is apparently up for sale. Nobody gets out of there. Ysterplaat has good views of the mountain. We can take both sites.”

“That Johnny is a rediculuss idea.” says the blind one.

“Is it? Do you think Thabo Bester is the only one that knows how to scam the system? There are high nett worth inmates all over the global north that would just love to be relocated to Cape Town. I am sure Boris could get us ten thousand out of the UK, the money they save on correctional services can go to the NHS or even better to the Outfit. Each family visit will be like a holiday in the Cape. Think of the hotel trade, the restaurant bills. We will have Bester on the inside running the deals and we will turn this into a real business. We get some of the best brains in the world working for us as inmates, and when they are paroled I bet they will never want to leave Cape Town, they will fit right in. Its a win for everyone. The Empire has been exporting its misfits to the Cape for two hundred years.”

The last jab is too much for Coloquon, he goes off to settle the bill and I am already on the phone, “Yes minister, I was sorry you could not join us, the cocktails are up to the usual standard. I already had one of your favorites, the Harvey shack banger. I called just to confirm our tee time on Saturday. I have a great idea around long term tourism, captive customers….”